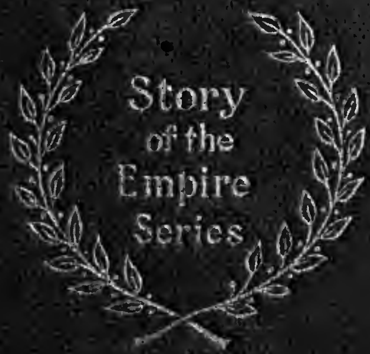
THE RISE OF THE EMPIRE

WALTER BESANT



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THE STORY OF THE EMPIRE.

Edited by Howard Angus Kennedy.

The Story of the Empire Series.

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THE RISE
OF
THE EMPIRE.

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

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The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., sending every wish for the success of this series, says: "I can conceive nothing more interesting or useful. Ordinary histories of England naturally regard the development of the various portions of the Empire as episodes grouping themselves round the central drama of domestic history. This is quite a legitimate point of view, but it is also a very imperfect one, and it greatly needs to be supplemented by some such work as that which I understand vou have undertaken."

The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., writes: "Your scheme appears to me to be admirably conceived, and I wish it all success. It is of the first importance that the people here should understand the growth, and realize the value, of our Colonial Empire."

The Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P., says: "I hope that your attempt to popularize the history of our colonies may be successful. The gigantic increase of the area, population, and prosperity of the Empire is the most noticeable feature of Her Majesty's glorious reign."

The Duke of Devonshire says: "Your scheme appears to be an eminently practical and patriotic one, and I most cordially wish it success. I am the more interested in your undertaking as I have lately accepted the position of Chairman of the British Empire League."

The Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., says: "Our people know less than they ought of the history and growth of our greater colonies, and have not yet realized how much of interest the annals of those colonies contain. Nothing will do more to knit the British Empire together than an intelligent appreciation on the part of Englishmen and Scotchmen of what has been achieved by those who have gone forth from among us, and nothing gratifies our colonial fellow-subjects more than to know that those achievements are appreciated here."

PROLOGUE.

THE million-headed emperor known as the British Public is becoming aware that it knows a good deal less than it ought of the empire which it rules. An uneasy sense of enormous responsibility is stirring in the breast of the British Voter. He is beginning to feel that when he marks his ballot he decides how one-fourth of the human race shall be governed, and influences the lives of untold millions more. At the same time, he cannot devote the tired leavings of his hard-wrought day to a serious study of the many and perplexing questions that he directs his Parliament to solve. He must form his opinions on scattered fragments of information gathered in a hasty glance at a newspaper, and on the unstudied and contradictory statements of men in the street with no surer knowledge than his own.

A story, a romance, an adventure, well told and not too long, always finds eager listeners. A drama, full of spirit and action, will rouse

the interest and hold the attention of any man, however closely imprisoned he may be in his private affairs. He is not so likely to take interest in a story that he knows to be true as in one that is frankly "made up." Perhaps this is because the tellers of true stories insist on putting in a quantity of accurate but superfluous matter which baulks the easy running of the tale; perhaps because unbeautiful solemnity of style is reckoned the only proper companion for veracity of matter, like mutes beside a hearse. The first of these faults, which is no fault when the reader is a serious student, is a fatal hindrance when he is an ordinary man with feeble aspirations after fact and surrounded by the enticements of fiction. The other fault is always a fault, and it is not so easy to get rid of. Green performed this feat in England, and Parkman in America: but where are the Greens and Parkmans of to-day? Not every historian can carry his reader sailing smoothly on through the unfamiliar seas of bygone times with never a wish to pause. Few are the artists in ink who can conjure up before the reader's eye the very doing of the deeds, the heroisms and martyrdoms, the breaking down of old things and the building up of new, the ever-varying everyday work and play that formed and still form the life of our race—few can conjure these things back from the void and make us see them moving in the sunlight of

genius on a painted page. But all who write may try; and those who can only make history dull should stop writing, and do penance in some useful occupation for the wrong they have done to mankind.

These little books are to form a "Story of the Empire." That is to say, a "Story of Ourselves and our Brothers." Every man and woman in this country has a friend who has gone away, or a child who will go away, to make a home in another part of the Empire; and everyone has a most practical concern in what happens to those far off countries. No man can live to himself alone; nor can a country. Famine desolates India: the Manchester cotton-worker earns less wages. The wool clip fails in Australia, the grain crop is short in Canada: the price of food and clothing goes up in England. These are only a few of the more obvious commercial ways in which the interests of one part of the Empire are bound up with the interests of the rest. Some say that men are governed by their commercial interests. This is as false as it would be to say that a mother is only kind to her son to gain his support in her old age; or that a daughter only loves her father while he can afford her food and shelter. In every British colony there is a deep affection for the Mother-land,—not felt by all, but glowing so warmly in many hearts that it survives a long course of

unmotherly indifference, and even modifies their view of commercial interests. There are many plain signs, too, that among those who live in the old home a new spirit of brotherhood with their separated kinsmen has sprung up and is gathering strength every day.

What is it that has awaked the British peoples from their dreamy isolation? Fast steamers, telegraph cables, cheap postage, popular education: these have helped us to see and hear more of each other, and to realize how near we are even to the uttermost parts of the earth. And we are being driven as well as drawn together. As we read the extraordinary charges fabricated against us by certain writers in the French, German and Russian press, charges that are not only read but believed by many in the land of their invention, we realize that dangerous things are sometimes done by deluded people. Instinctively we gather closer together, back to back and shoulder to shoulder, ready for an onslaught which sanity would forbid.

The stories of two-headed giants and ogres with which old women used to frighten children were not true, but they were doubtless built on a modest foundation of fact. The fact underlying all these monstrous fictions about the British Empire is that the British Empire has been a success. We have not, as you might think from the virtuous indignation of our critics, done what they would be ashamed to do. We

have done what they would have done if they could, and what they are trying to do now.

We have spread our influence over the globe, as Sir Walter Besant shows, not with any premeditated scheme, not from any mere lust for land or greed of greatness, but because it happens to be our nature to go abroad and stay there. As the fluid earth spinning round in new-created space is said to have split and flung off a part of itself to form the moon, so our busy nation has unconsciously scattered scraps of its whirling life to every point of the compass. Where these fragments of Britain alight, there they stick fast, and grow into new Britains as like the old as nature will allow. How like this is, we hardly realize; and how unlike it is, we hardly realize either. If we did, we should not be torn between two extreme opinions on imperial policy: both would be rejected as founded on imperfect information.

The people of the Colonies are very like ourselves. A Briton does not change his nature when he changes his latitude. The man whom we hear of roaming over a Canadian prairie with a huge herd of cattle, or hunting for gold in Mashonaland, or reigning over a million of his fellow men in India, is the same sort of man who writes all day at a London desk, or toils from year's end to year's end in a monotonous English factory. He

wants to "get on," to put himself and perhaps his family into a comfortable position, to win praise and to make money. Is there any class at home that does not? Both there and here the nobler ambitions are at work—ambition to live a Christian life, to do to others what we should like done to ourselves. But even here, with Law plucking us by one sleeve and Gospel by the other, we contrive to do a fair amount of wickedness; and away in the wilderness, with an "inferior race" offering countless temptations to oppression and other vices, the forces of law and gospel are weaker instead of stronger than at home. Let us, so far as possible, prevent the evils we deplore; but we should remember two things—that the Briton abroad is doing what the Briton at home would probably be doing under the same circumstances, and even that some lines of policy which would be unsuitable and unjust here may be just and necessary there.

It is in our dealings with the native races whom we are dispossessing that we feel most compunctions of conscience. Our record is very far from blameless in this respect. We cannot excuse our own misdeeds by proving that greater misdoings and undoings blot the record of another country. Nor can we justify a wrong thing because it happened to be done in pursuance of a right end. In some cases the evils introduced among

native races by the commercial greed and uncontrolled animalism of men speaking our language have been worse than anything that existed before our arrival; and our continued rule can only be justified by a determined effort to undo what we have done. It would be useless to withdraw, for we could not carry away the evils that we brought. In other cases, and these the great majority, our rule has been already justified by the improvement we have caused. It is surely too late in the history of national thought to argue that any ruler found in possession must be left in possession, no matter how futile or barbarous his rule. The land should be occupied by those who can make the most and the best use of it.

I have dedicated this series to all who speak the English tongue. Let me enlarge this dedication to compass all who, speaking other tongues, live loyally under the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes. I cannot forget that among the Celtic races to which I belong, and which have done perhaps more than their share in making and defending the Empire, the musical Welsh and Gaelic tongues are spoken still by thousands, both at home and abroad. But a Celt is capable of recognising facts, and though he prefers the inclusive title "British" to the narrower racial description of "English," he takes an unhesitating place among the nations whom the English language is welding

into one. There is room in a single breast for patriotism of every dimension. We love our own town, our own village, more than any other; we are glad to meet men who hail from the same county; Scotsman stands by Scotsman, Irishman by Irishman, Welshman by Welshman, and even Manxman by Manxman, all the world over. This is patriotism. It is a greater patriotism which creates a sense of common citizenship in every British heart; and a greater patriotism still which in England declines to call an American a foreigner, and in America refuses to be childishly stirred up against the sister Empire. In the future an international patriotism will flourish, to the confusion of strife makers and the great content of the peace-loving mass of mankind, whose essential oneness is already a commonplace of science and religion. Till we can have the greater patriotism let us cultivate the less.

HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

The Queen's Birthday,
1897.

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CHAPTER I.

THE MAKING OF A PEOPLE.

MY object in writing this book is to explain the causes and the principal steps which led to the extension of the Anglo-Saxon power, as we can now contemplate it, over every part of the habitable globe. I wish to show how it grew; how it was able to meet and to overcome all attempts of other nations; how the race has been singularly favoured by fortune or by providence; to show my readers what this power actually is, not only the power of the United Kingdom, her colonies and her Eastern possessions, but also the power of the United States of America. These two puissant countries make up what I call the Empire of the Anglo-Saxon,—using the term, and that other word "English," as conveniently descriptive of all who speak the language in which I write.

Those who come after me in this series will

narrate in more detail the story of the various parts of this enormous, perhaps happily divided, Empire. It will be my task, after tracing briefly its growth, to call upon my readers to learn how the existence of this mighty Empire affects each one personally; what a heritage it is to him, individually; how the Empire and its resources may be used for the advancement of every lad in its vast confines who has an eye to see and a hand to grasp the fruits and treasures which the Empire offers to all her sons.

The beginning of our race, so far as we are concerned, is the occupation of the greater part of England and the south part of Scotland by successive waves of invasion from the part of Germany lying north and north-west of the modern city of Hamburg. The people who came over were called by various names; we shall call them, taking them altogether, Anglo-Saxons or English.

Take them, to begin with, at the point when they have finally driven the Britons from the plains to the mountains, and are, after two hundred years of fighting, practically masters of the island. What do we find? They were essentially an agricultural people; they lived in the country; they lived in village communities, sometimes in communities formed by one family only; the villages were scattered about among forests and marshes, inaccessible except by tracks; every village was the

centre of a clearing. The people disliked and dreaded towns; behind city walls lurked sorcery; the old towns, such as London, Silchester, Pevensey, they left waste and desolate. The villages were, in all but a few respects, self-sufficing: not quite, happily, or the history of this country would have been very different. For instance, every village had its own oxen, sheep, and swine; grew its own grain of all kinds; brewed its own beer; had its hives and made mead; had its orchards and made cider; had its patches of peas and beans. Every village had its fowls and geese; the rivers, the ponds, the marshes, gave their salmon, trout, carp, pike, roach, and eels; the same marshes attracted countless thousands of wild birds; there were creatures in the forests to be hunted and trapped. The villagers made leather from hides; they clothed themselves with sheepskins and with wool; they knew how to build with posts and cross beams; with wattle and daub; they could thatch; they had fire. What did they want more?

Now, in the making of a country, the first thing to be taught the people is the lesson of mutual dependence. It does not seem that such a collection of village communities, each apparently self-sufficing, would afford a likely material to work upon. It would seem as if they would tend more and more to separate themselves and to shrink within their own bounds.

I. If, however, we find that the villages were not after all self-sufficing; if we can discover anything which was absolutely necessary to them, and was not within their own limits obtainable, we shall find that this seclusion could not endure for ever.

There were, in fact, two things. The first was salt: without salt life is intolerable. The second was iron. But without iron the village would get along somehow. Flint-heads could be made; slings could be used; a piece of hard wood hardened in the fire would do for a ploughshare; without iron for knives, swords, spearheads, ploughshares, and all the other contrivances, life was possible but incomplete: without salt it was impossible.

Two things—salt and iron. Thus the village was not self-sufficing. Then men asked each other where they could find salt and iron. They had to ask of the next village, and they discovered that they must ask courteously, even bearing gifts instead of a club.

They found that they could obtain both salt and iron, by means of barter. What did barter mean? It meant that they must grow more than they required, and exchange it with the village where salt was made. The same with iron. It could be had, but only by barter. Perhaps some villages tried the simpler way of raid and plunder. But this could not continue. Thus trade began by the discovery of common

wants, the creation of new wants, and the growth of superfluous products for exchange. I have exaggerated the Anglo-Saxon isolation: I have, in fact, gone back many centuries; the people were already advanced to the necessity of trade when they settled here. The point I desire to emphasise and to illustrate is the civilising power of trade. This it is which opens up the world. Trade first induces men to break bread with each other rather than break each other's heads. Trade it is which widens boundaries, removes hedges, and fills up ditches; trade creates new wants and imparts new ideas; trade it is which makes it possible for men to understand that they have common wants and must act in common to satisfy those wants; trade creates and fosters the virtues of loyalty, brotherhood, and discipline; trade it is which stimulates the study and the practice of the arts; trade is the founder and father of enterprise, invention, science, travel and exploration. It should be our deepest pride that our race are, and have always been, among the great traders of the world. Phœnicians and Carthaginians, Venetians and Genoese, Dutch and English, have been the great trading peoples, but the greatest of them all are the English.

II. If trade was the first cause of intercourse between the communities, self-preservation in case of invasion or a hostile attack was the second. There were many enemies of the

Anglo-Saxon village: the very next village, perhaps; an association of villages making a tribe; the Britons; the Highland Scotch; the Danes; pirates. Looking back upon those centuries of war, when the Kinglet of Northumbria invaded the realm of Mercia, when the Kinglet of Kent held London, when Wessex lay at the mercy of the Dane, we must remember that every war brought with it another lesson, hard but necessary, to the people—the duty of union: first, union to their own petty king; next, union of the whole country. Each war brought also its own rough lessons of discipline, duty, obedience, self-sacrifice, mercy to captives, respect to women, regard to truce and treaty, and all those virtues is what we are wont to associate with the so-called Age of Chivalry, during which they were so often conspicuously absent.

III. Given the village communities awakened to the value of the services of the chapman or wandering merchant, and fully impressed with the necessity of turning out to fight at the order of their king: how were they ever to learn something of the outer world? We may take it that the ordinary villager knew nothing of the outer world. There were no books, no wandering minstrels, no traditions of the world beyond his boundaries, except perhaps some spot in England, just like his own, and not far off, to which he had tramped in order to play his part, a valiant part, in a fight.

Presently there happened an event which suddenly cleared away the clouds and discovered to the English villager the whole of the habitable globe.

It fell upon him in consequence of his conversion: he became a Christian. And when he was a Christian, he began to go on pilgrimage.

The discovery of the world to Western Europe is sometimes attributed to the Crusaders. That is not the case. The discovery—nay, the exploration of the world—had been effected, long before the Crusades, by the Pilgrims. They began to go out from England in the eighth and ninth centuries; they went by ones and twos; they went out singly, or in small companies, marching across the dangerous forests of Germany; sometimes murdered, sometimes dying of fevers on the way, living on the charity of the monastic houses; across the deserts of Asia Minor, where the wild Saracens slew them for sport. When one came back, he was a great man indeed.

