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Highroads of Empire History

THE ROYAL SCHOOL SERIES

Highroads of History

Book VIII.
Highroads of Empire History

By

E. M. WILMOT-BUXTON
Author of "Makers of Europe," etc.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS
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HIGHROADS OF EMPIRE HISTORY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE MISTRESS OF THE SEAS.

"A WORLD-EMPIRE, sea-girt, and resting on the command of the sea."

These are the words which most fitly describe that world across the ocean which we call Greater Britain.

For the sea, so full of terrors to the men of inland countries, so familiar to almost every Englishman, is not a means of cutting off our little island from other lands. It is rather, as we shall see, a direct means of swift and easy communication with the great divisions of the earth; and the fact that Britain was an island was the first stepping-stone on the path of colonization.

The second was that, owing to a fortunate accident —the need of opposing the naval power of Spain in the sixteenth century—Britain was obliged to make herself Mistress of the Seas, and so to seek control of this highway, and make it in a very special sense her own.

But the fact that Britain was an island was only the most important of a whole series of "accidents." We shall find, as we go on with our story, that the beginnings of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen are to be found in a few "private enterprise" expeditions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, all of them undertaken without any idea of empire-building.

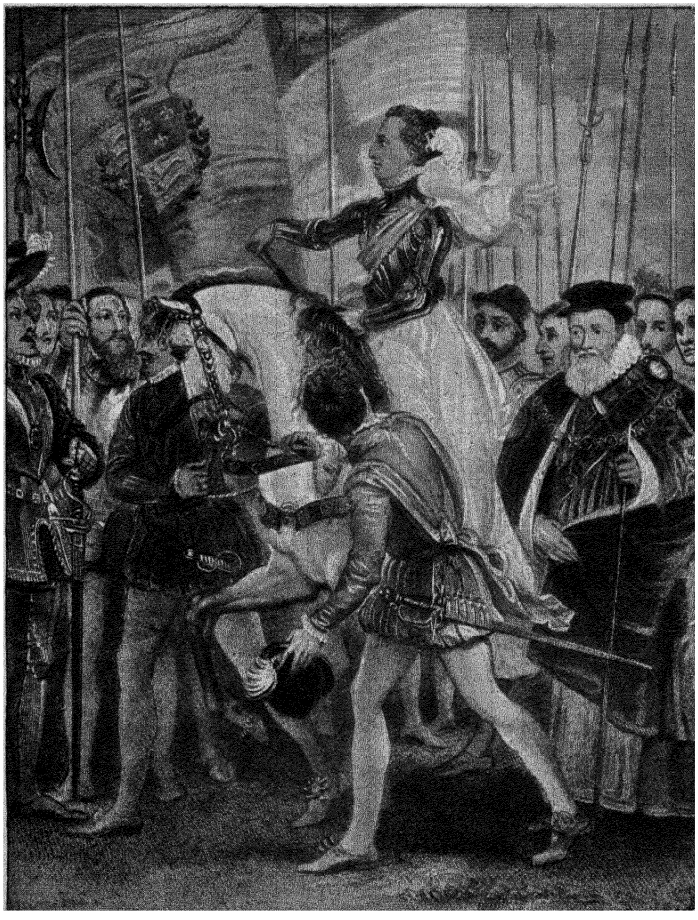
Four hundred years ago, the idea of making for themselves a great Empire beyond the seas had not begun to dawn upon the minds of Englishmen. Their energies and interests had for generations been entirely absorbed in matters nearer home.

An empire in France—the making and the losing of it—had occupied them during the greater part of two hundred years. After this came another period of a hundred years, during which our country was slowly drawing its various parts together into one united whole, and breaking away from the Continental connection.

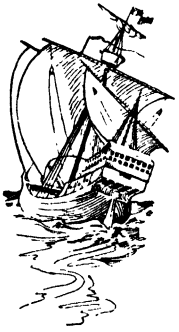
The loss of Calais in 1558 settled for ever the question as to whether England and France were to join hands under one king; and then our land was free to look farther afield on the path of empire.



In those "spacious days of Queen Elizabeth" the air was full of enterprise. The hearts of men had been stirred by the news of the discovery of a New World. Trade was increasing fast, and men's minds were full of pictures of boundless wealth to be obtained, if only a highway to India could be opened through the northern seas. Jealousy of Spain, at that time the Mistress of the Seas, incited men to daring deeds which should make them get the better of their



QUEEN ELIZABETH, IN WHOSE MOMENTOUS REIGN THE FOUNDATIONS OF OUR GREAT EMPIRE WERE LAID.
(From an old print.)



hated rival. And so the way was prepared for the beginnings of colonization in the seventeenth century.

Britain was by no means the first in the field. Spain and Portugal not only led the way, but also secured by far the greater share of the prizes; and other nations were not far behind in the race for empire. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries each of the five western States of Europe—France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, and Britain—had belonging to it an important section of the New World.

In the nineteenth century Great Britain alone remains as a world power of any extent. Why is this?

The chief reason is that Britain alone of all these nations never allowed her attention to be distracted by *unnecessary* wars upon the Continent. As we shall see, when all the other great nations of Western Europe were engaged in exhausting warfare, she took the opportunity to make sure of her supremacy by sea, and to secure a firm foothold in America and India. Britain had, moreover, two strong motive powers always at work which forced her to enlarge her colonial borders and to form fresh settlements wherever possible.

The first of these was the energetic spirit which is part of her national character. When things went wrong at home—when religious quarrels were in the air, and, later, when the country was becoming overcrowded—our forefathers were not content to submit tamely to persecution in the one case, or to discomfort in the other. They started off to make fresh homes for themselves in lands across the sea.

In imagination we may see them—a long line of travellers of all sorts and conditions, from the Pilgrim Fathers, with their grave faces and sober garb, down to the boys and girls from Dr. Barnardo's Homes, who set off each year on their journey to the West.

The second motive was that of ambition. We shall see how this worked in the case of the rivalry with Spain; and later on, when affairs were settled at home, hardy Britons, stirred by this spirit of ambition, and realizing how very small in reality is this island home of ours, went forth as pioneers or conquerors into wider lands beyond the sea.



An Inca Chief.

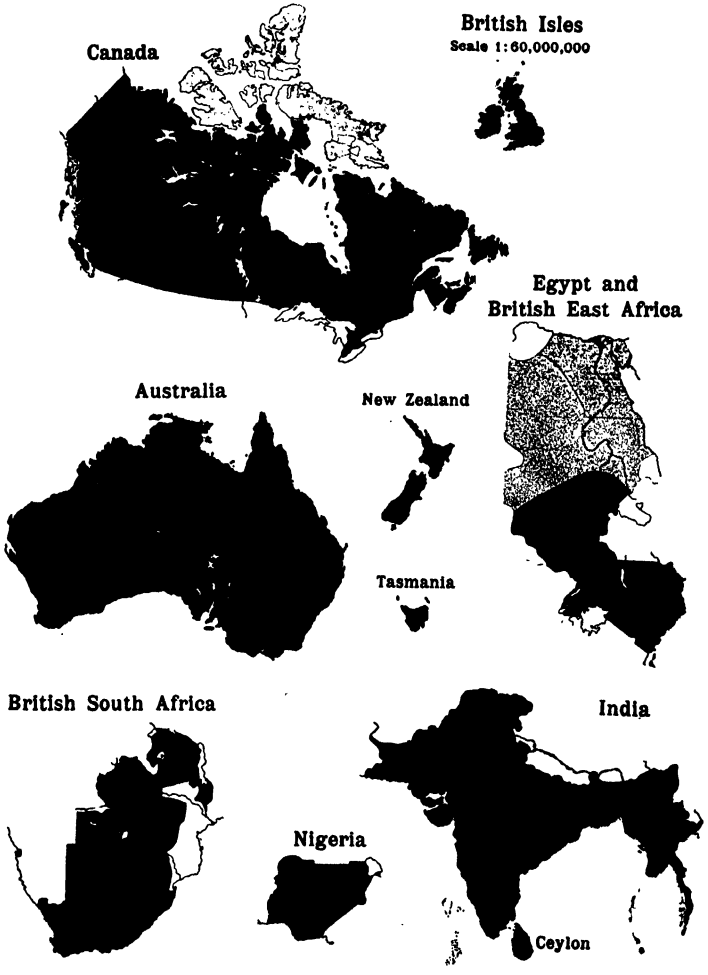
Britain differed from certain other countries in her methods of colonization. When Spain began her colonial campaign, she generally found herself in conflict with a race which, like the Incas of Peru, was more or less civilized, and knew something of the arts of warfare. The countries upon which she seized were usually well populated, so that she was obliged to reduce the inhabitants to a state of slavery, or else to exterminate them altogether. Britain, on the other hand, sent out her own people into lands for the most part so thinly peopled that the newcomers merely took possession of them, without any need of conquest or defence.

To this rule there were, of course, many exceptions—as, for instance, in the case of territories taken from a great power like France. But the difficulties of the early British colonizers were not to be compared with those of the Spaniards in this respect.

On the other hand, the British Empire has been almost entirely built up by individual effort, independ-

Chief Countries of the British Empire.

Drawn on a Uniform Scale of Area.



This diagram gives a rough idea of the extent of Greater Britain as compared with the mother country.

SECTION I.

THE TIME OF PREPARATION.

Chapter I.

THE PIONEERS—(1450–1500).

IN all great enterprises the utmost honour should be paid to those who point the way and prepare the road. To follow the direction of a sign-post is a comparatively easy matter; the difficulty is to take the risk of mistake and failure, and to dare the unknown.

The first of the European pioneers of empire was a Portuguese prince, named Henry the Navigator, who lived in the days when the Wars of the Roses were troubling England. Prince Henry was one of those who loved to hear of some new thing; so he fitted out a ship, meaning to explore the west coast of Africa. The Portuguese had heard many tales of Africa from the Moors, who inhabited the north-western part of that continent, and who at one time were masters of Spain. These people told them that all the region south of Morocco was a desert peopled by black demons, where fierce tempests raged continually, and where no white man could live.



Prince Henry, however, determined to go and see for himself.

Sailing past the fair islands of the Azores, the Madeiras, and Cape Verde, with their waving trees and glowing flowers, he thought he had found those "isles of the blest" which are mentioned in the folklore of all countries. Returning home, he fitted out more ships; and his fellow-countrymen followed his example, until the whole of the West African coast, as far as the Gulf of Guinea, had been thoroughly explored. Making their way up the great rivers, the Portuguese explorers were soon able to begin a lively trade with the natives in gold-dust and ivory. Then, in 1484, the King of Portugal took possession of the African coast, and in token thereof bade his men set up at intervals along the shore a number of stone pillars, each "bearing on the top a stone cross soldered on with lead."

The first of these was set up by a sea captain called Diego Cam, at the mouth of a "goodly river," afterwards to be known as the river Congo. "Now when he had set up the pillar, and saw how great was the river, it was clear to him that on its banks there must be many settlements; and when he went up it a little way he saw on both banks many black people with woolly hair, such as he had met with all along the coast above." Many of these black people were taken back to Portugal as slaves; and thus we see the beginnings of the wicked slave trade, in which all the nations of Europe thought it no shame, in those days, to take a share.

But these exploits did not satisfy Prince Henry and his friends. What they wanted was to find a way

by sea to India, that land of untold wealth, which was cut off from those sailors who tried to seek it along the Mediterranean route by the Isthmus of Suez.

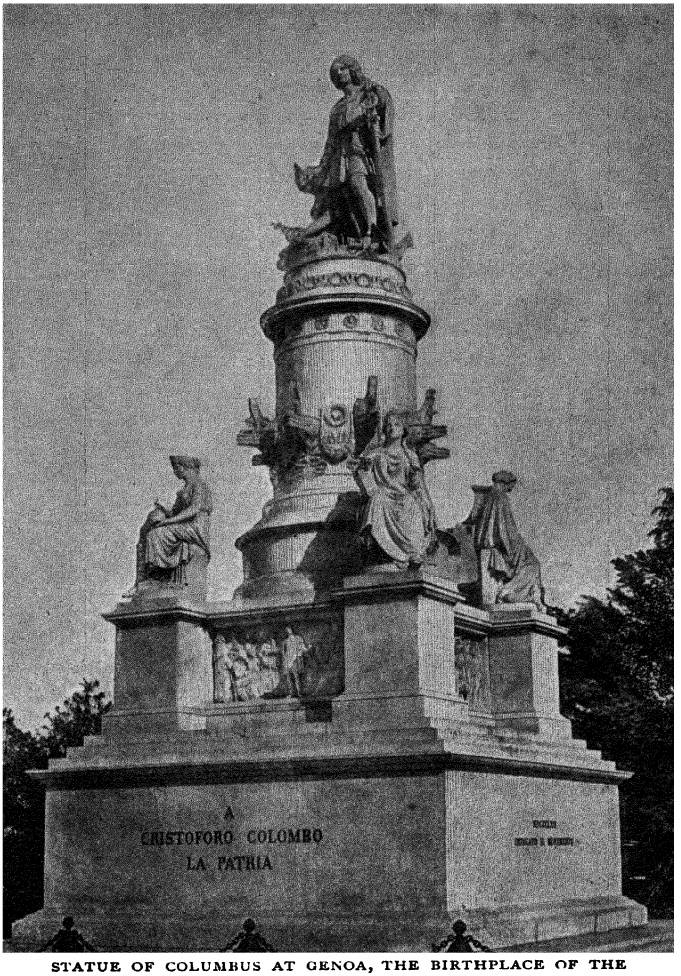
And here another sea captain of Portugal, Bartholomew Diaz, was the first to point out the road. He rounded the cape which forms the most southerly point of Africa. "To this cape the captain and his company gave the name Stormy, because of the dangers and tempests that had beset them in the rounding of it; but when they came home, the king, the father of Prince Henry, gave it a fairer name. He called it the Cape of Good Hope, because it awoke the hope that India, so much desired and so long sought, would be found at last."

Ten years later another valiant captain, Vasco da Gama, managed to sail right round the Cape, and after exploring part of Eastern Africa, crossed the ocean, and actually landed on the west coast of India. Henry the Navigator by this time had made his last voyage, but his countrymen were not slow to honour the explorer who helped to make Portugal one of the richest countries of Europe. Very soon the Portuguese had trading-posts all along the coast of India.



Another pioneer of empire was Christopher Columbus, whose first discovery was made five years before Vasco da Gama had completed the triumph of Portugal. Columbus was a Genoese by birth, and it was only by a fortunate chance that Spain could afterwards claim him as one of the founders of her empire.

The discovery of the mariner's compass, and the growing belief that the world was round, not flat, first led Columbus to plan his perilous voyage. He



STATUE OF COLUMBUS AT GENOA, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE DISCOVERER, WHICH REFUSED TO PROVIDE HIM WITH SHIPS FOR HIS GREAT ENTERPRISE.

had more to face than merely the dangers of the sea. Ignorance and prejudice met him on every side, and for a long time he wandered from city to city, foot-sore and penniless, trying to find a patron who would give him ships and money for his enterprise.

He knew nothing about America, for although a colony had been founded there by some Norse Vikings in the twelfth century, it had long ago died out. The aim of Columbus was simply "to explore the east by the west, and to pass by way of the west to the land whence come the spices"—that is, to sail westward from Europe till he came to the eastern shores of Asia, and to those rich "spice islands" which we call the East Indies.

No one believed that such a voyage was possible, and the wealthy men of Venice and of Lisbon turned their backs upon the adventurer as he stood before them with his compass and his chart. Then he sent his brother to ask for help from the King of England; but Henry the Seventh was much too cautious to act at once, and while he was considering the matter Christopher had gained a queen as his ally.

Seven years before, he had left the court of the King of Portugal in disgust when he found that that sovereign had only listened to his plans of exploration in order to fit out a private expedition of his own for the attempt. It failed, as it deserved to fail; and meantime Columbus appeared at the court of Spain.



The patience of the man is no less wonderful than his perseverance. Finding that Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, though inclined to listen favourably, were too much absorbed in their wars with the Moors

to give their whole attention to the matter, he waited seven long years. Then directly the war came to an end he found his way to the royal presence, and asked for three small ships for his enterprise.

The king was inclined to follow the general opinion of the day, which was expressed in the saying of one of his advisers, "If he ever *does* descend into the other hemisphere, he will never get up again into this!"

But Queen Isabella was on the side of Columbus, and promised that he should have his ships, even if she had to sell her jewels to procure them. The ships were found, but at first no sailors would man them. At length a few came forward, and the rest of the crews were made up of criminals from the Spanish prisons. The agreement was made with the king that "if the explorer made no discoveries, he should have no reward; that if he did, he should be viceroy by land and admiral by sea, and have a tithe of the profits of all the countries discovered by him, and that these privileges should descend to his family."



And so, with high hopes, the pioneer of the New World set forth. For two months he sailed towards the west, and never a sign of land appeared. "Are there no graves in Spain that you drag us here to die?" grumbled the mutinous crews, and they plotted to kill their captain and return home from the fruitless and stormy voyage. "Trust me for three days more," Columbus condescended to plead, "and then you shall work your will with me."

The next day signs of land were seen. A branch of a tree with fresh berries on it drifted past, and then a carven stick. Another day passed, and as Columbus

sat with anxious eyes strained over the chart in his little cabin, there were a stir and an outcry on deck. "Land! land!" was the welcome shout on that 12th of October 1492 which proclaimed the discovery of the New World.

Hurriedly the boats were put to shore, and as the wondering natives drew near the newcomers landed, fell upon their knees, and thanked God for their success. Then Columbus planted the flag of Spain, and took possession of the land in the king's name.

He soon found that he had discovered a large and sunny island, full of bright birds, gay butterflies, and sweet flowers, and he called it, in gratitude for his success, San Salvador (Holy Saviour). But he still thought that it was part of the India which he had set out to find. Hence the group of islands among which it was situated came to be known as the West Indies.



When Columbus returned from his first voyage, all Spain combined to welcome the man who had opened for her the gate of the New World. While he was preparing for his second voyage, a young merchant of Florence, named Amerigo Vespucci, living at Seville, made ready a ship and followed in Christopher's path. He discovered the northern coast of South America, and is said to have called it after himself. On his return he was appointed "Principal Pilot" by the King of Spain; and as it was part of his work to prepare maps and charts for navigators, he marked the New World, which Columbus had by this time reached, by the name of Amerigo Land, or America.

One would think that no reward would have been rich enough for the real discoverer of the New World. But Columbus was doomed to disappoint-

ment. The Spanish colonists in the West Indies, whom he had taken out with him, were jealous of his authority, and sent home to the king a lying report as to his loyalty. Summoned back to Spain, thrown into prison, and loaded with chains, Columbus might well have cried, "Put not your faith in princes!"

But the womanly heart of Isabella was touched by his cruel wrongs, and through her intervention he was liberated and sent upon his third voyage of discovery. Unfortunately, this turned out to be a failure, and Columbus returned to Spain in 1506 to die in disgrace and poverty.



Cabot.

Four years after the news of the first voyage of Columbus had reached England, a certain citizen of Bristol, named John Cabot, a Venetian by birth, obtained leave from Henry the Seventh to "seek out, discover, and find whatsoever isles, countries, regions, or provinces of the heathen or infidels in what part of the world soever they be, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians."

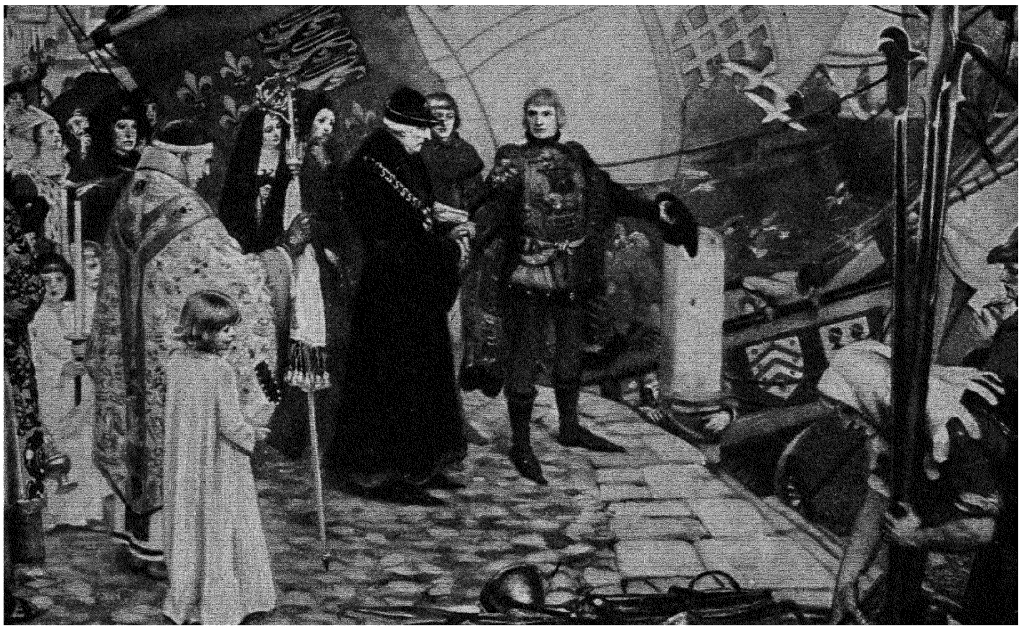
So in the next year Cabot set out with five ships, taking with him his three sons, one of whom, a boastful fellow called Sebastian, afterwards claimed all the credit of the expedition. He sailed, as one of his fellow-countrymen tells us, to the westward, "and seven hundred leagues hence he discovered land. He coasted for three hundred leagues and landed; he saw no human beings, but he brought hither to the king certain snares which had been set to catch game, and a needle for making nets. He also found some felled trees, *wherefore he supposed there were inhabitants, and returned to his ship in alarm.*"

This does not sound as if Cabot was a very daring explorer; but we must remember that his men were few, and that the inhabitants of this land *might* have been fierce savages. As a matter of fact, they were probably in hiding, and even more frightened than he was. "He was there three months on the voyage," continues his friend, "and on his return he saw two islands to starboard, but would not land, time being precious, as he was short of provisions."

The same writer goes on to tell us how the English king received the news of this his first discovered territory, and what the new land was called. "The king has promised that in the spring our countryman shall have ten ships, armed to his order, and at his request has conceded to him all the prisoners to man his fleet. The king has also given him money to amuse himself till then, and he is now at Bristol with his wife and sons. His name is John Cabot, and he is styled the Great Admiral. Vast honour is paid to him. He dresses in silk, and the English run after him like mad people, so that he can enlist as many of them as he pleases, and a number of our own rogues besides.

"The discoverer of these places planted on his *New Found Land* a large cross, with one flag of England and another of Saint Mark, by reason of his being a Venetian, so that our banner has floated very far afield."

In the last paragraph we find the name of our first discovered colony. It was the coast of Labrador along which Cabot had sailed, and the island of Newfoundland on which he had landed. Of the latter he reports



THE DEPARTURE OF JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT ON THEIR FIRST VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY, 1497.
(*From the picture by Ernest Board. By permission of the Bristol Corporation and the Artist.*)

that "the sea all round it is covered with fishes, which are taken both with the net and in baskets weighted with a stone."

This was in 1497, and in the next year Cabot set out to find a north-west passage to India through the northern seas. Failing in this attempt, he coasted along the eastern shore of North America as far as Cape Hatteras, and returned home as the discoverer of the northern half of the New World.

Then Spain took alarm at this "trespassing," and claimed a prior right to the country, although, as a matter of fact, it was not until a year later that Columbus actually landed on the continent of America itself. The cautious Henry the Seventh, in his dread of a Spanish war, gave a sharp check to the enterprise of Cabot. Nor did the discoverer or his family meet with honour or reward at home, though people afterwards spoke of his son Sebastian with respect as the "Great Seaman." But we can account for this by the fact that the avaricious king was much vexed to find that Cabot brought back no gold, spices, or silks from his New Found Land; that he had failed to discover that north-west passage to India which was to lead the way to wealth untold; and that the island, now rightly regarded as an important colonial possession, was then looked upon merely as "cod-fish country."

Yet the fact that such enterprises as those of Henry the Navigator, Vasco da Gama, Christopher Columbus, and John Cabot had been actually undertaken, stirred other men's blood, and made them eager to go forth themselves on the path of discovery and conquest.

Chapter II.

THE BUCCANEERS—(1550–1600).

WHEN Queen Elizabeth began to reign, affairs in England were much too unsettled to allow the work of exploration to be carried on. Gradually, however, the spirit of adventure, which had been almost killed during the troubled days of Queen Mary, revived once more. Trade also began to increase by leaps and bounds, and all manner of strange imports found their way into England from India and Persia, from the Far North, and from the sunny Western World, though for a long time the English knew only by rumour and report of the lands from which they came.

It is true that Newfoundland was theirs by right of Cabot's discovery, but there were far more French and Spanish ships engaged in the cod-fisheries in Elizabeth's time than there were English. This was, however, not for lack of enterprise, since English ships were to be found in almost every port, and English sailors had already pushed their way through Arctic seas as far as Archangel in the north of Russia. The reason why England made no real advance in exploration was that the way was barred by Spain.

Just fifty-five years before the time of Elizabeth, the Pope, influenced by the powerful King Ferdinand of Spain, is said to have sent for a map of the world, and drawing a line from pole to pole through the middle of the Atlantic, to have solemnly bestowed all the lands that should be discovered to the west of that

line on the King of Spain, and all those to the east on the King of Portugal.

Thus Spain, in the middle of the sixteenth century, laid claim to the whole of America as far as it was then known—from Mexico on the north to Cape Horn on the south—as well as over the West India Islands. All the vast wealth of the New World was in her hands. Her treasure-ships passed to and fro across the Atlantic, and the well-filled Spanish coffers were able to provide any number of vessels and men. In her jealous desire for wealth, she would have closed her ports to every foreign vessel; but this was found to be impossible.

Meantime England had grown to be her deadly foe, since no Englishman would hear for a moment of the claim of Philip the Second, the husband of Queen Mary, to be England's king. There had also appeared of late years a band of English adventurers—"Buccaneers," as the Spaniards themselves called them—who were by no means inclined to leave undisputed the claim of Spain to be Mistress of the Seas.

Rollicking sea-dogs they were, with their peaked beards, sun-burnt faces, and keen, bright eyes, each eager to dare the perils of the deep. No fewer than five of the foremost were men of Devon, and one and all had pluck enough to take the whole responsibility of their adventures, receiving the queen's reprimands as a matter of course if things went amiss, and sharing with her the profits if all went well.

One of them, Sir John Hawkins, having heard of the slave trade carried on by Spain, sailed to Africa, shipped a number of natives, and boldly sold them,



MAP

To Illustrate Early Voyages and Settlements in America (1492-1592), also the Pope's Award.

Heavy coast line shows the parts then known.

All on this side to belong to Spain. ← → *All on this side to belong to Portugal.*

under the very eyes of the Spaniards, to the settlers in the West Indies.



With him on his third expedition went his kinsman, Francis Drake, a lad of twenty-one, who put all the little money of which he was possessed into the undertaking. But by this time King Philip was on the alert, and determined to punish the audacity of these adventurers. The Spanish fleet was out on their track, and of the little company of English ships all were sunk except the two commanded by Hawkins and Drake themselves, which only escaped with the greatest difficulty.

This misadventure helped to make Drake the life-long enemy of Spain; and as he had been ruined by it, he determined that his enemy should dearly pay the cost. From this time he becomes the dreaded "El Draco"—the dragon of the Spanish Seas.

In 1572 Drake set out with two little ships, with the daring intent of robbing the town of Nombre de Dios on the Isthmus of Panama, in which the Spaniards stored the rich treasure brought from Mexico and Peru, and from whence it was shipped to Spain. Landing as near the town as possible, Drake said to his men, "I have now brought you to the treasury of the world. If you fail to take what you want, you alone are to blame." But in the fight for the rich spoil the leader was so severely wounded that, to his deep disgust, his men left the treasure-house untouched and carried him off by force to a place of safety.

As soon as he had recovered he determined to seize the next convoy of treasure that was brought to the town; and it was while he marched inland for this

purpose that the event took place which has much to do with the story of the growth of the British Empire. Let one of his fellow-voyagers tell the tale :—

"After travelling several days," he says, "we came to a high hill lying east and west between the two seas [the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans]. Here was a great and goodly tree, and from the top we might see the ocean we came from [the Atlantic] and the ocean we so much desired. After our captain had seen that sea of which he had heard such golden reports, he besought Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship on that sea."

The fact that Drake returned to England with his ships full of Spanish gold is of little importance in comparison with the greatness of his next undertaking ; for up to this time no ships but those of Spain had ever sailed the Pacific, and to attempt to do so was an open defiance of a power which was nominally at peace with England.



With a little fleet of five ships, of which the *Pelican*, commanded by himself, was the largest, Drake sailed from Plymouth on December 13, 1577, and six months later he landed on the coast of Patagonia, the most southerly part of South America. Here a tragedy was enacted. For some time Drake had suspected Doughty, the captain of one of his vessels, of treachery to him. Mutiny and disloyalty on the high seas was an unpardonable offence, and so the man was tried by court-martial, and being found guilty was condemned to death.

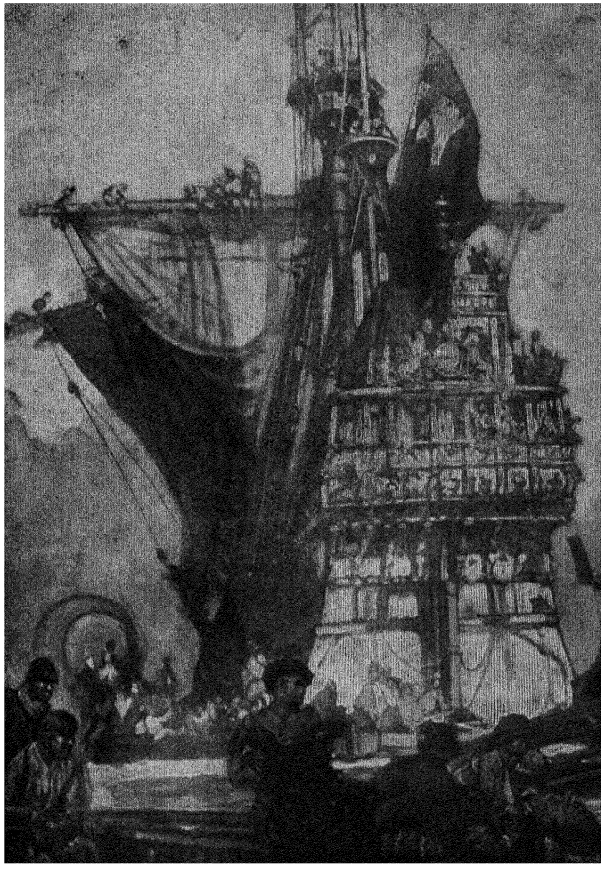
On a lonely headland stood a gibbet set up by the

Spanish navigator Magellan—the first sailor to sail round the world—on some such tragic occasion in bygone years, and on this the traitor met his death.

Then two of the ships which had sprung leaks were scuttled, and Drake, with the three that remained, led the way in his newly-named *Golden Hind* round the southern part of the American continent. Only three men had made the stormy passage before him, and he was the first Englishman to break into the great expanse of water which we call the Pacific Ocean. But all was not over. Storm after storm attacked the tiny fleet, as though the very heavens were fighting on the side of Spain against her daring rivals. The *Marygold* was lost in a furious tempest; and the *Elizabeth*, beaten back to the entrance of the channel through which they had passed in safety, sailed back again to London bearing the news that the *Golden Hind*, with her captain and crew, had perished in those stormy waters.

But meantime Drake was sailing triumphantly up the west coast of South America, and three months afterwards had seized a Spanish treasure-ship loaded with broad gold pieces. This was only the first of many such deeds of daring. Once, indeed, Drake calmly took on board all the treasure found in a mighty Spanish vessel, and then sent captain and crew on their homeward way with a letter commending them to the good treatment of the captain of the *Elizabeth*, should they fall in with him. It seems, indeed, as if courtesy in return for submission, and no quarter for resistance, was the universal rule in those wild days.

And now Drake, whose work as an empire-builder



FRANCIS DRAKE'S FAMOUS VESSEL, THE "GOLDEN HIND," ABOARD OF WHICH QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTED THE FIRST ENGLISH CIRCUMNAVIGATOR.

had so far been that of showing the real helplessness of Spain at sea, entered upon the task of exploration. He was partly driven to this by circumstances; for, brave as he was, he dared not face again so soon the perils of the southern gateway to the Pacific.

Starting from Nicaragua, he determined to sail due north in order to find the much-desired passage across the north of the American continent back to England. The crew were unwilling, and were not sorry when a great gale drove them into a harbour, which was probably the bay of the modern San Francisco. Here Drake landed, and having forced the natives to do homage to him, took possession of the territory in the name of his queen, and called it New Albion.

Then, having given up the idea of finding the above-named passage, Drake determined to dash straight across the Pacific, and reach England by the Cape of Good Hope. For sixty-eight days they sailed without ever a sight of land, until, to their great joy, they reached the Philippine Islands. Soon after leaving here the *Golden Hind* stuck fast on a rock, and it seemed as if, after all their adventures, they were to perish on an uninhabited island. In vain they threw overboard their guns and merchandise in the hope of enabling the ship to float more easily. Then came a sudden gust of wind, which blew the gallant little vessel into deep water, and they once more set out joyfully on their way. They stopped at Java for well-earned rest and food, and then stood out to sea for the Cape of Good Hope, whose evil reputation filled them with some natural dread. But they met with no violent tempest there, and found it "a most stately

thing—the finest we saw in the whole circumference of the earth." And so once for all the terrors of "the Cape" were ended for Englishmen.



On September 26, 1580, two years and ten months after she had left England, the *Golden Hind* sailed triumphantly into Plymouth Sound, "very richly fraught with gold, silver, silks, pearls, and precious stones."

The effect on England was as though the little vessel had come from the realms of fairyland. With astonished ears his countrymen heard how Drake had made his way through unknown seas, carried off the King of Spain's treasure under the very eyes of his admirals, and, like Shakespeare's Puck, "put a girdle round the earth."

So we may look upon "Franky Drake," as the men of Devon still love to call him, as preparing the way for colonization in a very special manner. His annexation of "New Albion" was a trifling matter compared with the fact that he was the first to efface the terror of Spain from the minds of Englishmen, the first to throw open her "preserves" in the Pacific Ocean, and the first to contest seriously her right to the title of Mistress of the Seas.

Chapter III.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE—(1570–1600).

THE adventure that seems to have been nearest the hearts of Elizabethan Englishmen was the discovery of a north-west passage to India. It is easy enough

to see why. Drake's enterprise had shown that the voyage by way of the Cape of Good Hope was no very dreadful matter as far as navigation was concerned. But all the harbours and roadsteads on the route were in the hands of Portugal or Spain, and this was naturally a great hindrance to English ships requiring provisions or repairs.

The route to the south-west round Cape Horn was very long, very dangerous, and beset by Spanish ships of war. Attempts had been made to find a north-eastern passage through the Arctic Ocean, but this was impracticable. Hence, when it was reported that a passage to the north of America would be a direct means of connection between the Atlantic and the China Sea, men's hearts were fired to go forthwith and find it. For if such an easy and rapid means of communication could be opened up, it would not only bring Britain into close touch with the fabulous riches of the East, but also form an outlet for Britain's cloth manufactures. One thing was quite clear: only wealth was lacking to make England the equal, if not the superior, of Spain. So, if a north-west passage would bring wealth to England, a north-west passage must be found.



England, however, was not the only country to cast a longing eye in that direction. Fifty years before she made her first attempt, a French captain, named Jacques Cartier, had sailed up the river St. Lawrence with the idea that this stream might prove a waterway to India. Of course he was wrong; but by noting the trade that might be done in furs and fish, and by planting the flag of France at the place which we now

call Quebec, he laid the foundations of the French colony in Canada.



Frobisher.

Martin Frobisher, in the year 1576, was the first Englishman to attempt to find the north-west route to India and the East. He met with ill-luck at the start. Setting out with three vessels, the *Michael*, the *Gabriel*, and a pinnace or yacht, he had barely sighted the coast of Newfoundland when the yacht was lost in a storm, and the *Michael*, thinking her consort had also gone down, returned home. But the *Gabriel* bravely held on her way to the north-west, for her commander "knew that the sea at length must have an ending, and that some land must have a beginning that way; so he determined, at the least, to bring true proof what land and sea there might be so far to the north-westward."

At length he arrived at the south of Baffin Land, as we now call it, and passing through the channel to the westward, decided that Asia now lay on his right hand and America on his left. He noticed that the natives on the nearest shore had long black hair, broad faces, and flat noses, and was much taken with their sealskin boats. These were Eskimos, who were not so simple as they appeared. After the Englishmen had taken one of them on board and given him presents, Frobisher sent five sailors to put him ashore. These sailors were promptly seized and carried off by the natives, and were never heard of again.



An Eskimo girl was captured and brought back to England; but the most important thing carried back was a lump of black stone, of which at first nothing was thought. The Londoners received the

adventurer with great honour, "and he was highly commended of all men for his great and notable attempt, but specially famous for the great hope of the passage to Cathay (China)." But they only became really enthusiastic when the experts declared that Frobisher's bit of black rock contained gold!

For gold was the one thing they needed. They cared not for the spices of the East, if they could get gold so comparatively close at hand. So "the hope of more of the same gold ore to be found kindled a great opinion in the hearts of many to advance the voyage again." From his second voyage Frobisher brought back great quantities of the stone, but to the deep disappointment of Englishmen it proved to be of very inferior quality. Nothing daunted, the captain set off once again, with the idea of starting a colony to work for this Arctic gold; but nothing came of the expedition, and when once more the ore brought back to England proved worthless, Frobisher's day was over.

The pity of it was that if his attention had not been distracted by this hope of finding an El Dorado in the north, the work of discovery might have proceeded much more profitably in other directions.

Some years later John Davis set out with a little company to find the north-west passage. He sailed farther north than any man before him, passed up the strait which now bears his name, and coasted Greenland to the westward; but his way was stopped by a great wall of ice. Ropes and sails were frozen stiff, and the ship was forced to turn back.

