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1941

EAST AFRICA

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1941

THE BRITISH COLONIAL EMPIRE

NOEL SABINE

1943

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE

Edited and with an introduction

by

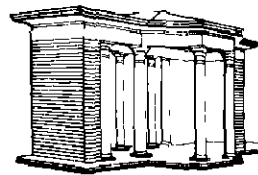
W. J. TURNER

With

48 plates in colour

and

*173 illustrations in
black and white*



WILLIAM COLLINS OF LONDON
MCMXXXIII

PRODUCED BY
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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
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Since Field-Marshal Smuts is still known throughout the world by his old title of "General Smuts," it has been decided to leave the references to him unaltered in the text of this book which was written just before his new appointment on May 24th, 1941

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BRIEF HISTORICAL CHRONOLOGIES

CANADA	1829	Foundation of Western Australia
1497 Canada discovered by John Cabot sailing from Bristol	1836	South Australia proclaimed a colony
1534-5 Jacques Cartier, sent out by Francis I of France, reached site of Montreal	1851	Victoria proclaimed a colony
1604 Samuel de Champlain founded French Colony in Nova Scotia	1859	Queensland proclaimed a colony
1713 Hudson's Bay, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia became British	1901	Federation into the Commonwealth of Australia
1759 General Wolfe captured Quebec	1914	Australia at war with Germany
1763 Canada ceded to Great Britain by France	1939	Australia declares war on Germany
1840 The Union of Upper and Lower Canada		NEW ZEALAND
1867 Federation into the Dominion of Canada	c. 1450	The great migration of the Maori people from Tahiti to New Zealand
1914 Canada at war with Germany	1769	Captain Cook landed at Poverty Bay
1939 Canada declares war on Germany	1833	James Busby appointed British Resident
AUSTRALIA	1840	Emigrants of the New Zealand Company land at Wellington. Treaty of Waitangi signed
1642 Tasman discovers Van Diemen's Land	1853	New Zealand Constitution Act
1770 Captain Cook lands in Botany Bay	1854	First session of Parliament at Auckland
1778 Foundation of the Colony of New South Wales	1907	New Zealand becomes a Dominion
1825 Van Diemen's Land proclaimed a colony. (Name changed to Tasmania in 1856)	1914	New Zealand at war with Germany
1826 Official proclamation of settlement at Brisbane	1920	Mandate for Samoa given to New Zealand
	1939	New Zealand declares war on Germany

SOUTH AFRICA

- 1620 Two English captains formally took possession of Table Bay on behalf of King James I
- 1652 Dutch East India Company settlement at Table Bay
- 1806 Capture of the Cape by the British
- 1814 By Peace Treaties, England agreed to pay £6,000,000 for Dutch Colonies of Guiana and the Cape
- 1834-6 British Government's emancipation of slaves, leads to the Great Trek
- 1852 British Government acknowledges freedom of Transvaal Republic and of Orange Free State in 1854
- 1856 Natal separated from the Cape
- 1867 Diamonds discovered near Orange River
- 1877 Annexation of the Transvaal
- 1884 Independence of the Transvaal again recognised
- 1886 Gold discovered on Witwatersrand
- 1895 The Jameson Raid
- 1899-1902 The Boer War
- 1910 Union of South Africa established by the Imperial Parliament
- 1914 South Africa at war with Germany
- 1939 South Africa declares war on Germany

INDIA

- 326 B.C. Alexander the Great invaded India
- 264-227 B.C. Emperor Asoka made Buddhism the state religion
- 100 A.D. Invasion of the Scythians from Central Asia
- 320-c.470. Gupta dynasty
- c. 1025 Mohammedan invasion of India
- 1556-1605 Moghul Empire of Akbar the Great
- 1658-1707 Reign of Aurungzebe and rise of the East India Company
- 1774-1785 Warren Hastings, first Governor General of India
- 1858 Government of India transferred from the East India Company to the British Crown
- 1885 Congress founded
- 1942 Dominion Status promised

COLONIAL EMPIRE

- 1612-1655 Colonisation of the West Indies
- 1662 British African Company founded
- 1704 Annexation of Gibraltar
- 1758 Capture of Senegal
- 1762 Conquest of the Windward Islands
- 1787 Foundation of Society for the Abolition of the Slave-trade
- 1787-1791 Sierra Leone founded
- 1785 Acquisition of Ceylon
- 1794 Office of Secretary for War and Colonies instituted
- 1796 Acquisition of Dutch Guiana
- 1797 Acquisition of Trinidad
- 1810 Acquisition of Mauritius
- 1819 Acquisition of Singapore
- 1824 Acquisition of Malacca
- 1833 Abolition of Slavery
- 1839 Occupation of Aden
- 1841 Raja Brooke in Sarawak
- 1842 Hong Kong annexed
- 1843 Gold Coast becomes Crown Colony
- 1861 Lagos occupied
- 1867 Straits Settlements become Crown Colony
- 1871 Dutch forts on Gold Coast bought
- 1874 Fiji annexed at request of Native Rulers
- 1881 British North Borneo Co. founded
- 1884 British Protectorate over Lower Niger
- 1884 British occupy Somaliland
- 1884 British Protectorate over Southern New Guinea
- 1887 First Colonial Conference
- 1901 First Imperial Conference
- 1916-1918 Conquest of German East Africa
- 1919-1921 Australia and New Zealand Mandate. West African Mandates
- 1922 Mandates accepted for Palestine and Irak
- 1931 Statute of Westminster
- 1932 Imperial Conference at Ottawa

INTRODUCTION

LIKE all things which have grown naturally, and through a long period of time, the British Commonwealth and Empire has the complicated organisation of life rather than the clear-cut structure of an abstract plan. It coheres round a centre of gravity and it is this centre of gravity which is the most important thing about it and which is indicated by the apparently simple word "British." The best explanation of it is to be found in an analogy drawn from the physical universe, as I shall show later. The independent parts of the British Isles, even, did not cohere into a strongly unified body until the sixteenth century when England began to be a major European power. Europe was settling down into a number of similar coherent powers and the impact on these stable powers of the Renaissance, and the discovery of America, was the stimulus which began an era of general exploration outwards from Europe. Spain, Holland, Portugal and, to a lesser degree, France had all become centralised enough, and with a sufficiently stable internal core, to begin a vast process of reaching outward and for the next century the rivalry between these powers was great and persistent. Each of these active centres stretched outwards towards both the West and the East by sheer natural vitality; the pressure outward was due to the pressure at the centre and found expression in individual enterprise and adventure. Except that the scale was smaller and the movement due to the activity of individuals and small groups rather than to large masses, this movement bore some resemblance to the great migrations which, many centuries earlier, had filled Europe. Instead of filling the new-found continent of America by mass land-migrations, Europe filtered in at the fringes through small streams across the ocean by dint of individual enterprise, and in every case it was some time before the home centre in Europe took notice of, or paid much attention to, the activities of these self-directed colonists. When, however, their numbers and activity attained a sufficient magnitude and importance then their demands to be supported from their home bases began to grow more and more intense. They needed this support because they found themselves struggling with their rivals for the pick of their new territories. England, far from being imperialistically minded, was usually the last to back up her settlers, colonials and merchant adventurers with Government aid.

Thus it came about that France, Holland, Spain, Portugal and England were engaged in colonial rivalry and sometimes in wars right through the

seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Historians will seek in vain to discover a definitive reason why, in the rivalry which followed this general expansion, England was left, early in the nineteenth century, with the major portion of all those overseas territories, East and West, which have now become colonies, more or less loosely connected with the home land. Perhaps the nearest we can get to a basic reason (without having to commit ourselves to the unattractive idea that the English were superior in some way to the other continental nations) is that England was an island power and thus had the advantages of (a) relative freedom from attack by those continental neighbours who having no sea-barrier between them were engaged in almost ceaseless strife in a natural rivalry for power, and (b) England's independent sea-faring people and habitual traffic by sea, which naturally led them to undeveloped regions across the ocean. But we must not ignore political and psychological factors, which also undoubtedly played their part. England was the only European power which had evolved a democratic parliamentary government with the tradition, "No taxation without representation," and it was because connections between their citizens abroad and at home were looser and because they had more individual freedom and independence that England's colonies tended to expand faster than those of others. The central authority interfered less with individual enterprise than in the case of other nations. That this is one reason for the greater success of the English colonising elements over the continental ones is almost proved by the fact that, on the one occasion when England lost a colony, it was due to a short-sighted attempt to impose absolute authority. Moral judgments in my opinion are always beside the mark, because so far mankind has not been able to conceive of a valid morality acceptable to all. Thus, the absurdity of the moral judgments passed on the English Government which lost the American colonies is shown by the fact that, if England had not lost them, the U.S.A. would never have existed in its present form. It seems to most of us now that this would have been a loss which the world could have ill afforded.

Most of the attacks that have been made on so-called British Imperialism either in Great Britain, in Europe, in the U.S.A. or elsewhere can be dismissed as lacking in sufficient knowledge of the facts. So far from the central English Government having pursued a policy of conquering expansion, the fact is that the central English Government has always been forced, reluctantly, by the insistent appeals of its adventuring citizens abroad at last to take some heed of what they have been doing unaided, sometimes for many decades and at last lend them a little belated but necessary aid.

When these colonies, founded by individual enterprise and love of adventure, had established themselves it became slowly clear to a reluctant Government in England that they had to be supported and helped in their struggles against rivals, and it is significant that the American Professor of History in the University of Wisconsin, Paul Knaplund, says in his book on the British Empire that he was attracted to the history of England and the British Empire because here he found "the best modern exemplification of attempts to apply



LANDSCAPE AT MICHELAGO, NEW SOUTH WALES
Oil painting by George Lambert

the basic principle of freedom on a scale not only national but world embracing." The history of the British Commonwealth and Empire really resembles the history of the solar system ; that is, a gradual development from chaos into an ordered hierarchy or empire. The gravitational centre of the Commonwealth and Empire is England, with its traditions and democratic institutions. It was not until well on into the nineteenth century that the first main division between England and the colonies was established. When the present writer was born he was a colonial, that is to say, he was born in Melbourne, the capital of the colony of Victoria, in Australia. This colony, although it had a Governor sent out from England, had its own parliament and was, in fact, as independent of Great Britain as the U.S.A. is to-day ; it was also independent of the other colonies. The Governor bore the same relation to the local parliament that the Constitutional Monarch in Great Britain did to the British Parliament. It was not until 1901 that the various colonies, established in and around the huge continental island of Australia, were federated into the Commonwealth of Australia, with a Federal Parliament set up at the federal capital of Canberra in the state of New South Wales. The various parts of Canada were similarly united in a federal union in 1867 with the creation of the Dominion of Canada. New Zealand became a Dominion in 1907 ; while the

most recent and, in a sense, most triumphant achievement of the great democratic tradition of England was the foundation of the Union of South Africa in 1910, established by the British Government in London, with their one time enemy, General Louis Botha, as Prime Minister.

India is in a slightly different position from these other Dominions, for whereas they were all developed from colonial enterprise, the outcome of British settlers from the home country adventuring abroad and colonising lands across the seas that were both sparsely populated and peopled by primitive races with a more or less static culture, India was a continent with a high degree of civilisation that had been formed in the course of many centuries. But it must be pointed out that India, owing perhaps to its extremely exhausting climate, has, throughout its long history, been dependent upon numerous invasions to maintain its vitality. Its history from the earliest times is a history of successful invasions from the North West ; every great Indian dynasty has been founded by invaders from Central Asia, and after every invasion there has come about a new revival of social power and activity gradually declining until the next. It is this fact which accounts for the present division inside India between the Moslems and the Hindus. The Moslems are, in the main, the descendants of the Mohammedan invaders from Central Asia. The Hindus represent the earlier peoples, though they have been considerably intermixed with the successive waves of later arrivals. In the seventeenth century the private English East India Company found itself in its commercial enterprises dealing with the tottering Moghul Empire in competition with Portuguese, Dutch and French. By the end of the eighteenth century the chaos resulting from the break-up of the Moghul Empire was at last resolved into order by the triumph of the East India Company over all its rivals ; but it was not until 1858 that the Government of India was transferred from the East India Company to the British Crown. The British Commonwealth thus came to include in its membership a vast territory inhabited entirely by people of non-European tradition and culture. That was a milestone marking a new direction in the British Commonwealth.

Before looking in that direction let me sum up the present situation. We have, as four sections of this book clearly show, four great Dominions : Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—which, at present, make up together with the parent-island group of Great Britain, the “ British Commonwealth of Nations ” ; next we have the section, entitled in this volume, the “ Colonial Empire,” comprising all those colonies and possessions which have not yet grown to Dominion status, and among them we have included in this volume a separate account of one group of them—namely, “ East Africa ”—giving it a more detailed description to serve as an example of many other colonies which we have not the space to deal with so fully. In addition there are two territories which are neither Dominions nor Colonies—Newfoundland and Southern Rhodesia. The former voluntarily relinquished her ‘Dominion Status’ in 1933 as a temporary measure because of financial difficulties and sought the aid of the United Kingdom. Southern Rhodesia sends representa-



VIEW OF THE RIVER SAINT LAWRENCE
Water colour by John Townsend c. 1840

tives to Imperial Conferences, but is not yet a Dominion because, although enjoying complete parliamentary self-government in her internal affairs, she is not yet responsible for her own defence or the conduct of relations with Foreign Powers. I ought to add at this point that the new principle of voluntary and equal association as between the United Kingdom and the four great Dominions was formally stated in the Statute of Westminster of 1931, which set down in black and white their basic independence, which had been a fact for so long. For instance, the Statute of Westminster establishes firmly the power of each of these Dominions to go to war or not, as it individually decides. It is due to sheer ignorance that so many of the British people at home (to say nothing of the people in America, Europe and elsewhere), still do not realise to-day that there is no compulsion on any of these Dominions to declare war on any enemy of Great Britain. They could have chosen, if they had wished, to be as neutral as Sweden, or Spain, but in fact their several parliaments have decided to go to war. The complete and utter voluntariness of their decisions is shown by the fact that although technically the Dominion of Eire is a member of the British Commonwealth and has a right to participate in the benefits of its membership just as have the other Dominions, it has decided to remain neutral during the present war with Germany, and this neutrality has been strictly respected by the British Government much to its own disadvantage. I have therefore excluded the Dominion of Eire from this present volume, in view of its present anxiety to remain isolated, but every individual member of the

British Commonwealth and Empire will join with me in hoping that Eire will one day act in friendly co-operation with Great Britain and all the other members of the Commonwealth.

To return now to the "milestone in a new direction" set by India. There may be a few obsolete Anglo-Saxons on both sides of the Atlantic who look upon men of a different colour from themselves as in some way inferior, but that is not the attitude of the British Government, nor of the majority of the people in Great Britain. But, it is obvious, that to participate in a Commonwealth of Nations of which it is the only one with a wholly different culture and tradition, involves a much greater strain on all the members. The British Government has guaranteed to India complete self-government as soon as the present war is over. This is the goal which every British subject, whether a dominioneer, colonial or a homelander, hopes to see achieved but its practical accomplishment depends on the ability of the Indians themselves—Mohammedans and Hindus—to co-operate in India as the Dutch and British do in South Africa. Any attempt of one side, whether numerically superior or not, to dominate the other would be fatal, and would inevitably lead to chaos. There are some irresponsible, splenetic visionaries who wish to see this chaos arrive, but the British Government, being responsible for the lives of millions of people, cannot be a party to bringing about this chaos and must wait upon the establishment of a working agreement among Indians themselves before handing over to them this authority. If India, self-controlled and of her own free will, comes into the British Commonwealth of Nations as a free and independent partner it will mark the first step towards the new expansion of this great Commonwealth idea which may lead to the voluntary association of other countries with it. Such a Commonwealth would preserve peace over three-quarters of the globe, but this is a vision of the future and it does not concern us here. We are only concerned in the present volume to show the situation of the British Commonwealth of Nations and Empire as it stands at the present moment.

W. J. TURNER

CANADA

LADY TWEEDSMUIR

PREFACE.

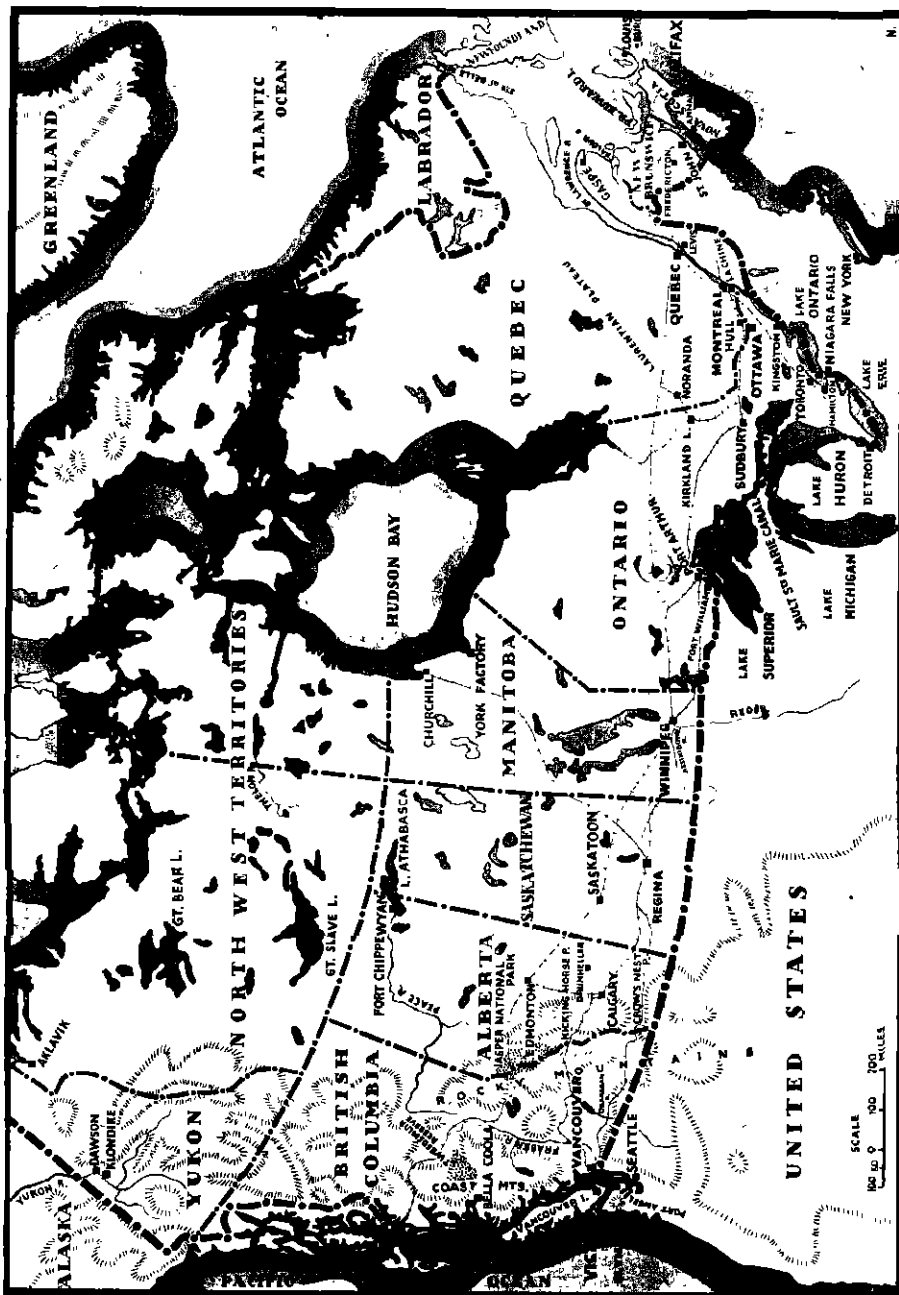
IT is necessary for anyone who wishes to understand a country first to study her history, and Canada's history is a very interesting study. The two dominating factors which have produced the Canada of to-day are human courage and endurance, and the geography of this vast and marvellous land, which stretches from the Maritime Provinces to the Pacific coast. It is a saga of man's adventurous spirit in the face of every kind of hardship, and a salute to two great races, the British and the French, who began the conquest of Canada by force, and have maintained that conquest in years of peace.

In this sketch I cannot do more than glance at the sequence of events, and my hope is that the readers of this little book will be fired to study Canadian history in greater detail. It will well repay them so to do.

At this moment all eyes are turned upon the New World. Canadians have come once again, for the third time in forty years, to fight by our side. Surely it is a good moment to study the roots of Canada's history, roots which sprang from our soil and from the soil of France.

I have tried to show the special charm and flavour of each of those nine provinces which go to make up the Dominion of Canada. If I have succeeded in making their varied beauty and their varied interests a little more generally known, I shall feel amply rewarded.

S. T.



THE BACKGROUND OF CANADA.

CANADA was first discovered and her settlement begun as the result of Marco Polo's discovery of China in the reigns of the first and second Edwards, Kings of England. The tale of the amazing civilisation of Cathay had made merchants of Spain, England, and the Italian Republic hungry for trade with the rich and prosperous East. In May 1497, John Cabot, an Italian from Bristol, fitted out a tiny ship, with a little help from King Henry VII, and sailed for North America.

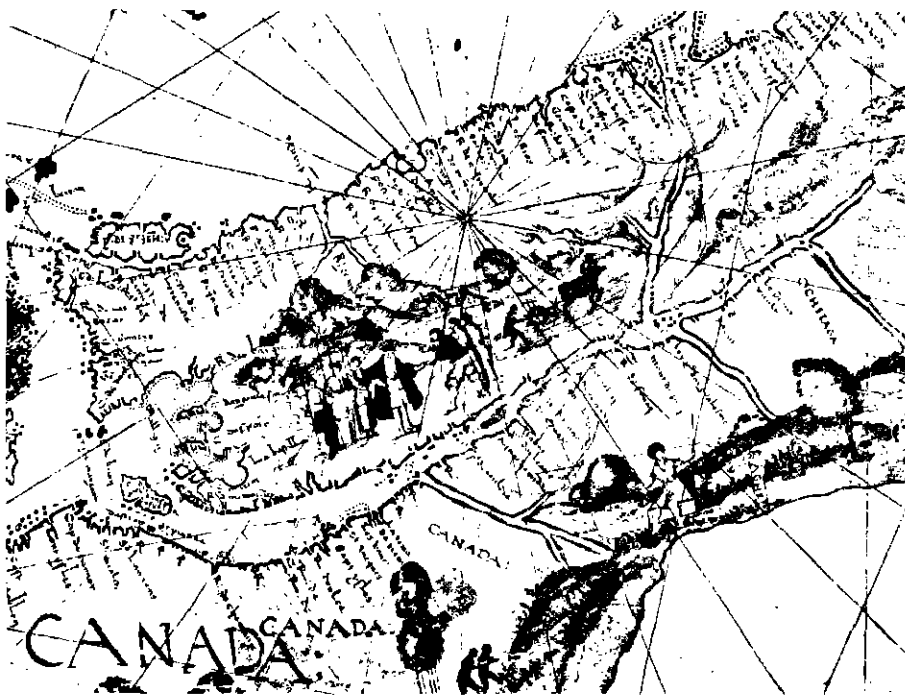
He returned in July saying that he had reached land and planted a huge cross on the shore. He added that he had, without doubt, found the land of the Great Khan, and had also been very near Japan. He was made much of, and walked about clothed in silk, and was lavish in promises of the wealth to be gathered in the New World. A year later he sailed with two ships, and returned with tales of fishing and fur trading. After this England claimed the discovery of North America.

Nearly forty years later, in 1534, the French, who had heard the gossip of fishermen about North America, decided not to allow Spain and England to have this new continent, and Francis I chose Jacques Cartier, a hardy sailor from St. Malo, to sail on this great adventure. Cartier made a surprisingly fast voyage of three weeks, and reached the mouth of the St. Lawrence at the Strait of Belle Isle. Coasting along New Brunswick to Gaspé he sailed up an inlet. The day was very hot, and he named the inlet Baie de Chaleur. (Four hundred years later I passed along its shores when the temperature was below zero and the snow lay deep on the landscape, and I wondered why it had been given that name.)

Jacques Cartier was convinced that this inlet led to the gorgeous East, but the Indians whom he met seemed extremely poor and offered only one commodity, furs. At Gaspé Cartier planted a great wooden cross, and nailed on it a shield bearing the fleur-de-lys and a large scroll on which was written, "Vive le Roy."

The French conquest of Canada seems to have been a source of surprise and disappointment; surprise at the beauty and vastness of the country, and disappointment at the different life the explorers found there from that of their expectations. They came upon poor Indian villages surrounded by a triple palisade of logs, when they expected round the turn of the next hill or river to be gladdened by the sight of stately temples, groves of fruit, men and women dressed in exotic silks, and all the panoply of an old and wealthy civilisation. (La Chine rapids near Montreal were so called because French adventurers hoped just beyond them to find China in all her glory.) It was a dream that died hard, both in France and in England.

Cartier spent two years in Canada, then sailed back to France, taking with him an Indian chief. Reports went to Spain that Francis I was fitting out an



MAP OF CANADA c. 1544

Attributed to Desceliers

The picture is supposed to represent Jacques Cartier meeting the chief Donna Conna on the banks of the river opposite Quebec, on September 15th, 1535

expedition which was to colonise a new France. The Spaniards and Portuguese said that as long as the French did not take any of the land which belonged to them they might go to the chill North ; from which it was probably hoped that they would never return alive.

Five years after his first attempt Cartier landed again in Canada, still hoping to discover diamonds. He returned with no precious stones, but with some specimens of gold and crystals which had been found at Charlesbourg near Quebec.

The roll of honour of Canadian history is a fascinating study. Few countries have been served by men of such a highly adventurous spirit, and of such diverse characteristics. After Cartier the sailor and explorer, Champlain is the next great name. He was fervently religious and had patience, courage and tact. He needed all these qualities, as the French, like other colonists, were hard to manage, and the Indian tribes were both ruthless and formidable. The support which he had received from France was variable and capricious. He was a much travelled man, having penetrated into Mexico, and he made drawings and maps wherever he went. He has been blamed for allying himself with the



By courtesy of Maggs Bros. London

A VIEW OF THE TAKING OF QUEBEC, SEPTEMBER 13TH 1759



By courtesy of Maggs Bros., London

CAPE DIAMOND AND WOLF'S COVE FROM POINT A PIZEAU

Coloured aquatint engraving by C. Hunt from the drawing by Lt.-Col. Cockburn

Indian tribes of Hurons and Algonquins, for although he gained some successes with their help, a century of bitter animosity with the Iroquois ensued. He explored as far as Lake Huron with a party of Indians, and was a long way from regarding the seaboard of Canada as the only place on which France should maintain her hold.

Meanwhile England had become interested in the fur trading which was going on in North America, and in 1622 sent out an expedition headed by Sir William Alexander, with a complete disregard of the fact that the French were already in occupation of part of Canada.

It is impossible in this short essay to go any further into the details of the complicated struggle between the French and the English. They sank each other's ships, and each tried to capture the valuable fishing and fur trade. In 1632 the French occupied Quebec, and Champlain, after thirty years of hard toil, saw trade flourish and emigrants arrive. He was the only man sent out by France who tried to establish farming and turn a trading colony into a permanent home for Frenchmen. His vision, courage and firmness made him perhaps the greatest figure in Canada's history. He crossed the Atlantic, with all its dangers, eight times, a very considerable achievement in itself in those days. He was one of the first of Empire builders, one of that company of men who, like Cecil Rhodes, saw the possibilities of a new land and desired not to plunder it for gain, but to establish their own way of life and develop it for the benefit of their own countrymen and of the native races whose home it was.

A missionary spirit towards French Canada rose up in France in the reign of Louis XIII. Richelieu and his niece, Madame D'Aiguillon, sent to Quebec six workmen to clear the ground for a hospital, and founded the Hôtel Dieu. The Cardinal supported with generosity the Jesuit mission to the Hurons. There is no finer story than that of the adventures of the Jesuits who went out to face not only dangers of climate, but death at the hands of the Indians, preceded by the most ingenious tortures that the Indian mind could devise. They literally went through fire and water in their martyrdom, and anyone who wishes to restore their faith in the heights to which human nature can rise, should read of their adventures in the lively pages of Francis Parkman. Those who survived helped in the work of colonisation, and those who died untimely have left an enduring mark on the history of Canada.

The devotion of the Jesuits is in marked contrast to the intrigue and double dealing at home, which prevented France's effort first to grasp and then to keep a hold on Canada. Francis I, Henry IV, Richelieu, and Louis XIV all dreamed of a Canadian Empire. But their hold on Canada was slender, partly owing to the disinclination of Frenchmen to leave the soil of their beloved France in any great numbers. It is an interesting historical fact that the French never gained a strong hold on New France until after the English conquest in 1759. The wisdom of their conquerors in giving them the right to practise their own Catholic faith and have their own separate schools helped the French to settle down and enjoy their new land, and to have such large families that they solved the problem of how to acquire a French population.



MARQUIS DE MONTCALM
After a contemporary engraving

After Champlain, the Comte de Frontenac governed in Quebec. He was a soldier who had a small but brilliant court, with a states-general of clergy, nobility, and the third estate, on the French pattern. He conducted a feud with Bishop Laval over the burning question of selling liquor to the Indians—Frontenac was for control, Laval for prohibition. Laval was the wiser of the two men, for he foresaw the ruin that the potent *eau de vie*, to which the Indians took with such enthusiasm, might lead to. Frontenac's court was on the European model. He insisted on all the pomp of

a governor-general, and it must have been a charming oasis of civilisation on the tall rock of Quebec, with the handsome clothes and refined civilisation of Louis XIV, set among savages and the wild desolation of the huge land, of which France held so little.

The student of Canadian history would do well to study the different types of colonisation of England and France in North America. The English colonies were better supported financially by the merchants of England than the French colonies by those of France. The struggle between England and France went on by land as well as by sea, both sides allying themselves with the Indians, and fighting fierce frontier warfare in deep snow, with the glare of burning villages in the sky.

But the fate of Canada largely hung on European happenings, and large pieces of it were ceded and re-ceded in different treaties by England and France to each other. The succeeding French governments were parochial in their outlook, attempting to govern Canadian possessions like a province of France, shackling the initiative of settlers by petty restrictions and feudal obligations. No doubt if England had had no interest in Canada, and the two countries had never clashed on the St. Lawrence, this would have righted itself in time, and the humbler settlers in Canada would have gained their self-government as the years passed. But this was not to be.

In 1749 the British founded Halifax and began to colonise Nova Scotia. In 1756 the Seven Years War started, and sea power finally decided the fate of Canada. The elder Pitt, Earl of Chatham, sent an expedition under a young

commander, James Wolfe, in 1759. John Fortescue once said, "Curious face Wolfe's, profile like the flap of an envelope, long imperious nose and no chin at all." But in spite of his chinlessness Wolfe had commanding abilities and a wide experience of campaigning. The Marquis de Montcalm, his equal in high courage and integrity, with a fine military reputation behind him, commanded the French forces, on the tall rocks of Quebec. This position appeared to be impregnable, but Wolfe suspected a weak spot in the defences and sent part of his forces up a hidden and unguarded track. The capture of Quebec cost both of the armies their commander. Wolfe fell in the fighting on the summit of the rock, and Montcalm died of his wounds. Some say he was taken to the Ursuline Convent, and some to a house in St. Louis Street to die.



JAMES WOLFE

Engraved by R. Hanshaw, 1849, after the contemporary drawing by Captain Harvey Smith

As Wolfe was rowed across the St. Lawrence under cover of darkness he is said to have recited Gray's *Elegy*, pausing for a moment after repeating the line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." In his case this was a false prophecy. His path of glory led to an immortal fame, and his victory decided the fate of Canada. I have often looked at his memorial, round which Canadian children, French and English, play in Battlefields Park at Quebec, and read and re-read the inscription, "Here died Wolfe victorious," and thought of how few people such words could be remotely true.

Peace was made in 1763, and Canada was governed under a Royal Proclamation from England. A large slice of the continent, which France had dreamed of extending as far as the Mississippi and south to the Ohio, was arbitrarily joined with the province of Quebec. The British Government gave the Roman Catholic Church every privilege that had been enjoyed by that church, and French civil law and English commercial law flourished side by side.

and keen intelligence. To belong to a U.E.L. (United Empire Loyalist) family is still to-day a considerable distinction, and U.E.L.'s are found in responsible positions all through the Dominion. The newly founded American nation refused to compensate them for their financial losses, but England recognised their claims and spent £400,000 in helping them.

[illegible]

Facsimile extract from an original fair copy enclosed in a letter to Thomas Wharton, dated Cambridge, December 18th, 1750



TOWN AND HARBOUR OF HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA
Drawn and engraved by R. Short 1769

allowed them to worship as they pleased, and which interfered in the hour of conquest neither with their religion nor their language.

Sir Guy Carleton distinguished himself not only in defending Quebec, but in the handling of the situation afterwards. Had he made the false step of treating the French-Canadians in the spirit of a conqueror there would have been dispeace in Canada and an endless legacy of bitterness. The Quebec Act is important as it showed a civilised toleration for the rights of a conquered minority ; also that England had not forgotten the lesson taught her by the Romans—freedom of custom under the law of the conqueror. In the eighteenth century this was by no means the usual procedure for a victorious nation.

The United States of America, as we must now call them, aimed at acquiring new territory, and purchased Louisiana for the price of a few million dollars. To conquer the thinly populated territories of Canada seemed an easy task, as Britain had her hands full trying to defend herself from Napoleon. Considerable resentment was caused on questions relating to shipping. British sailors who had been forcibly seized by press gangs in the coast towns of the British Isles gladly deserted at American ports, where people talked their own language and were kindly disposed towards them. British warships waiting near the port of New York stopped every vessel and removed from them to Halifax all the men who could be supposed to speak with an English, Scotch or Irish accent. The British Government forbade American, or any other neutral shipping from entering those parts of Europe under Napoleon's domination. Aggravated by these annoyances the United States Government planned a

victorious march to Quebec, and in the year 1812 Congress declared war. The second great soldier of British stock in Canada's history was Isaac Brock, who, like Wolfe and Montcalm, had seen service on the continent of Europe. The war brought successes to both sides. General Brock took Detroit and fell at the battle of Queenston Heights in the hour of victory. The United States commander, General Petre, captured the little capital of York in Ontario (now Toronto), his soldiers returning after burning the Parliament house together with the Speaker's wig, which they exhibited as a human scalp to show how barbarous their opponents had been.

Britain's supremacy on the sea enabled her to harry the Atlantic coast of America. British soldiers took Washington and burned all the public buildings. It is said that before they set fire to the Presidential mansion, a regiment of Scottish soldiers devoured the dinner prepared for the President. Then they burnt as much of the house as they could, leaving only an outside shell. It is now called the White House for the reason that it was covered with white paint to conceal the marks of the burning.

The Treaty of Ghent settled this inconclusive war, which was a war of Governments and not of the peoples concerned. No concessions were made to either side, and frontiers remained unchanged. This little war holds much of interest to the military historian, but there are very few people in Britain, Canada or the United States who remember why it was fought or could name any of its battles.

Canada was divided into two provinces, Upper and Lower Canada (Ontario and Quebec), and while the French in Quebec strove to secure as much political power as possible for French Canadians, Ontario, which was predominantly British, struggled for democratic government of the people. England sent out governors to both provinces, usually Waterloo veterans who were more bluff than diplomatic, and who in Lower Canada succeeded each other with bewildering frequency.

Two revolts typical of the attitude of mind of Upper and Lower Canada took place in 1837. Joseph Papineau, the owner of a seigneurie on the St. Lawrence, and a fiery politician, started a rebellion which had for its object a French republic on the St. Lawrence. William Lyon Mackenzie, an ancestor of the present Prime Minister of Canada, also took up arms against the government of the Ontario province, which was ruled by an official class who were closely related to each other by intermarriage. Neither revolt succeeded. Lord Durham, who was sent out from England, was recalled after five months, but the Durham Report (1839) laid the foundations of a policy which has endured. He recommended the union of Upper and Lower Canada, and the granting to all British North America a measure of full self-government. The two provinces were each given a separate Parliament. It was a long time before the union of the two provinces worked in any kind of harmony. In 1867 the British North America Act was drawn up, and the Dominion of Canada came into existence. It included Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.



PLAIN CREES DRIVING BUFFALOES INTO A POUND
Engraving from "Hind's Exploring Expeditions 1857 and 1858"

The history of Canada began by being the history of the Maritime provinces, Quebec and parts of Ontario. The conquest of the West was yet to come. While the wife of the Governor of Lower Canada recorded in her diary in the middle 1830's *the comfort of her room in the Château St. Louis at Quebec, with hothouse roses and mignonette on her table in the winter, and her pleasant round of social activities*, the Indians in the West at that time had seldom seen a white man, and herds of buffalo and caribou grazed untroubled by human interference, and the great forests slumbered in unbroken silence.

But as long ago as 1670 Charles II had granted a charter to his cousin Prince Rupert and seventeen other noblemen and gentlemen, amongst whom was the great Duke of Marlborough, to trade with the Indians for furs. This small company took the name of "The Governor and Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson Bay." This was a very important step, as the Hudson's Bay Company has been responsible, in some part, for the building up and development of Canada. At first it traded for furs with the Indians in all lands watered by streams flowing into Hudson Bay. It encountered strong rivalry from other fur traders, and after many years of strife amalgamated with the North-west Fur Company of Montreal in 1821. The Hudson's Bay Company have always been pioneers and have made homes in remote places all over the northern part of the continent, and opened up the country far more quickly than any government could have done. It was an instance of the flag following trade, not the reverse as is usually the case.

In 1789 a fur trader, Alexander Mackenzie, determined to explore as far as the Pacific. He left Fort Chippewyan on Lake Athabasca, travelling to Great Slave Lake, and thence to a mighty river at the west end of the lake, believing

that this would take him to the Pacific. He was much disappointed to find himself in the Arctic. In May of the next year he made his epic journey to the Pacific. His guides were sullen and mutinous (also verminous, as he noticed when he camped near them at night). They crossed great lakes and mountains and rivers, the whole expedition held together by Mackenzie's own resolve to push on. At last, after crossing a range of mountains, they reached Bella Coola on the Pacific coast. The friendly Bella Coola Indians feasted the expedition on salmon and lent them a canoe. On a rock which still stands, Mackenzie painted the inscription, "Alexander Mackenzie from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three." Canada has fortunately never lacked men of tenacious courage who would traverse vast distances to conquer her geographical secrets.

The uniting of the whole of Canada into a Dominion came slowly with some harsh and painful episodes. The first white settlement in Manitoba was made by Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de la Verandrye, who died in 1749. In 1738 he built Fort Rouge at the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine rivers.

In 1811 a Scotsman, the Earl of Selkirk, brought out settlers from the Highlands. He purchased land from the Hudson's Bay Company and landed a number of crofters at York Factory, Hudson Bay. In August, 1812, they reached the fort from which was to grow the city of Winnipeg. This scheme failed, and Lord Selkirk was compelled to bring in soldiers to quell a threatened massacre of the new settlers. He died in the south of France in 1820, shattered in health and a saddened and disappointed man. But he had started the settlement of western Canada, which was to become one of the largest granaries of the world.

Lord Selkirk's scheme had greatly increased the population. For a time the settlers lived quietly under the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1869 the newly formed Dominion of Canada bought territory from the Company and began to send in officials to survey roads and lay out the framework of the new towns. The original settlers of Manitoba, Scotch and French farmers, had inter-married with the Indians, and their half-breed descendants were named the Metis. They farmed, fished, and trapped for furs, and desired no interference from outside. They disliked the idea of new towns being laid out, and foresaw the decimation of the wild animal life of the province if there was a new influx of population. Louis Riel, a half-breed, led an unsuccessful rebellion of the Metis, which had to be quelled by an expedition under Sir Garnet Wolseley.

Provision had been made by the British North America Act to receive new provinces into the Dominion. Manitoba was the first to come in. In 1871 British Columbia also entered the fold, on the promise that there should be a railway constructed which would connect that province with the eastern part of the Dominion. In 1878 an Imperial Order in Council was passed annexing to the Dominion all British possessions in North America (except Newfoundland). The Canadian Pacific Railway was completed in 1885, the last spike being driven in by Mr. Donald Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona), whose fortune had been largely pledged to this undertaking.



By courtesy of the Parker Gallery, London

INTERIOR OF FORT GARRY C. 1850 WINNIPEG ALBERTA
Chromograph by H. A. Strong



By courtesy of the British Museum

ESQUIMAUX ATTACKING AN ENGLISH BOAT FROM THEIR CAYAKS
Water colour drawing attributed to John White

The building of the railway was an epic of danger and difficulty : its constructors had to contend with flood and fire, the hostility of the Indians, and the appalling engineering problems which would in themselves have been hard enough to surmount. Canada could not build the line with her own resources, it was said, and the critics decided that the undertaking was hopeless. More than once the project faced bankruptcy. The tenacity of Van Horne, a railway constructor from the United States, carried the day, and at a very dark moment, when the money for the enterprise had almost run out, Van Horne convinced the Prime Minister, Sir John Macdonald, that the ruining of the company which was building the railway would be also the ruin of Canada. The Banks in London believed in the project and provided the capital for the railway, so that the million promised by Canada was never paid up. The railway was a miracle of engineering. Sometimes the lines were laid at the rate of three miles a day on the prairies. The Kicking Horse Pass was chosen as the way through the Rocky Mountains, where the railway has to climb five thousand feet to get through the pass. It reached the Pacific up the mouth of the Fraser River, where now stands the important city of Vancouver.

After the completion of the railway steamships began to ply across the Great Lakes and along the shores of the Pacific. Emigrants flowed into the prairies and the whole life of Canada could circulate freely between east and west.

The opening years of the twentieth century saw more railways built, the railway systems of the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk being added to that of the Canadian Pacific, which helped to create a general fusion of the whole Dominion from coast to coast. King Wheat and King Gold, those potent factors for wealth above and below the ground, brought more emigrants, who made settlements, with churches and schools. Huge deposits of nickel were found at Sudbury, gold deposits in the waters of the Yukon, coal deposits near the Crow's Nest Pass, gold and copper at Noranda and Kirkland Lake, and later pitchblende deposits at Great Bear Lake, to mention in passing a few of the most famous names in mining. The forests began to provide a wealth of wood pulp suitable for newsprint, which was exported to both the United States and to England. To the lover of beauty it seems painfully sad to sacrifice acres of forest daily to produce the issues of the yellow press, but on the wood pulp exports much of Canada's present wealth and prosperity is based.

The Dominion has seen some great Prime Ministers. Sir John A. Macdonald served his country in public life for over forty years, and laid down the foundation of the policy for making Canada a confederated state within the Empire. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a French Canadian, became Prime Minister in 1896. During his administration Canada became increasingly prosperous. A stream of emigrants arrived from both Europe and the United States. In 1905 two new provinces were formed out of the District of the North-West Territories, and Alberta and Saskatchewan came into being. Canada sent a contingent of troops to the South African war in 1899, which included the famous Strathcona Horse, raised and equipped by Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for the Dominion in London.

To write of the history near one's own time is always more difficult than to dig into a remoter past. It is easier to describe the adventurers and administrators who have all the glamour of picturesque clothes and environment than to describe their successors in frock coats who made treaties about tariffs.

But in 1914 Canada embarked on another great adventure, when she fought for the second time at the side of Britain. Canadians left their farms, their trapping and fishing, and their businesses, large and small, coming across the ocean as fast as ships could bring them. In the air, on sea, and on land, they won an *immortality of fame as fighters*. The battles of Second Ypres, when they sustained the first gas attack of the war ; of Valenciennes and above all of Vimy Ridge, showed their magnificent fighting quality. The German respect for the Canadians as fighters was seen in captured maps, which indicated the great number of German divisions always maintained opposite the trenches where the Canadians were known to be.

Canada has now come for the third time to help Britain, and when the battle is joined the sons of the men who fought at Ypres and Vimy will show that they are made of the same fighting stuff as their fathers.