In the tenth and eleventh centuries they went out by bands, troops, and small armies; they went to Rome and visited famous shrines of Southern Europe; they went by sea to the Holy Land; were taken to the Holy Places, and came back laden with relics. There were pilgrims in almost every village who would while away the long evenings for a whole winter with stories of what they had seen and what they had

remembered. Many of the pilgrims were quite uneducated rustics, but there were cases where the pilgrim was a man of some education. Imagine a monk—one of the monks of the Monastery of Ramsey, the House in the Fens, where never traveller came or breath of the outer world; whose repose was unbroken by visitor or beggar. Picture to yourself this man, accustomed to the dull monotony of the low-lying fen: with the white mists of morning and of evening lying on it, and no beauty but that which wanted the discovery by the poet of its sunrise and its sunset: going on pilgrimage. This man saw as he tramped along, he and his company, the world growing daily wider, miraculously wider: no end—he wanted none—to the mountains, woods, streams, castles, monasteries, villages, people: imagine him noting down all he saw, trying to learn the language of the people, inquiring into their religion—was it Christian? Finally, imagine this man returning home; he has a thumb of St. Paul, a tooth of John the Baptist, a piece of the cerement of Lazarus, and other precious relics. With these he will adorn the Treasury; but they are as nothing compared to the wonders he will have to tell in the evenings when he and the brethren are assembled together in the calefactory, sitting round the cheerful wood fire.

So great was the eagerness to listen to the pilgrim that we actually find, later on, a crafts-

man of the City of London assuming the garb of a Pilgrim or a Palmer, and pretending to have visited Rome, Jerusalem, Seville, and I know not what other places. He dressed for the part—he assumed the habits of the Palmer; he had many anecdotes to tell of all these shrines. He lived, in fact, upon these anecdotes for a good many years before he was found out, and forced to return to his original occupation, which was, I believe, that of a cordwainer.

Three things have we enumerated as necessary at the outset in the making of a nation. They are: trade, springing from the discovery of wants; war, causing union for self-preservation; and some knowledge of the outer world. We have seen how these three points were met in the case of the Anglo-Saxon. There remained, however, a fourth point: a common language.

It is difficult to understand how different was the language used in the early kingdom of England, say, in the sixth century. The Northumbrian hardly understood the Mercian, the Anglian did not understand the man of Kent, the man of Somerset did not understand the man of Essex. Separation and seclusion had widened the differences. Now a nation can never be wholly one until it has one language in common use. Nor can any man regard another as his own countryman unless they both speak a common tongue. Perhaps community of interests may create a desire for friendship and

alliance, but not a common brotherhood, not of kin.

Differences so great as to render people unintelligible to each other existed down to the fifteenth century. Caxton relates how a London merchant, detained off the North Foreland by contrary winds, went ashore and found a farmer's wife of whom he wanted to buy some eggs. "I do not understand French," said the woman. This nettled the merchant, because he did not understand French either. Then a bystander interfered. "He wants to buy eyren," he explained. "Oh! Eyren!" the woman replied, "Yes, he can buy eyren." Her English, you see, was largely mixed with Flemish.

There is reason to believe that the differences of local dialect increased rather than decreased during the middle ages. It is not known for certain how much the Northumbrian speech differed from that of Wessex; we know both Beowulf and Cædmon only from translations or alterations made by the men of the South. Moreover, the Danes certainly left their mark on the speech of the people of the north. A common language was conferred upon the country by the translations of parts of the Bible, the Psalter, the Homilies, the Vision of Cædmon, and other works of a devotional character. A great many years later on, when the Wessex dialect in which they were promulgated was

changing, and all the dialects were changing, the Reformation gave the world a new translation of the Bible, a Prayer-book in English, Homilies, and Psalms in verse. The Law, also, and the Universities and the schools, ceasing altogether Norman, French and Latin, succeeded in establishing one common language throughout the land. There was little difficulty in this, because the differences were never more than could be reconciled on the basis of a common language.

With these four conditions satisfied—trade service in war, breaking down of seclusion, and a common tongue—the nation was in a fair way towards union when the Norman William arrived. For a time he seemed as a Conqueror only. He was a great deal more. It was by his strong arm, and the strong arms of his successors, that the complete welding of the people became possible, and that not for four hundred years to come. But this question would take us too far.

Before we go on, there are three points which I would submit as bearing on the future history.

The first is an illustration of the necessity of a common language in making a nation. The Saxons always ardently desired the conquest of Wales, which they never could effect because these mountaineers not only kept themselves aloof in their inaccessible valleys, but also

jealously clung to their own language. On the other hand, the Britons who were left in Cumberland, in Cornwall, in the forests of Sussex, and elsewhere, were speedily absorbed by the Saxons—lost their language and lost their individuality. Again, the Saxons never conquered the Highlanders. They might defeat them in battle—probably they did, or the Highlanders would have driven them out—but they could not conquer them. The Highlanders still clung, you see, to their language.

The next point bears upon what follows after. It is the power peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon, alone perhaps among nations, of absolutely transforming and absorbing all peoples of whatever kind who come to dwell within his borders. Here in England we have seen the Saxon absorbing the Briton, the whole remnant of those whom he did not slay—with the exception of the Welsh, whom he never conquered—the Dane; the Norman; later on, Flemings, Germans, French, Italians, Polish Jews. He receives all, he welcomes all: in the second or the third generation they are Englishmen all, with English hearts and minds, loyal to the English laws.

The same thing is to-day going on in the United States of America, and in all our Colonies. The newly arrived foreign element is at this moment so strong in the States that the process of absorption is slow, but it is

sure. The laws, the institutions of a free and self-governing people compel those who would live under these laws to learn the language in which they are published, in which the parliaments are held, the courts hear cases, and the schools are taught. There are at this moment, perhaps, millions in the States who cannot speak English. In twenty years they will all speak English. In the City of Buffalo I once conversed with a child of ten years: he blacked my boots, in fact: he had been in the country for three or four years; he was a Polish or a Russian Jew; this child spoke excellent English, he went to school, he had ambitions which he confessed to me, he blacked boots before school, and between school and after school. He was horribly poor, but he had acquired, instead of the abject squalor of his native belongings, the erect bearing, the comprehension of freedom, the ambitions of the Anglo Saxon! Already he—perhaps his father too—was absorbed.

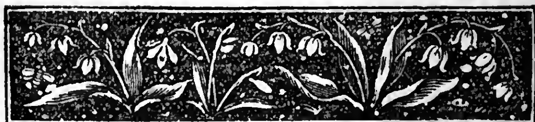
The third point is a theory which may, perhaps, be disputed. I maintain that the modern Englishman is the same as King Alfred's Englishman, or King Edward the First's Englishman, or any other Englishman. If, then, we can lay down the leading characteristics of the Englishman of to-day [by Englishman, once more, I include those of the Anglo-Saxon race who speak our tongue] we know those of the

Englishman of the past. He is, to begin with, more readily attracted by things practical than by things theoretical; he prefers a feat of arms to any intellectual achievement; he would rather hear of things done than of things attempted; he worships success in everything, because success means battle and victory; he is combative and aggressive; he likes fighting as much as his ancestors. Whenever there is fighting to be had, whenever the army is creditably engaged, the recruits flock in by thousands. He is subject to restlessness, he cannot be always sitting still; he will throw up his situation and go roaming about the world; he likes trade, especially trade across the seas, because it demands enterprise and courage—it is a great mistake to suppose that the love of trade denotes a mean and money grubbing spirit. He is profoundly religious, but he will not endure the domination of priests; he is tender and even chivalrous towards women, he loves children, he sits at home with his wife and children and desires no other society. To the kings who have from time to time attempted to extend the Royal prerogative and to curtail his own liberties, he has always opposed a steady, stubborn resistance—in the long run it has been the worse for that king—and he demands freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of faith. He insists on self-government as his inheritance, he enters into combinations and associations with readiness, and understands

what is meant by give and take. He is not the most courteous person in the civilised world: he is well satisfied with himself, he seldom troubles himself much about the position and the views of other people.

Add to all these points that he is fond of sport, of athletics, of open air amusements and occupations; that he requires a large and generous diet, and that he drinks freely, whether of beer, the national beverage, or of wine, or of spirits, or of tea, coffee, and cocoa; that he is a strong, big and healthy animal; that he is greatly led by his animal instincts; and that his views on all subjects are influenced by sentiment rather than reason.

I have drawn the character of the average Englishman. Do not point to this man or to that, who are very far from agreeing with this estimate. My figure is that of the average, not the exceptional Englishman. I present you with the soldier, not the captain; the rank and file, without whom nothing that has been done could have been done. And we are now going to see what things—what very fine things—the average Englishman succeeded in doing.



CHAPTER II.

THE EXTENSION OF A COUNTRY.

WE have seen what goes to the making of a country. We have now to consider how a country may be extended. There are various ways: by settlement, by the establishment of trading stations, by voluntary colonization, even by sending out criminals, by purchase, and by conquest. The history of Europe is a long history of conquest, followed by defeat and expulsion. The Empire of Charlemagne covered the best part of western Europe; it fell to pieces after his death. The Empire of Napoleon covered nearly the whole of Europe; that, too, fell to pieces, but before his death. Extension by conquest is, in fact, the worst possible way of extension and the most likely to fail; yet it was always the dream. If conquest is to be permanent, the conquered people must acquiesce in the new rule: either the new rulers must

absorb the people, or the people must absorb the rulers. William, Duke of Normandy, conquered England, and remained, he and his. Why? Observe, first, that at the outset he promised confirmation of the old liberties: he was crowned after the Saxon manner. Next, that the changes he introduced were such as were slowly understood. Thirdly, that there were no more waves of invasion. Normans came, but not to eat up the land: they came as traders. The strong king Henry I. married a Saxon princess in order to make his title safer. By this marriage, our Queen is descended from King Alfred.

The King of England, meantime, had great possessions in France: some of them he inherited; some he conquered; some he obtained by marriage. And he dreamed of acquiring by conquest the whole of that great country.

It was a futile dream: once or twice it came true for a brief space; at other times, it looked as if it was coming true.

The wars in France which lasted from the Conqueror to Henry VIII., were, for the most part, wars of extension by conquest. They were easily carried on, because there was never any difficulty in getting the Englishman to fight. He was a restless creature; he wanted movement and excitement; if there was no fighting he must find movement to occupy him. In these days the restlessness of the race in

America has pushed him west—always further west, till the Pacific stops him; restlessness drives our sons by thousands to South Africa; restlessness makes the Englishman enlist for India; restlessness sends him to people deserts in Australia; restlessness made him rejoice to follow the king to Normandy or Gascony.

But the French possessions were not in the exact sense—save that they belonged to the King—possessions of the English people. They were not an extension of empire. There was no kind of communication between Yorkshire and Guienne. There were no English trading settlements in Normandy; the French provinces did not pay tribute to England; they did not acknowledge the authority of the Church, the Lords, the Commons of England—only that of the king. Between the French provinces and England there were no common interests; the institutions differed widely. Therefore, though the heart of England swelled with pride unspeakable after Creçy and Agincourt; though a kind of spurious patriotism lingered round the conquests in France; though there was bitter humiliation when those conquests were all lost; the whole business, regarded as an attempt at extension, was absolutely futile and doomed beforehand to failure. It was impossible for England to conquer France and to hold it. For a time she might force submission: but there would be no attempt at amalgamation

either of the victors with the conquered or the vanquished with the conqueror. Therefore, the whole of the French wars were foolish and illusory, regarded as attempts of extension. There never was any possibility of extension. At best, there would only be so many French provinces under the rule of the King of England, bound to furnish him with troops for his continental wars.

For five hundred years, therefore, we carried on a succession of false starts: always succeeding, always beaten back.

Next, consider Wales. We have very little cause to congratulate ourselves on our success in Wales. The mountains of Wales, as we know, became the last refuge of the Britons in their long struggle with the English invaders. From these mountains they carried on incessant war, with varying fortunes. They were defeated by King Offa, of Mercia, who took from them Shrewsbury and Hereford, but Offa could do no more with them. In the 9th century they made an alliance with Alfred; in the 10th century they carried on civil war among themselves; in 1039 Griffith became King of United Wales, and won back Shrewsbury and Hereford; in 1063 he was murdered, and Wales for a time submitted.

We need not pursue the story in detail. Every king in succession waged war with them. Sometimes they submitted—to break out again. It is a monotonous story: the creation of

Edward II. as Prince of Wales did nothing to pacify them; they only became quiet when, in the person of Henry VII., King Arthur himself visibly returned to earth, and was ruling again on earth. Henry's eldest son was named Arthur in acknowledgment of the Welsh superstition.

Now, what have we done with Wales? Although we have imposed our laws upon the country, the people remain still in their mountains, as they have always done; they maintain their old language, their customs, superstitions, literature, traditions; they do not court the friendship of the Saxon; they do all they can to keep themselves apart. In other words, extension in the direction of Wales is as illusory as in the direction of France.

Take, again, the case of Scotland. The lowlands were overrun, like the north of England, by Angles; their speech was like the speech of the Northumbrians. The "five nations" mentioned by Bede as belonging to the lowlands were quietly absorbed by the English invader; for a time the country was part of the Kingdom of Northumbria. But it fell away: a range of mountains, a river, a great stone wall, separated the Lowlands from England; there was no intercourse; there was no trade between Scotland and England; there was fighting continually, as with Wales. This was a case in which separation brought about enmity between two people of the same origin, speaking the same

language; but the point so obvious is that we were unable to conquer or to annex Scotland, though we were always trying. All attempt at extension in that direction failed.

In the same way, the Lowland Scots were wholly unable to conquer the Highlands. Scotland gave a dynasty to the English crown; she was united with us politically, but she preserved her own laws and institutions; she joined England as an ally; she is still an ally, not absorbed, preserving her own individuality.

There remains Ireland. We conquered Ireland, it is narrated by the historian. Have we made Ireland our own? Have we absorbed the Irish race? Go, ask the millions of Irishmen in America what sort of extension of empire is that where, after six hundred years, the people are as anxious to shake off the English yoke as they were at the outset. In the case of Ireland there has been no extension of empire; there has been an extension of burden. It is not my business to explain, or to defend, or to accuse in the matter of Ireland. I would only remind you that, after all these years, though the whole of the empire, with all its countless offices, distinctions, honours, chances of wealth, belongs to the Irish as much as to ourselves; though Irishmen are found in the highest places; though by their services and their pluck they know how to climb, and do climb—the country must still be kept down by a garrison,

and the Irish in America never cease abusing us, conspiring against us, embittering the Americans against us. The extension of empire in the direction of Ireland has been one long history of failure. None of the requisites for making a united nation were found. Trade was not encouraged; there was no communication between the English and the Irish peoples; the latter spoke another tongue; there was no absorption possible of the Irish in the small English garrison.

Lastly, neither to France, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland, has there ever been any real emigration of the English people.

For the true extension of empire there are wanted trade interests, emigration, absorption, a feeling of brotherhood, a sense of mutual dependence, intercommunication, the sentiment of the flag.

All these things are now found as common possessions of the people living in these islands. We fight side by side, we trade side by side; the sentiment of separate race yet lingers, but I do not suppose that the most ardent Irish, Welsh or Scottish Nationalist, would desire the actual separation of the Irish from the privileges and the possibilities which have led so many of their countrymen to rank and fame and wealth.

All these examples, France, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, illustrate the same point, that extension

of empire by means of conquest can only be permanent or stable if the conquest is thorough, leaving no chance for the vanquished to rise, and if it is followed by the absorption of the one race by the other. The Saxon conquest was permanent where they killed all but a remnant; the Norman conquest was permanent, because the conquerors were absorbed by the vanquished. The history of five hundred years is the history of so many blind and futile attempts to extend the power of the country in the belief that seizing a country causes extension. "Ireland is mine," says the King of England, and garrisons Dublin with a little military force. "Wales is mine," says the king, safe in his castle of Carnarvon, on which the free and everlasting mountains look down in scorn. "I am suzerain over Scotland," says the king: alas! his son, ten years after, is bundled bag and baggage out of the country.

These are not the real triumphs of English history. These lands are not those which extend the empire.

CHAPTER III.

PREPARATION.

LEAVING behind us the middle ages, we step into the sixteenth century, where our eyes gaze across the seas upon lands unknown and coasts of which none had yet dreamed. It is remarkable that advocates of the theory that land was to be found on the west of the Atlantic, should really rely on the words of a Latin poet, who had prophesied the coming of a time when ocean should relax her bonds and a new world should lie open beyond. The sixteenth century is the time of eager exploration of new worlds opening out on every side. It was not with the view of acquiring territory, but of gaining knowledge which might help the merchants in their trading expeditions, that English ships put forth from English ports.