Twenty years later a third attempt was made by



THE BOYHOOD OF WALTER RALEIGH, ONE OF OUR FIRST MAKERS OF EMPIRE.
(*By Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.*)

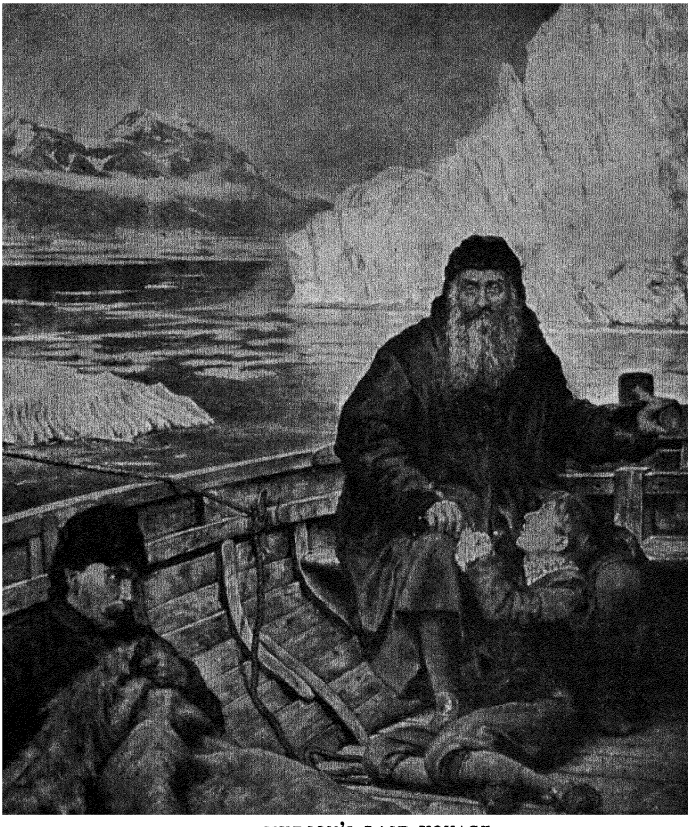
Hudson, an Englishman who had taken service with the Dutch. He sailed across to North America, and came to a great river—now called the Hudson—in the midst of "a good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see—as pleasant with grass and flowers as ever we have seen, and very sweet smells."



This was the land where afterwards the great city of New York was to rise, then inhabited by Red Indians, who came to trade with Hudson in corn and fish. Sailing up the river in the hope of eventually reaching the Pacific Ocean, he made great friends with some of the Indian chiefs, who begged him to eat with them, and broke their arrows as a declaration of friendship. But before long Hudson became convinced of his mistake, so there was nothing for it but to turn back again.

The Dutch, however, profited by his expedition so far as to plant the colony of "New Amsterdam," as it was then called, at the mouth of Hudson River; and meantime the captain had set out again to find the hidden passage. He did not succeed, of course, but he made many discoveries on these northern shores, and gave his name to Hudson Bay. Then provisions ran short, and his men, fierce with hunger, mutinied against him. Placing the captain, his little son, and the few sailors who were still loyal, in a little boat without food or water, they cast them loose upon the ocean, and returned to their own land; but Hudson and his companions were never heard of again.

It seems as if much of this work of exploration had been merely waste of effort; and it is quite possible,



HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE.

(From the painting by the Hon. John Collier, in the Tate Gallery.)

of course, that the time and energy it consumed might have been better employed in other regions. But apart from the fact that Hudson laid the foundations of important Dutch colonies in North America, one day to pass into our hands, the work of Frobisher and Davis gave us pioneer rights in that region of the north which is now part of the great Dominion of Canada.



Gilbert.

The doings of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, another of our brave men of Devon, are not concerned directly with the discovery of the north-west passage, though, as he wrote a book on that subject, and gave all his attention to the northern part of the continent of America, he had, no doubt, hopes of finding it in the future. But Gilbert was dogged by the most persistent ill-fortune. He had seen for years past the advantage of settlement in a new country for those who had little chance of doing well at home. So in 1578 he obtained permission from Queen Elizabeth to "discover and occupy remote heathen lands not actually possessed by any Christian prince or people." Then he determined to follow in the wake of the discoverer Cabot.

Having spent all his fortune and that of his wife in fitting out an expedition for the colonization of Newfoundland, he set out across the Atlantic; but his little fleet was so knocked about by storms and disabled by Spanish ships of war that he was forced to return to England.

Five years later Gilbert again left Plymouth with five ships, one of which was commanded by his half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh. This last put back almost at once, for infectious sickness had broken

out on the vessel. About a week later two of the remaining ships were lost in a fog. Nothing daunted, Gilbert pushed on, and on nearing the coast of Newfoundland discovered the lost *Swallow* and *Squirrel* lying safely at anchor.

Taking formal possession of the land in the queen's name, Gilbert proceeded to form his little colony. He had brought with him shipwrights, carpenters, masons, smiths; and, as one of his companions tells us, "for solace of our people and allurement of the savages we were provided with music in good variety, not omitting morris-dancers and hobby-horses to delight the savage people, whom we intended to win by all fair means possible. And to that end we were provided with pretty haberdashery wares to barter with those people."

In spite of these delights, however, trouble soon broke out among the colonists. Many of them were "lazy landsmen, or sailors useless except at sea. Not a few of them had been taken out of English prisons, being intended as servants to the colonists." The steadier ones hated the state of lawlessness into which the others readily fell; but when it was discovered that the real riches of the colony consisted in fish instead of gold, they all combined against the leader of the expedition. Complaining bitterly of the fogs and cold, they refused to obey orders until Gilbert promised to let them return home.

He managed to persuade some of the colonists to try the experiment farther south; and having sent home one vessel laden with the discontented and the sick, he set off with the rest along the coast.

Within a week their largest ship ran aground and was lost. Sick at heart, poor Gilbert turned the *Squirrel* and the *Golden Hind* towards England. He had not given up his enterprise, however; for one of his companions tells us that he used sometimes to come aboard the *Golden Hind* from his own ship, the *Squirrel*, and talk of his plans for the future. The *Golden Hind*, he said, should make a voyage of discovery to the south; but he reserved to himself the north, affirming that this voyage had won his heart from the south, and that he was now "become a northern man altogether."

Pity indeed that the lips which spoke those brave words, in the face of disappointment, hardship, and failure, were soon to be closed for ever. Much against the wish of his friends on board the *Golden Hind*, Sir Humphrey insisted on performing the stormy return voyage in the small and unseaworthy *Squirrel*, saying, "I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils."

"By that time," continues his chronicler, "we met with very foul weather and terrible seas, breaking short and high, pyramid wise.....so that men which all their lifetime had occupied the sea never saw more outrageous. We had also upon our mainyard an apparition of a little fire by night.....which they take as an evil sign of more tempest.

"Monday, the 9th of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away, oppressed by waves; yet at that time recovered. And giving forth signs of joy, the general, sitting abaft with a book in his



hand, cried out unto us in the *Hind* as often as we did approach within hearing, 'Courage, brothers! Remember we are as near to heaven by sea as by land.'

"The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, the *Squirrel*, being ahead of us in the *Golden Hind*, suddenly her lights were out.....and withal our watch cried the general was cast away, which was too true. For in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea."

So the first English attempt at colonization ended in apparent failure and the darkness of death. But the spark, once kindled, was never extinguished, and the torch of enterprise, once afire, was passed on from hand to hand along the rugged path of empire.

Chapter IV.

THE GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS (1584–1618).

THE first to take up the work that had been begun by Gilbert was another son of Devon, Sir Walter Raleigh by name. The next year after the ill-fated expedition to Newfoundland, this bold and dashing gentleman of the court, whose adventurous spirit soared beyond the petty aims of a queen's favourite, set out with a little company to found a settlement in a milder climate than that which Gilbert had chosen, and also, as usual, in the hope of finding gold. Sail-

ing by the West Indies, he came to the coast of Florida, and passing along the seaboard, landed a little farther north, and took possession in the name of his queen.

This first attempt was only for the purpose of spying out the land; but the explorers brought back such favourable reports and such interesting specimens of the products of the country, that many "gentlemen adventurers" joined themselves to Raleigh, and professed themselves ready to colonize the land where grew the potato and the tobacco plant.

The Virgin Queen herself is said to have proposed the name of Virginia for the new country, whose borders were vaguely marked by Florida on the south and the river St. Lawrence on the north; and an expedition set out with a governor, Ralph Lane, already appointed for the future colony.

But these first adventurers, like those who went to find the north-west passage, were ruined by their greed of gold. Instead of setting to work to cultivate the fertile soil, they left the question of supplies to be settled by the Indians, who at first brought food to their camp, while they themselves went off inland in search of treasure. The Indians, who had regarded them with interested curiosity when they first landed, naturally objected to provide them with food for no return. They withdrew from the neighbourhood of the colony, leaving the land on which the camp had been placed quite unsown, as a gentle hint that their visitors were unwelcome.



This alarmed the settlers, who thought the red men meditated an attack on the camp, and so they planned

to secure their own safety by a base and treacherous act. Calling the chief with all his head men to a conference, Lane suddenly gave the prearranged signal in the words, "Christ our victory!" and immediately the colonists fell upon the natives and put them to death.

After such a beginning, the settlement did not deserve to prosper. It would indeed have been a marvel if it had done so, for very few of these "gentlemen adventurers" knew how to cut down a tree or build a log-hut. They were for the most part undesirables, who had started for America with the idea that they had only to lounge about a district of which the very stones were made of gold, and to fill their pockets as often as they liked with the treasure.* Finding that real hard work was necessary, they gave up the attempt. Many sickened and died for want of food; and when one day Drake's ship anchored in the harbour, those who remained were only too thankful to get a passage back to England. A few days later another ship laden with stores arrived at the deserted colony, and was followed by yet another, commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, afterwards the hero of the little *Revenge*.



Grenville.

Whether the men left behind by him to re-found the colony were made of sterner stuff, we cannot tell; for when a much larger expedition was sent out two years later by Raleigh, all living trace of the little settlement had vanished. Only the overgrown huts and some scattered human bones remained to tell a

* A writer of the day says of them: "They had little understanding, less discretion, and more tongue than was needful or requisite."

tale of Indian revenge for the treachery of the first settlers on the coast.

The newcomers began to grow utterly disheartened. They were not numerous enough to overcome the Indians, now their open enemies; they looked fearfully at the great gloomy forests that fringed the coast line; and without staying to prove the extreme fertility of the soil, they implored their leader, Whyte, to return for more supplies.

When he reached England for this purpose, he found the country absorbed in preparing for the Armada. With much difficulty he filled two little ships with supplies; but no one would listen to his piteous tales of the sufferings of the Virginians, and he had to be content with these. Before he had gone far on his way his ships encountered the Spaniards, and were so knocked about that he had to return to England, leaving the colonists for the time to take their chance.

A year later Whyte made one more attempt to help them. But by this time the victory over the Armada had so convinced Englishmen of the weakness of Spain that they could not resist attacking a Spanish ship whenever they encountered one. Whyte was no exception to the rule. He spent his time and supplies in "buccaneering;" and when at length he reached the spot, nothing was to be found of the ill-fated colony of Virginia.

Raleigh's first attempt at colonization seemed to have resulted in utter failure; but this was not the case. Like many other apparent failures, it served to prepare the way for future settlers, if only by teaching them what to avoid doing as well as what to do.



DRAKE PLAYING AT BOWLS ON PLYMOUTH HOE WHEN THE NEWS OF THE COMING OF THE ARMADA WAS ANNOUNCED TO HIM.

(From the picture by Seymour Lucas. By permission of the Artist.)

Meantime this soldier-courtier was dreaming new dreams of empire. In those days the air was full of the Spanish legends of El Dorado, the Golden City, situated somewhere between the Orinoco and the Amazon, in South America, where the streets, it was said, were paved with gold, and the pebbles on the pathways were diamonds and pearls. The Spaniards themselves had tried in vain to discover it, and had only succeeded in awakening the hatred of the natives who lived in that region. To find this Golden City now became the great aim of Raleigh's existence.

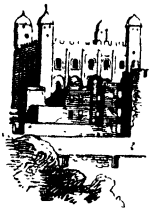
Having fitted out an expedition at his own expense, he set off in 1595, and sailed boldly up the Orinoco River. The natives received the strangers with great kindness when they heard that they were enemies of Spain; and as they passed along the great river, fringed with giant forests on either side, their hearts beat high with hope.

"I never saw a more beautiful country," wrote Raleigh, "nor more lively prospects.....All fair, green grass; the deer crossing in every path; the birds towards evening singing on every tree, with a thousand several tunes; cranes and herons of white, crimson, and carnation perching on the riverside; the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind, *and every stone that we picked up promised either gold or silver by its complexion.*" His men brought him also "a kind of stone like sapphires; what they might prove I know not. I showed them to some of the natives, and they promised to bring me to a mountain that had of them very large pieces growing diamond-wise. Whether

it be crystal of the mountain, Bristol diamond, or sapphire, I do not yet know, but I hope the best. Sure I am, that the place is as likely as those from whence all the rich stones are brought."

As he went farther up the river his hopes were raised still higher by meeting with friendly natives, who told him much of the city of Manoa, the El Dorado of his dreams. They were willing, they told him, to take up arms and march against that city, not for its gold, but to take revenge upon its inhabitants, who had ravaged their lands and carried off their women as slaves. "There," writes Raleigh, "the common soldier shall fight for gold and pay himself instead of pence with plates (of gold) half a foot broad, whereas he breaketh his bones in other wars for penury." But, meantime, it seemed absurd to attack a city, famed for its strength and ancient civilization, with a handful of men and a few native tribes. So, leaving one of his men behind in exchange for the son of a native chieftain, he sailed back to England to ask the government for a properly-equipped expedition, in order that he might march against the City of Gold.

By this time, however, the adventurous spirit of the earlier part of the reign of Elizabeth had been tamed into practical common sense. Raleigh's tales of wonder were scoffed at by his enemies; his friends remembered his ill-fated attempts in Virginia; both joined in asking why he brought back no treasure wherewith to prove his story. Then Spanish affairs claimed his attention for a while; and just when he was once more turning his mind to the Golden West,



Elizabeth died, and Raleigh found himself mixed up in a plot to put Arabella Stuart on the throne in place of James, and finally became a prisoner in the Tower.

During the twelve years of his imprisonment the caged sea-bird never ceased to dream of that land of Guiana, which he still hoped to see an English colony. Working upon King James's need of money, he obtained permission to set out again for the Orinoco in order to find a gold mine of which the friendly tribes had told him on his previous visit.

The king had stipulated that he should receive one-fifth of all the treasure found, but his love of money was surpassed by his exaggerated dread of any breach of the peace with Spain. Of this the Spanish ambassador, Gondomar, took full advantage. He hated Raleigh, whom he knew to be the only man left of the gallant adventurers of the brave old days of Queen Elizabeth, and he was quite convinced that all Guiana belonged to Spain.

So he made his way to the king's presence, and solemnly informed him that Raleigh's object was to plunder the Spanish traders in that region, and so bring about a war with Spain. Greatly alarmed, James promised that if he did any such thing Raleigh should be sent to Madrid to be hung. But Gondomar pulled a long face, and replied that this would not altogether mend matters: would it not be better for the king to stop the expedition at once? James hastily assured him that Raleigh's intentions were merely to find a gold mine; and when the Spaniard again feigned doubt, he pulled out a map with a detailed plan of the expedition, although he had promised Raleigh,

"on the word of a king," that he would show these papers to no living man. The Spaniards in Guiana were, of course, promptly warned by Gondomar of all Raleigh's intentions.

He set off with a wretched set of troops—"scum of men," as he calls them—his young son Walter, and his friend Captain Keymis. Worn out with long imprisonment, he reached the Orinoco so ill with fever that he had to send his son with Keymis up the river to search for the mine, with instructions to avoid a conflict with the Spaniards if possible. But the latter were only too ready to attack the little company. Young Walter Raleigh was the first to fall, and though the Englishmen did their best they were forced to retreat. In his grief and disappointment at the loss of his son, Raleigh received Keymis with bitter words of reproach, upon which his friend went in silence to his cabin and put an end to his own life. The sailors mutinied; the Spaniards approached with hostile intent; and the old man, weary and heart-broken, went home to face the scaffold, which the Spaniards had prepared for him even before he left England.

But when they tried to condemn Raleigh to death a difficulty occurred. It was claimed by him that the mine, which was the object of his journey, was situated on land which he had himself taken possession of, twenty years before, in the name of Queen Elizabeth. He was therefore innocent of any breach of the treaty made with Spain.

His fate, however, was sealed by James's infatuation for the Spaniards. The old charge of treason was brought forward again, and on this he was condemned



James I.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

to die. He was beheaded on October 29, 1618, facing death as bravely and cheerfully as he had ever faced the dangers of land and sea in his efforts to found an empire for his country and his queen.

With him the time of preparation ends. So far, no permanent colonies had been settled, and England could only put forward a shadowy claim to uncertain districts in Newfoundland and Virginia, to ill-defined territories in the Far North, and to New Albion. But the door had been unlocked by Cabot, Drake, and Frobisher; while Gilbert and Raleigh had pointed out the way for the active colonization of the future.



Raleigh's Seal and Autograph.

SECTION II.

ACTIVE COLONIZATION.

Chapter V.

THE BRITISH IN THE EAST—(1590–1640).

ALL through our earliest attempts at colonization runs the desire of getting a firm foothold in the rich land of India and the islands of the East. This was the real "El Dorado" for Englishmen, and "the land whence came the spices" was always fresh and fragrant in their imaginations. It was to find a shorter passage to this Eastern country that Frobisher and Davis embarked on perilous northern seas, and partly to test the possibility of the route by the Cape that Drake undertook his voyage round the world.

But in the exploitation of India and the East Indies the Portuguese were a hundred years ahead of us. They held in their power all the trading-ports along the southern coasts of Asia from Aden to the Moluccas, and usually had a strong fleet stationed at Goa on the Malabar coast.

The failure of the Invincible Armada, however,

had completely relieved English mariners of their dread of Spain and Portugal; and when Drake's glowing descriptions of the glories of the Eastern seas were recalled to mind, a certain seafarer, James Lancaster by name, hesitated no longer, but set out in 1591 for the Malay Peninsula, as the representative of a body of London merchants.

At first he met with nothing but mishaps. His three ships took four months to reach the Cape, and thence one of them returned to England with a cargo of sick men, for all three crews were suffering terribly from scurvy. Scarcely had the two remaining vessels resumed the voyage when one of them went down with all hands; and a month later Lancaster's own ship, the *Edward Bonaventure*, was struck by lightning, and lost many of her crew in a storm. Pushing on to the Comoro Islands, Lancaster tried to land; but the natives were unfriendly, and in an engagement thirty of his men and one officer were killed.

It was but a remnant of the gallant crew which had left England that landed at length at Penang in the Strait of Malacca. In spite of this, the *Edward Bonaventure* made good use of her opportunity, cruising from island to island, capturing the cargo of several Portuguese vessels, and making observations of the possibilities of a settlement.

Then the little crew mutinied, and obliged Captain Lancaster to return to England.

One thing was clear: there was nothing to fear from the Portuguese. "Who so cowardlie as a Portingaill?" writes one of Lancaster's officers. "After the first bravado was past, they were verie cowards." Very

soon, however, the English became aware that Eastern colonization would bring them into conflict with a really powerful foe.

Not long after Lancaster's expedition the Dutch took the trade of the East Indies almost entirely into their own hands. Within a few years they had a fully-equipped fleet in the East, as ready to fight intruders as to trade. The climate, so often fatal to Englishmen, was to them quite favourable, and within twenty years they had showed themselves to be by far the strongest and toughest enemy with whom the English had to contend in the East.

It was their rapid success as traders which stirred the merchants of London in 1600 to form the English East India Company. This was at first entirely a private enterprise, unaided by the State, a fact which is all the more astonishing when we remember the huge Eastern Empire built up as time went on upon that slight and unstable foundation.

There was no idea at first of forming any settlement in the East; the Company merely undertook to make a series of voyages for trading purposes. The first of these was to Bantam, on the island of Java ("where," says Lancaster, "we traded very peaceably, although the Javians be reckoned among the greatest pickers and thieves in the world"); and when full cargoes of pepper, cloves, and other spices had been secured, three trading officers of the Company were left behind to look after English interests, while the rest sailed home.

Those who went out on the second voyage found these three "factors," as they were called, safe and prosperous. The newcomers were able to extend the

Company's operations to the Moluccas; and though they were forced to realize the fact that the Dutch were ready to become formidable rivals, they were also able to decide that the treasures of the East were well worth fighting for.



Dutch Sailor.

Unfortunately, King James the First did not realize the immense importance of the Company and its trading operations. Little by little the Dutch established, in face of English efforts, what was really a monopoly of trade; for the latter had no support, and were even discouraged by the king in his anxiety to avoid a war with Holland. At length the Dutch were bold enough to murder all the English merchants in one of the few ports still held by them, and thus secured the trade of the Eastern islands for themselves.

This fact turned the minds of the Company towards India itself. At this time that land was ruled by the Great Mogul, the head of a Mohammedan Empire. Some of the Moguls had been men of much strength of character, and had ruled strongly and well; but when the East India Company first came to India, the reigning emperor had reduced the empire to a state of such weakness that it only needed a determined attack to bring it to an end. But of this the powers of Europe were not aware, and the tottering empire existed for another hundred years before a handful of energetic traders and daring soldiers from the West brought about its downfall.

The first "factory" or depôt for the products brought by the native traders was established by the English at Surat, on the west coast of India. The Portuguese, although they had no rights over Surat, did what they

could to prevent this settlement; and they attacked the four English vessels which had appeared on the scene, and were waiting for their leaders to come to terms with the Indian governor. But, to the astonishment of the natives, the little English vessels completely overwhelmed the superior force of the Portuguese; and so, in 1613, our first settlement was firmly established at Surat.



Two years later an Englishman, Sir Thomas Roe, was sent to the court of the Great Mogul in order to win his interest and support for the English traders. The great man, before whose lightest word his subjects trembled, was much impressed by the independence and frank speech of the Englishman. He presented him with his portrait set in gold, and nodded approval when Roe, urged by the courtiers to kneel and lay his head on the ground in token of his gratitude, firmly refused to do more than say an Englishman's blunt "Thank you." He also gave permission to the English East India Company to carry on their trade at certain stations along the coast.

So the Company began to increase and prosper. During the reign of Charles the First it set up another factory, on the east coast of India, at the place afterwards known as Madras. This was surrounded by a wall and fortified, under the name of Fort St. George; and it soon became the principal station on that coast, with control over all the other factories in the region.

During the next year a certain Dr. Boughton, surgeon to the Company, saved the life of the favourite daughter of the Mogul by his skill in medicine, and was asked by the great man what reward he would

have. He asked that the Company might have the right to trade on the river Hoogly free of all taxes and duties, and thus was obtained our first footing in Bengal.

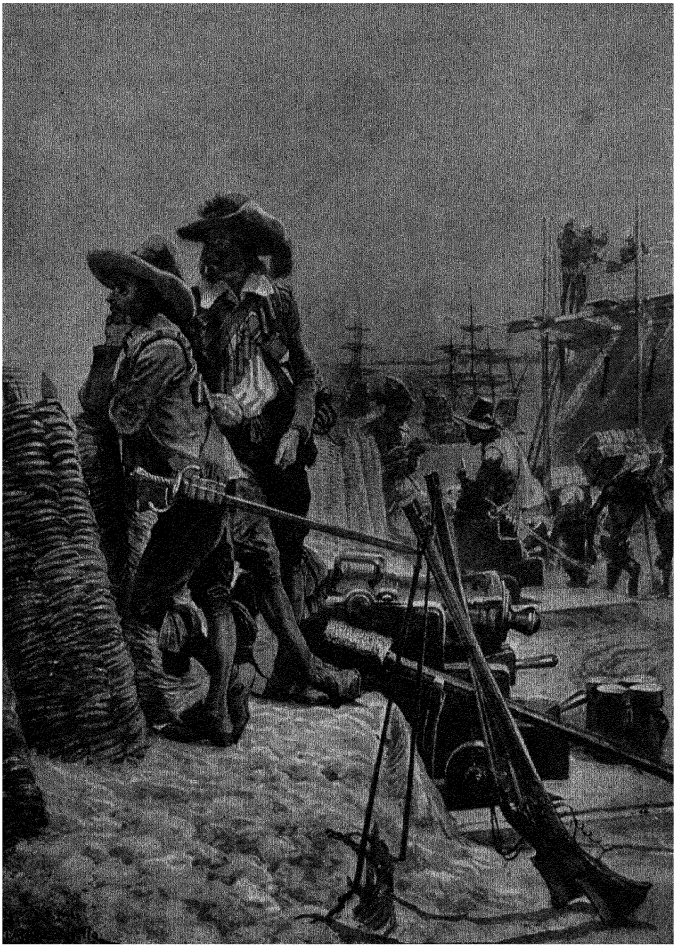
Hence, by the year 1640, though as yet there was no question of founding an Indian Empire, the English, as represented by the East India Company, were firmly established in Surat, Madras, and Bengal.

Chapter VI.

THE VIRGINIANS—(1606–1618).

WE have seen that no permanent English colony had been established in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It was not until the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland found themselves united under one king that, by a curious coincidence, the first British permanent colony was founded. "I shall still live to see it an English nation," wrote Raleigh to Cecil, of the attempted colony of Virginia; and had it not been for his unfortunate imprisonment, his words might have been fulfilled.

Following the example of the East India Company, a little band of gentlemen and merchants of London formed themselves into a London Company, and obtained a charter from King James to colonize the southern part of Virginia; while the northern part was handed over in the same way to another band calling themselves the Plymouth Company, and hailing from that English town.

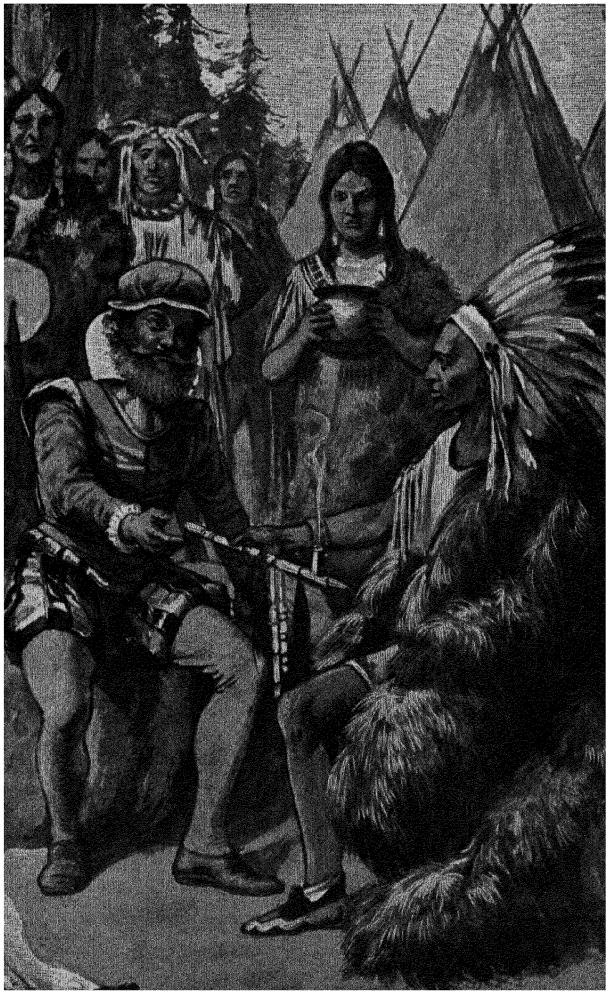


THE ORIGIN OF MADRAS: THE FOUNDING OF FORT ST. GEORGE BY THE EAST INDIA COMPANY IN 1639
(From a drawing by R Caton Woodville, R.I.)

Each colony was to have the right to choose a president, to coin money, and to impose a duty on all trading-vessels for twenty-one years. The proceeds of a tax, consisting of a fifth of all gold and silver discovered, was to go to the king; and for the first five years all property and the profits of the labours of the colonists were to be held in common, so that each member should be supported from the general store of goods and provisions.

The Plymouth Company started first in 1606, and soon came to utter grief. A colony of forty-five persons was left in Virginia by the two ships which took them over; but the next spring, when the vessels visited them, every person hastened on board and demanded to be taken home again, saying that no Englishman could stand the rigours of the winter season. Six months later the London Company sent out a hundred and five emigrants, most of whom were fine gentlemen of the Court, who had lost their money in gaming, and who "looked on labour as a degradation."

Even during the voyage itself quarrels broke out among these very unlikely colonists. A certain John Smith, a soldier of fortune who had come back empty-handed from a war with the Turks, being a man of decision and character, made himself so prominent that some of the others grew jealous, and insisted that what he wanted was to murder the leaders of the expedition and make himself king of Virginia. So he arrived in the New World a prisoner, and only when they had landed did they discover that the London Council, which was directing the whole affair



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AND THE INDIAN CHIEF, WHO IS HANDING TO THE ENGLISHMAN THE PIPE OF PEACE.

from England, had chosen Smith and six others to be the heads of the colony. So quarrels were put aside for a while as the pioneers looked about them to find a place where they should build their first city. Where all was so delightful it was difficult to choose a site.

"The mildness of the air," writes Smith, "the fertility of the soil, the situation of the rivers, are so propitious to the nature and use of man, as no place is more convenient for pleasure, profit, and man's sustenance."

At length a position was chosen about forty miles north of the mouth of the Powhatan, and then "falleth every man to work; the council contrive the fort, the rest cut down trees to make place to pitch their tent .....some make gardens, some make ships."

While the walls of Jamestown, as the new settlement was named, were rising, Smith and a companion set out to explore the river, and presently came to a native village of twelve huts, the residence of Powhatan, the Indian king, by whom they were received with much courtesy.



Powhatan.

Having smoked the pipe of peace with this chief, John Smith returned, to find the colonists stricken with sickness, so that scarcely ten out of the hundred and five settlers were able to work. This was not to be wondered at; for the ships had scarcely departed when it was found that, owing to some mismanagement, there was barely enough corn left to allow each person a pint a day, and that even this was not in a condition for human food, being musty and full of worms.

"Our food," says one of them, "was but a small can of barley sod in water to five men a day; our

drink cold water taken out of the river, which was at flood very salt, at a low tide full of slime and filth, which was the destruction of our men."

During the next three months nearly half the colonists died, and the rest turned on Smith, who had got himself made president, with bitter accusations. They said he had kept all the good food for his private use, "and did nothing but tend his own pot, spit, and oven."

On the other hand, it is clear that most of the colonists were made of such worthless stuff that they would naturally hate an able, energetic man who made them do their work. One of his regulations was especially unpopular. These broken-down gallants had a habit of swearing constantly over their labours, until John Smith enacted that every man who used an oath should have a cup of cold water poured down his sleeve at night.

He certainly did not shirk his own share of the toil, according, at least, to his own account, in which he writes of himself in the third person. "He set actively to work to build the town, and induced the men to build, to mow, and thatch, working as hard himself as the commonest man among them, and in a short time most were provided with a lodging."

Then passing down the river in search of food, he brought back a great store of venison, wild fowl, and maize bread from friendly natives, so that all fear of famine was soon a thing of the past. But it was by his relations with hostile tribes of Indians that Captain John Smith really saved the colony. The treacherous Powhatan, who had received him with such apparent

kindness, seems to have only awaited an opportunity for putting an end to him altogether.

The story of the adventure is a romantic one, and may have been exaggerated, but as it comes from Smith's own records, it is well worth reading. The captain was exploring a river in the hope of finding a water passage through the continent to the South Seas; and having sailed up it as far as his barge would pass, he left the boat in a broad bay with a small crew, whom he strictly ordered to remain on board.



Captain John Smith.

In the meantime he went on up the river in a light canoe with only two white companions, named Robinson and Emry, and two natives. Directly he was out of sight the men in the barge went on land, and scattered themselves about the shore. Suddenly a large band of Indians in full war-paint swooped down upon them, and capturing one of the men forced him to show the way Smith had taken. Then having killed their prisoner, "they followed Smith," we read, "with three hundred bowmen, who, searching the turnings of the river, found Robinson and Emry by the fireside: these they shot full of arrows, and slew." Smith himself escaped for a while by holding the savage who was with him as a shield before his body. "Thinking thus to have returned to his boat, facing them as he marched (backward), he slipped up to the middle in an oozy creek, and his savage with him; yet durst they not come to him till, being near dead with cold, he threw away his weapons.

"Then they drew him forth and led him to the fire, where his men lay slain. Diligently they chafed his benumbed limbs....." This, however, seems only to



have been a preliminary to putting him to death; but he, taking out a pocket-compass, began to use it as a burning-glass in such a fashion that they wished to worship him as a god, and readily allowed him to send a letter to Jamestown.

Presently, however, more prudent counsels prevailed, and they dragged him off to the hut of King Powhatan. "Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him as if he had been a monster, till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire, upon a seat like a bedstead, the king sat covered with a robe of skins. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along on each side the house two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red. Many of their heads were bedecked with the white down of birds—but every one with something—and a great chain of white beads about their necks."

The entrance of the prisoner was the signal for a shout of joy; but he must have been much puzzled as to their real intentions towards him. The queen was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another to bring him a bunch of feathers instead of a towel to dry them; but in spite of these attentions, after a feast had been held, affairs began to look very ugly for John Smith. After a long consultation "two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then as many as could laid hands on Smith, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and stood ready to beat out his brains."



Fortunately a deliverer was at hand. Pocahontas, "the king's dearest daughter," having pleaded in vain for his life as he lay prostrate on the ground, his head upon the stone, "took him in her arms and laid her own head upon his to save him from death; whereat the emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and coppers."

In a short time Smith managed also to win the heart of the princess's brother, and finally became so popular that Powhatan sent him back to Jamestown, on condition that he would send as the price of his own liberty two big guns and a grindstone.

He found the settlers in a state of restless discontent, anxious to return home. This he prevented by explaining the details of the advantageous alliance with the Indians, who brought them food every few days. Then fresh trouble arose.

The Council of the Company in London wrote complaining that the colonists did not send home large sums of money, and ordered them to pay two thousand pounds at once for the expenses of the ship sent out with this complaint, which carried a fresh lot of emigrants. In his indignant letter of reply Captain Smith explains in one sentence the whole secret of colonization.

"*Nothing is to be expected thence*," he wrote, "*but by labour*."

The Company in England, however, were so convinced of the capabilities of Virginia that they poured fresh streams of emigrants into the land, whom they called "gentlemen of good means and parentage," but

whom Smith described more correctly as "unruly gallants packed off by friends."

These men soon began to cause endless trouble by their laziness and rebellion against authority, and at length Smith was obliged to send off bands of them on exploring expeditions in order to keep the peace.

Just at this critical moment he himself was severely injured by the explosion of a powder bag; and since the colony did not boast a surgeon, he had to cross to England for treatment. He never returned to his thankless task, for even before his departure another governor had been appointed by the ungrateful colonists. Yet one of his companions could write of the founder of our first English colony in these warm words: "He never allowed himself more than his soldiers, being one that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead himself; that would never see them want what he had or could by any means get them; that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; loved actions more than words, and hated falsehood more than death; whose adventures were our lives and whose loss our death. Yet he never received a shilling for all that he had done in Virginia, and because he spake plainly, and of work instead of gold, was superseded by another man."

But very soon the little colony began to realize what his loss really meant, when, "instead of the corn which he had procured from the Indians, came mortal wounds with clubs and arrows."

Food grew so scarce that six months after Smith had left them only sixty of the little colony remained:

and they, after eating roots, acorns, and the skins of horses, turned cannibals and began to devour each other. In this state of desperation they were found by an English vessel, which had outsailed that of Delaware, the new governor; and thinking the latter was lost, they implored to be taken back to England. The colony was actually deserted, when the returning ship met that of Delaware, full of fresh emigrants and provisions, and he insisted that the fugitives should accompany him back to Jamestown.

The new governor and Dale, his successor, brought about a more hopeful state of things by insisting on obedience to a strict code of laws, which Smith's position had never enabled him to enforce.

The Indians were so impressed by the rapid improvement of the settlement that certain tribes declared themselves the subjects of the English, and the alliance was cemented by a marriage between Pocahontas and an Englishman named Rolfe. She made him an excellent wife, "many English ladies were worse favoured, proportioned, and behavioured," and when she sailed to England with her husband, left behind her a lasting memory in the hearts of the people of Virginia. She was presented at the English Court, and made much of by London society of the day; but just as she was about to return to her native land she fell a victim to the treacherous English climate, and was buried at Gravesend.



But the real hero of the Virginian colony was Captain John Smith, who was one of the first of our makers of empire to show the importance of labour and discipline as the foundation of any British settlement.

Chapter VII.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS—(1620–1680).

THE next settlement made by Britain in North America was effected by men of very different character from the Virginians.

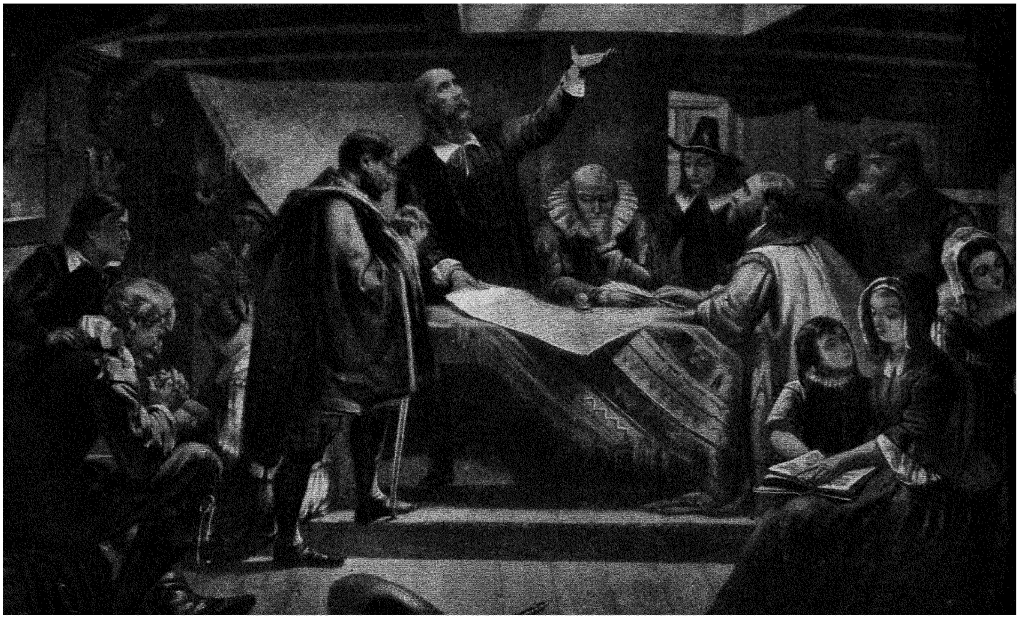


Early in the reign of James the First a company of the sturdy, God-fearing men called Puritans, who had set before themselves a very high, if a very narrow, standard of what they considered right living, determined to leave England, where all men were obliged to worship as the king thought best, and make a settlement in the Dutch town of Leyden.