In 1926 the Imperial Conference met in London, a century and a half after the angry colonists in America had met in Philadelphia in a mood of flaming resentment to define their relationship with Great Britain. The Imperial Conference laid down that Britain herself and the self-governing communities of the Empire " are equal in status and in no way subordinate to one another in any respect of their domestic or external affairs (though united by a common allegiance to the Crown) and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

Thus, George V, descendant of George III (who had lost us our American colonies), became the link which held the Empire of 1926 together. Five years later the British Parliament passed the Statute of Westminster, renouncing its authority over Canada and the other self-governing states of the Empire, which thus became completely sovereign nations.

These brief words about Canada's history will perhaps serve to show how Canada has grown up from the wilderness, in which man held a precarious foothold, to a sovereign power. Although she has several times been invaded by her blood relations south of the border she cherishes none of the dark and tragic resentments which we see in Europe, and lives beside her neighbour, the United States, in the greatest friendliness. As I write, in September, 1940, Canada and America have established a joint Defence Board which meets in Ottawa.



THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Kicking Horse Canyon, British Columbia



A VIEW OF LOUISBOURG IN 1758 WHEN THE CITY WAS BESEIGED
Contemporary line engraving printed for Carington Bowles

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE PROVINCES.

THE Maritime Provinces have the charm held by all sea coast countries. In Nova Scotia you are never more than thirty miles from the sound of the sea. The apple trees, laden down with fruit, in the Annapolis valley are seen silhouetted against blue water. You eat excellent fish, and large and splendid lobsters appear on every table. The soft landscape and the villages, each grouped round its church, suggest an England transplanted somehow into a clearer air.

The people of Nova Scotia are mainly of English and Scottish descent. The province abounds in coal which, with fishing and apple growing, makes for prosperity. Halifax was founded two hundred years ago, and her Parliament House has portraits of the Georges, delightful mantelpieces, and an old library. Halifax has one of the largest and most important harbours in the British Empire ; long and narrow, it offers a particularly safe anchorage for ships.

During the Seven Years war that ended in the conquest of Canada by Britain, the government took the harsh step of deporting the French citizens from the district called Acadia, who, although they had been under British rule since 1713, had still kept their allegiance to France.



VIEW OF THE FALLS OF CHAUDIERE YUKON

Aquatint by J. W. Edy after G. B. Fisher

In 1758 the Fort of Louisbourg was captured by the English and destroyed. It had been France's strongest fortress in North America. It had been so extremely costly to build, that a King of France had once enquired *if the streets were indeed paved with gold*. The ghost of the Evangeline of Longfellow's poem still haunts the countryside, and many tourists who would never dream of ploughing their way through this lengthy epic, gaze respectfully at her statue and take away picture postcards of her garden as souvenirs.

St. John in New Brunswick stands on the Bay of Fundy, a place dreaded by captains of ships because of the fogs which are apt to lurk there and make navigation difficult. It began as a settlement of United Empire Loyalists. The capital of the province of New Brunswick is Fredericton, which has a late 18th century charm about it. It has government buildings and a small cathedral. The province lies between the American border on the south and the province of Quebec on the north. The interior of New Brunswick is wooded, and paper mills turn the forest trees into pulp.

The third of the Maritime Provinces is Prince Edward Island. In a country as vast as Canada it is pleasant to find an island province of two thousand square miles with a population of ninety thousand people, chiefly engaged in mixed farming; with a Lieutenant-Governor living in a charming house, and a Parliament House which carries on the business of the province on the model of the Parliament in London. It has one of the biggest farms in the world for breeding foxes for their pelts. The soil of the island is red, like that of Devonshire.

The Maritimers are a hard-working and hard-headed people who are found in positions of trust and responsibility all through the Dominion.

The traveller who sails up the St. Lawrence river is struck by the way strips of cultivation run down to the edge of the water, and by the size of the churches compared to the smallness of the villages. While the other denominations in Canada are mostly content to imitate the Gothic when they build a church, the French Canadian churches have an individuality all their own. Their slim silvery spires reflect the sunshine in the winter, and they stand out like jewels against the snow.

Canada is emphatically the land of contrasts, and the traveller who arrives at Quebec may see old-fashioned horse-drawn buggies alongside the most modern and stream-lined cars. Tourists are fond of sitting perched up in these buggies, which are to be seen making a rather perilous way up and down the steep streets of Quebec.

The first impression you receive if you arrive at Quebec railway station is that you have strayed into a square in a French town. Then your car takes an almost perpendicular tilt, and you are borne rapidly up the hill to the central square, from which you see the mountains and the wide St. Lawrence.

Sightseers find a great deal to interest them in Quebec. There is the Ursuline Convent, the Hôtel Dieu, founded in 1639 by Cardinal Richelieu's niece, the Duchess d'Aiguillon. Here are also many other points of interest. Quebec attracts thousands of American tourists. Except for New Orleans it is the only city in North America where modernity and age go side by side.

The Governor-General's official residence, the Citadel, stands on the top of the cliffs. It has all the charm of a fortress and the amenities of a country house. It stands in the barrack square, where a regimental band plays, and La Royale 22ième Régiment (who have recently been on guard at Buckingham Palace) salute and present arms, and the sentries tramp up and down. The Governors of Lower Canada lived in the Château St. Louis. It was burnt down, and the Château Frontenac Hotel stands on its site. From the terrace at the Citadel you are dazzled by a vista of mountains and water; opposite, across the St. Lawrence, are the houses of the town of Levis, and many church spires which catch the sunset light. Beyond them the foot-hills undulate to the mountains on the United States border. To the left you see the flagstaff, whence flies the Governor-General's flag (when he is in residence at the Citadel), and the waters of the St. Lawrence. They are spanned by a bridge between the mainland and the Island of Orleans. Upon that small and enchanting island you may see oxen ploughing, and women weaving in traditional patterns. In the villages and the churches you seem to have entered an older and more peaceful world.

Quebec is a French city with a small English population. Montreal is the third largest French town in the world. From the Mountain, the public park at Montreal which surmounts the city, you can see magnificent views and listen to the hum of the streets, and see the spires of churches and a convent, and the ships in the thronged and busy port.

Life in the country in French Canada is integrated, homely and hard-working. The "habitants" speak a French which descends from the seven-



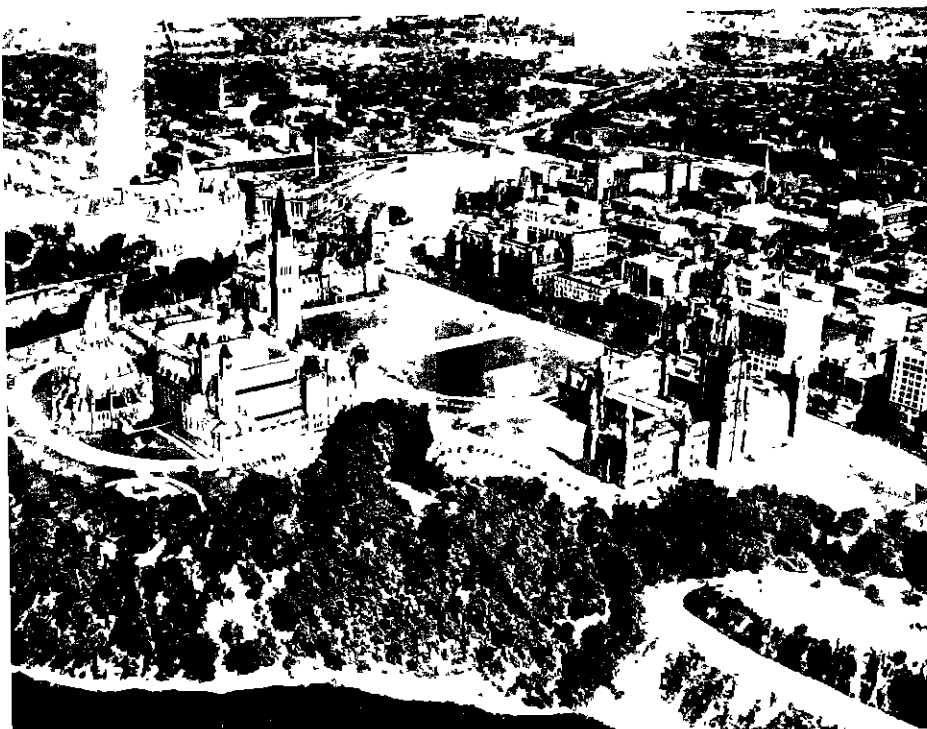
THE CITADEL OF QUEBEC

Engraving by Challis after Bartlett from " Canadian Scenery " published 1842

teenth century, and have enormous families, traditional to that epoch. There were approximately 60,000 French inhabitants in 1763 when Canada became British. Now the French population has grown to over three million, and it is sometimes said that in another fifty years (unless the population of English-speaking Canada grows by immigration) it will be outnumbered easily by the French Canadians.

In spite of the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, whose policy is to promote contentment with rural life, there has been a tendency for the country people to flock into Montreal and other towns, and for the young men to seek work in the New England mills. But French Canadians make good farmers, clearing and working the roughest and stoniest of soils. They have produced more lawyers, doctors, politicians, artisans and craftsmen than men of business. Nearly all big business in Montreal is in the hands of English-speaking Canadians.

The province of Quebec has spectacular beauty of scenery, and endless possibilities for the hunter and fisherman. Some of it is still unexplored, and a great deal of it completely unknown. It produces many valuable furs, and much lumber and pulp for paper. This French province, with so many historic traditions, and so much care for its language and devotion to its ancient culture has an especial charm. French Canadians love bright colours. Lumbermen wear vivid blue and scarlet jerseys when at work. Rugs woven in the province are gay in design, and have a real quality of their own, so have the little carved



AERIAL VIEW OF OTTAWA
Showing the Dominion Houses of Parliament and Château Laurier

and painted figures of monks, nuns, habitants and their wives. But in spite of her love of the French language French Canada cares very little for France. She belongs neither quite to the Old nor to the New World, but is unique and incalculable and altogether charming.

Ottawa, the capital of Canada, is in Ontario on the Ottawa river. It lies near the Gatineau hills, with their lakes and forests. These stretch away to the wilder woods of the north. The Parliament Buildings stand on a bluff overlooking the river and the French city of Hull on the opposite side.

Parliament and the Senate meet in Ottawa, and the Governor-General has his official residence on the outskirts of the city, where he is guarded by Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Rideau Hall is surrounded by a charming park in which black squirrels and chipmunks play hide and seek in the grass. Since 1926 the Governor-General no longer represents the British Government in Canada. He is chosen by Canada in consultation with the reigning King of England, and is purely the King's representative. He opens Parliament preceded by a mounted escort and hailed by a salute of guns ; holds with his wife a drawing-room every year in the Senate Chamber ; travels in his private cars on the Dominion railways, and is the channel by which all communications from the Dominion go to Buckingham Palace.



NIAGARA FALLS
Part of the Canadian Falls



THE FISH MARKET TORONTO ONTARIO c. 1850
Oil painting on papier maché produced by Jennens & Bettridge

The British High Commissioner, whose functions are the same as those of the Canadian High Commissioner in London, has also an official house in Ottawa, and the diplomatic corps all have their headquarters in the city. The population of Ottawa is composed largely of civil servants, and in the parliamentary season it is thronged by members of Parliament and Senators from all parts of Canada. During the winter life in Ottawa is gay and sociable. In the summer many people go away to camps or cottages by the lakes and in the hills.

Ottawa has a picture gallery containing an admirable collection of old masters, as well as modern Canadian and other pictures; also an excellent museum, and an archives building for students of Canadian history.

Dwellers in Ottawa can soon reach completely rural solitudes, and in the winter the whole sunny landscape is alive with skiers, dressed in brilliant colours. In the fall people walk and drive through the woods in the Gatineau valley, admiring the peach and cornelian coloured leaves on the trees, contrasted with the purple of the hills and the sapphire blue of the lakes.

About sixty per cent. of the population of the province of Ontario is urban. It contains one-third of the population, and more than half the wealth of Canada. The St. Lawrence forms the frontier there with the United States. The northern boundary of the province is on Hudson Bay. The falls of Niagara, vast, noisy and imposing, draw every year crowds of sightseers, while the Niagara peninsula is a paradise for fruit growers. Farming in Ontario is very productive and is of a very high and scientific quality, and the farms have something of the settled and peaceful appearance of farms in England.

There are great forests in Northern Ontario. In the winter the train passes through unending aisles of what appear to be Christmas trees, their roots deep



KINGSTON ONTARIO c. 1850
Oil painting on papier maché produced by Jennens & Bettridge

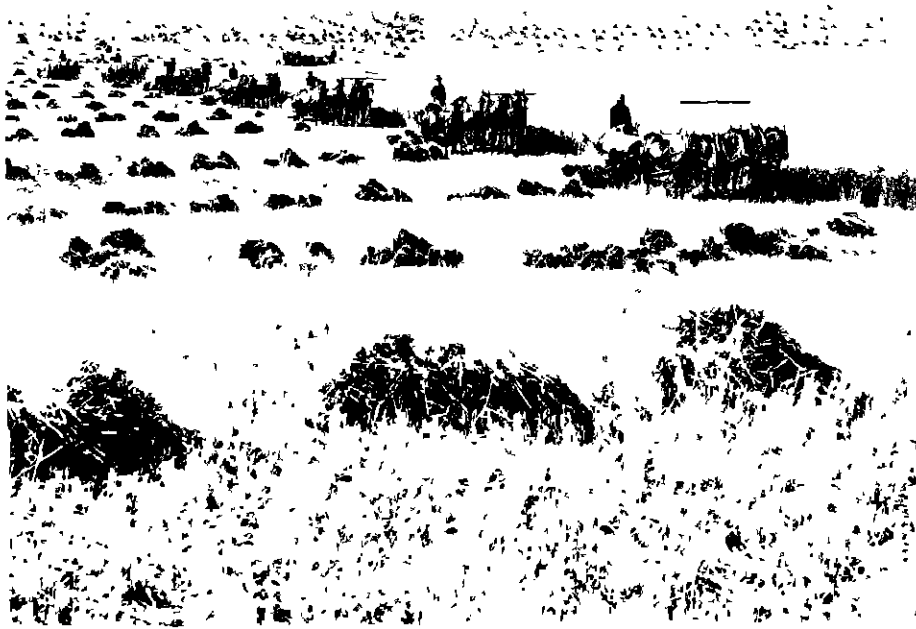
in snow. In summer you see the vivid green of the treacherous muskegs, an occasional wooden shack, with a flutter of washing on a line, varying the monotony. But in this curiously savage country many valuable minerals have been found, and the mining development of Northern Ontario has surprised the world. Prospecting for new mines goes on all the time.

In contrast to the lonely remoteness of the northern parts we find in Toronto a large city with a great university, sophisticated shops and fine public buildings. The outward aspect of Toronto is American, but it is deeply British in sentiment. Kingston, Hamilton, and many other towns in Ontario have a pleasant long-settled air about them, and there are many villages with leafy avenues of trees, whose golden leaves in the fall contrast pleasantly with the red brick of the houses.

The vast bodies of fresh water, Lakes Superior and Huron, two of the chain of five known as the Great Lakes, lie between Ontario and the United States. Their season of navigation, which is controlled by the opening and closing of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, is about eight months in length. Through Port Arthur and Fort William, two ports which lie a short distance apart, the grain from the prairies is shipped eastwards. They are pleasant towns with impressive grain elevators which become packed with wheat to bursting point after a good harvest.

There are no tides in the Great Lakes, but spring and autumn gales can raise dangerous seas on their otherwise peaceful surface. These great inland lakes give an even greater feeling of immensity than the sea, as the eye travels over their clear, calm waters stretching apparently into infinity.

From Ontario we reach the Prairie Provinces. Winnipeg stands in the centre of the North American continent on the wheat belt. It has huge Parlia-

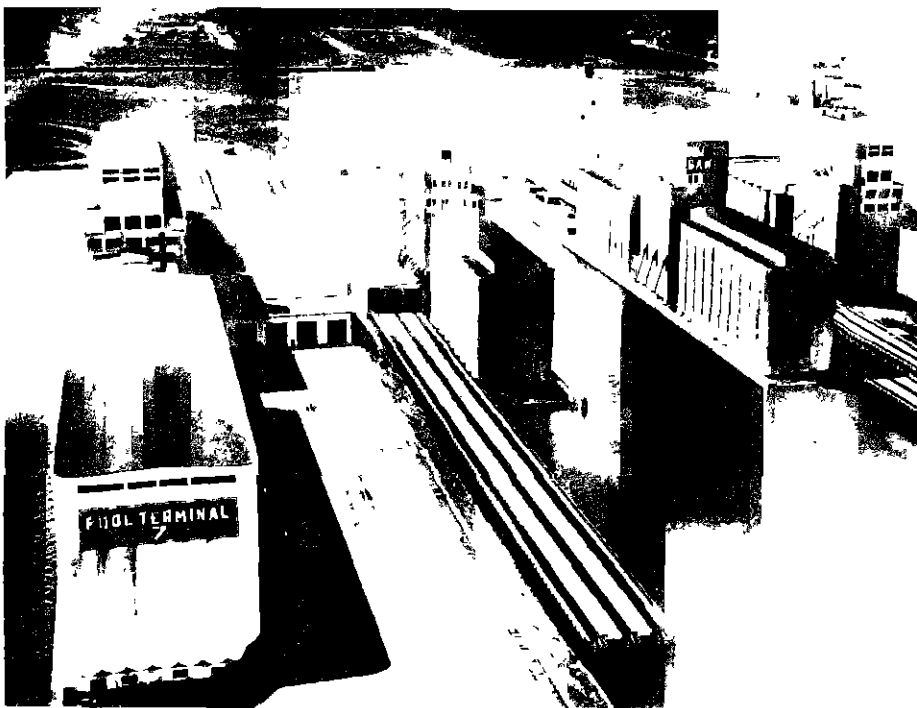


REAPERS CUTTING GRAIN ON A FARM
Alberta

ment buildings and is the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company. Its prosperity advances and recedes with the prosperity of the wheat growers on the prairie. A visit to the Grain Exchange is puzzling to the uninitiated. Apparently angry men mutter and shout in what appears to be an unknown language, but that is the way in which wheat has been bought and sold ever since Winnipeg was a city.

Some people find the prairies monotonous, but those who enjoy looking over wide spaces under a huge expanse of sky will find their endless undulations very satisfying, whether in winter when they are deep in snow, or just before the harvest when the tall ears of wheat ripple and bend in the wind as far as the eye can see. The prairie people rarely want to leave for other places in Canada. Everywhere else seems to them rather confined and cramping after the huge expanses to which they are accustomed. The price of wheat is the determining factor in prosperity or privation on the prairies. The farmers and their wives often spend lives of incessant toil. A drought, hail, and grasshoppers spell tragedy and disaster. But they are a virile people who get a great deal of pleasure out of life even in hard times, and some of the ablest Canadian minds have come from the prairies.

Life in the prairie provinces in summer is built around the absorbing drama of the growth and harvesting of the wheat crop. The prairie farmer, and all

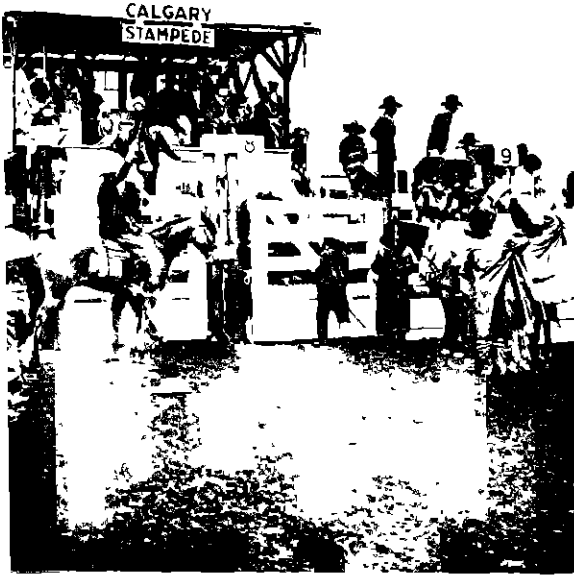


WHEAT ELEVATORS AT PORT ARTHUR ON LAKE SUPERIOR
Ontario

who work to produce his implements and means of production, labour day and night from early spring until the dramatic days in August, when, if sun and rain have been kind, the crop is cut, bound and threshed. If the crop or the price has failed he must look forward to a long winter, thrown back on his own resources for entertainment. If the crop is successful the farmer may reckon to take his family south or west to a sunnier clime for the winter.

In Western Alberta among the foothills of the Rockies, where the ranching land lies, life is more picturesque and less mechanised than in any other part of the Dominion. It is a land of big ranches where life is fast moving and gay in summer, and desperately arduous in winter.

The two cities of Saskatchewan, Regina and Saskatoon, are now large and important. So is Calgary in Alberta, which has grown in living memory from a few shacks to a modern town with a hundred thousand inhabitants. The Calgary Stampede which takes place yearly is a wonderful sight. People come to it from all over North America, and the shifting crowds of Indians and their squaws and babies, Mounties, farmers in faded coats and leather breeches, cowboys with "ten gallon" hats, and smartly dressed women, have great gaiety and charm. The Indians spend the whole year preparing for it, and the local tribe of Stoney Indians ride rangy prairie ponies which they have bred.



THE CALGARY STAMPEDE
Alberta

The cowboys perform amazing feats sitting bucking broncos, and conducting rodeo exhibitions.

Edmonton, north of Calgary, is a city which is growing rapidly. It is now regarded as the gateway of the north, through which the riches of oil, grain and minerals will come. In the North of Alberta is the Peace River country, which extends into British Columbia. It is often called the "country of beginning again" as so many people from the prairie drought areas and from distressed countries in Europe have settled there. The crops are magnificent and the flowers are huge in size and extraordinarily brilliant in colouring, owing to the long hours of sunshine in the summer.

Alberta has two national parks which are holiday playgrounds of wonderful beauty. Jasper is a paradise for those who like to observe wild life in circumstances of great comfort to themselves. Deer and bear wander fearlessly in the woods and upon the golf course. In hot weather the bears sometimes turn on the sprinklers on the greens in order to cool themselves. They are not dangerous if care is taken not to tease them, but they often raid larders in the camps and picnic baskets in cars. Above all they love the hotel ash heaps, where they can be seen in twos and threes scooping pineapple juice out of tins and devouring the remains of any other delicacies they can find.

From Jasper it is easy to go up and camp on one of the many lakes. For one whole afternoon on Beaver Lake I watched (while the rest of the party were catching many fish) two moose who had come down to the water's edge to devour lily roots. With their blunt and rudimentary set of horns and long ugly faces, they looked strangely like pantomime animals. Above our heads towered the peaks of the Rockies, their slanting tops showing dark against the sky.

So much has been written about the Rocky Mountains that it is unnecessary to add another tribute to their spectacular beauty and magnificence. As the train swings, winds, ascends and descends you see them at a multitude of angles, catching now a glimpse of a long valley with an emerald coloured lake, now

looking upward at the flank of some great peak. If you journey through the Rockies in the spring you may see snow almost level with the tops of the telegraph poles; great snow slopes painted all colours by the bright winter sunshine.

It is a charming surprise to wake up in Vancouver and see clumps of pussy willow in flower outside the windows of the train. Vancouver is a growing city and an extremely important port. Its partly oriental population makes it picturesque. Grave Sikhs with black turbans are to be seen walking in the streets, and stolid-faced Chinamen stand under cabalistic signs in front of their shops. The tall buildings have a spectacular back-

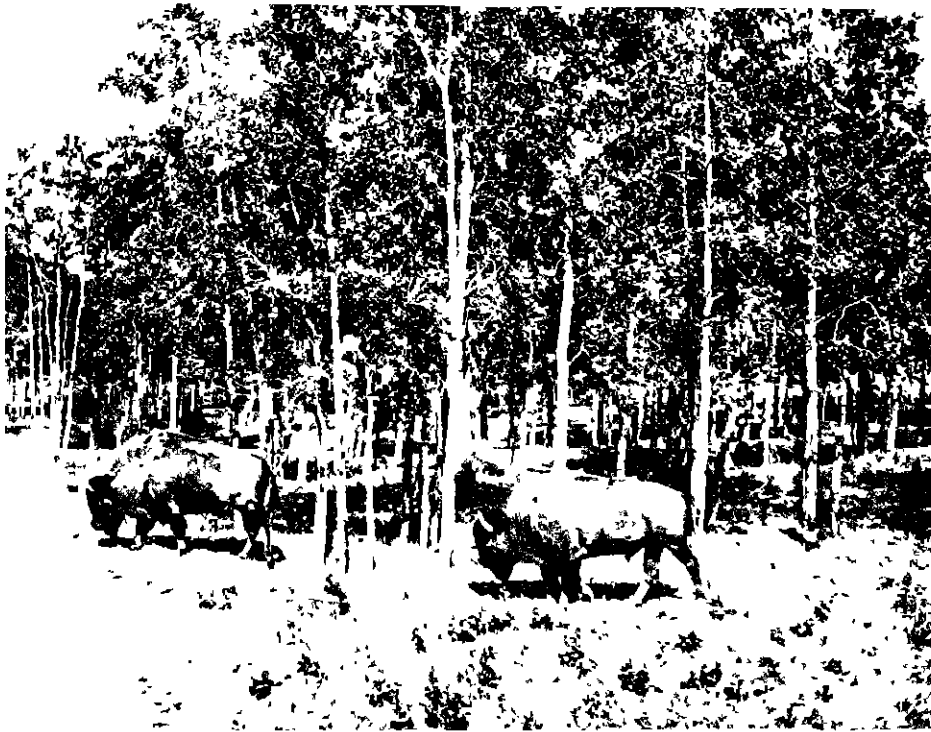
drop of snow-covered mountains behind them. It is a very busy port and has a big trade with the Pacific seaboard of the United States and the Far East. All manner of craft are seen in the harbour, from luxury yachts and liners to the queer-shaped boats covered by a small awning, which the Japanese use for fishing.

You leave for Victoria in a comfortable Canadian Pacific boat, and go on a fairy voyage, almost touching a multitude of islands. Vancouver Island might be called "Little England of the Pacific." It has a climate much resembling that of the British Isles and is rarely very cold and never oppressively warm. Some of the inhabitants of Victoria who have retired from active life, walk about in ancient tweeds with dogs at their heels. Gardening is pursued with ardour and the beauty of the flowers grown on the island is great. Flower shows are very popular, and the fields of daffodils grown for marketing are a lovely sight.

The architecture of Victoria is pleasantly Victorian, with solid villas set in flowers and grass, and the only alien note is the Chinese gardener gravely watering precious seedlings. In spite of its sedate mode of life this island has still wild animals, and the Forbidden Plateau (so called because of Indian legend) is not yet completely explored. Except for a few logging camps the north end of the island is almost uninhabited.



THE BROWN BEAR
Banff National Park, Alberta



BISON IN THE BANFF NATIONAL PARK
Alberta

One of the most famous features of Vancouver Island is its tall Douglas firs which throw all tree lovers into an ecstasy of delight. Their red trunks soar into the sky at a great height. The famous Cathedral Grove gives one an impression of immense dignity, and in the soft gloom under the trees you seem to be walking in a temple of the out-of-doors. The Malahat Drive shows you bays and islands succeeding each other at every turn of the road. A day in a yacht gives you a view of every kind of island, big or small. From Victoria you look across the straits towards Port Angeles and Seattle, and to the splendid Olympic mountains, whose peaks are crowned with ice fields which glitter like diamonds in the sun. This view changes continually and is one of the miracles of the world.

The Pacific coast presents a most curious contrast, for it is largely settled by the people who have come from England. In the most tropical and exotic of Canada's provinces one finds rooms where all the furniture has come from some English country house, and where English food and customs are reproduced exactly. To attempt to describe the amenities of British Columbia would be to embark on a eulogy more fitted to a travel agent's catalogue. In the vicinity of Vancouver one can ski, even in summer, by taking a perpendicular motor run of a few thousand feet, and descend in the same day to bathe in the



By courtesy of the Parker Gallery, London

A PICNIC TO MONTMORENCI
From a set of six coloured lithographs by A. Kriehoff



By courtesy of the Author

WINTER IN THE GATINEAU, QUEBEC PROVINCE
Crayon by Frank Hennessey



MOUNT EDITH CAVELL, JASPER NATIONAL PARK
ALBERTA



VANCOUVER
British Columbia

Pacific. In Victoria one can play golf at Oak Bay with the ocean lapping the course on three sides, or sail a boat among the myriad islands of the gulf. Vancouver Island has a cosier and more intimate charm than much of the rest of Canada. Life moves at a slower tempo than elsewhere, and many people retire there to end their days in the enjoyment of its peace and beauty.

British Columbia was discovered in 1774 by a Spaniard named Perez. Captain Vancouver surveyed the whole coast of the province between 1792 and 1794 ; about the same time that Alexander Mackenzie entered it. For twenty-eight years the Hudson's Bay Company ruled this territory despotically but with benevolence. In 1849 Vancouver Island became a British colony, and in 1858, after the discovery of gold, there was a great influx of population on the mainland. In 1866 it united with Vancouver Island and became the colony of British Columbia.

In 1871 British Columbia entered the confederation and became part of the Dominion of Canada, sending Senators and Members of Parliament as representatives to the Parliament at Ottawa.

The Indian tribes in British Columbia have an interesting history and a distinctive art of their own. It runs to the grotesque in the tall totem poles and the curious symbolism upon carved chests and strips of needlework. But



CARVED HOUSE-POSTS AND TOTEM POLES OF THE HAIDA INDIANS
Queen Charlotte Islands

each part of the design has its own meaning and tells to the initiated a vivid story expressed in a few lines.

The province is very rich in fisheries. The Fraser river alone has yearly large runs of salmon which are taken to canneries where they are cut up and packed into tins and sent to England and to the United States. There is a steady demand for British Columbian lumber. The province also has a large variety of trees, spruce, cedar, Douglas firs, etc. There is good agricultural land, and mixed farming flourishes both in Vancouver Island and on the mainland. Much care is given to the raising of fruit, especially in the Okanagan Valley, where apples, plums and cherries are grown.

The Coast Range of mountains has great beauty and variety of scenery. From Bella Coola to Prince Rupert the steamer runs in and out of fiords which much resemble Norway. A great deal of this country was settled by Norwegians, and when one sits down to a Norwegian repast in a charmingly designed wooden house, it is difficult to realise that you are near the Pacific and not the North Sea.

British Columbia is bounded on the north partly by the Yukon Territories, made famous by the gold rush to the Klondike mines in 1896, when men grew rich overnight and Dawson City saw all the extremes of wealth and poverty.



THE HABITANT FARM
Water colour by C. Krieghoff

Unlike British Columbia, which has a maritime climate, the Yukon has a very severe winter, sometimes lasting for seven months, but with a brilliant and sunny summer.

The Northern Territories of Canada are vast in extent, stretching up into the Arctic circle. Most parts of them are unexplored, but Aklavik has a hospital, a church and a hotel, and various mines have settlements around them. Life can be made comfortable, and the radio has linked the North to the rest of the world. The development of the North is largely dependent upon the aeroplane, which can open up these Territories in a way undreamed of thirty years ago. Machinery is flown in by plane to some of the northern mines, and even cattle make this journey, in what must seem to them a strange proximity to the sky. Very sick people are flown from lonely places to hospitals where they can receive treatment. Canada already sends more freight by air mail than any country in the world.

Tribes of Eskimos live in the north from Greenland to Alaska. They are a merry people, squat in appearance with broad faces. They have an original native art of carving animal and human figures from walrus ivory, and the women embroider patterns in bead work on their clothes. Eskimos have also a flair for mechanics. There is a legend that an Eskimo was given a gold watch. He had never before seen such a thing, but he took it to pieces and reconstructed it correctly in the space of twenty-four hours. Diesel engines and other machinery soon are open books to the Eskimo. They live by trapping for furs



VIEW IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS
Water colour by Sir George Back, c. 1838

and killing whales and seals, and, largely owing to the far-sighted policy of the Hudson's Bay Company, are untouched by liquor traffic or the baser side of civilisation. They seldom wash, and wear fur and leather clothes. An Eskimo girl is eagerly sought in marriage if she is handy with her needle. They laugh a great deal, and think that people who get angry and fly into rages are insane and only fit to be put into holes in the ice. Eskimos are immensely hardy, going numberless miles by dog teams over ice and snow, sometimes in blizzards. At night they construct a house out of snow or blocks of ice.

The animals of the northern parts of the North-West Territories are mostly fur-bearing; musk oxen are found on the Thelon Barrens and in Ellesmere Land, and great flocks of ducks, geese and other migrants spend summer in the northern wilds.

THE CANADIAN WAY OF LIFE.

I

THE exact differences in the way of living of different nations is a hard matter to assess, for although they arise in the main from varying economic and geographical conditions there are also many subtler influences.

Canadians are proud of maintaining that they combine the best in the New and the Old Worlds ; that they have received what is vigorous and progressive in American thought and material improvement, whilst retaining all that is compatible in the dignified and stately heritage of their French and English past. To a very great extent this is true ; scientific improvement is more widely diffused than in England, and manners are more easily and unconstrainedly democratic. At the same time, in the universities, in the professions, and in public life, customs and methods are reminiscent of the less hurried and more dignified ways of their English counterparts.

The English and the American visitor to Canada feel that they are both coming home and visiting a foreign land. The Englishman recognises the Union Jack flying over all public buildings, the use of the same names for public and municipal offices, and he feels that common tie, allegiance to the Crown ; but in the material things he is astonished by the size of the trains, the extremes of climate, and the use of the words "sidewalk," "street-car" and "elevator" for "pavement," "tram" and "lift." While the American who crosses the border hears the same slang used in the streets, may see the same films as at home, the same kind of architecture and agriculture, but feels puzzled and a little lost in a country which visualises loyalty to the Crown of England as a prior duty to loyalty to its own duly elected government, and which runs its army, navy and the public services so like, but yet so unlike his own.

In a country so vast as Canada, where distances are hard to overcome, it is impossible to generalise about the way in which people work and enjoy themselves. In the towns of the Maritime Provinces life is lived at the quiet tempo usually associated with English cathedral towns of the last century ; while in summer some of the finest salmon rivers in the world and a coast perfect for all forms of sailing provide marvellous means of enjoyment. Montreal and Toronto have all the diversions of big cities coupled with vigorous university and intellectual life. While the country districts of Quebec have an atmosphere which is comparable to nothing either in England or the United States, country life in Ontario is very like life as it is lived on a big farm in England. What makes urban life in Eastern Canada unlike anything in England or Europe, except Switzerland, is that country pursuits are open to even the poorest inhabitants. The snowy slopes of the Laurentians in winter, and the endless chains of lakes which lie among them in summer, make ski-ing and skating, swimming and fishing really accessible to all.



CANADIAN MOUNTIE ON PATROL IN BANFF NATIONAL PARK
Alberta

2

The names of the R.C.M.P. (Royal Canadian Mounted Police) and the Hudson's Bay Company are familiar even to those who know nothing else about Canada. The former are a prominent feature in the life of the Dominion. They are careful guardians of law and order, and few criminals escape them, even if they have to be hunted for years over the length and breadth of the country. They move about with grave faces, and their flat hats and red tunics set off their tall athletic figures to perfection.

The Hudson's Bay Company, which is rooted in the past as we have seen, now has its headquarters at Beaver House in London. It still has trading posts all over Canada and in the Arctic. It sells no liquor to Indians or to Eskimos. Their posts contain a Hudson's Bay Store where anything can be bought from sweets to socks, snow-shoes to buttons and needles. The Hudson's Bay blankets with coloured stripes are famous for their quality. Indians and Eskimos bringing in furs from their trap lines receive a lead token which entitle them to credit in the store. The Company look after their welfare and that of their families. The post managers in the Arctic are men of the type who

can face loneliness and hardship, as their only contact with the outer world is the radio and the arrival of the "Nascopie," the Hudson's Bay ship which voyages from Montreal every June, making a tour of the Arctic posts. The "Nascopie" steams past the bastions of Quebec laden to the gunwale with stores of all kinds, and arrives back at Churchill bringing Eskimos who need medical treatment, post managers who are going on vacation, and bales of furs.

Sometimes a stout-hearted girl will travel from Montreal on the "Nascopie" to marry a post manager in the North. I remember sending a present to the newly-born baby of a post manager's wife in Arctic Bay, the baby being the most northerly white child in the British Empire.

The Hudson's Bay Company presented to Their Majesties on their visit to Winnipeg in 1939 the statutory tribute of the Company to the reigning sovereign: two black beaver skins and the heads of two elk. The Company has been a factor in the development of Canadian life and is a force of vital importance to the Canada of the present day.

3

The Indians in Canada have had a less fortunate fate than the Eskimos, for they have suffered from contact with the white man and have been obliged to face the shrinkage of their territory and to give up their favourite modes of life.

They are the wards of the Canadian Government, who have treated them with imagination, kindness and sympathy. But they belong to an older world, and find it (except in some cases) very hard to adapt themselves to the life of to-day. The men dress themselves in old flannel coats and trousers, and the women in faded and torn jumpers and skirts, which, with their untidy bobbed hair, gives them a slovenly look. They find it difficult to be either neat or clean, and an Indian village has the appearance of a Heath Robinson drawing. Everything is crooked that should be straight, the doors hang half off their hinges, and the chimney pots slant in every direction.

Only on ceremonial occasions, when they don the full Indian dress complete with a headdress of feathers, do they recapture something of their old barbaric magnificence. They make wonderful guides, and are the best conservers of wild life as they never over-trap or shoot too many wild animals, which the white man, if unchecked, is apt to do.

In the reserves in the wilder parts of Canada their way of life is much like that of their ancestors, and some tribes, such as, for instance, the Stoney Indians near Calgary, breed horses for the ranchers. They still carry on basket weaving and wood carving, but they have little originality in design, and if not carefully guided will reproduce modern patterns in the crudest of colours. Their traditional handicrafts were subtle in design and colour, but unfortunately contact with the white civilisation seems to have made them forget their earlier artistic cunning.

Their affairs are administered by the Indian Branch of the Department of Mines, and reserves have been set aside for bands of Indians all through Canada.



By courtesy of the Rt Hon R B Bennett

THE THREE SISTERS : NEAR BANFF ALBERTA



THE SUGAR BUSH : QUEBEC PROVINCE
Crayon by Frank Hennessey

By courtesy of the Author



A FAMILY OF STONEY INDIANS ON A RESERVATION
Near Calgary, Alberta

They are given financial help, schools and hospital treatment, and also an agent, who is resident among them and acts as their friend and adviser. The popular idea that the Indians are a disappearing race is not supported by fact, as they increase slightly in numbers every year.

4

Canada has given a second home to many people of many different nationalities. There are, according to the 1931 census, more English people than Scots or Irish. There are emigrants from every European country, as well as from Japan and China. There are settlements of Ukrainians, Finns, Poles, Russians, Germans, Greeks, Scandinavians (including Danes, Icelanders, Norwegians and Swedes), Yugo-slavs, Czechs, Hungarians, Bulgarians, Rumanians, etc.

It is wonderful how well they settle, on the whole, into their new background. The Scandinavians and Ukrainians find the conditions of life not widely different from those in their own countries. They are not nonplussed by having to go into a forest and fell trees with which to build themselves a house, in the way that a settler from the British Isles might be (who would perhaps expect to find a neat cottage ready-made for him). The long winters are like their long winters at home, and they do not find the intense cold a hardship.

It takes a foreign settler some time before he becomes fluent in the English language. The children pick up English at school and often draw their parents



THE LUMBER CAMP—LIMBING
Woodcut by Clare Leighton

more closely into the life of the community. The influence of so many different nationalities has brought a variety of religions into Canada. There are many followers of the Orthodox Greek Church, and some sects with strange customs, like the Dukhobors, Mennenites, Hutterites and Mormons.

The Central Europeans and Scandinavians have brought their native art into Canada. They are encouraged to sing their songs and practise their handicrafts. There will come out of Western Canada, I am certain, an art which has a Central European background with a Canadian slant to it. I would give as an instance some exquisite linen mats in my possession, embroidered with a tall stalk of Manitoba wheat by a Russian woman, which have the charm both of Europe and Canada. Music flourishes among the New Canadians and the world will hear much of their choirs and orchestras.

These people, who are helping to build up the Dominion of Canada, have a deep love for their new home and an abiding gratitude for the welcome they have received there.

Canada is rapidly developing her artistic side. Orchestras, French and English, play to large audiences. Her painters are alive to the magic of the winter



THE LUMBER CAMP—LANDING
Woodcut by Clare Leighton

landscape, and have been quick to see the beauty of the patterns made by the humps and ridges of snow with clumps of fir trees showing dark in the surrounding whiteness. Jackson makes great play with these winter patterns, taking a group of buildings, some half-submerged fences, with lines of distant hills in the background. Coborne and Hennessey have also produced some vivid winter scenes, composed round a sleigh driven by a farmer in a bright-coloured jersey. Gagnon's exquisite set of illustrations to "Maria Chapdelaine" shows the old habitant life of northern Quebec, and will be always, historically (as well as artistically) valuable when that mode of life has receded into the past. Emily Carr depicts the soft gloom of the British Columbian forests and the vivid grotesqueness of the totem poles. Grandmaison has to his credit some fine studies of the thin, hawk-faced Stoney Indians; and Arthur Lismer of the loaded fishing boats in the Maritime Provinces.

Stephen Leacock is perhaps the best known name in literature. He is an admirable humorist, and his "Nonsense Novels" rank as a classic. Mazo de la Roche has created an admirable saga of the White Oaks family in which she tells delightfully of the way of life in an old house in Ontario. Audrey Alexandra Brown has delightful quality both in her lyric and narrative poems. Marius Barbeau brings the life of French Canada, old and new, vividly before our eyes. There are many other excellent writers who are depicting the Canadian scene and Canadian way of life in prose and poetry.



HEAD OF AN INDIAN SQUAW
Crayon drawing by N. de Grandmaison

Canadians have only one regular theatre (in Toronto), but the Little Theatre movement, sponsored by the Dominion Drama League, has gone through the length and breadth of the land. Drama groups put on plays, write plays, and make their own scenery and costumes. They meet yearly for festivals. Some of the Canadian plays are charming ; some most moving, as, for instance, that one written by the wife of a prairie farmer about the drought area in Saskatchewan from which she came, and acted by herself and her family. The drama movement is bound to develop and to become more and more important in the life of the Dominion as time goes on.

6

There is much to say about the Dominion of Canada which cannot be told in this brief essay. It is in some ways an unknown land. Americans are apt to cross the border in the summer complete with ski outfits, and to show a considerable ignorance about their neighbours to the north. English people



HEAD OF AN INDIAN CHIEF
Crayon drawing by N. de Grandmaison

sometimes appear to think that Canada chiefly consists of the Rockies and the Quints. This not unnaturally annoys Canadians, who think that their neighbours to the south and their kinsmen from the Mother Country should be better informed.

It is partly the vast size of Canada that is responsible, and many people think of the whole of Canada in the terms of the one province which they know something about. It takes time to realise its variety of scenery and population and to cease to be awed by its vast size. Americans often do not know that Canada is larger than their own country, while English people find it hard to cope with its immense scale after the smallness of the British Isles.

You can pelt people with statistics without much avail and tell them that Canada is the second largest gold producer in the world ; that the St. Lawrence drains a territory of 500,000 square miles, which contains half the fresh water in the world, and recite many other rapidly changing figures about the fur trade, fisheries and mining ; but it is the romantic side of a country which fires the imagination, and I should have wished to say so much more about

Canada as a romantic land. I should like to have described in detail the new National Park in British Columbia called the Tweedsmuir Reserve. It is a triangular piece of ground with its southern apex almost touching the Bella Coola river, and with an area of approximately three and a half million acres, or 5,400 square miles. I should like to have written more about the lovely Whitesail Mountains, the endless wild life, the woods, lakes and rivers, and their healing quality for the sportsman and traveller who wish to get away from the din of the cities ; and to have said more about Drumheller in Alberta, where the bones of a reconstructed dinosaur may be seen flattened against a hillside, and where trunks of petrified forest trees lie on sandy wastes amongst cactuses ; and the Queen Charlotte Islands with the tall, proud tribe of Haida Indians, and the bay where the sea lions play and catch fish ; and the tapping of the maple trees, and boiling of the maple sugar in the spring in the province of Quebec ; and the time-honoured custom by which the lives of the porcupines and loons are spared, for the porcupine makes a meal for anyone lost in the dense bush, and the cries of the loons lead the traveller to a lake where he can get water to drink ; and the thrill of sitting in a canoe while the guides steer you safely through the angry water.