The history of England during the sixteenth century, looked at from any point of view, is

splendid. It was like a release from school, it was like the opening of a prison door, it was like the rolling away of a cloud. What was the world, practically, before the sixteenth century? The Baltic, the Mediterranean, the land round their shores, Western Europe, with only the southern shores of Norway and Sweden. Only learned men knew something about India, Persia, and Arabia; the rest of the world was shut off from the eyes of Western Europe by a thick, black cloud.

And now this cloud was rolled away. Quite suddenly, it seemed, the way across the ocean was opened in every direction, north, south, east and west.

Three nations seized upon the chance of exploration and trade. Portugal led the way to the west coast of Africa; Spain discovered the land foretold by the Latin poet; Cabot, in an English ship, discovered the mainland of America, and then for a hundred years and more the annals of navigation and discovery are full of the glories and the achievements of English sailors.

We have forgotten most of these heroes; we imagine that the enterprise of England was chiefly directed against the Spaniard in the Gulf of Mexico; the names of Drake and Raleigh eclipse all other names.

I am going, here, to revive some of those names. I am going to show that it was not

Westward Ho! only, but to North and South, and East and West, that the English flag was carried—the St. George's flag, the red cross on the white ground—at the masthead of English ships.

There were many distinct lines which were attempted by the seamen of that age. They tried the North-east passage, the North-west passage, the Mediterranean: touching at ports never before visited by English crafts, and fighting their entrance against Spaniards, "Portugals," and Moors. They sailed to America and discovered the coasts and creeks of the north; they attacked the Spaniard wherever they found him; they plundered his towns, took his ships, and lay in wait for his galleons laden with silver. Or they sailed to the West Coast of Africa, where they started trade in slaves. Or they sailed round the Cape of Storms, the Cape of Good Hope. Every ship that put out of London port carried with it new hopes, new plans, new expectations. Every ship that returned came laden with new things, a cargo of new products, plans and charts of newly-discovered ports, stories of newly-found people; while every sailor had his budget of yarns and strange adventures. An eager time it was, a hopeful time, a time when everything was possible: when the English heart beat high and the English hand was strong: when statesman and merchant and sailor

discovered, for the first time, that the world, with all that therein is, belongs to those who can send forth ships and are not afraid to sail in them.

The thirst for discovery was awakened in this country even before the discoveries of Columbus. As early as 1480 Bristol sent out two ships for the discovery of the "Island" of Brazil; they were driven back by storms. In 1498 we learn that for some years the merchants of Bristol had been sending out two, three or four ships every year for the discovery of Brazil. In 1494 they sent out John Cabot, who first beheld the continent of America.

Let us take, first, the attempt to find a north-east passage. The theory was that there was open sea, at all event in the summer, on the north of Lapland and Asia; that the northern shores of Asia, then most imperfectly understood as to extent, after a while turned southward, and that a ship, after passing along the north coast, would find an easy voyage southward among the islands of Cathay and the Spiceries. The theory had a good deal to recommend it. First, it was known that the land to the north of Norway did bend round in an easterly direction. Then the Portuguese had found a passage round the south of Africa, by which they could sail to India, and the Spanish had found a passage round the south of America. Why should not the English find a passage round

the north of Asia in the east, and the north of America in the west?

One Robert Thorne wrote a treatise upon the subject. He proved to his own satisfaction that a north-east passage existed; that it might easily be found by English sailors; that as soon as it was found the way to the Spice Islands would be 2,000 leagues shorter than that by which the Portuguese or the Spaniards had to navigate. This was in 1527. Thorne seems to have convinced everybody: indeed, everybody wished to be convinced. But it was not until 1553 that a serious attempt was made to put Thorne's theory to the proof.

By this time Sebastian Cabot, who had been for some years in the service of the King of Spain, had returned to England, where he was appointed "Governor of the Mystery and Company of the Merchant-Adventurers for the Discovery of Regions, Dominions, Islands and Places Unknown." The very title betrays the thirst for exploration and discovery. When the expedition for discovering the north east passage was decided upon, a company was formed—it was a private expedition—consisting of 240 shares at £25 each. It was decided to send out three ships: the *Bona Esperanza* of 120 tons, the *Edward Bonaventure* of 160 tons, and the *Bona Confidentia* of 90 tons. The crews consisted of 116 men, all told; among these were six merchants, no doubt representing

this company and anxious to begin trading with the natives.

The tonnage of the ships was small, but we shall find much smaller ships than these employed on distant voyages. Meantime a tight, well-built boat, such as one of the fishing smacks of Whitby or Penzance would prove as safe a craft in a storm as one ten times her size. The greatest care was taken in building the ships and in fitting them out. Cabot drew out regulations for the conduct of the voyage, and the behaviour of the crew. They were not, for instance, to laugh at the uncouth manners of any natives whom they might meet. There were to be daily prayers. A chaplain went on board the *Edward Bonaventure.*

The command of the expedition was entrusted to Sir Hugh Willoughby, a sailor of repute. He went on board the *Bona Esperanza.* With him were Richard Chancellor, captain of the *Edward Bonaventure*, and Cornelius Durforth, of the *Bona Confidentia.*

The little fleet took 19 days before they arrived in Yarmouth Roads. There the wind proved contrary, and they sailed back to Orwell, where they lay for a fortnight. On board the *Edward*, the captain, Chancellor, was disgusted about his provisions, which began to go putrid; also his hogsheads leaked. However, there were worse misfortunes to follow.

On the 14th day of July, about seven weeks

after sailing, they sighted certain islands on the coast of Norway. On the 2nd day of August they encountered a terrible storm, which caused them to part company, Willoughby and Durforth keeping company and losing sight of Chancellor. They proceeded on their voyage, however, getting as far east as Nova Zembla. There they were forced to sail westward, finding about the middle of September a good harbour, where they proposed to winter.

"The next day, being the 18 of September, we entred into the Haven, and there came to an anker at 6 fadoms. This haven runneth into the maine, about two leagues, and is in bredth halfe a league, wherein were very many seale fishes, and other great fishes, and upon the maine we saw beares, great deere, foxes, with divers strange beasts, as guloines, and such other which were to us unknown, and also wonderfull. Thus remaining in this haven the space of a weeke, seeing the yeare farre spent, and also very euill weather, as frost, snow, and haile, as though it had beene the deepe of winter, we thought best to winter there. Wherefore we sent out three men Southsouthwest, to search if they could find people, who went three daies journey, but could find none; after that, we sent other three westward foure daies journey, which also returned without finding any people. Then sent we three men southeast three dayes journey, who in like sorte

returned without finding of people, or any similitude of habitation."

The captain's log, which is given in full by Hakluyt, breaks off suddenly. The admiral made his will, which, with the log, was found on his table after his death. As to the manner of his death, and that of the crew, we know not. Their dead bodies were all found by some Russian merchants from Perm. They were dead: perhaps, unused to the precautions necessary to keep out the Arctic cold, they were touched by the frost, and so fell asleep, never to wake again. There is a tradition that this brave old admiral was found sitting at his table, frozen, upright, his dead hand resting on his papers: a strange and ghostly sight!

As for Chancellor, his case was, for this occasion, more fortunate. His ship escaped the storm, and he was able to put in at the place of *rendezvous*, where he waited for his companions. As they did not appear, he made up his mind that they had gone to the bottom, and went on alone. He traversed a sea where there was no night; he entered a great gulf—the White Sea—and found upon the shores a monastery; the brethren told him that this country belonged to the great White Czar, Ivan the Terrible. This was the discovery of Muscovy—say the re-discovery, because there had been intercourse in the Anglo-Saxon times, but the people had clean forgotten the Muscovite. Chancellor

resolved to make the long journey to Moscow: he would venture alone upon an unauthorised embassy to the Czar. It is a surprising story of audacity. I cannot give the details. Let it be understood, however, that Chancellor was actually received by the Czar; that he obtained all that he asked—namely, free trade, provided he introduced, by way of the White Sea, commodities which the Czar could not obtain, except with great difficulty, from Poland. This business happily accomplished—it was worth a thousand North-east Passages had he known—Chancellor returned to his ship, exchanged his cargo for Russian goods, and sailed homewards. He had rediscovered Muscovy: he had reopened friendly relations with the Czar.

As a first consequence of this voyage the Muscovy Company was established. A year later, Chancellor embarked on a second voyage for the Company. He carried with him two accredited agents, who concluded a formal treaty of commerce with the Czar. He also established a permanent factory on the shores of the White Sea. Whether to watch over the factory or to protect it, the Czar built a fort beside it and placed a garrison therein. Houses grew up round fort and factory, and this was the origin of the great Russian port and city of Archangel. The Czar sent an ambassador to England with presents and letters for the Queen. He sailed with Chancellor on his

return. Alas! The voyage was most unfortunate. Two of the ships were cast away and lost with all hands on the coast of Norway. Chancellor's own ship was wrecked at Pitsligo in Scotland. He himself and all his ship's company lost their lives. The only persons saved were the Russian Ambassador and half-a-dozen of the crew. Such was the end of as good a sailor and as brave an adventurer as that or any other time has produced.

This voyage of Chancellor's proved the beginning of a long period of amity and open trade between London and Russia. Chancellor was only the first of many travellers and merchants who journeyed up and down the face of the country by license of the Czar: who ventured among the Tartars; who visited Persia and made their way from Archangel to far East India. The names of these early travellers are for the most part obscured: yet they deserve to live. Try to remember at least the names of Henry Lane, Richard Johnson, and, above all, of Anthony Jenkinson.

The dream of the North-east passage continued to haunt the minds of men: five or six expeditions in search of it were despatched within the next fifty years, succeeding only in laying down the shores of Norway and Lapland, and in landing on Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla.

The North-west Passage was attempted some years after the other; voyages to the north of

America discovered Labrador, Newfoundland, the St. Lawrence, and other parts. Davis, in 1585-88, made an attempt, discovering the strait which bears his name. Hudson, Frobisher, Baffin, Button, Fox, and James, one after another, attempted the passage and failed. Since all that their hardships effected was the discovery of frozen seas and icebergs, it might be thought that this was waste of effort. Since, however, their voyages gave the English sailors mastery in the art of navigation and a contempt of danger, they formed part of the long preliminary time which I have called "Preparation."

Of Drake and his companions there is small need to speak. They are accused of having been little more than pirates. Certainly the thirst for gain would lend additional courage to their hearts, because to hear of the great silver ship being taken and of the division of spoil among all the crew would fire any man's imagination. But in the minds of Raleigh, Drake, and the leaders, there was a great deal more than lust of gold. It was imperative, if the Protestant states were to prosper, to destroy the overwhelming dread of the Spanish power. Therefore Drake destroyed the Spanish king's fleet at Cadiz; the English merchants defied his gallies in the Mediterranean; in times of peace or of war, the English rovers took his ships and burned his towns on the shores of the Spanish Main. Everywhere, before the eyes of

the whole world, the Englishman showed that he was not afraid of the Spaniard, that he was willing to meet him and able to beat him. Gradually, therefore, the Spanish terror was beaten down. More quickly the English courage rose with new confidence in themselves and a record of victory growing longer and longer every year.

If the leaders were such as Raleigh and Drake, what about the lesser men? Let the story of John Oxenham, or Oxham, serve as an example of the spirit and the audacity of the English in the West Indies.

The story is told by a Portuguese named Lopez Vaz.

John Oxenham, hearing of the spoil taken by Drake, resolved to imitate that example. He therefore got possession, somehow, probably by the help of some Devonshire gentlemen, of a ship of 140 tons and 70 men, with which company he set sail for Nombre di Dios. Here he learned that the silver was now brought over the Isthmus. With an escort of soldiers he resolved on attempting a feat which, for sheer audacity and contempt of danger, is certainly the first in the whole annals of English daring. From the beginning it was nothing less than a forlorn hope. For with his 70 men, and no hope of getting any more, he braved the whole of the Spanish force in the town and in the Bay of Panama. First he brought his ship into a creek

and covered her with boughs, so that she might not be readily seen. He then buried her cannon, except a few light pieces which could be carried, and with his whole company marched inland to cross the Isthmus. Presently, he came to a stream running through the woods. Here he halted and encamped, while he cut down the trees and built a pinnace, five and forty feet long, and so, slipping down the river, sailed out into the open sea. First of all, being guided by a negro, he sailed to the Island of Pearls, 25 leagues from Panama. There he captured a barque sailing from Quito to Panama with 60,000 pezos of gold. A few days later he took another, with 100,000 pezos of silver in bars. With this booty he thought they would return, so he dismissed his prizes, and with his pinnace loaded with all his gold and silver he returned to the river by which he had come down, and thought to escape.

Meantime the negroes in the Pearl Islands had informed the Governor of Peru of these proceedings. He, therefore, sent a body of 100 armed men in boats after the Englishmen. The pursuers entered the river, but presently came to a place where three streams met, and they knew not which to take. Just as they were about to take the largest stream, some hen's feathers came floating down one of the lesser streams. The feathers betrayed the route of the English.

Four days of working up the stream brought the Spaniards to the English pinnace, where were six Englishmen. One of these they killed, the rest ran into the woods. The Spaniards followed, and half a league further they discovered all the Englishmen's goods, with the gold and silver. Having secured this, they resolved to trouble themselves no further, and carried off the recovered plunder.

Three days later they were furiously attacked by the English, who had two hundred negroes with them. The Spaniards, however, had the advantage of position, and killed eleven of the enemy, took seven, and beat off the rest.

John Oxenham's army was now reduced to 52, of whom many were sick. These might still have got off in safety, but for the misfortune that their ship was found, and so escape was impossible. There was but one way: to build canoes, to take to the ocean and to capture a bark. This they proceeded to attempt, but the Viceroy of Peru, not thinking it good that fifty marauding Englishmen should be wandering about the woods stirring up the negroes to mischief, sent a company of one hundred and fifty men in search of them. They were found at work on their canoes: many of them were down with fever, and these were taken. The rest escaped with the negroes. In the end, however, they were all betrayed by their false friends and delivered over to

the Spaniards. "Then the Justice of Panama asked the English Captain whether he had the Queen's license, or the license of any other Prince or Lord for his attempt. And he answered he had none, whereupon he and all his company were condemned to die, and so were all executed, saving the Captain, the Master, the Pilot, and five boys which were carried to Lima, and then the Captain was executed with the other two, but the boys be yet living."

And so we leave the Spanish Main.

I advise those who would learn with what a steadfast spirit the Elizabethan captains went out, how nobly they would die, to read in Hakluyt's *Voyages* the story of the last fight of Sir Richard Grenville in the *Revenge*; the drowning of Sir Humphrey Gilbert on board the *Squirrel*; the escape of John Fox and his companions from the prisons and the galleys of Alexandria; the gallant fight of a certain English merchantman against the Spanish galleys off Gibraltar; the rash attack of Oxenham upon Panama; the exploits of Drake, Cavendish, and Raleigh; the voyages of Sebastian Cabot, Hawkins, Matthew Hore, John Rut, Chaloner, Roger Bodenham, John Lok, Thomas Stukeley, James Lancaster, William Towison, and dozens of others. He who considers and digests those bulky volumes which contain the doings of the Elizabethan sea-captains, will rise with the

opinion that at no other time did any other country exhibit a spirit of so much courage and so much tenacity.

This, I say, was England's Day of Preparation; in this way did she unconsciously prepare herself for the destinies before her; in this way she learned her real strength, the strength of her navies, and the true direction in which that strength should be employed.

You have seen how the English flag, the "George" was carried into the Arctic Circle, North of America and North of Asia; how an English ship first rounded the coast of America; how English sailors fought with the Spaniard wherever they found him. There are other shores and other lands which were opened up by English sailors. Not to their credit, they first engaged in the slave trade. They got round the Cape of Good Hope to India, to Burmah, even to Japan. They went round the world. They established their own prestige, and shattered the prestige of Spain. Now all these things they did, as yet, with one or two exceptions, hoping nothing but to humiliate the Spaniard, to capture his plate ship, to establish here and there trading factories of their own. They came into the field fourth—first Spain, then Portugal, then Holland—but England gained by this delay. As yet, besides, she had no thought of conquest in the east, or of possessions in the west: all was for trade.