But they were not happy there. The nearness to England made them very homesick; and as they were mostly farmers or out-door labourers, they could not get their living in a town. So they began to give heed to the tidings brought from time to time of the land which lay to the north of Virginia, where once the Plymouth Company had hoped to found a colony.

A glowing report of this country had just been brought back by Captain John Smith, who, when he recovered from his injuries (see page 69), had been sent out by the Plymouth Company to make a report upon its possibilities. So suitable did the district seem for colonization by our countrymen that Prince Henry of Wales gave it the name of New England.

The one drawback was the neighbourhood of warlike Indians; but these Puritan settlers in Holland



THE OPENING SCENE IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES—SIGNING THE COMPACT IN THE CABIN OF THE "MAYFLOWER."
(*From the painting by Edwin White.*)

were no cowards, and they now made up their minds to form a settlement in the land.

"We are well used," wrote one of their ministers, "to the difficulties of a strange land; our people are industrious and frugal. It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage."



The "Mayflower.

The Plymouth Company were delighted with the plan, and readily put two ships at their service, the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*. The first of these proved to be utterly unseaworthy not long after she left Southampton, where all the emigrants assembled for the voyage; both boats put hastily into Plymouth harbour, and when the whole of the voyagers had been taken on board the *Mayflower*, that little vessel sailed away to the West with forty-one families on board. With heavy hearts and streaming eyes these Pilgrim Fathers looked their last on the green shores of Devon; and when, after a trying voyage, they landed on the bleak and barren beach below Cape Cod, one of their first thoughts was to name their little settlement New Plymouth.



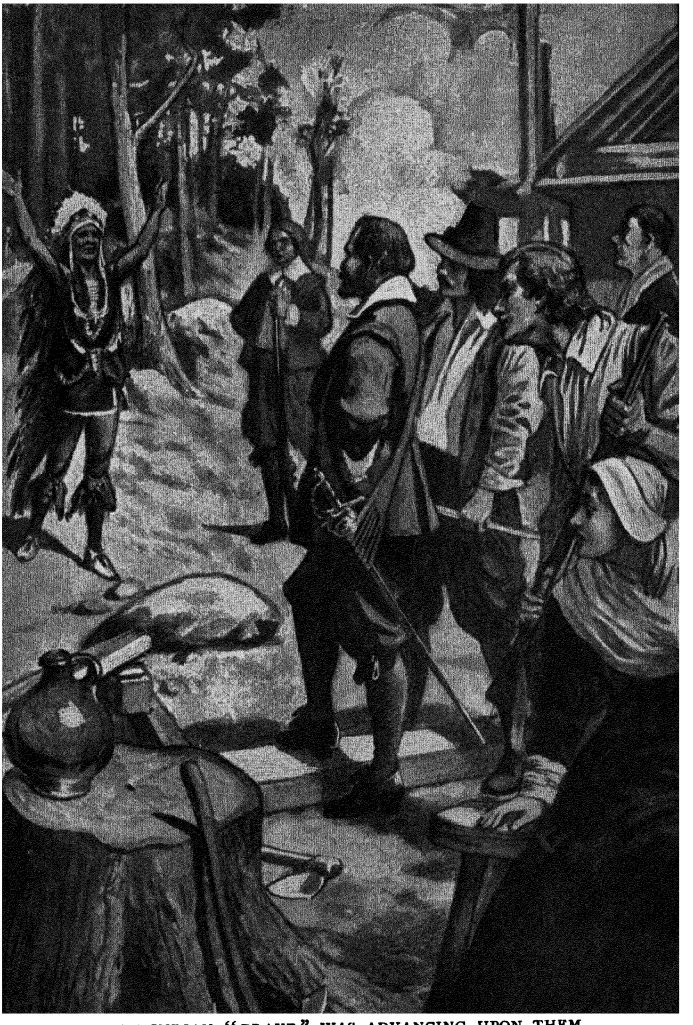
It was in the depth of winter that they made their landing, and very soon they began to learn what hardship really meant. The shore was frozen; they had little food; the icy spray from the sea almost tore the skin from their faces; and it was not easy to find a suitable site on which to begin to build. At length they came to a place where a clearing had been made in the forest by some previous settlers. "They found there good soil, a good harbour, plenty of wood near at hand, and a sweet brook." So they set to work to build homes for themselves.



Many of them died of cold or famine before the first signs of most welcome spring; but in spite of all these hardships, not a soul asked to be taken back when, in April, the *Mayflower* returned with more emigrants and fresh supplies. In summer things were much easier for them. "I never in my life," writes one of them, "remember a more seasonable year. Fish and fowl we have in great abundance. Fresh cod is but coarse meat to us. Our bay is full of lobsters all summer, and affordeth variety of other fish. In September we can take a hogshead of eels in a night with small labour, and can dig them out of their beds all winter. Trust not too much for corn at this time, for by reason of this last company that came depending wholly on us, we shall have little enough till the harvest."

Unfortunately, such descriptions attracted bands of adventurers, who soon brought real trouble upon the little colony. One party of emigrants established themselves in Massachusetts Bay in order to trade in furs with the Indians, and they began to treat the latter with such dishonesty and fraud that the Indians determined to destroy both them and the innocent settlers in New Plymouth.

Up to this time the latter had maintained very friendly relations with the natives, whom at first they had looked on with such dread that Miles Standish, one of their foremost leaders, had been especially appointed to guard them from the red men. One day, as they were building their houses, a message was brought that an Indian "brave" was advancing upon them from the forest. The colonists rushed



AN INDIAN "BRAVE" WAS ADVANCING UPON THEM FROM THE FOREST.

(*From a drawing by E. F. Skinner.*)

for their arms, but seeing he was alone they awaited his nearer approach. To their intense astonishment he waved his arms at them and cried, "Welcome!" They soon discovered that he had learnt a few English words from sailors who had visited the neighbouring coast; but he told them that he did not trust the English, since they had carried off some of his brothers as slaves. The Pilgrim Fathers soon explained that they did not approve of slavery at all, and by giving him presents they managed to secure a friendly alliance with Massasoit, the chief of his tribe.

Next year their friendship with Massasoit brought them into collision with another Indian tribe, the members of which were the deadly enemies of this chief. The hostile chieftain sent one day to the Fathers of the Plymouth Company a rattlesnake's skin full of arrows, a well-known signal of war. The colonists, in dismay, were ready with proposals to secure peace by any means; but Miles Standish knew better what to do. The poet Longfellow makes him say:—



"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade, but in the cause that is righteous
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then taking up the snake-skin he jerked out the Indian arrows, filled it with powder and bullets, and handed it back to the savage, saying, "Here, take it; this is your answer." The meaning was quite clear to the Indian chief, and for a while he was heard of no more.

It was the bad behaviour of their neighbours that revived the trouble again. One day the friendly

Massasoit arrived in the little settlement with the startling news that several allied Indian tribes were about to descend upon them and destroy the whole white colony.



Standish.

Now was the time, thought Standish, to strike a blow which should inspire the minds of the Indians with lasting fear of the colonists. Starting at once with eight men for the spot where the chieftains sat smoking and holding consultation round their camp fire, Standish had them surrounded and shot down without mercy. Their terrified followers promptly fell on their knees and begged for mercy; and after that there was little to be feared from the neighbouring tribes of red men.

Little by little the colony expanded as fresh bands of Puritan settlers left the Old England for the New; and about the year 1630, during the troubled times of Charles the First, there came out a great company, amongst whom were men and women of the highest education and refinement. Leaving Southampton, "as they floated down the river the emigrants, with weeping eyes and sobbing voices, bade farewell to the land whose cruelty could not efface their love." These were to form the colony of Massachusetts, in the district farther inland from New Plymouth.

At first the poverty of the country, as far as food was concerned, nearly broke their hearts. A third of their number died, and a hundred returned to England at the first opportunity; but the rest struggled along, living on acorns, clams, and ground-nuts, until the corn they had sown was fit to reap.

When the food difficulty was removed by time,

another arose in an unexpected quarter. These Puritan settlers, whom religious intolerance had driven from their own land, chose to introduce that very same spirit into their new country by enacting that none should be admitted freemen of the colony who were not strict Puritans in their manner of worship. And when a good and learned minister, Roger Williams, although one of their own faith, spoke most strongly against this religious tyranny, they would have arrested him and his family and sent them back to England. But he ran away, in the midst of winter, into the depths of the forest, where for three months "he wandered amid frost and snow, wild beasts and savage men, often knowing not bed nor bread for days together."



But the heathen Indians were kinder than the Christian white men, and they sold Roger Williams a piece of ground on the farther side of the boundary river, which became the site of the town now known as Providence. There he was joined by others who loved freedom of religion, and soon this "shelter for all persons distressed in conscience" began to flourish exceedingly.

About five years later the inland colony of Connecticut was founded in a similar manner by a hundred colonists who would not submit to the dictation in religious matters of the men of Massachusetts.

And now the Indians began to cause trouble once again. The new colony touched on the territory of the powerful and warlike tribe of the Pequods, who set on foot a plan to clear off every white person, man, woman, and child, from the whole district. The one thing necessary to the success of their plot was the alliance of the

hostile tribe of the Narragansetts, hitherto their mortal enemies. The murder of a white trader brought news of the matter to the colony of Massachusetts, and filled it with dismay. All hope was lost if the two great tribes combined; but what could be done to prevent this?

Then some one remembered that Roger Williams, whom they had cast out from their midst, was an honoured friend of the Narragansett chieftain, and that he had been received by him in his exile with the utmost kindness. A messenger was sent post-haste to Williams, with an entreaty that he would use his influence to save the colony, however little it deserved his help.

As soon as Williams heard the news he put out in his canoe in the teeth of a furious gale for the opposite shore of the river, and appeared among the Narragansetts. The Pequods were there before him, however, and Williams had hard work to defeat their evil counsels; but in the end he got his way, and the Narragansetts promised loyalty to the colony.



Furious at this event, the Pequods determined to take the war-path unaided. But meantime the colonists had prepared themselves. About eighty settlers, under the leadership of John Mason, hastened to the encampment of the Redskins, set fire to the wigwams, and shot down every Indian who tried to escape. It was a severe but necessary lesson, and for nearly forty years we hear no more of attacks on the part of the Indians.

Then, in 1674, it was reported that the death of a chief's son had been brought about by witchcraft. This awoke all the slumbering hatred of the natives for the white men who had settled in their land, and a terrible conflict began, which lasted for four years,

and made the sound of the Indian war-whoop a horror in the land. One Sunday the inhabitants of a village in the Connecticut valley were on their knees in church when the terrible sound was heard close by.

In those days the men prayed with their swords at their sides, and drawing these they rushed upon their foe; but when they found that the Redskins were swarming upon them, they fell back in dismay.

Suddenly there stood in their midst a stately old man of commanding presence, who in a voice of thunder gave the word to charge. The men at once plucked up heart, fought desperately, and put their foes to flight. Then they looked round for their deliverer, but, to their amazement, he had vanished as mysteriously as he had come.

All kinds of legends sprang up around the figure of this stranger; but later on it was reported that he was a certain General Goffe, who had been one of the judges of Charles the First, and whom the vengeance of Charles the Second had forced to leave his native land. In the New World of his adoption he chose to live as a hermit, and only issued forth on such occasions as this, when the fighting blood of the old Ironsides drove him out to battle.

Little by little this state of warfare ceased, but not before twelve towns had been destroyed and hundreds of people killed. The only thing to be done was to exterminate the natives, or drive them gradually to the distant forests of the interior. And thus, amid hardships and bloodshed, the foundations were laid of the future United States of America.

Chapter VIII.

THE PIRATES IN THE WEST INDIES (1625–1692).

WE have seen how Columbus was the first to claim territory in the West India Islands in the name of the King of Spain. But the Spaniards, in their eagerness for gold, cared little for the rich vegetable produce of the group, and left the smaller islands, such as Barbadoes and St. Christopher, practically untouched. To the latter island came, in Elizabeth's time, a host of English and French pirates, who drove out the native Caribs and divided the land between them, holding it till they were themselves dislodged by a Spanish fleet in 1630. From thence they fled to several of the neighbouring islands of the Windward and Leeward groups, which at first were merely pirate strongholds, but became in after days permanent settlements. In this irregular fashion the British gained their first secure foothold in the West Indies.



But the first real colony planted there was that of Barbadoes, in the reign of Charles the First (1625). A certain rich London merchant, on his way home from America, was driven by a storm into the harbour of this island, and was astonished to find on shore a cross bearing an inscription to the effect that in 1605 the captain of the good ship *Olive Blossom* had taken possession of the island in the name of King James the First. Sailing thence, he carried home such an account of the beauty and fertility of the place that

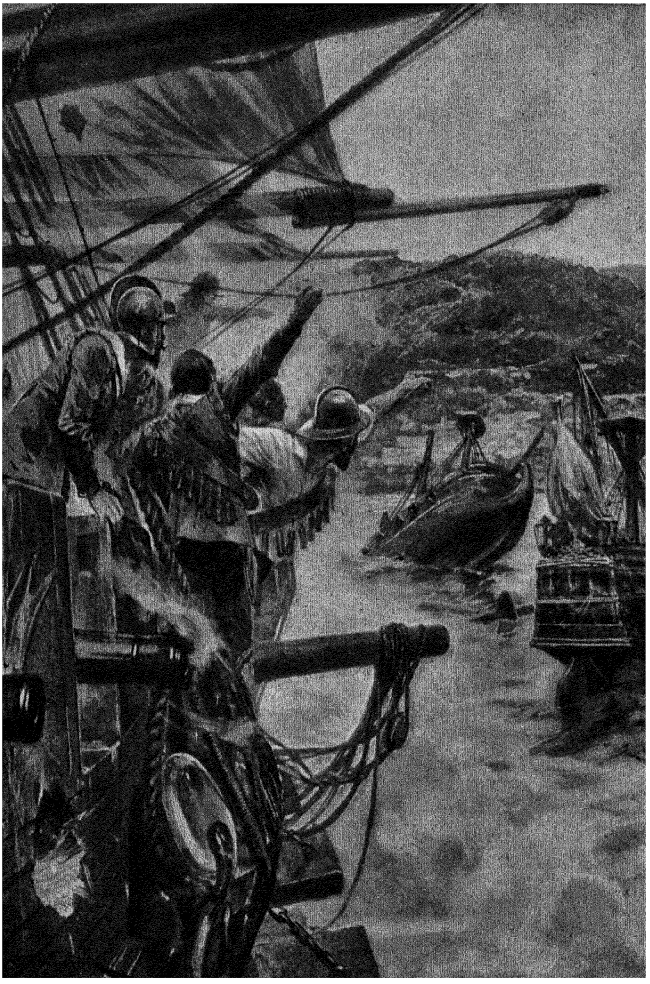
two vessels, containing about forty emigrants, were sent out, and the newcomers began to build the city of Jamestown. Three years later another party arrived, and immediately a jealous rivalry arose between the two that led to bloodshed for a while, until a third contingent under a governor appeared on the scene, and order was restored.



The little island, which is about as large as the Isle of Wight, now began to flourish exceedingly. The sugar-cane was first planted there, and soon a thriving trade in sugar was established. Cotton, tobacco, indigo, aloes, and maize were also among the products of the colony, which is almost unique among our West Indian possessions from the fact that it was originally settled by, and has always been kept in the hands of, men of British race. For our most important West Indian possession, the island of Jamaica, we had to fight with Spain.

When Columbus first set foot in Jamaica he found it inhabited by a "tractable, docile people, equal to any employment, modest in their manners; of a quick and ready genius in matters of traffic, in which they greatly excelled the neighbouring islanders." Owing to the mismanagement of Spain, this population dwindled away until, in 1655, the island contained only some scattered and quarrelsome remnants of old Spanish families, who had divided the land between them, and a large number of negro slaves brought over from Africa.

In that year Oliver Cromwell, then Lord Protector of England, determined to strike a severe blow at the power of Spain in the West Indies, by taking from



THE BRITISH UNDER ADMIRAL PENN AND GENERAL VENABLES ENTERING KINGSTON HARBOUR.

(From a drawing by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.)

her the island of San Domingo, the largest of her possessions in that region. An expedition was sent out under Admiral Penn and General Venables with "a sad miscellany of distempered, unruly persons" —Royalist soldiers for the most part, who had no heart to serve under Cromwellian leaders. Failing altogether to take San Domingo, they sailed to Jamaica, which fell an easy prey into their hands—one of the first of our colonies to be taken from a European nation.



At first its progress was very slow. Cromwell, who seems to have taken a great interest in this his one foreign conquest, was very anxious to transport thither the whole of the Puritan settlers of New England; but the stern-faced sons of the Pilgrim Fathers had grown to love their bracing seaboard, and would not hear of exchanging it even for the fertile charms of Jamaica. Numbers of Irish and Scots, the victims of the Protector's vengeance during their days of insurrection in favour of the Royalist cause, were then sent out as settlers. These suffered much from the attacks of the "Maroons"—the negroes whom the Spaniards had originally brought into the island, and who were now living as outlaws in the caves and forests of the mountains.

The immense importance of the island, both for its sugar produce and also as affording a "free trade" port for the English traders, soon began to be realized. Gradually the fertile soil was laid out into "plantations," and towns began to rise; but the chief riches of the island were drawn from the exploits of the "buccaneers," who made Jamaica their headquarters.

We saw that for years before the island was captured by Great Britain, the seas around the West Indies had been infested by pirates. These daring rovers were of all nationalities, though chiefly English and French, and, calling themselves the Brethren of the Coast, were bound to one another by the strongest oaths of mutual loyalty. Their property was held in common, and "as they had no domestic ties—neither wife nor child, brother nor sister, being known among the buccaneers—the want of family relations was supplied by strict comradeship. Their chief virtue was courage." Their dress consisted of a "shirt dipped in the blood of the animals they killed; a pair of drawers dirtier than the shirt; a leathern girdle in which a small cutlass was hung and several knives; a hat without a rim, but with a small peak in front; and shoes without stockings."

The Governor of Jamaica was only too glad to receive these wild and lawless rovers of the sea; for he was in constant dread of the attacks of the Spaniards, with whom the buccaneers had sworn a mortal feud. It was by their aid that two attempts made from San Domingo to recover the island were frustrated. Their robbery of the Spanish treasure-ships brought abundance of money to the island, by which the settlers did not hesitate to profit. It is therefore to these bold buccaneers that we largely owe the possession and prosperity of our most valuable West Indian colony. The natives of the islands which had not been colonized by Spain looked upon the pirates as their friends and avengers; popular feeling, indeed, was entirely with them, except in the

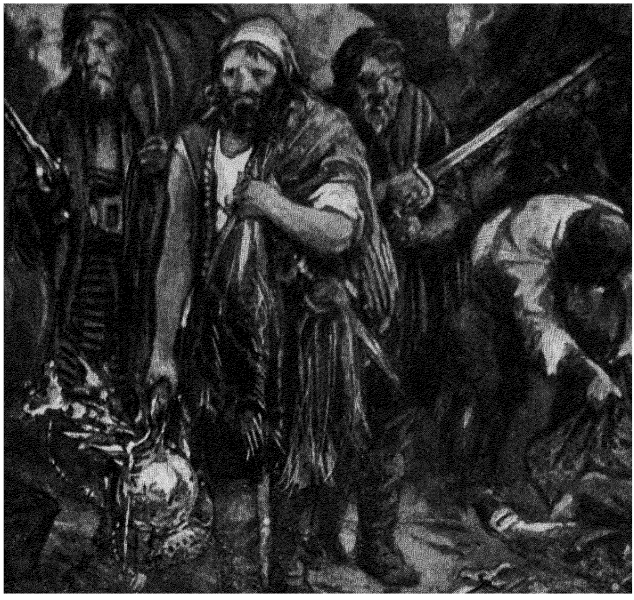
Spanish settlements themselves, for a deadly hatred against Spain had arisen because of the cold-blooded cruelty with which the first inhabitants of these islands had been treated. For this cruelty the Spaniards were now made to pay a bitter penalty, for the buccaneers could always count on native support, and so did not hesitate to attack large towns by land when they had swept the sea clear of their Spanish foes.

It became a common custom for the Spaniards to seize money and goods at the first sight of the pirate flag, and to flee to the woods for their lives. Thousands perished every year, and the destruction of life and property was a severe check to Spanish trade in these seas.



One of the most notable of these buccaneers was a Welshman, named Morgan. He began life in Barbadoes as a white slave, but managed to escape and join the pirate band. He was a most daring and desperate character, and succeeded in what seem to us almost impossible enterprises. In one of these he determined to storm the flourishing town of Porto Bello, near the Isthmus of Panama. The city itself was easily taken by his crew of pirates, but the fort was a harder nut to crack. Foreseeing that the Spaniards would never fire on women or priests, Morgan ordered all the ladies and ecclesiastics of the town to fix the scaling ladders to the walls. Then a wild rush was made, and after much slaughter the treasure of the richest and most populous town of America was carried off to Jamaica, and the city was burnt to the ground.

On another occasion Morgan sacked the town of



THE TREASURE WAS CARRIED OFF TO JAMAICA.

Panama itself, and found in the wells and caves of the neighbouring district an almost incredible amount of hidden treasure, which he carried off to Jamaica.

Meantime a treaty had been made between Britain and Spain, and the governor of the island declined to connive at its infringement. So Morgan took to a more peaceful trade, became a planter, and in the days of Charles the Second was made a knight and deputy-governor of the island which had been the headquarters of his piratical raids.

From one point of view Jamaica had made no

progress. Its moral condition was worse than that of any of our colonies. "The strife, vice, and misery attendant on slavery," says one of its early historians, "soon became manifest. The attempts of the wretched captives to regain their freedom, and the predatory incursions of the Maroons, even then scourged the colonists. Port Royal itself united to more than regal wealth the worst vices and the lowest depravity that ever disgraced a seaport; nor could anything else be expected in a city whose most honoured citizens were buccaneers, whose most welcome visitors were slave-traders."

But an awful fate was at hand for the wicked city of Port Royal. On June 7 1692, in one single instant, the place was destroyed by an earthquake that hurled whole streets of houses into the sea, and brought the mountains down upon the plain. This horror was followed by a plague, caused by the crowds of corpses floating in the harbour; and next year, as the walls of the city were slowly rising once again, a hurricane arose which swept them completely away. But Jamaica fought her way through these disasters, and, as our richest West Indian possession, takes a prominent part in our colonial history at a later day.

Meantime the Bermuda Islands had been colonized by a company called after Sir George Somers, who had been wrecked there on his way to Virginia in 1609. The Bahama group was also incorporated as a colony; but as these islands were mainly used as a resting-place for the Brethren of the Coast, they made little progress until these robbers were driven out in the days of George the First.

Chapter IX.

THE FOUNDERS OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES—(1625–1752).

DURING the early years of the reign of Charles the First an almost continuous stream of emigrants poured out of England, to breathe an atmosphere of greater freedom in the New World across the Atlantic Ocean. Thus, in course of time, thirteen distinct states grew up in North America, situated on or near the Atlantic seaboard.

We see also in the time of Charles the First the beginnings of a claim to the province of Canada, part of which had been colonized by the French under the name of Acadia. The French colony had dwindled very considerably, and little opposition was made when the Plymouth Company granted the whole tract of coast between Cape Sable and the St. Lawrence to a Scotsman named Sir William Alexander in 1621. He sent out a number of his countrymen, and called the place Nova Scotia, or New Scotland; and a little later he took over Quebec from the French governor.

But in 1633 a treaty made with France required all the French part of the colony to be given back, and only Nova Scotia proper remained for the British.

Meantime the provinces of Maine and New Hampshire, between the region taken by Alexander and the flourishing settlement of Massachusetts, were being actively colonized by members of the Plymouth Com-

pany. The people of New Hampshire built their towns and tilled their fields in the face of continual opposition; for they were the nearest to the great forest-land haunted by Indians, and the Redskins would frequently descend upon them, murder some of the men, and carry off women and children to their camps.



A Dutch Colonist.

Midway between the New England colonies and those of the south was the Dutch settlement of the New Netherlands, which had been founded after Hudson's discovery of the river which bears his name.

This was most inconvenient to the British colonies on either hand, and might prove dangerous if the Dutch chose to join forces with the French Acadians, to whom their river gave them easy access. So in 1664 Charles the Second, mindful of the insults he had suffered during his years of exile in Holland, "granted" the Dutch settlement to his brother, the Duke of York. The colonists were not sufficiently loyal to their own home government to make any opposition; and when, a little later, a treaty was made with Holland, the whole colony was formally handed over to Britain, and New Amsterdam became New York.

Meantime the district known vaguely as Old Virginia had been split up into the states of Maryland, Carolina, and Georgia. The first of these was colonized chiefly by Roman Catholics who could not worship as they pleased in the old country. The expedition that went out first was accompanied by Father Whyte, a priest, who tells us in his memoirs of the astonishment felt by the settlers at the beauty of the country and at the size of the rivers, compared with which the Thames was only a rivulet.

"On each bank of solid earth," he writes in this book, "rise beautiful groves of trees, in a manner so open that you might freely drive a four-horse chariot through the midst of them." He also gives us a vivid picture of the Indians of those regions. "The natives are of tall and comely stature, of a skin by nature somewhat tawny, which they make more hideous by daubing, for the most part, with red paint mixed with oil, to keep away the mosquitoes—in this being intent more on their comfort than their beauty. They smear their faces also with other colours—from the nose upwards sea-green, downwards reddish, or the contrary—in a manner truly disgusting and terrific."

North and South Carolina were so called from the Latin name of Charles the Second—*Carolus*. The sturdy independence of the colonial spirit was shown very early by the emigrants to these regions. Two great lords of the English Court, influenced by the philosopher Locke, designed a very fine scheme of government for Carolina, which drew a distinct line between the aristocratic landowners and the ordinary tillers of the soil. But the latter would have none of this distinction. In a new land all men began on the same level, and the men of most industry or character rose to the top. So they marked out their own "holdings," and cultivated them in perfect independence, and the scheme of the English aristocrats came to nothing.

The persecution of the Quaker followers of George Fox in England, during the reign of Charles the Second, led to the colonization of the state of Pennsylvania; and this brings us to the romantic story of William Penn.



Quaker.



When William Penn was fresh from Oxford, he and his father, the conqueror of Jamaica, were among the favourites at the Court of Charles the Second. To the dismay of his parent, who, as an admiral, loved all the accompaniments of war, William joined the Quakers, who thought it wrong to fight, even in self-defence. The admiral turned him out of doors; but this only led William to preach at every opportunity the faith as laid down by the first English Quaker, George Fox. For this he was thrown into prison, and though the influence of the Duke of York soon set him free again, nothing would stop him from preaching and making converts to the Quaker doctrines.

But persecution laid its heavy hand upon these quiet and inoffensive "Friends." Penn therefore determined to take a company of them across the seas to find a new home for themselves where they could believe what they liked.

The difficulty in those days was to get a grant of land for people who were regarded with such disfavour as the Quakers; but on his father's death Penn found that the British king owed him a very large sum of money. A Stuart was never ready to pay his debts, but King Charles readily agreed to grant in place of payment a wide region on the west side of the river Delaware.

The first settlers found it a beautiful land, full of woods and streams, and they called it Penn's "Sylvania" (wooded country)—or, as we now say, Pennsylvania.

The founder of the colony was given full rights over it, and his first and most praiseworthy determination was to give payment to the Indians for all lands of



WILLIAM PENN MAKING A TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

(From an Eighteenth Century Print.)



which they were deprived. A meeting was held between a few of the Quaker leaders and the Indian chiefs, whose followers meanwhile hovered near at hand, with tomahawks ready, in case of treachery. But the natives soon found that Penn's word was as good as a bond, and a treaty was completed which led to their mutual confidence and respect.

So Pennsylvania became a very prosperous colony, to which came thousands of emigrants who, without being Quakers, valued liberty of conscience and peace. And the reason for the honour due to the colonists of this state is their behaviour with regard to their slaves. From the first they treated the latter with far more kindness than was the case elsewhere; and when some German emigrants to the colony in 1688 pointed out that slavery was against all true Quaker principles of freedom, most of the Friends set their slaves free, and refused to admit as members of their society "any who held another man in bondage."

The sad part of the story of this settlement is the strange ingratitude shown by the settlers towards their founder. They would not pay him the rents they had agreed upon, and grew impatient of his rule, leaving him to die in debt and poverty, in spite of all the sacrifices he had made for them.

It is from a letter written by William Penn in 1683 that we learn something more of the ways of the Indians with whom all these colonies were so closely concerned for good or evil. "Of their customs and manners," writes Penn, "there is much to be said. I will begin with children. So soon as they are born they wash them in water, and while very young,

and in cold weather to choose, they plunge them in the rivers to harden and embolden them. Having wrapped them in a clout, they lay them on a straight, thin board, a little more than the length and breadth of the child, and swaddle it fast upon the board to make it straight, wherefore all Indians have flat heads; and thus they carry them at their backs. The children will walk very young, at nine months commonly. If boys, they go a-fishing, till ripe for the woods, which is about fifteen; then they hunt; and after having given some proofs of their manhood by a good return of skins, they may marry—else it is a shame to think of a wife.



"The girls stay with their mothers, and help to hoe the ground, plant corn, and carry burdens; and they do well to use them to that young which they must do when they are old, for the wives are the true servants of the husbands: otherwise the men are very affectionate to them.

"Their houses are mats, or barks of trees, set on poles in the fashion of an English barn, but out of the power of the winds, for they are hardly higher than a man. They lie on reeds or grass. In travel they lodge in the woods, about a great fire, with the mantle they wear all day wrapt about them, and a few boughs stuck round them.

"If a European comes to see them at their house or wigwam, they give him the best place and first cup. If they come to visit us, they salute us with an '*Itah!*' which means 'Good be to you!' and set them down, which is mostly on the ground, close to their heels, their legs upright. It may be they speak not a word. If you give them anything to eat or

drink, well, for they will not ask; and be it little or much, if it be with kindness, they are well pleased: else they go away sullen, but say nothing.

"But in liberality they excel: nothing is too good for their friend. Give them a fine gun, coat, or other thing, and it will pass twenty hands before it sticks. Light of heart, they have strong affections, but soon spent. The most merry creatures that live, they feast and dance perpetually. They never have much nor want much, and none shall want what another hath."



Oglethorpe.

The last of the coast-wise colonies to be settled was Georgia, which owes its foundation entirely to the kind-heartedness of a certain James Oglethorpe, who was unmoved by motives of religion or gain. It is convenient to consider the story of the foundation of Georgia at this point, although it is a little out of strict order with regard to time.

It was named after King George the Second, in whose reign Oglethorpe lived. He was a gallant soldier, who had served under Marlborough in the Austrian wars, and whose "heroic and romantic" heart was touched to the core by the sufferings of the unhappy English debtors, penned together in a common prison, and hopeless of ever recovering their independence.

He never rested till he had raised enough money to pay their creditors, and to get a grant of land from George the Second in the New World, where they might have a fresh chance. Land, tools, and weapons were to be given free, but only to persons of good character; freedom of worship was permitted; and the introduction of slave labour or strong drink was strictly forbidden.

Fortune smiled on such a leader. The silk industry was started, and flourished exceedingly. Settlers of all nations joined the colony, and helped to develop its trade. The natives became their fast friends, especially after one of their chieftains, named Tomo-chi-chi, had accompanied Oglethorpe on his return to London in 1724, and had brought back wondrous accounts of the home of the Great White King.

But the end of the story of the Georgia colonists is not so fair as its beginning. Their neighbours, the Spaniards of Florida, angry at the intrusion into what they considered their territory, tried to take the colonists unawares. Failing in this, they kept up a troublesome kind of guerilla warfare for some years, until at length they were forced to depart by the courage and persistency of Oglethorpe.



Wesley.

More serious troubles came from within. The settlers quarrelled among themselves, and drove out from their midst the young preacher John Wesley, whose name was soon to make England ring from one end to the other in the great religious revival of the eighteenth century.

Then the silk industry failed, and the hot climate made the settlers so lazy that they insisted that the wise laws forbidding slave labour and strong drink should be removed. They got their way, and in 1752 Oglethorpe gave up his connection with the settlement, which became a Crown colony. But just as Penn is honoured in the land that bears his name, so the memory of James Oglethorpe is still sweet in the sunny state of Georgia.

Chapter X.

COLONIZATION UNDER THE STUARTS (1688–1713).

WE are now getting very near to the time when the period of settlement ceased, and that of conquest began; but before we enter upon the latter, we will take a brief review of our Empire as it existed under the Stuart kings.



Queen Anne.

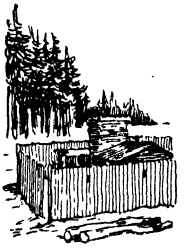
At the beginning of the reign of James the First, as we have seen, Britain possessed not one single foot of settled territory outside her own borders. At the end of the reign of Queen Anne she had a firm standing in three great continents, and had moreover a large and growing trade with every port in the world.

We have seen how Britain's rights had been established in the formation of the various states of America south of the St. Lawrence River. It was not until the reign of Charles the Second that our countrymen turned their attention to the northern part of the same continent.

In 1688 Prince Rupert, mindful of the district discovered by and named after Henry Hudson, which had been left entirely untouched by Europeans, sent out a vessel to form a little settlement on the shores of Hudson Bay. Seeing that a vast trade could be done in furs, the colony prospered exceedingly, and very soon a Company was formed to develop and explore the resources of the country.

Rupert's Land, or Hudson Bay Territory, was a

region three times the size of India; and with it was granted to the Company "the whole and entire trade and traffic to and from all havens, bays, creeks, rivers, lakes, and seas into which they shall find entrance or passage, with all the natives and people inhabiting the territories aforesaid."



A Fort.

Soon, instead of a single settlement on Hudson Bay, the energetic Company had made stations and factories in numerous centres, to which the Indians, or the European hunters who had come to the district, might bring their skins of bears and foxes, or other beasts. These hunters, however, had to fight against stronger foes than bears in their daily adventures. The French in Canada were exceedingly jealous of their "forts," and constantly sent out expeditions against them. Generally, however, the British got the best of it; and, as we shall presently see, the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 finally shut out the French from the Hudson Bay Territory.

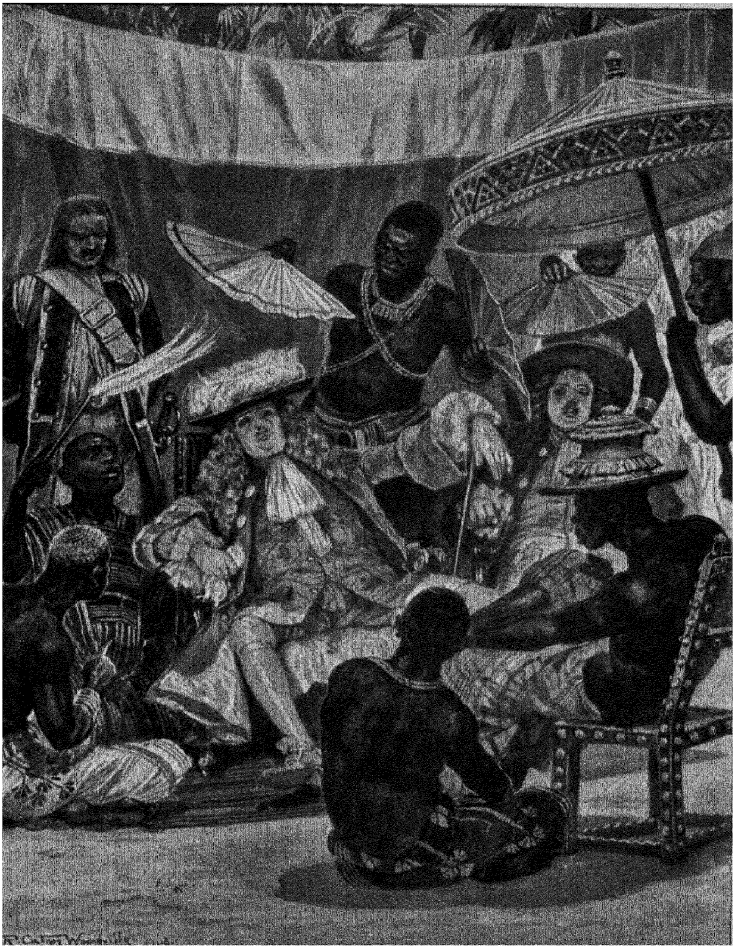
Meantime the districts of India ruled over by the East India Company, after suffering much from Dutch rivalry, had begun to improve in the days of Charles the Second. The island of Bombay, which had formed part of the dowry of his Portuguese wife, Catherine of Braganza, was handed over by the king to the Company, and with it the island of St. Helena. But our Indian settlements were soon to suffer serious injury at the hands of the energetic French East India Company, which was established in 1664.

While the British settlements were engaged in constant quarrels and petty wars with the native princes, the French, having made a strongly-fortified

settlement at Pondicherry, set to work to make good friends with all those princes who were most hostile to the British. Their aim was clearly to drive the latter out of India altogether. But in the meantime their hostility was more of a benefit than an injury; for instead of being satisfied with isolated settlements for trade purposes, the British began to dream of acquiring territorial possessions in India, and of making themselves a power in the land. It was partly with this idea that land near the present city of Calcutta was bought at this time from a Nawab, or native prince, who was badly in want of money; and now Britain could command the mouth of the great river Ganges.

In Africa, as we have seen, British traders had at first been content to visit the west coast for trading purposes, without any idea of colonization. Very soon, however, the exploring spirit drove them to further adventures, and in 1618 a company of gentlemen adventurers from London attempted to sail up the river Niger to Timbuctoo. The first of these adventurers mistook the Gambia River for the Niger, went exploring in his pinnace, and returned to find that his ship had been seized by the Portuguese and natives. Undismayed, he sent letters home to the Company, and went off in his little boat on another expedition, where death put an end to further adventure.