I should also have liked to write of the wild flowers ; those spring flowers often concealed under dead leaves in the woods of Eastern Canada ; the Indian fireweed (willow herb) which spreads over miles of country in the West of Canada where there has been a forest fire ; the tall wild delphiniums in British Columbia ; the ditches filled with golden rod in the autumn ; the woods and hillsides covered by wild Michaelmas daisies in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario.

But lack of space prevents more than a passing reference to all these, and I can only express the hope that many people will go and seek out these things for themselves ; also that each visitor will stay long enough near some lake, forest or river, to make a close study of its special charm which time alone can reveal.

AUSTRALIA

ARNOLD HASKELL

INTRODUCTION

BEFORE landing on the vast continent of Australia it is essential to inspect the credentials of the writer through whose eyes it will be seen. My first visit to Australia took place by chance, four years ago. I was bored at the prospect and unwilling but I fell in love with Australia before I had been there many hours and from that moment I resolved to see as much of the country as I could, to meet as many of its people in all walks of life, to study its history, read its poetry, see its painting, enjoy its food and wines.

I spent a first seven months in Australia, returned home and read up my subject, making the collection of early *Australiana* an absorbing hobby. I then went out again. I had rationalised my love and with knowledge it grew.

On my return, I wrote *Waltzing Matilda*, a very personal account of those travels—it gives me more pleasure to re-read than anything I have written. Such then are my qualifications ; enthusiasm backed up by a certain amount of hard study. An Australian might certainly have presented a more intimate study, but there is much at which he could no longer wonder, and wonder is the very essence of enjoyable travel.

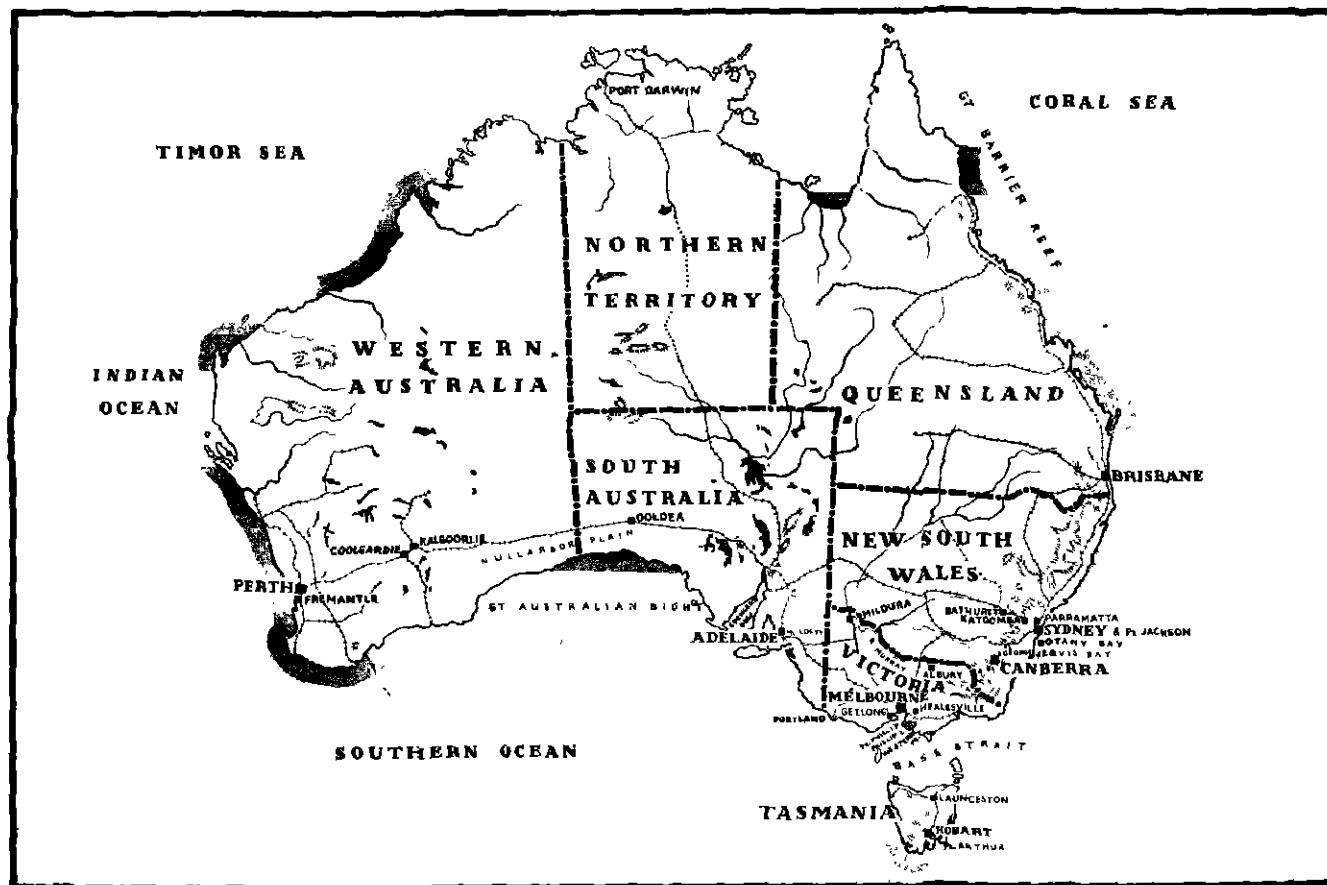
Also, a national might easily be biassed by some sectional feeling. I say this because certain writers in Australia have said : He is very devoted to us, *tant mieux*, but he is misguided. He has met the wrong people (*i.e.*, not our particular set) ; he is superficial (*i.e.*, has not written a blue book) ; should have taken D. H. Lawrence to heart, etc.

I make these remarks in no spirit of resentment, but to show the nature of the task a travel commentator undertakes and to underline once again my intention, which is *to make people think for themselves*. This is a book of hints.

I cannot pretend to tell Australians themselves anything new about their own country, except this how it strikes a European. Therefore I make no apology for writing on so vast a subject as Australia, "my second country."

1940

A. H.



WESTERN AUSTRALIA

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

THE whole history of Australia is bound up with ocean travel, and it is best to reach it by sea, for its isolation accounts for many of the things that we shall notice. The early settlers reached it after many months of hardship and, as the shipping records show, of danger. To-day we are spoilt and grumble if the ship's band does not provide the latest tunes.

To the visitor, the first impression of Australia will be coloured by this long, lazy voyage, punctuated by the many exotic ports of call that flash past him with the rapidity of a film travelogue and that seem equally detached from reality. The whole of India becomes a dish of curry and a snake-charmer ; the Pacific the surf at Waikiki. If he comes from Europe, his first Australian port will be Fremantle, Western Australia. His very first feeling will certainly be one of disappointment. " I have sailed half-way around the world. The last time I set foot on land was in Ceylon. What life, colour, glamour, and now I seem to be back in England and not such an attractive part of England at that." Such is the impression by the customs' sheds, half an hour after the tedious routine of medical inspection, when a bored doctor meets a weary, bad-tempered passenger.

Fremantle is a port like any other port and the details of its busy life are all the more stark for being seen against the sunshine instead of through the softening mists of Tilbury or Liverpool. If the tourist goes on shore, the unfavourable impression will be still further strengthened by the warehouses, factories, hoardings, cinemas, pubs and small villas that line this roadway as they do his own. The dock-workers look very much like British dock-workers and use very much the same language, stronger if anything. The Australian is a master of oaths.

Later, much later, he will find out that, in spite of the marked resemblance with home, the differences are fully as marked. He is still too much under the influence of tourist-leaflet exoticism, to show any interest in such a busy port as Fremantle and the lives of its peaceful industrious inhabitants.

The second impression follows rapidly, even dramatically on the first "Half an hour ago we were at home, but here are plants by the score that I never knew existed, fantastic trees and bushes, a fierce blaze of colour."

This change from drab to beautiful has come about in half an hour's car ride from Fremantle to the King's Park, Perth. Spring is the time to see this marvel when the ground is alive with wild flowers, extraordinary in form, unusual in colour, the red gum-trees ablaze with their blossom. This is the Australian bush, tamed it is true, but fantastic enough to make us believe at last in every one of those 12,000 miles, the pin holes on the smoking-room chart.

The first time that the word Australia assumes a true meaning for the traveller is here. It may fascinate or repel, it will surely mystify, it cannot leave the beholder indifferent. It has none of the green serenity of our own countryside, none of the suggestion that it has befriended man. Neither has it the humid vine-tangled impenetrability of the tropical jungle. It is a thing entirely apart, an extraordinary combination of the most vivid and the most subtle colouring, fierce reds, yellows, purples with every gradation of brown, black and grey, from charcoal to the silver of the etcher's pencil. The bush is dominated by the gum-tree—straggly, gnarled, its bark peeling and hanging in tatters, its bole often hollowed and cracked, the tender shoots alone revealing that there is sap and life. Everywhere we shall see the gum, either as a dried-up, drought-stricken dwarf or a towering forest giant.

We pause here before visiting the city and are reminded of the antiquity of Australia as an independent continent. That is the background against which we shall view the latest efforts of man to build a home and a civilisation of his own. Out of the bush man builds his cities, struggles for his wealth, finds many of the things that have turned the Englishman of yesterday into the Australian of to-day. It has given a theme to the poets, colour and form to the painters.

ON FEELING A FOREIGNER A TRAVEL ATTITUDE

The first Australian monument to be seen, and, like King's Park, it explains many things, is the University of Western Australia, a magnificent building and a symbol. The architect has taken a European model, Italian renaissance, and with rare tact has adapted it to the Australian scene. In his main hall he has used as decorative motives the designs of the primitive aboriginal artists, the first recognition of the high artistic value of this work. Already this modern building has an atmosphere, it has taken root, belonging to the scene like the gum, the waratah and the wattle. And the University is a free one.

Such an institution would attract the excited attention of the "advanced" thinker were it situated in Russia, it would be considered the very last word in the ordered planning of a new world. And so it is, right here in Perth, W.A. But, as I have said, the average traveller has left his vision *en route* in some



IN THE FLINDERS RANGES
South Australia

faked native bazaar and the Western Australian himself is proud but has ceased to wonder. The Australian is in any case a bad booster. The only spirit in which to travel in Australia is in the same state of excited expectancy adopted by the tourist in Europe's much publicised experimental states, to see beyond and behind the suburbia of Fremantle which, incidentally, is not the suburbia of London. No continent contains more surprises and to the Englishman they are all carefully hidden by the atmosphere of home.

There is nothing the Englishman dislikes more than the feeling that he is a foreigner and, if he is not of an inquisitive frame of mind, he can travel right across Australia without that unwelcome feeling, but at the sacrifice of seeing nothing of an independent culture, the result of a new environment and a hundred and fifty years of separate history. As we travel from state to state, we shall understand that yesterday's colony is a nation and shall appreciate the nature of the links that bind that nation to the mother country. They are a constant source of inspiration at the present day.

From the King's Park we can see a miniature Perth down below, a white city nestling on the banks of the Swan River, so named by the Dutch discoverers. The black swan—and he still dwells in his river, side by side with the pelican, but no longer in his thousands—is the crest of Western Australia.

Every Australian capital has its characteristics clearly and well defined. Perth is a serene country town. Its core is a dignified and busy modern metropolis; surrounding that small core is a garden city of trim houses and small, colourful, well-kept gardens. It is evident that the metropolitan core

resents business and not gaiety and that the centre of pleasure and entering is the home. Perth has its theatre, but is starved of the good shows it *should patronise and relies on the cinema or on its own amateurs.*

This pleasant small town, and I use the term as one of praise, is the capital of the largest state in Australia, stretching from the Great Australian Bight into the near tropics of the Timor Sea, a wheat-growing, timber-producing, pearling and gold-bearing state.

Statistics can often be dramatic ; they are in the case of such a city. Western Australia has an area of 975,920 square miles, a population of 460,161, nearly 1 per cent. of whom live in Perth. These figures show that the city, like all Australian cities, is over-populated and they also suggest that Western Australia is still in its infancy. They reveal Australia's greatest problem, that of overpopulation. In this case statistics are grossly misleading. It is essential to know Australia in order to understand the problem.

Australia is greatly underpopulated, but nothing like to the extent that figures of areas and population show. Much of the land is at present uninhabitable—our first train journey will show that other sections are only suitable for grazing at certain periods, according to the rainfall. Emigration and the improvement of the land must go hand in hand and such improvement requires vast capital outlay. Coloured labour would create a far more serious problem by lowering the whole standard of living and imperilling Australian democracy.

Only a peacetime economy can solve the problem. Like many other problems its solution must be postponed. Meanwhile Australia's sacrifice in peace and power is very real.

EARLY DIFFICULTIES

This huge state is in a sense isolated from the life of the rest of Australia and many an Australian familiar with Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix has spent at most a few fleeting hours in Perth.

Her infancy was more troubled than that of the other colonies. Started in 1829, in a hurry to anticipate a possible French occupation, badly financed and over-publicised, the early settlers went through a period of intolerable privation. Luxurious furniture brought out from England in hopes of colonial sale lay rotting on the banks of the Swan, whilst its owners grubbed a bare existence or fled to the Eastern States. Incessant toil and the development of sterile land kept the colony alive, though in 1849 it had to petition to become a convict settlement. Not until 1885 did it come into its own with the sensational discovery of gold at the "Golden mile" at Kalgoorlie. To-day Western Australia is prosperous, but like Queensland one can still feel the atmosphere of pioneering more fully alive than in the other states, giving the Western Australian vigour, independence of thought and vitality, that is everywhere noticeable in his speech and bearing.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

THE NEW ANGLO-SAXONDOM

THE next city to visit is Adelaide, capital of South Australia. Its distance from Perth is the same as from London to Constantinople, a point worth remembering when you ask an Adelaide man if he knows Jones of Perth. Incidentally it is ten to one that he *does* know Jones of Perth. That is one of the characteristics of Australia : its vast spaces and yet the possibility of maintaining what can only be described as a "clubable" atmosphere.

This will be the first and last hint of that lavish, touching, hospitality. It is famous, but all too often monopolises any mention of Australia, giving the impression that the chief merit, nay the very *raison d'être* of the Australian is to entertain the visiting European. Which is all too easy, like the cocktail-party travel philosophy that sums up national characteristics in a slogan : La France l'amour, England sport, etc. People are too complex for labels and the Australian is as complex as any ; more so, for he is not always highly articulate, and certainly not given to discussing the Australian Soul. There is an Australian way of thinking and it will not be found through meeting a travelling Australian, but only gradually, there in Australia under the sun against the background of the Australian immensity.

What are the Australians ? That is far easier to answer. They are "the new Anglo-Saxondom," those *men of spirit and enterprise who felt cramped at home*. Some few were convicts, some younger sons, some men who would answer the call of adventure whether it came from the Kibbickie, the Rand or Bendigo. They had to work hard or go under, have initiative or go under, they also had to lay aside some of the arts and graces of the old country. They lived in solitude, battled with natural conditions, covered vast distances. They were *always* wiser and more enterprising than the home government. Australia was founded in a fit of absence of mind, it required exceptional qualities in the men on the spot to make it succeed.

They conquered, prospered, or at any rate made a living, and then settled down to enjoy the land that had in two generations become their country. They had breathing space to look about them and to think. These were not people who were going to take things for granted. They were going to examine tradition, sift good from bad and use just what they wanted. At last they had sufficient leisure to find the need for artistic self-expression. *Australian democracy is the result of the most gigantic accidental experiment in history.*

A DESERT—IN THE AUSTRALIAN MANNER

It is possible to go to Adelaide by boat across a notorious stretch of water, great Australian Bight, or by train.

The train itself is comfortable, but not luxurious in the American sense of word. The route is remarkable, an explorer's journey across a mysterious desert, the Nullarbor Plain. First we pass the famous gold towns of Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie. To-day they are taken for granted, but only yesterday the use of their immense gold was problematical. There was no water. The laying of the pipe-line was an epic of Western Australian history, for in this arid continent, where flocks have moved over the countryside as armies of occupation, such peaceful conquests are history. Then the train passes through a country of stunted and sickly trees and into the desert of the Nullarbor Plain, merely a sea-bed, a part of the Bight. This is a desert, but in the Australian manner. It is starved of water, but a good year's rainfall will see it covered with flowers and feed. A desert can become a garden overnight, it can remain a garden for a year and feed its thousands of sheep, and then once again it comes a desert. These plains over which we pass are not yet fully charted. To the north they are the home of the blackfellow, a paradise for anthropologist, biologist and naturalist. Ooldea, the last station before the plain, the last natural supply of water, was from time immemorial the meeting place of the original tribes. To-day some half-dozen miserable specimens struggle up to the train to beg tobacco and pennies. All they have left to mark their passing is a series of picturesque name-places.

On the burning ground there is a bright red flower, Sturt's desert pea, named after Charles Sturt, the father of Australian exploration, a particularly fitting memorial. On such a journey we can realise that in Australia the explorer has been the outstanding man and that the pioneer either followed close upon his heels or, without knowing it, was himself an explorer.

As the train puffs on we can see vast glistening lakes that hold out a promise of cool refreshment. They are salt, the water has evaporated or sunk into some vast underground sea. And the sun sets over these plains with a splendour that only Kansas can rival.

We pass two nights on this train, as cut off from the world as in a ship at sea.

It is well to reach a city again.

LIGHT'S CITY

Adelaide is immediately friendly, cradled at the foot of a gentle range of hills named Lofty. It is a small city, but conceived on a large scale, so that to walk the country at the foot of each street is something of a surprise.

Colonel Light, its original planner, misunderstood during his lifetime, was a man of the future. Never can a city have had healthier lungs. There is about Adelaide an atmosphere of unostentatious prosperity and of a sense of values. Like



A SCENE AT HAWKLSBURY AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
New South Wales



KANGAROOS JUMPING BY A BOUNDARY FENCE
New South Wales

he Hague it is a big village, and it is content to be a big village. Never have I felt a more peaceful and harmonious atmosphere.

Adelaide has known no convict settlement and no gold rush. Its original settlers were men of substance, their interests pastoral. In 1836 they set out to found a state according to the ideal of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the purchase of land to subsidise the labour of free settlers. In practice the scheme did not work out and for the first years of their existence they suffered hardship and privation. *But the land was good and so were the settlers. It was about them that the explorer Governor Grey coined the phrase "The new Anglo-Saxondom."* But South Australia was also fortunate in its German settlers, peaceful Moravians fleeing religious persecution in Germany. Their influence can be seen in many trim German villages around Adelaide and in the vineyards that they cultivate.

The wine of Australia is known only to the rest of the world as a popular commercial enterprise that sells a blend in the bulk. South Australia alone among the States is wine-drinking and its connoisseurs know that there are good vintages that deserve better exploitation than they have received. When Australian wine drops its imitative phase and begins to develop Australian names to describe Australian qualities it will find its way into the cellars of the discriminating. Its chance is coming with the plight of the European vineyards on both sides of the Rhine.

As in Perth the centre of Adelaide life is the home. There is little theatrical activity, yet a large public eager for flesh and blood artists. The University is beginning to take an interest in the theatre, and it is likely that, as in



THE FIRST SITE OF ADELAIDE
From a print, c 1837

By courtesy of Francis Edwards



TWO VIEWS OF MELBOURNE

From a print dedicated to Sir Henry Barkly, Governor of Victoria 1856-1863

By courtesy of W J Turner, Esq

America, the University will save the Australian theatre. In Adelaide the influence of the University can be felt.

The museum is exceptionally interesting, not only for its paintings, but for its large ethnographical collection.

There is an interesting and profitable source of study in the unhappy aboriginal as an artist. Already we have seen the fine use of aboriginal motives in the big hall of the Western Australian University. The French have shown the value of native art in their exploitation, sometimes over-commercialised, of the more sophisticated art of the Gabun. America too has recognised the value of primitive art. Australia as a whole is still unaware of its rich storehouse of information and the majority of anthropologists have been studying the aboriginal purely from the point of view of social organisation and totemism. Whether the aboriginal artist decorated his weapons and utensils to satisfy an artistic craving is doubtful, though one cannot rule out the æsthetic impulse. His aim was doubtless to give them some secret power, but the fact remains that his drawings on bark and carvings in wood and rock are striking in pattern and colouring. The unfortunate black can still offer something of value to Australian culture, something that is Australia's alone. There in Adelaide is the material of a lifetime.

“ ORSTRYLIAN ”

There is another thing that is Australia's alone—you will have grown used to it by now—the great Australian accent, which is *not* Cockney. Its origin is a mystery. Here are the facts. It varies but slightly throughout the length and breadth of the continent, it bears no relation to position or culture. The original settlers came from all parts of the United Kingdom. Whence this particular and distinctive manner of speech? “Pioneering,” says an Australian friend. “Solitude makes a man slipshod and Australian speech calls for the smallest possible effort.” That is but one theory. But without a doubt a hundred and fifty years have made a definitely recognisable speech that is not merely uncultivated English. It is not very pretty, but no worse than certain examples of B.B.C. English. It is the one thing that most people think they know about Australia, the Cockney, which is not Cockney at all, and the Australian has a right to be somewhat sensitive, not about the speech, but the superior references to it.

ESCAPE WITH A BILLY

Adelaide is a city of escape; every street leads into the country and the playgrounds of the city are the beautiful Mount Lofty ranges, green in spring-time and a mass of blossom. What a scene for a characteristic Australian picnic, the centre of which is the billy-can, a tin container that can either be bought at an elegant store or more often made out of that most useful piece of

Australian furniture, the kerosene tin. It is suspended over a fire of eucalypt twigs, pleasantly aromatic, and in it the strong tea boils and bubbles. It tastes like no other tea, I doubt if it tastes of tea at all, but it is a grand drink, magnificently quenching, and the billy is a symbol like the camp fire of other lands. The solid part of the picnic consists either of sausages, eucalypt-grilled, or of mutton chops cooked in their own fat on a grid that can be improvised from a few feet of fencing wire. Sandwiches have no real part in an Australian picnic. The Australian likes meat, as much of it as possible and as many times a day.

It is hot, not an enervating heat, but the heat of brilliance. The green of early spring is giving way to patches of brown and yellow, the birds are resting, but the cicada hums like the singing of a hundred wires. The picnicker relaxes, pleasantly dazed, and soon he is asleep.

When he awakes the sun is no longer overhead and he is surrounded by a new life. In the distance there is the tinkle of small bells, song of the bell bird, this is brusquely interrupted by a shrill chatter, as a flock of brightly winged parrots flashes past, rosellas or scarlet lowrys, drawing attention to their beauty by the dissonance of their screech. Small honey-eaters hover in and out of the shrubs and then, a sudden peal of hysterical laughter working itself into a climax, as the master-clown, the Kookaburra, feels the approach of night. There is no twilight, a sudden deepening of colour and all is dark. Then the stars descend till they almost touch the trees. The heat of the day has left a smell of aromatic gum on the air and the evening breeze rustles the leaves and the tangled dangling bark.



COLLINS STREET—MELBOURNE
Victoria

VICTORIA

SOAMES IN MELBOURNE

IN many respects Melbourne is the most difficult of all the cities to describe, the most difficult to get to know. The usual travel descriptions are made by using the well-known rivalry between Melbourne and Sydney—I have been guilty of this myself—and saying that Melbourne is English and Sydney American. Unsatisfactory and untrue. Yet the difference in appearance and spirit is far greater than the easy night's journey by train would suggest ; it may be found in history.

Melbourne is a great capital city, solid and dignified. I have only to hear the name to think of civic fathers. It is a beautiful city with its main artery, Collins Street, one of the finest boulevards in the world. There is also a more intimate beauty, a picturesqueness that belongs to the old world and that makes it difficult for one to believe that this is an entirely modern city.

Behind the main thoroughfares, Collins Street, Bourke Street, there are small lanes, Little Collins Street, Little Bourke Street, that have an intimate quality and in the poorer districts there are whole terraces that might have been uprooted from the gaslight days of London, from Finsbury or Holloway.



KOOKABURRA BIRDS
Commonly known as the Laughing Jackass

It is at night that Melbourne is the most surprising: standing on the bridge that spans the Yarra, then Melbourne becomes every city in turn, there is a glimpse of London, Paris, Chicago.

Those pioneers had the Forsyte spirit. They believed in building solidly for the future. Soames Forsyte steps out of the Melbourne Club into the leafy shade of Collins Street a hundred times a day; a hundred times from the comfort of his massive leather chair he grumbles that the country is going to the dogs. It must have taken courage to plant a St.

James's Square Club in Batman's village and to wait for the village to grow into a city around it.

The homes, too (in the prosperous suburbs of Toorak, past St. Kilda, and elsewhere), are solid investments, beautifully built and beautifully kept.

Yes, perhaps the *cliché* is right after all and Melbourne is English, but neither the England of to-day nor the England of yesterday. An England as it would have developed free from continental entanglements. In climate, too, Melbourne is nearer to England, which may have helped to preserve the original character.

THE CUP CARNIVAL

Melbourne has its theatres and hotels, but there is little night-life and no cosmopolitanism apart from a few Italian restaurants and a handful of Chinese. Only one week in the year does Melbourne find room for frivolity and then it indulges in the carnival of Cup Week. The whole of Australia finds its way to Melbourne by plane, train, boat and road. And the racing is not like the Harrow and Eton match, an excuse for a top-hat and organdie party; it is of interest to all, it compels a Bank holiday.

The Flemington race-course is but twenty minutes from the centre, it is not an exclusive function like Ascot, nor a hectic scramble like the Derby, but a tactful combination of the two. The lawns are ablaze with flowers, the Governor, top-hatted and accompanied by his suite, drives up, the band plays the anthem. The lawns are crowded with beautiful, magnificently but not extravagantly dressed women, the men, not so smartly dressed, throng the totalisator booths to back their fancy. It is easier to bet than not to bet, so splendidly is

this national institution organised.

Everybody seems to know everybody else and to share—until the race is over—the secret of form.

After the races come the cocktail-parties, after the cocktail-parties the dinner-parties, after the dinner-parties the balls at Government House, the Australian Club and elsewhere. For a week Melbourne goes gloriously mad and then settles down into its routine of hard work and home hospitality.

That, too, is the England of yesterday, of Swithin Forsyte, when Derby Day meant an adjournment of Parliament, only in Australia the feast is more democratic and the sun shines.



KOALA BEARS

A baby koala hanging on its mother's back

THE ANIMALS NOAH FORGOT

Like Adelaide, Melbourne has its nearby playgrounds, though they take longer to reach through the shops, homes and cinemas that sprawl and straggle, Tooting-like, around.

The Dandenong ranges are rich in bird life and the primitive scenery that is Australia's alone. The animal sanctuary at Healesville is a sight that cannot be missed. There "the animals that Noah forgot" live with more freedom than in a Zoo, cared for by a curator, David Fleay, to whom they are individuals as well as specimens, from the noble wedge-tailed eagle, tame as a canary, to the meanest tiger-snake. Wenda, the wombat, muzzles against one like a dog and begs a biscuit for her tea; the kangaroos and wallabies gather around, giving an occasional kick to remind one of their presence. The star of the collection is that shy freak, the duck-billed platypus, a furry, semi-aquatic creature that lays eggs and suckles its young.

On the wires of a huge aviary the free parrots gather to chatter with the captives, a solid mass of scarlet.

They are all there at Healesville, even such a survival as the marsupial cat. It takes greater patience to see the animals at large, and luck as well.

The wallaby is frequent, picked up at night by the beams of the headlights; in wilder country the kangaroo and the emu can be seen. The possum shows his beady eyes like glow-worms in the trees at night, scrambles over the tin-roofs



CATTLE SWIMMING A FLOODED RIVER
Queensland

with a clatter that keeps many a countryman awake and cursing. The snake is frequent in certain districts and venomous, but fatal cases are a rarity. More often seen is the goanna, five foot six of lizard in thick and ill-fitting skin, rearing and clawing his way up a tree.

The greatest rarity, Australia's travel-poster pride, the Koala bear, can best be seen in his sanctuary, Phillip Island, a morning's journey from Melbourne. He is, apart from being something of a biological freak, a living teddy bear that arouses the maternal instincts in the most hard-boiled and, after slaughtering him in millions for a not very valuable fur, Australia has woken up to his value. He is featured in drawings, picture-postcards, toys and bags, until he has risen to the dignity of a creation by Walt Disney, as well he might be.

A TYPICAL AUSTRALIAN ENTERPRISE

It is not my intention here to give a history of the various colonies or of Australia itself, but now that we are in the great city of Melbourne, it is impossible to resist a hasty sketch of the founding of Victoria. It is perhaps the most inspiring in the whole history of Australia, differing in nearly every particular from the foundation of the other colonies, also, it is a typically Australian enterprise. As with the majority of British colonies, however, it



ONE OF THE LAST OF THE WINDJAMMERS
The *Pamir* off Sydney Heads

came as a natural growth, it was forced by the settlers themselves against the declared policy of the Government. In 1835, Melbourne was marked out in Batman's map as "a site reserved for a village"; sixteen years later Victoria was a flourishing and independent colony with 80,000 inhabitants, about a third of whom lived in the capital.

The eastern part of the coast of what was to become Victoria was first sighted in 1797 by George Bass in an open-boat expedition that altered the map of Australia by proving Van Diemen's Land to be an island. In 1802, Governor King sent Lieut. Murray, R.N., in the *Lady Nelson* to fill in some of the gaps left in the discoveries of Captain Grant. In January, 1802, he discovered a large harbour, which according to custom he named Port King, but King altered the name to that of his friend and patron, the first Governor and founder of Australia, Phillip.

"The southern shore of this noble harbour is bold highland in general, and not clothed, as all the land of Western Port is, with thick brush, but with stout trees of various kinds and in some places falls nothing short, in beauty and appearance, of Greenwich Park."

This enthusiastic report induced the Governor to form a settlement, a convict settlement, according to the usual policy. David Collins was put in command with wide discretionary powers. Unfortunately Collins was no Phillip. Although the Yarra had been surveyed Collins, with a sailor's instinct, clung to the sea shore. "As it was of the first consequence that the settlement should be of easy access to shipping, the shores near the mouth of the Port were first examined." The result was no fresh water.

Lieutenant Tuckey, who was with the expedition, writes in a prophetic vein: ". . . When I contrasted the powers, the ingenuity, and the resources of civilised man with the weakness, the ignorance, and the wants of the savage he came to dispossess, I acknowledged the immensity of human intelligence, and felt thankful for the small portion dispensed to myself. These thoughts naturally led to the contemplation of future possibilities. *I beheld a second Rome rising from a collection of banditti.*"

The convicts were accompanied by their wives and children and among them was an eleven-year-old London urchin, John Pascoe Fawkner. Thirty-two years later this urchin was to play a major role in the creation of that *second Rome*. Nor was he the only one in the party who was to share in the second chapter. John Buckley, a giant convict, escaped with some six others in a mad attempt to reach Sydney. The others failed, but Buckley disappeared into the bush where he emerges after thirty-two years and at the one moment of his life when he can be of service. With the failure of the Collins settlement all thought of occupying the Port Phillip district was abandoned for a considerable time. But where Governments are apathetic pastoralists seek new pastures for their drought-stricken sheep.

In 1815, Hamilton Hume, a bush-trained son by nature, and by instinct a born explorer, found new pastures in the Berrima district and a few years



By courtesy of D Hope Johnston, Esq.
and of the Medical Society

THE FOUNDING OF AUSTRALIA



LANDSCAPE AT OLINDA DANDENONG RANGE VICTORIA
Oil painting by Sir Arthur Streeton

*By courtesy of
J. A. P. Martin, Esq*

later he discovered the Yass Plains, where to-day the finest wool is produced. The Government was sleeping, but the hungry sheep were closing in on the rich new district nibbling their way from the original settlement in every direction.

In 1824, Hume, in association with Alexander Hovell, made his most famous exploration under the auspices of Governor Brisbane, but at his own expense. No, that is not altogether fair. Government did assist to the tune of six pack saddles and gear, one tent of Parramatta cloth, two tarpaulins, a suit of slop clothes apiece, two skeleton charts upon which to trace a route and an order to Hume to select 1,200 acres, which order he subsequently had great difficulty in confirming! The Government was getting several millions of acres of new territory at a bargain price.

The explorers set out from Lake George with Spencer's Gulf as their objective. As we can now see from the map the route was practically impassable owing to the mountainous country. Only a great explorer could have overcome the unforeseen difficulties, and Hume was a very great explorer. On the 8th of November, the early Australian summer, he was rewarded by an extraordinary sight. Upon ascending a mountain to view the lay-out of the land he suddenly saw peak upon peak of snow-clad mountains, the Australian Alps, to-day the home of winter sports. But, unfortunately, his companion Hovell's calculation was wrong by one degree due east at the terminal point, making them think they had reached Western Port when they were near the present city of Geelong.

For many years the two explorers were bitterly antagonistic to one another, and a literature that need not concern us here has grown up around their unfortunate dispute. In spite of its mistake, which may have delayed the true settlement by a number of years, since their enthusiastic account could not be applied to the scrubby Western Port, the expedition was of capital value. The explorers passed a number of rivers—the Goulbourn, the Ovens, the Mitta Mitta and the Hume, which was actually a portion of the Murray (a river that should bear his name or that of Sturt, but certainly not that of an obscure minister), running west and north-west, which suggested that there must be an outlet into some great river and led to Sturt's epoch-making discovery of the Murray. Also, Hume's trail was later to become the principal route from Sydney to Melbourne and point the rich new pastures to shepherds and their hungry flocks.

In 1826 the usual alarm about French intentions, together with Hume's enthusiastic report, led Governor Darling to make a settlement at Western Port, which Hume had not visited, but this was abandoned two years later, when the French bogey had once again vanished into thin air.

John Batman, a schoolfellow of Hume's at Parramatta, and now a leading citizen of Launceston, had set his eyes on the mainland. His record showed him to be both fearless and ambitious. He had captured a number of bush-rangers, Jefferies, Hopkins, and the notorious but not altogether unchivalrous Matthew Brady single-handed. Batman is said to have come up to him in the mountains and called on him to surrender. "Are you an officer?" asked



SHEEP ON SIR FREDERICK MCMASTER'S WELL-KNOWN STATION DALKEITH
New South Wales

Brady, coolly cocking his gun. "I'm not a soldier," replied Batman, "I'm John Batman. If you raise that gun I'll shoot. There's no chance for you." "You're right," replied Brady, "my time's come. You're a brave man and I yield; but I'd never have given in to a soldier."

His tact and humanity in assisting Governor Arthur in handling the unfortunate Tasmanian aborigines revealed another side to his character.

In 1827 this man of substance and ideas made an application to Governor Darling for the foundation of a settlement at Western Port.

"Sir—Understanding that it is your Excellency's intention to establish a permanent settlement at Western Port, and to afford encouragement to respectable persons to settle there, we beg leave most respectfully to solicit at the hands of your Excellency a grant of land at that place proportionable to the property which we intend to embark. We are in possession of some flocks of sheep highly improved, some of the Merino breed, and some of the pure South Devon; of some pure Devon cattle imported from England; and also of a fine breed of horses. We propose to ship from this place, 1,500 to 2,000 sheep, 30 head of superior cows, oxen, horses, etc., etc., to the value of from £4,000 to £5,000, the whole to be under the personal direction of Mr. Batman (who is a native of New South Wales), who will constantly reside there for the protection of the

establishment. Under these circumstances we are induced to hope your Excellency will be pleased to grant us a tract of land proportionable to the sum of money we propose to expend, and also to afford us every encouragement in carrying the proposed object into effect.

T. J. Gellibrand
John Batman

The Governor's minute of his reply to this important offer reads simply:

" Acknowledge and inform them that no determination having been come to with respect to the settlement of Western Port, it is not in my power to comply with their request. March 17 (1827).—R.D."

MacArthur, importer of the Merino, had created that land hunger. It took men of his breed and determination to satisfy it. Seldom did the council chamber have less to do with the building of a nation.

But such men did not understand a plain " No " for an answer when the land was there for the taking. At home in Downing Street an Australian square mile was taken to be the equivalent of an English square mile ; a simple matter of mathematics. Surely these fellows had enough land already. Why should plain John Batman think in thousands of acres when at home a noble lord was happy with his hundreds? What was the need to extend our already large obligations, to police a whole new district many times the size of England? As long as the French did not interfere, we would do best to leave these lands to the few thousand aborigines.

In March, 1836, a year after Batman's treaty of which we shall hear, Major Thomas Mitchell (afterwards Sir Thomas), Surveyor-General of New South Wales, an experienced explorer, set out under Government auspices to survey the Darling river. After discovering the Loddon and the Avoca, seduced by the richness and beauty of the country, his works prove him a true artist, he departed from his original plan and struck off to the S.W.

Homewards bound he discovered the Glenelg and on reaching Portland Bay found to his amazement that the Henty family had been established two years. *The parties viewed one another with considerable suspicion, each one taking the other for a gang of escaped convicts.* Major Mitchell was astonished by the only glass windows since he had left the boundary of New South Wales. From Mitchell, the Hentys learnt that the country 50 miles north was still more suitable and, as by now their sheep amounted to several thousand, they pushed on into the interior. They were the first.

But even before Mitchell had enhanced its value by discovering the interior wealth, the stubborn Batman was not to be put off from his plan of settling Port Phillip. If the Government would not help, he was prepared to act on his own. He was further encouraged by the results of Sturt's explorations. South Australia was about to be founded, the Hentys had settled in their promised land. Delay was intolerable.

He determined to go to Port Phillip and make his own arrangement with the natives. At Merri Creek, in 1835, he signed his famous, but unrecognised

erty with the natives, by which Jaga Jaga and others, "do for ourselves, our heirs, and successors, give, grant, enfeoff and confirm unto the said John Batman, etc., etc." All very correct, but not very informative to Jaga Jaga and hers.

At about this point the long lost Buckley arrives upon the scene after living an aboriginal and with the aboriginals for thirty-two years. He came at an opportune moment to act as interpreter. He was a singularly stupid man, who falls into history as a footnote.

Meanwhile, the third actor, a one time convict's brat, John Pascoe Fawcner, had also come over with a party from Launceston to occupy the territory and had invaded part of Batman's preserves. These extraordinary men were intending for a district that Government had no intention of settling.

A compromise was finally reached between Batman, Fawcner and the Government, and from that moment Tuckey's *New Rome* sprang up almost overnight. Behind it was the rich pasture land of Mitchell's *Australia Felix*.

Batman died young, Fawcner lived to a great age, a power for progress in Melbourne.

This is a hurried and, because abbreviated, a not wholly accurate picture of a very involved chapter of history. I have avoided a close study of the chronology which is important. My sole object here is to show the extraordinary private enterprise of the British in Australia that could by confronting the Government with a *fait accompli*, add vast new wealth to the Empire without the shedding of a drop of blood. A typically British enterprise.

BUSH FIRES

Victoria is the smallest state, but its pasture-lands are rich in feed, its climate less given to extremes, though like all Australia it is a prey to drought and bush fire. And how terrible those bush fires can be, springing up in an instant, borne with a crackle, a rush and a roar along the tops of the trees, outpacing the fastest horse, then swooping into some peaceful valley destroying bush and homestead as they pass. For days they rage until some fortunate combination of wind and rain, aided by the courage and skill of the bushman with rifles and extinguishes them. They fill the air with pungent smoke, stifle nearby cities with their heat, the birds hover and fall into the furnace. And where they have passed nothing remains but a fine black powder. What were giant trees still stand, but so brittle that a gentle breeze would send them tumbling.

But nature is kinder than man in repairing her destruction. A day or two of rain and green shoots poke their way out of the charcoal. The scene is still one of devastation, but it bears the promise of life and strength. The ants and the birds return and the settler rebuilds his homestead.



MARCH OF THE GHOSTS

Fortunately such major disasters as the great fires of the drought year of 1939 are rare and measures have been taken to make them rarer still.

Have the present-day pastoralists in so blessed a district lost the drive of their fathers? That is a natural question to ask. They have greater leisure and security, but the essential struggle with the land remains. They have the aid of science in dealing with their problems; they are mechanised, but still the same in spirit and outlook. The slacker may have more rope, but he will go under in the end. The gifts needed for this pastoral life are many. The character and ability to handle men, a knowledge of biology, chemistry and finance. The ability to forestall the weather. They may dance in Melbourne, visit the race-track and the theatre; at home they enjoy all the comforts of modern plumbing, but just the same they must ride as hard and work as hard as the men they employ.

MELBOURNE TO SYDNEY : CANBERRA

There are many alternative routes from Melbourne to Sydney. The train is luxuriously comfortable until Albury on the New South Wales border, where it is necessary to change owing to the narrowing of the gauge, a survival of the lack of co-operation between states. The interstate boats, large vessels of 12,000 tons, are deservedly popular in summer. The most attractive routes of all are by the two famous roads, the Prince's Highway and the Hume Highway.

The Prince's Highway runs along the coast, past chains of lakes that join the sea, past the small townships that have become famous as the centres of big



FEDERAL PARLIAMENT HOUSE CANBERRA
New South Wales

game fishing, past the richest oyster-bearing beds on a continent where oysters are a penny a piece. It is a memorable drive and it is the one that the Australian always recommends to the foreigner, a four-day Amalfi to Sorrento. It is, however, the Hume Highway, the inner road, that is the most characteristically Australian in scenery. Mile upon mile of undulating plain, covered with a dried, yellowing vegetation that produces the finest of all wool. Forests of dead trees stick out of the ground, ringbarked by man, fired or lightning struck. Small homesteads with the inevitable round water tanks elevated on stilts can be seen miles away by the flash of the sun on their corrugated surface. It is not a happy or smiling landscape, there is no hint of prettiness, but it is beautiful in a way that words cannot describe. It belongs to another planet. It is on the Hume Highway that one will love or loathe Australia. And, if one loves it, no other landscape can ever give just that feeling of inner peace and detachment, a feeling of distance, space and sanity.

Between Melbourne and Sydney, but nearer to Sydney, lies the capital of the Australian Federation—Canberra. Canberra is the artificial result of the disagreement of two cities. It is unfinished and has not the meaning of the smallest township nearby that seems to have grown out of its surroundings. Canberra is beautiful, artificially so, when the millions of ornamental trees and shrubs arranged with geometrical precision are in blossom. It is situated in the most perfect of natural surroundings, some 2,000 feet above sea level, an amphitheatre in the middle of a group of hills. Its buildings have the dignity of the administrative offices of some huge exhibition and Canberra is still an exhibition, waiting to be assimilated into the life and atmosphere of Australia. More attractive by far is the little Federal Port of Jervis Bay, insignificant by comparison, a seaside township with all the charm of a Portofino. In Canberra the tourist will be interested in statistics, at Jervis Bay he will relax.



ARTHUR PHILLIP FOUNDER OF SYDNEY 1788

Oil painting by Francis Wheatley

NEW SOUTH WALES

“THE COVE SHOULD HAVE BEEN NAMED PHILLIP”

IN Sydney lies the beginning of the history of Australia, and Sydney should be called Phillip in memory of its founder, one of the greatest and least known figures in British history. Botany Bay was the original destination of that First Fleet. The continent of Australia was an unknown quantity.

The only guidance that the pioneers possessed was from the account of the brief stay by Cook and especially Banks, the first men who had set foot on the eastern shores of Australia. Phillip had wanted to sail ahead of the transports to explore and prepare the terrain, but his plan had not been accepted and he was only able to arrive two days ahead. His instructions called for haste. They left him a choice, but told him to hurry.