There were two statesmen of this time to whom these voyages meant more than trade. Both earnestly desired to humiliate Spain. Both saw their chances opened up by the new world. Both endeavoured to found colonies. One was Admiral Coligny, greatest of Frenchmen; the other was Walter Raleigh, greatest of Englishmen.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LESSONS OF VIRGINIA.

WHAT did the English nation learn from this period of what I have called Preparation? They learned confidence in themselves—unbounded confidence in themselves — unswerving confidence, against any force that might be sent against them. You have seen by what actions and achievements, by what glorious deaths, by what audacity, this spirit was awakened among our people. It was awakened in readiness against the time when they saw—what Raleigh and a few like him had understood all along—that they must not suffer Spain to become the sole mistress of the New World, not even if she shared her possessions with Portugal; not even if the Pope arrogated to himself the power of bestowing the New World, and gave it all to these two Powers. Now the Spaniards, whose settlements were in the warm latitudes of the

Isthmus, had landed here and there on the shores of North America. There they found a climate very different from that of Panama and Carthagena, a bleak and bitter climate; they found no gold; the natives were not like the soft and effeminate people of Central America, but fierce, jealous, brave, and cruel. The Spaniards were not tempted to make new settlements north of Florida.

A colony, if it is to be successful, must be self-supporting. When a colony remains to the mother country a certain source of expense every year, it can only be retained for military reasons. The French colonies founded by Coligny failed because the colonists would not till the ground; but man wants more than bread: he wants weapons, clothes, instruments, all kinds of manufactured articles. What a colonist requires, outside what he can grow, he must be able to buy for himself. Therefore, he must produce for export and barter such commodities as the mother country wants. Thus it is not enough for a colony to be fertile and to grow corn and fruits of all kinds. It must produce exports, or it cannot flourish. Trade, as we have already seen, lies at the foundation of all society. The first attempt at a settlement in America—the first step in the extension of empire—was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in the year 1585. His expedition was entrusted to the command of Sir Richard Grenville. Among

the lagoons of North Carolina, protected from the ocean by low-lying islands and long narrow "Bills" or tongues of land, is a small island called Roanoke, situated opposite the broad mouth of the Roanoke river. Upon this island, for greater safety, Sir Richard Grenville placed his little colony. It would seem that at first it was designed as a military station, to be kept provided with necessaries from home, and to be constantly reinforced, for there were no women among the settlers. Their instructions were to explore as much of the mainland as they could; to inquire diligently after the position and distance of the Western coast and the Pacific Ocean, and after the existence of gold and silver and precious stones. The general belief was that America was narrow all the way north, as it was at Darien and Panama, and the hope was to get across, find a port, and to establish for England a new trade route with China. Grenville, having seen that the settlers were provided for, returned to England, leaving one John Lane in his place. When, a year later, Drake arrived to inquire after the colony, he found them much disheartened with their ill-success, and the continued hostility of the Indians. Moreover, there were dissensions; some of them had been too "nicely brought up," and grumbled at the hard work which, as gentlemen, they thought they ought not to do. Drake gave them a ship, but it was driven out

to sea in a gale. Finally they returned with Drake, leaving only fifteen of their party behind to keep possession of Roanoke.

This was the first colony, and it was a failure. Raleigh learned from his failure one or two valuable lessons; first, that his settlement must be strong enough to face any force that might reasonably be expected to be sent against it, either by Spaniard or by Red Indian; next he understood that a colony, to be lasting, must be based upon the home life; thirdly, he learned that the country he had seized was possessed of a climate inferior to none in Europe; that it was, as the settlers claimed, "a very Paradise," where grapes grew wild in the woods, and where anything that was planted or sown took root and flourished abundantly; where the summers were never too hot, and the winters never too cold. It must be remembered that in those days the English do not seem to have suffered inconvenience from the heat, whether on the Gold Coast or in the Gulf of Mexico. The colonists also brought home with them the practice of smoking tobacco.

Raleigh, laying these lessons to heart, sent another expedition. This time it consisted of 180 men, many of whom took their wives and children with them. The commander was John White, formerly one of John Lane's Company. The settlers returned to Roanoke. Alas!

the fifteen men left behind had vanished! It was a bad omen, if Englishmen of that time had heeded omens. Nothing was left to show that there had been a clearing and a hamlet except the melons they had planted, which now overran the whole island and were devoured by wild deer.

The new-comers settled down, however, and made the best of it. Then they began the old business of exploring, and discovering, and fighting the Indians. There was sickness among them. These low islands are not free from fever. We hear of one child—a little girl—born among them. They called her after the name of their settlement—Virginia.

After three years it became again necessary to obtain supplies. By this time they wanted tools and instruments of all kinds, weapons, gunpowder, clothes, and a great many other things. John White was sent home to procure them. The colony was by this time reduced to ninety men, seventeen women, and eleven children. Only eleven children—was there only one birth among them? The thing is incredible. Did fever carry off the children? One knows not.

John White went away. He returned—it was in 1590. To his dismay he found the place deserted; all were gone: men, women, and children. The cottages were empty; grass was growing over the floors; creepers were tearing down the walls; there was not a soul left. It

was a second and a more mysterious disappearance. What became of this unfortunate colony was never discovered. Probably they resolved on moving to some more healthy place: on the way, one surmises, they were attacked by the Indians and all killed—men, women, and children, not one left to escape and to tell the tale; then their bodies were left lying in the green forest; the hemlock and the pine wound their tall branches over them; the tall grass grew up and hid the terrible dead men, and the dead women, and the dead children; and so they returned to mother earth. Years after there were rumours that some of them were still living with the Indians—one hopes that the children had been spared. Little Virginia Dare was then three years of age. Perhaps she grew up in the tents of the Indians, an Indian herself, with strange blue eyes and long fair hair, and desired no better lot than what she obtained: to marry a brave and to bring up her own boys to be braves.

Another lesson in the art of colonising. The colony must be self-sufficing; it must make for itself, produce for itself, and be able to live upon what it can produce and make. The first Virginians seem to have produced nothing on their little island swamp.

The next American settlement was also a failure. The design was due to one Bartholomew Gosnold, a seaman whose name is little

remembered at this day; his fame is eclipsed by that of Drake and Cavendish, Davis and Frobisher, Gilbert and Grenville; but in his time a man of note. It was Gosnold who first laid down on the chart the coast of New England; and it was Gosnold who first led a colony to that part of America.

He found an island, the last and most northerly of a group—the Elizabeth Islands—lying in a straight line south of Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, between the mainland and Martha's Vineyard. As the steamer from Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard enters the Bay on her way to New Bedford a lighthouse is visible to the south west. This is the light of Cuttyhunk, and it is the site of Gosnold's colony. Their leader was a careful man; he knew what had happened at Roanoke twelve years before; he would be secure, at least, against a sudden attack of Indians; he therefore chose Cuttyhunk because it was a safe distance from the mainland, save for the narrow strait which separated it from the next island of Nashawena. He also chose Cuttyhunk because there was on the island a lake—and in the lake an islet. He therefore placed his colony on the islet, and constructed a boat to patrol the lake by night. It is evident that Gosnold designed nothing but a trading station. The men traded with Indians for furs. They traded with the Indians on the mainland and the

Indians on Martha's Vineyard and the other islands. When they quarrelled over the division of profits the colony broke up, and the men returned to England. Then there was not a single English inhabitant in the whole of America; but it was impossible to stay the spirit of enterprise which, by this time, possessed all England, even under the timid and peaceful James. Gosnold came home. He formed the "Virginia Company" among the merchants of London and sent out another colony. They set sail in December, 1606, on board three ships: The *Susan*, 100 tons; the *Godspeed*, 40 tons; and the *Discovery*, 20 tons.

The early history of Virginia is a long record of suffering and failure. These people, not deterred by the ill success of their predecessors, intended to return to Roanoke. There were about a hundred of them, but most of them were "gentlemen," unfit for work. A colony wants no gentlemen; it wants men who can cultivate the soil, it wants craftsmen, and it wants soldiers. The man who is only a soldier is a mere burden in a colony. A storm drove these settlers away from Roanoke and into the mouth of a great river. This river they called James River, in honour of their King. Its mouth is at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay; on its banks, higher up, is now situated the City of Richmond.

It was the month of April, when the banks of the river are covered with spring flowers.

After the long voyage of four months the sight of this verdure delighted the settlers, they thought the place was made for them; they landed, looked about, and presently chose for their settlement a low-lying peninsula (which became an island) which looked charming in its spring colouring. It was really a fever-stricken place. However, they landed, built huts, and they called their settlement Jamestown. A hundred of them landed: in a few months half of them were dead, their food was gone, it was too late to grow corn that year, their only drink was the unwholesome water of the river. The "gentlemen" would not work. The Indians were always on the watch for an opportunity: at one time there were not more than five men to defend the place had it been attacked. Among the settlers was a man of great mark as a traveller, adventurer, and narrator of travellers' tales. This was John Smith, the hero of Pocahontas' pity. Everybody knows the story: how John Smith was taken by the Indian chief Powhattan; how he was sentenced to have his brains beaten out; how, when his head was actually laid upon the block, Pocahontas ran up to him, laid her arms round his neck, and begged his life. John Smith it was who first explored Chesapeake Bay. It was said that in the cold winter nights he and his men would change the position of their fire three or four times, so as to get some warm ground to

lie upon. He was successful with the Indians, engaging them to trade and to bring in food, and doing a great deal to disarm their jealousy. When more settlers arrived, John Smith left the colony and sailed north to explore the coast north of Cape Cod.

John Smith went home in 1609, when there were 490 white people in Virginia. Then followed the worst time ever experienced. For there was no food, and the Indians brought none; nothing was grown; nor did any of the white men venture into the woods in search of game, for the Indians lay in wait to kill them. They called it afterwards the "starving time." They ate everything, even their own dead. It is a most terrible story; it is a lesson for colonists of all time to learn. Without agriculture, hampered with "gentlemen" who would not work, with a hostile population who would bring in no food, what was there left for such a hapless colony? Out of 490 people, there were left no more than 60 when Sir Thomas Gates arrived with another shipload of settlers. These had been shipwrecked on the Bermudas, where they lived on wild hogs until they could build two new vessels, in which they came on to Jamestown. The sight of the wretched survivors terrified the new-comers, who refused to land. Had they arrived only a week later, they would have found all dead. Gates took them all on board his ships and started to return to

England. The third Virginian colony was deserted.

Before Gates reached the mouth of the river he met a boat rowing up to meet him. It contained Lord De la Warr, who had come out as Governor of the Colony. He had with him more colonists, and plentiful supplies of all kinds. So Gates turned back, and the colony was once more founded. Lord De la Warr seems to have been a ruler of some wisdom, but he did not understand the unhealthiness of the place. Another sickness fell upon the people, by which a large number died. Then De la Warr returned home, and was succeeded by Sir Thomas Dale.

Dale perceived clearly that there must be an end to shirking work. Gentlemen or no gentlemen, he would make the settlers work. So he began to enforce this rule with a harshness so foreign to the tradition of the time, that one suspects a spirit of insubordination, and a stubborn resolve not to undergo the indignity of manual labour. We may, perhaps, connect something of the modern American's readiness to turn his hand to anything to the necessities of the old colonial days; and something of the modern English contempt for the craftsman, now fast disappearing, to the bad tradition of gentility. Dale, then, enforced his rule: he flogged his men—the "gentlemen too nicely brought up"—till they did work; he flogged

them if they shirked their work; he is said to have even burned some alive. One does not defend cruelty, but one does understand that in an infant colony men too proud for work must be cut off from the community, and made to work. A desperate condition of affairs required the strongest remedies.

The hostility of the Indians was in great measure overcome by the capture of the "Princess" Pocahontas. She was brought into Jamestown, and, being now arrived at womanhood, was married to one John Rolfe. She was taken to England by Dale, on his return in 1616, and here she died. Her husband, John Rolfe, was the first to discover that tobacco would or m an excellent export. The cultivation of tobacco was immediately successful.

In 1618 the Virginia Company, partly as a protest against the encroachments of the king, granted the colonists a Charter, by which they were allowed a voice in making their own laws. So that the beginning of free government in America arose out of the exaggerated claims of royal power advanced by the King of England. The Government was to consist of a Governor, a Council of Estate, and a General Assembly—in other words, of king, lords, and commons; a pattern which was afterwards copied by all the American Colonies. Hitherto, the colonists had lived under despotic rule: they were not allowed to have land of their own, everything

was held in common. As a natural consequence, they were horribly discontented—their one hope was to get back to England. When, however, this *régime* was changed, when they began to cultivate their own land, when they had a voice in the management of their own affairs, this discontent vanished: they were a free people. Each man could enjoy his own estate; they made their own laws for themselves. Then a new heart arose among the people: there was no thought of returning home; there was no such liberty, no such holding of land, in England. It has always been the dream of mankind that each man should cultivate his own acre; it is the dream even in this country, where the yeoman has been either crushed out of existence or has crushed out other yeoman and has become the lord of the land.

The first proof of contentment was shown when the settlers began to send to England for wives, and to pay, with a hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco for each, for their passage out.

I have dwelt at length on the history of our first colony in America, because the founders of that often founded settlement committed as many mistakes as they possibly could, and suffered as much punishment, short of extermination, as could well follow. More than of any other people can it be said of the Virginians

that their sufferings were their lessons. Consider some of their blunders :—

(1.) First of all, they sent out gentlemen too proud to work.

(2.) They chose for their settlement a low-lying, fever-stricken spot.

(3.) They depended for everything on the supplies from home.

(4.) They sent out settlers without women for them to marry.

(5.) They failed to conciliate the Indians.

(6.) They made no attempt to create an export trade. We do not even hear of their getting furs from the Indians.

One more disaster befel the colony. It was on March 22nd, 1622, in the forenoon, when all the men were scattered, working on their fields, and unarmed. The Indians, without warning, rose, and began to murder them : men, women, and children. They killed over 300 on that memorable day. One man alone was warned ; he hastened to the Governor, who was able to put part of the colony into a state of defence.

The Virginia Company was dissolved by James ; it was one of his last acts. He took the government of the colony into his own hands, but promised the colonists the full enjoyment of their liberties. A Stuart's promise as regards the liberties of the people was, indeed, a thing carrying with it much confidence.

Such was the eventful history of Virginia at the outset. Many other histories of our colonies are as eventful, but none so interesting as this, the early history of our earliest colony. It was the work—everything great is the work of one man—of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose name ought to be revered in the United States as much as that of Washington, and by ourselves as much as that of Wellington and Nelson. The former showed the way for the expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race; the two latter saved the Anglo-Saxon race from the most awful military despotism that ever crushed under its iron heel the freedom, the courage, the heart, the hope of the people where it ruled.

CHAPTER V.

THE EMPIRE OF THE WEST.

THERE were emigrants who went off in search of adventure and war; emigrants who went to trade; emigrants who were compelled by poverty to leave their native land; emigrants who went away for the sake of religious freedom; and emigrants who were shut out of the country as immoral and malefactors. We have now to do chiefly with the emigrants of religion.

The famous *Mayflower* carried to America the first shipload of emigrants for the sake of religion. They were a company of about a hundred; half the number of these men had been living at Leyden for thirteen years, for the sake of worshipping in their own way. They landed at Plymouth, a harbour so named by Captain John Smith six years before. It was in the depth of winter, on the 21st of December, 1620, that this little company stepped on shore. The cold

was greater than they had ever experienced, even in Holland. They were weakened by a long and stormy voyage: they were imperfectly supplied with provisions; and it was some time before they could build houses capable of affording shelter and warmth. Like the Virginians, these colonists began with a fiery trial of sickness and of death. Fifty-six of them—nearly the half—died in the first six months. They were fortunate, however, in securing the friendship of some of the Indians. Others remained hostile; the settlers fought them, under the leadership of the stout Myles Standish. They had actually to live on clams and other shell-fish for a time, and until their first crop was reaped. Their little settlement was fortified by a stockade, and they possessed six small cannon. Their co-religionists from Leyden came out to them, and they were presently joined by others. They were ready to work, and managed to get on as soon as their harvests began.