In spite of the evident difficulties in the way, the stories concerning the golden hoards of Timbuctoo were too alluring for the Company to give up their search. None of their attempts succeeded; but though



AN ENGLISH OFFICIAL OF THE ROYAL AFRICAN COMPANY
TREATY-MAKING ON THE GOLD COAST IN 1672.
(*From a drawing by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.*)

very little permanent colonizing was done at this period, stations and factories were established, and the country inland from the coasts of Guinea and Benin was opened up in a way that made it easier for others to follow in later days.

It was during the reign of William the Third that we made our first discoveries in Australia. A famous buccaneer, named William Dampier, making a voyage round the world in 1688, cruised along the coasts of that continent, and was so much interested in it that on his return he obtained a ship called the *Roebuck* from the British Government, and set off again to find a spot suitable to set up a colony. He soon found that he was not the first in that field. Some years previously the coast line of Australia had been partly surveyed by Dutch navigators, who called the continent New Holland; and many years before them the Portuguese had visited the same region, which they named New Java. But neither Portuguese nor Dutch discoverers had done more than examine the coast line, so that a clear field was left for British enterprise when Dampier arrived in 1699.

Such uninviting descriptions were sent home by the discoverer, however, that it is not surprising to learn that no attempts were made at that time to colonize Australia. His tales of the natives were especially deterrent to future settlers. "The inhabitants of this country," he says, "are the miserablest people in the world, and setting aside their human shape they differ little from brutes. Nothing could be got out of them but 'threats and great noise.'" A young sailor, who tried to catch one of them, was very nearly killed,



and Dampier, to frighten them, "fired a shot over their heads; but they soon learned to despise it, tossing up their heads and crying '*Pooh, pooh, pooh!*' and coming on afresh with great noise."

So, finding only a sun-parched country and brackish water to drink, Dampier sailed away, and never saw the fertile eastern shores of Australia at all. On the way home he lost the crazy vessel that had been granted to him, and in consequence received no reward of any kind for his trouble in pointing the way to what was in the future to be one of the most important parts of the British Empire.

It was no doubt Dampier's voyage to the South Seas which so inflamed the minds of the British, in the early years of the eighteenth century, that gigantic schemes were set on foot for amassing fabulous riches by trading with these hitherto unknown islands and regions of the Pacific. These lasted till the collapse of the "South Sea Bubble" in 1720 almost ruined England, and brought men once more to their sober senses. One of these schemes was begun in the year 1698, and may be well described here as an instance of an attempt at colonial settlement which did *not* meet with the success of which we have been reading.

A certain Scotsman named William Paterson, famous as the founder of the Bank of England, formed a company of his countrymen, and sent out five ships, with twelve hundred men, to the Isthmus of Darien, where they built New Edinburgh, in the hope of controlling by its position the trade of the great continents to the north and south of the isthmus.

But they forgot that the climate of the narrow neck of land would be very different from that of their breezy native city, and during the first hot season a large number of them died of fever.

When a second and larger batch of emigrants landed, they found nothing but a ruined fort and many graves, for the remainder of the first settlers had sailed for the Hudson River. Buoyed up by hopes of wealth, the New Caledonians, as they called themselves, shut their eyes to this discouragement, and set to work to rebuild the town. But when summer came in, one after another laid down his tools and died. A few still struggled on, hoping for better things, when suddenly a Spanish fleet from Panama appeared on the scene, and forced the Scotsmen to take to their ships. An evil fate pursued them, for two of their ships were lost on the homeward journey, and only a very few of the company which had left Scotland with such high hopes lived to set foot in their native land again. One effect of this failure was to make very clear the disadvantages for trading purposes of the separation of England and Scotland, so that indirectly it helped to bring about the Parliamentary union of the two countries in 1707.

In the first part of the seventeenth century the mistress of the seas, as far as commerce was concerned, was undoubtedly Holland. In her hands was all the "carrying trade" of the world, and in her great flat-bottomed ships she transported produce from almost every part of the earth to the chief countries of Europe.

Cromwell, determined to put a stop to Dutch enterprise, passed a Navigation Act, which required

that all goods brought into this country from Asia, Africa, or America should be carried in ships "owned, captained, and chiefly manned" by British subjects. Later on, another Act forbade any goods to be imported into a colony save in British ships.

Both these Acts were resented so much by the Dutch that they went to war with us. On one occasion the Dutch admiral Van Tromp sailed the Channel with a broom at his masthead, to signify that he had swept the English from the seas. But this was not the case by any means. Our merchant ships increased in number each year; and when, on the accession of William of Orange, Holland joined hands with us in friendship and alliance, we had not a single rival on the great waterway of Empire.



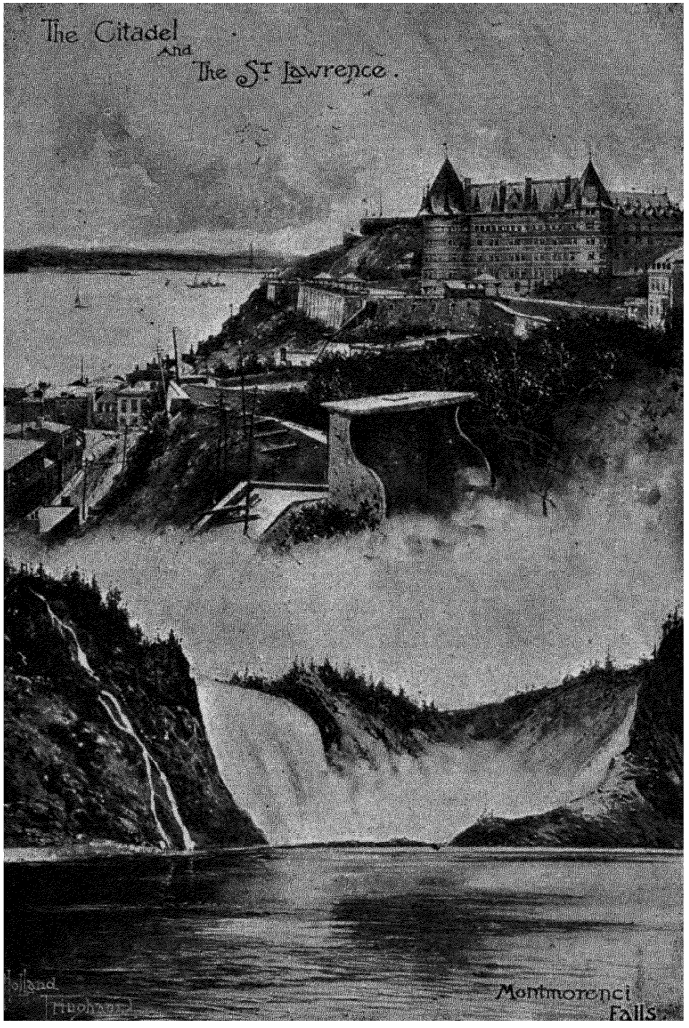
At the very end of the Stuart period, in 1713, was signed the important Treaty of Utrecht, which ended our hard-fought war with France. How this affected our empire in North America we shall see in the next chapter; but we may note here that two of our smaller gains were the island of Minorca and the fortress of Gibraltar, whose story we shall presently read.

Chapter XI.

FRENCH AND BRITISH—(1700–1760).

WE have already noted the beginnings of New France in America, north of the river St. Lawrence, while the British were settling down in the districts to the south.

As we are now getting very near to the days when



SCENES ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The upper portion of the picture presents a modern view of the city of Quebec, founded by Samuel Champlain.

France and Britain were engaged in a desperate fight for the mastery of North America, we must take a brief glance at the growth of the French colony up to the time of that contest.


Champlain.

Shortly after Captain John Smith came to James-[redacted], Samuel Champlain, a French soldier, founded the city of Quebec; and by making it the centre of a flourishing trade with the Indians of the North-West Territory, he earned for himself the proud title of "the father of Canada." By the year 1632 the French possessed the basin of the St. Lawrence River and the vaguely-defined region of Acadia, which was practically the district we now call Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. So far the French settlements were too few and insignificant to arouse any thought of rivalry with Britain.

But in the year 1660—that is, at the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV.—the great French minister Colbert determined to build up a vast empire across the seas. Calmly ignoring all British rights and settlements, Colbert granted to a French company the right to colonize America from Hudson Bay to the river Amazon "by killing or conquering the natives or colonists of such European nations as are not our allies."

One of the first steps taken was to explore the unknown regions of the Mississippi, and to plant a colony near the mouth of that river, which was called Louisiana, after the French king. The town of New Orleans was built; and the command of a great waterway with its basin having been thus obtained, the next step was to connect it with the river St. Lawrence by means of a long chain of forts planted at convenient intervals.

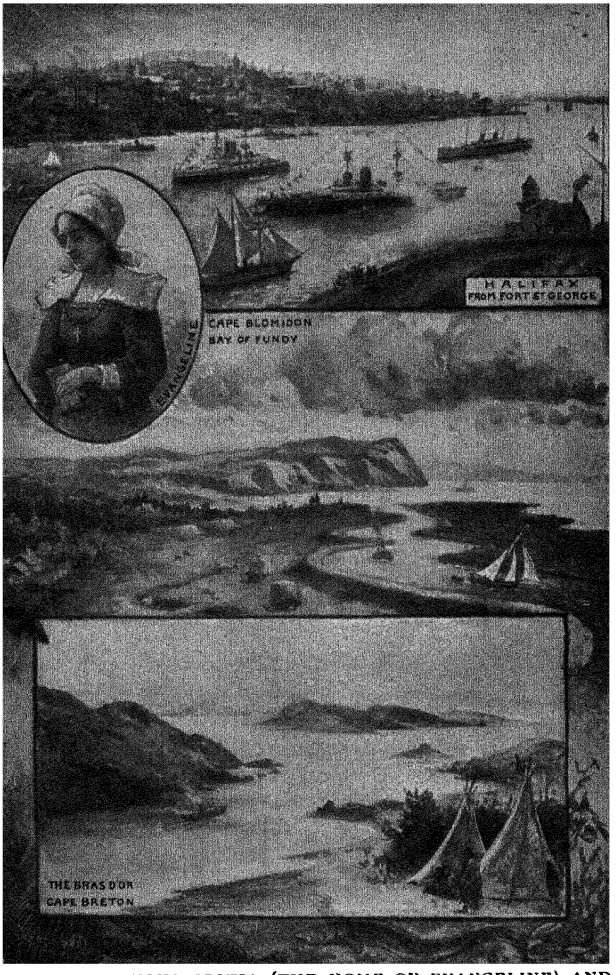
This was a serious matter for the British colonists. In the first place, they were hemmed in by this line of forts, and unable therefore to make any fresh settlements towards the west. Besides this, their present position was full of danger; for the French had only to push their settlements further and further to the east, and the British would be forced into the sea.

From that undertaking, therefore, dated the hostility between the French and British settlers; and whenever we find France and Britain at war in Europe at this period, we find just as keen a conflict raging in the New World.

The French had one great advantage. They managed to get a very strong hold upon the Indian tribes, partly by marrying their young men to native girls, but chiefly by means of the Jesuit missionaries, who not only converted a great number of the Redskins to Christianity, but who were so fearless in their journeys of exploration that they opened up a large part of the country hitherto unknown. Hence, whenever the French Governor of Quebec wanted to strengthen his forces, he could always rely upon a considerable body of Indian warriors answering to his call.

But the Indians were a fickle folk, and, moreover, were often engaged in fighting among themselves. Some of the tribes, for various reasons, sided with the British; and it only needed a reconciliation between the two chief tribes, to warn the French that the British might possibly turn their own weapons against them.

During the four great wars that were fought in Europe between 1688 and 1763, a similar warfare went



SCENES IN NOVA SCOTIA (THE HOME OF EVANGELINE) AND CAPE BRETON AT THE PRESENT DAY.

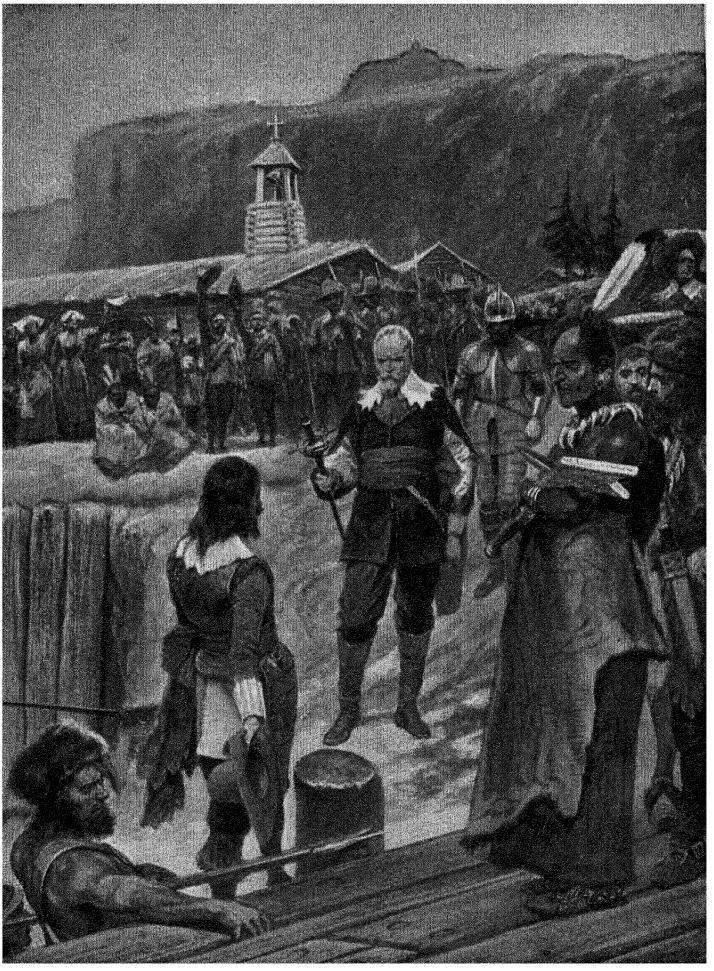
on in America, and became a regular fight for the frontier between the rival colonizing powers.

The French began it by an attack on New York and the neighbouring colonies; the British returned the compliment by sending an expedition to Nova Scotia and Canada. For New England could not forget that Quebec had once fallen into British hands; that Acadia had once been swept clear of Frenchmen; and, above all, that Newfoundland, standing at the very gateway to the French possessions, and now largely occupied by French people, belonged to Britain by right of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's discovery and of subsequent settlement.



This colonial warfare was of a terrible description, for Indians fought on either side, and were thus enabled to let loose all their ancient grudge against the Palefaces, who had driven them from their primeval homes. As for the real cause of the quarrel, the natives evidently could not understand it at all; for we hear that one chief, when called upon to take up arms anew against the foe, replied that it was perfectly clear to him that both nations of Palefaces were drunk!

Acadia, or Nova Scotia as we call it, was the special point of attack in the second war; for its capital, Port Royal, was a nest of pirates, whose ships were always ready to harass the New England coasts. A bitter struggle ensued; but while the French were intent on completing their line of forts between Canada and the Mississippi, Acadia fell finally into British hands. At first the French peasant settlers were allowed to remain there, and to go on cultivating their little holdings in



CHAMPLAIN SURRENDERS QUEBEC TO KIRKE, JULY 20, 1629.
(*From a drawing by R. Caton Woodville, R.I. By permission.*)

peace. But meantime the French governor of the rest of Canada was not going to give way quietly to British supremacy on the colonial seaboard. We find him writing about this time to the French ministry to the effect that "the English should be treated as interlopers upon the North American continent; at most they should be allowed to retain their existing settlements, but beyond these limits the whole of the land west of the Alleghanies belongs by right of discovery to the French crown."

A glance at the map of North America will make it clear that this French estimate of British rights confined our colonists to a comparatively narrow strip of coast line between the mountains and the sea.

Irritated by the constant attacks of the French fleet, now stationed at Louisbourg on Cape Breton Island, the British made a determined attack upon the fort. It was no easy task, for the fort itself was defended by a strong series of batteries, which rendered it almost impregnable.

Luckily for them, the first band of colonists who landed managed to set fire to a storehouse full of turpentine and tar, the flames of which spread to one of the largest batteries and put the occupants to flight. When they returned, they found their guns in the hands of the British, who were already engaged in firing them upon the fort. This was a most fortunate occurrence for our men, for it took them a fortnight to drag their own heavy guns into position before Louisbourg, in consequence of the marshy nature of the ground, into which the heavy cannon continually sank. After a seven weeks' siege the fort surrendered, and

thus Cape Breton Island, which commanded the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, fell into the hands of the British.

Unfortunately, they did not realize the value of the position; for three years later, in 1747, they agreed to exchange the island for Madras in India, which had been lately captured by the French.

Five years after the capture of Louisbourg a very energetic French governor, called Duquesne, came out to Canada, and at once began to build a new line of forts, completely shutting out the British from the district of the Ohio and Niagara, and making their strip of land still narrower than before. He also drove out all British traders from the Ohio valley, and made prisoners of those who still lingered in the district.



Washington.

The Governor of Virginia was the first to realize all that this implied, and forthwith a young Virginian planter, named George Washington, was sent to order the officer in charge of a fort then in process of erection to stop his operations. Washington's message was scoffed at, and on his return he begged the governor to grant him a force of men and give him permission to build a line of rival forts, to oppose those of the French.

Leave was granted, and Washington, though only a lad of one-and-twenty, managed to surprise a French regiment in the act of building, and to bring it to surrender. He then built Fort Necessity, and was proceeding to attack Fort Duquesne, then just completed, when he was surprised by superior numbers, forced to fall back on Fort Necessity, and finally to surrender.

This alarmed the British, who had lately taken

matters far too quietly, and General Braddock was sent out in 1755 to destroy the forts, and to drive the French from the Ohio valley and from the borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia. But Braddock was both conceited and rash in character. He scoffed at the idea of danger, would not listen to the advice of those who knew the country, and finally found himself in a trap, shut up between the French troops and Indians.

A panic ensued. Braddock was mortally wounded in a vain effort to rally his troops, and all his baggage and ammunition fell into the hands of the enemy. Worse followed; for the Indians, mad with joy at their success, swooped down upon the peaceful homesteads of the British colonists in those regions, and many families perished by the tomahawk or in the flames of their burning houses.

This failure led to a very severe and, as it seems to us now, unjust treatment of the French settlers in Nova Scotia. Having accused them of sympathizing with their countrymen at this crisis, the British Government decreed that all the French occupants of the districts should "be removed from their homes and dispersed throughout the other colonies," at a distance from their well-loved land. So about seven thousand men, women, and children were driven from their farms, and forced to become exiles among hostile strangers in the British colonies. Longfellow tells their sad story in his "Evangeline":—

"This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers?.....

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed,
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far over the ocean.

* * * * *

"Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.....
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.



JAMES WOLFE.
(*From the picture in the National Portrait Gallery.*)

SECTION III.

THE EMPIRE GROWS BY CONQUEST.

Chapter XII.

PITT IN ENGLAND AND WOLFE IN CANADA—(1757–1759).

THE year 1757 is perhaps the most disastrous period in all our British history. It was the second year of the Seven Years' War, a conflict which apparently was concerned with a dispute between Frederick the Great of Prussia and his foes of France and Austria, but the real object of which was to settle the two questions: Who was to be master in the New World? Who was to create an Indian Empire?

Britain had but one enemy to fear, and that was France. But France was no easy foe to tackle, and at first it seemed, indeed, as if the foreign empire of Great Britain was tottering to its fall. In the beginning of the war the French made a determined attack on Minorca, and this island was quickly lost

through the caution of Admiral Byng, who declined to face a fleet much larger than his own. This gave France the control of the Mediterranean; and meantime, while Byng paid the penalty of his caution and was shot through the heart on his own quarter-deck, the French general Montcalm was carrying all before him in America, and planning to conquer the British provinces of both north and south by gaining control of the Hudson valley, which lay like a wedge between them.

In that fatal year 1757 a British expedition sent against Cape Breton was a complete failure; while Montcalm, having laid siege to the important British stronghold of Fort William Henry, pressed it so hard that the general in command sent hurriedly to the nearest fort for help. When the longed-for messenger returned, he brought with him nothing but the advice to surrender. So the officer yielded; but as he was marching out with his troops under a safe conduct, the Indian allies of the French, misunderstanding the circumstance, made a savage rush upon the force and massacred more than half their numbers. The fort was then destroyed, and with immense spoil of arms and provisions the French went joyfully back to head-quarters.

In that same year a British force was obliged to surrender to the French in Hanover, and everywhere the British flag was in disgrace and dishonour, with one brilliant exception. In India alone victory was with us; but this was almost forgotten in the overwhelming flood of disasters elsewhere.

"We are no longer a nation," wrote an English

nobleman ; and, indeed, in America it seemed as if one more decisive blow would settle the fate of the paralyzed states, and that Britain's empire in the New World would cease to exist.

Fortunately for us, a man now took the lead in the government of our country who deserves, perhaps more than any other, to be called an empire-maker. "I am sure that I can save the country, and that no one else can," said Pitt in 1757, with that sublime self-confidence which comes from a sense of real power ; and he promptly set about making good his word.

Incompetent admirals and generals were struck off the active list, men of energy and experience took their place, and a stirring call to battle brought the despairing colonists in their thousands to the field. Increased help was given to Frederick of Prussia, that he might keep the French busy in Europe. All attention could thus be concentrated on the effort to crush the power of France by sea and land.

In spite of the assurance of the Admiralty that the thing was impossible, Pitt raised a large fleet in an incredibly short period, and forced France to stand on the defensive. The victory of Admiral Hawke over the French in Quiberon Bay, in spite of hurricanes and dangers from unknown shoals and rocks, restored to Britain her proud position as Mistress of the Seas ; and the two great battles of Quebec and Wandewash gave her a firm footing in North America and India respectively.



Thus within two years Pitt had reversed positions, and covered the name of Britain with glory instead of shame. The first object of Pitt in America was not

so much to save the colonists from French attacks as to carry war into the enemy's country and take possession of Canada itself. From the moment that plan was formed the story of our Canadian colony centres round the name of General James Wolfe.

In those days boys received commissions in the army at the age of thirteen, and at the early age of twenty-one Wolfe had already won his laurels by fighting in four campaigns. He was only thirty when Pitt chose him from amongst a crowd of his elders to carry the British flag to the heights of Quebec.

Tall and lank, with a long, pointed nose, bright red hair, and pale, sallow face, Wolfe was no hero of romance to look upon; but his soldiers loved him, and when they saw his keen blue eye flash with the joy of battle, they were ready to follow him, if need arose, to the gates of death.

Wolfe's first achievement in America was to take the fort of Louisbourg, on Cape Breton Island, which had once before fallen into British hands. This was done by dint of very hard fighting. But meanwhile another British general had failed in an attempt to take an important French fort in the chain connecting two of the great Canadian lakes. Before the enemy had time to realize their triumph, two still more important forts fell into British hands, and this completely broke the power of the French in Ohio. Thus the way was left clear for Wolfe's crowning glory, the conquest of Canada.

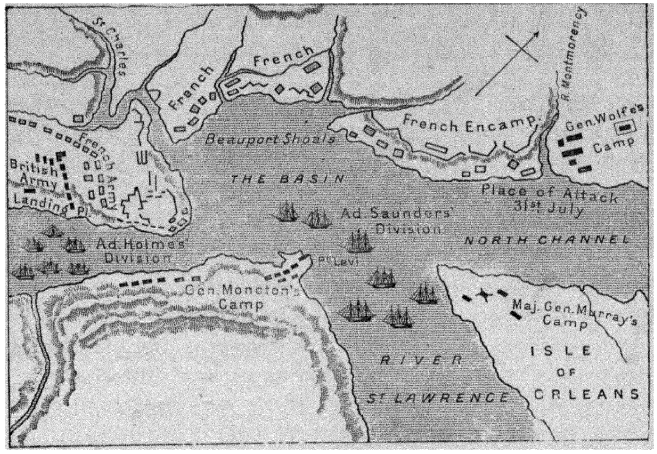
Quebec, the key to Canada, is built upon a steep headland, protected by the river St. Lawrence on one side and the precipitous Heights of Abraham on

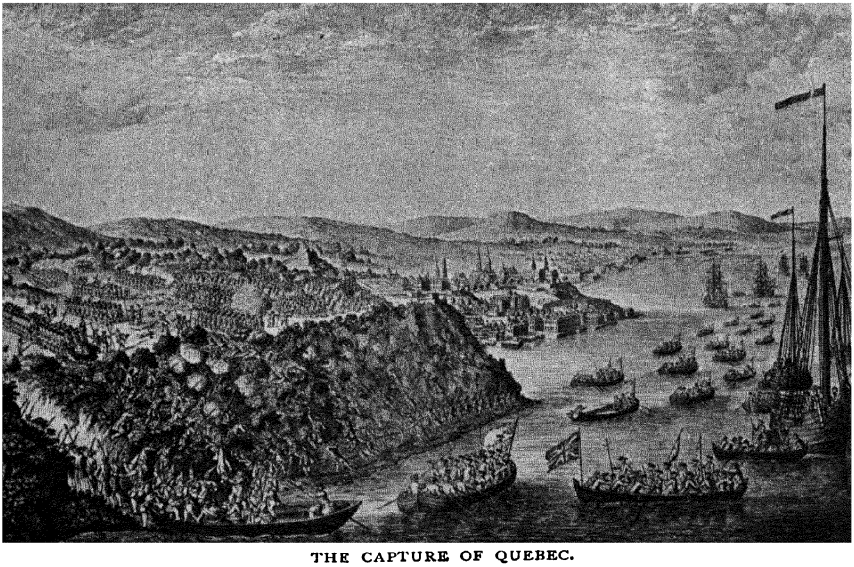
the other. To the east of the city the French army lay encamped under strong entrenchments, while the British faced them from the opposite side of the river. It was this seemingly impregnable city that Wolfe had been ordered to take.

His first object of attack was the army in the entrenchments; but his grenadiers landed too soon, fell into confusion, and had to retreat with the loss of many of their number. This disaster threw Wolfe, never a strong man, into a fever, from which, as his men dreaded, it seemed he would never recover. Dismayed at the thought of his loss, and hopeless of ever getting near enough to Quebec to take it, they began to lose heart. This news acted like a strong tonic on the sick general. He simply refused to yield to pain and mortal sickness till his work was done. "After Quebec has fallen nothing matters," he said, and rose from his bed determined to win the day.

Wolfe's whole attention was now directed to the precipitous gray cliffs known as the Heights of Abraham. Of the approaches to the city this was the least strongly guarded, for the French never dreamed of an attack upon that side, and this was exactly what the British general now decided to make. From the opposite bank he could see a narrow footpath winding up the face of the cliff, which he pointed out to his companions. They replied doubtfully that not more than one man could ascend it at a time. "Where one can go, two can follow, and where two, then a hundred," replied Wolfe firmly, and immediately began to make his arrangements for the attempt.

The day and night of the twelfth of September





THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

The map at the top of the page shows the disposition of the French and British forces at Quebec. The picture represents an attempt of an artist of the time to depict the capture of the city.

were employed in preparation. The autumn evening was bright, and the general, under the clear starlight, visited his stations, to make his final inspection and utter his last words of encouragement. As he passed from ship to ship, he spoke to those in the boat with him of the English poet Gray and his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

"I," said he, "would prefer being the author of that poem to having the glory of beating the French to-morrow;" and while the oars struck the river as it rippled under the flowing tide, he repeated,—

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour:
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Prophetic words, indeed, when we remember what was to be the end of that night's work.

Wolfe had timed his enterprise for the night when the French in Quebec were expecting a number of provision vessels; and an hour after midnight, just before these were expected, his own boats, large, flat-bottomed, and full of troops, drifted down with muffled oars under the dark cliffs.

"Who goes there?" called a sleepy French sentinel from the shore.

"France!" was the answer, in his own tongue.

"From what regiment?"

"The Queen's," cried a British officer, who knew that this detachment was bringing up the provision boats.

"Pass!" came the reply, and the boats dropped quietly down the river till they reached the spot where the path seen by the general began the ascent.

Wolfe was one of the first to begin to climb, and after him swarmed his men, pulling themselves up by bushes and projecting rocks. When the sun rose, the first party had already scaled the cliffs, and before it was high in the heavens the whole British force stood in orderly ranks upon the Heights of Abraham.

Scarcely a hundred Frenchmen had been left to guard the cliffs, and these now fled towards the city. All night long the brave French general Montcalm had been restless and uneasy, expecting an attack; but before he had time to realize that it had come from a most unexpected quarter, he found himself at the head of his troops advancing against an enemy which seemed to have settled like a flock of birds upon his rocky crag.

"Don't fire till you see the whites of the Frenchmen's eyes!" was the order given by Wolfe to his men; and in splendid discipline they stood, calm and motionless, while the foe opened upon them a deadly fire of shot. But when the French were but forty paces away, the word of command was given, and a volley raked their lines with such effect that before it could be twice repeated the remnant of the defending force was in full flight. Just at the critical moment a bullet struck Wolfe, and he fell back mortally wounded into the arms of an officer close by. As the latter bent over the dying man the tumult of the retreat rose loud, and looking up, he cried,—



British Infantryman.

"They run! See how they run!"

"Who run?" demanded Wolfe, with great earnestness, like a person roused from sleep; and the officer answered,—



"The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere."

Then Wolfe gave his last directions as to how the fugitives were to be cut off, and turning on his side added, "Now God be praised! I shall die in peace," and then expired.

The brave Montcalm did not long survive him.

When they bore him, mortally wounded, to his couch, he bade the surgeons tell him frankly how long he had to live.

They told him, "About a dozen hours, perhaps more, perhaps less."

"So much the better," he replied. "I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

Montcalm was buried next day in a grave made by the explosion of a British shell, and with him vanished the last remnant of the French Empire in North America. From the Arctic Ocean to the borders of Florida and Mexico the British were now masters in the land

Chapter XIII.

THE FOUNDATION OF OUR INDIAN EMPIRE—(1739–1752).

WHILE the British were engaged in sweeping the French out of North America, stirring events had been taking place in India. During the long European war, which lasted, with short occasional breaks, for twenty-four years (1739–1763), the second matter at stake was, as we have seen, whether France or Britain

should establish an Indian Empire; and in the early period of the war it certainly seemed as if France was going to emerge victorious from the struggle.

The situation in India differed from that in America. The country, instead of being peopled by an uncivilized and scanty population easily to be subjugated or driven out, was inhabited by an immense number of natives, possessing an ancient civilization, and belonging for the most part to the Mogul Empire.

But in the beginning of the eighteenth century the last great ruler of the Moguls passed away, and the Viceroy and the Nizam, together with all the smaller "Nawabs," or native princes, soon shook off their allegiance, and made themselves independent in their various domains. Then outside foes began to raid the sundered empire. A Persian monarch sacked some of the richest Indian cities, and the powerful tribes of the Mahrattas spread themselves little by little over Central India. The old empire of the Moguls was now practically dead.



Dupleix.

Such was the state of things when in 1741 a clever and alert Frenchman, Dupleix by name, who had come out as governor of the French Company of the Indies, determined to turn the disorganization of the empire to the advantage of his own country, and to change the position of the French from that of mere traders to that of masters of India. To accomplish this object two things were necessary. He must make friends with certain of the most powerful native princes, and he must sweep all European rivals completely from his path.

First of all, he set to work to fortify Pondicherry,

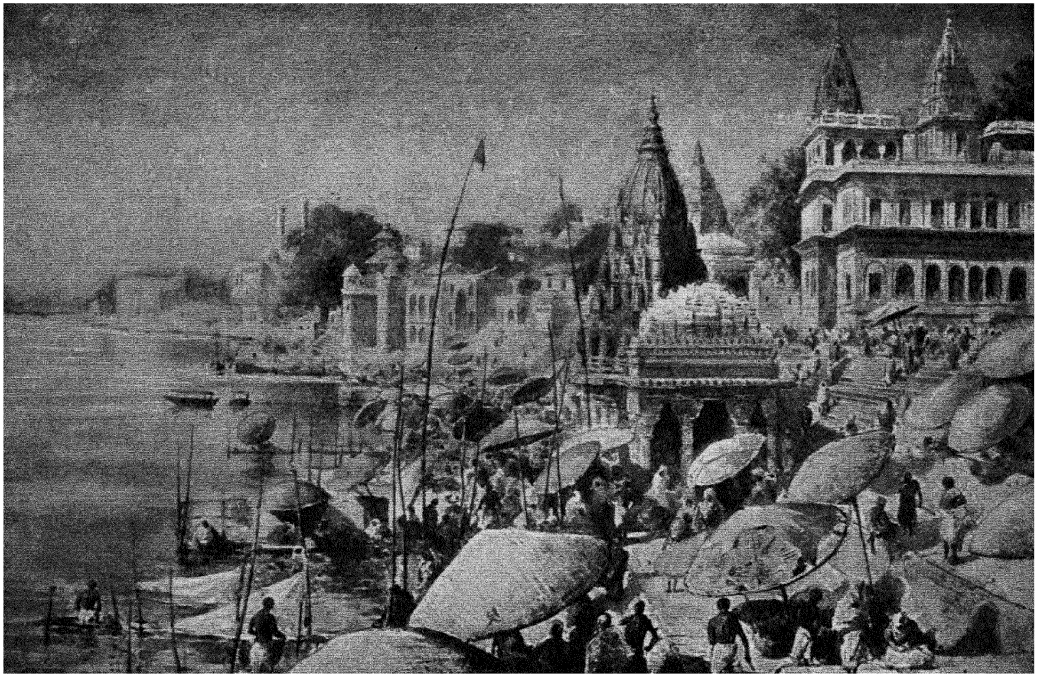
the chief French settlement; and by lending his troops to the Nawabs, who were constantly at war with one another, he soon made the French alliance and help of the utmost importance in Southern India.

Meantime his colleague, Labourdonnais, had seized the opportunity of the outbreak of the war between Britain and France to attack the flourishing settlement of Madras, the chief station of the British on the east coast. With a tiny garrison and weak defences, Madras could not hope to hold its own; and when Labourdonnais promised to restore the settlement on payment of a fixed ransom, the leaders at once capitulated.

The brave and honourable French admiral was preparing to keep his word, when Dupleix, a man of mean and crafty character, interfered. The capture of Madras was an excellent beginning for his policy of sweeping the British from India, and he now tried by threats and bribes to force Labourdonnais to break his pledged word.

Finding this impossible, he managed, by some means, to get his colleague recalled to France, to make his defence for the accusations brought against him by Dupleix. On his way back to his own land Labourdonnais was captured by a British ship; but the story of his conduct in India having become known, his captors treated him with the utmost honour and respect, and sent him at once to France.

His treatment there was "a memorable example of the manner in which a blind government encourages deceit. The representations of Dupleix had arrived; a brother of Dupleix was a director of the



BENARES, A SACRED CITY ON THE RIVER GANGES.

For its connection with the story of Warren Hastings see page 146.



Company. Dupleix had only violated a solemn treaty; Labourdonnais had only faithfully and gloriously served his country, and he was thrown into the Bastille. He remained in that prison three years, although his innocence was fully established, and he only survived his liberation a short time" (Mill).

Meanwhile Dupleix had not only kept his hold on Madras, but was doing his best to seize another important British post not far from Fort St. David. But here a certain Major Lawrence, by a clever plan, managed to get the better of him. In full sight of the Frenchmen, he ordered the garrison to march out of the besieged fort, as though he could not hold the place. But as soon as night fell he sent his men back, with their numbers largely increased from those at Fort St. David, making them re-enter so quietly that Dupleix had no notion of what had occurred. Thinking that the place was practically deserted, the French advanced upon it, and were gaily trying to scale the walls when they were received with such a hail of shot that they fled in a panic to their own quarters at Pondicherry.

But such successes were only too rare. When Admiral Boscawen appeared with a strong fleet and bombarded Pondicherry, Dupleix was so much the better man that the natives scoffed at the British as a very inferior race to the French. And although the temporary cessation of the war in Europe caused Madras to be restored to Britain and hostilities to come to an end for a while, it was quite clear that we had at the moment no man who was in any way a match for the wily Dupleix.

But in that preliminary struggle which had just come to an end some valuable work had been done by a young clerk of twenty-two, who was destined to be the founder of our Indian Empire.

Robert Clive had been, as a young boy, the black sheep of his family in the little town of Market Drayton in Shropshire. His delight was to play truant from the grammar school, and to torment the lives of inoffensive shopkeepers who did not see their way to presenting him with what his mischievous fancy chose to demand. On one occasion he stopped the flow of the unclean rivulet which ran by the side of the High Street, and turned a flood of dirty water into a linen-draper's shop. His master called him a "booby," for Master Bob had no love for books. But one of his teachers, realizing the practical ability that lay beneath these silly pranks, wrote of him in those days: "If he live, and an opportunity be given for the exertion of his talents, few names will be greater than his."

Of this, however, his father had grave doubts, and when an opportunity occurred he was only too thankful to put his son into a clerkship of the East India Company, and to send him off to Fort St. David. There, after the first attack of Dupleix, he was delighted to exchange the pen for the sword, and took an active part in the defence of the Company's settlements.

Now it so happened that in the period of apparent peace that followed the recovery of Madras a quarrel broke out between the native princes as to whom the right belonged of ruling over the regions of the Carnatic

and the Deccan in Southern India. Dupleix at once threw himself into the affair, took the side of Chunda Sahib, who had made himself ruler of the Carnatic, and sent him a strong force of French and Sepoy or native soldiers to defend his position. By this means the Nawab was made to realize that his authority was in reality controlled by the French.

When his rival, Anwar-ad-Deen, met him in the open field, Chunda, thus reinforced, was able to defeat and kill him, forcing his son, Mohammed Ali, to flee to Trichinopoly.

Finding that the British had sent aid to the vanquished prince, Dupleix promptly set to work to besiege this city. But he did not lead the attack in person—the sound of cannon, he said, always disarranged his ideas—and his officers began to quarrel among themselves, and thus to lose valuable time. At last, however, his will prevailed, and a determined attack was made upon Trichinopoly. The British had given very inefficient aid to Mohammed Ali; and they now realized that if the city fell into the hands of Chunda Sahib, the influence of the French would be supreme in Southern India, and their own chances would be lost for ever. But what could be done? They had only a very small force at their command, and the strength of the besiegers made it impossible to reach the inhabitants of the beleaguered city.