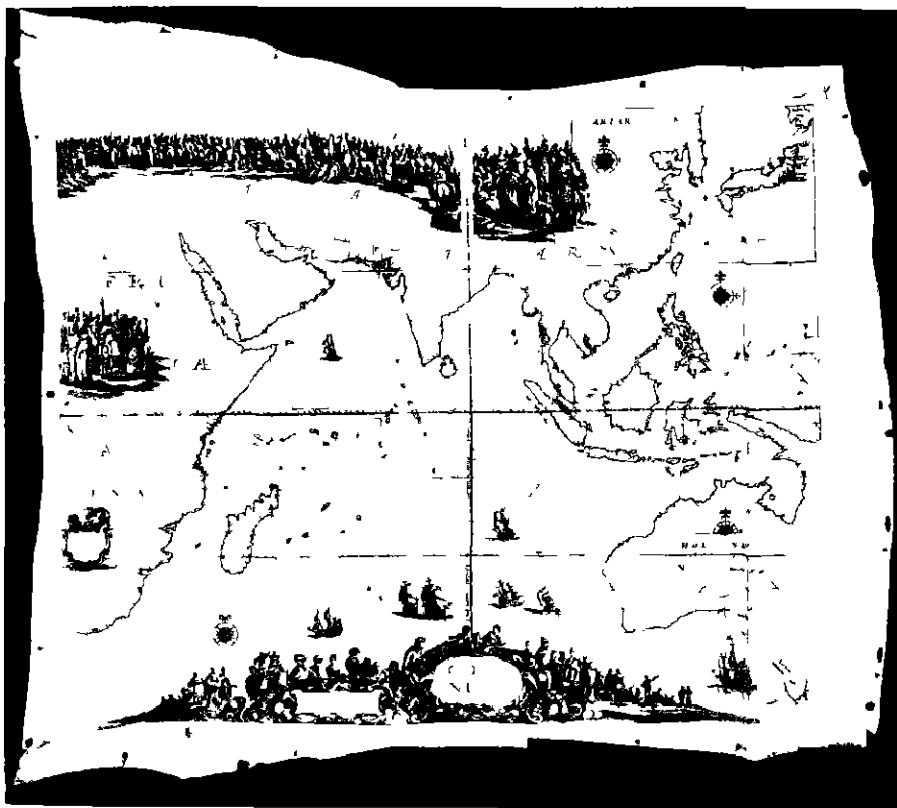
In that short time he had a decision to make affecting the whole future of the colony. An unhealthy exposed situation, resulting in a high death rate and the plan would have been written off another failure, leaving Australia to the French, a distinct possibility and one of the many interesting historical *ifs*.

Here is Phillip's own simple account of the great decision, in a dispatch to Lord Sydney, dated from Sydney Cove, May 15th, 1788.

“The 25th, being eighty leagues to the eastward of the Cape, I left *Sirius* and went on board the *Supply*, tender, in hopes, by leaving the convoy, to gain sufficient time to examine the country round Botany Bay, and fix on the most eligible situation for the colony before the transports arrived.

“The westerly winds we now had continued till the 3rd of January, when we saw the coast of New South Wales, but the winds which had been so favourable, having seldom been to the eastward, and then for a few hours only, blowing to the N.W. from the S.W., generally very strong gales, now left us, and we had variable winds, with a current that at times set very strong to the southward, so that we did not arrive at Botany Bay before the 18th.

“The *Alexander*, *Scarborough* and *Friendship* came in the next day, and the *Sirius*, with the rest of the ships, the day after. Those ships had continued very healthy.



PRINTED PORTULON BY PETER GOOS
The kind of map Captain Cook would have used

“The *Supply*, sailing very badly, had not permitted my gaining the advantage hoped for, but I began to examine the bay as soon as we anchored, and found that, tho’ extensive, it did not afford shelter to ships from the easterly winds, the greater part of the bay being so shoal that ships of even a moderate draught of water are obliged to anchor with the entrance of the bay open, and are exposed to a heavy sea that rolls in when it blows hard from the eastward

“Several small runs of fresh water were found in different parts of the bay, but I did not see any situation to which there was not some very strong objection”

“Several good situations offered from a small number of people, but none that appeared calculated for our numbers, and where the stores and provisions could be landed without a great loss of time When I considered the Bay’s being so very open, and the probability of the swamps rendering the most eligible situation unhealthy, I judged it advisable to examine Port Jackson,

but that no time might be lost if I did not succeed in finding a better harbour, and a proper situation for the settlement, the ground near Point Sutherland was in the meantime to be cleared and preparations made for landing under the direction of the Lieutenant-Governor.

"As the time in which I might be absent, if I went to the *Supply*, must have been very uncertain, I went round with three boats, taking with me Captain Hunter and several officers, that by examining different parts of the port at the same time less time might be lost.

"We got into Port Jackson early in the afternoon, and had the satisfaction of finding *the finest harbour in the world, in which a thousand sail of the line may ride in the most perfect security.*

"The different coves were examined with all possible expedition. I fixed on the one that had the best spring of water, and in which the ships can anchor so close to the shore that at a very small expense quays may be made at which the largest ships may unload.

"This cove, which I honoured with the name of Sydney, is about a quarter of a mile across at the entrance, and half a mile in length."

This is a very matter of fact announcement of a great achievement, how great neither Phillip nor Sydney were to live to see. Those lines, "*the finest harbour in the world, in which a thousand sail of the line may ride in the most perfect security,*" remove the enterprise from the sordid association of Botany Bay, by which it was so long to be called. They mark the beginning of a history as glorious as any in our annals, we must remember them when stupidity, cupidity and petty quarrels obscure that fact, when, in the subsequent history of Australia, Botany Bay and Sydney Cove or "*finest harbour in the world,*" are fighting for supremacy.

The cove should, of course, have been named Phillip.

THE CONVICT BOGEY

A point that must be dealt with here might be called the convict bogey. The First Fleet, eleven ships of a total tonnage of 3,892, was a fleet of convicts and their guardians; "Botany Bay" was founded to rid England of her criminals, and the fact that Australia subsequently became a *Dominion* was due to an accident, but mainly to the qualities of those who had become Australians. Those are the bare facts. When Australia was founded the American colonies had been recently lost. Not even Pitt himself foresaw that Australia might make good the loss.

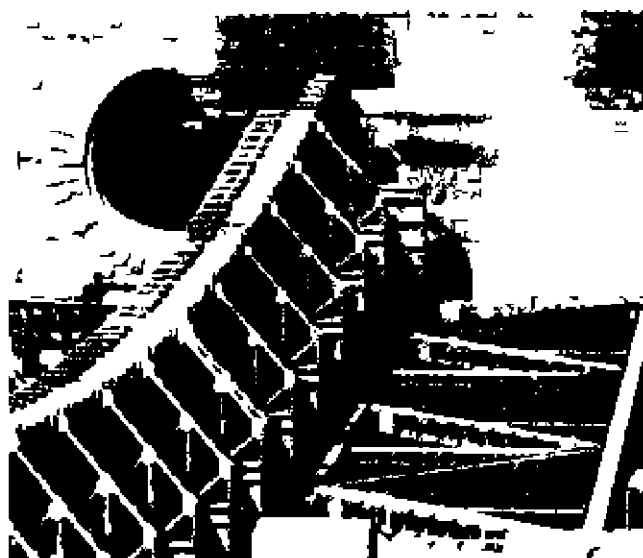
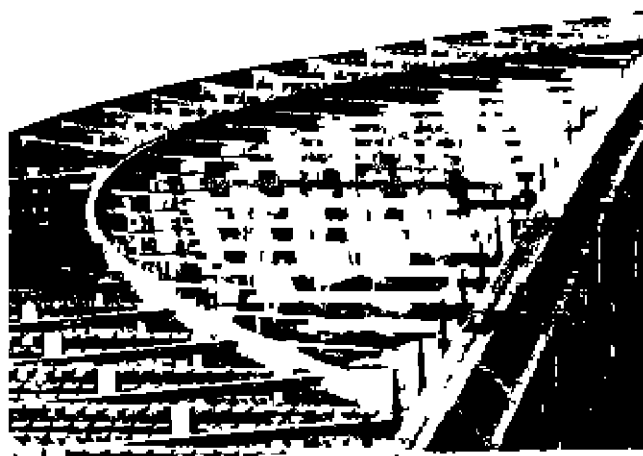
For a long time the colony was known as Botany Bay, and those words had the same significance as Newgate. It is important, however, to remember that the convicts of those days were by no means all criminals. A high pro-



THE JAMIESON VALLEY IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS
New South Wales

portion were men of exceptional intelligence and courage, who had been leaders in new movements, like the men from the Dorset village of Tolpuddle who started the first agricultural trade union. To-day only about 1 per cent. of the Australians are descended from the convicts, and the story of the nation's origin has a purely psychological interest. The change in the status of the colony came about through the influx of free settlers and through the fact that the land gave opportunities to the emancipists and their children that they would not have had at home. Fawcner of Melbourne is an outstanding example. The experiment was attended by suffering and cruelty, the age was a callous one at home as well, but it was essentially a success.

The glorious lesson to be learned from it, an example to the modern world, is that a nation, begun in cruelty, oppression and chaos, could within a short period become a model of ordered democracy, the home and the champion of freedom. That is the inspiring message of Australian history, a history of systematic progress without the battles that have scarred the story of other nations, however glorious the single episodes. Australia shows the Anglo-Saxon genius for democratic government.



to the visitor—and I am writing here from the visitor's point of view—it is as much a Riviera resort as Nice or Miami. He is not allowed to be conscious of the fact that Sydney exists for anything but his own pleasure.

Sydney has a restaurant life and a night life. Its large hotel, the *Australia*, is the casino of its pleasure-resort aspect. Everyone drops in to pass the time of day and the atmosphere is always one of excitement, the atmosphere that Melbourne reserves for one week in the year. In truth there are many other Sydneys than the old or the frivolous; there are as many Sydneys as there are inlets to its vast harbours. It is a capital and a fishing village, a busy port and a place to lounge in. It seems to reveal itself immediately and it goes on showing new and unsuspected angles. It is one of the most fascinating cities in the world.

Up in King's Cross there is a city within a city, a Montmartre, Chelsea, Greenwich village, where artists, theatricals, would-be artists and would-be theatricals, but chiefly very ordinary birds of passage congregate. For a time they can be inhabitants of Sydney and set up housekeeping in a modern flat rented by the week or month, and housekeeping is easy, for the fruiterers and delicatessen shops are always open and always tempting.

Sydney is ringed by magnificent surfing beaches where most of the population burns itself brown. There are sharks off the coast, but who cares! Only the newcomer who has seen the menacing pig-eyed beasts cruising in the Taronga Park aquarium and who is not soothed by statistics treads delicately at first. The currents can be treacherous and the waves high, but there are life-savers to deal with that, corps of young men, perfect swimmers, trained to the minute, on the constant look-out to rescue and revive the unwary. They are a magnificent sight. Their discipline is perfect.

Australian discipline has often been questioned, the surf clubs provide the answer. It is the discipline of the man confronted by a sudden danger, the discipline of the man who thinks things out for himself, the pioneer, the bushman. The Australian does not recognise discipline for the sake of discipline. To be disciplined in battle is one thing, a little laxity in saluting is another. To watch these surf club members at work is a revelation.

A source of considerable pride is "our bridge," an imposing steel structure that spans the harbour. Certainly it is a marvel of engineering; certainly it is essential to speed and comfort in circulation; but in beauty it can add nothing to "the finest harbour in the world" and at times it detracts. Only at night when it is a weightless arc of lights does it truly belong there.

As in the other cities Sydney has its pleasure grounds, near at hand Taronga Park Zoo, Koala Park at Pennant Hills and a vast portion of tamed bush, the National Park. Further south, the Bulli pass at Sublime Point presents a breath-taking view of beaches and pounding surf.

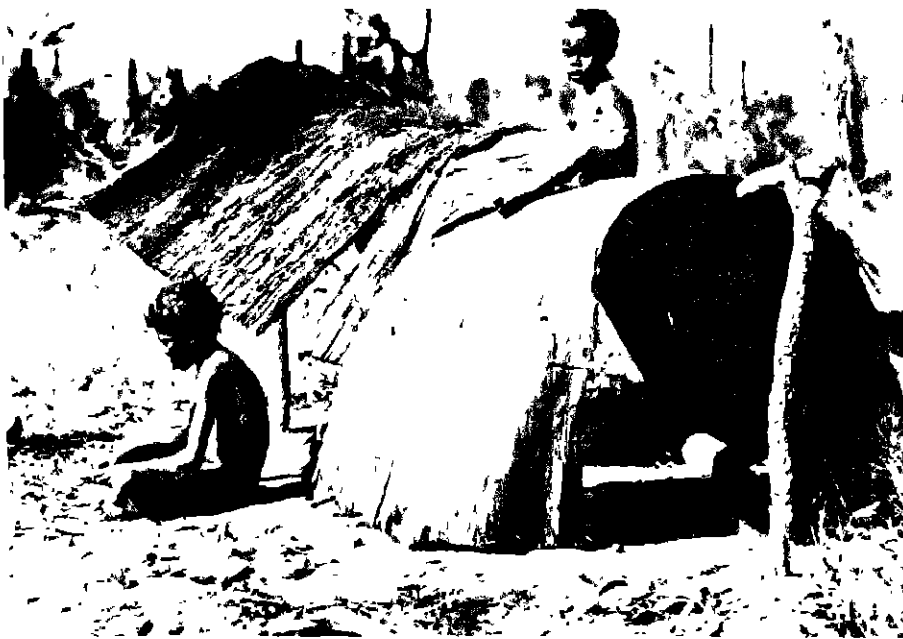
The main excursion is to the Blue Mountains, the barrier that imprisoned the tiny settlement for so many years. To-day a stream of cars and buses follow the route of the original pioneers, Wentworth, Blaxland and Lawson,



IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS
New South Wales

“who changed the aspect of the colony, from a confined insulated tract of land, to a rich and extensive continent.” From Katoomba the view down below into the Jameson valley is grandiose, a sheer precipitous drop into a bowl of trees and ferns, and on the other side another steep rise into mountains that are constantly changing colour from deep blue to grey. When the valley fills with mists, the trees are submerged under a mystic lake of bottomless depth that seems to be fed by the falls that trickle or rush down the cliff face. With every few paces the view changes, now serene, now dramatic.

And beyond the Blue Mountains are the fertile plains of Bathurst, townships and stations that feed the cities.



YOUNG ABORIGINES PLAYING ROUND A BARK SHELTER
Queensland

QUEENSLAND

BRISBANE: GATEWAY TO THE TROPICS

Each of the capital cities differs widely in atmosphere and aspect, that is the charm of Australian travel, but Brisbane differs most of all. Like Perth it is most cut off from the other states and retains a feeling of pioneering. There is a heightening of colour and humidity, a feeling that this is the gateway to the tropics. Again there is the dignified Municipal core, the 20th century city, but the suburbs surrounding it are more picturesque to European eyes with their houses, largely made of wood, propped up on stilts. And the streets are a mass of blossom, poiciana, poinsetia, bougainvillea, cascara, casting shadows from the palette of a Renoir. The city area is immense, winding round the S-bend of the Brisbane river and gradually petering out in a rough bushlike countryside.

The topee is seen in the streets and, unlike the rest of the seaboard, men remember that they live in a hot climate and wear light semi-tropical clothes.



By courtesy of J. A. P. Martin, Esq.

AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSEMAN 1914-1918



By courtesy of Lady L

GUM TREES

Water colour by Hans Heysen



ABORIGINAL SPEARING FISH
North Queensland

There is no pretence in playing at London here. The physique of the men also has undergone a change. They are tall, lean, loose-limbed, hatchet-faced, bronzed. The heat seems to have fired them instead of softening. Brisbane is more energetic than Sydney. Like Perth its frontiers stretch into the tropical jungle where the aboriginal is still a savage and its cattle stations run into thousands of square miles where men know loneliness and danger.

I have concentrated here on the cities, where the mass of the population lives, but it is the solitude that justifies and keeps those cities alive. And unlike the rest of the world the aeroplane and the wireless have proved a blessing and have lived up to their inventors' aspirations. An axe slips, maiming its wielder, a hasty call on the wireless and the "flying doctor" is on his way with help. A valuable life is saved where yesterday the victim would have bled to death. The "flying doctor" and his service is opening up the interior, making it possible for women and children to live there, in hardship still, but in greater security. He is playing his part in the solution of Australia's problem of population. For once modern science has not been misapplied.

Brisbane and its surroundings are but a fragment of Queensland, potentially the richest of states, but that fraction contains samples of the whole. There are farms that grow a variety of tropical fruit, paw-paws, bananas, pineapples, alligator pears and mangos. All of which should not be taken for granted. When Phillip landed with his small party, Australia did not produce enough

food to save them from famine, and when the transports from home were delayed, twice they were faced with complete annihilation.

The aborigines lived on a diet of kangaroo, grubs, snakes, goannas. Tilling or stock-breeding was unknown and there were none of the riches of the South Sea Islands that come without work. Every sheep, every cow, every apple, every pear, every banana, sugar, wheat, maize—the list is inexhaustible—all have been brought in by the settler and developed by him. The climate can produce everything, the land had nothing.

Man has not always imported so wisely. The rabbit, notorious in Australia, is a case in point. Imported originally for food, perhaps also as a nostalgic reminder of home, it has overrun the country. Where to-day the dreaded convict is but a memory, bunny is a menace, causing erosion and robbing the flocks of much-needed pasture. The fox, too, has caused damage to the native fauna, hunting the most wonderful of all birds, the mimic lyre-bird, destroying the koala. So that just as socially Australia started with a clean slate, it did agriculturally.

North from Brisbane begins a new tour of Australia, without cities, milk bars, cinemas and Woolworths, without the little houses and trim gardens, the white wicker prams and the tamed pleasure-park bush.

TASMANIA

I HAVE left Tasmania last on my tour; geographically it belongs to Melbourne which its settlers founded. It is cut off from Melbourne by a turbulent mass of water, the Bass Straits. The aeroplane has made it a casual excursion.

Tasmania goes its own pace, unaffected by the modernity of Melbourne and Sydney. It is a survival of yesterday's Australia, closely related to the old country. In its settled districts it has the serenity of cosiness denied to the mainland. The word *farm* seems more applicable than the Australian *station*. Man has planted English trees which contest the landscape with the native gum, and the apple orchards have more than a suggestion of Devon. There are little churches too, dotted about the countryside, that bring a sharp reminder of home. A coach rattling along the road would not seem an anachronism.

Yet this peaceful countryside has witnessed the most turbulent scenes, and the early settler had to lay out his land with his gun by his side to guard against the bands of bushrangers that threatened all security. Tasmania was made a penal settlement within a penal settlement and was in use after the other colonies had successfully revolted. To-day the bush has grown over the ruins of those cruel days, effacing the memory. Port Arthur, stronghold of the system, is a deserted village, centre of interest for the charabanc tourist and the historian. It is good to gaze (there in the most peaceful spot on earth) upon this bracken-covered home of totalitarianism, to see the cells with their broken

bars and the fallen masonry that lets in the light of the sun. It is good to know that man has willed this curse away.

Hobart, the capital, is situated beneath Mount Wellington on the finest and deepest harbour in the world, Sydney included. It is first cousin to a small English cathedral city; Launceston, the southern city, a country town. Their old-world atmosphere is only dispelled at night when the neon lights give them an air of false gaiety. There is no night life behind the lights. Carefully hidden, too, beneath the old-world atmosphere is the commercial wealth of wool-len, zinc and other factory work.

Tasmania understands the tourist problem and "Tassy," as it is affectionately called, is a favourite holiday resort for those of the mainland. The foreign tourist has yet to learn the way to Tasmania. It is the one part of Australia certain to please the Englishman who has a natural sympathy for islands. There is fishing in plenty in the Great Lakes, the type that has made New Zealand and Scotland a sportsman's paradise. The climate, too, is closer to our own, though the sunshine exceeds anything in these islands.



THE RUSSELL FALLS IN THE NATIONAL PARK
Tasmania

THE POLITICAL CONSTITUTION

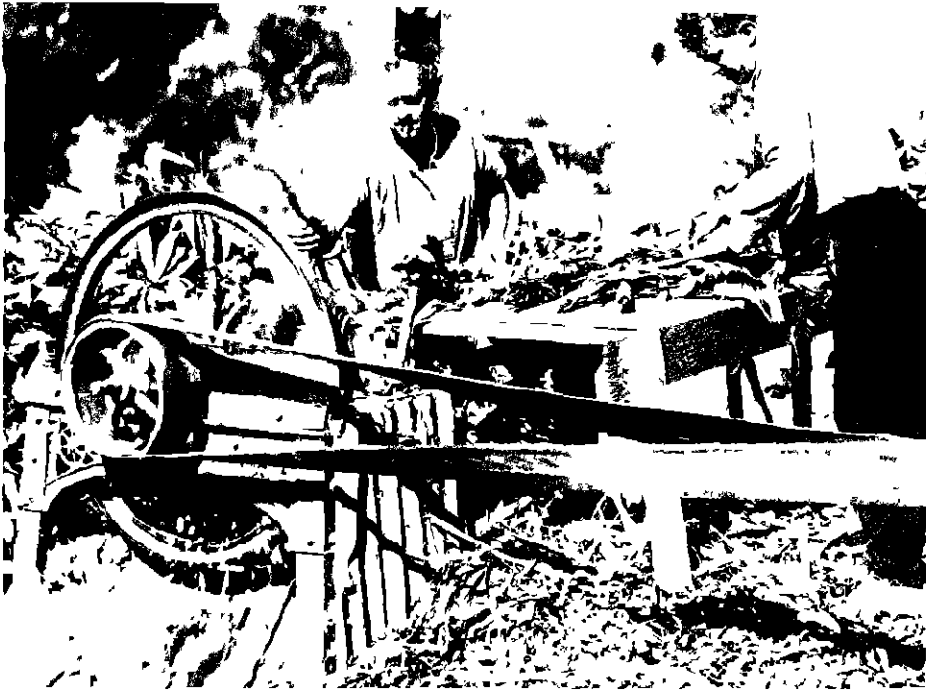
AUSTRALIA consists of six separate States, each with a parliament consisting of two Houses. At the head of each State is a Governor, who used always to be sent out from England to represent the King, so that the parliament of each State was a model of the British parliament and the Governor had the same constitutional role to play in each State as the King in Great Britain. On January 1st, 1901, the States, which until then had been Colonies quite independent of each other, united, and formed the federal Commonwealth of Australia with a Governor-General and a federal parliament, consisting of two Houses—a Senate and a House of Representatives. The legislature consists of the King, represented by the Governor-General, the Senate and the House of Representatives. In the Senate the equality of States is recognised, each having six representatives irrespective of population, in the House members are elected in proportion to State population. The State legislatures exercise powers not mentioned in the constitution as federal. They control public lands and works, justice (apart from federal questions), inter-state trade, railways, education, etc.

The Australians have tackled the problems of native administration with skill and success, though in the early days of settlement there was much suffering and harsh suppression of the native tribes. The modern Australian practice is in the forefront of intelligent administration: when trouble broke out in the Northern Territory, one of Australia's leading anthropologists was sent to live in the district, make friends with the natives and gain their confidence; this he succeeded in doing, and the new administrative system, based partly on old tribal customs, works to the satisfaction of all parties.

The Commonwealth of Australia, like the other great Dominions of the British Commonwealth of Nations, is an entirely self-governing and independent sovereign state; appoints its own representatives abroad and administers its own mandate in New Guinea. This independence, which had been a matter of fact for many years, was established by law after the war of 1914–1918 by the celebrated Statute of Westminster, which put the independence of the Dominions on a constitutional footing.

Thus Australia is left entirely free to intervene on the side of England or to remain neutral. She is free to appoint ministers to other nations. Her freedom is very real.

The bond between the Commonwealth of Australia and Great Britain or any of the Dominions, is thus almost entirely one of sentiment and tradition. The Governor-General, however, is appointed by the British Government, as also the State governors; both the King and his representative have the right of veto; appeals may be made from the High Court to the Privy Council; and



CUTTING ENSILAGE ON A FARM
New South Wales

Australian parliaments cannot annex territory without power from the Crown. In spite of these reservations, the first remark holds good and the link is one of sentiment, tradition and of a common king.

Actually the population of Australia is about 98.99 per cent British, but this in no way diminishes their feeling of independence. It is all the more significant, therefore, that both in 1914 and in 1939, the Australian Government with the backing of the whole people, immediately and without hesitation declared war on Germany.

SOCIAL LIFE AND THE ARTS

MOST writers on Australia have stressed the discomfort of the never-never at the expense of the life lived by the vast majority of Australians and have created a totally wrong impression. There are pioneers in Australia, but the country as a whole has passed the pioneer stage and must be written of in the same manner as England or America. Australia is a land of surprises and the greatest surprise of all, after the vast quantity of negative writing that exists, is the high degree of comfort to be found in every settled district. The homes of the well-to-do are more modern in style than anything to be found in this

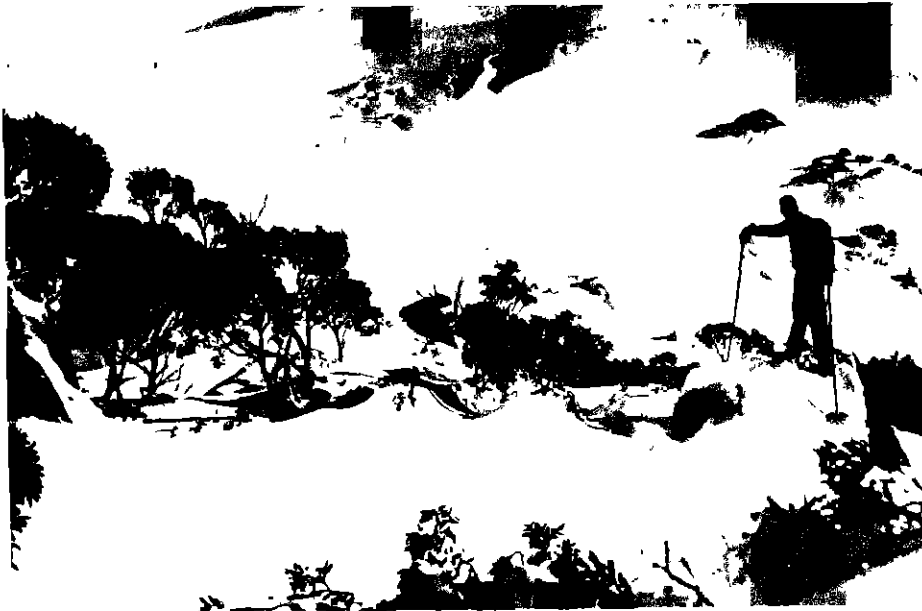
country and the artisan is correspondingly better off. The gardens, both large and small, are cared for with skill, and the flower arrangements to be seen in most homes show an extraordinary degree of art. Flowers play a large part in Australian life. There are some unjustified slums in Australian cities, but there is no actual starvation in the European sense of the word. Australia has its wealthy men, but there are none of the great extremes of the United States. Labour, as apart from Marxist socialism, has a strong voice in affairs, the labour of the individualist. Masses are not easily dragooned in a pioneer country. The working man has a guaranteed wage, graduated according to the scale of living and periodically revised by a Court of Conciliation and Arbitration.

Socially Australia is still more democratic. There are no hereditary titles, there is a minimum of snobbery; a man must prove his own worth and the quality most appreciated is that of good fellowship. America prides itself on its democracy, Australia, less given to self-dramatisation, takes it for granted. The Australian does not know the politeness of servility. He is exceptionally polite, because he is exceptionally goodhearted. If you can carry your bag, then carry it, but, if it appears a load, he will be the first to volunteer. His attitude to the visitor is especially pleasing, it is one of interest. He has the quality of a superb listener. He is only arrogant when challenged, the arrogance of self-defence.

The hotels in the large capitals are like hotels everywhere. It is in the smaller hotels and guest houses that a truer picture can be gained. The table is good in basic materials, varied in that it swings between beef, lamb, turkey and pork, but cooked without much imagination. Tea is the universal drink. The climate tends to make lounges stuffy, but life is lived largely on the verandahs that surround the house. In the summer, life in a guest house is largely one of camping, with very little privacy. The sanitary arrangements vary according to the quantity of water in the district. At the worst they are primitive but not unhygienic. Service is cheerful, willing, scanty. It is surprising how one has grown used to being over-served.

The Australian enjoys considerable leisure. How does he spend it? Largely in sport.

The Australian is a born sportsman and sport in Australia is within the reach of all. The certainty of fine weather gives him added hours of tennis, golf and cricket. Cricket has an importance unknown in this country. Bradman a position far above that of the popular athlete. He represents an important aspect of Australian life. The Australian can surf in the sea, yacht in the harbours, fish in the sea and the rivers, and bake in the sun on the warm sand. Riding is as much a necessity as a sport. Mountain châteaux in Victoria, New South Wales and Tasmania provide winter sports and at a price impossible in Europe. It is said that the Australian cares for his body at the expense of his mind. There is some element of truth in that. Mentally he inclines to indolence and an easy tolerance that could make him the prey of some political adventurer. Yet he would react violently were his liberties too



SKI-ING ON THE MAIN RANGE AT KOSCIUSCO
New South Wales

closely interfered with. There are oppressive drink laws, the closing of bars at six o'clock, that in fact only serve to increase heavy drinking. He ignores these with sturdy commonsense whenever possible. This is symptomatic of the line of least resistance, our own muddling through carried to extremes.

If we examine Australian social history, we shall see that the commonsense of the country is gradually finding its own solution.

The press in Australia compares favourably with the press anywhere, artistic events securing larger space than at home. Criticism of local artists tends to be provincial, but the use of the word provincial is comparative. The most Australian of voices is the *Sydney Bulletin*, a journal that has played a large part in making the Australian express himself in words rather than grunts. Its pages are open to the bushman as well as the city dweller. Its policy is one of downright commonsense Australianism, it presents a wonderfully true picture of the country, a fact that I realise more than ever, a year and 12,000 miles away.

Australian literature, well worth a careful study, is still in a formative period. As in all youthful communities creation has gone into poetry and painting. The great Australian novel is still Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of His Natural Life," though it deals with the more gruesome aspects of convict life. It is a great novel because it is so much larger than its ghastly subject, because Clarke feels and can convey the atmosphere of Australian scenery. Australia's poets like her painters have expressed that scenery, which has been the background of her artistic life.

In painting, Australia has come of age, producing masters of a new impressionism in Streeton and in Gruner, an academician, in the best sense of the word, in Heysen and such decorative artists as Margaret Preston, who makes superb use of the native flowers. In black and white, Australian journalism has given us Phil May, Will Dyson, Norman Lindsay, Low and others. Painters such as John Moore, a magnificently sensitive artist, Daryl Lindsay and others, etchers such as Lionel Lindsay, Sydney Ure Smith, make Australia's contribution to art a leading one.

CONCLUSION

"UNBREAKABLE IN TROUBLE"

MY sole object in this breathless tour of the populated rim of the vast Australian continent has been to show beyond a doubt that this is a country to visit and study, a nation rich in natural beauty, rich in the vital quality of its people, a nation standing to-day at the threshold of great achievements, social and artistic.

Intellectually it is an exciting place in which to live. Its distance from Europe, so long regarded as a curse, has given it perspective and independence of thought. Therein lies the greatest wonder of all.

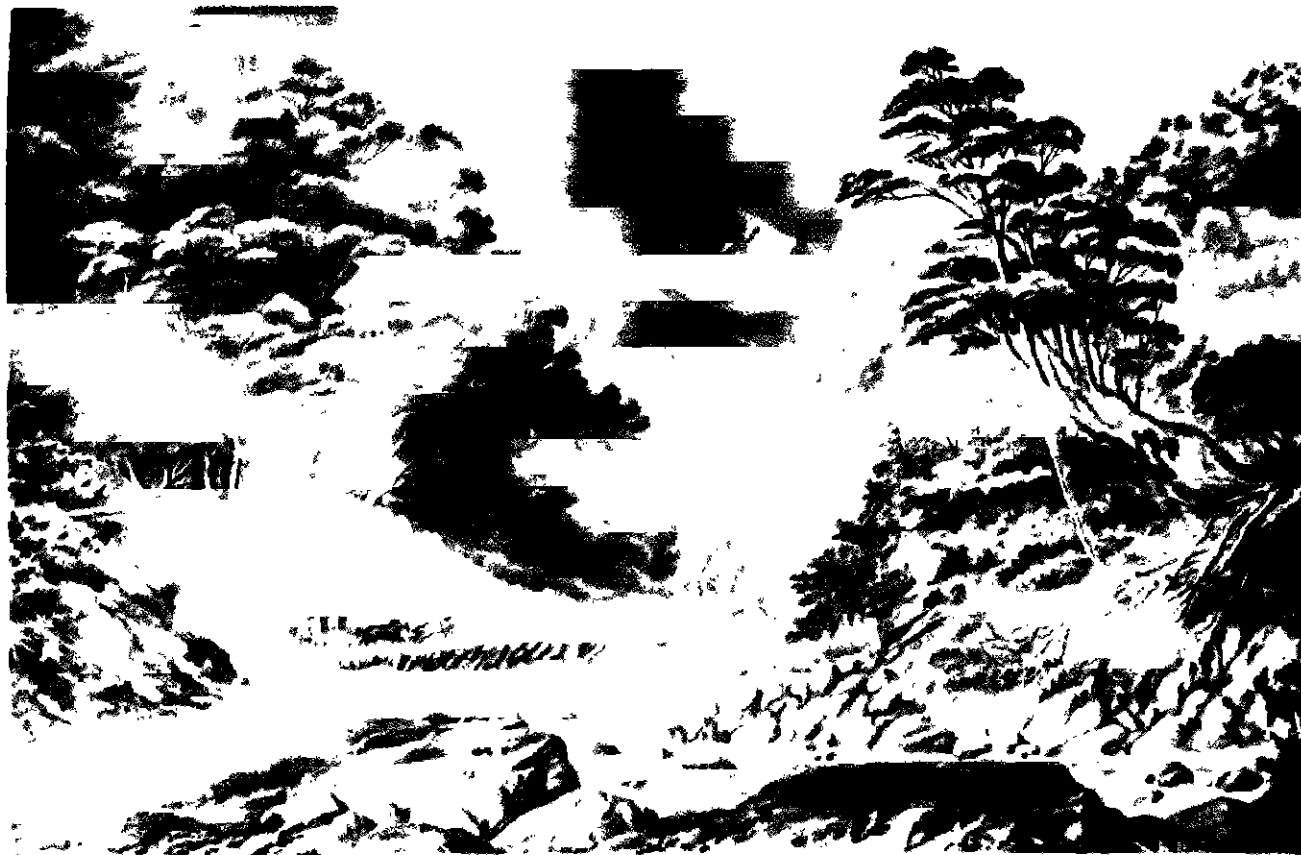
I marvel at the unhesitating response of the Australian to take part in the second world war. Others, nearer home, have hesitated. Distance, sun and surf has not drugged him, gratitude does not compel him. But an idealism so lofty that it is not expressed in words. Blood plays its part, but also a full realisation of the meaning of free democracy. It is not pondered or discussed, it is something taken for granted by those men who talk of "home" in the abstract.

*"And far in the future (I see it well, and born of such days as these)
There lies an Australia invincible, and mistress of all her seas;
With monuments standing on hill and head, where her sons shall point with pride
To the names of Australia's bravest dead, carved under the words 'Here died'."*

Thus wrote Henry Lawson, many years before the war of 1914.

The Australian soil has known no war, but to quote John Masefield, "those marvellous young men . . . the flower of this world's manhood . . . died as they had lived, owning no master on this earth," at Gallipoli, in Flanders, in Palestine, in France.

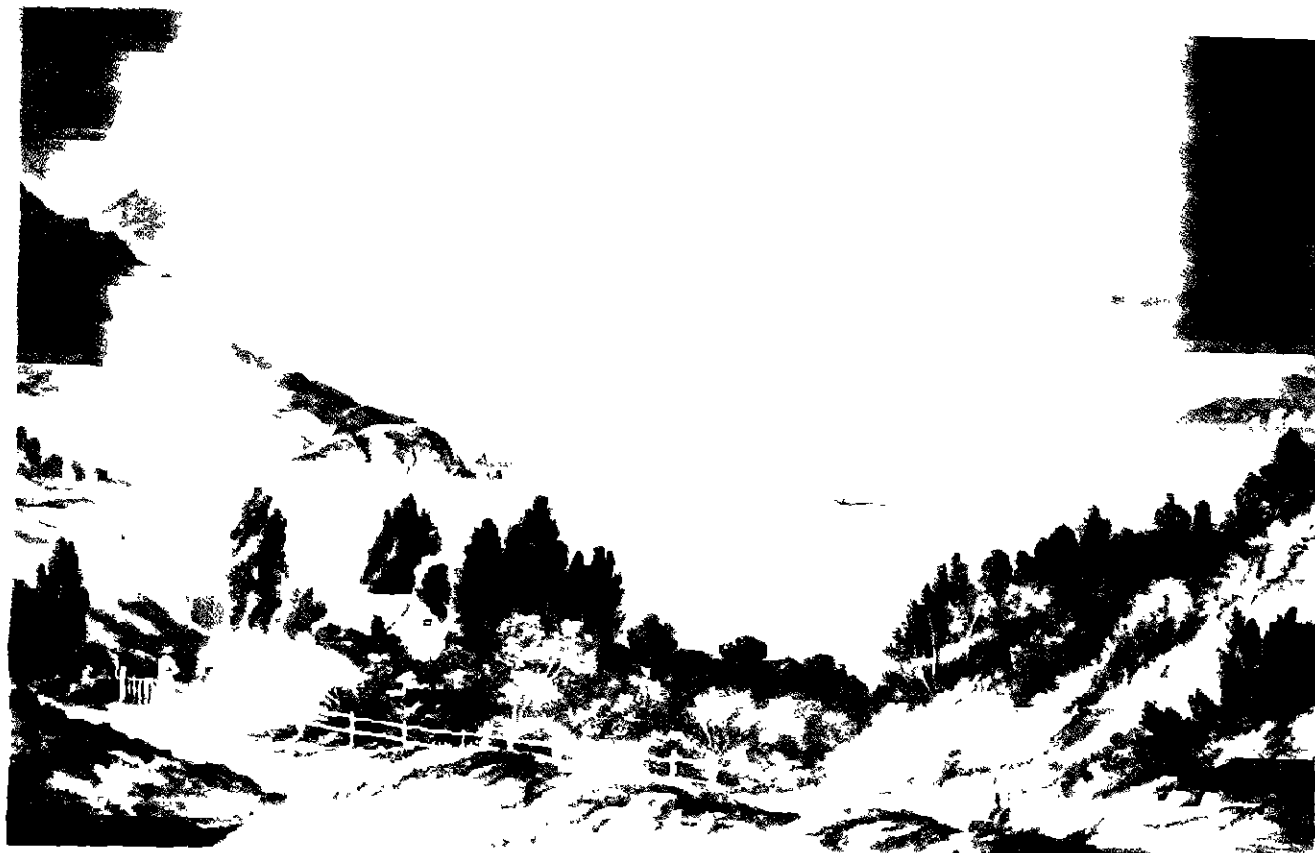
Once again they have answered the call, once again the enemy expected them to fail. None but a free man can understand that mysterious link, in peace seemingly so slender, unbreakable in trouble.



By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society, London

OTIRA GORGE, IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS

Coloured lithograph by T. Picken after C. D. Barraud, 1877



LYTTELTON HARBOUR

Coloured lithograph by W D Blatchley after C D Barraud 1877

By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society London

NEW ZEALAND

NGAIO MARSH

AND

R. M. BURDON

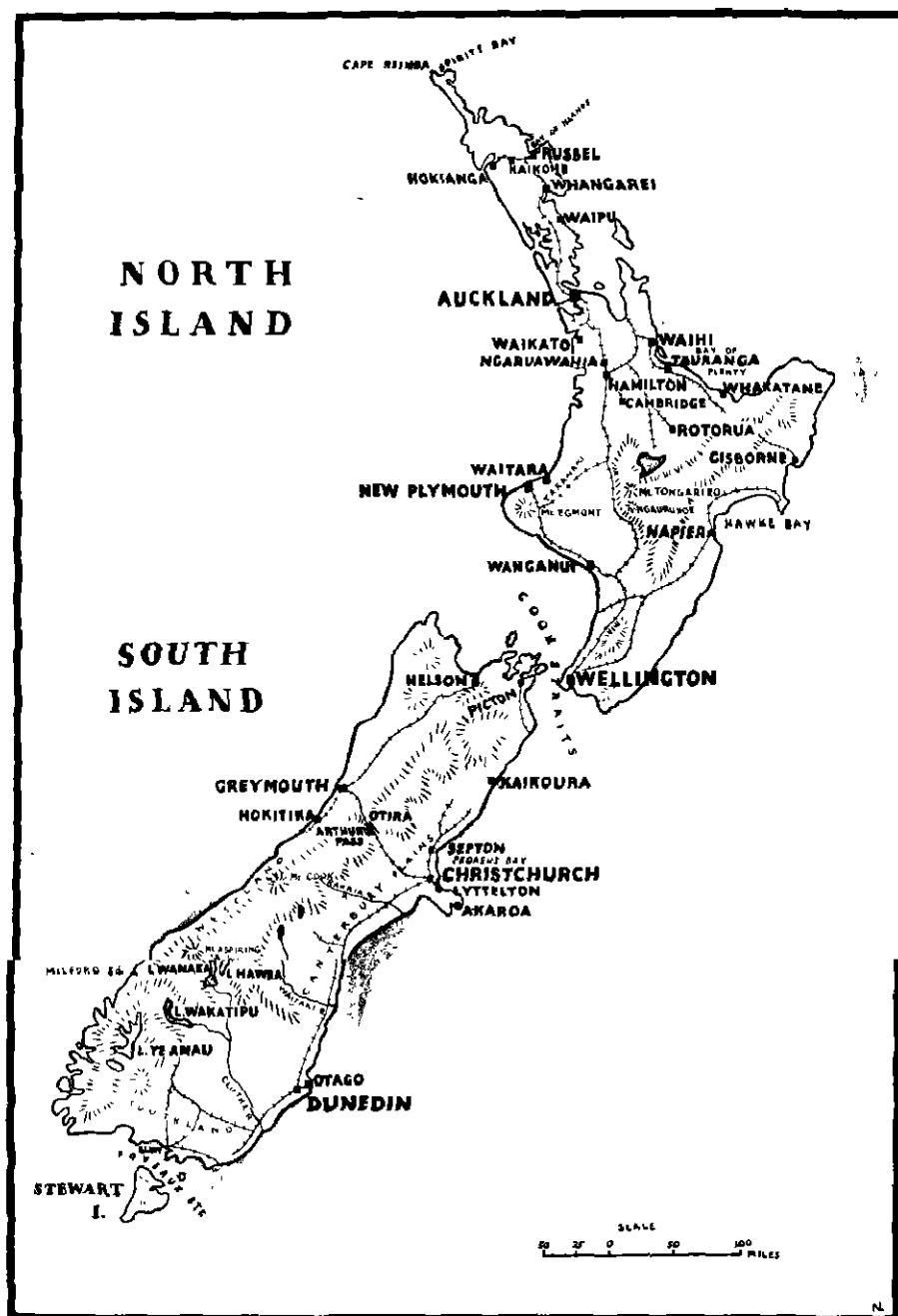
NEW ZEALAND PEOPLE

PAKEHAS

IT is not easy for a New Zealander to write of New Zealand. He stands in danger of two pitfalls. Either he will think he speaks to his own people, and then he may fall to scolding, or he will think he speaks to outsiders, and then he may grow arrogant with that curious antipodean arrogance that is, in reality, a defence. As a people we are but lately born. Yet, while culturally we still suffer the pangs of parturition, geographically, of all the nations in the Commonwealth, we are farthest removed from our mother country.

The late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once wrote a diverting romance called "The Lost World." In it he pictured a tract of land which, by some prehistoric convulsion, had erupted from the rest of the earth, and become isolated from the march of evolution. This lost world was still peopled by iguanodons and pterodactyls, and was a picture in little of prehistoric times. Its denizens were in the earliest stages of their isolated scheme of evolution. So culturally and nationally are we. In some ways New Zealanders are still mid-Victorian Englishmen of good heart. In their ideas of hospitality, which date from the days of journeys by horse and foot over unknown country ; in their inclination to judge a stranger by his willingness to do manual work, which dates from the days when existence depended upon physical endeavour ; and in some of their tricks of phrase which date from the days when married people referred to each other by their titles, the white people of this country bear the imprint of their origin. They are still rather like their English great-grand-parents, but they are not nearly so like their English contemporaries.