Eight years after the arrival of the *Mayflower*, the Massachusetts Company was formed and controlled by directors of the Puritan party. They intended to make the company the means of sending their own people to America, for freedom of thought and worship. The company had a district assigned to it. They sent out their first settlers—to Salem—in 1628; others followed, and in 1630 they resolved upon

transferring the head quarters of the company from London to Massachusetts. Their chief, John Winthrop, took out a thousand people in 1630. He settled at Boston, which has always been considered the chief city of Massachusetts. This colony was regarded as a Land of Refuge by the Puritan party in England. Nor, at first, was it considered as in any way a danger to the mother country that tens of thousands should leave it with bitterness in their hearts for the sake of religious liberty. The memory of religious persecution, however, is a thing that lingers long and rankles for generations to come. The exiles for the sake of faith regarded themselves as martyrs, and were so regarded by their sons and their grandsons. Massachusetts, however, thanks to the intolerance of Laud and of Charles, became the largest and the most powerful of the American colonies.

You must not, however, believe that it was a land of religious liberty. The Pilgrim fathers believed that everybody should think as they themselves thought. Had they achieved their own way, they would have sent Laud himself, and all who thought like him, across the ocean with the greatest alacrity.

This fact is shown by the history of the colony. A few years after the foundation a number of the colonists began to follow after the teaching of a woman named Mrs. Hutchinson. Her doctrine was not approved by the

preachers who ruled in Boston. The woman and her followers were, therefore, expelled from the community. Again, a branch broke off under a minister named Thomas Hooker; they went south and founded towns which still remain in the State of Connecticut. Another branch went off with another minister, and settled at New Haven, also now part of Connecticut. Religious differences caused the foundation of the State of Rhode Island. The governing body of Boston banished one Roger Williams for opinions damnable and heretical: one of these was the principle of religious liberty. He was followed by his friends and settled at the head of Narragansett Bay. Other people banished from Boston had settled there, and in this way was founded the State of Rhode Island. Religious differences also caused the settlement of New Hampshire.

That part of America which is now called the State of New York, was settled first by the Dutch, after Henry Hudson, an Englishman, had discovered the Hudson River for them. Albany is the place where the Dutch first placed a trading station on the Hudson. They also built a small settlement and town, which they called New Amsterdam, on the site of what is now New York city. The Swedes also attempted a colony in America, on the Delaware River. They were, however, promptly annexed by the Dutch.

In 1664 the English claimed the whole of the land, from Virginia to New England inclusive; backed their claims by a flotilla of four ships; and made the Dutch, amounting to no more than 1,500 persons, surrender. Henceforward there was no more question of the English rights over the sea-board of North America.

Next to Virginia, the most interesting of American foundations is that of Maryland. The first Lord Baltimore, who became a Roman Catholic at a time when the prejudice against Roman Catholics, as well as their disabilities, was very strong, tried first to found a colony in Newfoundland. His colony was called Avalon. The climate proving too severe, Lord Baltimore went to Virginia, where he endeavoured to establish a settlement. This, however, the Virginians would not allow unless he acknowledged the king as the head of the Church. This he could not do, and so returned to England, when the king granted him a piece of Virginia north of the Potomac. Lord Baltimore died before he could make use of this concession. The colony of Maryland was, however, founded by his son, the second Lord Baltimore, who gave the command to his brother, Leonard Calvert, and sent out the first company, consisting of twenty gentlemen and a hundred craftsmen. Observe how the lessons of Virginia had taken root—only twenty gentlemen, enough

to act as officers. These first settlers appear to have been Roman Catholics to a man. The dominant idea, indeed, of the founders was that Maryland might become for the Catholics what Massachusetts was for the Puritans, but without the intolerance of the latter. Maryland, from the beginning, was a place where all sects were tolerated. They lived side by side and enjoyed equal rights.

North and South Carolina were the outcome of a scheme and an experiment. There were eight gentlemen in London who had formed a plan of government, which they were enabled to realise by the concession of a large district south of Virginia. Charles II. gave them this territory. It had been known before as Carolana. By altering one vowel it became Carolina, as if from Carolus, the Latin form of Charles. The new owners were called the "Lords Proprietors of Carolina." The first settlement made by these Lords was in 1670. Ten years later the people moved up to the site of Charleston, which they founded. The colony was largely increased by the arrival of many French Huguenots. The form of government attempted was mock feudal. The colony was to be ruled by an order of nobility of three ranks, called respectively Palatines, Landgraves, and Caciques. They divided the ground into great square blocks, which the people were to cultivate as tenants. The nobles were to live

upon the rents, and to send the difference home to the Lords Proprietors. Unfortunately, the projectors did not understand that the people had to be consulted. In this case, it appeared that the people had not crossed the Atlantic in order to work for landlords. They found the land waiting for them: they took it. They refused to occupy the square blocks; they refused to pay any rent; and, what was worse than all, they derided the Palatines, the Landgraves, and the Caciques. Under these circumstances, it was a happy thing when the South Carolina people threw off the yoke of the Lords Proprietors—this was in 1719—and when the king took over both colonies—this was in 1729.

I return to the emigrants for the cause of Religion.

The colony of New Jersey, given by the Duke of York to Lord John Berkeley and Sir George Castinet, was peopled largely by Scotch immigrants, who fled to escape religious persecution.

But the most considerable immigration for the sake of faith, far more considerable even than that of the Pilgrim Fathers, was the arrival of the Quakers under Penn. This people refused to take off their hats, to take any oath, or to take any part in fighting; they would have no music; no art of any kind; no singing, no poetry; they would have no finery in dress, no bright colours. They were, I believe, the most unpopular of all

the sects, because Presbyterians might tolerate Baptists, and both might tolerate Independents, but none could tolerate Quakers. They were whipped, and fined, and imprisoned; in Massachusetts they were whipped and banished; they were even put to death in that colony. Therefore, they endeavoured to found a new colony for themselves. This was effected by the exertions of William Penn.

William Penn was one of the few Quakers of the time who could be called of gentle blood. He was the son of a distinguished naval officer. Like the rest of his brethren he was imprisoned from time to time for his opinions, and his refusal to act in any way against his conscience. Yet he had influence enough at Court to obtain, instead of payment of a debt due to his father from King Charles II., a grant of land on the west side of the Delaware. This country was inhabited by a few Swedes only. Penn sent out his first emigrants in 1681; the colony increased more rapidly than any other. It was free to all comers, whatever their religion. With him came the first wave of the Irish emigration: with him came large numbers of Welsh, and thousands of Germans. The Quakers prevailed in numbers, but there were colonists of all religions. Moreover, there was land free to any who would take it and cultivate it: no rent to pay, no taxes, no over-lord except Penn himself and his heirs. The governor of Pennsylvania continued to be

appointed by the Penn family until the War of Independence.

Then commences one more early colony, that of Georgia. This colony, the last and youngest of those which formed the first United States, was founded by General James Oglethorpe in the year 1732. He proposed to create a colony which should receive poor and distressed people, especially those whose fortunes had been ruined by the mad speculation of the time. He wanted at the same time to offer a refuge to persecuted Protestants of all countries. He proposed to erect a bulwark against the encroachments or the invasions of the Spanish from Florida. And he refused to allow slaves to be maintained, bought or sold, in his colony. He intended, also, to establish in Georgia an industry in silk. Never was a colony started with more benevolent aims or on more definite principles. Unfortunately individual interest often tramples on benevolence, and the exigencies of the moment prove too much for principles.

The first settlers included a regiment of Highlanders; then came also Germans, and at first a large number of English were attracted to the colony. But the benevolent schemes of the projector, which included measures to prevent the accumulation of riches, were speedily frustrated. "Let us," said the colonist, "get rich if we can and as we can." In the end the early principles were all abandoned: the silk trade,

the surrender of estates at death, the prohibition to hold slaves: and Georgia became just like any other colony.

We have now learned how each colony was founded and how it grew. The growth of the colonies was greatly accelerated by the accessions of new immigrants every year. Yet, during the last century, comparatively few went out from Great Britain. The Irish emigration was stayed for a time: we read little more about Scotch or Welsh emigrants. The religious tolerations removed one great cause of exile: the enormous advance in trade, which continued all through the century, made the merchants and the class which depended upon them easy in their circumstances: the rise in the value of land and the extension of cultivated land transformed the yeoman into the squire, the squire into the territorial magnate: the wars gave occupation to the younger men and killed off the surplus population. Still the tide of emigration never wholly ceased.

The case of the Palatines—1709 and 1743—shows how America had come to be regarded as a land of refuge. These people belonged to a part of Germany devastated by the French in 1688. Unable to endure their wretchedness, they resolved on throwing themselves upon the charity of the English; they came over—twelve thousand of them—and landed penniless. First the Queen kept them—but the burden became

too heavy—then the country. London subscribed nearly £30,000 for them. Some were sent to the north of Ireland, where their descendants still remain; some to the American colonies—it is melancholy to relate that half of the four thousand sent to New York died on the voyage. There was a second invasion of starving Palatines forty years later. These were all sent to North Carolina.

We have enumerated the voluntary immigrants into America: English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, French, Germans, Dutch, and Swedes. We must now speak of involuntary immigrants, those who came against their will, and because they were sentenced to this exile.

These were, first of all, the waifs and strays of the streets and roads: the boys and girls, picked up and sent out of the country in order to keep them from a life of vice at home. They had to become servants till they came of age. There were next the men or women who were persuaded, or bribed, to sell themselves for a term of years, generally seven. Many thousands of men and women were shipped to the colonies as "indentured servants." Out of these a great many were kidnapped; some were made drunk, and, on recovery, were told that they had signed articles and must now go out to Virginia or South Carolina. The men who did these things were called crimps. The bondservants were taken

about and sold like slaves. Also, like slaves, they were liable to be flogged at the will of their masters. This liability, however, existed at home, and was not likely to be considered a special grievance.

Besides the bondservants and the children, there was a continual flow of convicts, sometimes political—after the Monmouth Rebellion, the 1714 Rebellion, and that of 1745—and sometimes criminal. The method employed for the transportation of convicts was intended to be humane; but, like most good intentions of the 18th century, in practice it proved anything but humane. The convicts were handed over to a contractor, who received £5 a head for the passage to America; he gave a receipt for each, and was required to produce a receipt on the other side for each. Their diet was strictly prescribed. It seems a much more liberal diet than is now provided for convicts—every man had 10½ oz. of bread a day; on two days in the week, 10½ oz. of meat; peas, oatmeal, molasses and cheese, made up the rest of the fare; once a week a pannikin of gin was served out; no tea, cocoa, coffee, or beer was given.

On their arrival in Virginia, they were put up for public auction, generally realising £2 10s. a head and a pound and a half of tobacco. They were sold for seven years, fourteen years, or for life, according to their sentence. Their

work in the field was exactly the same as that of the negroes, but they became overseers, and very often on their release, or before it, settled down on their own land and became planters on their own account.

Most of these people, however, were hardened and abandoned villains, who could only be kept in order by the lash. Many of them escaped into the forests. There was a terrible mortality among them on the voyage; this we must not set down quite to the bad treatment by the contractor, though one does not suppose that they were tenderly treated. We must remember that they were mostly the scum and sweepings of the London streets; they had never worked, they could not work; they had never learned a trade, they had lived by rapine, and for months before they were put on board ship they had been confined in a foul and fetid prison, their vital powers lowered by bad food, bad drink, bad air, and no exercise. Often they carried the gaol fever on board, where the ship's crew caught it, and where it swept off numbers of the convicts.

I have before me the lists of three convict ships, belonging to the years 1740 and 1741. On one was placed 153 convicts; during the short voyage of one month 61 out of the 153 died, eight were landed sick, the remaining 84 were put up and sold.

On the second ship 108 were put on board; of these 37 died on the passage.

On the third ship 50 sailed; of these 15 died before reaching America.

It is customary to assume that a large number of people in Virginia must trace their ancestry to these convicts. I do not think that this can be the case. We know what kind of creatures the convicts were, from our own experience of them when transportation to America ceased and work on the hulks took its place. The convicts had never worked; they *could* not work; a spade blistered their hands; they could not stoop; they ran away; they were flogged unmercifully; they killed their warders; they were hanged; they mutinied: everything rather than work. These are not the kind of people whom the Virginian planters would allow to marry white women, who were few in number and very precious. Again, their service was generally for seven years, a longer sentence was the exception. In an immense number of cases the fellow escaped, got to New York, found a ship to take him home, and went back to his friends. I think that the descendants of the convicts must be very few indeed.

Of course, on the outbreak of the War of Independence, the transportation of convicts ceased entirely.

Lastly, there were the negro slaves.

The sale of negroes to the planters began in 1619. They were chiefly used in the colonies which had a hot and malarious climate: where

rice and tobacco were grown. There were continual troubles from the fierce and untamable character of some of these slaves. They rose in rebellion and murdered the whites. These risings were put down with great severity, even cruelty; but it is difficult to imagine what could be done with them—once they had been barbarously brought over—except to deter them from rebellion by barbarous punishments.

The colonies were by no means united; on the other hand, they had few common interests and no bond of connexion, except that they were all nominally under the Crown of Great Britain. They found out the possibility of union, and the necessity of union, in the manner common to the making of all nations—by war. They had to fight the French; it was a struggle for bare existence. Briefly, the French held Canada; they claimed the whole of the country west of the Alleghany Mountains and the Mississippi Valley; they had occupied the mouth of the Mississippi and they commanded the St. Lawrence. Their intention was to erect a line of forts from Canada to New Orleans, and thus, not only to hold the western part of the Continent for themselves, but also to threaten the eastern colonies, which as yet were little more than settlements along the sea-board. If you look in a map, you will see what the French claim meant. They had Canada; they claimed that huge country now covered by the Middle States,

lying between the Rockies and Alleghanies, with one outlet by the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and another by the Mississippi. It was a magnificent dream of conquest, which the union of the Colonists and the English effectually destroyed.

I wish once more to call attention to the people who formed the population of these colonies in or about the middle of the last century. They were nearly all refugees or exiles for religion: English Puritans, French Huguenots, Scotch and Irish Presbyterians, German Protestants, and Quakers from various lands. I think it can hardly be expected that these people and their descendants would regard the mother country without some kind of bitterness. Then they were often in dispute with their Governor, the representative of the mother country. The next point to observe is that, from the very first day of landing, the institutions of the country were always democratic. They were English institutions, it is true, but these adapt themselves with great ease to a republican form of government. There were no peers among the colonists, no House of Lords, no Bishops. At home their cousins were constantly reminded of authority. Here there were no such reminders, the colonists were practically republican long before the War of Independence.

They were made ready for their independence

by the share they took in the last war with the French, which ended in the Treaty of 1763, when most of the possessions of France in America, not including the shadowy claims of Louisiana, were ceded to Great Britain. This left them free from a foreign invader; it left them, indeed, stronger than they had known or felt before. In a word, while they still thought themselves loyal, they were ready for the War of Independence which was forced upon them.

Discontent was no new thing in the Colonies. The Americans were discontented with the laws—made by the British Parliament—which interfered with trade even with each other. It is, indeed, inconceivable how our statesmen should have consented to these laws; one can only explain the fact by the supposition that they were totally ignorant—which, indeed, was the case—of the Colonies, what they were and what they might become.

The passing of the Stamp Act was the first measure which brought the Colonies together. This Act provided that all business papers, journals, leases, etc., should be stamped, and that these stamps should be sold by Crown Officers in order to produce a revenue for Great Britain. It seemed an innocent step, but, if it was allowed, the Government would simply be able to tax the Colonies as much as they pleased.

The cry was raised, "No taxation without

representation!" The Colonies rose almost as one man; the stamp offices were torn down; the Houses of Parliament were defied.

The Stamp Act was withdrawn.

The Houses of Parliament passed another bill asserting their right to tax the Colonies. They tried quartering soldiers on them. They took off all the taxes except one on tea; the Colonies refused to drink tea: when ships arrived with it, the Boston men boarded them, and poured the chests of tea into the sea. And so—and so—war began.

We must remember, in the black story which is here only just indicated, that all the best and clearest sighted people in England ardently espoused the cause of the Colonies. "No taxation without representation!" Chatham thundered with all his power on that side. Burke followed. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen went in deputation, not once, but a dozen times, to the King, imploring him to consider this principle as one that underlies all liberty. The King was immovable; the House of Lords and the House of Commons were deaf, and blind, and stupid. The war went on. At its conclusion, all these possessions—the greater part of a continent—which had been conceded in 1763 by France, were handed over to the United States, except Canada.

The settlement of Canada must have a few words here.