Suddenly young Clive came forward with a bold proposal to make a sudden attack upon Arcot, the capital of Chunda Sahib's dominions, and thus to distract the attention of the latter from Trichinopoly.

The suggestion seemed nothing less than mad. Only

two hundred European soldiers and three hundred Sepoys could be spared for the adventure; and of the eight officers of the force, only two had ever been in action before. But the moment was critical, and Clive was allowed to make the attempt.

Setting out from Madras on August 25, 1751, the little band marched over the plains of the Carnatic, undaunted by a terrific thunderstorm that sent natives flying to the shelter of Arcot with the news that the British were advancing with all the horrors of tempest at their heels.

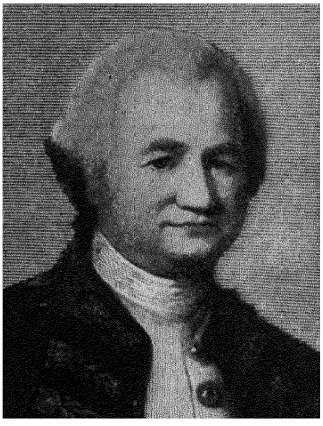
The terrified garrison, though more than three times the number of the British, fled at this information. Clive at once took possession of Arcot, and by continually harassing the runaway garrison, which had encamped near by, soon earned a character for daring courage which stood him in good stead. Then Chunda's son arrived hot-foot from the siege of Trichinopoly with an immense force.



The holding of Arcot is one of the miracles of history. The fort was more than a mile round, and the walls were falling to pieces; yet Clive, after a long fight, in which he lost many of his men, managed to hold out with eighty Europeans and a hundred Sepoys for fifty days, after which the enemy, being repulsed for the twentieth time, fled in a panic, leaving their guns behind them.

Directly reinforcements arrived from Madras, Clive set out in pursuit of the foe, and gave them such a beating that their French allies, in despair, retreated from Trichinopoly, and Mohammed Ali found himself master of the Carnatic.

It was no wonder that both the French and the natives looked upon Clive as something between a fiend and a magician. He seemed indeed at this time to bear a charmed life; for on one occasion, when in pursuit of the enemy, he stayed to rest in a certain village, and, worn out with fatigue, slept heavily in a room with several of his men.

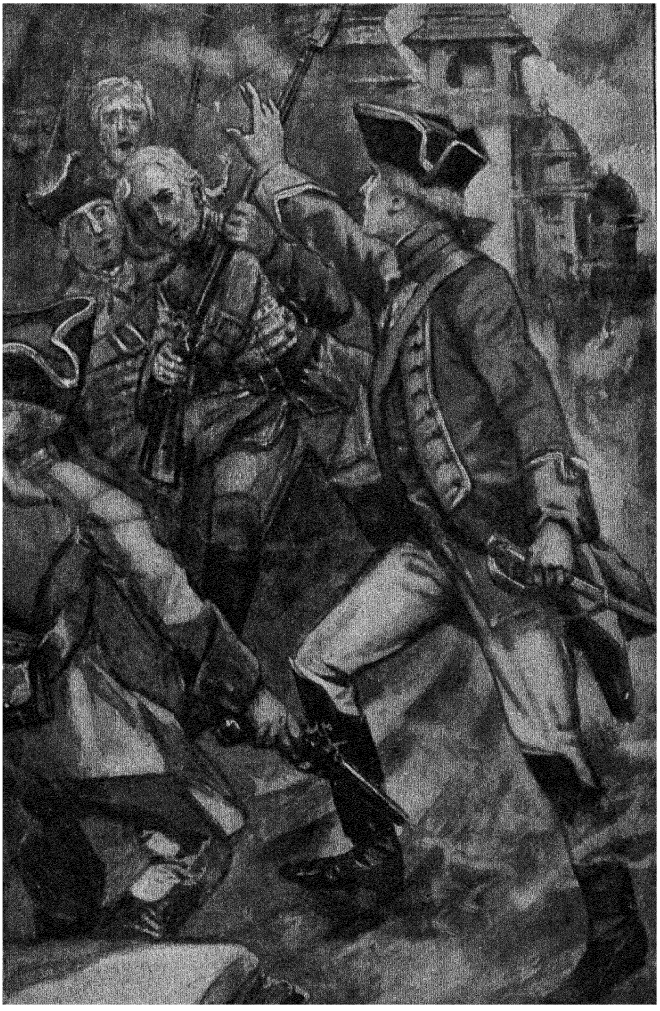


CLIVE.
(From the picture in the National Portrait Gallery.)

Suddenly the foe arrived upon the scene and took them by surprise. In a moment the captain's room was full of smoke and shots. The man who lay next to Clive was shot dead, and the box at the foot of his bed was riddled by bullets. But Clive rushed out unhurt, only to find himself attacked by six Frenchmen at once. With perfect calmness he set his back against a wall, and shouted loudly to the enemy that they were surrounded, and had better give in without further parley.

Such was the awe inspired by his very voice that the natives fled at once, and the French shut themselves up in a temple, from which next day they meekly emerged and then surrendered.

A little later Clive, worn out with hard work and wounds, set sail for England. He had saved India for Britain at a most critical moment of her career. It remained to be seen whether Britain was strong enough to hold the position he had won for her.



CLIVE RUSHED OUT TO FIND HIMSELF ATTACKED BY SIX FRENCHMEN AT ONCE.

(From a drawing specially made for this volume by J. Finnemore.)

Chapter XIV

THE CONQUEST OF BENGAL—(1752–1774).

SOON after the departure of Clive for England, Dupleix resumed his former tactics, and seeing that there was very little chance of aid from France, began again to win over the native princes to his alliance. Suddenly all his plans were brought to nothing by an imperative recall to his own country. The French, blind to the greatest opportunity they ever had to found a powerful colonial empire, saw no profit in the wily policy of Dupleix, who returned to die of grief at the memory of the opportunity that had been snatched from his grasp.

From the day he left India the British had little to fear from the region over which he had established his authority. The Nizam gladly made alliance with them; and although Lally, the successor of Dupleix, attempted to carry things with a high hand in Southern India, he proved an utter failure. At the battle of Wandewash (1760) the French were defeated by a small force under Colonel Coote, who had formerly acted as Clive's lieutenant, while the following year saw the fall of Pondicherry and the end of the military power of France in India. Four years before this last event a serious tragedy had taken place in the northern province of Bengal, which was destined to change completely the course of events in the whole country.

The settlement of the British East India Company

at Fort William in Calcutta, the chief city of Bengal, was the most important in the peninsula, owing partly to the wealth of that region, and partly to the kindness and consideration shown by the native ruler. But on the death of the latter, his grandson, Surajah Dowlah, succeeded him, and soon showed himself to be of very different character. He was barely twenty years of age, and weak both in mind and in body; but with all the strength at his command he had hated the British from his earliest years.

Directly he became Nawab he looked about for a pretext on which to quarrel; and it was not long before he found cause for offence in the fact that the British were strengthening the defences of their fort in expectation of a war with France. Just at that time a native prince, whom Surajah Dowlah was intent on plundering, came to the fort for protection. The British refused to give him up at the Nawab's demand, and Surajah promptly marched against them with an immense force.

The fort was very poorly protected, and such an attack was quite unexpected. The governor and commandant lost their heads, fled to the ships, and left the place to its fate, without even waiting to receive the wounded or send ammunition on shore.

On June 20, 1756, the very day upon which Clive had returned to India as Governor of Madras, the awful tragedy known as that of the "Black Hole of Calcutta" took place. One hundred and forty-six captives, mostly inoffensive merchants, were driven into a dungeon twenty feet square, the window of which was so small that, considering it was the hottest time of the

year, it would have been almost intolerable for a single person to spend a night therein.

The unhappy prisoners, one of whom was a woman, did all they could to induce the guards to inform the Nawab that, in spite of his promise to spare the lives of his captives, they were being rapidly suffocated or crushed to death. The men replied only by brutal jeers, saying that the Nawab was asleep, and that to wake him might cost them their lives.

Then despair and desperation caused a panic, and the men began to trample one another down in their efforts to get near the window, shrieking meantime for water. But their miseries were only increased by the behaviour of the natives, who held lights to the bars that they might see the struggles of the victims, and splashed water among them in cruel mockery of their agonies of thirst.

When that night of horror ended and the door was unlocked, only twenty-three persons staggered out into the sunlight. The rest were all dead.

As soon as the news of this horrid act of cruelty reached the British in the Carnatic, they rose up to avenge it. With a hastily raised force Clive sailed for Bengal, and began to besiege the nearest fort at once. A curious tale is told of the way in which it actually fell into his hands.

A few of the British sailors had landed in order to bombard the place at close quarters, and one of them, in order to keep up his courage, drank so much brandy that he became quite intoxicated. Losing his head, he wandered away from the rest, and somehow made his way into the fort itself, where he found him-

self in the midst of the astonished garrison. Drawing his cutlass, with a tipsy shout the fellow laid about him to right and left with great vigour; and the native soldiers, thinking that the whole force of the enemy had found a way in and were about to massacre them, took to their heels and ran for their lives.

Clive then advanced on Calcutta itself, and soon found himself face to face with Surajah Dowlah and his army. Hoping to make a surprise attack, he pushed his way through a thick fog into the enemy's camp; but he had mistaken his position, and when the sun lit up the scene he found himself surrounded by native troops. With desperate valour he led his men through, fighting every step of the way, and so impressed the Nawab that directly he had entered Calcutta that prince begged to be allowed to make terms of peace.

At that time (1756) another European war between Britain and France had just begun, and Clive, fearing that the French would join the Nawab, readily signed a treaty with the latter. Very soon afterwards, however, a letter from the faithless Surajah Dowlah, imploring French aid against the British, fell into his hands, and from that moment Clive made up his mind that the time had come to sweep the Nawab from his path. In his own words, "The Nawab is a villain and cannot be trusted; he must be overset, or we must fall."

But to do this was a dangerous piece of work. The tool that had to be used in the attempt was a certain Meer Jaffir, commander of the Nawab's forces, who was quite prepared to play the traitor on the understanding that he should act as Viceroy of Bengal under the British governor. But he was not to be

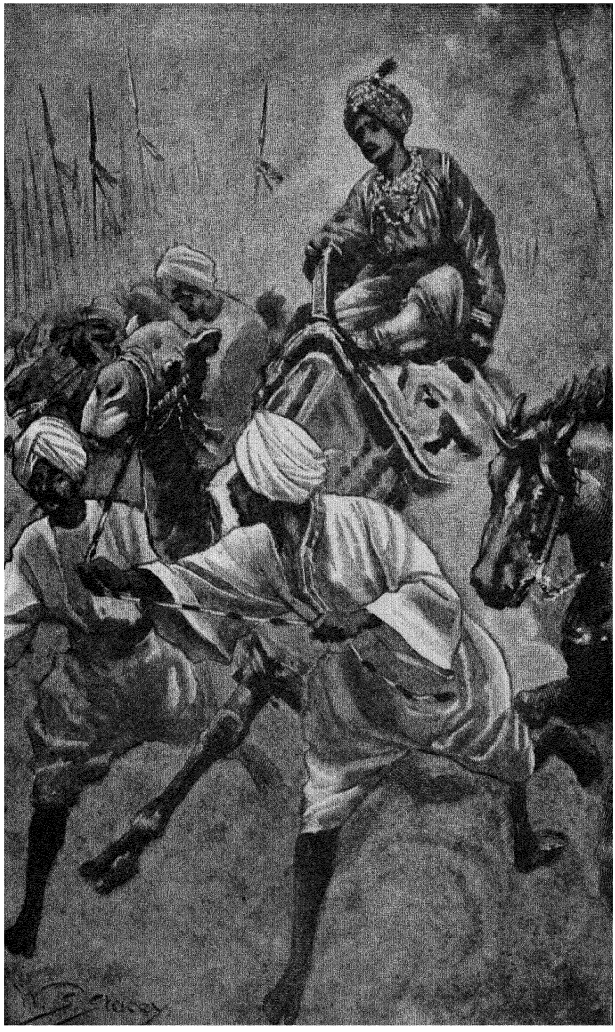
trusted, and several of the British officers were sure that he was secretly acting as the Nawab's decoy to lead them to destruction.

If he failed, Clive saw quite clearly that the French would at once get back more than their old dominion in the land by throwing in their lot with the conqueror. No wonder that for once in his life the great soldier hesitated to act; and when he had led his little force to the brink of a river which had to be crossed before the enemy could be faced, he halted his men in order to hold a council of war. Nearly all his officers decided that the risk of an encounter was far too great, and with this opinion their leader seemed at first to agree. To their surprise, however, he returned after an hour's solitary thought in a grove by the river-side, and at once gave the order to advance and put the matter to the test.

Arrangements had been made that Meer Jaffir, with a large body of native troops, should meet him at a certain place; but no sign of him was seen even when the British army had marched to a spot only a mile away from Plassey, where Surajah Dowlah lay encamped. All that night Clive tossed restlessly on his couch, listening to the roll of the drums in the enemy's camp, and keenly alive to the fact that the fate of the British power in India was trembling in the balance.



At daybreak the army of the Nawab was in full advance upon the British camp. It numbered forty thousand foot and sixteen thousand horse; teams of white oxen, aided by elephants, dragged fifty huge pieces of cannon into the field; and by the side of the



AFTER PLASSEY—THE FLIGHT OF SURAJAH DOWLAH.
(*From a drawing by W. S. Stacey.*)

natives fought a small band of French soldiers, confident of success.

Close by, but taking no active part as yet, were the forces of the faithless Meer Jaffir, waiting calmly to see which side was likely to conquer before they joined the winning party.

The Nawab's enormous host was faced by Clive with only three thousand foot soldiers and eight pieces of cannon; but from the first he was able to use the latter with great effect, while his men, protected by hastily-made earthworks, were scarcely touched by the enemy's shot.

After less than six hours' fighting the death of some of his officers struck the Nawab with dismay. A traitor amongst his counsellors suggested a retreat; the order was promptly given, and the native army was soon in disorderly flight.

Immediately the word was given to pursue the foe, and to give no quarter. Only the Frenchmen stood their ground, and that but for a short time. The rout was complete, and a splendid victory had been won for Britain, with the loss of only twenty-two soldiers.

In spite of his half-hearted allegiance, Meer Jaffir was made Viceroy of Bengal; for in dealing with a hostile and often treacherous people Clive often felt himself obliged to use mean tools, as well as to stoop to mean actions himself. He was not ashamed, for instance, to take a heavy bribe from Meer Jaffir for putting him in this position.

The wretched Surajah Dowlah, meantime, had fully paid for the horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Found hiding in a garden by a man whose nose and

ears he had cruelly mutilated, he was by him delivered up to Meer Jaffir, and, in spite of his abject entreaties for mercy, was strangled in the royal palace.

The man who had thus firmly established the beginnings of our Indian Empire, in the year that saw the failure of British troops in both Europe and North America, was recalled to England and created a peer, with the title of Lord Clive, Baron Plassey (1757).

He returned once more to India, this time in order to reform the many abuses which had sprung up through the desire of the East India Company to get rich in the shortest possible time. He succeeded in this, as in everything else he undertook, but his sweeping measures won him many enemies, some of whom hastened to lay charges against him before the British authorities.

Having finally substituted British rule for that of native viceroys in Bengal, Clive returned to England, only to find himself charged with having, in former days, taken bribes from native princes. This was, as we have seen, to a certain extent true, and was not even to be excused by the fact that almost every Englishman of high position did the same; but Clive was nevertheless, in consequence of his great services, honourably acquitted. The fact of his impeachment, however, weighed upon his mind. Many years before, as an unknown clerk, working against the grain in the office of Fort St. David, Clive, in a fit of despairing discontent, had tried to shoot himself. Twice the pistol missed fire, and the young man, flinging it from him, had cried, "I feel that I am reserved for something great!"

Now that "something great" had been accomplished, yet it had brought no joy or satisfaction to that proud and restless spirit. Falling into a fit of brooding melancholy, Clive finally took his own life in the year 1774.

Chapter XV.

WARREN HASTINGS IN INDIA—(1772–1783).

WE have seen how Clive's pluck and daring laid the foundations of our Indian Empire; but all that he did might have quickly come to nothing, had it not been for the prudence and business capacity of the man who succeeded him as a maker of British India.

Warren Hastings was appointed Governor of Bengal at a most critical time in the history of our Empire. To all appearance the position of Britain was prosperous enough, for she was mistress of the flourishing colonies of North America, and, through the East India Company, claimed rights over a considerable part of India.

Yet only twelve years after the capture of Quebec the American states were slowly but surely slipping from her grasp; and had it not been for the good sound sense of Warren Hastings, she might very easily have lost India as well.

For in that peninsula, besides the ever-present danger from the French settlements, awed but by no means crushed, there was the constant risk of a rising of native princes. And these, if they acted together,

could, by their superior numbers alone, sweep the British from the land with the utmost ease.

Apart from this, there was in India also the difficulty of knowing who really ruled over the British provinces. At first, as we have seen, they had been entirely in the hands of the Company. Then in 1774 Warren Hastings became the first Governor-General of all our Indian territories, and was assisted in his work by a council of four, as representatives of the Company. This arrangement did not work satisfactorily, for these councillors were all jealous of Hastings, and wanted the chief power for themselves.

So they brought in accusations against him, especially by means of a certain wealthy banker named Nuncomar, who said that Hastings had received enormous sums of money in bribes. The latter refused to allow Nuncomar to state his case, and would not himself plead before his own colleagues as judges; but they, confident that he had no friends to support him, sent an urgent report to England, and waited expectantly for his recall. Just at that moment the banker Nuncomar was arrested on a charge of forgery, brought, as his enemies said, with no justification by Hastings himself, and after a long trial was put to death. Thus Hastings, and with him the fate of our Indian Empire, was saved.

Yet India still continued to be ruled by the Company's representatives acting under Hastings as governor; and it was not till 1784 that Pitt's "India Bill" limited the powers of the Company almost entirely to trade matters, and caused the Indian provinces to be absorbed into the British Empire.



William Pitt.

So, during almost the whole period of Hastings' rule, he was really the servant of the Company, not of the British Government, and in their view his chief duty was to wring as much money as possible from the natives. When we recollect also that from the moment he set foot in the country, as a lad of seventeen, he found the ordinary method of dealing between Indians and Europeans to be that of bribery, we are not surprised to find that Hastings was often obliged to raise money in a way that we should now certainly consider to be most dishonourable.

In spite of that unfortunate fact, we may rejoice to find that one of the first acts of Warren Hastings as Governor-General was to make an important reform in the Company's method of rule. He found that all the tax-collecting was done by natives, who ground as much out of the country people as they possibly could, and so enriched themselves as well as their masters. These collectors were all dismissed; their work was placed in the hands of honest men; and the money, instead of passing in great part into the pockets of the collectors, was used for the good of the people as well as for the enriching of the Company.

Then, as far as he possibly could, Hastings checked the tyrannical treatment of the poorer natives, and helped them in time of famine; though in all this he received very little sympathy indeed from the Company, who grudged every penny that was not handed over to them.

This was Hastings' first big piece of work. His second was to strengthen and defend the provinces over which he bore rule. He soon found that he had more

than enough to do in this direction, for three powerful enemies were ready to spring upon him—the warlike race of the Mahrattas, the Rajah Hyder Ali of Mysore, and the French in the south. Nor could he hope for any help from England in these difficulties, engaged as she was in the disastrous war by which she vainly tried to retain her hold upon her revolting colonies in America, and of which we shall read in our next chapter.

Fortunately, however, Warren Hastings, although he began life as a clerk, had been trained in the fighting school of the "ever victorious" Clive, and he showed himself well able to carry on his old leader's tradition of conquest. His first military exploit was one that showed the far-sighted nature of his imperial policy.

On the north-east frontier of the province of Oudh lived the Rohillas, a warlike Afghan tribe, who dwelt in a favoured valley, very fair and fertile, which they had taken from the Hindus some fifty years before. The native Prince of Oudh cast longing eyes upon this valley, and having involved himself in a quarrel with the inhabitants, came to Hastings, and offered to give him a very large sum of money in return for the loan of his army against the Rohillas.

Hastings at once saw the advantage both for mercenary reasons and for the far more important one that this would enable the Company to maintain a large army in Oudh itself. The Prince of Oudh, finding that the Rohillas were prepared to fight like tigers for their own, fled from the field at the first shot, and only when the British had won the battle did he return to share the glory. But of glory there was little indeed. Women and children were butchered

in cold blood by the native troops, and the whole of that lovely valley was laid waste with fire and sword. Thousands fled to the jungle, and died of starvation or were killed by wild beasts; and those who escaped kept alive for many years, beyond the passes of Afghanistan, the story of how British power went hand in hand with native greed.

The incidents concerned with the Rajah of Benares and the Begums of Oudh respectively do not reflect much credit on Hastings' sense of justice; although, as we shall see, the first added a new district to our dominions, and the latter provided the Company with a very large sum of money in a time of need.

The Rajah of Benares, driven to desperation by the sudden demand for an immense sum, refused outright to pay it. Immediately Hastings marched upon Benares (see page 127), and placed him under arrest. The people of the district rose against this act of tyranny. During the massacre of his guards the Rajah managed to escape to the steep cliff overlooking the river, and, by tying together the material of his servants' turbans so as to form a rope, let himself down into a boat and so reached the opposite bank.

Meantime Hastings found himself, with less than fifty men, face to face with a revolt which was rapidly spreading over the whole district. His chief difficulty under the circumstances was to find means of sending an appeal for help to the provinces governed by the Company, since the natives were on the alert for any such attempt. At length he managed to send a message written on a slip of paper and inserted in a native's ear, where it was customary for Indian



THE RAJAH'S ESCAPE.

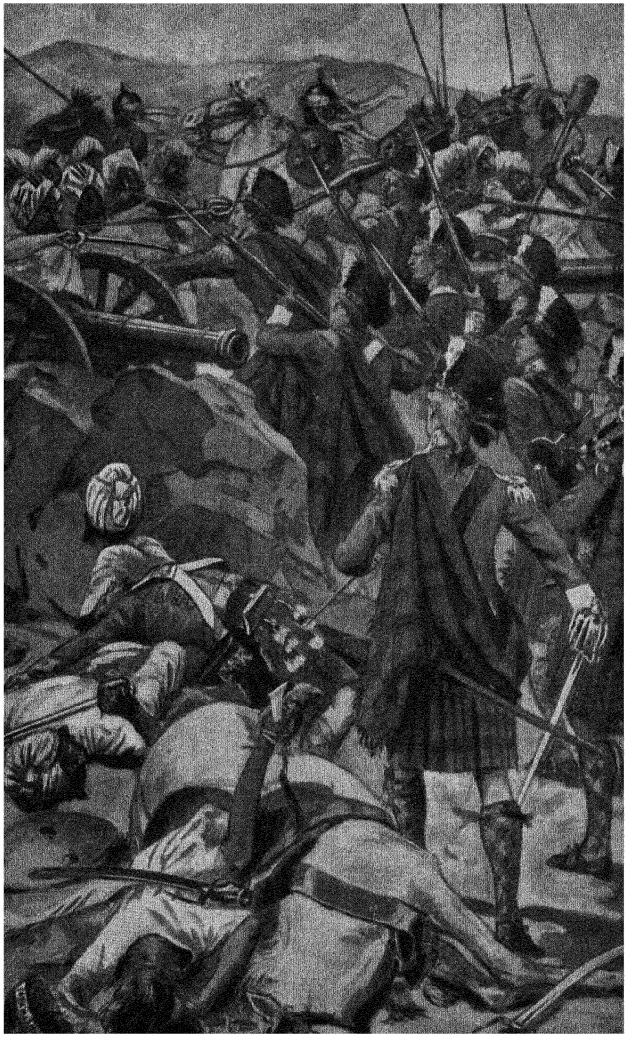
(From a drawing specially made for this volume by A. D. McCormick.)

travellers to carry rolls of rag or paper in place of their heavy golden earrings, which were always removed on a journey for fear of robbers. Help arrived just in time. The revolt was crushed, the Rajah fled, and thus Benares became part of our Indian Empire.

We cannot altogether sympathize with Hastings in such high-handed dealing, but there is even less excuse for the treatment of the "Begums," the mother and the widow of the late Nawab of Oudh, permitted by him. By a long and cruel imprisonment, by starvation, and by the torture of two of their favourite servants, these poor native ladies were at length forced to give up almost all the money left them by the late prince; and the fact that the elder lady's own son, the reigning Nawab, was the prime mover in this scheme does not excuse Hastings for his share in it.

Such methods, though common enough in Eastern courts, fall far below the standard of Western morality, and this period of empire-building gives us indeed no cause for pride. It is with relief that we pass on to a time of lawful defence against outside attacks.

The most powerful tribes of Central and Western India were the Mahrattas, who were always a source of danger to the British authority. Hearing that the French in the south were offering help to these people if they would take steps to check the growing power of Britain, Hastings barely waited for the declaration in Europe of war between France and Britain to march right across the continent and to strike the first blow. With a handful of soldiers his officers took by night the strongly-fortified rock fortress of Gwalior, sometimes called the "Key of Hindustan," and



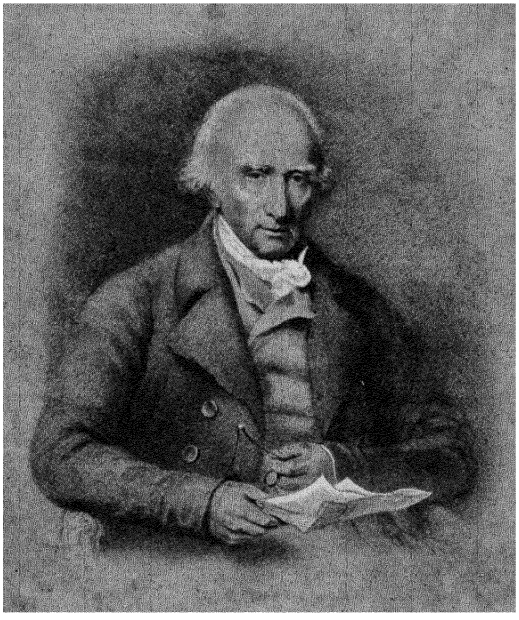
SIR EYRE COOTE'S ATTACKING FORCE AT PORTO NOVO.
(From a drawing specially made for this volume by Allan Stewart.)

astounded the Mahrattas by the swift activity of their movements. But sometimes these natives had the best of it; and Hastings, well aware that he could hope for no help from England, was satisfied to show the Mahrattas of what he was capable, and then gladly made peace. For a more terrible foe was at his heels.

A certain Hyder Ali, a "soldier of fortune," had made himself Rajah of Mysore, and having acquired immense power by his strong government, proved a most valuable ally to the French of Pondicherry. Together they determined to drive the British out of the country, and took the first step by a determined attack on Madras. Had it not been for Hastings, Southern India must have been lost; for the Governor of Madras lost his head, and the only force that could be mustered was literally cut up by the enemy.

Hastily sending for the fine old veteran soldier, Sir Eyre Coote, Hastings put him at the head of affairs in Madras. With an army less than one-tenth the size of Hyder Ali's, Coote attacked the latter at Porto Novo, and won a great victory. The Carnatic was saved, and Hyder was thankful to make peace.

Five years later Warren Hastings was summoned to England, and there was "impeached," or brought to trial before the House of Lords, on charges of bribery and extortion. The trial in Westminster Hall is one of the most famous in history. It lasted seven years, and though Hastings was acquitted on every charge, it left him an aged and ruined man. After a while a pension was granted him, and with justice; for however ill-judged some of his money-getting methods



WARREN HASTINGS.

may have been, he certainly did his best, according to the moral standard of the time and place, to build up and strengthen the British power in India.

"He had organized the administration," writes a historian, "increased the revenue, and set justice on a firm basis. If some of his acts had been harsh, yet all should have been pardoned him when his difficulties were taken into consideration.....He died an unhappy and disappointed man."

Chapter XVI.

THE LOSS OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES (1775–1782).

WHILST these stirring events were taking place under Indian skies, a tragedy of a different kind was being played out in America.

When France was driven from Canada, warning voices had been heard to say that this would be but little for Britain's good; and it was further said that when once the danger from Canada had ceased to exist, the American colonists would not be long in realizing that they no longer needed the aid of the mother country to keep themselves in safety. For during the eighteenth century these settlers had "grown up." The constant danger from the French on the one hand and the Red Indians on the other had made them hardy, alert, and self-reliant. In the New England colonies this independent spirit was very strongly marked, and the people were quite accustomed to self-government, with little interference from the governor who represented the ruler of Great Britain.

They were patient folk too, and for many years had suffered the treatment of the mother country in loyal silence. Their commerce had been hindered by the law which forbade them to export goods to any country except England, or to receive goods from anywhere but England, even if they had to be sent there first from other parts of the world, in ships which actually touched on the American coasts! They were not even allowed to manufacture for them-

selves any goods the sale of which would interfere with the trade of British merchants. Hence the close tie which bound them to the mother country was really a disadvantage to them in times of peace.

Yet although they realized this disadvantage, the end of the Seven Years' War—the war which had given Britain the whole of North America from Labrador to Florida—found them apparently quite loyal. They had taken their full share in the conflict, and had gloried in shedding their blood for the honour of the old country, as well as for their own protection; but this fact was not clearly recognized by the Britain of that day. During the twelve years that followed the Peace of Paris (1763) a strong feeling had been growing up in the mother country that the colonies should be heavily taxed, in order to raise money to pay off the large debt incurred during the last war, and to support a British army in America for their future protection.

To this the colonists strongly objected, on the ground that, as they were not allowed to send members to the British Parliament, Britain had no right to impose taxes on them. "No representation, no taxation," became their watchword; and though at first it was heard only here and there, and in muffled tones, it soon broke out into an unmistakable war-cry.

It must not be forgotten, however, that it was only reasonable to expect the colonies to contribute to their own defence. Representation in the British Parliament, however, owing to distance and the slow methods of transit of the time, was impossible. The mistake or misfortune lay in the fact that a perfectly

just principle was enforced at an unfortunate moment, and in a very irritating way.

The first taxes placed upon certain imported goods roused such a fierce spirit of rebellion that they were soon taken off again, with one exception. Britain continued to impose the tax on tea, just to show her "ungrateful children" that she had the right to tax them if she chose, or, as Lord North, the chief minister of George the Third, himself put it, "for the purpose of saving the national honour."



Lord North.

But in Boston, the chief town of the State of Massachusetts, things had gone too far for this concession to be received with gratitude. A British regiment had been stationed in the town, and was proving a source of endless irritation to the inhabitants. Many of them therefore, calling themselves the "Sons and Daughters of Liberty," gave up drinking tea altogether rather than pay a duty upon it, and this kept alive a spirit of indignation which showed itself in a number of different ways.

The captain of the British naval schooner *Gaspee*, stationed off Rhode Island for the purpose of checking the widespread practice of smuggling, had issued an annoying command that all colonial vessels which passed his ship were to salute his flag. It was but a small matter, but the colonists were in a state of seething wrath, which made them determined to show their independent spirit whenever possible.

One soft June evening a passenger boat passed the schooner with all her colours flying. She was ordered to lower them; but as they still waved defiantly in the breeze, the British captain had a shot fired after

her, and then, when this had no effect, gave angry chase. Immediately the boat ran close along the shore, hoping by this means to get the *Gaspee* into the shallows. The schooner followed her in headlong fashion, and promptly ran aground. When night came on a number of men in whale-boats attacked the ship, dragged the captain and crew ashore, and proceeded to set fire to the vessel. No amount of searching, no offers of reward, ever led to the discovery of the offenders.

Meantime the refusal of the Americans to import tea from Britain, except in small quantities, resulted in a dismayed report from the East India Company to the effect that they had "seventeen million pounds of tea lying unsold in their warehouses." The British rulers determined therefore that the Americans should be forced to take the taxed tea, and several ships were loaded up and sent off to American ports.

The colonists promptly sent them back directly they arrived, except in the case of Boston, where the inhabitants would not permit them to land their cargo, and the governor would not allow them to return. They lay at anchor therefore in the harbour, awaiting the result of the struggle.



A council was called, but no agreement was come to, and the members dispersed. Immediately afterwards a large crowd made its way to the wharf where the ships lay. A number of men, disguised as Mohawk Indians, boarded the vessels, and very quickly, "without noise or disorder," knocked off the hatches, hauled up the chests of tea, split them open, and threw their contents into the sea. Then every one



THE FIGHT AT LEXINGTON, 1775.
(*From a drawing specially made for this volume by C. Clark.*)

went quietly home, just as the dawn began to break over the city.

This affair brought matters to a crisis. The colonists had defied the home Government, to which they at least owed a debt of gratitude for the protection given them in the late war. On the other hand, the British rulers made the great mistake of attempting to enforce their own point of view in a most irritating and humiliating manner.

Directly the news of this "Boston tea-party" was made known in London, Parliament resolved to punish the rebellious city. Its port was closed to all trade "until Boston should show a spirit of peace and obedience," and repay all the loss she had caused by her conduct. Thinking this was not severe enough, Lord North proceeded to take away the charter of the colony of Massachusetts altogether, thus reducing it to a condition of dependence on the will of the British governor. Then, as if this was not sufficient to infuriate a freedom-loving people, an Act was passed, providing that if a person in authority was accused of murder, he should be sent to Nova Scotia or to England to be tried, instead of being brought before a jury of his own countrymen.

Meetings were held in all the leading towns of the other states to protest openly against the treatment of their fellow-colonists; and the people of Boston, in spite of the arrival of General Gage, Commander-in-chief of the Colonies, scarcely waited to get their promises of sympathy before taking up arms.

They were persuaded to wait, however, till a great congress or meeting of the leading men in all the

states had met together and decided that they would not forfeit their rights at any cost. A petition sent to King George the Third was disregarded, and the colonists forthwith took up arms in all parts. At the last moment an attempt was made by Lord North to break the unity of the revolt by a resolution that no colony should be taxed if it were willing to provide for the cost of its own defence and government. "If one consents, a link in the great chain is broken," said he; but the colonists replied in the words of the old Swiss motto of independence, "One for all, and all for one."

The first fight took place at Lexington (1775), near which the colonists had collected arms and stores. A British regiment, marching out to seize these, was fired upon by a little force of militia, hastily raised during the previous night in response to the message carried by a certain Paul Revere. Longfellow tells the story of his ride through the district called Middlesex :—



"So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need
The people will waken, and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

An American writer of that day tells us, with pardonable exaggeration, that the disciplined British troops at Lexington "made a most vigorous retreat, twenty miles in three hours," and that the weak and ill-trained

colonists, "who pelted them all the way," could scarcely keep up with them, so fast did they run.

Immensely encouraged by this success, the colonists took up a strong position on a hill which overlooked the British camp at Boston, and succeeded in holding it till, having used up all their powder and shot, they were obliged to retreat.

But the Americans, as a whole, were not really anxious for war; all they wanted was freedom from taxation and from the controlling hand of the mother country.

In the year 1776 some of the bolder spirits determined to settle the matter once and for all. A congress was called, and a Declaration of Independence was put forth, declaring that their nation was free, and was no longer bound to obey his Britannic Majesty. The day on which this paper was signed was really the birthday of the United States of America.

A great number of the colonists, however, were most reluctant to sign this paper and to go on with the war, for which they found themselves ill-prepared. Fortunately for America, there had come to the front after the last battle that born general and leader of men, George Washington, who was ready to devote himself unreservedly to the service of his country.

As general of the American forces, Washington had indeed no easy task. His men were quite untrained, and supplies of powder and shot were most difficult to obtain. Directly he had got his soldiers into marching order, "they wanted," he said, "to go back to the chimney corner." Food and clothes were very scarce; only Washington's personal influence kept the men together.

"The new republic," writes a historian, "was destitute alike of money, ships, and allies; its army was a raw militia, badly armed and clothed, while its officers were, for the most part, wholly unacquainted with warfare. Moreover, though the extent of its territory was enormous, its population was scanty, numbering little more than two millions and a half.

"Against it was arrayed a nation, the richest and most powerful of the world, with a reputation for prowess as wide as the seas. The contest seemed almost hopeless. It would have been hopeless but for two things: on the one side there was an unjust cause; on the other side right, and the enthusiasm of right, which in the end carries everything before it."

Fortunately for America, Britain persisted in thinking that the revolt was only a small matter, and in sending out utterly incompetent generals to lead her armies.

The Declaration of Independence, however, was a startling fact, and another was the event of the following year, when General Burgoyne, marching south to join the other British forces, was surrounded at Saratoga by Washington's ragged regiments, and forced to surrender. The result was a terrible blow to Britain, for France promptly made a treaty with America, and prepared to take up arms against her old foe. Spain and Holland followed suit, and Britain was thus practically isolated. Only at sea, owing to the gallant deeds of Admiral Rodney, did Britain hold her own.

Just before this union of nations against Britain, the grand old statesman, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who had done so much to build up our empire in America and India, made one last effort to prevent



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(*From the picture by G. Stuart, in the possession of the Earl of Rosebery.*)



the final separation of our colonies from the mother country. Ill as he was, he was carried into the House of Lords in order to oppose a proposition that we should end the American War by giving up our right to rule over our colonists there.

At first he could not be heard at all. Then the old, clear voice returned for a while, and he spoke with passionate enthusiasm against the "disunion of this ancient and most noble monarchy." At last his voice failed; he began to say the same thing over and over again; and when he tried to reply to an opponent who had made a very gentle answer to his speech, he fell down in a fit from which he never recovered.

Three years later (1781), when, for lack of money and weapons, Washington was almost losing hope, a French army, owing to Britain having lost command of the sea, was able to land, and with its help the whole of a British force, under Lord Cornwallis, was forced to surrender at Yorktown. This event convinced the mother country that it was hopeless to continue a war in which France, Spain, and America had joined hands.

Thus Britain lost the noblest part of her empire through the stupidity of her ministers; and thus did France avenge herself for the loss of Canada.

The success of the French allies, indeed, made it only too likely that they would make an attempt to win back what they had lost. A beginning was actually made by them in this respect; for De Grasse, the French admiral, determined to take Jamaica as the second step towards depriving Britain of all her American possessions.