One hundred years ago a handful of British settlers from farms, manor houses, rectories, crofters' cottages, fishermen's huts, smithies and mansions clung precariously to the coast of these islands. The incredibly beautiful



Map of New Zealand
By F. Nichols



TE PAKI CATTLE MUSTERERS
Cooking at an Open Fire

interior was still unexplored, the Maori people still inimical. New Zealand was a savage, a lonely, and an unknown country. English ladies, fantastically hampered by their stiff dresses, cooked and cleaned in houses that their men had built of wood or cob. There are New Zealanders still living whose mothers huddled in redoubts while their men stood to arms against the uprisen Maori, and there are Maori people still living whose fathers fought with *savagery, courage, and extraordinary chivalry against the encroaching whites.*

As I write I look from a house on the hills across a city to a great range of mountains. I see a cathedral spire, modern blocks of flats, hospitals, factories and cinemas. I see roads running like ribbons across the plains. My grandfather walked over that same flat, sometimes up to his knees in swamp, seeing no more of civilisation than one or two wooden buildings and an occasional bullock dray. We are a young people.

We have been called an untried people, and to this phrase some New Zealanders object. It is true that the pioneers and their successors were exposed to many hardships, to the menace of great rivers and vast mountains, and to the inconveniences of primitive living conditions. They were threatened by a native race already enraged by marauding whalers and poor whites. They struggled. In a word, they were pioneers. Since their days we have suffered earthquakes and epidemics, wars and depressions. Yet, in comparison with other peoples in the Commonwealth, are we not a fortunate race? The climate of these islands is temperate, the forests free of menace. The first settlers found no snakes in New Zealand and no dangerous animals. They found fish and

birds in profusion, good water wherever they settled, tall timber and rich earth. In a country that lies mid-way between equator and pole they were spared the ravages of tropical disease and the rigours of extreme cold. They prospered. What sort of race have they bred?

Here there is only space for the roughest cross-section. To find such a slice of local colour a stranger would do well to visit one of the cities during a carnival week. These festivals take place in the spring, and, in most towns at this time, a race-meeting coincides with an agricultural and pastoral show. Let the stranger go first to the show. At this antipodean fair, with its square half-mile of machinery, livestock, showmen's alleys and buskers' tents, its parade grounds, stands and booths, he will see a vague perambulating mob that is pretty well representative of all classes. Let him go first to the livestock pens. Here, among dozens of his kind, leaning on the stockyard rails in an atmosphere compounded of dust and the acrid-oily smell of sheep, is a run-holder who has brought his family down from his station. They may have come a great distance, through mountain passes or down long monotonous roads. They may have crossed by the night ferry steamer from one island to the other. In his good countrified clothes and soft hat, this run-holder is an unmistakable figure. He belongs to the most conservative of the local clubs. The climax of the year, for him, is the wool sale. His wife is an authoritative figure in their district, practical and, when she is unable to get domestic help, which is often, pretty well occupied. Their daughters shout together in groups with daughters of similar parentage. The sons are younger editions of their father.

During carnival week these people will move within a restricted circle of friends, all of whom speak the same language and have the same interests. *Some of them hunt, all of them play games, including a sort of inter-tribal mixed hockey.* They marry almost entirely within their own circle. They live in large homesteads, and most of them know a great deal about sheep. They are the squattaucracy of New Zealand.

Near the run-holder, and staring at the same beasts, is a cocky farmer. The cocky is the man with the small holding. In the far north he deals mainly with milk and cattle; in the south, mainly with sheep; but between these two specialists, and all over the country, are the mixed farmers, the small cultivators, fruit growers and poultry men. The cocky's smooth town suit, bought off the peg at a farmers' co-operative store, sits uneasily on him. His stiff collar looks odd against the weathered mahogany of his neck. His hands are calloused and stained, his eyes creased at the corners. He was up before dawn, milking cows or drafting sheep or repairing farm machinery, and his wife and family were up with him. They, too, foregather with their kind, less assured than the squattaucracy, perhaps, and speaking a slightly different language. They live in a small wooden house on their holding, and they work like hell.

The hoarse-voiced rubicund fellow who doesn't look quite like a run-holder, or quite like a city man, is a stock and station agent, and an auctioneer of

livestock. On sale day he stands on the top of the yard hurdles and yells his rapid patter, keeping an experienced eye open for the morose nod that means a bid. He, with the wool-buyer, is the link between the country man and the business world.

Behind these figures—some here at the show, some still out back, camping in huts on mountain sides, moving behind mobs of cattle or sheep along endless roads in a perpetual small cloud of dust, attended always by a pack of working dogs, astride rangy horses or walking slowly with the reins over their arms, smoking hand-rolled cigarettes, cursing, whistling piercingly between finger and thumb—behind the run-holder, the farmer, and the agent are the shepherds, musterers, shearers and drovers, the back-countrymen of New Zealand.

If the stranger moves away in the direction of marquees reserved for machinery, motors, hardware and articles of general commerce he will find the business men. The business man wears formal clothes. His speech is more rapid than that of the country man. He seldom uses the word "very" without repeating it. His adjective of appreciation is "fine." He speaks of "very, very fine." Rotarian meetings, golf courses, objects of commerce, business deals, or national efforts. He is shrewd, insular, and less hard-boiled than he chooses to appear.

There are numbers of pressmen at the Show. To the visitor the young New Zealand pressman seems strangely innocent and much less assured than his English or American counterpart, but he belongs to a class that thinks for itself. Very often he is concerned with æsthetic values, and this interest, as much as his job, separates him from other types. He may be passionately concerned with such matters as the future in New Zealand of writing, painting and music. If the stranger should be interviewed by one of our pressmen, he will certainly be asked immediately to compare something in New Zealand with something in his own country. It must be confessed that in asking his questions, the reporter is merely doing his job. The average New Zealander's interest in a visitor crystallises on the visitor's impressions of New Zealand. Many of the pressman's fellow journalists have done well in London. The standard of the daily newspapers here bears comparison with the average in other countries. *Dramatic criticism lags behind literary, artistic, and musical criticism.* Perhaps this is because, while local repertory societies abound, and maintain a remarkably high standard, touring companies seldom come to this country. A reporter on a daily paper is not asked to give a close criticism of a talking picture, though very possibly he himself is hotly interested in the technique of the cinema. It is from groups of these young people, and their circle, whether journalists, teachers, labourers, or professional men and women, that our modern serious writers have come. In writing, as in painting, the work has, until recent years, been academic and derivative rather than iconoclastic or indigenous. In fiction, Katherine Mansfield is still the only name indisputably of the first rank. But new and interesting impulses have at last appeared. The cloud of self-consciousness is rising, and at least one New Zealander finds himself able to write of his country without embarrassing

himself in a surfeit of local colour. There are poets of distinction, and, most hopeful sign, a publishing house with a real appreciation of form has been set up and flourishes. The standard of painting is remarkably high, but here again the studios have produced no indigenous school. The earliest water-colourists have, to my mind, come nearer to the curiously primordial landscape than many recent painters. There are art schools in the four centres, and many galleries and societies. As in literature, there are groups of younger people whose work suggests that a true native school may arise.

The visitor will have no difficulty in recognising the professional man, who looks very much like his English contemporary. The engineer, physician, lawyer or dentist may be the product of state primary and secondary schools, or of private preparatory schools and colleges. He may have taken his degree from one of our four universities, or in England, Australia or America. If you have an ear for the spoken word you will discover this for yourself. New Zealand has produced distinguished surgeons. Of her physicians Sir Truby King, working with Lady Plunket, reduced the incidence of infant mortality in this country from one of the highest to the lowest in the world. Plunket-trained nurses are assured of work anywhere in the commonwealth of nations.

That bare-headed, flannel-trousered young man is a state schoolmaster. He and his kind are nearly all New Zealand-educated, though in the secondary schools and colleges there is a sprinkling of Englishmen. The state school-teacher is the product of a specialised training system. State education is entirely free in this country, and can take a boy or girl right through to the university. The university professor is, I think, the most difficult man to place. He may look like a clerk, a musician, or a sportsman. Unless he comes from an English university, he does not exude his calling. His speech may range from Scots, southern English, or north country to strong New Zealand dialect. His political views may be fixed anywhere from dogged right to angry left. He is an individualist.

In his cross-section at the Show, the visitor will be struck by the sameness of dress as well as of physical type and of speech. This impression will be enhanced by the prevailing uniform of New Zealand working youth—the blazer. On holiday, the artisan, labourer, or operative seldom wears any other form of jacket. The urban and suburban working man is intensely interested in politics, strongly individualistic, opinionated, and independent. If he is to be led it will only be by a leader for whom he has formed a respect. His loyalties and his prejudices are equally strong. Secure in the protection of his trade union and of possibly the most favourable laws for operatives in any democracy, he is, collectively, the real force behind New Zealand urban life. Generally he is an anti-capitalist. He is suspicious and extremely critical of most persons outside his own class, and particularly of strangers to New Zealand. He is a grand friend and an implacable enemy.

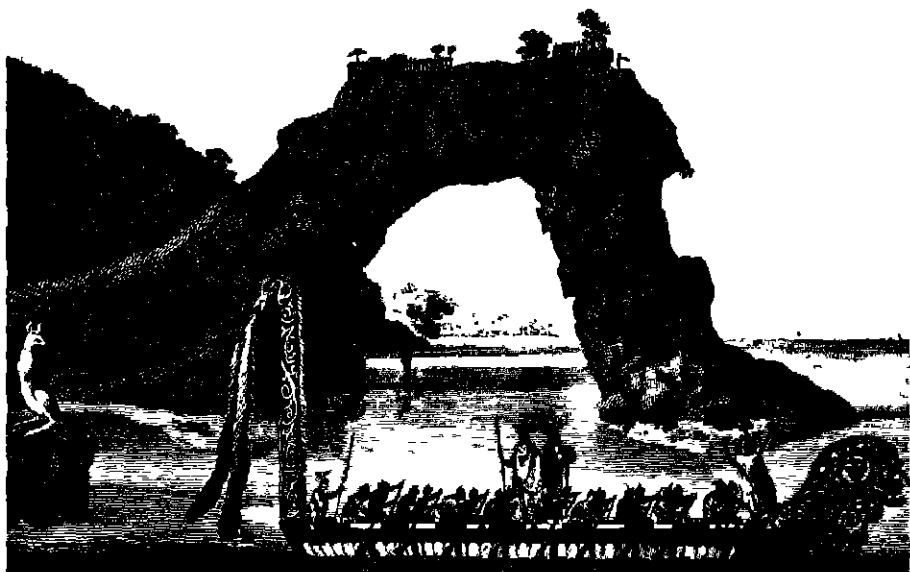
In these days, all crowds are patterned with great patches of air-force blue and khaki. Here, at the Show, are hundreds of young New Zealanders, brown and white, in battle-dress, who will soon slip out of harbour in a troopship.

New Zealand has conscription now, but many of these soldiers enlisted without waiting to be called up. Why have they left their small farms, their shops, their offices, and their native villages? Not, I think, because they have any real fear that these anchorages are in danger. They find it difficult even yet to believe in a direct threat to this country's isolation. Why then have they enlisted? It seems that, to explain them, one must use phrases that have been used too often and too easily. It seems that one must say of these young men that they are about to fight for an ideal, and that this ideal is freedom, the freedom of a commonwealth of nations.

These are a few types in the mobs that pour in at the turnstiles during Carnival Week, that surge round the show rings, side-shows and totalisators. A fellow countryman, returning after a long absence, may be struck with their physical well-being, their cheerfulness, and perhaps by their complacency. Ethnologically we are probably the most homogeneous of all British colonial peoples. There are descendants of Frenchmen at Akaroa, small colonies of Dalmatians in the Northland, a sprinkling of Cantonese greengrocers in every town, and, in the gold diggings and timber mills of Westland, a few Norsemen and Danes. There is a fair number of Jewish people in the Auckland district, a smaller number in the south. Lately we have been glad to welcome refugees from Nazi domination, and in times long past a number of Germans, unhappy in their own country, sought greater freedom in ours. But the vast bulk of the white population is British.

If your Show is a North Island affair, there will be many Maoris in the crowd, and of these New Zealanders I should like to write at greater length.





'HIPPA, OR PLACE OF RETREAT, ON AN ARCH'D ROCK IN NEW ZEALAND, WITH
A WAR CANOE ; AND A NONDESCRIPT ANIMAL OF NEW HOLLAND '
Engraving from the *London Magazine*, 1773

THE MAORI PEOPLE

Keeping a little to the right of the setting sun by day and steering by the stars during the night, Kupe, the Polynesian sea-rover, discovered New Zealand. This was somewhere about the middle of the 10th century. Two hundred years later, a Tahitian chief, Toi, and his people followed Kupe's trail and landed at Whakatane, on the east coast of the North Island. They intermarried with a now lost and mysterious native people whom they found there. Another two hundred years passed and then came the great migration of the Maori people from Tahiti to this country—Aotearoa, the Long White Cloud, afterwards to be called New Zealand.

The Maori of to-day looks down the long lines of his ancestry until they meet at one of those first canoes. What the *Mayflower* is to an American family of breeding, his ancestral canoe is to the rangitira or Maori gentleman. He is, as we have seen, a Polynesian, one of the group of peoples inhabiting the triangle within whose three points are Hawaii, Easter Island, and New Zealand itself. He comes, therefore, of a racial stock that is probably related to that from which we ourselves have descended. The true high-caste Maori had originally a light brown skin, black or sometimes auburn hair, a long head and a narrow and often aquiline nose. This type predominates in the drawings of chiefs made by the first white visitors to New Zealand. The soles of the



SAWYERS AT WORK IN A KAURI FOREST
An early water colour by Charles Heaphy

rangitira's feet were white, his hair was wavy but not frizzy, his lips quite thin and firmly set. To-day the type is more varied, and a certain number of broad headed Maori with wide noses and thicker lips suggests an intermingling of Melanesian blood with the original Polynesian.

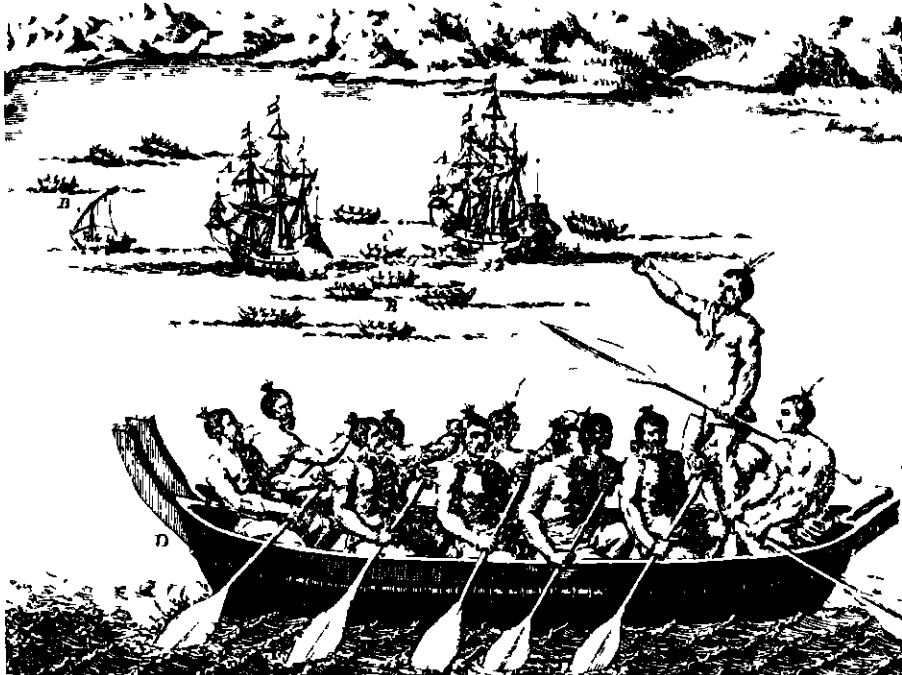
When white-skinned men came to this country they found a people living in a Stone Age. To-day the Maori has so far assimilated our ways that members of his race are to be found in most professions and trades in New Zealand. This process of acquiring in a century habits and usages which the white man has taken a thousand years to develop, may be likened to forcible feeding, and it is not surprising if at times the Maori has suffered from a sort of evolutionary indigestion.

In the extremely short space of this sketch, it is quite impossible to do anything but attempt to suggest something of his natural characteristics. Perhaps this may be effected by writing of him as a man who will be well understood by anybody who has a thorough knowledge of the Southern Irish and the Scottish Highlanders. In his passion for genealogy, his exquisite manners, his strong communal and tribal sense, his loyalty, his mysticism, his clannish feuds and his tribal gatherings, he is indeed closely akin to the Highlander, and in a certain cheerful inconsequence, to the Irishman. Many observers have gone so far as to find strong physical resemblances.

Before the white occupation the Maori lived in communal settlements, strongly fortified, and built as far as possible in impregnable positions. Each village was ruled by a chieftain. Each community had its *tohunga* or high-priest, its college for the oral instruction of young rangitiras, and its meeting-house. The houses, canoes, implements and weapons were decorated with elaborate carving. The faces and bodies of high-caste Maori were tattooed in designs that followed the phallic symbolism of the carvings. Agricultural work was done on a communal system. Warfare was a pastime, ceremonial a significant part of everyday existence. All weapons and instruments were made of bone, stone, or wood, the more valuable of the extremely hard New Zealand greenstone. *Tapu*, *mana*, and *murū* were three ruling influences. The practice of *tapu* implies prohibition and embraces the meanings of the words sacred, forbidden, and untouchable. *Mana* is the equivalent of the Chinese "face." *Murū* was a complicated form of lawful robbery which worked out as a sort of insurance for communal ownership.

That was the old New Zealander. His impact with the white settler threw his characteristics into violent relief. During the Maori wars his courage and savagery were equalled and perhaps surpassed by his chivalry. Many stories are told of his sending food and ammunition to beleaguered whites, in order that the combat should be equally joined. Of all these stories I like best the one about the Maori warriors who had conceived an admiration for the British 65th Regiment. During an engagement the white soldiers heard deep voices whispering: "Keep your heads down, Sikkittiff. We're going to fire."

To-day the Maori is at a transitional stage of his approach towards European civilisation. His birth-rate is going up, his death-rate improving, though in



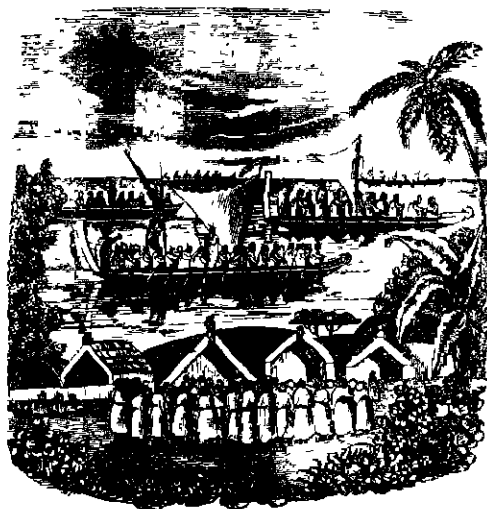
TASMAN'S CLASH WITH MAORI WARRIORS IN 'MURDERER'S BAY'
Engraving from François Valentyn's 'Journal, 1726

some districts he has still much to learn in matters of hygiene and living conditions. Except on ceremonial occasions, he wears European dress. The prominent Maori—politician, lawyer, doctor, or engineer is a man of culture, dignity and authority. At the other end of the scale is his brother, who still speaks a rather childish pidgin-English and is peculiarly vulnerable to the least admirable of the white man's innovations. As the years go by the full-blooded Maori becomes rarer, and unless some great change takes place in the relationship of native and white, to many observers it seems inevitable that the two races will, in the fullness of time, become merged. Leading men and

women among this people are concerning themselves with the future of their race. Interesting experiments in native land development, schools, and occupational centres are taking shape. Foremost of all these leaders is the Princess Te Puea, whose magnificent work for her people will stand for ever in their history.

If, in writing so briefly of this people, it is possible to set down a generalisation, it is this: under no autocracy could the Maori have been given so many *opportunities of setting himself on the right path for future development* as he has, despite all blunders, been given in this most distant outpost of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

As a footnote, it may be added that in the present war, at the very outset, the young Maori was so eager to enlist that conscription among this people would have been a useless piece of official machinery.





IN WESTLAND BUSH



HIGH PASTURE
Hoggets feeding on Ensilage

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL

More than forty years ago New Zealanders became accustomed to look upon themselves as the trail-blazers of the world in questions political and sociological. During the last five years there has been a re-awakening of this feeling. The very atmosphere is permeated with experiment.

If it be allowed that Fear is one of the dominating influences in the lives of most men and women, that the general course of their activities, their joys and miseries, their health and sickness are vitally affected by it, then it will doubtless be conceded that fear of poverty and destitution is the most dreadful of all spectres that Fear may present. An attempt has been made to lay this ghost. The Social Security Act provides for a pension of thirty shillings a week for anyone who may attain the age of sixty. A tax of one shilling in the pound was imposed to finance this scheme, but even at the outbreak of war it appeared that this would be insufficient. Since then a National Security Tax of another shilling in the pound has not made prospects any brighter, yet it seems certain that Social Security will be persevered with in any circumstances that may arise. The complement to it is the Medical Benefits Scheme which promises free medical treatment for all. It is, as yet, a promise only, for



YOUNG SHEARERS AT WORK
Students of the Christchurch Technical College

the Government has not yet settled matters with the British Medical Association. The story of the negotiations and squabbles between the doctors' representatives and the Government is a long and intricate one, and is likely to be still more so before it is finished.

The Government's policy has been one of higher wages and shorter working hours. The difficulty has been to prevent the cost of living rising side by side with wages till no benefits accrued anywhere. It had risen by September, 1939, in spite of efforts to stop it doing so. Even so wages have kept well ahead of rising prices and at the outbreak of war the New Zealand working man was probably better off than he had ever been before: and his lot compared favourably with that of any other working man in the world.

The farmer had a very bad time in the early nineteen-thirties. The prices he paid for his land during the post war boom were the wonder of the earth. An unfortunate scheme for settling returned soldiers on the land after the last war, combined with a nostalgic land hunger and an urban conviction that the life of a New Zealand farmer was the nearest approach to a terrestrial paradise, sent land values soaring into the realms of absurdity. Upon this farmer, living on an over-valued farm in a fool's paradise, came the slump of 1931, when it seemed as if the inhabitants of Great Britain, Europe and America suddenly ceased to eat meat or butter or to wear woollen clothes. The Govern-

ment was bewildered. Economists, when appealed to, contradicted each other flatly. The farmer cut down expenses and tried to understand what was happening.

The Government which came to power in 1935 had a solution of the difficulty. It is called the "guaranteed price." The dairy farmers' produce is bought by the Government at a price fixed annually at the beginning of each season. Every year, when the new price is fixed, a cry of agony arises from the dairy farming community. The plan is not an unqualified success, but neither is it a complete failure; in any case it is but part of a new policy. In the last few years the State has arranged to buy many other kinds of farm products; and since the war the British Government has agreed to take the entire wool clip. The export trade of the country is no longer in the hands of private capitalists.

New Zealand's export trade, so vital to her well-being, is in great danger of being restricted. It is threatened by the policy of self-sufficiency in Europe and by the researches of chemists. Synthetic wool is a reality. Margarine can now be eaten without discomfort. Is not synthetic meat a possibility? Will any of the farmers' products be left free from artificial competition?

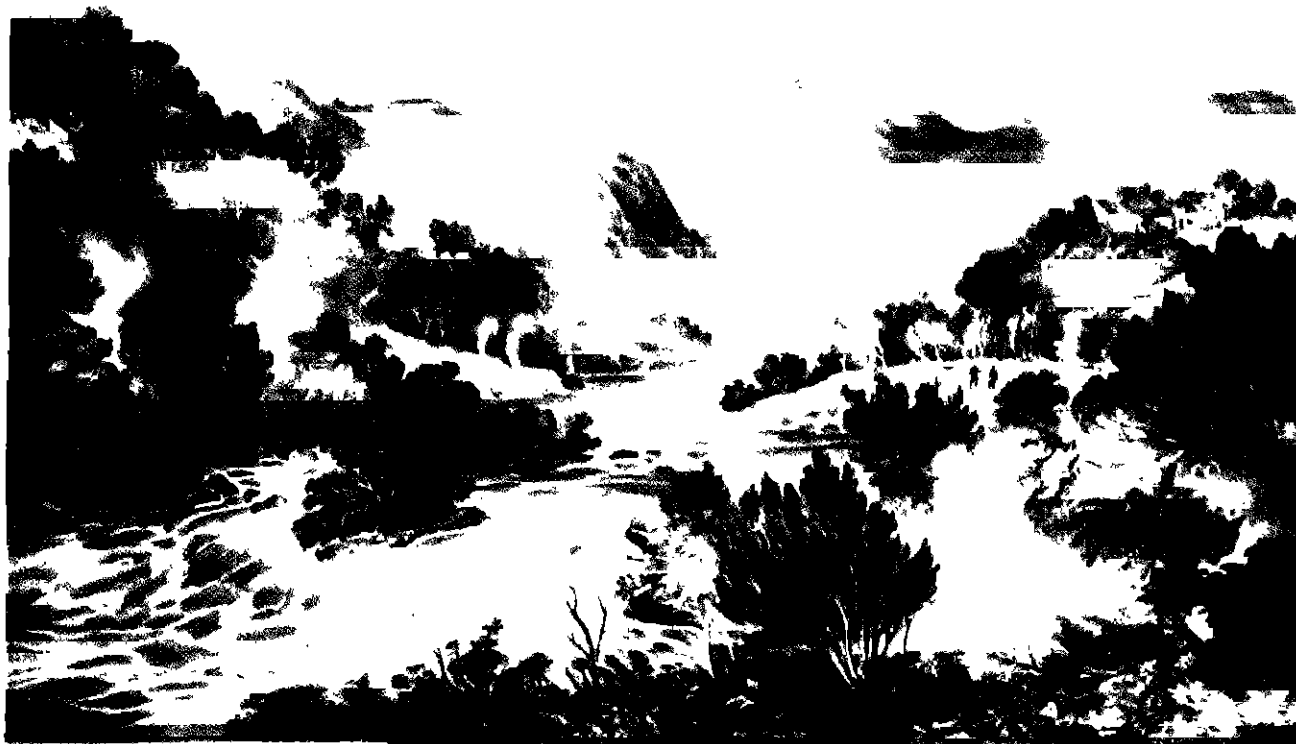
Self-sufficiency was the slogan of Germany and Italy before the war. England is taking great pains to grow more of her own food. New Zealand must be insulated, said Mr. Savage (the late Premier). Insulation or self-sufficiency has been the Government policy. Secondary industries were being encouraged before war broke out, and since then what was begun from choice has been continued from necessity. Because of the lack of sterling funds in London, imports were drastically restricted at the beginning of 1939. Since then they have been still more drastically restricted through shortage of shipping. Secondary industries grow apace, but frozen meat and butter accumulate in the stores. The problem of their disposal may be solved one day when the Americans and the British Dominions are called upon to feed a starving Europe.

Our pioneer ancestors wanted houses in a hurry, so they built them of wood and corrugated iron. There was plenty of excellent timber, and corrugated iron could be put up quickly; so these were the obvious materials to use. It escaped the notice of the pioneers' sons that there were other materials, so they built more wooden houses. Even the best timber decays, and corrugated iron rusts. That indefatigable insect, the borer, works day and night, so that for these and other reasons there is a housing problem in New Zealand.

In 1937 a scheme was started for building state houses. Many were built in the towns, and very good houses they are; but there are not enough of them, and the rents are too high for working men. Certain rather irksome restrictions are imposed on the tenants. For instance, they are not allowed to keep pets such as cats, dogs or canaries. They are not allowed to drive nails into the walls to hang pictures on, and so on. Still, these houses are of excellent design and workmanship. Perhaps when their freshness begins to wear off, ministerial



MOUNT COOK IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS *By courtesy of the Artist and Douglas Ellwood Esq*



By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society London

GEYSERS ON THE WAIKATO, ORAKEI KORAHO, AUCKLAND

Coloured lithograph by E. Walker after C. D. Barraud, 1877

pride in them will decrease sufficiently for the tenants to be allowed to keep pets and to hammer nails into the walls.

In the country there is a housing problem, too. Although the actual shortage is probably less acute than in the towns, yet the houses are worse, and there have been fewer replacements. Building loans on very favourable terms are now being offered to farmers, but it is unlikely that this will be a sufficient remedy. There must come a day, and it cannot be very far off, when many of the old wooden structures will tumble down altogether. Then something will have to be done. Let us hope that it will be done with materials more durable than wood. Yet, ramshackle as many of these houses are, the majority of them are served with power from hydro-electric stations.

In spite of their splendid physique, New Zealanders are not as healthy as one feels they should be. Living on a virgin soil, and in such a climate, it seems odd that anyone should suffer from any complaint but old age. The pioneers, or those of them who wrote books about their experiences, raved about the healthiness of the climate. One did not catch colds and chills as one did in the old country, they said, but things have changed since then. One certainly catches colds now, and influenza is a yearly scourge. We have only lived here for three generations. Perhaps we have not yet grown acclimatised, and are still fighting against an environment strange to a northern race.

While little trouble has been taken to make New Zealanders eat the right thing, immense energy has been expended in preventing them drinking the wrong thing. A generation ago prohibition was a vital burning question. It embarrassed governments and destroyed private friendships. It provided subject-matter for endless lectures and questions for debating societies. Of late the excitement has died down, and a compromise between the supporters of prohibition and continuance exists. That is to say, some districts have gone dry while others remain wet. The position is, of course, anomalous. Just as much drinking goes on in dry districts as in wet ones ; but in the dry areas it is inclined to take place in spasmodic outbursts whenever a supply of liquor can be obtained. Public houses situated on the edge of dry areas change hands at fabulous sums. New Zealanders are a temperate people and deserve a better disposal of their affairs. When prohibitionists and licensed victuallers have ceased to quarrel, the drink question may be reformed and regulated.

Racing is not only a national amusement—it is a national industry. There are as many race meetings as weekdays in the year in New Zealand, and more racing clubs in proportion to the population than anywhere else in the world. A large number of men find employment as trainers, jockeys and stable boys, and thousands of acres are yearly sown down in oats to feed the horses. The railways draw a large revenue by carrying horses and racegoers to and from the various meetings. All except clandestine betting is done through the totalisator, from the gross receipts of which the Government takes a large percentage. This machine points an index finger at the national state of mind. When the people are prosperous or stimulated by excitement, as at present, the index finger moves up, and the totalisator returns increase. When they are

economically depressed it goes down. The racecourse is one of the centres of social life. On race days the town is deserted by all except key men and invalids. Most of the courses are excellently designed, with a view to allowing as many people as possible to see as much of the racing as possible.

Some of the best New Zealand racehorses are often sent to race in Australia, and great pride is taken in their successful performances. Their defeat is a subject for regret, but not for national despondency. Such is not the case when a Rugby football team is beaten abroad. This strikes at the national pride, and is looked upon as a national calamity! Few peoples have ever specialised in a game to the extent that we have done in Rugby. If an Association football had been suddenly kicked on to an Auckland or Christchurch football ground twenty-five years ago it would probably have been regarded with amusement, and condemned as being the result of faulty manufacture. Expenditure of energy on this game has certainly produced results which became obviously apparent when the All Blacks visited England in 1906. The only victory against them was scored by the Welsh, who won by an unconverted try, 3—0. When the visitors returned eighteen years later, they arrived grimly determined to wipe out this never-forgotten defeat. The winning of the game against Wales in 1924 by the All Blacks allowed many elderly New Zealanders to die in peace.

This concentration on Rugby football would seem to be at the expense of other games. New Zealand cricket has never risen to the same standard as that of England, Australia or South Africa. The standard of tennis is on a level with that of cricket. The skill of Anthony Wilding drove all opponents off the centre court at Wimbledon in the years preceding the last Great War, but New Zealand still rests on his laurels. In Boxing it still rests on those of Bob Fitzsimmons, whose gloved fist laid low the middle and heavy-weight champions of the world at the end of last century.

A great deal remains to be said. Here I have merely attempted to throw a gleam of light upon what New Zealanders think and say and do and eat. Lack of space forbids that I should do more than touch upon the fringe of essential things.



SURVEY OF NEW ZEALAND HISTORY

First discovered by Europeans in 1642 by a Dutchman sent out to find the "remaining unknown part of the terrestrial globe," New Zealand was left unvisited and its coastline an uncharted mystery for 127 years. Until Cook's voyages of discovery between 1768-80, geographers and men of science believed it to be a northerly promontory of the mysterious *Terra Australis Incognita* which must surely exist in order that the earth should be properly balanced.

Britain had lost one great colonial empire and, very unwillingly, was being drawn into founding another before New Zealand became a British Colony. The skin of the seal, and the oil of the whale, began to entice British ships towards her shores at the end of the eighteenth century. Later on deserters from these ships and escaped convicts from the penal settlement at Botany Bay found a refuge there. Missionaries came to preach the Gospel to the heathen Maoris, and traders called there for cargoes of flax. There was no high authority to regulate the contacts between this strange diversity of human beings. Ignorance of each other's language and customs often brought about bloodshed between white man and Maori. Missionaries tried to teach the laws of Christ to the natives while social outcasts from Botany Bay undid their work.

In England, Gibbon Wakefield and his followers preached the theory of organised colonisation. In France the Government searched for some remote island to which they might expel their worst criminals and, in the course of this search, allowed their eyes to rest on New Zealand. Urged on by the hypnotic persuasiveness of Wakefield, roused by the threat of French rivalry, plagued by complaints of lawlessness in New Zealand, the British Government at last began, very reluctantly, to consider annexation. While they were thus considering, a Limited Liability Company sent an expedition to plant a colony in New Zealand, and forced their hand.

In 1840 British rule in New Zealand began. It was not effective for some years except in the six maritime settlements. These settlements were connected by sea, when there were ships to make the voyage, but by land, not at all. The colonies of the Government at Auckland quarrelled with the colonies of the Company at Cook Straits and there was no union among them. Instead of one colony they were six. War broke out with the Maoris, and at first its fortunes went against the British. Providentially a great administrator arrived upon the scene. Governor Grey restored to the colonies their sense of proportion. He first defeated the Maoris and then gained their confidence. After seven years of his capable rule New Zealand was given a constitution and became a self-governing colony; a loose federation of the six maritime settlements under provincial councils, and, over all, a Central Government.

The South Island was nearly empty, but in the North Island there lived about 80,000 Maoris. Their ownership of all the land had been recognised by treaty, so that it had to be purchased from them with every semblance of legality,



CAPTAIN COOK, 1728-1779
Oil painting by John Webber

but in this case what was legality? The Maoris owned land tribally, not individually, and no individual had the right to sell land. In fact the selling of land was a thing unheard of till the coming of the British. With goodwill on both sides the situation was sufficiently difficult, but distrust and suspicion were beginning to grow up between the two races. A sudden realisation that they were being outnumbered and a fear that they would soon be disinherited brought about a national movement among the natives. Hitherto a collection of hostile warring tribes, the Maoris of the north set up a king in the Waikato, and round him gathered all those who were determined to stop the alienation of Maori lands and the European infiltration. Urged on by these men the king forbade the selling of any more land; but the white men were determined to buy and a few Maoris were willing to sell. In 1860 war broke out over a square mile of land at Waitara, on the west coast of the North Island. It died down after a time, and then flared up again in the Waikato. There came a dark stream of religious fanaticism to join the flowing torrent of national awakening



EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, 1796-1862
Miniature by an unknown artist

among the Maoris. The "Hau Haus," as they were called, took all they had learned from the missionaries and churned up this knowledge with their old pagan beliefs. The result was a fantastic travesty of the Christian religion which drove its followers to commit many horrible crimes, and prolonged and embittered the war.

For nearly ten years the struggle went on and when it ended the colonists were financially and the Maoris physically exhausted. It was a struggle that became inevitable from the days when white men first began to settle in the country. Since time began, such conflicts have taken place. The strong have dispossessed the weak either violently or peacefully. But seldom in history have the conquerors shown such concern for the welfare and perpetuation of the conquered race. The colonising theories of Wakefield made careful provision for the reservation of lands for the aboriginal inhabitants. Societies in England were constantly on the watch for any injustice to the natives, and among the colonists themselves many notable men appointed themselves guardians of



MODERN WELLINGTON
From Tinakori Hill

the natives' rights. Nevertheless the impact of civilisation was severe and for a generation after the war the Maori race withered.

For a time economic depression and distrust between the two peoples spread a dark shadow over the whole land until the colonists became infected with the optimism of Julius Vogel. This man was first and foremost a financier. He believed that if the interior of the country were made accessible by the construction of roads and railways, and the newly disclosed lands peopled with immigrants from Europe, then not only would the Maori problem be solved but the economic one as well. In his day of power Vogel borrowed and built, and poured immigrants into New Zealand. The wild hinterland that had sheltered the Maori warriors was exposed by his roads and garrisoned by his settlers. The danger of another war began to die away. But Vogel could not control the movement that he had started, and his successors borrowed even more freely and spent far less wisely than he.

In his time a great change took place in the country's government. The six provinces had been increased to nine. They were no longer isolated as before, but were brought closer together by steamships and by the new roads and railways. Vogel's plan showed that it was no longer necessary for a people who numbered less than half a million to be governed by one central and nine provincial governments. In any case the carrying out of his plan was being hindered by a squabbling federation. In 1876 the constitution was altered.



‘A VIRGIN SOIL, HALF-DEVELOPED, IS THEIR POSSESSION’
Ploughing at Wakatipu, South Island

The Provincial Councils were abolished and their functions divided between certain local bodies and the Central Government at Wellington.

After a decade of expansion and extravagance came many lean years. For the rest of the century farmers received low prices for their narrow range of products. The eighteen-eighties were an age of timorous experiment, unemployment and, in their last three years, of land aggregation. The futilities of this age paved the way for a great political change—the transfer of power from one class to another. Since constitutional government began, New Zealand had been ruled largely by landowners. In early days this had been beneficial as well as inevitable, but latterly their influence had hindered the subdivision and settlement of the land. Emigrants who had come to New Zealand hoping to leave behind them all abuses of wealth and privilege, found new abuses in process of creation. A new landed aristocracy that had no excuse for its existence beyond the recent acquisition of wealth was not to be tolerated in a colony that had, to some extent, been founded as a social protest.

Discontent ran high, but a free democracy had no occasion to resort to so much as one single act of violence. The revolution took place peacefully at the polling booths. The elections of 1890 saw a great swing to the left, and for the next twenty years New Zealand was ruled by radicals. John Ballance, the founder and first leader of this party, launched it successfully on its long career of reform. Without his astute leadership during its first three difficult

years of power, the party might have been out-manceuvred by its more experienced adversaries. When Ballance died in 1893 his successor, Richard Seddon, had learnt much from him in the art of party management. The years spent as a Minister in Ballance's Cabinet were a period of invaluable training for him. For the next thirteen years he ruled New Zealand, as nearly an autocrat as anyone can be who relies on a popular suffrage to maintain his position. In those days many new laws were made. Women were given votes, the old and helpless were pensioned by the state, employers and employed were made to submit their differences to arbitration.

Both Ballance and Seddon were party leaders in every sense of the word, but with the Lands Department neither of them felt called upon to interfere. Perhaps they dared not. An illiberal land policy on the part of their predecessors had been one of the chief causes of their coming into power. John McKenzie, Minister for Lands, sub-divided the large estates and set up a class of small farmers who held their lands on lease from the state. His reforms accomplished, he administered all agricultural and pastoral affairs wisely and well till the day of his death.

The state of New Zealand at the end of the century gave optimists some slight grounds for assuming that the major social and economic problems of life had been solved. The Ballance-Seddon-McKenzie reforms were accomplished, and the prices of wool and meat were beginning to rise. When the Boer war broke out in 1899, Seddon showed that radicalism and a steadfast imperialism were two things not incompatible.

For a generation the Maori people had declined in numbers. They had neither the physical strength to survive the white man's diseases nor the moral strength to resist his vices. They had learnt all that was worst in his manner of living and forgotten all that was best in their own. They foretold their own extinction, and calmly awaited the fulfilment of this prophecy. The hearts of the old men were broken by defeat; but, at the end of the century, the rising generation cast off the apathy and despair of their elders. They studied agriculture and sanitation, and then taught their own people what they had learnt. As soon as the Maoris began to use the arts of civilisation to set off its disadvantages, they started to increase in numbers, health, and happiness. Their race, once thought to be dying, is now vigorously alive.

In radical social legislation New Zealanders felt that they led the world. In any form of art they did not even enter the race. Perhaps it was but natural that their outlook on life should have been strictly utilitarian. The age of Seddon was the age of the first New Zealand-born generation. Their fathers had brought out with them the culture of the old world, but had died intestate. The sons had grown up in an atmosphere in which there was no time for contemplation. The struggle to cultivate the desert and harness the forces of Nature for their own use absorbed their thoughts and energies. Harassing domestic duties left their women without leisure. An almost morbid fear of effeminacy made them affect to despise æsthetic values. As far as race went, they were more homogeneous than the inhabitants of any other British colony.



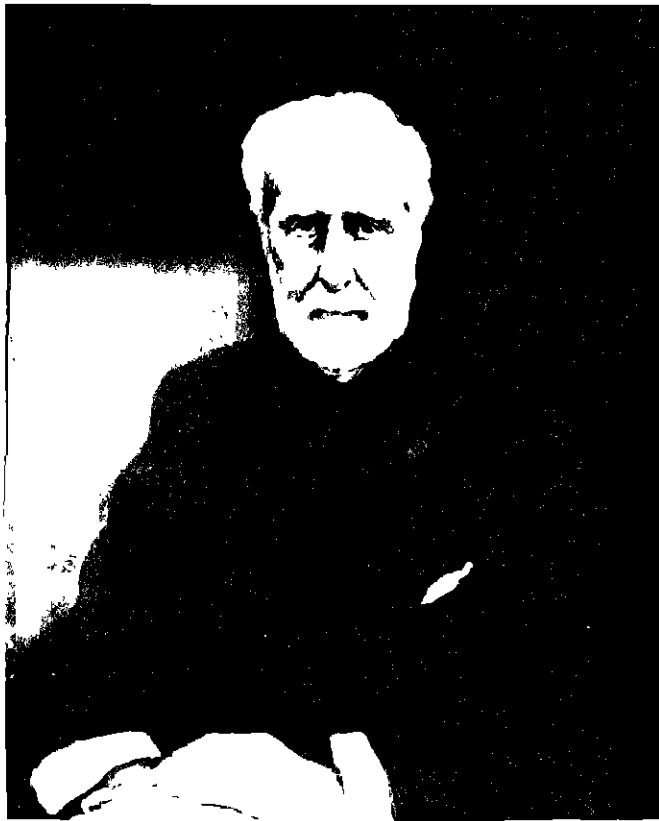
By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society, London

THE PINK TERRACE AT OTUKAPUARANGI, AUCKLAND
Coloured lithograph by R. Smythson after C. D. Barraud, 1877



By courtesy of the Artist

WIND IN THE LARCHES
Oil painting by Elizabeth Willwork



SIR GEORGE GREY, 1812-1898
Posthumous portrait by Sir Hubert von Herkomer

Excepting the Maoris, there were no minorities. Some of the early settlements had been founded by groups of immigrants chosen almost entirely from Scotland and England (particularly Devonshire), as in the case of Otago, Canterbury, and New Plymouth. But in spite of the one-time isolation of the Provinces, these settlers did not preserve the speech or special characteristics of their ancestors. Since the days of Vogel they had lived in a country with good communications. They had wandered about and intermarried, joined in gold rushes or fought in Maori wars, with the result that to-day there is no apparent difference in speech, dress or manner between the inhabitants of Auckland and Canterbury, of Wellington or Otago.

When Seddon died in 1906 a political change had already begun. McKenzie's agrarian policy had transformed unsatisfied proletarians into prosperous small farmers, who rapidly became saturated with the traditional conservatism of their class. No one could take up Seddon's task and carry

it on ; it was a personal task, and in many ways it was completed. McKenzie's work had kept his party in power, but the results of his work were the cause of its downfall.

When the Great War broke out, the Reform Party had been in power for three years, under the leadership of William Massey. But between right and left there were no variations of opinion as to whether or no New Zealand should send help to the mother country. Because opinion differed only as to how help should be sent, it was possible to form a Coalition Government for the duration of the war.