On the conquest of the country and the departure of the French army, land in Canada was very freely offered to soldiers and others. A good many adventurers went there from Great Britain and from the Atlantic coast colonies. After the American War of Independence, 30,000 United Loyalists, who were not allowed to stay peaceably at home, came over into Canada and received grants of land, on which many of their descendants are still living, a strong element of loyalty in the country. Towards the close of the century there was a Highland emigration on account of the agricultural distress of Scotland. The close of the long war was the cause of a great many disbanded soldiers finding their way to Canada. A great many Irish, too, were sent out to Upper Canada.

I have included in this volume a brief history of the American colonies, because the United States form certainly a very considerable part of the extended empire of the race, though not of one country. I also include it here, because I live in the hope that the bitterness of parting, which has survived in America far longer and in a deeper form than it has with us—indeed, the people of Great Britain and Ireland bear no ill-will whatever towards the States—will before long yield to a reconciliation which shall be as lasting and as indestructible as the friendship of Kent and Sussex.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EMPIRE OF THE EAST.

THE Empire of the East was not only begun by traders, but it was absolutely created by traders without the interference of the Government. The East India Company created the Empire unaided, almost unconsciously. It came into existence unnoticed, it grew spontaneously; it covered Hindostan from North to South while the people at home hardly knew that it had begun.

The East India Company received its Charter on the very last day of the sixteenth century—31st December, 1600. It was called "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies." Other companies were started with similar objects; all these were before long amalgamated with the original company.

The first navigator who sailed round the Cape of Good Hope was the Portuguese Vasco da

Gama, who put in at Calicut on the 20th of May, 1498. Vasco did not discover a new country, for India was well-known from the accounts of overland travellers—King Alfred once sent an ambassador to the Indies—but he discovered the easy route to the country. The Portuguese were never, like the Dutch and the English, a trading community. Hence their disappearance from the countries they might have made their own. They did, however, establish themselves upon the islands, and for nearly a hundred years they carried on the export trade of the islands as far eastward as Celebes. At the end of the sixteenth century the Dutch sent out their first ships and established their East India Company. They found the Portuguese enfeebled by various causes. They had settlements in Brazil, and on the west coast of India; their country was too small to provide emigrants both to the east and to the west; they had foolishly expelled the Jews, formerly their financiers: they had allowed the introduction of the Inquisition, which began at once to exercise its baneful influence on the spirit and the enterprise of the nation. They lost their independence, and became merged for a time with Spain when Phillip II. obtained the crown of Portugal. Spanish aggression and Spanish cruelty were therefore avenged both by Dutch and English by attacks upon Portuguese establishments.

The Dutch and English began about the same time to make their trading factories in the east. But the Dutch were the stronger: they forced the English to withdraw from the Islands. They could not, however, prevent them from making settlements on the mainland. Thus, the first settlement was at Surat, Madras was founded in 1638, Bombay was ceded by the Portuguese in 1668, Calcutta was founded in 1686.

The East India Company was governed by a Board of Directors in London. Every shareholder who held £500 of stock was called a proprietor. From the proprietors the Directors were elected. A director was a holder of not less than £2,000 of stock. Six directors retired every year, but they were, as a rule, re-elected.

The history of the Company would take too long to relate. It must suffice to explain that as far back as 1689 it was resolved not only to hold trading settlements and factories, but to acquire territories; that the servants of the Company were paid very small salaries, with the object of making them look about for bettering their position by extending the influence and authority of the Company. With this object the Company was made to take part in the quarrels of the Native States, to make itself master of those states, to create an army and navy, to impose taxes, levy tribute, and to

carry on war. A post in the Company's service was a piece of most valuable patronage; the directors were besieged with applications: a clever lad going out to India not only had the chance of making a great fortune, but also of providing for his sons the same privilege. Thackeray, for instance, was the son of three generations of the company's servants.

Meantime it could not be expected that other nations would look on quietly while the English took possession of this great country. The Portuguese, who at the outset controlled the whole of the west coast, gave little trouble, being incapable of defending what they had. The French, however, made as determined an effort to gain possession of India as they did to keep their claims in America. The war between the English and the French in India was prolonged and determined on both sides. It cannot be said, though the victory and the spoils remain with us, that the enemy retired with dishonour. This struggle, in which Clive rendered such magnificent services, lasted for many years; it was fought out by sea and by land. Clive, Lawrence, Warren Hastings, Cornwallis, Wellesley, in turn created, extended, and consolidated the British dominions. At the peace of 1814 nothing remained to the French, once the masters of the Carnatic, except Pondicherry and Chandernagore, two unimportant forts; while the Portuguese were reduced to

one place, Goa, and the Dutch were gone altogether.

Thus, in two hundred years, the English East India Company had risen from the possession of a single trading factory to that of the greater part of Hindostan, and the control of the rest. The French had left off even intriguing; the independent states were held down; there was a Pax Britannica—British order—established over the whole of this vast country.

In the year 1857 occurred the Mutiny, a greater danger to the rulers of India than any invasion by a foreign power. At that time the native army consisted of 247,000 men; of these, 30,000 belonged to Bombay and 50,000 to Madras; to Bengal belonged 167,000, of whom many were irregular troops. The mutineers belonged chiefly to the Bengal army; they numbered 90,000 men; they were well trained, well armed, well provided; they had artillery, horses and treasure; what was more, the men were animated with the superstition that it was a hundred years since the Battle of Plassey, and two hundred years since the Mahratta invasion. Therefore, it was concluded, illogically, the time had come for the English rule to cease. The murders and massacres with which the mutiny was begun showed the bitter hatred lying in the hearts of the men who had been thought so loyal. To meet these mutineers we had no more than 40,000 English troops, together

with the loyal native regiments. It was, however, a military revolt, and not a rising of the people. The native princes remained loyal; the people themselves never moved. The siege of Delhi, the defence and the relief of Lucknow, the march of Havelock; these, and the other events of the mutiny, belong to the history of our race, and form a chapter on which the reader lingers with pride. As one who can remember that time, I think that there can never have been any event in history which more thrilled the hearts of our people than the news of this mutiny. At all times, and under all circumstances, a mutiny is an act of black treachery to be justified only under the most extreme provocation. In this case it was accompanied by the murder, torture, starvation and massacre, not only of the officers and the magistrates, but also of the helpless women and children. To us at home came letters with details too dreadful to be published—though the accounts actually published were bad enough. We passed the letters from hand to hand; no one dared to read them aloud; tears of helpless rage filled the eyes of those who read. If it was revenge we wanted, there were men in India who were taking that revenge. I know not how many of the mutineers were slain in the six months that followed the outbreak, but I remember, also, reading more letters that told of the vengeance—vengeance of God, we

called it—that fell upon these murderers. In the after years I talked with those who had been with Havelock and Colin Campbell. A chaplain of the force who rode with Havelock in the long march told me how the men tramped on without a murmur all through the nights, anxious only to be nearer the enemy; how, for the extreme heat, the men had to march three or four feet apart, and how they bore the heat and the fatigue and the thirst without a murmur. I heard how the men were taken to Cawnpore and shown the fair hair of the English girls on the walls with the red splashes of their blood, and how the men went mad with rage. One who had been a private soldier told me—I know not whether it is true, but this is what he told me—"On our march with reinforcements we were met by three or four Sepoy regiments. They were three to one, but we charged; they dropped their guns and ran. We ran after them; on the river bank we caught them, and we bayonetted every one. Every one—no prisoners—just a shove with the bayonet. Oh, yes, we killed them; every one."

Since that mutiny India has been quiet. The proportion of native to British troops has been greatly lowered. The important places are held entirely by British. The artillery is mostly manned by British. The Company, in 1858, ceased to exist; it had long ceased to hold its trading privileges. The Government now

belongs entirely to the Imperial authority, and the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland is also Empress of India.

The Empress of India is also Lady of the Eastern Isles and far Cathay. We hold, as part of our Empire, Burmah, Penang, Singapore and the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, Labuan, Hong Kong, Malacca, Mauritius, and the Seychelles. The history of our occupation of these places is mainly one of conquest. Ceylon, for instance, was visited by the Portuguese first in 1505; they made a settlement at Colombo in 1517. They held their settlement for nearly 150 years, during which time they made themselves loathed by the people for their fanaticism and intolerance and their ceaseless efforts to convert the natives. In 1658, after twenty years fighting, the Dutch succeeded in turning them out. In 1795, when it seemed as if everything Dutch would become French, an English expedition was sent to Ceylon. Trincomalee was taken, and Colombo surrendered. By the Peace of Amiens the island remained with the British.

Singapore was not taken by force of arms; it was founded by Sir Stamford Raffles, in 1819, as a place for trade. It is now the most important trading city in the South-east of Asia.

Penang, with its dependencies, Wellesley Province and certain islands was ceded to us in 1785 in return for an annual pension of £600.

Malacca, like Ceylon, belonged first to the Portuguese, then to the Dutch. We took it in 1795, we gave it back to the Dutch in 1818, and they again ceded it to us in 1824.

Labuan, an island six miles north of the coast of Borneo, was taken by us in 1846.

Hong Kong is a small island on the coast of China, east of the Canton River. This little place, ceded by the Treaty of Nanking in 1842, is one of our most important possessions. The trade carried on in this island by Chinese as well as by Europeans—by Germans, Dutch, and Americans, as well as by English—is enormous. It is a naval station.

The Mauritius is another place of great importance, though, since the introduction of steam, it has lost much of its strategic value. This island must be added to those taken by fighting and by force. It was discovered by Mascarenhas in 1507, being then uninhabited. The Portuguese occupied it for ninety years, and then abandoned it, as they were abandoning all their eastern possessions. The Dutch seized it, naming it after their Prince Maurice. They in turn abandoned it. The French, in 1710, occupied it. Fortunately the island was governed for a time by La Bourdonnaye, who found the place in a bankrupt condition, introduced the cultivation of the sugar cane, and raised the colony to a most flourishing condition. He also made

it a place of arms and a naval station of the first importance.

The English made several attempts to take this island. Under Captain Willoughby an attack was attempted on the Bay and Town of Mahébourg, but his ship went ashore and heeled over, so that it was impossible to effect anything. There was, however, a descent made in the year 1810 which succeeded better: the colony surrendered and has remained ever since in our hands.

Everyone knows the charming romance of "Paul and Virginia," in which are descriptions of the scenery and the forests of Mauritius. It is, indeed, one of the most beautiful spots on the earth, though not so striking or so grand as the sister island of Réunion. There are three ranges in which the mountains, though none are more than 3,000 feet high, present the most picturesque cliffs, with rivers, ravines, waterfalls and peaks. The forests were formerly most beautiful, with creepers (*lianes*) of all kinds, mosses, orchids, and underwood of fragrant acacia; all the tropical fruits grew there, most of the temperate fruits, all the English vegetables. The sugar cane is still the staple of the island, but the English planters have mostly sold their estates to Arabs and to coolies. The place has only 700 square miles with a huge population of 400,000, mostly coolies. In 1875 all the slaves were emancipated;

they began to die out immediately, and at the present day number no more than a few thousands. It is significant of their former treatment that not one of them would ever work in a canefield again. They became market gardeners and carpenters. During a residence on this island, now thirty years ago, I found many of these emancipated slaves settled about in the woods and on the hill-sides. They were always ready to talk of the old slave times—*li temps margosse*—the bitter time. The introduction of coolies began when the blacks were emancipated. The town of Port Louis is filled with as strange a mixture as one will find anywhere. The shops are kept chiefly by the French mulattoes; the merchants' offices by English and French. The Chinese are carpenters and craftsmen of all kinds; they also keep the little stores, built out of packing cases, where the coolie gets tobacco, sardines, tapes, string—everything.

The Malay is there, an unsuccessful rival to the Chinaman. There, too, are the Malagasy men, black, with hair in plaits; there are the Zanzibar Arabs, who are exporters of sugar, and general merchants—a noble and handsome race; there are Mozambique men, negroes of a deep soft black, not a shiny black; there are French creoles, soft of speech, pale-faced, languid; there are English sailors and English soldiers; at the port there is a prevailing smell of guano,

and all day long resound the cries of the dock labourers, running up and down the planks with bales. Under the trees sit the merchants—for their Royal Exchange is the shady place before Government House—and over that House floats the Union Jack; and to think that over all these peoples, in all these islands, and over all this great continent of India, that Union Jack floats, should fill our hearts with pride and gratitude, and should cause us to do and to dare as our forefathers dared, when England was a little place with all her history to make.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EMPIRE OF THE SOUTH.

THE continent of Australia was discovered at various points and by various navigators. Spanish, French, and Dutch all claim its discovery, and perhaps with equal justice. In 1688 it was seen by Dampier. Nearly a hundred years later, in 1770, Captain Cook explored the whole of the eastern coast, from Gipps' Land on the south-east to Cape York on the north, a work of immense service. The first Englishman to land on the Australian shore was a midshipman named Isaac Smith, afterwards Admiral Isaac Smith, a cousin or nephew of Captain Cook's wife. Years afterwards, when the Admiral had retired, he and the aged widow lived together. Once begun, the survey of these coasts was carried on rapidly, though it was not completed until the voyage of the *Beagle*, on which was Darwin, in 1837-43

The first settlement made was in 1788, at Port Jackson. The place was for many years a penal settlement, to which we sent our convicts. The shores explored, it remained to penetrate into the interior. Many travellers have failed, and a few have succeeded, in getting across this vast tract of land, which appears to consist mainly of desert covered with scrub and thorn. The seaboard, happily, presents widely different characteristics. For instance, New South Wales is divided into three distinct areas, in which the climate and vegetation present great differences.* The first is a strip of country, 800 miles long, bounded on one side by the ocean and on the other by a mountain chain. This part of the country varies in width from 30 to 180 miles; it is watered by fifteen considerable rivers; there is an average yearly rainfall of 36 to 76 inches. There is an abundance of the best agricultural soil, well watered, with plenty of rain as well as of sunshine, fertile, and for the most part as yet untilled.

The second division is a highland ranging from 1,000 feet to 7,000 feet, but for the most part from 2,000 to 3,000 feet high. It is well watered; with less rainfall than on the seaboard; it is, however, valuable for pastoral purposes, and grows grain and fruit.

The third division consists of a vast plain

* "New South Wales:" by Authority; Sydney, Ch. Potter, Government Printer.

intersected by rivers, with a small rainfall; previously, this part of the country was only used for pasture, and in years of drought the country suffered greatly. Of late years tanks have been constructed for the purpose of storing water. Still more recently, the Government, aided by private enterprise, has been following the example of the French in Algeria, and the Americans in Texas, California, and other States. It is boring Artesian wells. This has proved eminently successful; many stations formerly dependent on the precarious supply of rain, or the stores of the tanks, have now a copious and permanent flow, springing up in a strong fountain from bores sunk 1,000 feet deep. It is not a cheap undertaking to sink an Artesian well; it costs about £1 17s. 6d. a foot, and the average depth is 7,420 feet. It is estimated that at the present moment there are 30,000,000 gallons of water a day supplied by these wells. If, as seems likely, the system can be carried further and still further inland, in due course the inland desert of Australia will blossom with orchards and meadows and corn. One foresees a time when the food products of Australia might be equal to the wants of the whole of Europe, while her vast plains would serve for the pasture ground of cattle sufficient for a population of her own far greater than we can imagine, and for Europe as well. Meanwhile, Australia has always been a favourite field

for our emigrants: it is more English in its manners, customs, and ideas, than any other colony, except New Zealand.

Is the country safe from an invading force? She would have, to begin with, the help of the British fleets. It might happen, however, that these fleets were disabled or crippled in some great naval disaster. Could Australia defend herself? She is an immense continent, but she has only four millions of people; she could raise perhaps half a million fighting men on a *levée en masse*; she is self-sufficient; she has railways. I do not think that any European Power would dare to attack her. Above all, she is high of courage and stout of heart: there is no fear that Australia would not fight to the death for her freedom. And every year she increases; to-day she has four millions, in twenty years she may have ten millions. There are children now among us who will live to see Australia with fifty millions.

Why, one may ask, was Great Britain allowed to become possessor of this great continent, together with New Zealand, the Cape, and so many other places? Because, while the French were marching from victory to victory across terrified Europe—while every day brought them new glories, and every new glory furnished new hatreds—our fleets kept command of the sea, and, while engaged in a life and death struggle with a captain who aimed at universal conquest,

we were able to pursue our commerce, to find out and annex the pleasant places of the earth, and to prepare for a time when peace would enable us to occupy as well as to claim these places.