Fortunately for us, Rodney was on the spot in time

to fight a great sea-battle, which lasted all day long, and ended in a victory that ruined the naval power of France, and put an end to all her hopes of establishing a new empire on the other side of the Atlantic.

The independence of the American colonies, which seemed such a terrible thing to Pitt, was, however, in some respects, an advantage to both sides. It taught Britain a severe lesson as to the treatment of her possessions abroad, and relieved her of a burden of responsibility and debt, which she had shown herself incapable of bearing with patience and fortitude. But to America, of course, the gain was far greater. It only needed this chance of freedom to spur on the country to a very high position among the nations of the world. Those few small states on the Atlantic sea-board, left to work out their own future, have become one of the greatest of nations. Fresh ties have been formed with the mother country on more equal terms, and nowadays Britain and the United States join hands with mutual confidence and respect.

Chapter XVII.

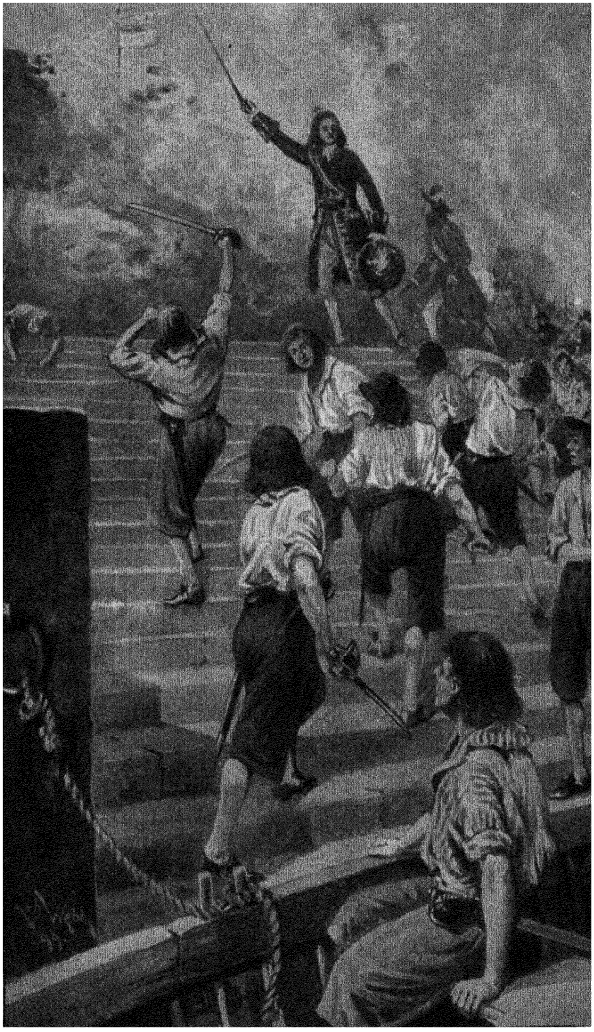
GIBRALTAR—(1704–1783).

THE eighteenth century was, as we have seen, a stirring time for empire-builders. During that period they gave us Canada and India; and while statesmen were busy in losing the American states for us, a certain brave soldier, named General Elliot, was engaged in a hard struggle to keep Gibraltar as part of the British Empire.

The Rock of Gibraltar forms the most southerly point of the Spanish peninsula. Its position is of such importance that it is often called the "key of the Mediterranean," for it commands the narrow strait between Spain and Africa so completely that no ship can pass through it if Gibraltar says "No!" The British realized this fact quite early in the eighteenth century; and during the war that raged between Britain and Spain in the reign of Queen Anne, Admiral Sir George Rooke, sailing past the Rock with a fleet, determined to take it for Britain. So he landed his men on the narrow neck of land which joins Gibraltar to the mainland, and found that the Spaniards had left there only a small garrison; for they never thought that any one would attempt to take a place so strongly protected by nature. When the British reached the military quarters they found that the unsuspecting soldiers had gone to church. Some daring British sailors at once climbed to the top of the Rock and hoisted the British flag there.

At this signal the ships of the fleet opened fire. The Spaniards fought most bravely, and when they found their case was desperate, blew up the fortifications and killed a number of the attackers. But the British were far too many for them, and so in 1704 Gibraltar passed into our hands.

When Britain was harassed by land and sea, and on the point of losing her American colonies, Spain made a bold stroke for the recovery of Gibraltar. From 1779 to 1783 she besieged the place both by land and sea, and for nearly four years did General Elliot gallantly hold out against her. At that time, as we remember,



THE CAPTURE OF GIBRALTAR, 1704.
(*From a drawing by Archibald Webb.*)

Spain had joined France and Holland against Britain; and so the Rock was attacked not only by the Spanish, but also by the French and Dutch.

The chief difficulty was in the lack of provisions, for the Spaniards took care that none should be brought in from the mainland, and intercepted what was sent by sea. Fresh meat and vegetables were such impossible luxuries that hundreds of Elliot's men fell ill with the scurvy; and yet they held out. Twice during the long siege they were fortunate enough to obtain food and ammunition from British war-ships. But no real attempt was made to raise the siege.

Two years after the siege began, the British garrison, weary of inaction, and determined to show the enemy that they could do more than merely make a passive resistance, came down on the Spanish land batteries which were shutting in Gibraltar on the side of Spain, put the men to flight, and blew up the powder magazines. But still the Spaniards persevered. Once, indeed, we hear that the Queen of Spain became so impatient at the length of the siege that she had a seat set up for her on the hill which overlooks Gibraltar, and made a vow that she would not stir from the spot till the British flag on its crest was lowered. After she had waited a long time she began to regret her rash vow, for there did not seem the smallest likelihood of a speedy surrender. At last Elliot, seeing her difficulty, struck his flag for a moment as a courteous salute to the royal lady, and so enabled her to depart without breaking her word.

Then the French came forward again, and offered to help Spain to bring the siege to an end by building

for her some enormous floating batteries, which it was thought could not possibly be sunk. By placing these close to the fortress, they hoped to be able to bombard it so effectually that the British would be forced to give in.

So a furious assault began both by land and by sea. But Elliot had cannon-balls heated red-hot, and fired them upon the great flat-bottomed vessels with such effect that they at once caught fire. When darkness fell, the sky for miles round was lit by the flames of the burning ships, and the air was full of the cries of the sailors on board. Filled with pity that so many brave fellows should perish, Elliot sent boats to their aid, and so saved many of them from a fearful death.

It was not long after this that a British fleet under Lord Howe came to the rescue of the gallant little band of British heroes. At the sight of his vessels the French and Spanish sailed away, and the brave Elliot returned home, to be honoured with the title of Baron of Gibraltar.

From that time our right to the rocky fortress which guards the road to India has never been contested.

Chapter XVIII.

THE VOYAGES OF CAPTAIN COOK (1769–1792).

To the period between the British conquest of Canada and the long contest with France in the time of Napoleon belong the voyages and explorations which eventually added a whole continent to our Empire.

The moving spirit of these expeditions was Captain James Cook, who seems to have been marked out for his future work from his early boyhood. He was the son of a Yorkshire farm labourer, and for a time had to follow the plough like his father; but a taste for reading, unusual at that time in boys of his position, led to his being apprenticed to a grocer, not a very literary post, one would think, though a decided advance on ploughing—in his parents' opinion at least. But young James hated the work of the shop, and was always slipping away from the counter to run down to the quay of the little coast town where he lived, and listen to the yarns of the sailors as they smoked their pipes by the water-side.

At last he made up his mind to run away; and making his way to Whitby one fine morning, he managed to get taken on board a collier plying along the east coast. Cook worked hard, and learnt all he could about managing a ship; and then, finding the press-gang at his heels, anxious to secure such a fine young sailor for the wars, he gave them the slip by joining the navy of his own free will. He was sent out to Quebec, where he rose to be master, and earned a good deal of notice for his skill in making marine charts. The end of the war saw him a naval lieutenant; and nine years after the fall of Quebec he was selected by the British Government to sail to the South Pacific in order to make certain astronomical observations, and also to search for land in that direction.

That land of some kind existed in this region was well known. In the last year of the preceding century, as we have seen, Dampier had navigated the north-

east coast of Australia; and nearly sixty years before that, the Dutchman Tasman had seen and named the neighbouring island of Tasmania, as well as the southern part of New Zealand. But how little was really known of these places can be gathered from the fact that all the numerous islands of Australasia, together with Australia and Tasmania, were thought to form one large continent, while New Zealand was believed to be part of another.



Captain Cook made his first landing on the east coast of North Island, New Zealand, and tried very hard to make friends with the native Maoris. But the latter proved themselves to be very wild and hostile, and had a reputation for devouring one another; and as Cook could get no provisions or fresh water there, he called the place Poverty Bay, and sailed to the south. But here the country seemed tame and uninteresting, so at Cape "Turnagain" the little *Endeavour* turned north once more, and sailed right round the island which forms the northern part of New Zealand.

Cook's opinion of the Maoris did not improve. The natives would surround the ship with their big canoes, and shout insulting remarks to the explorers. At first, of course, no one understood them, but the captain had on board a friendly native from Tahiti, called Tupia, who acted as interpreter, and who tried to get upon friendly terms with the Maoris. But they would have none of him, pelting the *Endeavour* with stones instead, and shouting insolently, "Come here—come ashore with us, and we will kill you with our patoo-patoos."

They evidently knew so well how to manage these weapons, which were great clubs, that the British

did not often try to land. Captain Cook was very good to them, however; and after a time, when sailing through the strait that bears his name, one of the Maoris came on board and offered him the bone of a human arm that he had just picked. What the natives themselves thought of the white men we are told in the words of the old man Taniwha, who, as a child of eight years old, was one of those who first saw the British appear on the New Zealand coast. He said that when his fellow-countrymen saw the *Endeavour* in Mercury Bay they cried out, "It is a god;" and when the sailors rowed to the shore, they huddled together, saying, "These people are goblins, for they have eyes at the back of their heads."

At these words Taniwha with the other children fled to the woods; but wishing, like all other boys, to be in the thick of the fun, he soon crept back, to find the goblins distinctly more interesting than terrible. As his elders seemed to be getting upon friendly terms with them, the boy came nearer still, anxious to inspect the curious "walking-sticks" carried by the strangers. To his surprise, one of the goblins pointed his stick at a bird sitting on a tree: a clap of thunder and flash of lightning followed, and the bird fell dead.

Then the small Taniwha's curiosity got the better of his fear, and he ventured on board the ship itself, where a big, silent man, the king of the goblins, gave him a nail to play with. This nail became a kind of god to the boy, who treasured it for many a long year.

Having now explored the coast of the whole of New Zealand, Cook sailed away to Australia, or New Holland, as it had been called by the Dutch. In the

April of 1770 he sailed into a beautiful bay, where a few savages endeavoured to give him an inhospitable reception with darts and stones. They were quite willing to receive the beads and nails that Cook threw ashore; but they still wished to throw darts in return, and so had to be fired upon before they would condescend to depart. The explorers found the coast of the inlet overgrown with new and interesting plants, and before they departed they named it Botany Bay.

Thence they sailed north, noting, as they went, the rich and fertile country, clothed with woods; and finally, after being stranded for some time on a coral reef, they ran ashore for repairs near Cape Tribulation, at the mouth of the river which they named, after their vessel, the Endeavour. Here the white men made their first acquaintance with kangaroos, and tried to make friends with the natives, who turned out to be most mischievous in their habits. They wished to throw overboard everything they could lay their hands on when they first visited the ship, and tried to burn alive the captain's pig, which had been put ashore for a few hours.

Cook sailed far enough north to prove that Australia was not part of New Guinea, and then turned homewards, after a most interesting and fruitful voyage which had lasted three years.

His fellow-countrymen, however, do not seem to have been in a hurry to colonize the newly-discovered territories. Many people held the opinion in those days that there existed in the Antarctic Seas a great southern continent, full of treasure, and inhabited by a highly-civilized people. This was much more to

their taste than the unknown island regions of Cook's discovery, thinly populated by a savage race, and so the captain was sent out again to find and explore this more profitable region of the south.

For many months Cook cruised about the ice-bound waters. Then, having proved beyond doubt that no southern continent existed, he discovered New Caledonia and several other islands of the South Pacific, revisited New Zealand, and finally turned home again.

Within six months he set off once more, but this time the aim of his quest was no new one. He wanted to find that North-West Passage which had fired the imagination of the sixteenth century to such a degree, but he determined to approach it from the other end. Sailing to New Zealand, he passed across the Pacific, and sailed through Behring Strait, only to find the Arctic Ocean so blocked with ice that it was impossible to proceed. So he turned back again, and presently discovered Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands.

The inhabitants of this island at once came to the conclusion that the captain was none other than their god Lono, who, it was said, had promised to return to them on a floating island, bringing pigs and dogs and cocoa-nuts. The floating island, the pigs, and the dogs were certainly real enough, and so directly Cook landed he found the natives all prostrating themselves before him, and crawling after him on their hands and knees wherever he went. His sailors were overwhelmed with gifts of food, and for a time all went well; but at length the natives grew tired of such an exhausting form of worship, and were quite glad when their "great god Lono" set sail and passed away across the ocean.



CAPTAIN COOK TAKES POSSESSION OF NEW HOLLAND.
(*From a picture of the period.*)

Within a week, however, Cook, who had been overtaken by a gale, was obliged to return for repairs. He found the natives had now changed their minds about him, and were prepared to be distinctly hostile. Presently they stole a boat, and Cook thereupon went ashore to induce their chief to restore it. Seeing that the islanders were snatching up their weapons, the captain, with a few men, returned to the boats, the sailors in which began to fire upon the crowd of natives. Cook ordered them to stop firing and to pull in close, that he might go aboard. Only one boat obeyed; a rush was made for it by the men on shore, and Cook, left alone, was struck down by a native and stunned. Before he could recover himself, others joined in the attack upon him. The stupefied sailors in the boats made no attempt at rescue; and so perished one of our greatest seamen and discoverers, rightly called by a discerning Frenchman the "benefactor of all nations."



During the period in which these voyages took place we had lost our American colonies, and with them the means of disposing of our convicts, whom it had been customary to send out as slaves to the American plantations. It now dawned upon the rulers of Britain that a healthy and fertile country, with a very small native population, would be a good place to start their long-sentence prisoners on a new life. So, five years after the loss of the American states, a band of convicts and their guards, under the governorship of Captain Phillip, landed on the shore of Sydney Cove.

Never was a colony so hard to build, for the government persisted in sending out batch after batch of

convicts, without a single farmer or labourer who knew how to do an honest day's work to leaven the lump of vice and ignorance. The first difficulty to be faced was famine, for the soil around the cove was found to be useless for corn-growing. A number of the convicts were therefore shipped off to Norfolk Island ; but there the same scarcity soon showed itself, from which, however, the settlers were saved in a curious way. Just as they were on the point of starvation, an immense flock of sea-birds alighted on the island in order to lay their eggs. Their numbers were so great, and they were so easy to catch, that for two months the people caught from two to three thousand of these "birds of Providence," as they named them, every night, besides finding more eggs than could be counted.

After a time numbers of British farmers and sturdy farm-labourers went out to the new country, and these formed the real backbone of the colony. Farms were established in various places, and in spite of many difficulties the pioneers struggled on towards the establishment of a new British state.

The name of Governor Phillip must not be forgotten, for he was distinctly the greatest maker, after Captain Cook's discovery, of our Australian Empire. He was firmly convinced that "this country (Australia) will prove the most valuable acquisition Great Britain ever made." He conducted himself with tact and humanity during the four years of his governorship ; and when he returned home broken in health, in 1792, the colony of New South Wales, in spite of many difficulties and drawbacks, was established on a foundation firm enough to lead to future prosperity.

Chapter XIX.

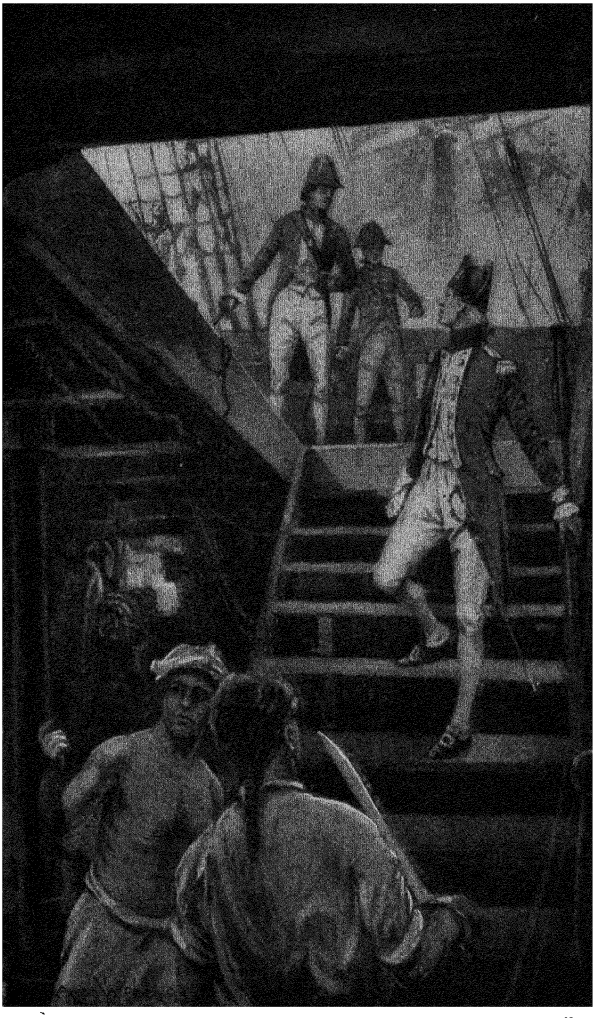
WELLESLEY IN INDIA—(1798–1805).

DURING the long war that Britain waged with Napoleon Bonaparte (1793–1815), one matter was continually in the foreground: Would the British Empire hold her own against the open attacks of the great French leader; or would he, the conqueror of Europe, proceed to annex our colonies as the next best thing to conquering England herself?

Napoleon's intentions were quite clear. It has been well said that "he saw in England never the island, the European state, but always the World Empire—the network of dependencies and colonies and islands covering every sea, amongst which he was destined to find at last his prison and his grave."

But as long as Britain held her place as Mistress of the Seas her Empire was more or less safe, and all Bonaparte's first energies therefore were directed towards taking this position from her. This would enable him to put a stop to British trade, and, by cutting Britain off from her colonies, he hoped to get them gradually into his own hands. The first five years of the war were spent therefore in fighting the matter out on sea. Fortunately for us, our sailors and their officers were gallant fellows, and in better fighting trim than our army.

On the "Glorious First of June," 1794, Lord Howe came upon the French fleet as it was convoying cornships to famine-stricken France, and, after a terrific fight, won a famous victory.



HOWE'S FIGHT ON THE "GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE."
(From a drawing by Archibald Webb.)

Two years later, when France had met with one success after another by land, Spain became her ally, and Admiral Jervis was ordered by the British Government to withdraw from his dangerous position in the Mediterranean, where he might easily have been overtaken by the combined French and Spanish fleets. Very reluctantly Jervis withdrew as far as Gibraltar, and presently, while cruising about off Cape St. Vincent, he met the Spanish fleet, and at once engaged in conflict.



Horatio Nelson.

It was in this action that Nelson, then a commodore, first won renown, and the almost total destruction of the Spanish warships made Britain once more the undoubted mistress of the Mediterranean.

A third great victory over the Dutch fleet at Camperdown proved to the French and their allies that by sea, at least, Britain was invincible.

"Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two;
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
And his colours aloft he flew.

"'I've taken the depth to a fathom,' he cried,
'And I'll sink with a right good-will;
For I know when we're all of us under the tide,
My flag will be fluttering still.'"

Napoleon now evolved another and more ambitious plan to rob Britain of her Empire. He thought quite rightly that India was the richest and the least secure of our dominions. By encouraging the native rulers to rebel against British rule he hoped to weaken our

hold upon the country, and, by seizing Egypt, to make for France a safe highway to India.

Egypt proved an easy conquest, and Bonaparte was rejoicing in his success, as well as over the fact that, by a lucky stroke, he had secured the island of Malta on his journey thither, when he suddenly discovered that Nelson, with the British fleet, was attacking his great battleships with the utmost vigour as they lay at the mouth of the Nile. All night long the battle raged. The French flagship, the *Orient*, was blown up, and of the whole French fleet only two men-of-war escaped capture or destruction.

At length Nelson himself was wounded, but when the surgeon hastened to attend to him, "No," said he; "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." Nor did he hesitate to save what lives he could by ordering that the boats should rescue as many Frenchmen as they should find struggling in the water around the dismantled ships.

By this great victory Bonaparte's fine plan was entirely frustrated as far as Egypt was concerned, and he himself was in the very uncomfortable position of being shut up there while the British fleet rode triumphantly up and down the Mediterranean. It was only with great difficulty that he ultimately managed to get back to France.

Meantime, however, his project of stirring up the Indian princes against British supremacy had been much more successful. Since the time of Warren Hastings India had had, as Governor-General, a wise and prudent ruler called Lord Cornwallis. Cornwallis soon found himself at variance with the Rajah of



Tippoo.

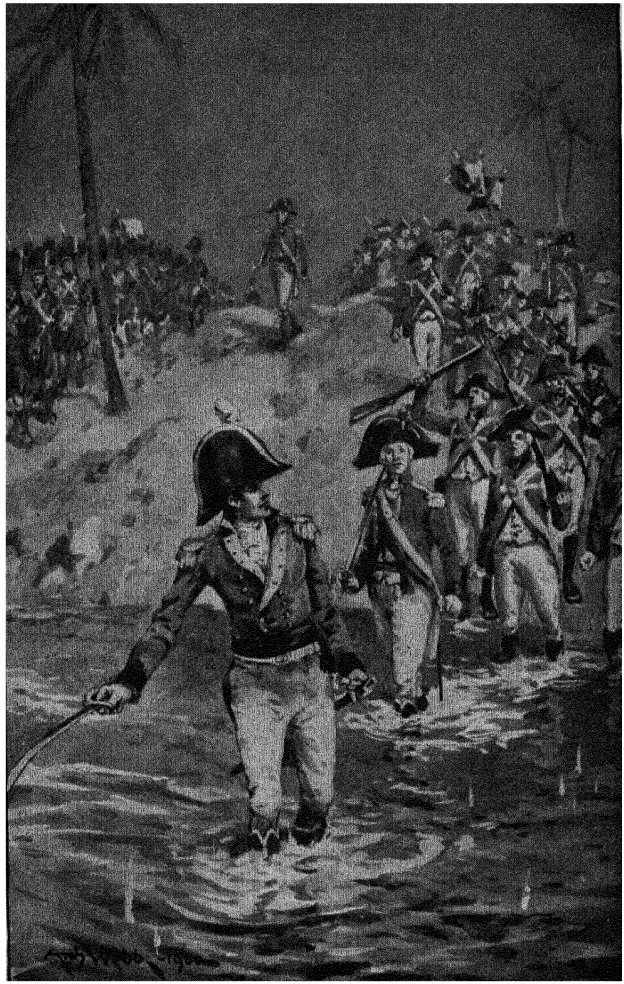
Mysore, one Tippoo Sahib, who was not only enormously rich, but claimed also to be a man of some education. He was, moreover, a very fine soldier, and as he hated the British with all his heart, he was no contemptible enemy with whom to deal.

An excuse for war was soon found in Tippoo's invasion of a neighbouring state; and while the latter gladly profited by the aid promised by the French, Cornwallis tried to make alliance with other native princes. But though these rulers hated Tippoo for his greed and cruelty, they were only waiting, with true Eastern craft, to see which was the stronger side, and then to join it.

Seringapatam, the capital of Mysore, was the first object of the British attack, and in this the warlike tribe of the Mahrattas and the troops of the Nizam had promised to aid Cornwallis. But the former did not appear on the scene until the British army had been forced to retreat for want of provisions; and the latter, after waiting till all chance of fighting was over, proved themselves such undisciplined cowards that the Governor-General felt himself better off without them.

Next year therefore he attacked Seringapatam at the head of his troops, and very soon brought the "Tiger of Mysore" to his knees. But though Tippoo was obliged to give up half his territories, as well as a large sum of money and two of his sons as pledges of loyalty to the British, he afterwards became a ready tool to be used against them by Napoleon.

In the year that Bonaparte landed in Egypt, Lord Wellesley, a statesman of great ability, came out to India as Governor-General, along with his soldier



THE BRITISH ATTACK ON SERINGAPATAM.
(*From a drawing by Archibald Webb.*)



Sir A. Wellesley.

brother Arthur, who was to be known in years to come as the Duke of Wellington. He had scarcely reached that country when he heard that the utterly untrustworthy Tippoo was acting as the ally of France.

Lord Wellesley thereupon determined to attack the root of the mischief by invading Mysore and either bringing Tippoo to abject submission or driving him from the country. It was a daring project, for all our Indian allies were either too weak to be of any use, or had gone over to the enemy. Moreover, at the very name of Tippoo the Indian world turned pale. But for this Wellesley cared nothing. He gave the Rajah a chance by calling upon him to enter the British alliance and give up his relations with France; but "Citizen Tippoo," as he now chose to call himself, was infatuated with his new republican friends, and sent back an insolent and defiant answer.

Since the last attack of the British he had fortified his capital so strongly that it was said that no attack could possibly affect it; but to Wellesley the word "impossible" was unknown. Within a month Seringapatam fell, Tippoo Sahib was killed, and the state of Mysore was divided between the East India Company and certain native rulers, who were bound to hold their share under the control of Britain. Thus an immense territory, producing a vast revenue, was added to the British Empire in India.

But Wellesley had still another foe to fight in that country. Western and Central India were dominated by four great Mahratta chieftains, who, because of their warlike character and independent spirit, had for long been a standing menace to the British. The

Mahrattas strongly resembled the Highlanders of Scotland, or the Borderers in the old days of warfare between England and Scotland. They were in the habit of making sudden inroads on the fertile plains from their mountain homes, ravaging, burning, pillaging as they went, and so were a terror to the peaceful tribes for hundreds of miles round their own district.

After the downfall of Tippoo, Wellesley tried in vain to make a friendly alliance with these wild mountaineers; but the chieftain Sindhia, who by this time had made himself the master of all four tribes, rejected his offers with scorn. Just at that moment a brief peace between Britain and France restored Pondicherry and other forts to the French, whose officers showed quite clearly that they not only meant to use this interval to make intrigues with the native princes, but that directly the war recommenced they would try to recover India for their country. If France joined Sindhia there was every chance of their doing so, for the latter held not only a very strong position, with dominion over Delhi, Agra, Poona, and other fortified towns, but he had a splendidly-equipped fighting force.

So, on the excuse of reinstating a chieftain whom Sindhia had driven out of his territory, Wellesley hastened to invade the district of the Mahrattas, and advanced on Poona. Tidings came that the enemy's force was in full march towards the city, intending to burn it before the British arrived. Leaving his infantry behind, Wellesley advanced with two native regiments of cavalry, and with such speed that he won the race and saved Poona.

The inhabitants of this region of India were perfectly

ready to accept British rule in place of that of these wild and warlike chieftains, for they had the greatest respect for Wellesley himself; but when British direction and control was declared to be the future state of things in Central India, Sindhia would have none of it. Buoyed up, no doubt, by hopes of French assistance, and with the support of a brother chief, he gathered together an immense force, which was met by Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Governor's brother, at the village of Assaye (1803).

The British were weak in artillery, and the enemy's guns played havoc with their lines until Wellesley gave the word to charge with the bayonet. This the Mahrattas could not stand. They broke and fled, and the day was won. But it had been at a great cost of men's lives, and, as it has well been said, "All the fighting that had hitherto taken place in India was child's play in comparison with that at Assaye" (1803).

Not long afterwards the fortified cities of Agra and Delhi were taken by the British. All this fighting is memorable for the fact that for almost the first time the British troops were opposed, not to raw, undisciplined forces of natives, but to perfectly-drilled soldiers in fine fighting array. This improvement was due, no doubt, to the connection of the natives with the French, who, as a British officer tells us in his memoirs of this war, "exerted their energies to the utmost in exasperating the chiefs against the British, and in forming their subjects into hardy and disciplined soldiers, with the view of thereby overthrowing our dominion in the East."

The defeat of the Mahrattas led to a large increase

of British territory in India; and Wellesley, when he returned to England in 1805, had rightly earned for himself a famous name as empire-builder in the East.

Chapter XX.

THE NAPOLEONIC WARS.

WHILE the hopes of Napoleon in the East were thus being frustrated, the question of the supremacy at sea was being settled for good by the courage and genius of Horatio Nelson.



For some time past Napoleon had been contemplating an invasion of England, planned on such a gigantic scale that he was quite certain, if he could but get across the Channel, our "tight little island" would fall an easy prey, and with it our Empire would be his. But the Channel was the difficulty. It was all very well for Bonaparte to say, "It is but a ditch, and any one can cross it who has the courage to try." As long as Nelson and the fleet were in existence to guard our shores, that crossing was well-nigh impossible.

Realizing this at length, Napoleon called upon the Spanish fleet to aid his own, and the two together met that of the British admiral off Cape Trafalgar, to the south of Spain. The enemy's ships numbered thirty-three to Nelson's twenty-seven; but the latter knew his men too well to fear an unequal contest.

On the morning of October 21, 1805, Nelson gave his famous signal to the fleet: "England expects this

day that every man will do his duty." It was done by those sailors in such a way that by the evening the enemy's fleet was broken, and the naval power of France was shattered along with it.



But the victory cost us the life of our greatest British sailor. When twenty out of the thirty-three ships of the enemy had been captured or sunk, Nelson, as he stood on the quarter-deck, was struck by a bullet through the breast. "Thank God, I have done my duty!" were the last words of this brave Warden of Empire, who lived just long enough to know that the day was won.

"Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!"

The Battle of Trafalgar did more than safeguard our colonies. It so completely broke up the naval force of France that her own foreign empire was left quite unprotected, and now fell easily into British hands. It has been said that "Napoleon was the Titan whose dream it was to restore that Greater France which had fallen in the struggles of the eighteenth century, and to overthrow that Greater Britain which had been established on its ruins." But what actually happened was that, owing to our naval victories, Greater Britain became greater still by the addition of many of the possessions of France and her allies.

In 1795 Ceylon, which had been in the hands of the Dutch for a hundred and fifty years, was taken by our Indian fleet; for Holland had become for the time one of Napoleon's warmest allies. The British were

welcomed by the natives, who hated Dutch rule; and, by its exports of tea and coffee, Ceylon soon became one of our most valuable possessions. Malta, which, as we have seen, had been seized by the French on their way to Egypt in 1798, drove out the French garrison two years later, and gave itself up once more to Britain. Mauritius, an important French naval station on the highroad to the East Indies, was captured in 1810.

All these three, together with the far more important colony at the Cape, of which we shall hear more presently, were seized in order to keep the way to India safe; and now attention was turned to the colonies of the Western World.

Many of the West Indian colonies had been occupied by France during the American War of Independence, but in 1794 St. Lucia, with its fine harbour, was taken by Admiral Jervis; three years later Trinidad was taken from Spain; and in 1803, Tobago, which the French had seized, was recovered.



It was during this period also that Britain obtained her only possession in South America. We have seen how Raleigh had once tried to explore Guiana, but after his failure the country had ceased to be of importance. It fell into the hands of the Dutch, who held it till 1796, when a British force from Barbadoes invaded the country, and gained with ease that part of it which now bears the name of British Guiana.

In that same year the Spaniards made a sudden attempt to clear the coast of Honduras, in Central America, of British settlers. A small force came to the aid of the latter, and British Honduras became part of our colonial empire.

But the most important colony gained by the peace which ended the long struggle with Napoleon was that at the Cape.

The Dutch had made a settlement in the extreme south of Africa almost by chance. In 1648 the *Haarlem*, a vessel belonging to the Dutch East India Company, was wrecked in Table Bay, and the crew and passengers, having got safely to shore, built themselves huts, obtained food from the natives, and spent some months there in comparative comfort. When they were taken home by a passing fleet they told such glowing stories of the friendly natives and fertile soil that it was at once resolved to form a station on the spot as a place of refreshment for ships passing to and from the East. This station rapidly grew into a large and flourishing settlement, in spite of two great drawbacks. The first of these was the constant fighting with the native Hottentots, who greatly resented that the Dutch should settle upon their pasture-grounds; and the second was the tyrannical rule exercised over the settlers by the Dutch Government, which, by its ridiculous regulations and demands, did its best to ruin the colony.

When Holland made alliance with France in 1795 and became a republic, her late ruler, the Prince of Orange, fled to England in a fishing-boat, and in return for the kindness shown him in this country, proposed that British troops should occupy Cape Colony. He sent orders to the colony that it was to put itself under British rule; and the settlers were so weary of their long ill-treatment by Holland, that with very little reluctance they gave themselves up to Britain. This arrangement

lasted for seven years, and then the brief Peace of Amiens restored the Cape to Holland. When the war began again, the colonists prepared to fight for their country; but they could only manage to raise a small army composed of German settlers, French sailors who had been wrecked on the coast, Hottentots, and Malays.

The very first round of firing scattered the Germans, and the fierce looks of the Highland regiments as they advanced quickly caused a retreat on the part of the rest. Cape Town was seized, and the British Government once more came into possession of the Cape. When the war ended, upon the downfall of Napoleon, the colony was formally ceded to Britain for the sum of six million pounds.

So we see that by the year 1816 the boundaries of our Empire had pushed themselves out in all directions. It remained for the nineteenth century to establish, strengthen, and enlarge the colonies which may now fitly be given the name of Greater Britain.



SECTION IV.

EMPIRE-MAKING IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Chapter XXI.

MUNGO PARK AND DAVID LIVINGSTONE (1800–1871).

LET us now take a glance at the British possessions on the west coast of Africa. They consist, as we see from the map, of Gambia, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, and Nigeria. The first and second of these were gained by settlement in the seventeenth century, when Britain was very anxious to have a share in the slave trade, for which this coast of Africa was notorious.

Sierra Leone, on the other hand, was founded in 1791 as a place where slaves who had been freed might live and form a colony. Lagos was ceded to us later on, and was used at first as another station from which to help the slaves, and to put a stop to this heartless form of traffic. The wide district of Nigeria we owe very largely to the explorations of Mungo Park in the early years of the nineteenth century.

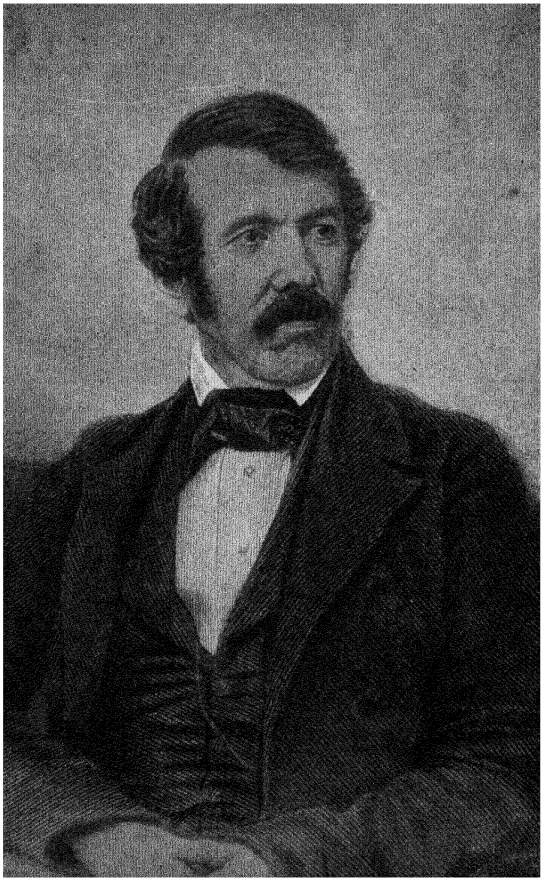
Mungo Park was a Scotsman, and first got his taste for exploring new lands while acting as surgeon

on a vessel sailing to the East Indies. On his return home he heard that men were wanted to explore the basin of the River Niger in the west of Africa, which had been left as an almost unknown region since the days of Elizabeth. He gladly volunteered to go, and soon set out on the first of his two great journeys.

It cost him six months' hard work to reach the banks of the mighty river. Starting from Gambia, he made his way through a sandy wilderness, where he suffered agonies of thirst. Once indeed, when he had stumbled for many hours over the parched ground, he fell fainting on the sand, saying to himself, "Here, then, is the end of all my efforts; here must the short span of my life come to an end." When he came to himself again, the blazing sky was overcast with clouds, and presently, to his great relief, rain fell heavily. He had nothing in which to collect the welcome drops, so he had to suck his wet clothes in order to quench his thirst. Presently, however, the storm grew so violent that he rode quickly on, looking for shelter.



After a time Park came to a village, but no one would take him in, for all seemed to have a horror of white men, whom they probably thought were all slave traders. "Night drew near, and the wind rose; rain began to fall again, and wild beasts to howl. He began to fear he should have to spend the hours of darkness among the branches of the tree which was his only shelter, when, just as he had turned his horse loose to graze, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, saw him, and observing how weary and dejected he was, inquired the reason. When she learned his condition she took up his saddle and bridle, and



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

telling him to follow her, led the way to a hut, where she bade him welcome, giving him food to eat, and spreading a mat for him to lie on. The other women in the hut, after gazing on the stranger with astonishment, resumed their weaving, lightening it with a song which one sang while the others joined in the chorus. The air was very sweet and plaintive, and the words: 'The winds roared, and the rain fell; the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.' Then followed the chorus: 'Let us pity the white man, no mother has he.' The weary traveller was deeply affected by this unexpected kindness."

It was at Segou, near this spot, that Park first saw the river Niger; and it was from here he started on his second journey, in a boat specially built for the purpose, to explore the whole length of the great river. But this he never accomplished, for he was attacked and killed by the natives at a narrow gorge about five hundred miles from the mouth, in the year 1806.

The district of British Central Africa, over which we have held a Protectorate since 1891, as well as the country now called Rhodesia, first became connected with our Empire through the establishment of mission stations by Dr. Livingstone. It consists of a wide territory, about three times the size of the United Kingdom. The opening out of this difficult and dangerous part of Africa was at first entirely due to the courage and devotion of David Livingstone, who went with his life in his hand to carry the message of the gospel to the heathen tribes of "Darkest Africa."