At first some concern was felt in military circles as to how colonial troops would fare when faced with the highly-trained conscript armies of Germany. To know how unnecessary was this concern, one has only to read the story of *New Zealanders' exploits on the arid slopes of the Gallipoli Peninsula*, the sun-baked deserts of Palestine, and the sodden downs of France and Flanders. Though prone to allow, or even to invite, their Government to regulate their private lives and legislate against their vices, New Zealanders are by nature independent. Their quality as soldiers depended on their own self-reliance rather than on an iron discipline to which their way of life made them far from amenable. In every way they were the antitheses of their German opponents, whose slave-like obedience and tractability were at once their strength and weakness.

After the war the Coalition broke up. The Reform Party was returned to power, and in power it remained for the period of prosperity that followed the Great War. From 1925 onwards its popularity waned steadily. Two years before the great economic depression settled on New Zealand it fell from power, and gave place to a (so-called) Nationalist Government. The gains of the Labour Party, and the appalling economic difficulties, drove the Reform and Nationalist Parties to unite in 1931. In the ordinary course of events there would have been an election in 1934, but with doubtful wisdom this Coalition, by Act of Parliament, prolonged its own precarious existence for a year, and overrode the *Triennial Act of more than fifty years' standing*.

Since 1869 great changes of political opinion among the electors of New Zealand have been few, and have taken place at long intervals. From that year until 1891 the country was ruled by a group of politicians who formed (with suitable variations) what was known as the "Continuous Ministry." The Liberal Party, led successively by Ballance, Seddon and Ward, held power for the next twenty years. The Reform Party displaced it in 1911, and, merged at last with its old rival in 1931, came to a rather ignominious end in 1935.

By this time the whole country was ripe for a political change. The economic depression had brought distress, and distress had caused discontent. As in 1890, a peaceful revolution—a great swing to the left—took place. The Labour Party won the election of 1935 with an enormous majority, and held its gains in 1938. There is no space here to write of the sweeping changes the new Government has brought about. In any case, they are of too recent origin for the historian to judge of their effect. Suffice it to say that the changes have

all been part of a sustained effort to build up a better social system, and to improve the lot of those who "have nothing to lose but their chains."

With Democracy on trial for its life, New Zealand may surely be called as an important witness for the defence. For eighty-seven years New Zealanders have governed themselves. During that time they have made many mistakes, but there are three grave errors into which they have not fallen. They have never so much as contemplated violent revolution to gain political ends. Among them, political assassination is a thing unheard of. And lastly, they have never allowed corruption to corrode the machinery of their government.

A virgin soil, but half-developed, is their possession. All history lies behind them as a guide and a warning. Unfettered by tradition, undivided by national minorities, the future awaits them. Shall they not profit by the folly, and learn by the wisdom of those who have gone before, and build up a state in which men may live in freedom and without fear?



THE LANDSCAPE

NORTH ISLAND

New Zealand stands like a cranky little coda, at the bottom of the world. Its isolation is extreme. A New Zealander travelling in Australia is rather more conscious of making a long journey than an Englishman visiting Canada, and most of the stock jokes against Englishmen spring from their habit of regarding New Zealand as a sort of Australian adjunct.

The traveller making his first New Zealand landfall is at once arrested by a strange, a strongly individual silhouette. All the ports are set about with hills, which in England would be called mountains. At Lyttelton and Akaroa these hills, queerly formed, are of volcanic origin. In Auckland the peaks and islands are conical, dark clear blue in colour, and stabbed with the sharp accents of solitary trees. At Dunedin they are empurpled with burnt manuka and have a Highland tang. At Picton, the slopes, blurred with strips of bush, *rise tranquilly above Queen Charlotte Sound*. Seen from a ship coming into harbourage these hills show that same dark clarity of form, that strange flow of margin and rounded fullness, that reminds one at once of early water-colours and the simplified forms of modern paintings.

After the ship has entered the heads, and the sparsely clad hills close in about her, the traveller will see his first New Zealand town. If he has arrived at the capital city of Wellington he will notice how the headlands break from the hills into the harbour and the city breaks in steep terraces from the harbour up into the hills. So lonely has been the first impression of this country in the south of the world that the sudden appearance of a straggling metropolis is surprising. Details begin to separate themselves from a confusion of wood, stone, and concrete, and the traveller will see the classical Houses of Parliament and an enormous governmental barracks said to be the largest wooden building in the world. He will see a jumble of Victorian, Edwardian and Georgian structures from which the new earthquake-resisting, reinforced concrete blocks rise up in grateful simplicity. New Zealand has no indigenous architecture. The early settlers' sod and daub huts, their churches, and the first run-holders' houses had character and sometimes beauty, but an indulgence in the worst Victorian excesses checked this sane beginning and only now are some signs of individuality beginning to appear. The Centennial Exhibition at Wellington showed a heartening awareness of the modern use of balanced forms and masses. The traveller will find that some of the public buildings have dignity and character. One day Wellington will be as beautiful as its setting on the wind-driven straits between North and South Islands. If the gorse is in bloom the traveller will see the hills blaze gold between the anti-phonal blue of sea and sky. When he climbs up through the windy streets he will hear, close above the city, native bird-song, deep, cool, and remote. Our birds chime like bells against the consequential chatter of thrush and blackbird,



DAWN IN NORTH AUCKLAND
Oil painting by Roland Hipkins

their notes have an affinity with the multiple voices of those cold trickles of water that lace the bush-clad hills.

Wellington is linked with the South Island by ferry services of ocean-going steamers, and, by the Main Trunk railroad, with Auckland and the North. This is the major artery of the North Island. Our trains, state owned, have been considerably improved of late. The coaches swing along steep grades on a narrow gauge, a performance which the traveller may find a little alarming.

Their officers are friendly, helpful, and disposed to chat. You will get more inside information from a guard on a branch line than from anybody else in the country. After diving through the Wellington hills the Limited Express traverses the lovely headlands of the west coast. At nightfall these hills seem to be illuminated, by reason of the blonde grass that stands upright along their margins and catches the dying light. The headlands are tinctured with rose. The coastline sweeps firmly and coldly against the slow movement of the ocean. There is no sentimentality in the New Zealand coastal scene, no pretty softening of rock or earth. The dusk is translucent: at nightfall the colour deepens and grows colder, the traveller sees a queer bleaching of the slopes before they turn black, a pattern of pale edges and dark fantastic trees. Beyond these the lonely sea moves in a rhythm too wide to be comprehended. The sky at the last is clear green.

The Main Trunk railroad passes through the centre of the North Island. It traverses the King Country—until recent times the stronghold of certain tribes. In the old days it had its king and its entrance and frontiers beyond which the white man seldom passed. Nowadays he has holdings there and has destroyed forests and built townships where the chiefs held their sway.

The railroad drives its narrow gauge northwards through the Waikato and the oddly English countryside round Hamilton and Cambridge where a deep river holds the pretty images of willows and poplars. Everywhere it serves the growing towns and the cattle, dairy, and sheep country behind them. All over the southern half of the North Island cities, towns and villages—we call them townships—have grown up first as centres for the farming districts and later developing industrial significance of their own. East and west branch lines run out to the coasts. To the west lies Taranaki, a very rich pastoral country, green and friendly. To the east are the Wairarapa and Hawkes Bay, with its coastal town of Napier, rebuilt since the earthquake of 1931, and, further north, the hillbound port of Gisborne, isolated and charming. A branch line will take you to Wanganui, on the south-western seaboard. From here you may travel up the Wanganui River between forested and ferny hills. Always in the North Island there is the theme of hills. At night the traveller on the Main Trunk wakes at intervals and sees a hurrying landscape of hills outside the window-pane. Lonely hills, ghostly roads, white skeletons of burnt-out trees, black patches of scrub or bush, the murky lights of wayside stations, and when he opens the window a salutary rush of mountain air. At long intervals these uplands, too remote and brooding to be given the friendly name of downs, give place to mountains, Tongariro in National Park, where there are winter sports, Egmont rearing up dramatically from the Taranaki plains, fabulous, glittering and rather like Fujiyama, Ngauruhoe, the last of the active volcanoes, and the Rimutakas behind Wellington. At times the hills degenerate into those really depressing areas that give accent to the beauties of this island, swampy flats smudged with occasional scrub or reed. Many of these plains carry signs of a lost forest, burnt out in the ruthless pioneering days, some of them have been dug over for Kauri gum, the New



MOUNT EGMONT
North Island

Zealand amber. Some are, as they have always been, grim intervals in the sequences of the New Zealand landscape. But always they are fringed by hills.

The great junction on the Main Trunk is Frankton. From here the east coast train dawdles across a scrubby plain, climbs deep into a chain of hills where a gold-bearing river boils through the gorges; and fetches up at the mining town of Waihi. There it changes its mind and abruptly turns south for Tauranga and Whakatane, on the Bay of Plenty.

At first sight Tauranga is unearthly, a sequence of light blues, a mist of roofs, a sweep of estuary and harbour, a slip of an isthmus ending in a great headland that has the very shape of enchantment, and was once a Maori stronghold. I dwell on this small town because it is here, for the first time, that the traveller finds himself in immediate contact with the earliest phases of our colonisation. On a pleasant hillside above the harbour are buried the English soldiers who fought in the battle of Gate Pa, and with them lies the body of the chief Rawiri Puhiraki, of whom it is written on his headstone that he gave drink to the enemy wounded, protected the unarmed, and respected the dead. "The seeds of better feelings thus sown on the battlefields have since borne ample fruit . . . British and Maori now living together as one united people." Not far away, and quite unchanged, is the first mission house where the officers of an English regiment dined on the night before the battle, only one of the party surviving. The niece of their host lives there to-day and in a few phrases can bring to life those early days.



CATTLE ON THE BEACH
Twilight Bay, North Auckland

All tourists go voluntarily or are sent to the thermal region round Rotorua. It lies beyond more hills, some thirty miles distant from the coast. Here is an inferno of plopping mud pools, of geysers, and hot springs set in a vivid paradise of lakes and forests. Its waters abound in rainbow trout. A record catch weighed thirty-two and a half pounds; the average fish is round about eight. Government hatcheries and a tightening of supervision and restrictions help to preserve these waters from impoverishment. Here, and only here, have the Maori people commercialised their charm. They are delightful guides, for they have a native courtesy and gaiety that survive even an interminable recital of sulphurous phenomena. Experimental native schools and a revival of old crafts have been set going in the district. The Maori people are re-claiming and farming some 20,000 acres of pumice country round Rotorua, country that has hitherto been thought useless.

Beyond Rotorua lies the Urewera country where native life most nearly approaches its old conditions, a country of tall native bush reached through a frontier of hills, themselves guarded by mile after mile of Government re-forestation lands. Here in vast blocks are planted conifers. Gums, redwoods, spruces and pines march interminably in close ranks across the hills, profitable usurpers in the place of the great rimus whose dark plumes rose above the tangled bush for thousands of years before the first canoes, and endured until the first sail.

Leaving the thermal districts, the traveller may pass through Ngauruawahia, where in wartime there is a huge training camp, and where the Princess Te Puia



THE FRANZ JOSEF GLACIER

has settled her people and established her communal farming scheme. He has rejoined the Main Trunk, and crosses the deep Waikato on his way north to Auckland.

Auckland is the gateway to the sub-tropic Northland. The largest city in New Zealand, it stands on the eastern seaboard of a neck of land. The heart of the city runs up a valley, its suburbs climb into steep hills, straggle along an estuary, and meander round the scrolls of the lovely harbour. The usual architectural jumble is redeemed and dignified by the extreme beauty of the setting, and from it rise occasional buildings worthy of their sites. Chief of these is the War Memorial Museum—a fine simple building, grandly placed. There was never a more felicitously chosen position for a city.

From Auckland one enters into the Northland, a country still wild, still native, still settled for the most part round its heavenly coastline, where the great pohoutakawa trees break into an incredible riot of crimson flowers, where small beaches run down immaculate into a sub-tropic sea. There is no lovelier coast in New Zealand than the stretch round the principal town of Whangarei, or the lonely western reaches south of the Ninety Mile Beach and beyond the great Kauri forests, that are mercifully protected nowadays from the timber mills.

Although the dairying and forest areas of the Northland continually increase, in no part of the country does one realise more fully that the white people are not yet woven into the texture of their background, but are indeed still settlers. There are strange little colonies in the north. At Waipa is a community of Highlanders whose ancestors—crofters and kelp-gatherers—were turned from their homes in the days of the clearances, and came to New Zealand by way of Nova Scotia and the Australian gold fields. Round Kaikohe are groups of Dalmatians who came to dig Kauri gum and remained as storekeepers, garage men and struggling cocky farmers.

Our European history begins in the Northland. The first capital, now vanished, was nine miles from the township of Russell, on the Bay of Islands. Russell looks much as it did in the bad old days of the whalers before Governor Hobson came. On the hill above it was raised the flagstaff three times cut down by Hone Heke. The little street runs along the waterfront, and the lights of the town shine in the harbour beneath on a church that still carries a few bullet holes from the Maori wars. A naval patrol comes in at nightfall. Big game fishing boats cut through the waterways of vanished war canoes, pass beneath a cross that marks the place where Samuel Marsden preached the first sermon, or come to anchorage at Paihia across the bay. Nearby the re-built treaty house of Waitangi and the splendidly-carved native meeting hall mark the place where, a hundred years ago, native chiefs signed the document that made them subjects of Queen Victoria and promised them equal rights with the pakeha.

Roads possible for the hardy motorist run up to the top of the island. He may drive, at low tide, along the ninety-mile beach north of Hokianga harbour. He may end his journey at Spirits Bay, and if he arrives in the autumn may see

the departure of the godwit. Hundreds upon thousands of these migrants gather here in April and May, and, following the command of an imperative instinct, take wing for Siberia, to return in the New Zealand spring. Inspired, perhaps, by the habit of these travellers, the Maori believes that, wherever he may die, his spirit will turn north and leap from Cape Reinga into eternity.

THE SOUTH ISLAND

New Zealand is a country of contrasts, a collection of little worlds startlingly dissimilar. In the North Island the traveller is conscious always of the native race : *he may travel through the South Island and never see a Maori.* The north is a country of dark hills, deep still rivers, occasional flats, intermittent mountains ; the south a country of dry light hills, brilliant mountain ranges, dazzling plains and turbulent incalculable rivers. Within itself the South Island is divided by the sharp backbone of the Southern Alps. At the northern end the provinces of Nelson and Marlborough, with their fruit-growing hills and peaceful bays, link the east and west coasts. In these provinces the characteristics of both regions are mingled. The climate is temperate, the country a pleasant sequence of mountain and friendly pasturage.

The north-eastern horn of the South Island is broken by deep and very beautiful sounds. The east coast, rising almost sheer from its seaboard into the Kaikoura ranges, runs straight down to Pegasus Bay. Throughout the centre of the island east and west are drastically parted by the Alps, and linked only by high passes and a single railroad. Nineteen years ago the eastern railhead was at Arthur's Pass. Cobb & Co.'s coaches drove hair-raisingly over the divide and down through the darkness of the gorge to Otira, where the traveller continued his journey by an amiable antediluvian train. Now the railroad, after spanning gullies and chasms, burrows through a system of alpine tunnels, comes out on the westland side, and continues to the coast. On the east are the granaries of New Zealand—the Canterbury Plains—monotonous prairies strewn with boulders and shingle from the snow-fed rivers, patched with squares of pinus insignis, and striped with roads so straight that their margins seem to meet in infinity. They end, slashed off by river cuttings, at the foothills. Native beech bush and scrubby undergrowth follow the river-beds into the hills. Cabbage trees and clumps of flax bend before the dry nor'westers, the colour everywhere is clear and uncompromising. In the great gorges the rivers are the exact hue of Egyptian scarabs, and the tussock, wind-driven, a pale straw.

These Canterbury rivers are born in the mountains and fed by them. In dry weather they are disconnected streams flowing through shingle-beds under bridges twenty times their span. But after a storm in the high country the river beds are yellow torrents a mile wide, that thunder with the voice of shifting boulders and shingle, and carry logs on their crests as a lesser stream carries twigs, that change the course with violence, and foam up to the borders

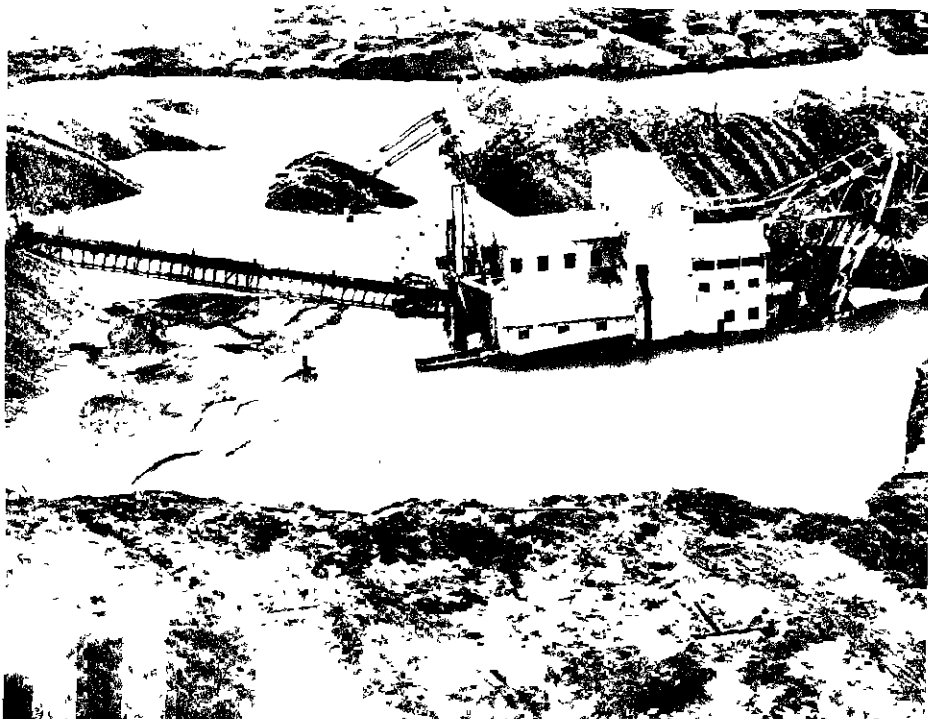
of the bridges. At the Rakaia mouth, where shingle banks and lagoons for ever change and shift in the embrace of sea and river, quinnat salmon run and whitebait eddy against the river's current. In Otago the Waitaki in its upper reaches is dammed to serve a great hydro-electric plant.

Now let the traveller follow the Waimakariri up into the main range : let him carry on to the saddle of Arthur's Pass and look down into Westland. In a few yards everything has altered. Scrubby bush has changed into tall forests sweeping down to great lakes. The dry nor'wester is now charged with heavy rain. The air smells of the bush—cold, ferny, wet, and exciting. Grain-growing plains and sheep country have vanished. Instead of endless roads there are only isolated routes through gorges and forests, and a few bushmen's tramways where locomotives haul bleeding timber from the winches to the mills. The brilliance of the east side has gone, a dark richness of virgin forest shrouds the mountains. There are gold dredges in Westland. Lone prospectors still go beach-combing when the tide recedes, or wash for gold in the mountain rivers. Old mining towns with dead histories crop up along the road from Greymouth to the Franz Josef Glacier. The western glaciers come down almost to the coast, and rata blooms scarlet against their green ice. Everywhere one hears the oddly primitive song of native birds.

In the South Island the traveller may feel that he is for ever crossing thresholds. Having returned to the east side, let him now drive southwards through Canterbury into the Mackenzie Country. For eighty miles the roads run out into nothingness across the Canterbury plains. On the left, too distant to be seen, is the eastern seaboard ; on the west stand the ramparts of the Alps.

As he reaches the southern borders of Canterbury, the traveller leaves the plains and turns into the foothills. He is in the country of big sheep runs, that take their names from the mountains and rivers they embrace. He drives through occasional townships, each with a store, a woolshed, a school, and a couple of pubs. He meets mobs of sheep. The underneath of his car is struck by loose pieces of shingle. At last the road sweeps up to Burke's Pass. The ascent has been gradual and if the down-country sky is overcast he may think he is traversing no more than a range of high tussocky hills. But suddenly, in a cleft beyond the pass, he sees a patch of blue, incredibly intense. As he advances, it is as if the curtain of cloud is slowly raised, and in a moment he crosses a threshold and looks through blazing sunlight on to an upland plateau ringed about by an unbroken rampart of mountains. There, glittering in the sun, are the great peaks—Elie de Beaumont, Malte Brun, Sefton, and La Perouse—and towering above them the cusp of Aorangi, the Cloudpiercer—Mount Cook. All that remains of the sullen sky of a minute past is a cloud-bank lolling over the pass behind the traveller. He makes his entrance into the Mackenzie and tastes an air like wine, balmy and yet sharp with the tang of perpetual snow.

This hinterland is studded by three lakes and veined with rivers. It has a low rainfall, and earth shows clearly between tussocks. In winter the ice holds though the sun shines bright all day. On some stations they do their



THE LARGEST GOLD DREDGE IN THE WORLD
Near Hokitika, Westland

winter musters on skis. The only trees have been planted by settlers; lombardy poplars, willows and *pinus insignis*. It is the region of the high-country squatter, who runs hardy merinos on the mountains in summer, and brings them down to the plateau when the snows begin.

The southern exit from the Mackenzie is through the bare mountains of the Lindis Pass and down into Central Otago and the Lake Districts. The water of the two lakes—Wanaka and Hawea—is so pure that motorists use it in their batteries, which is another way of saying that you see the smooth stones on the floor as you swim there, and the mountains are doubled exactly on the lake surfaces. Here are the peaks of Aspiring, Moonraker, Stargazer, and the fantastic turrets of Mount Gold and the Hunter Range.

Central proper is a strange country of contradiction. Shaped tortuously like the background of some mediæval canvas, it is almost rainless, yet there are fruit orchards there, and it carries about a quarter of a sheep to an acre on its lichen-covered hills. At nightfall these hills are velvet, and as fiercely, as incredibly rich in colour as a back-drop to the "Maid of the Mountains." The Crown range and the gold-bearing rivers Clutha and Kawaura cross the country between Lake Wanaka and Lake Wakatipu. The landscape, now purely alpine, grows more austere, the roads more precipitous, the peaks sharper

and more fantastic. There are mining hamlets in the folds of the valleys, and alluvial gold camps down by the rivers. South-westward is another lake region, heavily forested. Manapouri is studded with bushy islands. Te Anau is linked with Milford Sound by a thirty-one mile track, open only to trampers. The traveller has now reached the fiord district of the South Island. In this region, enclosed by mountain and forest, open only to the sea, the loneliness of New Zealand is underlined. The traveller may find its extreme beauty disturbing, so dark and steep are the strange peaks, so clear and so many fathoms deep the waters that reflect them.

Eastward, and reaching to the southern end of the island, is the rich farming province of Southland, a country of downs that are often under snow in winter. They end at the jagged coast of the Bluff, where enormous oyster beds make a European luxury one of the cheapest of New Zealand foods. From here the traveller looks across the Foveaux Straits to Stewart Island.

This, briefly, is the South Island landscape. Its history, more recent than that of the North, has been more tranquil. Its primary activities have been divided between wool, meat, timber, and gold. Its settlers in the north came from English counties, and in the south, from Scotland. It has two principal cities. Christchurch, most English of all New Zealand towns, is built on the Canterbury plains, and separated from its seaport of Lyttelton by the oddly-shaped Port Hills. Lyttelton Harbour was once a crater, and these hills molten lava. From their northern slopes one looks down on the city, on a formal intersection of parallel streets, enclosing, beside the usual factories, nondescript houses, modern or less modern shops and business premises, a university that is vaguely cloisteral, a Gothic Anglican cathedral, a Byzantine Roman Catholic Cathedral, and a boys' school that in its quiet haphazard growth round a quadrangle has acquired a patina of character and a charming, if precipitant, air of antiquity. This is Christ's College, the nearest equivalent in New Zealand to the English public school.

Dunedin, principal city of Otago, is as Scottish as its name and its inhabitants can make it, and as obstinately New Zealand as its setting, in manuka-clad hills. Patches of native bush reach down into its suburbs. The Pacific, grown cold, now, on these southern shores, breaks against the high cliffs round Dunedin. Its climate is rigorous.

Each of the four principal cities has a University College, and each College lays emphasis on a special school. Here at Dunedin, at the oldest of our university colleges, there is a large medical school which adds to its air of being a sort of antipodean Auld Reekie.

If there is a dead norm of life in New Zealand, it may perhaps be found in her smaller towns, each with its representation in little of all our urban activities, each reflecting the nature and resources of the province it serves. In Westland the flavour of the old gold-rush days still hangs about the streets with their surprising number of banks and pubs and wooden shacks that were the dance halls and saloons of the 'eighties. In Canterbury, Otago, and Southland the country is dotted at long intervals with townships that sprawl inconsequentially



'A REGION OF VAST GUTTERS'
Milford Sound, South Island

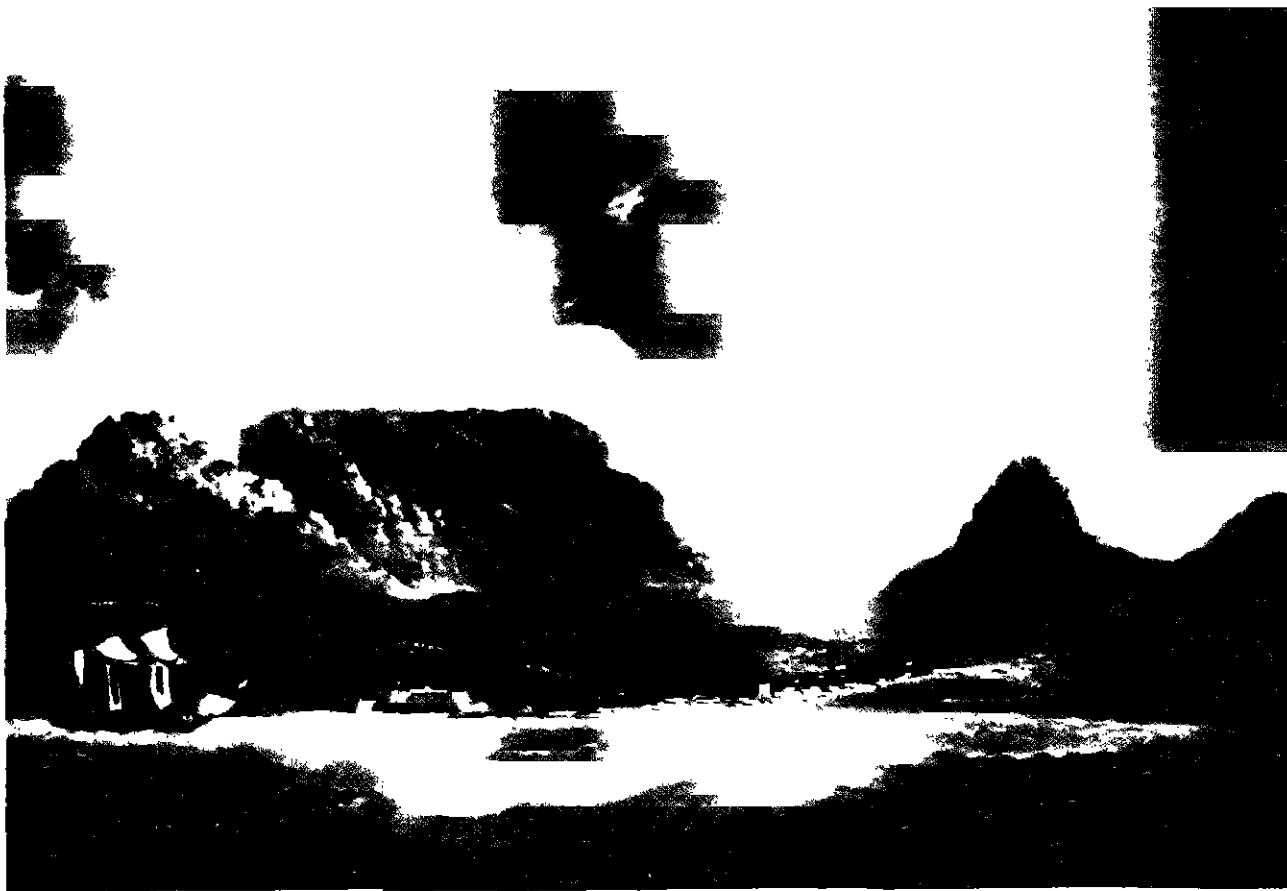
on each side of a main road. A musterer's horse, two or three working dogs, and a weather-beaten car or so stand outside the pubs or Farmers' Co-operative Store. Smarter cars, motor transports, wool-waggons and lorries pass through at intervals and mobs of sheep go slowly along the stock routes on the way up or down country. There are pleasant seaside resorts along the coast, and grand camping places for holiday makers. In Marlborough and Nelson the ports and towns are set in idyllic surroundings, and, being a little off the beaten track of the tourist, too often escape his notice.

I should like to close this book with a warning to the patient traveller. In visiting New Zealand, let him remember that a hundred years ago this was a savage country; that the greater part of those hundred years has been spent in establishing isolated communities; that our civilisation is in its infancy, and that therefore he should demand few of the amenities to be found in older countries. The surprising size of the cities and the network of communications may lead him to expect luxuries on a parity with these developments. He will not find them. He will find no restaurants above the standard of those in an English or American departmental store, but on the other hand he will be surprised at the cheapness of the meals. He will find a lack of imagination and a tendency to over-cooking in the kitchens, but will notice the excellence of the raw material. With one glowing exception, the hotels will resemble in décor and service the provincial hotels of his youth, but if he gets off the beaten track he may enjoy a visit to an old-time accommodation-house or pub. He will not fish or ski or shoot in great luxury, but he may follow these sports in rough places that retain a kind of primal spaciousness and beauty, and, if his disposition lies that way, he may even find pleasure in the absence of spoon-feeding in New Zealand's pastimes. He will find great beauties of landscape, but must use discretion in seeking them out. The beaten track of tourists is not altogether the best track, and the unique landscapes of New Zealand lie a little way off it. Our thermal regions are probably less impressive than those of Yellowstone Park; our alpine views lack the pretty floral foregrounds and charming chalets of the Austrian Tyrol and Switzerland. But Pohutokawa trees grow above bays of enchantment only in New Zealand, and nowhere else have I found any equivalent to the clear spaciousness of our mountain plateaux, or heard bird song as deep and moving as that of the New Zealand bush. This is a country so young that it impinges on the very ancient, and its clear and primordial landscape reaches back to emotions that have nothing to do with civilisation, but its spell—once felt—is not easily forgotten.



By courtesy of the Artists

TRIBAL LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA
Wall-painting at South Africa House, London
By Eleanor Esmonde-White and Leroux Smith Leroux



By courtesy of the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, 1772
Oil painting by William Hodges

SOUTH AFRICA

SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN

INTRODUCTION

THERE are people who feel that General Smuts has become too tolerant. In his old intolerant days he said:

“ The temper of South Africans is curious and full of individuality. They are only a handful of whites and . . . each private thinks he is a general.”

That is almost the history of South Africa.

South Africa was discovered at the same time and upon the same quest as America. In those days—the fifteenth century—the overland trade of the East was making Venice Queen of the Adriatic. Other nations coveted this trade. The Portuguese had a monopoly from the Pope, not only over the natives of Africa, but over the seas to the Indies round the Cape of Storms. The Spaniards, to evade this monopoly, sought the Indies from the West. A few years after, the Portuguese rounded the Cape where, a hundred and thirty years later, the English planted their flag; settled East and West in Southern Africa and reported on yellow men, black men, Arabs and the magical Kingdom of Prester John—just about the time, in short, that the Portuguese, through all these activities, forever ended the reign of Venice, the Spaniards discovered the New World.

And the white men of South Africa fought the dark men as the white men of America their dark men; the discoverers, sailors and merchants were followed, in South Africa, as in America, by religious refugees.

Then why is South Africa's history so different from America's? Why, for instance, has America, even allowing for its tremendous advantages of inland waterways and a more fertile countryside (while South Africa is cursed for the quarter part with desert country totally unsuitable for European colonisation) fifty times the population of South Africa?

The reason is partly that, with a few remarkable exceptions, South Africans have wanted life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness not, like the Americans,

for all, but, like the dictator Europeans, for only a few ; they have *wanted* to be only a handful of whites so that each private might remain a general.

The history of a large part of the South Africans is a history of escaping from the next man. They have pushed off, pushed off from other people in a passionate desire to be, not big, but small.

After the Portuguese came and went away, and the British came and went away—before the dark men arrived whose Negro blood was mixed with Arab and Hottentot and whatever occurred wherever they sojourned—Dutchmen, shipwrecked in Table Bay, discovered the land of the Cape to be good ; their masters, the Dutch East India Company, were inspired to make the Cape their *half-way house and tavern ; men, provided with wives and a formal administration* were brought to trade and plant ; the Dutch became thus the first white settlers, though not the discoverers, of South Africa.

Presently there were in this land, beside the Boers : the Bushmen and Hottentots they found and made into slaves ; the Negroes they imported for slaves ; the Asiatic convicts, slaves too, the Company sent to serve their terms of imprisonment at the Cape ; the banished Malay and Indian political offenders—men of standing—who brought their families and their own slaves ; Huguenots escaping from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—but only two hundred and twenty-five of these ; a superior class of Dutch settler ; some Low Germans.

Most of these pioneers mingled. A new white race resulted, the Boers ; and also a new yellow race, the Cape People. The Cape People remained, and have ever since remained, where they were begotten, in the Cape Province. But the Boers began at once to show their dislike of both the Dutch East India Company and human company. For, as to the first, the Dutch East India Company ruled, not for people but for profits : the Cape, like Rhodesia, began as a monopoly, an affair of shareholders. And, as to the second, why were the Boers here at all if not to escape from an excessive humanity ?

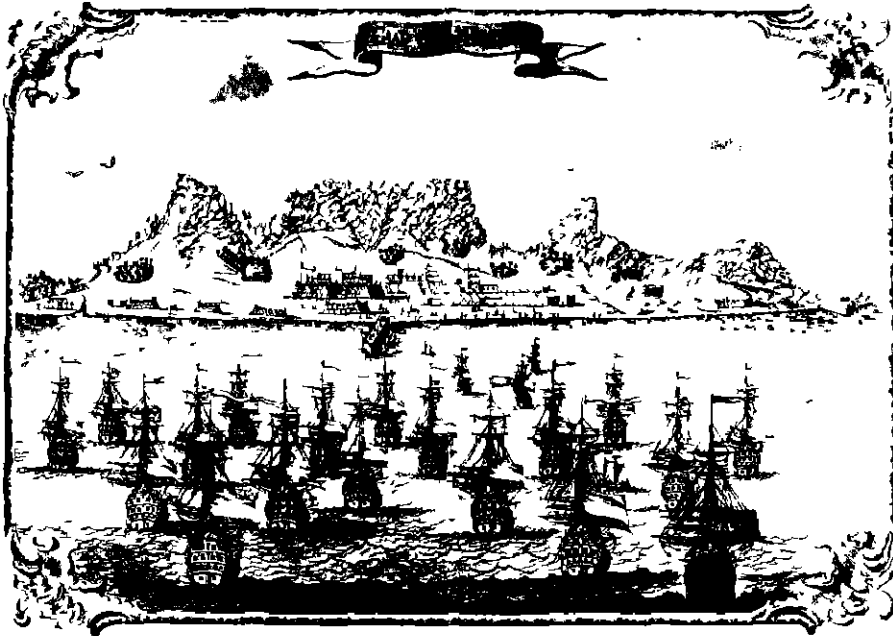
Already then, in the eighteenth century, the Boers began that practice they have continued ever since : they trekked.

And it was while these trekking Boers were moving away from their government to isolation and independence that they met, fought and overcame the Negro-Hottentot-Arab, the Bantu, moving South from Central and East Africa, and another people entered the orbit of South Africa.

The first Kaffir war of a century of Kaffir wars took place in 1779. In 1795 Holland was over-run by France ; the Prince of Orange fled to England and asked England to hold this African outpost from the invader ; England thus occupied the Cape.

The Treaty of Amiens gave it back to the Government in Holland, now the Batavian Republic. The Treaty of Vienna gave it back, for six million pounds, to England. This time England kept it and so Englishmen were added to the South African mixture.

In 1820 organised bodies of British settlers came, humble people mostly, but the pride of their descendants as the early Boers of *their* descendants.



THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, 1702
Engraving by Pieter Schenk

Then North Germans came, who had fought beside the British in the Crimea.

Then, in 1860, Indians were imported to Natal as indentured labourers by sugar-planters who thought the Zulus could not work—the first act, and not the wisest, of independent Natal

Then diamonds and gold were found, and the settlers of 1870 rushed the fields

In these days, too, Jews came, escaping from the pales and pogroms of Russia and Poland

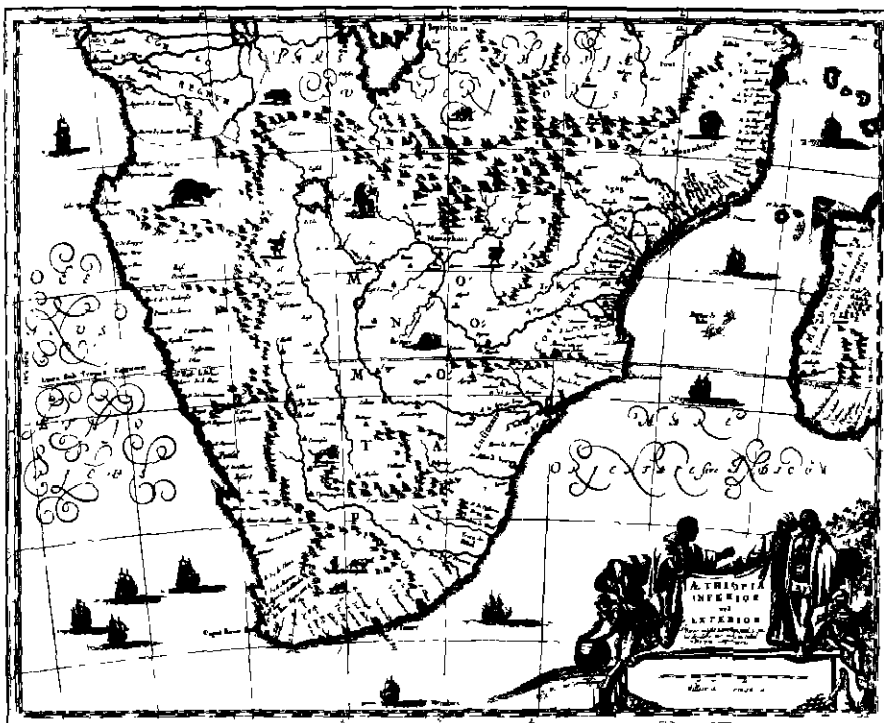
They came again sixty years later, escaping from the pales and pogroms of Germany

Such are the people of South Africa

Of the two million white South Africans, fifty-six per cent are Dutch, and General Hertzog claimed at Versailles that a third of them had German blood, thirty-four per cent are British, and four-and-a-half per cent Jewish

There are a quarter of a million Asiatics—mostly the Indians of Natal, over eight hundred thousand Cape People—nearly half the people of Cape Town are Cape People; seven million Bantu

In Africa as a whole—and Africa is, after all, a whole—there are five million whites and a hundred and fifty million blacks. This difference in numbers between white and black is perhaps the final problem of Africa



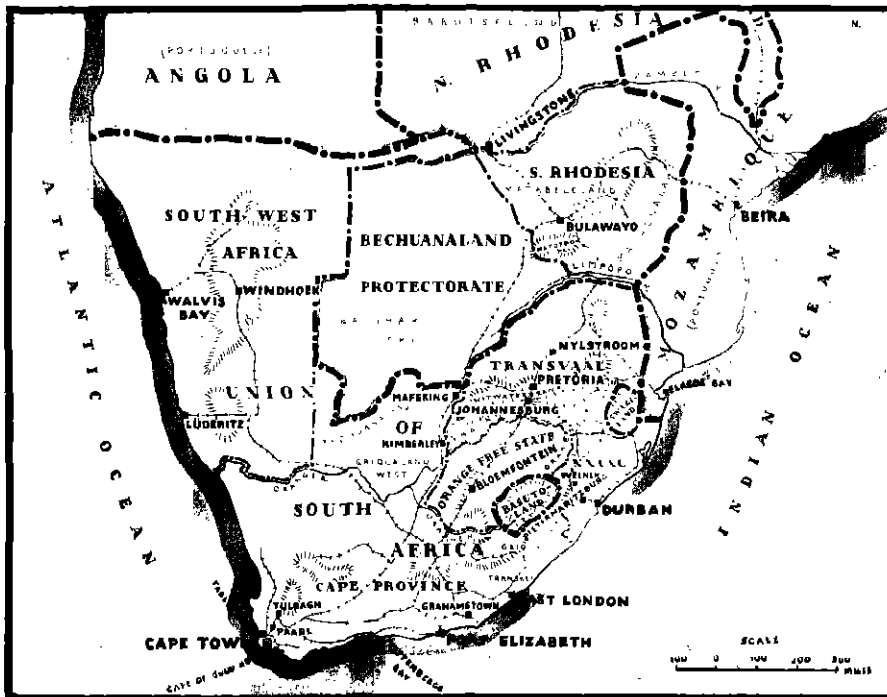
SOUTH AFRICA IN THE 17TH CENTURY
From John Ogilby's "Africa," 1670, after a map by J. Blaeu of Amsterdam, 1662

CHAPTER ONE

1

IF the Boers trekked from the rule of the Dutch East India Company they trekked still more from the rule of the British. Though they themselves had forbidden the use of French ways and the French language to the French refugees so that in fifty years the French were entirely merged with them, they didn't like it when Dutch ceased to be the official language in what was now a British colony. They were altogether, they said, treated like strangers in their own land. Downing Street held that they were always wrong and the blacks always right. They were not protected, they complained, and if they tried to protect themselves they were called, not the victims, but the aggressors.

The end of it came when, in 1834, England abolished slavery. Slaves were the Boers' investment. The twenty million pounds England gave her nineteen slave colonies in compensation for their lost slaves were distributed from England—well-meaningly, incompetently, inequitably and (since the slave-owners could not get to London themselves) through rapacious representatives



MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA TODAY
By F. Nichols

and agents. They received in the end, practically nothing; England's magnanimity meant their bankruptcy; they could bear no more. "Despairing of saving the colony from those evils that threaten it," they departed.

The freed slaves, of no interest or value now to anybody, used their liberty to accompany, if they could, their late owners. Otherwise they were free to die, and they did.

There are no *Hottentots* left in the Union, but their blood, mingled with white and yellow, lives on in the Cape folk; and, mingled with brown and black, in the Bantu.

2

The trek of treks, the Great Trek, the Trek of the Voortrekkers was finally the Boers' protest against what they felt to be England's misconceptions about colour, and it naturally expressed, too, their desire for a better life. Those who already had a good life did not trek. Why should they? Voortrekkers, pioneers, settlers are bound to be chiefly those who have little to lose by going away. The old Dutch families, with their old Dutch houses (of Javanese-



A BOER'S OX WAGGON

Engraving from W. I. Burchell's *Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa*, 1822

French design) and their old Dutch furniture (simplified copies of European furniture of the period) remained at the Cape and mingled with the other colonists. It cannot indeed be said that any particular quality, except courage, inspired the conception of the Great Trek. Yet these people, these ordinary, angry, uncomfortable people revealed the genius in themselves, became heroes and made their journey an epic.

Nothing could daunt them—not Nature, nor natives, nor their innate intolerance of the next man. They quarrelled, parted, trekked on. Some were wiped out, others trekked on. They left their broken dead, their waggons and animals, on the Drakensbergen—the Dragons' Mountains—and trekked on. They came to Natal, settled by some English with the complaisance of the Zulus; were treacherously slaughtered at the kraal of the Zulu, Dingaan, brother, murderer and successor of the great Tchaka; were slaughtered—women and children—at the place called Weenen—Weeping; overcame the Zulus at the stream, Blood River; decided to live independently in Natal; were still claimed as British colonists; so trekked on.