In the midst of war we carried on our communications with New South Wales. The convict ship bore its wretched passengers in safety across oceans where no French ship was ever seen.

Reports came home of the lovely land which seemed abandoned to the criminal and the prison warder. News came home about these people: prisoners and slaves under the blue sky, the splendid sunshine, and the exuberant fertility of this marvellous country. They were taken there in convict ships, under rules and regulations very much like those of the old transportations to America; they were thrown into the dark lower deck, whose ports were under water. For a short time every day they were brought up in small companies to breathe the pure air. Their diet was scanty; for small offences they were flogged; in many cases they mutinied, but never successfully. When they landed at Port Jackson they often tried to escape: either into the bush, in which case they starved or were speared by the blacks; or by boat, in which case they were never more heard of. In this way a whole boat load once got off, and, after fearful sufferings, reached the island of Timor, when

the few survivors were put on board an English man of war and taken to England. Finally, of the whole number, but one arrived alive. The last survivor was a woman; she had lost her husband and her child. They gave her a free pardon.

Such memories as these clung to Port Jackson. Where are these memories now? They are clean gone and forgotten; the descendants of the convicts—some of whom were political prisoners, not criminals—are merged with the rest, and the sins of the fathers are no more visited upon this, the third generation. On the site of the convict settlement stands a city: rich, splendid, full of courage and of hope, perhaps to become the capital of this continent of Australia.

The advance of Australia is truly marvellous in our eyes. Put it into figures, though millions mean nothing to most of us; sixty, seventy, eighty years ago the whole population of Australia was forty or fifty thousand. The people looked for nothing, and expected nothing, but to be allowed to remain a peaceful agricultural settlement, very far from Europe, very little known, increasing very slowly. They desired only the simple life of a self sufficing community. What has Providence given them? Their population is over four millions; their two principal towns are like Manchester and Liverpool for numbers; their trade has risen to £120,000,000 a year; their shipping amounts to

20,000,000 tons; they have 15,000 miles of railway; they have 9,000,000 acres under cultivation; they have 800,000 children under State school instruction.

How are we to account for this unparalleled advance? At first, the immigrants arrived slowly. There was no great wave of emigration from the British Isles and Australia did not attract Germans. Undoubtedly the discovery of the gold mines was the making of Australia. All the adventurers; all the rovers; all the prodigals; all the men who belong to the fringe of society; all those who had no occupation; all those who hated regular work; many of those who had dropped down, for reasons; all those who ardently desired to make a fortune in a few days,—sent their representatives by thousands to the gold mines. I believe there were fortunes made in rare cases; numbers of lucky finds and big nuggets; but for the most part the diggers found that, week in week out, they made very little more than the others who worked on farms. I have conversed with many who went out with the great rush of 1851; to the best of my recollection they had come out of it just as poor as they went in, and rejoicing in the acquisition of incurable rheumatism, and, in one or two cases, of insatiable thirst.

The discovery of gold, therefore, gave the first impetus to the expansion of Australia;

the gold mines continue to be a source of wealth and an attraction to emigrants; they are now worked by companies, and the yearly output of gold is about £8,000,000. There is always, therefore, a stream of new arrivals pouring into the country; the demand for food and everything continues to increase; the area under cultivation widens every year; the numbers by themselves seem to become wealth.

This great possession, then, is due, first to Captain Cook, who surveyed its coasts and added them to the map; next, to the fact that we were looking out for some place where we could send our criminals, out of our own way; and, thirdly, to the fact that the only people who would have opposed us in taking over these settlements, the French, were for twenty-five years pursuing an illusory career of victory—marching from one triumph to another, conquering the whole of Europe, except the two Powers of the east and west—glutting themselves with *la gloire* which would leave them broken, shattered, and weaker than when they began. We, who kept the command of the seas, carried on, meanwhile, our trade with comparatively little loss, and continued to find out and to annex the pleasant places of the earth.

Nearly all that has been said of Australia can be said of New Zealand. The name applies to a group of three islands with small islets, covering an area about one-eighth less than that of

Great Britain and Ireland. The climate is much milder than ours, but not so warm as that of Victoria. Everything grows there. The place is the healthiest in the world. It is one of the colonies acquired by Great Britain since the accession of the Queen : it was ceded by the Treaty of Waitangi in the year 1840. In the year 1837 there were two or three white men in the islands. The population of New Zealand then, excluding the natives, who are now about 40,000 in number and dying out, has been literally created in sixty years. It now reaches very nearly the total of one million. It is an agricultural country which manufactures a great many things of daily consumption. It is, in fact, except for luxuries, almost self-sufficient. There is coal in abundance; there are also mining operations for gold, silver and lead. The colonists export wool, grain, and frozen sheep in large quantities.

Tasman discovered the islands in 1642. Cook surveyed the coast in 1769 and following years. Missionaries were the first settlers.

South Africa must be included in the Empire of the South. It might be called the Empire of the South West, while Australia would be the Empire of the South East. Nothing is more extraordinary in the whole history of the Empire than the sudden and amazing expansion of British Africa. We now have settlements along the West Coast, which we share with France;

and the enormous territory ruled by the Royal Niger Company; we have the Protectorate of Zanzibar; we administer Egypt; and we hold the whole of South Africa except the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and the Portuguese Delagoa Bay and Mozambique. How far the British power extends at the present day it is hard to say; new countries have come into existence: Mashonaland; Matabeleland; Griqualand; Bechuanaland. New towns such as Salisbury, have sprung up; hamlets have become large towns, such as Johannesburg. Meantime, South Africa is the land of adventure and hope; there is more "making" in progress there than anywhere else; there are dangers, it is true, but where the English youth are flocking there the dangers lessen. There is the same kind of stimulus at the Cape that was found in India: the presence of a race, fierce and warlike, which has to be controlled. There are the same rewards that existed in Australia of countless acres waiting for the cultivator. Africa is a land of romance; for a hundred years travellers have tried to penetrate into its depths. Always something new was coming out of Africa. Livingstone spent his life there, unable to leave it; Burton returned again and again; Stanley plunged into its dark forests and found the pygmies.

The names of Bruce, Mungo Park, Burckhardt, Moffat, Speke, Grant, Sir Samuel Baker,

Du Chaillu, Joseph Thomson, and a hundred others, are remembered as those of men who ventured their lives into the depths of Africa and, in too many cases, lost those lives. Anyone who has a map of Africa of, say, fifty years ago may compare it with the map of the present day in order to observe the vast tracts of land which have been recovered for the knowledge and the use of civilized man.

Tracts of country do not make an empire; we are not greatly advanced by possessing the scrub of Central Australia. In the same way we are little advanced by the addition of Rhodesia and Bechuanaland. When these tracts are peopled and settled; when the land is covered from north to south, and from east to west, by Anglo-Saxon clearings, hamlets, and towns, then we shall be in a position to judge of our inland African possessions. At present it is a land of promise. Let us so regard it. Let us encourage our young men to try their fortunes where fortune is most easily conquered, in a young and thinly-settled country. As regards the older part of South Africa, Cape Colony and Natal, they have long since been settled; they are prosperous; they enjoy a magnificent climate; they desire nothing more than the development and the settlement of the newly acquired country in their rear.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EMPIRE OF THE ISLES.

IT must be confessed that the sovereignty of the Thousand Islands over which the Union Jack flies in every sea confers little material benefit upon either the Islands or the Mother Country. They pay no tribute or Imperial tax, which is something for them; and they look for protection against a foreign enemy which is also something. They have no advantages in trade or tariff; they are not "protected" by our Customs duties. They do not offer, as a rule, a field for the immigrant; they are mostly tropical islands in which white men cannot work out of doors. Except those like Malta, Ascension, Hong Kong, and Singapore, which are places of strategic importance, most of the islands are not necessary or useful for the defence of the Empire.

Comparatively little trade or communication is now carried on between this country and the

West Indies; very few young men go out there; the old industries are decaying; the old West Indian families are dying out. Yet every one of these islands has its history, sometimes its stirring history. Jamaica is full of history; the story of the conquest is good to read; the story of the negro rebellion, of the Maroons, of the long wars between rebels and whites, is interesting at least. The buccaneers had their quarters in the West Indies; sometimes in "the pleasant Isle of Aves," sometimes on one of the Keys, sometimes in Jamaica, sometimes on the Honduras coast. The Gulf of Mexico is full of stories about English adventurers—such as Drake and Raleigh—pirates and rovers. The islands are beautiful exceedingly; their climate is such that in the immediate future they will most certainly become the winter resort for the people of the cold north. The white people are indolent, soft, and kindly; the negroes are indolent also, and kindly, if not soft; there are still living, in one or two of the mountain retreats, small tribes of Caribs. In the Bahamas, already, the hotels are filled in winter with Americans; in the Bermudas, also, to which few English ever find their way. Indeed, to English people the West Indies are, as a rule, utterly unknown; they make no noise in the world; nobody writes books about them; their garrisons, when they have any, are negro troops.

From Newfoundland southwards, the line of islands, Newfoundland, Bermuda, St. Helena, Ascension, and the Falklands, stand like places of refuge, places of arms, fortresses, harbours, storehouses, outposts. By these islands England garrisons the ocean. In the Mediterranean her forts and storehouses are Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus. In the far east, Penang, Singapore, Labuan, Hong Kong, are also advanced posts —strongholds—barbicans. In the Pacific we have the splendid colony of New Zealand, another Britain under our feet, with the same climate, but better. Tasmania, which belongs to Australia, is a land of the greatest fertility, waiting for more hands. In the Indian Ocean we own Mauritius, of which I have already spoken; Rodriguez, which may possibly become important; that strange *atoll* of Diego Garcia, whose coral harbour could hold all the navies in the world; and the wonderful group of the Seychelles, most mystic, most exquisitely lovely of all the world's isles. There the steep green hills covered with hanging forests descend to the transparent waters, the *cocos di mer* lapped and washed by the waves; there the sky is of a deeper blue than the sky of Naples or the sky of Africa; islands of a beauty so ethereal that only to gaze upon them uplifts the soul; so spiritually lovely that Gordon, when he saw them, concluded that these islands truly must be the Earthly Paradise, long sought here and there.

He wrote a paper about it, proving to his own satisfaction that in this garden of gardens, this Island of Mahe, in the group of the Seychelles were placed Adam and Eve; that it was from this place, and none other, that they were driven out; and that it was here—actually here—that the angel stood with the flaming sword which forbade their return. The world has other places of loveliness, but none, so far as travellers have spoken, so entirely beautiful as the Seychelles.

There are the islands of the Pacific, too, whither my wandering feet have never led me—it is now, I fear, too late—and more especially the Fiji group, garden of the Pacific.

Among all these islands—these green islands of the sea—one could wander a whole lifetime. Nay, there are men who get the love of the islands so burnt into their souls that they do so wander. They are found now on one for awhile, now on another; they are restless; they must move on; they have no settled occupation; they love not work; they meditate, but give no utterance to their speculations; they sit and watch the ocean beating over the coral reef; they love to go fishing, because it is work but not labour, and because they catch strange creatures; they work fitfully; they like to be alone; the sad whisper of the filhao in the evening breeze soothes them. They have no knowledge of the outer world;

they care nothing for the strife of men; they do not want to get rich; they never read; they speak little; we know not what they think; the beauty, and the silence, and the warmth, and the peace, and the simplicity of the islands somehow sink into their minds. This is their life; they want no other; at the close of it they lie down with a sigh because it is over, not with any regret or wish that they had spent their term to better purpose.

I can conceive no voyage so delightful as to sail from island to island. It is a voyage which one might begin at five and twenty, after some experience of home, and might continue, say, for sixty years.

In the course of such a voyage, with long stopping places, lingerings, returnings, one might pass, I say, a life time. For each island has its history; perhaps its monuments; often a strange and romantic history, as that of the "vexed Bermoothes," or that of Providence Island in the Bahamas; in almost all the islands memories of fights, defences, achievements in wars of the past—you may be sure the islands have not forgotten the part they played; there is national history of every kind to be studied, there are strange people to study—no one knows how many and how strange, for instance, are the people in the Island of Mauritius.

It may be that there are many travellers there

making the most of life. They are living in the poetical parts of the Empire. Among these islands there reigns the Pax Britannica; for the most part their fortifications are grass-grown, their cannons rusted; there are no garrisons; only a sleepy policeman represents the force and the regulations on which all society rests. But I think that a traveller returning from the voyage which I have indicated would carry home with him a greater sense of the peace, order, and prosperity of the Empire, than he who went to count the ships in Sydney Harbour, or the bales upon the wharves of Melbourne.

I cannot but think that the decay of these islands might, in some way, be arrested or changed into progress if their resources, their climate, their powers, generally, in the way of labour, wages and products were better known. At present they are not known at all. The most enterprising London merchant never turns his thoughts to the possibilities of St. Kitts or Tobago; they are words, and only words, to him. Some day, perhaps, we shall go back to the old method; we shall found a West India Company or a Polynesian Company; we shall ascertain what we ought to try, and with what chance of success; we shall make these islands an opening for our young men, and a road once more to comfort if not to fortune.

In order to do this, we must get information not from encyclopædias, but from the people of

the day; the people on the spot. We must send our agents to an island—say, Tobago—and learn what can be attempted. It is perfectly impossible that an island, fertile, wooded, watered, under a tropical sun, should be incapable of producing whatever a tropical sun will permit. Here is a new field. It will be developed when our people have grasped the meaning of the Empire and are led to examine for themselves what every part of the Empire may mean, developed and fostered by Imperial capital, directed by agents from London, as the Levant Company, the Muscovy Company, the African Company, were formerly managed by agents and factors sent out by their directors. In this way there may be—there must be—a great field for the future of the Islands, and a great opening for the administrative powers of our young men.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HERITAGE OF THE RACE.

WE have seen how the Empire of the Anglo-Saxon race began, and how it has developed. I want now to make, so to speak, a personal application of this most marvellous achievement, and to show how it should concern every man among us.

Before doing this, let me subjoin a table of the whole possessions of the Anglo-Saxon race, with the area in square miles and the population.

	Area in square miles.	Population.
THE UNITED KINGDOM	121,411	42,000,000
THE UNITED STATES	3,501,409	70,000,000
IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—		
Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus	3,703	412,561
IN THE GULF OF ADEN—		
Aden, Sokotra, &c.	1,480	52,094

IN THE INDIAN OCEAN—		
Mauritius, Seychelles, &c.	1,055	394,220
IN ASIA—		
India and Burma	1,560,160	287,223,431
Ceylon	25,365	3,008,466
Straits Settlements	25,000	964,000
Borneo & Labuan	31,031	155,853
Hong-Kong	32	221,441
IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN—		
Australia	3,031,169	4,500,000
Tasmania	26,375	180,000
New Guinea	88,460	489,000
New Zealand	104,235	744,000
Fiji, &c.	8,050	129,853
IN AFRICA—		
South Africa	747,854	3,053,348
Do. Company's Land	750,000	?
West Africa	558,291	27,250,000
Central Africa Protectorate	?	1,200,000
Uganda	90,000	300,000
Zanzibar	760	250,000
East Africa Protorate	1,000,000	?
Somali Protectorate	80,000	?
IN AMERICA—		
Canada	3,456,383	5,021,046
Newfoundland	162,200	202,100
British Honduras	7,562	32,900
British Guiana	109,000	280,900
IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN—		
West Indies, Falkland Islands, &c.	22,275	1,469,635

The part of this Empire politically connected with Great Britain is scattered over the whole of the globe, the colonies lying widely apart from each other. They represent every kind of climate that exists. The heat of the tropics in India, the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, the West Indies, West Africa; the sub-tropical climate of Natal, the Bahamas, Queensland; the warmer belt of the temperate zone, as at the Cape, and in New South Wales; the purely temperate climate in Tasmania, said to have the most delightful of all climates in the world, and New Zealand; the semi-Arctic winter with a semi-tropical summer as in Canada. In this vast collection of colonies everything is grown that the earth will produce; everything is dug up that the bowels of the earth contain; everything is made that the ingenuity of man has devised; everything is wanted that is made. None of these colonies, except the West Indian Islands, are filled up; in some the best land has been taken up, but there is always land left; wherever the climate is healthy, hands are always outstretched for more comers—more comers. I do not say that all kinds of new comers are wanted: I do say that agriculturists, craftsmen of all kinds, women who understand a dairy and a poultry farm, women who are ready to become settlers' wives, men who do not mind work, are welcomed in almost every one of these colonies. There are exceptions: on the West Coast of Africa no settlers are wanted, for white

men cannot settle there, but soldiers; in Ceylon, in North-west India, in places where sugar, coffee, tea, indigo are cultivated, not craftsmen but men with capital are wanted; above all, the lazy and the vicious, should they change their sky without changing their habits, will find in a colony that the path of destruction is only steeper, swifter, and more certain than at home.