* Mungo Park's "Travels."

Livingstone began life as a Scottish mill-hand, and by making diligent use of his spare moments fitted himself to attend evening classes in Greek, divinity, and medicine, as a preliminary to taking up the work of a foreign missionary.

Setting out for Cape Town in 1840, the young man was sent on his arrival to a mission house seven hundred miles inland. From thence he undertook a journey still farther inland to the country of the Bechuanas, in order to found a new station at a spot to which only one white man, a trader, had ever before penetrated. When the natives heard that Livingstone meant to go on foot they jeered at him, saying, "See, he is not strong; he is quite thin, and only appears stout because of his clothing; he will soon knock up." But they soon changed their minds as to the weakness of the white man when they found that he kept them moving at top speed for days together, and outwalked them all.

The country he first explored was infested by lions, of which the natives were much terrified; for they firmly believed that a neighbouring tribe had given them over into the power of these creatures. With great difficulty Livingstone got together a party to hunt the animals.

"They discovered their game," we read, "on a small tree-covered hill. The circle of hunters, at first loosely formed round the spot, gradually closed up and became compact as they advanced towards it. Mebalwe, a native schoolmaster who was with Livingstone, seeing one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring, fired, but missed him, the ball striking

the rock at the feet of the animal, which, biting first at the spot struck, bounded away, broke through the circle, and escaped, the natives not having the courage to stand close and spear him in the attempt, as they should have done. The circle re-formed, having got within it two other lions, at which the pieces could not be fired lest some of the men on the opposite side should be hit. Again there was a bound and a roar, and yet again, and the natives scattered and fled, while the lions went forth free to continue their devastations.

"But they did not seem to have retreated far, for as the party was going round the end of a hill on their way home to the village, there was one of the lordly brutes sitting upon a piece of rock, as though he had purposely planted himself there to enjoy their defeat and to wish them 'good day.' He was about thirty yards from Livingstone, who, raising his gun, fired both barrels into the little bush behind which the creature was. 'He is shot! He is shot!' is the joyful cry, and the people are about to rush in; but their friend warns them, for he sees the tail raised in anger. He is just in the act of ramming down his bullets for another shot when he hears a shout of terror, and sees the lion in the act of springing on him. He is conscious only of a blow that makes him reel and fall to the ground, of two glaring eyes and hot breath upon his face, a momentary anguish as he is seized by the shoulder and shaken as a rat by a terrier; then comes a stupor, a sort of drowsiness, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, although there was a perfect consciousness of all that was happening.



"Conscious, as one in a trance might be, Livingstone

knew that the lion had one paw on the back of his head, and turning round to relieve himself of the pressure he saw the creature's eyes directed to Mebalwe, who, at a distance of ten or fifteen yards, was aiming his gun at him. It missed fire in both barrels, and immediately the native teacher was attacked by the brute and bitten in the thigh. Another man also, who attempted to spear the lion, was seized by the shoulder; but then the bullets which he had received took effect, and with a quiver through all his large frame, the cattle-lifter rolled over on his side dead. All this occurred in a few moments; the death-blow had been inflicted by Livingstone before the lion sprang upon him in the blind fury of his dying efforts. No fewer than eleven of his teeth had penetrated the flesh of his assailant's arm and crushed the bone. It was long ere the wound was healed, and all through life the intrepid missionary bore the marks of this deadly encounter, and felt its effects in the injured limb."

After some years of missionary work, enlivened by such adventures as that of which we have just read, Livingstone set out with two white companions to cross the great Kalahari desert in order to discover the position of Lake Ngami. It was a most difficult undertaking, for no white men had ever penetrated so far inland; and the native chiefs were by no means friendly, for they did not wish it to be known what a quantity of ivory was to be found in the lake country.

Sometimes the travellers wandered through a desert of soft white sand, into which the wheels of their wagons sank so deep that the oxen which drew them could not stir a step. Almost continually they suffered

from terrible thirst, relieved only by finding a tract of water-melons, or of a curious plant, the root of which is filled with a sweet, cool fluid, exceedingly refreshing to parched lips.

The natives of this region, the Bushmen, were very small in size, and lived in holes of the rocks or in huts of grass, though many preferred merely to burrow in the sand. They were, indeed, scarcely human in their habits, and Livingstone was glad to find that the Makololo tribe, who lived round Lake Ngami, were quite different in character. He became great friends with Sebituane, the chief of these warlike people, who helped him in every way, and gave him leave to visit any part of the country he chose. It was owing to this timely aid that Livingstone discovered that magnificent river the Zambesi, and he devoted the next few years of his life to exploring it.

The story of his adventures, which reads like a fairy tale, is too long to be told here, and we must hasten on to his third and last journey in Africa. This was undertaken to explore the shores of Lake Nyassa, and to discover the geography of the region to the north of it, in the hope of connecting it by a chain of other lakes with the source of the river Nile.

The district into which he now plunged was known to be hostile, and the natives who accompanied him were very reluctant to enter it. The doctor's friends were becoming anxious therefore about his progress, when, to their dismay, his party returned to Zanzibar with tidings of their leader's death. They said that he had been attacked by a warlike band of natives, who hacked his head from his shoulders and buried him in

the sand. This happened, they said, in 1866, and for a time every one believed the story to be true. Then doubt began to arise, and a search-party, sent out to make inquiries, found that the story was certainly false, and that Livingstone had been seen alive since his party returned; but no further news of his whereabouts could be obtained. Then scraps of information arrived, brought by traders or natives, to the effect that the doctor was living, but without means of communicating with or rejoining his own people. And so the time passed on, until five years had elapsed since the traveller had disappeared.

Then, in 1871, the explorer Henry Stanley, who had heard that Livingstone was living at Ujiji, near Lake Tanganyika, pushed his way through a pathless and difficult country in a brave effort to find and relieve him. After many adventures Stanley came to a village where, in the front of a semicircle of Arabs, he saw a tired-looking white man with a gray beard. He longed to rush at him and embrace him, but with characteristic reticence, he could not do more than walk deliberately up to him and say,—



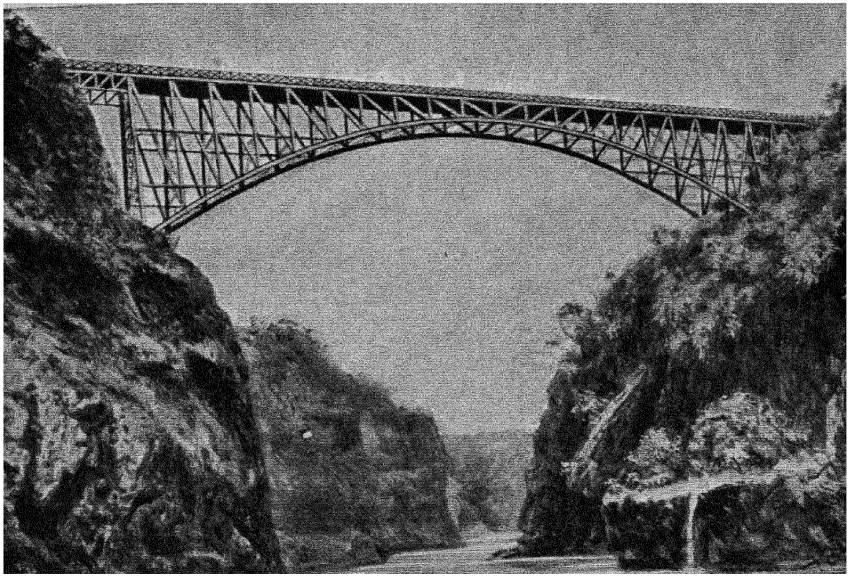
"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said the other, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

"I replaced my hat on my head," says Stanley, "and he put on his cap, and we both grasped hands, and I then said aloud,—

"'I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you.'

"He answered, 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.'"



THE MARCH OF PROGRESS—THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT VICTORIA FALLS, ZAMBESI RIVER.

Opened September 1905, about fifty years after Livingstone's explorations.



I. M. Stanley.

We can imagine what a delightful talk followed, and how the voice and presence of a white man would cheer up the weary traveller. But when Stanley asked him if he was not anxious to go home and rest after his six years of exploration, he said, "I would like very much to see my children once again, but I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I have undertaken when it is so nearly completed.....Why should I go home before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?"

This task was to explore the northern shore of Lake Tanganyika, and in this work he was accompanied by Stanley. When this was done, the two men bade each other farewell, and the dauntless Livingstone turned back once more to the work he had in hand of exploring the southern shore of the lake.

"We wrung each other's hands," writes Stanley, "and I had to tear myself away before I was quite unmanned. But the doctor's faithful fellows all shook and kissed my hands, and before I could quite turn away I broke down." Then he made his way eastward, turning once and again to look at the solitary figure of the gray old man with his face to the west. That was the last sight a white man ever had of Dr. Livingstone. Worn out with hardships, he died among his faithful followers, his one grief being that he should never see "his river," the Zambesi, again.

The remains of this brave and good man were brought to Zanzibar by the black men who loved him as their father, and from thence were taken to England and buried in Westminster Abbey.

Chapter XXII.

RAJAH BROOKE IN BORNEO—(1840–1868).

MANY countries have been brought under British influence, as we have seen, by settlement and conquest, but very few by the methods employed by the Englishman who came to be known as Rajah Brooke.



Brooke.

Brooke was a born adventurer, who at the age of thirty-two found himself owner of a fine schooner and a private fortune, which enabled him to gratify a long-cherished desire to cruise about the waters of the Pacific Ocean, and to wage war with the pirates who infested them. On a previous visit to China he had been much struck with the islands that lie scattered between Asia and Australia, and especially with the large island of Borneo, which was almost uninhabited save for a few Dutch settlements on the coast, and the native Dyaks, a scattered and very unruly population.

So, in 1838, Brooke determined to visit the island, with the idea of exploring it, and if possible making a settlement there. He landed at Kuching, in Sarawak, a native state of Borneo, ruled by a sultan, who, just at that time, was having a great deal of trouble with his rebellious subjects. Brooke soon made friends with him, and quickly became highly popular with the natives. He was very good-natured and full of fun, and he won their hearts by the feats of strength which he was always ready to perform for their amusement.

When therefore the sultan asked him to help him to restore order, Brooke found so little difficulty in

doing so that the grateful monarch made him Rajah of Sarawak forthwith.



But the fierce Dyaks were not easy folk to manage; and as the only Englishman in the place, Brooke often went about with his life in his hand. He showed himself, however, so just and firm that before many years were over he had completely won the hearts of his people. "The son of Europe," they used to say, "is the friend of the Dyaks."

It was a much more difficult matter to fulfil his task of driving the native pirates from those seas. Sometimes, with a handful of men, he would storm a pirate town, and force the inhabitants to take to the jungle; at other times he would burn their ships amid showers of poisoned arrows. The rapid change for the better brought about in Borneo by Rajah Brooke is really wonderful when we remember that he had scarcely any support from England, and that he was ruling over some of the fiercest and most degraded savages of the Eastern Seas.

Once, indeed, when he paid a visit to England, Queen Victoria, who had just made him Sir James Brooke, expressed her astonishment that he had managed to govern them so successfully. But he only said, with a smile, "Your Majesty, I find it easier to govern thirty thousand Malays and Dyaks than to manage one dozen of your Majesty's subjects."

When Brooke died his nephew became rajah in his stead; and now, without either conquest or settlement, the state of Sarawak, as well as the neighbouring territory of British North Borneo, whilst retaining their independence, are held as a British Protectorate.

One of the most important of our Eastern possessions is the island of Singapore, which at the beginning of the eighteenth century was inhabited by those same Malay pirates whom Rajah Brooke was so successful in putting down in later days. They were a perfect scourge to the rich merchant ships, many of which, as they sailed through the Strait of Malacca, became the prey of the long black pirate sloops which had been lying in wait for them in some secluded bay. The ships were robbed and then burnt, while the sailors were either put to death or sold as slaves. To remedy this, Sir Stamford Raffles was sent out to Singapore in 1819. He first of all cleared the island of pirates, and then, realizing the splendid position of Singapore, he founded there a community which soon grew into a prosperous trading settlement composed of men from every nation in the world. A flourishing trade sprang up, and to-day Singapore is the depôt for the whole of the trade between the Indian and China Seas.



Another very important island of our Eastern Empire is Hong-Kong, at the mouth of the Canton River. This was taken from China during a brief conflict, known as the Opium War, in 1841.

In its early days it was described as "the most filthy and disgusting colony of the British Empire." European inhabitants were said to have to sleep with loaded pistols under their pillows, and often had to turn out of their beds at midnight to protect their lives and property from gangs of armed robbers. But, thanks to British rule, Hong-Kong is now not only a very flourishing trade depôt, but an orderly British settlement.

Chapter XXIII.

INDIA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (1800–1858).

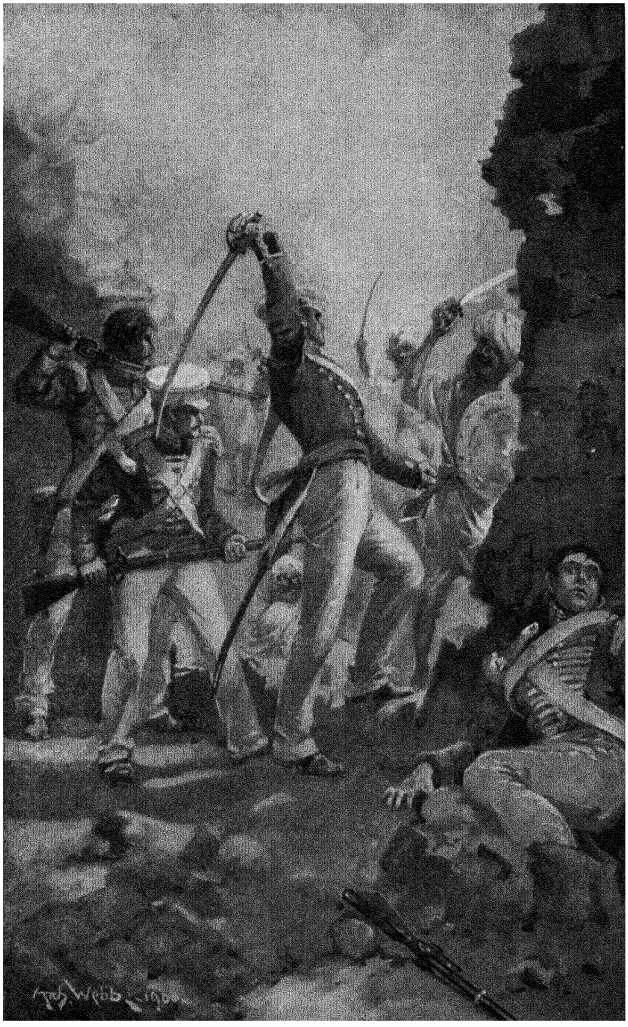


Sir C. Napier.

WHEN Lord Wellesley left India, several large provinces were still quite independent of British rule. The conquest of one of these, the province of Scinde, a large district lying on both sides of the lower course of the river Indus, is closely connected with the name of Sir Charles Napier. The princes of Scinde had always looked with very jealous eyes on British successes; and about the time that Napier went out in 1841 they had been much encouraged by the failure and destruction of British troops in the neighbouring country of Afghanistan.

Such signs of unrest and revolt against the rule of Britain in India became evident in this district that Napier, with a little band of two thousand men, was sent to make a display of authority. But at Meanee he found himself face to face with a huge army of twenty thousand men, which grew larger every day as native troops came flocking in from different parts.

Napier was sixty years old, and might well have lost heart before such fearful odds; but with perfect courage he gave the word to charge the enemy directly they came in sight. A desperate conflict followed, in which the British soldiers, inspired by the heroism of their leaders, never thought of wavering, and at length, though with the utmost difficulty, won the day. Some weeks later Napier defeated the chieftain known as the "Lion of Mirpur" at Hyderabad, and Scinde was won.



THE 22ND AT THE BATTLE OF MEANEE.
(From a drawing by Archibald Webb.)

But Napier's greatest work was his subsequent government of the province, and his unceasing efforts to bring about reforms in the army. Failing through want of support from home, he came back to England to die in neglect and dishonour. His very monument in Trafalgar Square was raised almost entirely by the private soldiers, who knew him for their truest friend; his country failed altogether to realize his worth.

When the terrible days of the Mutiny came, his words of warning as to the need of reform were remembered too late.

Meantime there was still the Punjab to annex or conquer. This district was peopled by the fighting Sikhs, magnificent soldiers, and very undesirable enemies, who were so encouraged by the British losses in Afghanistan that they invaded our territory, and were only beaten back with great difficulty. In 1848 Lord Dalhousie became Governor-General of India, and the condition of things he found there convinced him that there would be no peace in the land until every state had been brought under the influence of British rule.

The Sikhs thought otherwise, and showed it so unmistakably that Dalhousie delivered his historic warning,—



"Unwarned by precedent, uninfluenced by example, the Sikh nation has called for war; and, on my word, sirs, they shall have it with a vengeance."

A desperate struggle followed at Chilianwalla, where the brave Lord Gough met the enemy with a very inferior force; but owing to the mistaken commands given by some of the officers, and to the panic which sent a whole regiment flying, the result was left

undecided. Then while the British people were crying "Shame" upon the man they had sent on such a difficult task, Gough had retrieved his reputation by a defeat of the Sikhs at Gujerat which laid the Punjab at our feet.

Lord Dalhousie was not satisfied with mere conquest and annexation. He never rested till he had welded together the various states of India by giving them common interests of trade and education, as well as means of communication by roads and railways. We must never forget, indeed, that it is not only by the sword that our Indian Empire has been won.

Within ten years afterwards that same empire was on the verge of destruction through the Indian Mutiny.

It is quite clear that in any country that has been won by conquest there must always be a certain element of rebellion, or at least discontent, among natives who have yet to learn the advantages of foreign rule, or who possibly have not always been treated with wisdom and justice. The Indians, it must be remembered, were in many ways highly civilized, and were also eagerly on the watch for any attempt at interference with their own systems of religion. They were therefore in no way to be treated as ignorant and unenlightened savages. When we remember also that in the Indian Army the native soldiers outnumbered the British by six to one, we can see that a rebellion on their part would be no trifling matter.

No doubt the Mutiny had been secretly planned for a long time. Exactly one hundred years had elapsed since Clive had won the great battle of Plassey, and this was the precise period allowed by the Hindu priests

and "wise men" for the rule of Britain to endure. But the actual cause of the outbreak was the report that the new cartridges served to the native soldiers were smeared with a mixture of cow's fat and lard. Now some of them, the Hindus, considered the cow sacred; while to others, who were Mohammedans, the pig was a loathsome animal; and as the end of the cartridge had to be bitten off, both parties were being asked to do something forbidden by their religion.

On Saturday, May 9, 1857, some native troopers at Meerut refused to obey orders, and were therefore imprisoned. On the Sunday following, as the European residents with their children were on their way to church, they heard shouts, cries of agony, and shots from the native quarters. An officer had gone down to the barracks to try to quiet the excitement which had been seething all day, and had been shot down by his own regiment, which promptly proceeded to fire the officers' bungalows. Some of the white women fled into the jungle, preferring to perish by wild beasts than at the hands of infuriated natives; the rest were murdered in their own homes. All night long the work of slaughter and burning and plundering proceeded; and next day the native troops rode off to Delhi, where they hailed the last descendant of the Moguls, an old and feeble man living in retirement, as Emperor of India.

Hundreds of Europeans, including women and children, were butchered in the streets of Delhi, and the whole town was soon in the hands of the mutineers. One gallant deed was done before the tiny English garrison was driven out. Determined that the rebels should have no powder for their guns, young Lieutenant



JESSIE'S DREAM.

(By F. Goodall, R.A. By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield.)

Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal at Lucknow, dreamt that she heard the bagpipes of the relieving Highlanders, and when the troops did appear in the distance was the first to hear the welcome sound.

Willoughby with eight of his men blew up the powder magazine, and with it all the enemy within reach, escaping himself with three of his men unhurt.

Then the little British army which had hastened to the rescue under the gallant Nicholson proceeded to invest the rebel city.

Meantime the Punjab, always a dangerous district, had been saved by a clever ruse. When the news of the Mutiny reached Lahore, the chief town of the district, Major Montgomery, the officer in charge of the camp, guessing what would follow, ordered a parade to be held. Taken by surprise, the Sepoys obeyed, but very unwillingly, and in the course of their drill movements found themselves face to face with a row of loaded cannon, by the side of which stood British soldiers with rifles in their hands. The order was given to the native troops to lay down their arms; and this, in face of what they saw, they were obliged to do. And so the Punjab was saved by the exercise of presence of mind.



Lawrence.

Another hero of the Mutiny was Sir Henry Lawrence, the Governor of Lucknow, which was besieged by the rebel army for three months. He had very few British soldiers, but the women and children helped both to hand the ammunition and to look after the wounded, though all the time the shells and shot of the enemy were falling amongst them. Even after the rebels had seized the city this brave little band held out in the Residency, and there Lawrence was killed through the bursting of a shell. With his dying lips he asked that on his tomb might be carved the words: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."

Still the handful of Britons held out, though food

was failing, and to fetch water from a well outside the building meant almost certain death. But one day the ears of the weary little garrison heard a sound in the far distance that thrilled them with joy—

> "God be praised! the march of Havelock!
> The piping of the clans!"

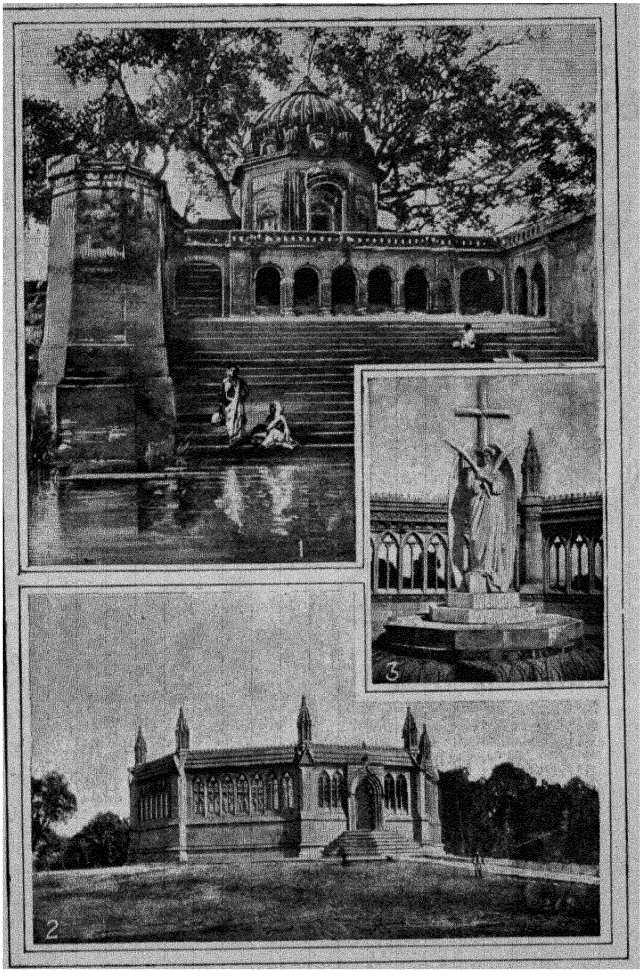


Outram.

Yet the newcomers, led by the heroic Havelock and Outram, though they marched into the Residency under a furious rain of bullets, could not drive the rebels out of Lucknow; and it needed once more the sound of the bagpipes heralding the approach of Sir Colin Campbell to bring news of safety to the brave band inside the Residency walls.

But before Havelock reached Lucknow he had witnessed the most awful tragedy of the whole Mutiny.

At Cawnpore, a native prince named Nana Sahib, who had always seemed most friendly to the Europeans, was asked to support the little garrison in case the Mutiny should break out. Nana came, with his troops fully armed, and promptly turned them against his former friends. For three weeks they held out, protected only by a mud wall, hastily thrown up round two bungalows full of English women and children. At the end of that time Nana Sahib showed a flag of truce, and gave them permission to go in safety by water to Allahabad. He sent for boats, and allowed the whole party to embark; but most of the women and children, at the last minute, were brought back to land. Suddenly a bugle sounded, and at that signal the native boatmen fired the thatched roof of each boat, and then leapt overboard, while at the same



SCENES IN CAWNPORE.

1. Suttee Chowra Ghat (scene of the massacre of women and children). 2. The Memorial Well. Into this well the bodies were thrown. 3. The Angel of the Memorial Well.

Canal did much to bind our great Eastern Empire closer to the mother country; but still the difficulty of ruling a vast population by means of a comparatively small number of British officials is a very pressing one with regard to India.

Chapter XXIV.

THE CONQUEST OF BURMAH—(1822–1886).

ADJACENT to India, and facing her across the Bay of Bengal, lies the region of British Burmah.

Before the middle of the eighteenth century Burmah had a chequered history, and suffered much at the hands of the people of China and Siam. Then came a half-century of glorious conquest under the leadership of a mighty man of war, whom his people called the Hunter King.

Under this ruler and his immediate successors all the neighbouring petty states were conquered and annexed, until in 1822 the seizure of Assam brought the Burmese Empire to the borders of British India.

This success turned the heads of the Burmese leaders, who proceeded to cross the frontier, and demand that Bengal should be given up to them. The British governor, Lord Amherst, decided that nothing but a declaration of war would meet the case, and promptly invaded Burmah in 1824.

The Burmese had a most curious method of fighting. They very seldom met their enemies in the field; but when the latter had taken up their position, they would

come as near as they could with safety and throw up a wall of earth, behind which they lay in holes scooped out of the soil. At night the front line would advance and throw up another wall, behind which the men took their places, while the rear advanced to fill the posts they had just quitted. This was repeated again and again, so that the British scarcely ever saw their foes, but only ridge after ridge of earth closing up to them in a most ominous manner.

At first, however, the Burmese had no chance of employing this manœuvre; for the forces of Sir Archibald Campbell marched on Rangoon, their chief city, so swiftly that there was nothing left for the inhabitants to do but to flee to the jungle, leaving the place deserted.

The Burmese monarch, a very great personage, known as the Lord of the White Elephant and Golden Foot, was so certain of the success of the Burmese warriors that he was not at all alarmed at the temporary loss of Rangoon. He dispatched an army, which at once began to besiege the city under cover of their "stockades." But the British soldiers, unused as they were to fighting against an unseen foe, sprang over the earth walls and jumped down upon the lines of men below, dealing out death and destruction to those who did not make their escape to the jungle.

When this had happened several times the Burmese monarch began to grow uneasy, and sent his favourite generals with an immense army of fighting men "to drive the British at once into the sea." But instead of that, the British drove the Burmese into the jungle with such terrible loss of life that the monarch was only too

glad to give in. He signed a treaty by which the three important districts of Assam in the north, Aracan along the coast line, and Tenasserim in the south of Burmah were given up to Britain.

In 1852 the Second Burmese War began in consequence of the cruel treatment which British traders met with in Rangoon. Once more the city was taken, and in a short time Britain was mistress of all the coast regions of Burmah.

But even then the Burmese monarchs would not let the British merchants live in peace, so in 1886 the whole district of Burmah was annexed by Britain, and has since become one of the most prosperous and fruitful of our dominions.

Chapter XXV.

AUSTRALIA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—(1813–1901).



WE have already read the story of the first colonists of Australia, who were given grants of land in the neighbourhood of Sydney. But when they increased in numbers, and were joined by other emigrants from home, some of them wanted to go further afield. So the district lying on the inland side of the lofty range known as the Blue Mountains, by which they were shut in, began to be explored, and thus the district of New South Wales was gradually enlarged. Beautiful stretches of grassy plains were found there, and were eagerly seized upon by the "squatters" from Sydney,

with their droves of sheep and oxen; but when the pioneers pushed their way still further inland, they were stopped by the fact that there was no water supply. However green and smiling these plains were in the wet season, directly the period of drought approached they became a vast withered desert, strewn with the bones of animals which had perished from thirst.

All the early explorations therefore, by which Australia was really won for the white man, were directed towards the object of discovering the river systems of the land. One of the explorers, Captain Sturt, determined to sail down the river Murrumbidgee, and see through what kind of country it flowed. It was an adventurous journey, full of dangers from sunken rocks and terrific falls; while from the thick forests on either hand came forth astonished natives who had never before seen a white man, and whose usual timidity might at any time change to active hostility.



At length the boat reached the broad bosom of the Murray River, and passing through a region of well-watered plains, brought the explorer to the waters of a wide shallow lake, cut off by shoals and sand-ridges from the open ocean. A ship was to have met the expedition at this point, but it was sent somewhere up St. Vincent Gulf, and Sturt had to make his way back to Sydney by land.

There was still much work for the explorers. So far little but the coast line from Sydney to Adelaide had been explored and settled, with parts of the district south of the Murray River, now known as Victoria. Eyre was the next to venture into the interior. He reached the Great Salt Lakes, a region white and

glittering like frosted silver, below the surface of which lay deep brine pits and swamps of mud, in which his men and horses nearly lost their lives. Only one white man and three blacks accompanied him further into a region of sand and scrub, where the one absorbing thought was how to obtain sufficient water to keep themselves alive. Then two of the blacks turned traitor and killed Eyre's white servant, leaving him to push on alone with the remaining native till he reached Albany, in the south-west corner of West Australia. He had thus traversed the whole coast region of the Great Australian Bight.

Several plucky attempts were made by others to explore the region in the central part of the continent; but the lack of water, the blinding glare of the desert, and the unfriendliness of the natives made this impossible for many years.

At length, in 1860, Burke's famous expedition set out from Melbourne, with the intention of marching right across the continent to the Gulf of Carpentaria. About half-way across, at Cooper's Creek, the explorers entered upon a region known as the Stony Desert, where the heat was so great that they had to seek shelter by making holes in the ground and squatting in them like rabbits. Here Burke left his party, with orders to wait three months for his return, and then, if he failed to do so, to give him up as dead. He took with him only three men, one horse, and six camels; and passing through the terrible desert without harm, in due course they reached a richly fertile region, through which they hastened to the shores of the gulf, on which the city of Burketown now stands.

The return journey was more difficult. By the time they had reached the sandy tracts of desert their food was all gone. They had to kill one of the camels, and then the horse. Then one of the men died, and his companions, weak and worn out for want of food, were only just able to stagger back to Cooper's Creek alive. Here they found the place deserted, for the three months had passed by, and their party had left that very morning. As they fell exhausted under the shade of a tree, with nothing but death before them, they saw carved on the trunk the word "Dig." Noticing that the earth had been recently disturbed, they did so, and, to their delight, found a supply of food, left on the chance of their return.



But their troubles were not yet over, and the saddest part of the tale has yet to be told. They now made their way towards the nearest settlement, but this was much farther off than they expected. The last camel was at length eaten, and then, light-headed with hunger and exhaustion, the three men wandered on, trying to find some friendly natives who would give them food. First one lay down to die; then Burke himself could go no further. His faithful servant King watched by him till the last, and then staggered on till he reached a native village, where he was kindly treated, until at length a search party found him, the sole survivor of the ill-fated little band.

Meantime another brave man called Stuart had reached the north coast farther to the west. It was owing to his explorations that it became possible to lay telegraph wires from Port Darwin in the extreme north to Adelaide in the extreme south, and so to con-

nect two districts that had seemed hopelessly divided by the impassable interior.

Until the middle of the last century Australia was still a very thinly populated country. The dangers of drought almost overbalanced the advantages afforded to sheep-farmers by the wide tracts of rich grass, and for a long time colonists came but slowly.

A discovery made about 1850, however, brought an immense rush of emigrants to the country. A year or two before that time a man named Hargreaves left his home in New South Wales and went to dig for gold in the land of California. He was at once struck with the fact that the gold-bearing rocks and soil of that country were strangely like those of his own, and the thought made him so restless that, as soon as he possibly could, he hurried back, and began to experiment in his own land. In a few days he had obtained large quantities of gold, and within a month the news had brought thousands of diggers, who left their shops and farms and business to look after themselves, in a wild endeavour to get rich quickly. Then large numbers of emigrants from all parts of the world invaded the district, and at first it seemed as if the immediate result would be a gigantic famine, for no one would give a thought to food supplies while there was gold to be had for digging.



The Port Phillip district, in which the gold had been discovered, was subsequently cut off from New South Wales and included in the new colony of Victoria.

The discovery of gold in Victoria increased the population fourfold within five years. A large number of those who had flocked to the mines were bad

characters of the lowest type; no police force could manage them when they chose to rebel against authority. Many of them turned highwaymen, and infested the roads to the coast, "holding up" and robbing the coaches which were conveying the gold to the various ports.

On one occasion these desperate characters banded together with the worst of the miners, and, taking up arms, demanded freedom from restraint of any kind. Luckily the Governor of Victoria, Hotham, was both plucky and wise. He sent out a strong force of military, which soon routed the men, and then set to work to procure a "constitution" for the colony—that is, the right of responsible self-government, by which all law-abiding miners were given a share in the administration of their own colony, in which it was now to their own interest to preserve order.

In 1859 the northern part of New South Wales was made into the colony of Queensland. South Australia was settled in 1836, while Western Australia had a small beginning a few years earlier, but took rapid strides on the discovery of gold in 1892.

Nowadays the importance of Australia depends on her industries in cattle and wool as much as in mining. In 1901 the various colonies, or states, as they were thereafter to be known, were united under one "Federal Parliament" to form the new Commonwealth of Australia, which also includes Tasmania, whose story we shall trace in our next chapter.



Chapter XXVI.

TASMANIA AND NEW ZEALAND (1845–1872).

To the south of the colony of Victoria, and divided from it by Bass Strait, lies the large island of Tasmania, or, as it was first called, Van Diemen's Land. To this island the English commander of a band of convicts, sent out to Port Phillip in Victoria early in the nineteenth century, determined to transfer his men. But the convicts had heard reports that Tasmania was a barren rock, and this, though quite untrue, so frightened them that several determined to escape and take to the bush while they were yet in Australia.

One of these, a man named Buckley, having become weary of hungry freedom, determined to go back to prison, and pushed on through an unknown country, living on roots and berries, and in constant dread of being killed by the natives. One day, as he was staggering along at the last point of exhaustion, he came upon a mound, which, though he did not know it, contained the bones of a native warrior of great renown. A spear was stuck upright in it, and this Buckley grasped, scarcely knowing why, and passing on a little further, lay down utterly exhausted.



Now the Australian aborigines, or natives, believe that when their warriors die they are changed into white men, and often return to this earth. So, finding Buckley asleep, with the chieftain's spear in his hand, they naturally thought he was their late hero come

back to them; and to his great surprise, the poor fellow upon awaking was feasted, waited upon, and treated with the utmost honour and respect.

Even if he had wished to leave them, they would not have allowed him to do so; and Buckley lived for more than thirty years among them, talking their language, and joining in their frequent wars with neighbouring tribes. But as they always ate the flesh of their enemies, he never felt absolutely safe among them, thinking he might one day provide a dinner for his black companions; and at the end of this long period he managed to return to Port Phillip, only to find it lonely and deserted.

After a time of loneliness he was overjoyed to see a ship touch on the coast; but, to his dismay, he found he had forgotten his native tongue entirely, and could not make himself understood by his own countrymen. Probably his appearance, too, was that of a savage, for the sailors went off without trying to help him. Fortunately for him, settlers were at that time just coming to colonize Victoria, which had been made known by the explorations of Captain Sturt. They found poor Buckley, and helped him to get back his native tongue; and in return for the information he was so well able to give about the manners and customs of the aborigines, he was pardoned by the Crown, and spent the rest of his adventurous life in comparative quiet.

Meantime, while he had been wandering in the bush, two sets of convicts had been transported to Tasmania, which promised to become a flourishing little colony. But the original settlers, after a few years, were threatened by a new and serious danger. A number of the

convicts at various times managed to make their escape, and banded themselves together under the name of "bushrangers." These men soon became a terror to the country. They drove off the cattle, robbed the farmers, murdered the women and children, and were so bold and daring that no one could cope with them. For years a constant state of unrest was kept up by these desperadoes. One of them, Michael Howe by name, had made himself chief of a gang against whom the police were completely helpless.

It is said that he was passionately loved by a native girl, named Black Mary, who followed him wherever he went, and saved his life on many different occasions. One day a party of mounted police had surrounded the quarry which was Howe's temporary abode. Black Mary managed to get wind of their intention. She prevented Howe from entering the trap, and as he rode off on his great horse she raced alongside, holding on by his stirrup. At last, utterly exhausted, she fell to the ground, bidding him ride on to safety; but he, fearing lest his pursuers should force her to tell of his whereabouts, turned before he left, and shot at her as she lay panting on the ground.

But Black Mary, whom he had hoped to kill, was only wounded, and when the police came up to her, in her just wrath at his ingratitude she pointed out the haunt to which the gang had fled. Even then Howe managed to escape, though most of his men were taken. Fleeing to the mountains, this ruffian lived for years the life of a hunted animal, until at length he was tracked down and killed.

The next great difficulty, after the bushrangers had been partly suppressed, was the fierce hostility of the natives, who would kill any white man who came in their way. In vain the governor tried to force them into one particular part of the country, or out of it altogether. Nothing seemed possible, until at length a poor bricklayer named Robinson went fearlessly among them, and having learned their language and customs, persuaded many of them to settle down in a neighbouring island to which they were gladly conveyed by the authorities. But the aborigines, unable to exist under these conditions, died one after another, and now there is scarcely one remaining in the place.

To the east of Tasmania lie the two great islands which together make up New Zealand. As we have seen, the coast line had been explored by Captain Cook, and during the early years of the nineteenth century the regions near the sea had been settled more or less by British emigrants. But here the Maoris showed themselves strong and hostile neighbours, and New Zealand would probably never have risen to her present state of peace and prosperity had it not been for the wise and firm rule of Sir George Grey.