They trekked until they came to the Vaal River where they met the Chief, Moselikatze, himself a fugitive from Tchaka, whose country Rhodes was later to take from his son Lobengula and whose burial ground in the Matoppoos Rhodes was inspired to share.

Back and forth across the Vaal the Boers, the Matabele, other black peoples, drove one another, fought one another, and, as the black men expressed it, "ate" one another. And always the British followed, saying that wherever the Boers, their subjects, might be, there, too, was England.

Yet, in the end, they had to give up. They had followed the Boers to the Fish River, the Blood River, the Vaal River. They might follow them to the Limpopo, the Zambesi, the Equator. At one stage the Boers themselves thought they had reached the source of the Nile, and there exists still in the Transvaal a Nylstroom, a River Nile. What was one to do with these "ungovernable farmers" who were prepared to trek to the ends of Africa to escape one's government—any government?

So the British gave up.

The Boers established themselves in two republics. One, across the Vaal, the Transvaal, was the South African Republic. The other, between the Orange and the Vaal, was the Orange Free State. The Sand River Convention of 1852 and the Bloemfontein Convention of 1854 recognised their independence. In the same year the Cape Colony got its constitution, and Natal, hitherto attached to the Cape, became a separate colony and remains to this day the most English part of South Africa.

So, at that time, in South Africa, the British had two colonies and the Boers two republics.

3

The year 1938 was celebrated in a united South Africa (these four states united in 1910) as a Voortrekker centenary. As the year wore on so much enthusiasm developed that the British in South Africa became hardly less enthusiastic than the Boers and practically felt that they themselves were descendants of those Voortrekkers who had fled from British rule. It is, as their proverbs declare, the way of the British, as of Nature itself, to let bygones be bygones, to feel that all things are the same (and people too) a hundred years hence. They cannot really understand any other way; the Boer way, the Irish way, the Spanish, Corsican, Balkan, South American, Oriental way. That Boers should still be brooding, in a united South Africa devoted to appeasing them, over the Boer War of forty years ago, even over things of a hundred and forty years ago—the British can never get into their heads.

In the centenary year of the Voortrekkers the British no less than Boer South Africans called the South African nation children of the Voortrekkers. It was absurd, touching, and to many Boers irresistible, but not to all.

For the Voortrekker celebrations had not merely, one could soon see (and some foresaw), a memorial aspect.

About the time of the submission of the German nation to Hitler, a small political party had arisen among the Boers that, looking for some means of enlargement, had discovered in Hitler's racial diversion a policy well suited to its needs and the country's peculiar conditions.

It remembered about the German blood in the Dutch and began to model itself on Nazism. It incorporated Shirt and Swastika bodies. It was anti-British, anti-Indian, anti-native, anti-Jew—particularly anti-Jew. It expressed pride in its own descent from refugees by hounding, in its days of better fortune, other refugees.

The Voortrekker centenary commemorated, among other things, racial animosities. The struggling party seized on this racial aspect; made it the leading feature of the celebrations; made its members the votaries and dervishes of racialism; excited the passions of idle, ignorant, innocent people and tried to make the Voortrekker centenary a political monopoly.

After the celebrations were over, life seemed empty without the excitement they had generated. People, therefore, who had not much other business or



A SCENE IN THE JUNGLE, TZITZIKAMA, CAPE PROVINCE
Coloured aquatint from Samuel Daniell's *African Scenery and Animals*, 1804

fun, went on meeting, dressing, speaking as they had done throughout 1938. And presently it appeared that cultural societies born of these celebrations were, in fact, political societies, and that the political societies were, in fact, revolutionary societies leaning on the assistance of Germany, despising democracy, deriding liberalism, demanding a Christian Nationalist Socialist Republic.

In other countries such activities may be regarded as treasonable. But in South Africa one merely remarks that the people are quarrelling with the Government again; they are expected presently to quarrel, in the usual way, among themselves; and General Smuts says:

"Look at the other Dominions. No quarrels! No problems! Everything smooth and easy! How empty! How dull! Now the Union—there isn't a human problem under the sun we haven't in this one Union of ours: black, brown, yellow, white—we have them all.

"Can it be said we are a peaceful, amiable nation? Of course it can't. But it cannot be said we are not an interesting nation. How exciting life is here! How there is a passion here that creates a sort of genius! I wouldn't—no, I wouldn't—be anything but a South African for the world."

Yet, in other words, he sighs: "What a nation we might be—with our qualities and opportunities, what a great powerful people, if only we could leave off quarrelling, if only we had not so many hates."



A HOTTENTOT KRAAL ON THE BANKS OF THE GARIEP RIVER
Coloured aquatint from Samuel Daniell's *African Scenery and Animals*, 1804

CHAPTER TWO

THE Zulus, in the days of Dingaan, were a cruel people. Dingaan himself had murdered his brother, the great chief Tchaka, who had threatened to murder their father and slaughtered, it was said, a million people. If a man sneezed before Tchaka he was killed, and with him those who deplored his end. He made men kill their wives and brothers, and women their infants, and children their parents. When his own mother died he put to death seven thousand people to ensure a proper atmosphere of mourning. His warriors might not marry for fear their hearts turned to water; he himself did not marry and if any of his five hundred concubines bore him a child she and the child were both destroyed.

Dingaan, his brother and murderer, inherited an already depleted nation. It sank still further under Panda, the brother and murderer of Dingaan, and still further under Cetewayo, the son of Panda. Not only did the white people reduce the Zulus, but groups of Zulus were constantly escaping from their nation because son feared father, or brother brother, or lesser chief greater chief. So Tchaka himself had broken away, so the Swazis and Matabele



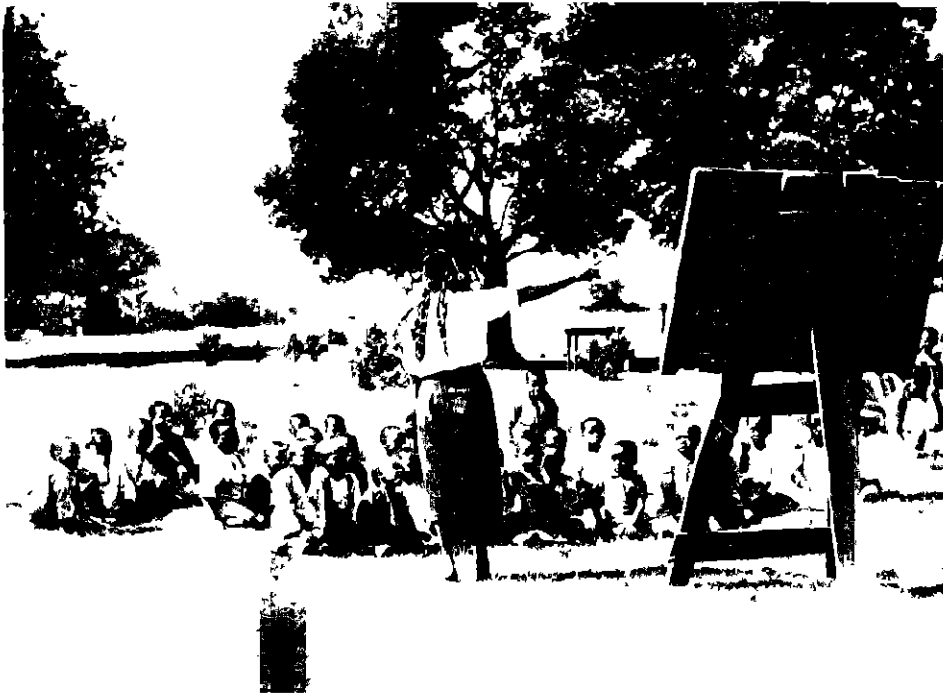
ZULU WATER CARRIERS
Natal

broke away. In due course, Moselikatze, the leader of the Matabele, having 'eaten up' his enemies, murdered his royal sons and was succeeded by Lobengula, his son by an inferior wife, who continued the process of 'eating up' enemies and murdering friends.

Yet white missionaries, concessionaires, hunters and traders lived in safety among these black kings whose code demanded the washing of spears in blood, but not the killing of trustful whites. When a missionary asked Moselikatze to spare the weakest of the tribes he encountered, he agreed as a matter of courtesy, and kept his word. "The ama-kiwa," said Lobengula of the white men at his kraal who were trying to take his kingdom, "the ama-kiwa," he told his warriors, "are my guests, and you shall not touch them;" and, even while his own peace mission and his own people were being murdered by Rhodes' men, and his own kraal burnt down, he safeguarded these guests. The English settlers in Natal lived safely under the very Zulus.

There may be an explanation, if not a justification, of what Dingaan did to the Boers.

He had agreed to give their leader, Retief, the land wiped clean by Tchaka that is now Natal, if Retief brought him back the cattle stolen by a subsidiary chief. The Boer leader lured the marauding chief to his camp, held him at ransom for the stolen cattle and restored them to Dingaan. He gave Dingaan



A NATIVE OPEN AIR SCHOOL
Transkei, Cape Province

a further indication of his power by telling him how the Boers had overcome Moselikatze. The Boers themselves, in anticipation of their concession, were pouring into Dingaan's country. Dingaan was shocked by their numbers, their "hornless cattle," their clubs, those "fiery pebbles" which stung distant people to death, their easy successes against Moselikatze, even their success with the stolen cattle.

When, having lured Retief to his kraal as Retief had lured the cattle-ranger to his camp, he shouted "Bulala Matagati"—"Kill the wizards," he foresaw, one may imagine, the doom of the black at the hands of the white.

In the year Natal, the land promised to Retief by Dingaan, became an independent British colony—in 1856—the natives of South Africa, under Savili, chief of the Amaxosa, made another unsuccessful attempt to avert this threatening doom.

2

Under Khama and Moshesh, rulers wiser than Dingaan and Savili, the Bechuana and Basuto, fugitives (like the Swazis and many other tribes, from the magnificent Zulus) achieved and maintained their independence, and so did the Swazis, and to-day Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland are British

Protectorates, and in Bechuanaland and Basutoland only particular Europeans are permitted.

The South Africans would very much like to have these Protectorates, and, given certain conditions, it would be reasonable for the South Africans to have them, since geographically and economically they are a part of South Africa. But these conditions involve nothing less than that they should be as happy under South African, as under English, dominion, and they think they would not.

In the meantime, Bechuanaland, over a quarter of a million square miles, mostly sand, between the Union and Rhodesia, has a population of two thousand Europeans, and one native to each square mile. Twenty per cent. of the natives go to school; they have a choice of many Christian religions; their revenue of a hundred and eighty thousand is rather exceeded by their expenditure; they have the railways Rhodes provided by hook or crook for Rhodesia's sake.

Basutoland, about twice the size of Wales, mostly rock, and jammed into the middle of the Union, has a European population of fifteen hundred, and a Basuto population of half-a-million: of whom twelve per cent., mostly girls, go to school and of whom half are Christians, and half of these, again, Roman Catholics, including the Paramount Chief. The Basutos' revenue of four hundred thousand exceeds their expenditure in much the proportion advocated by Mr. Micawber, and at the end of the first year of war gave a hundred thousand pounds to England for battle planes. Basutoland has one mile of railway, provided by the Union.

Swaziland, an Eden the size of Palestine (or Wales) between the Transvaal and Portuguese territory, has everything denied by Nature to Bechuanaland and Basutoland, a European population of three thousand and a hundred and fifty thousand natives, of whom six per cent. go to school and twenty-five per cent. to church. The Swazis' revenue and expenditure are both under two hundred thousand, but they have a public debt of fifty-odd thousand.

There were, in addition, during the nineteenth century, two half-caste independencies—the lands of the Griquas, with them the Bastaards.

As the Cape people were the straight-haired yellow offspring of White, Malay and a little Hottentot, so the Bastaards were the fuzzy-haired yellow offspring of White and Hottentot. They fused with the Griquas; and though the missionaries thought the resulting tribe should call itself, forgetting its origins, Griqua, the tribe was proud of its white blood and preferred to call itself Bastard. As the Boers and Bantu were wandering along the Vaal, so, a generation earlier, were these Griqua-Bastaards. As the Boers killed Bantu, so the Bastaards killed Bushmen. They settled here and there in the regions of the Vaal, disputed their rights among themselves, with native tribes and with Boers. One group, under a dynasty of Koks, took four thousand pounds for their claim from the Boers, moved to No-man's-land beyond the Drakensbergen and founded the independency, long ended but still called Griqualand East. The other group remained on land near the Vaal still called Griqualand West.



SILVER MOUNTAIN, DRAKENSTEIN, CAPE PROVINCE

Drawn by S. Daniell, engraved by W. Daniell in *Sketches of Southern Africa*, 1820

Griqualand West is that part of Africa which has Kimberley and the Diamond Fields, the largest accumulation of diamonds in the world.

Conceive the situation when, in 1867, fifteen years after the founding of the South African Republic, thirteen years after the founding of the Orange Free State, diamonds, like magic, like an Arabian Nights' tale, appeared in Griqualand West, the domain of Nicolas Waterboer; first one diamond and then another; then diamonds along the Vaal, then diamonds in dry diggings; then diamonds in deep diggings; and thousands upon thousands of pounds worth, and millions upon millions of pounds worth.

Both the Boer republics were bankrupt. They were existing on paper, on barter. A citizen lent the President of the Orange Free State a hundred pounds, and that helped for a while. The President of the South African Republic failed to float a loan of three hundred pounds. Naturally the republics each claimed Griqualand West. They had cessions. Why, again, should England not claim it? England had cessions. Who hadn't cessions in those days from some wandering Hottentot or Bastaard along the Vaal or, further north, from a Swazi or Matabele? Native tribes also claimed Griqualand West: they said it was their home. Diggers on the Vaal declared a republic under an able-bodied seaman, one Parker. The missionaries stood by Waterboer.

The matter was finally settled by arbitration. England got the award and paid the Free State ninety thousand pounds.

As if it were not enough that diamonds were discovered in South Africa in 1867, that very year saw too the discovery—or, rather, the rediscovery—of gold in the Transvaal.

And since it was now a story of diamonds and gold; and since, as Trollope thought, looking at the activity of Kimberley than which he could conceive no uglier place, “nothing much is done by religion and very little by philanthropy but love of money works very fast”—well, now South Africa began at last to accomplish what in two hundred years it had not been able to do: it entered the civilized world.

The gold and diamond settlers came to South Africa—among them Cecil John Rhodes, aged seventeen, the tubercular son of an English parson. He arrived in Kimberley in the year 1870. In that year, too, Lobengula succeeded his father Moselikatze; and in that year Jan Christiaan Smuts was born. He was born in the Cape Colony and was therefore, no less than Rhodes, a British subject.

CHAPTER THREE

1

GENERAL SMUTS' enemies among his own people—those who, as Mr. Shaw says, "hate mental giants and would like to destroy them, not only enviously because the juxtaposition of a superior wounds their vanity, but quite humbly and honestly because it frightens them"—such men taunt him by calling him Rhodes Redivivus. They did it in the last war and they are doing it in this war.

In fact, though one might call them equally great men, great statesmen, men of great imagination seeing beyond their time to future times and beyond their place to the furthest places, there are in Rhodes and Smuts no common characteristics except just these: the impulse, ability, patience to "deal," as Rhodes called it, to negotiate; the instinct for amalgamation and union. Amalgamation and union are Smuts' politics and philosophy. They were Rhodes' politics and commerce.

For all the rest, Smuts is a student, a scientist, a philosopher, a soldier, a scoffer at race, a despiser of wealth, a believer in good, an Old Testament mystic who dreams of saving the world through conferences, leagues, "a better feeling in the hearts of men."

Rhodes was a financier, a romantic, an artist, a despiser of soldiers, a man who dreamt of saving the world through "the accumulated wealth of those whose aspiration is a desire to do something . . . the cessation of all wars, one language throughout the world, the patent being the gradual absorption of wealth and humane minds of the higher order to this object."

"What could I do with money?" says Smuts. "Money would only be a nuisance to me."

Rhodes wanted money for his railways, his telegraphs, his pioneers, his 'North'; . . . "for the furtherance of the British Empire, for the bringing of the whole world under British rule, for the recovery of the United States, for the making of the Anglo-Saxon race into one Empire."

At every stage of his life; when he took himself to Oxford with money made at his digging; when he formed his De Beers Company; when he consolidated his Goldfields and Diamond Fields; when he became Prime Minister of the Cape and went North; when he occupied Matabeleland; when his plans were broken by the Jameson Raid and the Boer War—always Rhodes thought of what his money could do. In the end, for "the bringing of the whole world under British rule," he left his money in trust for Rhodes Scholarships, that were to bring English-speaking young men to Oxford and send them home full of England to spread England; and more than half these scholarships go to America because, in assigning so many scholarships to each state and colony, he based himself on the belief that there were still only the original thirteen States of the Union of America, and his business man in South Africa and his solicitor in England knew no better.



OUTSPANNED WAGGONS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN GOLDFIELDS EXPEDITION 1869
Sketch by Thomas Baines

2

There were others besides Rhodes who wanted to amalgamate the mines of Kimberley and control the world's diamonds, and notably two young Jews. "What is your game?" said Rhodes to Alfred Beit, a German Jew, destined to work to the end with Rhodes and to become Rhodesia's chief benefactor. "I am going to control the whole diamond output before I am much older," said Beit. "That's funny," said Rhodes. "I have made up my mind to do the same. We had better join hands."

He drove out or drew in competitors until only one stood out against him, a little play-acting London Jew who, at eighteen, three years after Rhodes, had come to Kimberley with a few bad cigars for capital and changed his name to Barney Barnato. Him, too, after years of struggle, Rhodes defeated.

They met one night in 1888, at Dr. Jameson's cottage opposite the Kimberley Club, to discuss the trust deed of their amalgamation. Rhodes was thirty-five, Barnato thirty-three.

And it was now Barnato heard for the first time the terms which his shareholders duly opposed in court. that diamond mining, as the judge said, formed "only an insignificant portion of the powers which might be exercised by the company," and that what Rhodes proposed to do, among other astonishing

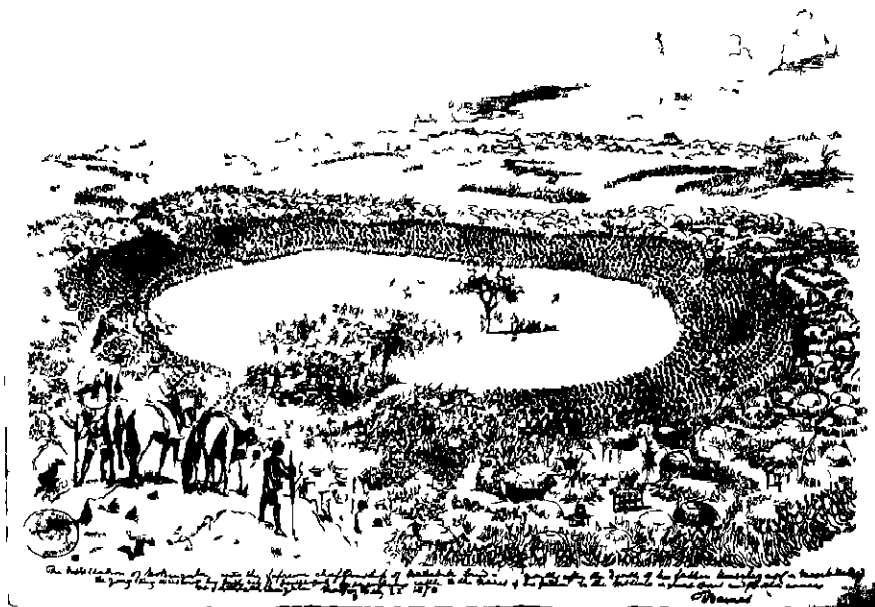


FREKATACKAW IN PLETTENBERG BAY, CAPE PROVINCE
Coloured aquatint by D. Havell after R. Cocking and C. Latrobe
From C. I. Latrobe's *Journal of a Visit to South Africa*, 1818



By courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum

A FORAH HOTTENTOT VILLAGE BESIDE THE ORANGE RIVER
Coloured aquatint from Samuel Daniell's *African Scenery and Animals*, 1804



THE INSTALLATION OF LOBENGULA AS SUPREME CHIEF OF MATABELELAND
Sketch by Thomas Baines

things, with the company's surplus funds, was to use them "for the furtherance of the British Empire."

It took until morning for Rhodes to get Barnato down, and then Barnato, saying that some men had a fancy for this and some for that and what could one do if Rhodes' fancy was to make an empire? yielded completely "You can't resist him," he explained to his incensed shareholders. "You must be with him."

The judge upheld the shareholders' objection, but Rhodes and Barnato bought up the company's assets, paid for them with the largest cheque yet written—about five and a third million pounds—and floated the sort of company Rhodes wanted.

"If one has ideas, one cannot carry them out without having wealth at one's back."

Rhodes could now begin to take the world for England. For this purpose he had amalgamated the diamond mines of Kimberley. For this purpose he had also founded his gold mining company in Johannesburg. And for this purpose he had gone to Parliament in Cape Town.

Over a country of nearly half a million square miles—a country as large as the Union of South Africa—ruled "a naked old savage," as Rhodes, in repentance, came to call him.

Lobengula, *Driven by the Wind*, the son of Moselikatze, *The Pathway of Blood*, lived in the territories of Matabeleland and Mashonaland between the Limpopo and Zambesi Rivers, and his capital was Gebulawayo—*The Place of Killing*. The land of Lobengula was the first piece of world Rhodes hoped to present to England. But others, too, wanted it. Lobengula's court, like Penelope's, swarmed with suitors, and like Odysseus' faithful wife, he played and delayed one against the other.

As ever, Rhodes won.

In the year Rhodes amalgamated the diamond mines of Kimberley he got a concession from Lobengula "over all metals and minerals in my kingdoms, principalities and dominions," and paid him for these things a hundred pounds a month, a thousand Martini-Henry rifles, a hundred thousand cartridges, and a steamboat on the Zambesi. In 1890 his pioneers planted the Union Jack in Mashonaland. In 1890, too, Rhodes got a concession over Barotseland—two hundred thousand square miles—for two thousand pounds a year; over Gazaland, for five hundred pounds a year; and over Manicaland for one hundred pounds a year. In 1893 he took Matabeleland, and these territories of Rhodes make up the two Rhodesias.

After the Jameson Raid and before the Boer War, Rhodes begged the Cape to take his country. "Take the North, that new state which has got its railway built, which has borrowed nothing from you and asked for nothing . . . The North is my thought. Co-operation is my thought—Federalism and the Union of South Africa."

On account of the Jameson Raid the Cape would have nothing to do with either Rhodes or his Rhodesia; so Southern Rhodesia is now a self-governing British colony and Northern Rhodesia a British Protectorate; and when General Smuts in 1921 tried to persuade Southern Rhodesia to link up with the Union—well, then Southern Rhodesia wouldn't.

Almost from the time Rhodes had entered Parliament in 1880 he had had his eye on the North, and, as a first step towards it, on Bechuanaland. He had jealously watched every other approach to it, and when, in 1884, Germany had come into the picture, he had peremptorily secured Bechuanaland for Britain.

CHAPTER FOUR

1

IT was not until Stanley excited the Germans with his lectures on Africa that Bismarck, never having wanted colonies before, decided to support the German missionaries and concessionaires now percolating into Africa.

Others, too, had suddenly discovered that in Africa alone were there left any "remote barbarous and heathen lands not possessed" (as Raleigh's Charter ran) "by a Christian prince or people." Not only Germany, but France and Belgium, Portugal and Italy were scrambling for Africa. England was not. "Our burden is too great," complained Mr. Gladstone. "I cannot find the people to govern our dependencies. We have too much, Mr. Rhodes, to do . . . Apart from increasing our obligations in every part of the world, what advantage do you see to the English race in acquisition of new territory?"

"Mr. Gladstone," answered Rhodes . . . "Great Britain is a very small island . . . Great Britain's position depends on her trade, and if we do not open up the dependencies of the world which are at present devoted to barbarism we shall shut out the world's trade."

He said again: "I went to the Thames with its endless factories. They were making goods, not for England, but the world . . . I went into a club and saw four hundred people, standing about . . . they were doing business, not with England, but the world. There was not a single man who was not doing something with the world. It must be brought home to you that your trade is the world, and your life is the world, and not England. That is why you must deal with these questions of expansion and retention of the world."

2

In the year 1877 Theophilus Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal, with eight civil servants (one of them Rider Haggard) and twenty-five policemen had ridden into Pretoria and annexed the quarrelling, distracted, helpless republic that, as Trollope found, had as good as no education, mails, assets, revenue, order, obedience or fighting spirit. President Burgers himself had thought "the wrong done would be of great advantage to everyone concerned." "I would rather," he said, "be a policeman under a strong government than the president of such a state." Trollope, thinking particularly of the native menace, called annexation "a positive duty."

He was wrong, though, about the fighting spirit. Within less than four years the Boers rose up and took their country back again and Gladstone let them keep it.

Now, in Pretoria, sat Paul Kruger, a Voortrekker at ten, a soldier at fourteen, a husband at sixteen, a widower at twenty-one, remarried twice, the father of sixteen children, the President four times of the South African Republic. His education took three months; his literature was the Bible; his



PAUL KRUGER IN 1867
Commander-General of the Transvaal, 1864-1873

thought, strength, wisdom, humanity and ruling were the Bible; his whole life was the Bible. Kruger was as Old Testament as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. He sat on the narrow stoep of his small house in Pretoria, with his wise, still, waiting look, drinking coffee all day long and smoking his pipe; receiving whoever (except Rhodes) chose to come to him; making epigrams, thinking of the excess of Uitlanders—Outlanders, or Foreigners—over Boers and how to limit their voting power and political control; putting them, said Lord Milner, High Commissioner for South Africa and Governor of the Cape Colony, putting the English, he said, in the position of Helots. Kruger sat on

his verandah holding off men who wanted a new kind of government and a new way of life and who talked about gold, gold, gold.

3

Johannesburg, on its plateau, among its hills, with its winter sun, its summer rain, its clean strong air, its place and space, might have been among the world's beautiful towns. It looks, with its tall buildings, like one of the bigger, but not biggest American towns; it lives, with its half million people, half black and half white, like the biggest towns anywhere in the world; it buys gold shares because gold is the national industry; it is lively, hardworking, generous and tolerant yet, six thousand feet above the sea and so quickly grown, capable of madness. And the reason Johannesburg did not start out to look, and therefore to be, something superbly more is that, as Kruger hated the men that wanted a new kind of government and a new way of life, as he hated the gold which would bring them about, so he hated too the personification of this gold and the precursor of the doom he foresaw and tried to avert—Johannesburg. Until he died, though it was only thirty-seven miles from Pretoria, he

visited Johannesburg only three times; and when it was being planned he did not think of how it would look and what it might be in the future, but of the value of its corner stands to the Government.

In consequence, Johannesburg, with its hills and miles of space, is laid out on a gridiron principle of narrow streets with many intersections; nothing that art can now do will make it compete with Cape Town that has the Atlantic Ocean and the mountains, or with Durban that has the Indian Ocean and noble streets; and only where the people have made their homes—on hills, with views of further hills, with their devotion to gardening expressed even in the rocks blasted to hold trees and plants—only through private, not public thought has Johannesburg any beauty. It has the beauty too of its pyramids of tarnished silver—the mine-dumps—the refuse of the gold-workings that, as long as the world stands on gold, will speed the growth of South Africa.

There are a hundred miles of gold mines—some a mile and a half deep, with shafts two miles deep—running east and west on the plateau that forms a watershed between the Indian and Atlantic Oceans. Nearly forty per cent. of the world's gold comes from these mines on the Witwatersrand—the Ridge of White Waters—about fourteen million fine ounces a year; in something over fifty years they have produced two thousand million pounds worth of gold; and this money has set South Africa on its feet and kept it going until now it is rushing ahead. The Rand gold occurs in quartz, and the end of much science and enterprise, of colossal machinery, stupendous noise, awe-inspiring motion—of timbering, stoping, blasting, hauling, crushing, milling—is that, as diamonds are collected in a nice homely way on grease, so gold-dust is collected on corduroy velvet and baked in an oven like bread.

The gold mines employ about three hundred and ninety thousand natives (mostly from the Reserves, the Protectorates and Mozambique) and about forty thousand Europeans, and whenever there is industrial trouble in South Africa it either originates, or is made effective, through this big coherent body of workers. Every strike that occurs carries the underlying threat: *the miners will come out* (by which is meant the white miners, though the natives do the actual mining), and, following heavy strikes in 1907, 1913, 1914, and then a never-ceasing stream of strikes, they did, in 1922, come out and there was a revolt that involved seven hundred casualties, killed and wounded.

The native miners live in compounds, better fed than at home, cared for when they are sick, with games, cinemas, night schools and whatever religion they wish. The Government prescribes for them a daily ration of twenty-four ounces of maize meal, six ounces of bread, five ounces of vegetables, besides sprouted peas and beans, peanuts or fat, coffee or cocoa, more sugar than a European could stomach and three and three-quarter pounds of meat a week. At home they live almost entirely on maize meal and, of course, Kaffir beer, but at home, too, they have their women and families.

Their food and housing cost the mines a shilling a day, but would cost the miners themselves double, and they get two shillings and twopence a shift, but

specialised workers can earn several times as much. Every year or two they go home for six or nine months and live on their savings while their women labour.

And all these things may not seem much to an English or American worker, but the kraal standard must be known before one can appreciate their meaning. The pay and life are actually a great deal better than that of the Asiatics and even than that of many other Europeans, including the Russians.

The rate of pay is, generally, much higher in the Union than in the Protectorates or Rhodesias. But the natives are everywhere too heavily taxed in proportion to their earnings and in proportion to what Europeans are taxed. In the Union only about a quarter of the white inhabitants pay direct taxes, and over fifty per cent. get Government aid in some form or other—especially the farmers.

When an old native was told that he had to be taxed because the Government, like a father, protected him from his enemies, cared for him when he was sick, fed him when he was hungry, gave him an education, and for these reasons needed money, the old native said:

“ Yes, I understand. It is like this: I have a dog and the dog is hungry. It comes to me and begs for food. I say to him ‘ My dear, faithful dog, I see you are very hungry. I am sorry for you. I shall give you meat . . . I then take a knife, cut off the dog’s tail, give it to him and say: ‘ Here, my faithful dog, be nourished by this nice piece of meat.’ ”



A NATIVE VILLAGE

Coloured aquatint from Samuel Daniell's *African Scenery and Animals*, 1804

CHAPTER FIVE

1

WHILE Kruger sat on his stoep hating Johannesburg, its Uitlanders, Reformers, gold mines and threatening new life—while Johannesburg, the Uitlanders, the Reformers, the gold mines, the new life, Rhodes, Milner (supremely Milner) hated to be held back—the Germans were wedging themselves into the breach made by these hatreds.

They continued to do so and it helped to bring the Boer War. They continued further and there was the Rebellion of 1914. They continued until 1939 and only by a miracle was there no second rebellion. They continue to this day and disrupt a nation that nothing else should reasonably hold back or divide.

It was the Germans who hindered Rhodes' Northward telegraph and dealings with Lobengula. It was the Germans—or what the strong Germans could do through the weak Boers—that Rhodes feared when he urged Parliament not to "part with an inch of territory to the Transvaal . . . Part with . . . this Bechuanaland territory, the Suez Canal of the trade of the country, the key to the Interior, and you are driven into the desert . . . Do you think if the Transvaal had Bechuanaland it would be allowed to keep it? Would

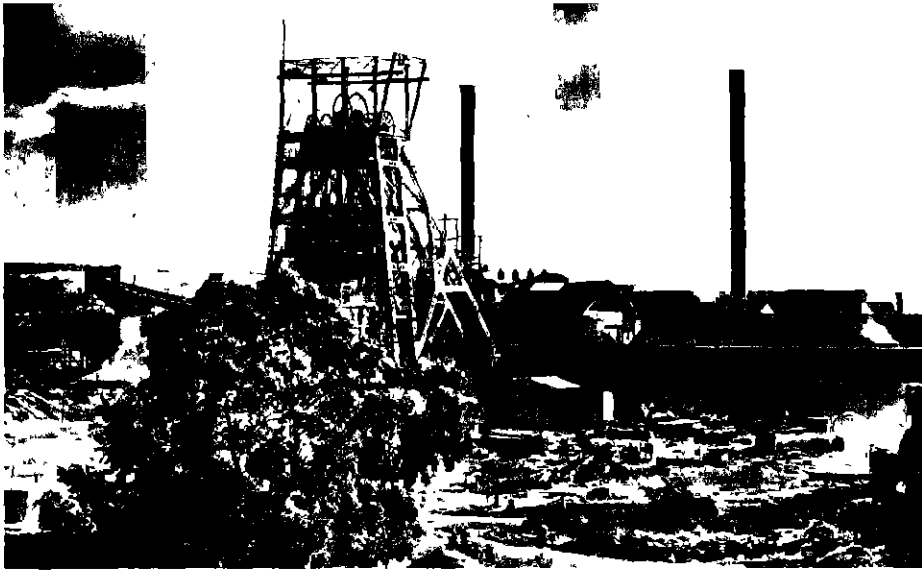


MORNING MARKET
Kimberley, 1888

not Bismarck have some quarrel with the Transvaal? There would be some excuse to pick a quarrel—some question of brandy or guns or something—and then Germany would stretch from Angra Pequena to Delagoa Bay."

The Boers who had continually trekked away from the British, who in 1877 had lost Transvaal and in 1881 got it back again, not unnaturally saw in the British their first enemies and thought to use the Germans against them. While the Jameson Raid was brewing, Kruger proposed the health of the Kaiser at the German Club, saying: "When we asked Her Majesty's Government for bigger clothes they said 'Eh, eh? What is this?' and could not see we were growing up." And Germany, he said, would provide the republic with an adult's wardrobe. The Uitlanders who supported the Jameson Raid declared that "German officers are coming in to drill the burghers." The German Consul-General with the Kaiser's compliments offered Kruger German marines from Delagoa Bay to help against Jameson. The Kaiser congratulated him on the failure of the Raid. The Boers entered the Boer War confident of getting the German help that never came.

Though the Kaiser, when Britain looked like winning, offered a plan of campaign to the British Commander-in-Chief; though Kruger himself, a suppliant at the gates of Germany, was turned back on pain of arrest; though only four years after the war England gave the Boers back their country ("Has such a miracle of trust and generosity ever happened before?" says General Smuts. "Only a big people like the English could do it"); though the diehard President of the Free State seven years after the war advocated union because "Germany wants our gold, our diamonds, our coal. Her plans are already made, her preparations even now complete. What else is German West Africa



A GOLD MINE
Witwatersrand, Johannesburg

—that should have been ours, occupied by fraud and force and held by brutal atrocities that no Christian can think of without horror—but a jumping-off place to attack us from the north while their ships destroy our ports?"; though next year a united country did come into being and the Boers—the majority—now had control of the Union . . . despite all these things, many obsessed, unawakened Boers could still not get it out of their heads that Germany was the friend and England the enemy, and in 1914 associated themselves with German South-West Africa, fought and killed their brothers for Germany's purposes, and in 1939 (Germans in South-West again in the background) came to the very verge of doing the same.

Rhodes himself, unable to "deal" with Kruger and finding in neither Mashonaland nor Matabeleland the gold he needed for "the furtherance of the British Empire," in a hurry, moreover, and desperate because he knew he was dying, did unquestionably do a great wrong to raid the Transvaal for it. But he neither wanted nor expected the Boer War and he was actually drawn to the Boers—perhaps because they were still in those days, for both better and worse, like the other things that drew him: "Big and simple. Barbaric, if you like."

"They are a fine people," he maintained, even during the Boer War, "and you must work with them. We have to work together."

"It is not," he said, "a question of race. It is a question whether we are to be united or not."

"Let us down gently," said Hofmeyr, the Cape leader of the Boers, who, until the Jameson Raid worked with him and unreservedly trusted him. "I will not let you down, I will take you with me," he promised. His sentiments,

he told Hofmeyr's party, were theirs: "Self-Government, and, though you have not mentioned it, Union."

A Boer emissary came to him.

"Mr. Rhodes, we want a United South Africa."

"So do I."

"There is nothing in the way."

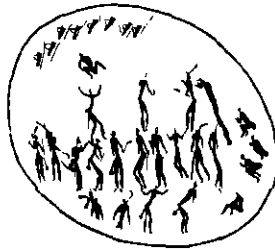
"No, there is nothing in the way. We are one."

"And we will have you for our leader. Only one thing. We must, of course, be independent of the rest of the world."

"You take me," said Rhodes, "either for a rogue or a fool. I would be a rogue to forfeit all my history and tradition, and I would be a fool because I would be hated by my own countrymen and mistrusted by yours"

"I believe," he said, "in a United States of South Africa, but as a portion of the British Empire Our future is clear. We shall be one."

He was so sure of this that, in the will he made during the Boer War, he left his house to the future Prime Minister of a United South Africa. A United South Africa came into being eight years after the Boer War and none but a Boer has since inhabited it.



CHAPTER SIX

1

DURING the last few years the Nazi Colonial Department has been much interested in Rhodes. The idea is to show that if England could get colonies by taking them, so can Germany.

Just before the 1939 War there were a great many English idealists who varied between support of these claims of Germany and the feeling that Africa ought to be for the African.

Consider first the question of whether Africa ought to be for the African.

We are a great many souls on a single planet; no other planets are available to us; in certain lands hundreds of people live on one square mile. Is it, in these circumstances, reasonable that an uncivilized race should sit on a big piece of this planet, saying: "I came here first. I threw out the man who came here before me. Therefore all the land and sky between this range and that—this river, this ocean and that—is mine and my heirs' forever, to withhold from others, to use as I please"?

The natives of Africa have qualities of temperament and character not surpassed by Europeans: standards of justice, generosity, tolerance and behaviour. But, "here where men sit and hear each other groan," in this tight-packed world where the most highly developed beings scrape the skin from one another, suck the air, blood and souls from one another in a terrible contiguity, it is not enough for a man to be amiable to have the title to live as his forefathers lived, however they lived. No nation in the world has this privilege. The day is past for it in Africa.

Under international law, Rhodes had the legal right—any European first-comer had it—to take a savage land. His moral right, even where the system of rule was such as prevailed among the natives fifty years ago, depended on whether in taking the black man's land he was also prepared to regard the black man's soul.

Rhodes was prepared to do it. "They have human minds . . . help them to use their human souls," he said continually; he demanded "equal rights for every civilized man south of the equator"; taking as his premisses the following:

"The natives are increasing at an enormous rate. The old diminutions by war and pestilence do not occur. . . . The natives devote their minds to a remarkable extent to the multiplication of children. They had in the past an interesting employment for their minds in going to war and in consulting in their councils as to war. By our wise government we have taken all that employment from them. We have given them no share in the Government—and I think rightly too—and no interest in the local development of the land, which cannot provide enough for all of them. . . . We do not teach them the dignity of labour and they simply loaf about in sloth and laziness . . ."



NATIVE WOMAN WITH CALABASHES
Calabashes are used for storing water

Considering these things, he devised his Bill for Africa whose principle it was to give the natives land, employment, a stimulus to work, a training in self-government and a social system. The self-government and social system were based on native councils that sent delegates to councils presided over by a white magistrate, and on individual, instead of communal, ownership of land—a course advocated at the time in Russia. An experiment was duly undertaken on land considered the best in the country. The natives, with their passion for cattle that for them took the place of gold in a bank, among us, ate away nature's unreplaced pasturage and made of this land, within a generation, a desert. Rhodes' Bill—the Glen Grey Act, that is called after the land on which the experiment was made, remains, nevertheless, the best scheme for natives yet conceived in South Africa, and the parent of all later schemes.

In South Africa to-day there is work the native may not do; there are places where he may not live; in towns he must work and carry a passport (*unless he is exempted*); *the lot of the civilized native would seem particularly hard if one were not confronted to-day with the infinitely worse lot of the more civilized inhabitant in Europe*; and, because, under universal suffrage, the native would outvote as he outnumbered the European, he has lost the equal status he had in the Cape before Union, and, alone among South Africans, must have a property and education qualification to vote; may vote only for three representatives especially assigned to him; and with his name on a separate roll.

The fairest suffrage in South Africa (and the world) would be to make the vote dependent on a very high intellectual standard and then attainable by all who could reach it. There would then be fewer fools for tools ("Education and knowledge," Hitler rightly says, "endanger the maintenance of a slave class").

However, this is an ideal not yet to be realised. It remains that the native of Africa has more freedom and justice than many natives of Europe; less education than he needs and desires; the sort of work the European doesn't like to do; much periodical leisure; a growing white sympathy, support and understanding.



A NATIVE HUT
The interior

One dare not ask the five million Europeans in Africa to be mixed up—live as one—with the hundred and fifty million Africans, nor has one the right to ask them to abandon what they have created

Yet ought not at least the five million Europeans among the hundred and fifty million Africans to live as one and reinforce themselves with more Europeans so that their whole social conception shall not be based, consciously or unconsciously, on fear?

In the meantime, we ourselves have the right to our place in Africa according as we concede the hundred and fifty million black men, no less than other men, the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness

2

The founder of German East Africa was that Karl Peters, now held up under Hitler as an example to German youth—Peters who, in 1897, was tried in Germany for terrorism, plunder, burning of villages, flogging and chaining of men, women and children, forced concubinage and murder. He was found guilty on all counts. Von Puttkamer, Governor of the Cameroons, was similarly charged, fined and reprimanded.

In March, 1906, Herr Bebel, leader of the Social-Democrat Party in the Reichstag, said: "The German Government has simply abolished the existing civil laws of the natives in the German colonies. . . . We have lost the sympathy of the black race."

In 1907, Herr Dernburg, the German Colonial Secretary, visited the German colonies in Africa, and in February, 1908, told the Reichstag: "It makes a very unfavourable impression on one to see so many white men go about with Negro whips. Labourers are obtained under circumstances which are not to be distinguished from slave-hunts. . . . It has happened that settlers have seated themselves at the wells with revolvers and have prevented the natives from watering their cattle, to compel them to leave the latter behind."

In 1913, Mr. E. Alexander Powell, lately of the American consular service in Egypt, reported, in his book "The Last Frontier": "There is not a town in German East Africa where you cannot see boys of from eight to fourteen years, shackled by chains running from collar to collar, and guarded by soldiers with loaded rifles, doing the work of men under a deadly sun. Natives with bleeding backs are constantly making their way into British and Belgian territory with tales of maltreatment by German planters, while stories of German tyranny, brutality and corruption—of some instances of which I was myself a witness—were staple topics of conversation on every club verandah and steamer's deck along the coast." In "Ten Africans" a Kenya native teacher says: "German administrators in Africa before the war were cruel and inhuman. Africans were tortured like beasts. How can Germany govern a people whom she hates?" In East Africa the Maji-Maji natives of East Africa rebelled and a hundred and twenty-thousand lost their lives.

Before the Germans took South West Africa in 1892 there were eighty-five thousand Hereros in the country. In 1911 the Hereros rebelled and only fifteen thousand survived.

In 1892, the Hereros had a hundred and fifty thousand cattle; ten years later they had forty-six thousand cattle; by 1905, they had none; and in 1907, to force their labour, they were forbidden to own cattle. To a native his cattle are not simply his wealth, but his status, livelihood, pride and earthly security. The cause of the Herero Rebellion was this appropriation of cattle, systematic ill-treatment, flogging of men, women and children, debauching of women, denial of justice.

The whip-chain-forced labour system prevailed in all the German colonies. And should the Nazis ever return to Africa it will (as they themselves declare) do so again.



FIELD-MARSHAL THE RT. HON J. C. SMUTS, P.C., in 1941
Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa

CHAPTER SEVEN

I

GENERAL SMUTS, the son of a farmer Member of Parliament in the Cape, was twelve before he learnt to read and write, and eight years later a scholarship took him to Cambridge. At Cambridge he headed, unprecedentedly, both parts of the Law Tripos at once. He was duly admitted to the Cape Bar but, shocked by the Jameson Raid, moved to the Transvaal, where he became Kruger's State Attorney, and, at thirty, a Boer War Commandant General and guerilla leader. General Smuts is to-day the only great Boer general left; he has in his Government the sons of two Free State Presidents (one of whom, Colonel Reitz, himself at twenty fought in the Boer War and described his experiences in the classics, "Commando" and "Trekking On"); he has also a namesake and kinsman of that J. H. Hofmeyr who led the Cape Boers in Rhodes' time; and all these are devoted adherents of the British Commonwealth as was General Botha himself, the Boer Commander-in-Chief. Among the opponents of Britain there is no name of distinction: for one cannot say about General Hertzog that he is, except in spasms, an opponent of Britain.