Here, then, we have the problem. Given these splendid possessions, all crying aloud for men and women to work in the development of the country: given, also, too crowded a population at home; good workmen out of employment by the hundred thousand; the cities full of idle hands; the streets, the police courts, the reports of parish clergy, bearing mournful testimony, day and night, especially at night, to the evils produced by poverty, low wages, and sweated work. What have our statesmen done to bring together the classes which ought to go, and the colonies which want these classes? I have called this chapter our "Heritage." Yes, but a heritage only for the better sort; the skilled, and the sober, and the industrious. What, I repeat, have our statesmen done to bring the people to these colonies? They have done NOTHING. It is a most wonderful thing, an almost incredible thing, that in the work of strengthening the Empire by filling up the agricultural colonies our statesmen have done nothing. No other nation ever had such

chances. And nothing has been even attempted.

Stay,—there have been one or two feeble attempts. There was formerly an Emigration Board, under the Colonial Office. I do not know what work was done by this Board; but from the Colonial Office itself has never come any scheme or project whatever for the direction and the control of emigration. Passengers' Acts have been passed which provide for the proper accommodation of emigrants, and there is now an office at Westminster which promises to provide information on application. Bills are put up in the Post Offices—it is beautiful to see the trust which the Government always confides in the Post Office. If a bill is put up in the Post Office, it is supposed to be read by all the world. As a matter of fact it is read by nobody; certainly not by the class for whom it is intended. They do not go into a Post Office to read the bills on the walls, but to buy stamps and postal orders. But it is said people may obtain information at the Westminster office. What do they know about this office? We might as well put this office at the North Pole for any use it is likely to be.

I say that practically nothing whatever has been done to show our people what is waiting for them in any part of the Empire, and who and what are the emigrants wanted. Consider

the figures: they are most eloquent figures; they speak for themselves. Between the years 1853 and 1888 there were

8,675,475

emigrants from British ports (Chambers' Encyclopædia, 1889). Of these, some were foreigners who came here in order to embark on English ships. Of English, Scotch, and Irish there were

6,650,055.

Of whom,

49 per cent. were English.
41 „ „ Irish.
10 „ „ Scotch.

Of the whole number,

912,477 went to British North America.
1,324,018 went to Australasia.
426,937 went to all other parts of the British Empire.

BUT, to the United States, there went no fewer than

6,012,043.

In other words the sheer stupidity and incompetence of our Governments allowed the loss of six millions of our best blood—our country lads, chiefly. There were boundless plains of fertile land in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand; vast areas in South Africa—our own—our own—waiting, longing, praying for immigrants; not an effort was made to direct the vast human stream of our own people into

our own lands! We suffered them to go, as we suffered the Irish to go in 1847-1850, in huge multitudes, without even offering them land of their own to cultivate in possessions which they had helped to gain—their own inheritance; we let them go, to develop the resources of the United States, and to nourish revengeful thoughts on the cruel elder sister who drove them out into the wilderness. I believe the only explanation that can be offered as to the supine condition of our Government is the humiliating one that during the whole of that time there was not a single statesman in office who had a statesmanlike understanding of what the colonies mean. We sent six millions away. In a hundred years, according to the increase in new and fertile countries, those six millions will be sixty millions. Yet we hold up our hands in wonder and contempt when we read of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the banishment of the Huguenots from France. Then those fugitives came to us by the hundred thousand; we all know what an accession of strength they have proved: our people exiled themselves to a foreign country by the million, and we know what an accession of strength they have proved to that country. They have, happily, not gone beyond the borders of the Anglo-Saxon Empire; but as long as one part of the empire is separated from the mother-land and other parts are not, there is

no question as to the direction in which the mother-land should look for the new homes of her people. In this chapter I must write as a citizen of the British, not merely of the English-speaking, Empire.

We still await the statesman who will cope with the question of emigration and will help the people to take their share in their own inheritance. As yet, not one English statesman since Sir Walter Raleigh seems to have grasped the full meaning and possibilities of the colonies, —at least, not one has proved his grasp by putting this question in the place its importance deserves.

How can we bring the colonies to the people?

In the first place, by the daily or weekly issue of a paper; it might be part of the *London Gazette*, containing the state of the labour market in every part of our possessions. A sheet stuck up behind the door in the Post Office will not do; it conveys no information to the people; the Post Office girls do not understand it and cannot explain it. There must be a large, important, responsible newspaper, containing full details and particulars as to the wants of the moment over the whole Empire. It will not do to publish this in St. Martin's Lane, and then sit down; the document must be brought before the people, who certainly will not, of their own accord, go after it. Therefore, it must be laid out in all Public Libraries, Village Clubs,

Reading Rooms, County and Parish Councils, School Boards, Vestry Halls, Schools, and in every public place. Further, there must be appointed agents in every place to explain and to keep on explaining the meaning of the papers to the rustics. This kind of work might be, in many cases, entrusted to girls, who would be more conscientious than men. Every one of these agents would be Secretary of a County Emigration Council. The paper itself would be connected with the central Department of Emigration.

In some such way as this, emigration may be diverted from foreign countries and turned into our own. Have we not given enough away?

A method was suggested to me some fifteen or twenty years ago by my late friend Mr. A. J. Duffield, who had travelled in most of the colonies, by which he thought we might secure a lasting bond of union between the colonists and ourselves. It was in its main features, something like the following: There are, let us say, 26,000 parishes and villages in this island. He proposed to unite every parish and every village with some colony,—some town, some district in a colony. Thereafter, this village or this parish would be only concerned with that one colony. For instance, taking the colony of British Columbia, perhaps 250 villages and parishes might be, so to speak, affiliated with

that colony. They would say, "our share in the inheritance of the people is in British Columbia." Among the mines, in the forests, in the fisheries, there will be employment found for the sons of these village sons. The lands of British Columbia would be their's in a special sense. We should not drain the mother country, for this reason: though a colony may want an indefinite number of settlers, it does not want them all at once. Seldom does a colony spring up by leaps and bounds. Though the forests are unequalled and the timber magnificent, though the salmon are thick in the streams, though the country is full of minerals, the colony can only advance at a certain rate of increase; it lives not on what it wants, otherwise it might take all comers, but on what it has to offer, and on what its markets will take; and the markets will only take a certain quantity; so that when we speak of the resources of a new country, we must remember that they are resources for the future. If you go down to the riverside of London, you will see what is surely the most shocking and miserable spectacle that the world has to offer. There are thousands of stout country-bred lads, hanging their hands, waiting for a casual job. If one could go among these fellows and say, "Come! in British Columbia there are wanted for forest work lads like you; it is a splendid country; you shall have a wage which here you cannot dream of."

Suppose they understood what was offered—a thing possible—suppose these poor fellows jumped at the proposal; what good would it be? None—none whatever—because they would have no money to take them there.

Which brings me to the next point; that if emigration is to be controlled and directed, it must be, not assisted, but free. If a thousand young fellows are eager and willing to give their labour for the development of one of our colonies, we must take them there for nothing. The machinery is ready to hand; we have plenty of ships; we must carry out our emigrants free in these ships, land them free, provide them with tools, give them money to tide them over the first few weeks and leave them there.

In this way, by an intelligent, unceasing acquisition and publication of the labour market in each colony; by bringing the facts home to the people, not by letting the people find them out; by free passages, and by free gifts of tools; by the employment of emigration agents, whose duty it will be to extend the knowledge of the colonies, and to enlist the superfluous; by the affiliation of colonies with home counties, after Duffield's plan; we should for the first time enable our people to enter fully upon their inheritance.

I may dismiss the other part of this inheritance—that which belongs to the other branch of Anglo-Saxon—without further comment. At

present it is by far the richer part, and more populous. In fifty years time, when our colonies have had time and help to develop, the position will possibly be reversed.

CHAPTER X.

THE FUTURE OF THE HERITAGE.

THE expansion of Great Britain during the last sixty years has been for the most part an expansion of population, trade, wealth, and resources, rather than of territory. Yet, in territory alone we have made great advances. Very much has been acquired in Africa; much in Burmah; in North and South America, nothing. We have taken over a few islands, such as the Fiji group; we have acquired Cyprus; we hold the predominant position in Egypt. We have ceded Heligoland, chiefly as a measure calculated to win the friendship of Germany; the Germans accepted the island, but they still continue to revile us. We handed the Ionian Islands to Greece, without even asking the people if they desired annexation to Greece; it appears that they did not wish for annexation then, and that they deplore and resent it now.

Gifts of islands, therefore, do not seem always desirable from sentimental motives.

The immense territory claimed and held by Great Britain would have melted away long since, just as the Portuguese settlements in the east melted away, for want of a population large enough and to spare for emigration, for conquest, and for settlements of a permanent kind.

Every year that the Empire holds together it grows stronger. What strength did Australia or Canada confer upon Great Britain in 1809? None, except the loyalty of the handful of Canadians. Consider, however, the position of the Dominion regarded as an ally of ourselves. Canada has opened up new provinces: Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia, which are attracting settlers by thousands. In a few years Canada will possess a population of twelve millions, while now she has less than six. In case of need there would be a recruiting ground for the defenders of the flag. Africa is receiving emigrants by thousands every year. The British populations of Africa will, before long, number four or five millions. New Zealand, which might support thirty millions and has only one, is increasing rapidly. Australia, as we have seen, has become already four millions. Fortunately, of late years, we have been able to send out every year thousands of emigrants to this country or to that; we are not like the Portuguese, who failed for the lack

of men, nor are we like the Dutch, who, for the like cause, could not maintain their independence.

In a word, there are now six countries—formerly we should have said six kingdoms—namely: Great Britain and Ireland, the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, without counting the islands which speak the same language, practically claim the same religion, have the same ancestry, obey the same institutions and read the same literature. They are settled on the most favoured parts of the globe, they occupy the most fertile parts, and they are, one and all, unassailable by other nations except by sea. Two of these nations are extremely wealthy and powerful—more wealthy and more powerful than any other countries in the world—the remaining four enjoy a prosperity and a standard of living unequalled anywhere else. Of five of these it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that they are firmly united, so far, in bonds of kinship and affection. The one country which is outside that bond is at present the richest and most populous of the six. It is probable that it is going to become much richer and much more populous. So, however, are the other five.

Now the one thing needful is so to legislate, so to speak and write of each other, so to encourage each other, that this bond

may be strengthened and not loosened. We want, should a time of parting arrive, to separate only in form; we want an everlasting alliance, offensive and defensive, such an alliance as may make us absolutely free from the fear of any other alliance which could crush us. We do not want to go on conquering; on the contrary, we want no extension of territory, but to develop our own. The sixth of the nations may, perhaps, continue to stand aloof; if so, there is all the more reason for the five to stand together.

It may be that such an alliance will not be made. In that case we should see, perhaps, Australia carrying on war with South Africa, and New Zealand with Canada. The colonies, I say, may fail to see the advantage of such an alliance; they may fly at each others' throats, like Germans and French. In that case one would despair of humanity; one would desire death rather than the loss of so splendid a chance for the advancement of humanity and the peace of the world. Alas, such wars would be as determined, as long reaching in their evil effects, as civil wars always are. We can understand, again, that if Australia and New Zealand became enemies, the weaker might make an alliance with a third power, and perhaps reward Russia or Japan with what could be torn from Australia. For my own part, I have great hopes that these things will not happen. We desire a permanent

Union of Five Sovereign States, not one being before or behind the other; the Federation of Australia; the Federation of the Cape; the Federation of Canada and Newfoundland; the Federation of New Zealand; the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. We have to rely partly upon our common ancestry; partly on the common love of the Mother Country; on the possession of the same institutions, liberties, history, literature and art; on the prevalence of our religion. We have also to rely on easy communication between the states; on the interests created by trade; and on the growing habit of travel. We have to face estrangement from ignorance, neglect of travel; and misrepresentation by sections of the Press; from the introduction of tariffs, and the erection of artificial barriers. Again, we have to rely very largely upon time. As time advances, and prosperity increases with it, there comes a better understanding of history and the situation; people begin to realize the meaning of the common possessions; they begin to understand, in quiet chambers, and away from the crowded Bourse, the great and glorious future possible—nay, certain—for a United Federation of the English-speaking States.

I can see no boundary or limit to the power that will be possessed by such a Federation. It will be a power exerted altogether in the interests of peace: of that there can

be no doubt. Where the centre of the five nations will be I cannot prophesy. London may be considered central: perhaps Cape Town may be more central. In any case, the congress of the future Federation will pass no laws interfering with the absolute sovereignty of each state; no one country will have authority over another.

It may be urged that this federation cannot take place yet. The colonies are not yet strong enough or powerful enough. South Africa is as yet unsettled: there are one or two things which have to be done in South Africa before she will become ready for her independence. Surely, however, the only reason why Australia and New Zealand cannot stand alone is the want of a fleet. In such an alliance as I contemplate there would be but one fleet. However, it cannot be too soon to place before ourselves the necessity of united action, and to prepare for what must, before long, be deliberated solemnly.

For my own part, I venture to hope for more than this. No one can doubt that there exists in the minds of the American people—not so much in the cultivated class, but among the great mass of the American people—an unreasoning, dull animosity against ourselves. It is a prejudice which has been carefully planted in their minds, and is still fostered by many of the orators, the histories, the school books and

the newspapers of the country, and by prejudice. Now, since the time has passed when the United States had the least fear of being attacked by this country; since there is not a single question at present unsettled which may renew hostilities; since the better sort of the people in all classes are loudly calling for arbitration; surely it is possible to hope that the time is nigh at hand when the orator will cease to misrepresent us; when the school books will cease to teach the children perversions of our history; when the greatness and the glory of the United States of America will not require, even on Independence Day, to be inflated with froth and gas about the wickedness of Great Britain; when it will be understood that it is beneath the dignity of a Great Power to rail at one equally great, which receives the insults without making any sign or reply—in a word, with the dignity belonging to a Great Power; when at last the Great Reconciliation shall take place, and we may be proud of each other, as we ought to be and as we deserve to be.

Of India and the East I have not here spoken. They form a part of the Empire that is outside the Five Nations. The complete amalgamation of the conquering race which holds India with the Hindoos is impossible; it seems equally impossible that the various races of India should themselves amalgamate. We are, therefore, forced to the conclusion that unless India can

be abandoned to the intestine wars which would certainly follow, or unless it is ceded to or conquered by some other power, our occupation of India must remain, as it is, a strong, just hand, restraining and leading, but the hand of a foreigner. I can understand an educated Hindoo admiring the strength and the justice of his conqueror, but I cannot understand his affection for any conqueror. For the sake of the people alone we must continue to hold India ; but the rule which began by conquest and exists by force is not the same kind of rule which holds together five of the six great countries of the Anglo-Saxon Race.

We must not lose sight of the fact that in every single colony, every independent colony, the people have refused to establish even the semblance of an aristocratic caste. Here and there a judge or a statesman has received a knighthood, but not a peerage. Of the two Canadian peers, one has simply been confirmed in the title worn by his ancestors in the old French *régime*, and has no privileged position in the Colony; the other lives in England. There can be no doubt that all the communities, without consultation or framing constitutions, have become democracies ; save for their name, they are all republics. We have at home swept away all but the shreds of aristocratic privilege. A few things remain—perhaps more than people think; but they are not felt. Aristocratic

privilege, even with us, with the old intolerable aristocratic insolence, is defunct. Across the seas they would have none of it. Why, we have seen how the founders of Georgia tried to impose a kind of feudal system, which the infant settlement brushed aside. No such attempt has been made in Australia or New Zealand. They will tolerate no aristocracy, no privileged class; in this respect all the colonies are alike. The six Anglo-Saxon nations are already, and will always remain, republics.

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