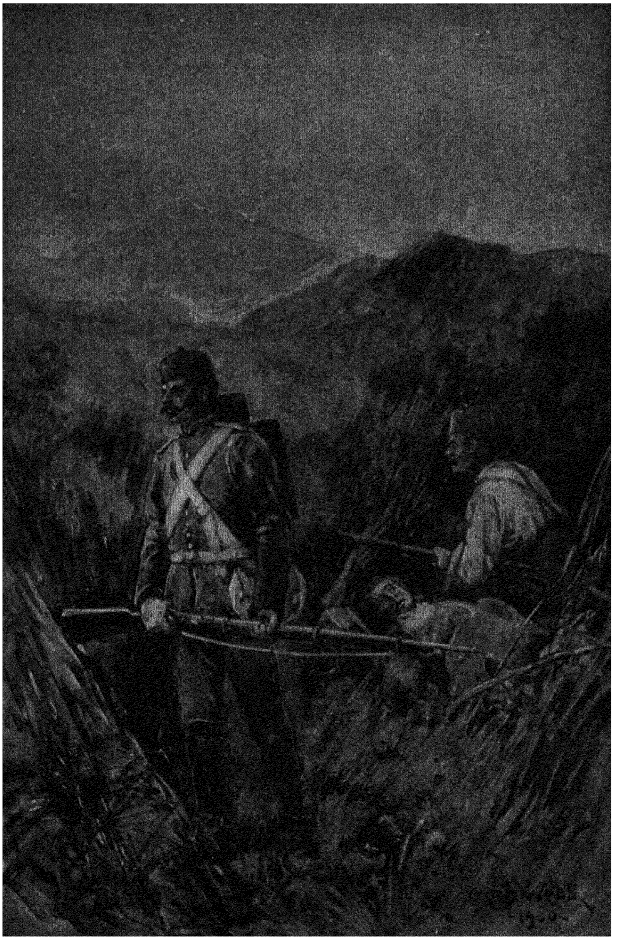


Grey had begun his noble career as Governor of South Australia, where he became exceedingly unpopular in consequence of his determination to cut down expenses and to free the colony, which was loaded with debt, from money troubles. The previous governor had borrowed large sums in order to build public offices, and so give work to the unemployed. Grey steadily refused to pursue this policy, and was called very hard names in consequence. But the

result was that these unemployed, finding no work in the towns, were forced to seek it on the farms, where labour was always in demand. Hence the country districts began to prosper owing to the steady cultivation of the soil; and meantime a fortunate discovery turned the poverty-stricken colony into one of the richest in Australia.

A wagoner, who was driving a bullock cart down the slope of one of the high ranges of hills in the colony, fastened a rough log behind the wagon as a substitute for a brake. The heavy log tore up the soil as it went, and the wagoner noticed that underneath a glittering piece of rock was left exposed. With some difficulty he dug it out and took it to Adelaide, where it proved to be ore containing a silver of fine quality. This discovery of silver led to further investigation. Silver, lead, and copper mines were found, and the future of the colony was assured. At the end of his four years as governor, Grey was almost worshipped in the district, and it was with regret and dismay that the people saw him depart to New Zealand.

When Grey reached New Zealand he found the Maoris up in arms about the land that had been taken from them by British emigrants. During the eight years he was there he made many enemies among the settlers, for he insisted that justice should be done to the Maoris, and that they should receive proper compensation for their land. But when Maoris and British settlers learned to know him, his tactful treatment quickly earned their love and respect. When he left New Zealand to become Governor of South Africa,



NIGHT IN THE MAORI BUSH.
(*From a drawing by Archibald Webb.*)

both joined together to sing his praises, and for a time his influence kept them at peace with one another.

All went well between colonists and natives, until suddenly the old dispute about the land broke out again; and Sir George Grey, recalled once more to take up his former post, found the Maori tribes again in arms against the British settlers. They were by no means enemies to be despised. Brave and skilful in fighting, they yet showed themselves wonderfully humane and merciful to their opponents. They would not try to capture an unarmed soldier, nor would they hurt one who, "carried away by his fears, goes to the house of his priest, even though he is carrying a gun." Women and children were left unharmed, and quarter was readily given in battle.

Such generous foes were hard to beat, however, and the war lasted for about ten years. But at length the Maoris laid down their arms, saying, "We have fought you well, and now we are friends for ever, for ever, for ever."

When New Zealand was granted a Parliament of her own, Sir George Grey became its first Prime Minister, and continued in this office until the year 1894, when he retired from public life, and some time later settled in England. His life-work may be summed up in the words of the address sent to him by the Maoris when he had left them for the last time:—

"Our word to you, O Grey. May God's blessing rest upon you, and give peace and happiness to you who have done so much for the peace and happiness of others."

Chapter XXVII.

"CHINESE GORDON" IN THE SUDAN (1882–1892).



ONE of the most interesting monuments in Trafalgar Square is that of the famous general, Charles George Gordon. He stands with a Bible in one hand and his little stick or baton, his only weapon in battle, under his arm, gazing into the distance, as in lifetime he had gazed over the yellow sands of the desert, waiting with patience for the relief that came too late.

The last portion of the career of this famous soldier was spent in Egypt and the Sudan, which together form a kind of British protectorate—that is, Britain controls the management of the country, though she does not rule it as a colony or possession of her own.

Our first step towards obtaining a foothold in this region was taken when we bought from the Khedive, the ruler of Egypt, his shares in the Suez Canal. This waterway forms the "highway to India," and it is important for us to have some part in the government and control of the country to which it belongs.

So far, our only "occupation" in the Mediterranean, besides Gibraltar and Malta, had been Cyprus, which in 1878 had been taken as a storehouse for the British fleet. Cyprus does not belong to us in the same way as Malta does, for we are bound to give it back to Turkey under certain conditions of the agreement made with that country, when she requires the latter to be fulfilled.

In 1882 Britain began to share with France the

control of the Khedive and his government. But an officer of the Egyptian army, known as Arabi Pasha, put himself at the head of a large and discontented party of Egyptians who wished to drive out all foreign power from the land. Hard fighting took place, in which France would take no share; and at length, at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, Arabi was defeated by the British, and banished from the country.

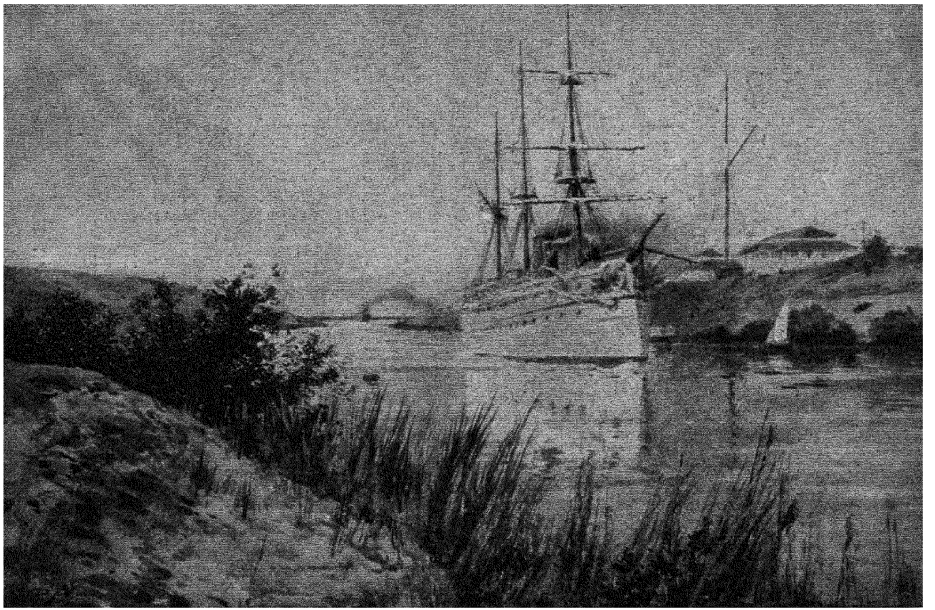


Meantime the rule of the Khedive had been extended southwards over the great district which we now call the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. This country was under the deadly influence of Arab slave dealers, who carried on their horrid trade unchecked, until the day when the Khedive made "Chinese Gordon" governor of the district under his control.

Gordon had earned this title during a rebellion in China, in which he ruled both the natives and his own men with a rod of iron. He was a little man, very shy and gentle, yet on occasion he could show himself as dauntless as a lion in the face of danger. For a while he governed the Sudan wisely and well, putting down the slave trade with all his might, and learning much of the ways and customs of the natives. Then he was recalled to England for a time.

Meantime among the Arabs of the Sudan there appeared a leader, known as the Mahdi, who declared himself to be a prophet sent by God to drive out foreign rule and to make the Arabs masters of the land. Thousands flocked to his standard, and the rule of the Khedive was quickly at an end in that region.

The British Government were not in the least anxious to keep their hold on the Sudan, but certain



A BRITISH TROOPSHIP IN THE SUEZ CANAL, OUR WATERWAY TO INDIA, FOR THE SAKE OF WHICH WE RETAIN OUR HOLD ON EGYPT.



garrisons of native soldiers had been left at their posts, especially in Khartum, the chief city of the district; and so Gordon was sent thither to maintain a show of British authority, and to bring back the troops in safety from the various Sudanese garrisons. He willingly undertook the difficult task, and presently found himself within the walls of Khartum.

Then a miserable series of misunderstandings began. The British Government did not realize till too late the importance of keeping open a line of communication with Khartum by means of the river Nile. No fresh troops were sent to Gordon, and very soon he was shut up in Khartum, cut off from all means of safety by the great army of the Mahdi, which lay before the walls.

But still with cheerful face he saw that the flag was kept flying above the Residence, and encouraged his troops with brave words. Yet all the time his keen blue eyes were scanning the waters of the river or the long reaches of sandy desert for the help that should be so near.

It was only after a long delay that General Wolseley was sent to bring relief to the beleaguered town by way of the Nile. He was long in reaching Khartum, for the river is impeded by cataracts, and the banks in the neighbourhood of the city were held by the rebels. But still within these walls the British flag was flying, and the brave man waiting there was writing in his diary: "I am quite happy. I have done my best for the honour of our country."

Then the news was brought in that a steamer sent down the river with important papers, to try to get word of the expected relief, had been seized by the

Arabs, and two friends of Gordon—his only white companions—had been killed. The Mahdi hoped that this would make him give in, and sent to say so to Gordon ; but he answered firmly, "It is all one to me. I am here like iron : tell the Mahdi this."



Nearer and nearer crept the relieving party, until it found itself face to face with the Mahdi's troops. There was a great fight before the British soldiers could press on to Khartum ; but when they came at length within sight of the city, they found that the gates were open, and that no British flag flew above the Residence. Khartum had fallen two days before.

No one knows exactly how it happened. Gordon was always on the look-out for treachery during those months of waiting, and it is probable that traitors within opened the gates to the rebels without. But years afterwards this account of the last moments of the brave soldier was given in a book written by one who had been the Mahdi's prisoner :—

"The surging mass of Arabs threw itself upon the palace, overflowed into the lovely garden, and burst through the doors in wild search of their prey ; but Gordon went alone to meet them. As they rushed up the stairs he came towards them and tried to speak to them ; but they could not or would not listen, and the first Arab plunged his spear into his body. He fell forward on his face, and was dragged down the stairs ; many stabbed him with their spears, and his head was cut off and sent to the Mahdi."



But at the time the relief party could obtain no news of him whatever, and were obliged to return empty-handed. This was in 1885.



In the years that followed, Britain began to realize that to have lost Gordon and Khartum in this manner was something of a disgrace. It was not till 1898 that an Egyptian army, under the "Sirdar," or chief officer, afterwards Lord Kitchener, marched across the desert and reconquered the Sudan, driving the Arab troops back upon Khartum. These troops were now led by the Khalifa, for the Mahdi was dead; and they fought most fiercely before Kitchener at length beat them completely, and made his way into the city. Over the spot where Gordon fell a solemn memorial service was held in his memory; and now a fine building, known as the Gordon Memorial College, stands hard by for the education of those native boys in whom the brave soldier took so keen an interest.

Since the day when the Khalifa died, fighting at the head of his men, there has been peace in the Sudan.

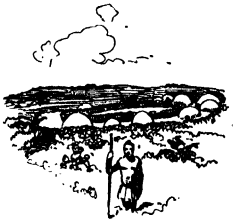
Chapter XXVIII.

THE STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA (1806–1850).

WHEN the British settled down side by side with the Boers, as the Dutch farmers were called, after the Napoleonic war, it seemed as if the race troubles of the colony at the Cape were at an end.

But for the first quarter of the nineteenth century at least the country was kept in a state of excitement by the hostility of the native Kafirs. These Kafirs were

so skilled in stealing cattle that the farmers, both Dutch and British, were reduced to a state of angry dismay when they found, as they frequently did, their cattle sheds empty and their fields deserted through a successful night's raid. So daring, indeed, were the robbers that when some marked cattle were found in the "kraal" of a native chief, he refused outright to restore them. This chief happened to be the rival and enemy of another, whom he attacked on one occasion with the intention of making himself ruler of the district. The latter appealed to the British for help, and a war began, which ended in the southern boundary of the Kafir territory being pushed further north.



This did not improve the relations of the Kafirs with the farmers, and some years later the former made a bold attempt at revenge.

Some British soldiers were searching for a large herd of cattle that had been recently carried off, when they suddenly found themselves surrounded by a ring of natives led by two chiefs, and threatened with spears and assegais. The British were forced to fire in order to make their escape; and having driven the Kafirs off, they rode on hastily to where they thought the stolen cattle might have been hidden. As they expected, the animals had been driven to the kraal, not of the chieftains themselves, but of some less important natives, who were forthwith ordered to turn out the whole herd. Seko, the owner of the kraal, declared that all the cattle were his own, so he was told that he might help to drive the animals to their destination, where the stolen cattle would be separated from the rest, and the latter restored to him.

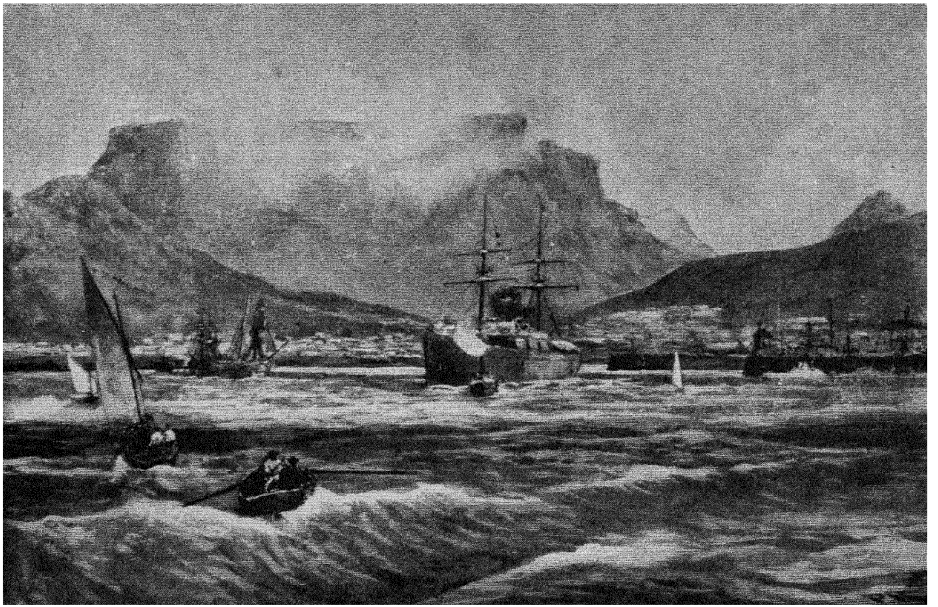
Guessing from his ready acceptance of this arrangement that mischief was afoot, the British officer ordered all assegais to be left behind, and then the procession set off.

Suddenly a signal was given. The herd, hustled back by natives in front, turned, and began trampling furiously on the farmers and soldiers in charge; and amid the thick clouds of dust raised by the tumult, assegais thrown by unseen foes on either side whirled upon them. The colonists fired, killing Seko and some of his men; but meantime the natives managed to drive off more than half the cattle.

Four years later, the Kafirs, who were still nursing their desire for revenge, came in great force across the boundary line, and for some weeks the peaceful colonists were at their mercy. Farms were burnt, fields laid waste, and the stations of the British troops began to be crowded with the families of farmers and missionaries seeking protection. Then Colonel, afterwards Sir Harry Smith, managed to subdue the natives, and the boundary of the colony was extended another step by driving them beyond a line still further to the north.

The next event in the story of South Africa is concerned with the Boers. These Dutch farmers had been the greatest sufferers in the Kafir war. It is said, indeed, that "seven thousand of them in one week were driven to utter destitution." Even when the war was over the raids still continued, and in the disputes that arose in consequence it seemed to the Boers that the British Government was always ready to take the side of the Kafirs against them.

The truth was that the old feeling of dislike and



CAPE TOWN FROM THE SEA, WITH TABLE MOUNTAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.

mistrust that had never entirely died out between the Boers and the British was flaring up again, and to the former everything was a grievance.

The fact that about this time English took the place of Dutch in the law courts and schools was not overlooked; and the losses incurred when, by order of the British Government, all slaves were set free, tended to fan the flame of ill-feeling.



So in the year 1836 the great Boer "trek" began. The Boers had at length made up their minds that they would endure British rule no longer; so they left behind them their farms and cultivated lands, and turning their faces to the north and north-east set out with a long line of bullocks and wagons and droves of cattle across the plains. Among them was Paul Kruger, the future president of the Transvaal, then a boy of ten years old.

They went out in several parties. Some of them, having crossed the Orange River, settled down in the lands beyond that stream, afterwards known as the Orange River State. Others pushed further north, crossed the Vaal River, and were marking out their farms in those fertile plains, when they found themselves faced by a terrible foe, the Matabele. These warriors belonged to the Zulu people, but had been driven out of their own country for rebellion, and were now inhabiting the surrounding lands—a dangerous enemy for any new settlers to cope with. The Boers fought them pluckily, sometimes forming "laagers" by lashing together their wagons in a circle and shooting their foes from inside, while the women and children handed the ammunition. But the first emigrants lost

all their cattle, until the coming of a new band encouraged them to attack the native villages, or kraals, of the Matabele, and to drive off their stolen animals. At length, after many a hard fight, the Matabele fled across the Limpopo River, where they built themselves a big kraal at Buluwayo, and gave their whole attention to harassing the natives of Mashonaland.

A third band of Boer emigrants made their way north-east to the district of Natal. This country was ruled by the Zulù king Dingan, and from him the Boer leader, Pieter Retief, and some of his companions were directed to ask permission to settle there. Dingan received them with much honour, though he did not omit to call their attention to his well-trained regiments of dusky warriors. He gave the Boers the permission they asked for on condition that they would recover for him a herd of cattle stolen by a neighbouring tribe, and they came away well pleased.

The news of this favourable reception quickly spread, and while Retief was busy arranging for the surrender of the cattle, a large number of emigrants hastened into Natal and encamped at the foot of the Drakenberg Mountains. Retief meantime, having obtained possession of the stolen herd without much difficulty, hastened to hand them over to the Zulu king. Dingan received him and his followers, who numbered about seventy, with great kindness, gave him a written promise that his fellow-countrymen might settle in Natal, and forthwith invited him and his men to a great feast. Quite unsuspecting, they sat down to the meal, when suddenly Dingan gave the signal: the white men were seized, dragged away, and beaten to death with clubs.





Immediately this treacherous deed was completed, a great band of warriors hastened to the spot where the Boers were encamped; and there, in the early dawn, a terrible massacre of the unsuspecting colonists took place. Hundreds of children, rudely awakened from sleep, were dashed to death against the wagons, while their fathers and mothers were cut down in a vain attempt to defend them. The farmers in the rear were better prepared, and fought desperately all that dreadful day. Then they would have fled in despair, but the women would not have it so. Demanding revenge for their children, they persuaded the men to send for help both to their own people and to the nearest British settlement. Reinforcements were soon in the field, but, unable to cope with the terrible Zulus, they were almost entirely destroyed.

The Boers, however, would not give up their hope of revenge. Under a leader called Pretorius, after whom the town of Pretoria is named, they gathered their forces, and again met the Zulus in the field. A number of wagons lashed close together made an excellent rampart, from behind which they poured their fire upon the enemy, and after a desperate fight all those who were left alive of Dingan's soldiers fled in confusion.

Dingan's Day became an honoured anniversary among the Boers of South Africa. The success of the colonists so impressed the Zulus that the king's own brother took the side of the Boers against Dingan; and when the latter was driven out, this man was well content to rule his people as a vassal of the newcomers.

The Boers hoped now to settle down peacefully in the country for which they had fought so well; but to

their dismay, the British Government declared its intention of annexing Natal. Many of the farmers determined to resist, and were able to compel a small British force to retreat in haste before the fire from their rifles as they lay hidden in the bushes. But a larger body of troops dispersed the Boers, most of whom got out their wagons once more, and passed away from the region of their first choice.

Meantime the Boers who had settled in the Orange River district met with the same treatment. The "Orange River sovereignty" was claimed by Britain a few years after their arrival. In this country there were two distinct parties. One, realizing the advantage of the help of Britain against the natives, was anxious to accept her control; the other refused altogether to submit, and at once set off on their wanderings again, finding a home at length beyond the Vaal River. Here, in the country which became known as the Transvaal or South African Republic, their independence seemed secure.

But in a few years Britain became weary of the responsibility for her outlying South African states, and the Orange River settlement was declared a free state, though much against the wishes of the majority of its inhabitants at that time.



Chapter XXIX.

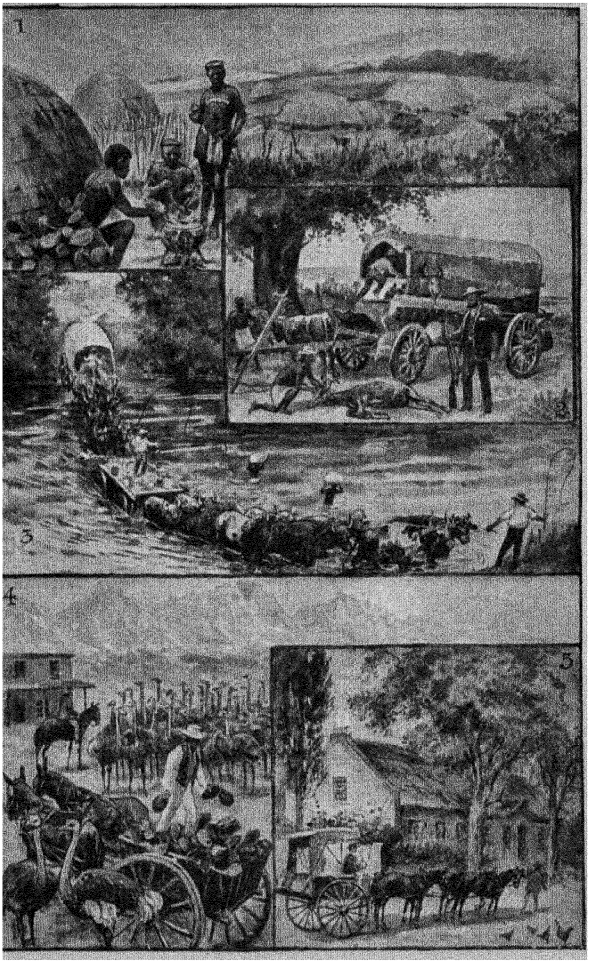
THE FIRST AND SECOND BOER WARS (1850–1902).

BETWEEN the years 1850 and 1870 British Kaffraria and Griqualand West were added to our South African Colonies.

Kaffraria, or Kaffir-land, had been almost deprived of native inhabitants in 1857. First a cattle plague broke out, and when, owing to the scarcity of food, thousands of the people were starving, a mad prophet appeared among them, bidding them kill all the remaining beasts, and destroy their corn, since on an appointed day their dead chieftains would rise again, and with them would come a new kind of cattle which could never be afflicted by the plague. Moreover, the chieftains, when they arrived, he said, would bring with them the Russians to drive out the British and restore the land to the natives.

The native tribes began to do as he advised. Herd after herd of cattle was destroyed, and great stacks of corn were burnt. But the appointed day came and went, and nothing happened. Then the people began to die of starvation in thousands, and those who survived hastened elsewhere for food. Kaffraria was left desolate, and after a time was annexed by Sir George Grey, then Governor of South Africa, and later on was placed under the government of Cape Colony.

Griqualand West was the scene of the discovery which made South Africa the talk of the world.



LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

1. Zulu kraal. 2. Boer hunter outspanning. 3. Trekking (crossing a river).
4. Ostrich farm. 5. Farmhouse and Cape Cart.

An Irish trader, named O'Reilly, called at the house of a Dutch farmer in the district, and happened to notice a little group of children playing with some pebbles. "That is a very bright stone," he said to the farmer, who replied with a laugh that he could have it if he liked, as the children could find plenty of others like it. O'Reilly took the pebble, examined it, and promised to give the farmer half its value if it proved to be what he suspected. It turned out to be a diamond worth five hundred pounds.



Search was immediately made in the district, and a number of other diamonds being found, a rush was made to Griqualand from all parts. Some of the Dutch farmers strongly objected to this interference with their ordinary ways of life, and one of them, De Beers, after doing his best to keep the diggers out of his land, at length determined to sell it and go somewhere else where he could live in peace. Even when a lady visitor, poking the ground with her parasol, turned up a fine diamond before his eyes he remained quite unmoved, and having sold the land at what he thought a fair price, went off to the Orange Free State, where he was troubled no longer by such exciting discoveries. The mine on his estate, called the "De Beers," proved so rich that the company who worked it was able to buy up all the others, and is now one of the greatest diamond-mining companies in the world.

While Griqualand West was being annexed to Cape Colony, the Boers in the Transvaal were living on very bad terms with the Zulus who inhabited the neighbouring territory. These Zulus complained to the British Government at Cape Colony that the Boers

had stolen their lands and made slaves of their young men. An inquiry was made, and on the excuse that the Boers were unable either to protect themselves from the natives, or manage their own affairs properly, the Transvaal was annexed to Cape Colony. The Boers were furious at this step, but they could not show their wrath openly, for the Zulus were threatening them on account of a dispute about a boundary line between their land and the Transvaal, and they were not strong enough to meet these fierce warriors unaided.

When the English Commissioner, Sir Bartle Frere, appeared on the scene in 1878, Cetewayo, the Zulu chief, seemed ready to make peace. The boundary question was settled; but when the chief was further required to disband his army, and to make amends for the raids of his men, an ominous silence followed.

After awaiting an answer in vain, a British force entered the Zulu territory in three divisions. One of these encamped on a steep hill called Isandhlwana, and having spent a night there, half the troops went on to attack a native kraal some distance away. The remainder, little suspecting that the Zulus were near, were enjoying the rest and quiet, when suddenly the hill was surrounded, and in a very short time the force was almost entirely cut to pieces.

Meantime the second division, of about ninety men, had been left to guard the hospital at Rorke's Drift, which was full of invalids. Finding themselves attacked by hordes of yelling savages, the tiny band of soldiers fought for twelve hours like heroes. All through the night the battle raged, and at dawn the third division came to their relief, when the Zulus dispersed.



It was not until a large army had been sent into the country that the Zulus were finally defeated (1880), and the district quieted, by Sir Garnet Wolseley.

As soon as all danger from the natives was at an end, the Boers remembered their old grievances against Britain. A republic was proclaimed in the Transvaal, and the first Boer War began (1880). Unfortunately, the British still regarded their brave foes merely as a handful of Dutch farmers, with little idea of warfare. They overlooked the fact that the frequent attacks of the Zulus had taught the Boers how to fight for their own protection. Sir George Colley advanced against them therefore with much too small a force, and on a certain February night of the year 1881 encamped on the summit of Majuba Hill, one of the heights of the Drakenberg Range. Morning light showed the Boers encamped below, and on the point of storming the height.

The British force still held the best position, but they were not ready for fighting, and had sadly underrated the number of the enemy. Their leader fell with half his troops; the rest fled for their lives. This unexpected defeat put an end to the war; a month later the independence of the Transvaal was declared, and the first Boer War was over.

One of our greatest Empire-makers during the next period of South African history was Cecil Rhodes. Having discovered the existence of gold in the districts north of the Transvaal, Mr. Rhodes made friends with Lobengula, the Matabele king, who had the greatest power in the country, and with the aid of Dr. Jameson, who cured the king of his gout, soon won his heart so



CECIL RHODES.

completely that the monarch readily agreed to allow the white men to dig for metals in his dominions.

The "Chartered Company" was immediately formed, with Mr. Rhodes as one of the directors; forts were built and garrisoned, and the whole country was examined. Presently hundreds of Europeans arrived there, and the southern part, Mashonaland, was practically settled by them. Lobengula did not at all approve of this, but his attention was called off for the time by a quarrel with the Mashonas, the other native tribes over whom he claimed to rule.

The British took the side of the Mashonas; and though Lobengula himself did what he could to keep the peace, his warlike followers were only too ready to strike a blow at the British invaders in return.

Then things were made worse by a most unfortunate event. Three Matabele chiefs came to the British camp under safe conduct, but by some mistake were arrested as spies. Not understanding what was meant, two of them tried to escape, and were promptly shot.

This enraged the Matabele so much that nothing would hold them back. Desperate fighting followed, and with great difficulty the Matabele were defeated.

Then another terrible mishap occurred. Lobengula, forced to flee across the Zambesi, sent some of his men with a bag of gold to the British camp to ask for peace. These natives, not knowing exactly to whom to go, fell into the hands of two rascally scouts, who received the money and promised to convey the message, which, needless to say, they neglected to do.

Hearing nothing from the Matabele chief, a small British force set out in pursuit of him. This seemed

the basest treachery to Lobengula, who was ill at the time, and to his warriors, who managed to surround the little troop, and in a short time cut it to pieces.

A few months later Lobengula died; but by that time most of the Matabele had given in, and the land of Rhodesia, called after Cecil Rhodes, was added to our Empire.

The Boers of the Transvaal, who had regained their independence in 1881, were by no means pleased with this last extension of British power in South Africa, and they began to look with greater disfavour than before at the "Outlanders"—men from many different countries who had come to work in the goldfields of the land across the Vaal. Many of these Outlanders were Britons, who much resented being treated as if they had no rights as citizens, when they performed their full share towards supporting the country.



But Paul Kruger, the Boer president, would have nothing to do with them, and, if he had been able, would have driven them out altogether. While matters were in a critical state, Dr. Jameson entered the Transvaal on his famous "Raid" with a small armed troop. His aim was to obtain justice for the Outlanders by force; but they failed to support him, and the whole affair turned out to the advantage of President Kruger, who was able to insist that Jameson should be punished by the British Government. This so encouraged the Boers that, when Britain tried by fairer means to get them to treat the Outlanders with justice, they showed such an obstinate front that it was clear that war was at hand. The Orange Free State joined them; and while both sides were preparing for war, the Boer

army invaded Natal (October 1899). At first the British made their old mistake of thinking too lightly of the power of their enemies. Within a short time one British general was shut up in Ladysmith, another in Kimberley, and a third in Mafeking.

Then came that dark December week, when three terrible defeats were inflicted upon our armies, and Britain was plunged into mourning for numbers of her brave sons. But the necessary lesson had been learnt.

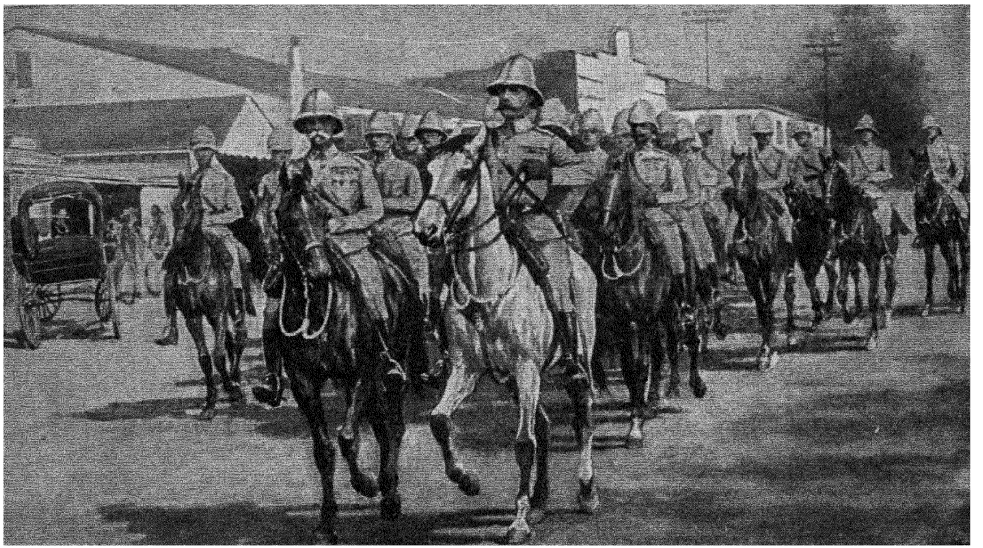
The call for volunteers to help at this crisis met with a noble response from every part of the Empire.



Lord Roberts, who had shown his skill as a general in Afghanistan, was sent out as commander-in-chief, and Lord Kitchener, the avenger of Gordon, became his right hand man. In February the half-starved inhabitants of Kimberley and Ladysmith were relieved. Three months later Britain was overjoyed at the news of the relief of Mafeking, so gallantly held by Colonel Baden-Powell. The defeat of General Cronje put the Orange Free State into British hands, and by June the Transvaal was annexed, and President Kruger had fled to Holland.

For nearly two years the Boers held out in their refusal to acknowledge their loss of independence, and a long and trying warfare continued under the brave and daring De Wet on the one side and Lord Kitchener on the other.

Then on the Sunday evening of June 1, 1902, when many people were at church, the glad news was announced that the war that had cost so many lives was over at last.



ROBERTS AND KITCHENER ENTERING PRETORIA.

(From the picture by Sidney Paget. By permission of the Editor of the "Sphere.")

Five years later a self-governing "constitution" was granted to the Transvaal, and Louis Botha, who had fought bravely against us in the war, was the first Premier to take the oath of allegiance to King Edward.

Chapter XXX.

BRITAIN ACROSS THE SEA.

"FAIR is our lot—oh, goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
For the Lord our God most High,
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth!

"Keep ye the law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among our peoples let men know we fear the Lord!"

RUDYARD KIPLING.

IN these stirring lines our Empire poet has struck the right keynote for the completion of the story we have just read. That goodly heritage, won for us by men of old time and by the men of to-day, is a precious possession, bringing with it a great responsibility to all who glory in the name of Briton.

Time has taught us many lessons with regard to our Colonies, and one of the most important of these is the wisdom of granting independent government wherever there is reason to believe that it will be for the

colony's good. For the old idea that the "children" of the mother country were bound to look to her for every detail of law and government has almost completely died out, and has been replaced by the belief that "grown-up children," who have proved themselves loyal and obedient, should learn self-reliance by self-government.



Thus, in 1840, Canada was granted "responsible government," and since that time the separate divisions known as Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, British Columbia, Prince Edward Island, Saskatchewan, and the North-West Territories, have joined with the original Canadian territories to form what is known as the Dominion of Canada.

We have already seen how the various colonies of Australia were also federated to form a Commonwealth, with a united Parliament. New Zealand is another example of rapid progress since the grant of self-government.

With India the case is different. Her great size, immense population, and divided states would make a united Parliament an impossibility. But India is united to the home country by very special ties, for the King rules her as "Emperor," and is represented by a Viceroy, "locally autocratic," but controlled in reality by the British House of Commons.

Other parts of our Empire find it to their advantage to remain "Crown colonies," under the control of the Colonial Office in London. Such are the West India Islands, Ceylon, and Mauritius.

But whatever the form of government, the bond between the colonists or natives and Britain still

holds fast, and every means is now used of drawing it closer.

In April 1907 a Colonial Conference was held in London, at which many important questions dealing with the welfare and administration of each colony in its relation to the Empire were discussed. Thus wide and varied views on the subject were obtained, and all fear of petty local prejudice was laid aside. In conclusion, let us recall the words in which a great statesman, Lord Beaconsfield, has pointed out the duties of every Empire citizen :—

"The Empire was formed by the enterprise and energy of our ancestors, and it is one of a very peculiar character. I know no example of it either in ancient or in modern history. No Cæsar or Charlemagne ever presided over a dominion so peculiar.

"Its flag floats on many waters; it has provinces in every zone; they are inhabited by persons of different laws, manners, customs. Some of these are bound to us by ties of liberty, fully conscious that without their connection with the Metropolis they have no security for public freedom and self-government; others are bound to us by ties of flesh and blood, and by material as well as moral considerations.

"There are millions who are bound to us by our military sway, and they bow to that sway because they know that they are indebted to it for order and justice.

"All these communities agree in recognizing the commanding spirit of these islands that has formed and fashioned in such a manner so great a portion of the globe.

"That Empire is no mean heritage; but it is not a heritage that can only be enjoyed: it must be maintained, and it can only be maintained by the same qualities that created it—by courage, by discipline, by patience, by determination, and by a reverence for public law and respect for national rights."

LANDMARKS OF EMPIRE HISTORY.

1496.	Cabot navigates the coast of Labrador and lands in Newfoundland.
1577-80.	Francis Drake circumnavigates the world.
1583.	Gilbert makes an attempt to establish a colony in the island of Newfoundland.
1588.	Defeat of the Spanish Armada.
1607.	Captain John Smith sails for Virginia.
1610.	Samuel Champlain establishes a French station at Quebec.
1613.	The British East India Company set up a factory at Surat.
1620.	The Pilgrim Fathers land in America.
1625-1752.	The Atlantic States of America gradually settled.
1655.	Admiral Penn takes Jamaica from Spain.
1685.	William Penn founds the settlement of Pennsylvania.
1699.	Captain Dampier visits New Holland (Australia).
1704.	Capture of Gibraltar by Sir George Rooke.
1751.	Clive captures and holds Arcot.
1756.	The tragedy known as "The Black Hole of Calcutta."
1757.	The Battle of Plassey won by Clive.
1759.	Capture of Quebec by General Wolfe.
1770.	Captain Cook explores the eastern coast of Australia.
1772-83.	Warren Hastings in India.
1775-82.	The War of American Independence. Loss of the American Colonies.
1779-83.	The Siege of Gibraltar.
1798-1805.	Wellesley's campaigns in India.
1805.	The victory of Trafalgar removes the French menace to our Empire.
1815.	Cape Colony ceded to Britain.
1840.	Establishment of the Dominion of Canada.
1850.	First discovery of gold in Australia.
1857.	The Indian Mutiny menaces the existence of our power in the peninsula.
1880-81.	First Boer War.
1885.	Death of Gordon at Khartum.
1899-1902.	Second Boer War. Followed by unification of South Africa under the British flag.