Three years after the Boer War the Boers decided to ask England's new Liberal Government for Responsible Government, and General Smuts was the delegate sent to see them.

"I saw," he says, "Churchill, Morley, Elgin, Lloyd George, Campbell Bannerman. The only one I had met before was Churchill. I came across him when he was taken prisoner at Ladysmith. He asked me if I had ever known of a conquered people being allowed to govern themselves. I said no. But we did not want to govern ourselves. We could not govern ourselves without England's assistance. And that was the truth. We could not . . ."

He spoke to Campbell Bannerman and convinced him. "That talk settled the future of South Africa."

He came back to South Africa with Responsible Government.

Then he said:

"The Boer has fought for his independence. The Englishman has fought for his Empire. All have fought for what they considered highest. Now the highest is Union. . . . We do not know what lies ahead of us. To-day we are standing under the majesty and the power of the British flag, but we do not know what will be the case a hundred years hence, and there is only one thing the people of South Africa can do—become a united people."

They became a united people and, not a hundred years after, but only four years after, there was the Great War.

The Union's first Prime Minister was General Botha. He died in 1919, and General Smuts followed him. When he was defeated in 1924, General Hertzog came to live in the house Rhodes left for the Prime Ministers of a United South Africa. Now Smuts is Prime Minister again. No Englishman, it will be seen, has ever yet occupied Rhodes' house.



By courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum

A BOER FAMILY HALTING ON TREK
Coloured aquatint from Samuel Daniell's *African Scenery and Animals*, 1795.



By courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum

UYEDWANA AT ISSIKOBOSA KRAAL

A Zulu in visiting dress

Water colour by G F Angas, 1847



BUSHMEN PAINTINGS, c. 1000 B.C.
In Caves at Mtoko, Southern Rhodesia

The reason for this is not only that the Boers are more in number than the British and have therefore, under universal manhood suffrage, political control. It also happens that the Boers have greater political genius than the South African British. There is indeed a very curious observation one is bound to make in South Africa. The Boers have trekked heroically and they have fought heroically; but, if one looks at South Africa as it stands, practically everything that has been created in it is the work of Englishmen and Jews. The English *have done more for South Africa than the Boers; they have not the Boers'* disruptive passions of all kinds which rage so strangely under that charm, dignity and poise one gets from authority over a slave class; in South Africa, as elsewhere, Nature has expressed herself better in no race than the English; yet, except for Rhodes, the geniuses of South Africa have all been Boers and they have all manifested themselves as statesmen. It is an odd thing that the Boers—the descendants chiefly of Hollanders who came to South Africa in the days when Holland was a great seafaring, trading, painting nation—are not themselves seamen, traders, painters, but students, lawyers, politicians and orators.

Apart from the celebrated Bushmen paintings, the culture of South Africa may be roughly classed as Bantu, Boer and British.

The Bantu do little painting, but they have the sense of colour and form and the gift for modelling that is characteristic of all Africa. They have also

an instinct for rhythm and harmony, and the men sing movingly and dance superbly, but the women do not. Native dancing is encouraged on the mines, but since it is associated with tribal life and tribal life is dying out, the dancing too is dying out. A good deal of Bantu folklore deals innocently and allegorically (and so does Hottentot) with animals.

The Boers are most interestingly creating a new language for themselves—Afrikaans. It comes, as they do, from the Dutch of Holland, but adapts to its own needs any chance word it likes or finds useful. The two best works written by Afrikaners concern, like the Bantu tales, animals: lions (*Pienaar*) and ants (*Marais*). These are entitled to be called classics; but much other good work has been done, and, most notably, the translation of the Bible into Afrikaans. On the other hand, a fierce national sense and the very limited choice persuades the South African Dutch to overvalue writing that is commonplace and derivative.

The English-speaking South Africans compare well as writers with any other modern writers of English. South Africa has produced no work to equal the Australian "Fortunes of Richard Mahony"; but Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm" had in its day an influence that was not only literary but social; Roy Campbell suggested in "The Flaming Terrapin" a poetic genius which, sadly, to-day lies in the mire of a Nazi-Fascism; and, from a small population, a particularly large number of contemporary South African novelists such as Pauline Smith, publishing their novels in England and America, have entered the overseas lists and achieved successes both critical and popular.

There is not, as the colour and contour of the land and the varied human types might lead one to imagine, a South African school of painting. But painters passionately pursue their art and people buy their work. And it may be said in general that the standard of taste in South Africa, as of living, is high.

2

The greatest South Africans have been, besides Rhodes—Kruger, Botha, Smuts and the younger J. H. Hofmeyr. For sheer brain and capacity there can be few men anywhere to equal Jan Hendrik Hofmeyr: at twelve, head of the matriculation list; at fifteen and sixteen, head of the B.A. list in literature, philosophy, mathematics and science and author of a political life of the elder J. H. Hofmeyr; presently a Rhodes Scholar with a double first at Balliol; at twenty-five, Principal of the great Rand University; at twenty-nine, Administrator of the Transvaal and still for a period Principal of the Rand University; in due course a Cabinet Minister and the holder, at one time, of six portfolios—renouncing then his office and, it seemed, his career in the interest of native rights and his democratic standard. Kruger and Botha were not, like Smuts and Hofmeyr, educated men, but they created the impression (Botha, according to those able to judge, created it even among the world's leaders at Versailles) of being men of surpassing personality.



EARLY ZULU HUNTING SCENES

Wall-painting at South Africa House, London
By Eleanor Esmonde-White and Leroux Smith Leroux

The basis of the Union was the South Africa Act. Under this the four states of South Africa were made one, and the Transvaal put the three others financially on their feet and has ever since maintained them there. Details of language—English, Afrikaans—were settled. Pretoria became the Administrative, and Cape Town the Legislative Capital. There was a Governor-General-in-Council. There was a House of Assembly with a life of five years to which the Cape sent fifty-one members, the Transvaal fifty and Natal and the Free State each seventeen (*to-day there are a hundred and fifty members*). There was a Senate, with a life of ten years, composed of eight Senators from each Province, with another eight nominated by the Governor-General-in-Council, of whom four had specially to have “thorough acquaintance with the wants and wishes of the coloured races of South Africa.” There were ten Cabinet Ministers (now twelve and one without Portfolio). Each Province had its Council with an Executive of four, presided over by the Provincial Administrator.

Election to the Assembly was by popular vote, but women were not enfranchised until twenty years later; and, after that, for the sake of uniformity, all white South Africans came under the universal manhood suffrage of the northern Provinces; but the Cape natives remained subject to the education and property test which, in the old days, had given them equal rights, and they were further put on a separate voters’ roll and allowed to vote only for three Members specially assigned to them. All this voting legislation took place after General Hertzog came to power and as part of his general policy of getting control into the hands of his own people and also of settling the native question according to his lifelong theory; *disenfranchisement and segregation*.

General Hertzog’s own people have, indeed, cause to be profoundly grateful to him—he advanced them. The nation as a whole has not—he retarded it. He was much influenced in his ideas by an ex-predikant in his Cabinet.

As part of his conception of patriotism, he removed South Africa further from the British Commonwealth. He cut down Eastern European (in effect, Jewish) immigration to a quota of fifty—so that, until it also was stopped, German and Austrian Jews flying from Hitler were able, under much contumely to come to South Africa. He finally ended what little Gandhi had achieved for Asiatics through Passive Resistance.

For it was in South Africa that Gandhi developed that policy of spiritual blackmail which is so effective against Englishmen because of their consciences. When, nearly half a century ago, he came to South Africa, it was as a barrister on professional business. He found himself counted as an aboriginal: forbidden to travel first-class, sit beside a European or stay at an Hotel; and he decided to remain in Kruger’s Transvaal to work for the Indians.

The Boer War came, and Gandhi, thinking the Indians would do better under the British than the Boers, supported the British. But Milner said: “I hold that when a coloured man possesses a certain high grade of civilization

he ought to obtain what I might call white privileges irrespective of colour . . . But the Asiatics are strangers forcing themselves upon a community reluctant to receive them."

After the Union, Gandhi began to try Passive Resistance. Thousands of Indians, disregarding the immigration laws, entered the Transvaal and went to gaol—with them Gandhi.

Technically and temporarily Passive Resistance won. Gandhi went back to India. There was the Great War. There is the present War. And though in *South Africa nothing remains of what Gandhi's Passive Resistance did for the Indians*, India itself is different because of the lessons learnt in South Africa.

4

The way General Hertzog set out to remove South Africa further from the British Commonwealth was as follows:

After the Great War, the Treaty of Versailles, the League, various protocols and pacts, there was an Imperial Conference from which, largely through General Hertzog's desire for separation, there emerged the Statute of Westminster that defined the British Commonwealth. And when South Africa almost went bankrupt in 1931 through refusing to follow England off gold, General Hertzog's position became shaky, and General Smuts' (advocating an off-gold policy) correspondingly stronger, and the Union was forced off gold. The cheap pound increased the value of gold itself and the Union began to boom—now, in these exuberant days, General Smuts thought that at last his chance was come to unite South Africa, not only in form, but in heart. And the way he chose to do it was to go into coalition with General Hertzog, to sacrifice himself by taking office under General Hertzog and, for the sake of his conditional amiability, to compromise on the terms of a new Status of South Africa that superseded the South Africa Act of Union.

General Hertzog's ex-Predikant Cabinet Minister asked General Hertzog formally whether he agreed "that the British Crown, in so far as the Union is concerned, is divisible; that we possess the right of neutrality; and that we have the right of separation." General Hertzog, in language properly official, replied: "With regard to the question of sovereign independence and the removal of constitutional anomalies, it gives me pleasure to be able to state that the intention is as presumed by your Head Committee." The Head Committee declared: "When the present Status Bill is passed by Parliament, South Africa will be freer than Paul Kruger's Transvaal in 1884." General Smuts wrung from General Hertzog a concession in writing that the points on which they disagreed would not be touched by the new Government: they merely agreed to disagree on them. He fought for terms within the meaning of the Statute of Westminster and assured the people of South Africa that they were not being asked to do something they should not be asked to do. The new Status Act, that pained Englishmen who thought of England as their

mother country, and understanding Boers with them, but that gave South Africa what Kruger would have called its "adult's wardrobe," came into being.

According to the Status Act:

South Africa is one of the autonomous communities within the British Empire as defined by the Statute of Westminster.

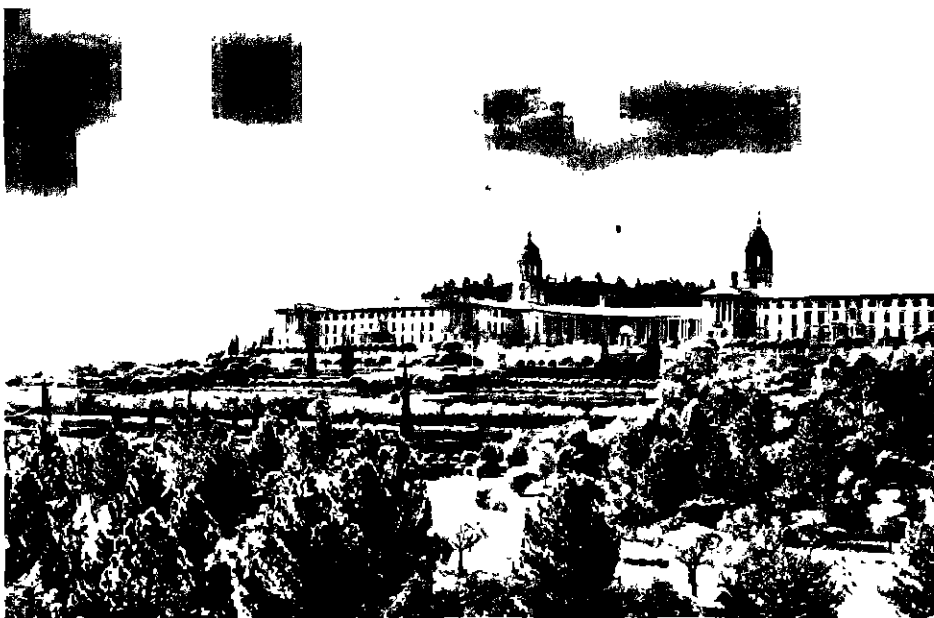
It is a sovereign independent state; the Union Parliament is its sovereign legislative power; the Executive Government of the Union is vested in the King (in effect, the Governor-General) acting on the advice of the Union Ministers; no Act of Parliament of the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland extends to the Union without the consent of the Union Parliament; the oath of allegiance is taken to the King—not in his capacity of King of England or any other part of the Empire, but as King of South Africa; nationality may be acquired through British nationality as well as through birth, domicile or nationalisation within the Union.

The parties of General Smuts and General Hertzog fused; but the ex-Predikant, disliking too much amiability, went, with a few followers, into opposition.

South Africa remains arguing what all this means: its sovereign independence, the divisibility of the Crown, South Africa's right of neutrality in war, England's claim to a naval base at Simonstown, near Cape Town. And to General Hertzog's horror the Status Act could not prevent South Africa from going to war in 1939 when the rest of the Commonwealth (except Eire) did so.



WILLEM ADRIAAN VAN DER STEL, AN EARLY CAPE GOVERNOR, ON HIS FARM, 1702
Wall painting by Jan Juta at South Africa House, London



THE UNION BUILDINGS
Pretoria, Transvaal

CHAPTER EIGHT

1

THERE are Englishmen in the Union who regret that nothing came of Lord Milner's plan of keeping British soldiers in South Africa after the Boer War, bringing out wives for them, and thus making a better balance between Boers and Britons in South Africa. They say Responsible Government, combined with Union, gave up to the Boers not only their old republics, but the old British colonies as well and that the Boers have taken advantage of their majority to work for themselves alone.

General Smuts, on the other hand, says that if England had not given the Boers Self-Government in 1906, Boer would not have stopped Boer from supporting Germany in 1914, and not only would there have been a new war in South Africa, but the Germans would have had their submarine bases in German East Africa and German South-West and the history of the war, and perhaps the world, might have been different. The fact that there were Boers in 1914—twelve years after the Boer War—who thought to take their opportunity against England is, after all, not as remarkable as the fact that other Boers were prepared to shed their blood with England's blood in the cause of humanity, and to give their lives for the word they pledged when they made peace in 1902; when England trusted them with Responsible Government; when they united themselves with the English in South Africa to become one people.

General Smuts replied to General Hertzog's opposition to entering the war of 1914:

"General Hertzog has said this is not our war. He has said the Government asks the House to agree to wage war on our peaceful neighbours. Whose war is it then if it is not our war?" . . .

"All this German talk, all this rumour of German sympathies," he said again, "has been spread by German commercial agents and German dealers, and I hope the people will realise that these Germans are placing a dagger in the heart of South Africa which they are eager to press home. . . . We have seen German South-West being used as a base for intrigue against this part of the Empire—for the undermining of our liberties and the seducing of our citizens. . . . We are all the more determined because we see how dangerous it is to have next door to us a neighbour such as the German Empire."

Nevertheless, the very Commandant-General of the Union forces led a rebellion that had, as its purpose, support of Germany, and he was drowned in attempting to get to German South-West. And now a thing took place even more striking than South Africa's participation in the Commonwealth's war. General Botha himself, to honour his bond, for the sake of a united nation, and that never again might there be war between Briton and Boer—led a force of Boers—none but Boers—against their rebelling brothers, and then went with a South African army to take German South-West, and after the war South Africa got the mandate over it. General Smuts went to German East Africa to command all the forces there, and then went to England and became a member of the British War Cabinet.

And, "Not only," said General Smuts at the end of the East African campaign, "have we, in co-operation with the Imperial forces there, conquered German East Africa, but we have secured a voice in the ultimate disposal of this sub-continent . . . and we have done our duty, and nobody will be able to say we have been petty or small and have been concerned with our petty affairs and not done our great duty in the great world."

And after the war he said:

"Do not let us pit our small handful against the world. . . . You have a great country, a great continent with great mineral resources. . . . You will not be allowed to remain in Naboth's vineyard. . . . In a state of isolation you will always be in danger. To-day we are part of the British Empire, part of the greatest, most powerful Empire of the world. We have not only the protection of that Empire, but we have also the protection of other powerful influences. . . . We have received a position of equality and freedom, not only among the other states of the Empire, but among the other nations of the world. Shall we now throw away all these advantages to get back to our old antheap? . . . It is dangerous, it paralyzes a people, to live in the past . . ."

Hitler spread over Germany. All the world knew in its heart, even if it lied with its lips, that again Germany was going to make war. And in South Africa everything was again as twenty-five years ago. Again the Germans, given the

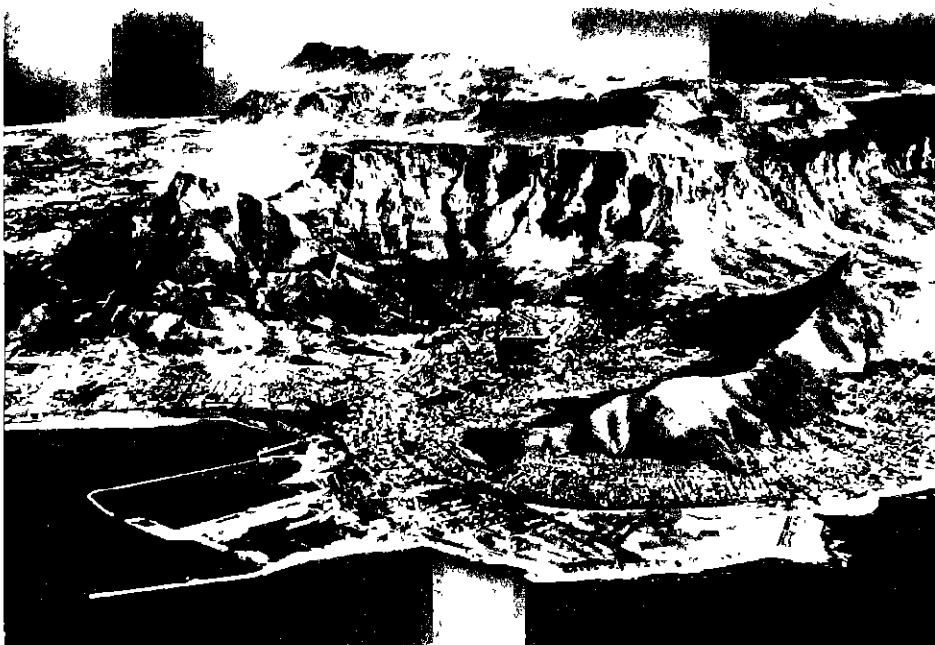


GROOT CONSTANTIA
A typical Cape Homestead
Painting by R. Gwelo Goodman at South Africa House, London



CECIL RHODES 1853—1902
Oil painting by S. P. Kendrick

By courtesy of the Rhodes Trustees



THE CAPE PENINSULA
A view taken from the air

rights of Union citizens in South-West Africa, were using it as a "base for intrigue" against the Union and seducing Union citizens; again South Africa's defence was in the hands of a man whose heart (not unnaturally, since he was German) turned towards the enemy; again South Africa was set for civil war; again General Hertzog said: "Here is a war in which the Union has not the slightest interest," and that he did not believe the German Chancellor was out to dominate the world. He moved in Parliament "the existing relations between the Union of South Africa and the various belligerent countries will, in so far as the Union is concerned, persist unchanged and continue as if no war is being waged."

And again General Smuts replied:

"We are up against vital issues for the present and the future of the country. . . . It would be wrong and it would be fatal for this country not to sever relations with Germany, to continue to treat Germany, after what has happened, as the Prime Minister proposes, as a friend, and to continue on the same footing as if nothing had happened in the world. . . . If we do this now, if, on an occasion like this when, not only Great Britain, but our friends in the British Commonwealth of Nations have declared war and severed relations with Germany, if we should dissociate ourselves markedly, conspicuously and deliberately from their policy and say that Germany is our friend and that

we shall continue to deal with her on a friendly basis—if we do that we shall get what we deserve. And the day will come, and is not far off, when the same measures will be applied to us. And when the day of trouble comes, as it is bound to come, and we are faced with the demand for the return of South-West Africa at the point of the bayonet, we shall have to say whether we are going to face that issue alone, because our friends will then be against us,” . . . and he moved an amendment to the Prime Minister’s motion:

“It is in the interests of the Union that its relations with the German Reich be severed and that the Union refuse to adopt an attitude of neutrality in the conflict.”

General Hertzog had said to his Cabinet before the meeting of Parliament: “I am going to remain neutral. Under no conditions will I allow South Africa to enter the war . . . Gentlemen, I am Prime Minister of this country. This is what I have decided upon.”

He did not think that Parliament could go against him. But he was defeated by eighty votes to sixty-seven; the Governor-General called upon General Smuts to form a new Government and South Africa was ready to fight for her place in civilization with her fellows of the British Commonwealth.

General Smuts became Minister of Defence and Commander-in-Chief of the Union forces as well as Prime Minister, and called for volunteers. Soon Boers and more and more of them, in as large a proportion as British, came forward to defend their common heritage of liberty; and Jews, seeing any war against Germany as peculiarly their war, and doubly valuing the liberty of South Africa, came in twice their proportion.

And South Africa, that had entered the war defenceless but for the British Navy, was presently ready to meet the enemy with its own men and its own machines—not only on the borders of the Union, but on far away African frontiers; in lands north of the equator; and as their special oath ran, anywhere in Africa.

And, even as these words were being written, General Smuts returned from flying eight thousand miles in eight days to see the Union’s forces and battlegrounds in “the North” and confer with Mr. Eden and General Wavell at Khartoum. In July, 1943, a fresh general election was held giving General Smuts a great victory. He increased his majority from 13 to 67, thus showing that the country endorses his policy of toleration and collaboration with the other Dominions as an integral part of the British Commonwealth of Nations. In South Africa a trek is once more in progress—not an imitation trek, this time, of play-acting people on ox wagons bidding us go back a hundred years while the enemy batters at our gate, a trek of real men and real machines occupied with the day’s real things, travelling along three and a-half thousand miles of South African roads to show their countrymen what they are and what they have and why they should come too to make the Union fit to live in a hundred years hence, and to help save civilization for the whole world.

INDIA

SIR FIROZKHAN NOON

A GENERAL PICTURE OF INDIA TODAY

IN ages past India was an island separated by sea from her northern mountains, the Himalayas. This area gradually filled with silt brought down from the mountains and formed a fertile plain. To the north the mountain barrier stretches from Kashmir to Burma; its long range crested with snow peaks, including Mount Everest and Kanchenjunga, and its lower slopes clad with dense forests.

The length and breadth of India is about two thousand miles each way, with a coast line of four thousand miles. Out of a total area of 680 million acres in British India (Princely India apart), 40 per cent. is under cultivation, of which only 18 per cent. is irrigated, the rest depending on rain. The chief crops are wheat, rice, cotton, millet, oilseeds, tea, rubber and sugarcane.

The country as a whole is dry, depending on the monsoon for her annual prosperity. With the coming of the rains the intense heat is broken although the temperature from May remains high until the month of October when cooler weather returns.

Game abounds in the mountains and high plateaux of India; elephants, tiger, rhino and deer of all kinds, and gamebirds such as duck, chicken, quail and grouse, which are protected by law.

Fruit and flowers grow in profusion, and many varieties were introduced by the Moghuls from Persia, particularly in the North Western area. There are to be found orchards of almond, peach and apricot, whereas further south the main fruits are mangoes, bananas, passion-fruit and peepaws.

At the time of the Aryan invasion (about 2000 B.C.), India was inhabited by a Dravidian race, a dark-skinned pastoral people, probably with Scythian blood in their veins. The fair-skinned Aryan invaders from the Central Asian plateau (whose prayers to their gods were for a thousand snowy winters), waged fierce war on the aborigines, drove them from the plains of Northern India, and reduced those who remained to a station of the lowest caste. They



THE LIDAR VALLEY
Kashmir

were called Sudras, and to them were allotted the most menial tasks; they acted as sweepers and executioners. Manu, the Hindu legislator, in his Institute (*circa* 600 B.C.) laid down these rules for their treatment. "Their abode shall be out of towns; their sole property shall consist of dogs and asses; their only clothes shall be those left by the dead; their ornaments shall be of rusty iron, and they shall wander from place to place, and no respectable person shall have intercourse with them."

The ancient legend of the Ramayana, in which the fair Sita, wife of Rama, is carried off by the black Demon King Ravan of Ceylon, has its basis in the warfare between the Dravidian aborigines and the Aryan invaders. As the centuries passed, other invaders swept through the mountain passes: Greeks, Tartars, Mongols, Persians, Turks and Afghans, all of whom imparted some of the characteristics of their race,

tradition and culture to the people of Northern India.

South of a line drawn from Bombay to Calcutta are people of mainly Dravidian blood, darker in colour and smaller of stature than the Aryan stock of the North, and in the hills of Southern India completely primitive tribes are still to be found.

The Himalayas and Burma are inhabited by people of mainly Mongol blood, stocky of figure, with high cheekbones, whereas the people of the North West Frontier and Kashmir have the scimitar noses of Semitic origin.

Throughout India such extreme of race are to be found in the outlying regions; in the far South, whence they were driven before invading armies, and in the Northern borderlands where trade routes through the mountain passes introduced new races. In the old days these routes linked up with the

great camel routes of Central Asia; through the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan and Russia, through Gilgit in Kashmir to Turkestan, with its markets at Samarkand and Bokhara, through the Simla hills and Darjeeling to Thibet, and through Burma to China.

With their long line of sea coast, the Indians have always been a sea-faring people; they built their own ships and plied a long-shore trade, eastwards to the Malayan coast and westwards to Arabia and the Persian Gulf.

India's modern maritime prosperity can be seen to-day in her flourishing sea-ports—Karachi, Bombay, Madras and Calcutta, the latter being the second largest city in the British Empire.

India contains one-sixth of the world's population, and one twenty-sixth of its area. Her 352 million people (1931 census) constitute 75 per cent. of His Majesty the King Emperor's subjects.

INDIA THROUGH THE AGES

INDIA'S civilisation and culture are among the proudest in the world. Throughout her history up to the time of her contact with European traders, India knew only one form of government, and that was monarchical, and seldom was the whole country under one ruler.

There are two periods which stand out prominently as the peaks of Aryan and Moghul cultures.

Little is known of India before the Aryan invasion about 2000 B.C. Archaeological investigations in Mysore have discovered cities which reveal a civilisation existing as far back as 10000 B.C. The people then living in North Western India grew wheat and lived a pastoral life, not perhaps very different from life in the outlying villages in India today. At Mohenjo Daro in Sind, and Harappa in the Punjab, cities and towns, with houses of brick and stone and paved streets, dating from 3000 B.C., have been discovered. The town dwellers wore clothes made of cotton, they had ornaments of gold and silver and in their houses they had stone baths.

The most important epoch in the history of the Indo-Aryan civilisation culminated in the reign of Asoka (c. 264 B.C.), the king who brought for the first time the whole of India, Afghanistan, and Baluchistan into a single political entity. Buddha was born about 560 B.C. and under Asoka, Buddhism became the dominant religion of India, whence it was carried by Indian monks to China and the Far East where also went her wares carried by her merchants.

Asoka was a monarch in the real sense, and his laws were engraved on stone pillars, set up throughout his empire. He was the first Indian to revolt against the taking of life. At one time, thousands of animals were killed in



PART OF A CHART OF THE INDIAN OCEAN
Published in the *Itinerario* of Jan van Linschoten, 1596

his kitchens but, after he accepted Buddhism he permitted only one antelope and one peacock to be killed each day. It was at this time that vegetarianism took root in India.

The next epoch of Indian history opens with the Moslem invasion, which began in the eleventh century, contemporary with the Norman invasion of Britain. Mahmud of Ghaznavi carried out raids from the North West, mainly for the purposes of plunder and the capture of slaves, and each successive



AKBAR RECEIVING NEWS OF THE BIRTH OF HIS SON WHILST
WATCHING AN ELEPHANT FIGHT IN 1570

Miniature from an illustrated MS of the *Akbarnamah* ("History of the
reign of Akbar"), Moghul School, late 16th Century

invader, of whom Tamerlane was one, penetrated deeper into India, until finally, in the 15th century, Baber became the first Moghul emperor. The Moslems ruled in India for nearly 700 years until they were ousted by the British.

Of the Moslem epoch, the reign of Akbar in the 17th century marks the peak. He gathered around him ministers and courtiers belonging to all religions, poets, painters, writers, mathematicians and holy men of all faiths flocked to his court and sought his patronage. Akbar attempted to lay the foundations of a new religion by the merging of Islam and Hinduism. Although a Moslem he married a Hindu princess and his son, the next emperor, did likewise. Akbar recodified the laws, regularised the system of land tenure and the collection of taxes, and gave great impetus to Indian agriculture and industry, which was organised in guilds. To this day, streets can be found, named after the professions they housed: the Street of the Painters, the Street of the Cobblers, and so on.

India at this time held her own in the markets of the world, and it was not until the development of the heavy steel industry in the West, supported by European capitalism, that she lost her place. The first contact made by Western traders was for the purchase of calicoes from Bengal and Dacca muslins, so fine that a strip a yard wide could be passed through a finger ring. London in those days bore no comparison with Dacca in its prosperity and splendour, and no country in the world produced finer silks, wool and cotton cloth, and cloth of gold. The gold brocades of Benares found their way to all parts of the world. These have been of such fine quality that, even to this day, they have withstood European competition. Whereas Asoka unified India through spiritual influence and the acceptance of Buddhism, Akbar maintained his dominion by military and political conquests, social reforms, and industrial and agricultural progress. Throughout all these periods India had no elected representative legislatures as known in the West. It was always a case of rule by one man whose word was law.

Contemporary with Akbar was Queen Elizabeth of England, who, in 1600, granted the first charter to the East India Company. The English, however, were not the only traders to be attracted by India's great riches. The Portuguese and the Dutch, whose trade was mainly in spices, were already established and were supplanted by the English and French merchants.

In 1757, the defeat of the French general Dupleix by Clive at Plassy made England the paramount trading power in India. The Moghul Empire had broken down, and India was splitting into separate kingdoms, some under Moslem sway, and others under the rule of Hindu princes. The European merchants, to protect their trade, entered into local intrigues by backing one princeling against another. The East India Company soon realised that the best way of selling their goods at a high price and buying Indian goods at a low price was to have a strong army and to enjoy political authority. Consequently they went from conquest to conquest and, with the aid of locally recruited Indian troops, added province after province to their dominions.



OLD EAST INDIA WHARF
Oil painting by P. Monamy, 1670-1749

until, towards the middle of the 19th century, they held sway over practically the whole of India.

The East India Company enjoyed a monopoly of Indian trade until the year 1813. They bought goods at the prices they were willing to pay and sold goods at the prices they could extract.

The inventions in the latter half of the 18th century connected with the power loom, and the jealousy of other capitalists in England, brought about the abolition of the East India Company's monopoly on Indian trade. From 1813 all English traders enjoyed equal trading rights. By an act of 1858, Her Majesty's Government took over the control of the East India Company. By the Proclamation of 1877 Queen Victoria assumed a closer personal relationship with India and the Indian Princes, and took the title of Queen-

Empress of India. At this time, British administrators laid the foundations of a system of government which has been gradually modelled by democratic principles, such as have held sway in England for centuries past. The Company's agents were replaced by highly paid and honest Civil Servants.

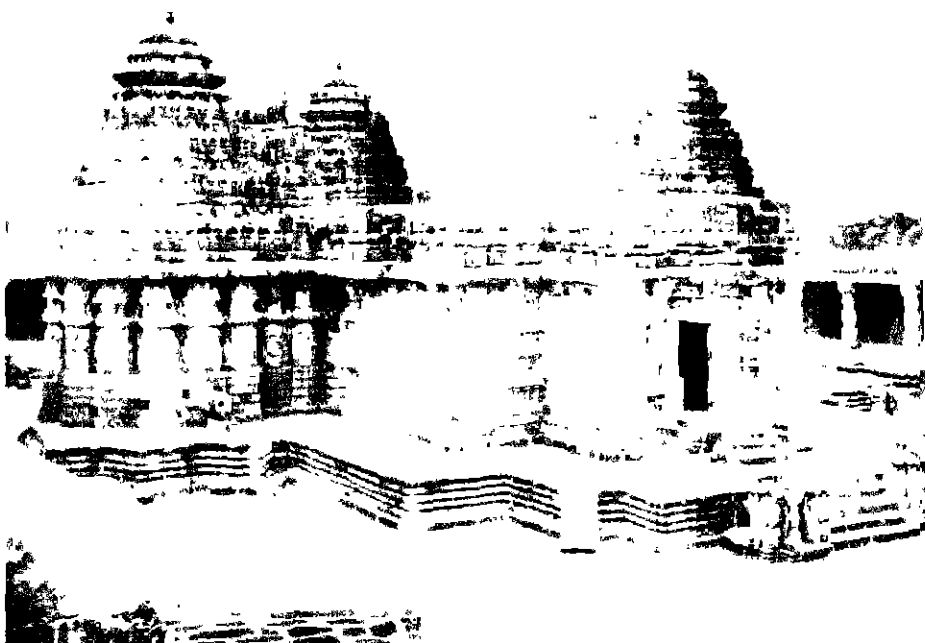
It is hardly possible to say whether representative and democratic institutions would ever have come into existence if India had continued to be ruled by her own monarchs. If the connection of Great Britain with India means nothing else, it has at least endowed the people of India with the traditions of Cromwell and of the Mother of Parliaments, and with a common system of railways, roads, telegraphs, telephones, and a common modern language—English—as a medium of conversation all over the country. Out of a pastoral Indian civilisation has arisen a new and vigorous modern India, now capable of competing with Europe on her own standards of industry and finance.

RELIGION AND CULTURE

THERE is no country in the world where so many varieties of religions, creeds and beliefs are to be found as in India. The main religions are:—

Hinduism

It is difficult to say when Hinduism started. It is not a religion based on one book like that of the Christians, Jews and Moslems. The Vedas, which propound monotheism (about 2500–2000 B.C.) are claimed to be revealed books, but the Hinduism of today is not based only on what is stated in the Vedas. It has been influenced by the religious thought and literature of every age, and besides the Vedas, the Puranas and the Mahabharatta (composed in the 6th–4th centuries B.C.) are also sacred books of the Hindus. It is a philosophy more than a codified religion, and it has grown with the advance of time into a system of ethics and morality under which there is room for human beings of widely different mental capacity. Within the fold of Hinduism one can find people who worship stones and trees at one end and the highest thinkers and philosophers at the other. The Hindus have a culture as ancient and as great as any in the world. They are a most refined, cultivated and enlightened people. About 68 per cent. of the people of India are Hindus, and among these are included what are called “depressed classes,” or exterior caste Hindus. These constitute between one-fourth and one-fifth of the Hindu population, or about one-seventh of the total population of India. They are a great problem to-day, for they have not the full religious rights possessed by high-caste Hindus and are not admitted as of right into all Hindu temples. It is this treatment at the hands of the caste Hindus which is pushing



TEMPLE OF KESAVA 13TH CENTURY
Somnathpur, Mysore

the exterior caste into the fold of Christianity and Islam. In its most powerful period Hinduism absorbed and conquered all other religions. Hinduism has been enriched and brought up to date in accordance with the advance of time, and this has been its great source of strength, its value and its charm. With the arrival of Islam and Christianity, Hinduism, in order to resist their impact, withdrew itself into a shell of social seclusion; anything touched by Moslem or Christian became polluted or unworthy of being eaten by an orthodox Hindu; and since it refused to adopt any of the ethics of the two new religions it failed to absorb them. According to orthodox Hinduism a man can only be *born* a Hindu and cannot become one by conversion, but there are several modern Hindu proselytising movements, *e.g.*, the Arya Samaj of north-western India, under which Moslems and Christians can accept Hinduism. Hindus cannot marry outside their religion. There is one continuous religious fight in India as to which religion can gain predominance in the country, and unless the people of India can divorce religion from politics—and there are few signs of their doing so—there seems little hope of their genuine co-operation in matters political and economic.

The ancient Aryans divided their people into four classes :—

<i>Brahmins</i>	..	..	Priests and repositories of all learning.
<i>Kshatrias</i>	..	..	The fighters.
<i>Vaish</i>	..	..	The farmers and labourers.
<i>Shudras</i>	..	..	The menials and the low castes.



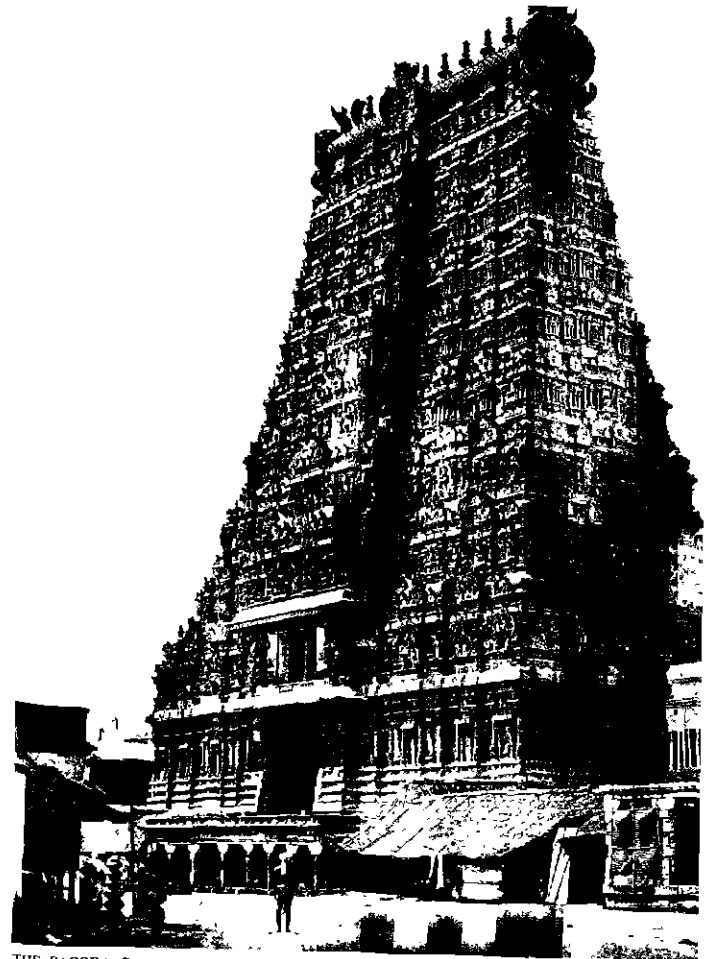
THE DANCING SIVA
Figure in copper Madras, 10th-13th Century

These classes may in other words be described as the head, the sword, the toiling body and the feet of the body social.

The Hindus, unlike the Jews, Christians and Moslems, do not believe in a Day of Judgment or a next world, but they believe in the theory of transmigration of soul, more correctly rebirth. According to this theory, a man is born lucky or unlucky according to whether his deeds in the previous life were good or bad. It is claimed that this is the only way of explaining why some people are born with a silver spoon in their mouths and others in penury. It certainly proves to be an excellent incentive for contentment and good behaviour in this world. A man by his continuous good deeds during the course of several births can attain purification and atonement with Brahma, the original spirit from which his soul took life.

Abu-al-Fazal, a Wazir and author of "Institutes of Akbar," describes the Hindus in the following passage, taken from Gladwin's translation :—

"Summarily, the Hindus are religious, affable, courteous to strangers, cheerful, enamoured of knowledge, fond of inflicting austerities upon themselves, lovers of justice, given to retirement, able in business, grateful, admirers



THE PAGODA GATEWAY MADURAI
Madras

of truth, and of unbounded fidelity in all their dealings. Their character shines brightest in adversity. Their soldiers know not what it is to fly from the field of battle, but when the success of the combat becomes doubtful, they dismount from their horses and throw away their lives in payment of the debt of valour. Frequently they hamstring their horses, to deprive themselves of the means of flight, and thus rendered desperate, soon bring the battle to a successful issue. They have great respect for their tutors, and make no account of their lives, when they can devote them to the service of God.

"They one and all believe in the unity of the Godhead, and although they hold images in high veneration, yet they are by no means idolaters, as the ignorant suppose. I have myself frequently discoursed upon the subject with many learned and upright men of this religion, and comprehend their doctrine, which is, that the images are only representations of celestial beings, to whom they turn themselves whilst at prayer, to prevent their thoughts from wandering, and they think it an indispensable duty to address the Deity after that manner.

"In all their prayers they implore blessings from the sun.

"They consider the supreme being to be above all labour, believing Brahma to be the creator of the world, Bishen its providence and preserver, and Roodre (who is also called Mahadeo) its destroyer.

"Without compliment, there are to be found in this religion men who have not their equal in any other for their godliness, and their abstinence from sensual gratifications.

"They reckon the universe to have had no beginning, but some of them believe that it will have an end, as will be spoken of hereafter.

"It is astonishing that if any man of another caste wants to become a Brahmin he is not allowed, neither may a Brahmin change his caste.

"They have no slaves among them.

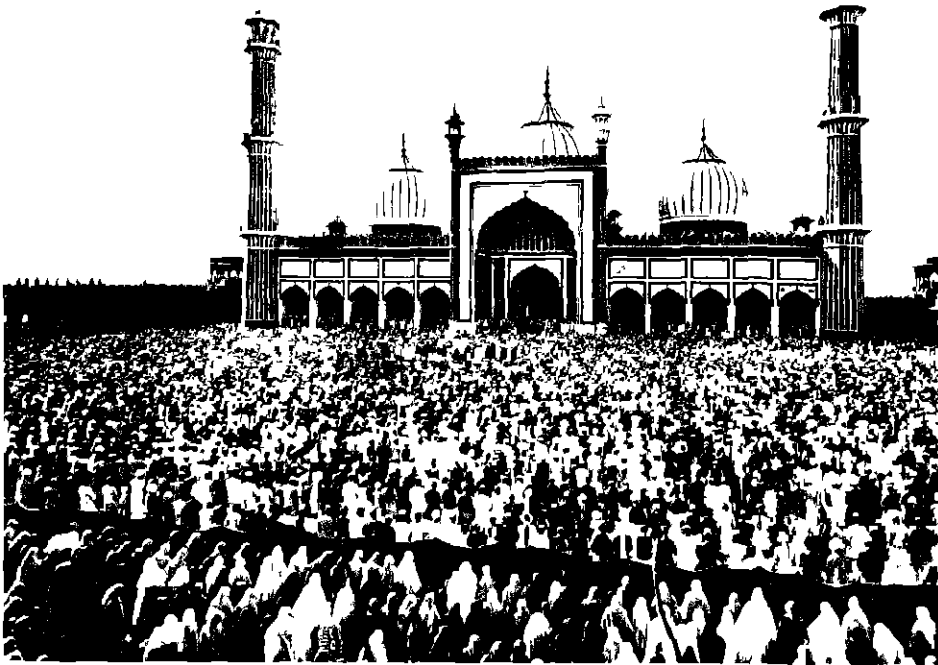
"When they go to war, or are attacked by an enemy, they put all their women together in one place, which they surround with wood, straw and oil, and some stony-hearted men are left with them, who, when those engaged in battle have no hopes of preserving their lives, set fire to the pile and reduce the women to ashes.

"If any person in distress flies to them for protection, although he be a stranger, they take him by the hand and will defend him at the expense of their property, reputation and life.

"Formerly it was the custom to decide the fate of battle by single combat, but now this method is not followed."

Islam

The number of Moslems in India is 22 per cent of the total population (1931). They are to be found concentrated mostly in North Western India, from which direction the Moslem invaders came, and also in Bengal and Assam. The Moslems' entry into India dates from the first Arab invasion (A.D. 712) when Mohammed Bin Quasim conquered Sind.



THE GREAT MOSQUE
Delhi

The Prophet himself died in A.D. 632, and he, like Moses and Jesus, was honoured as a direct descendant of Abraham. The Koran—the holy book of the Moslems—says: “Oh Mohammed, you have brought no new religion to the world. You are only a confirmer of the truth brought before you by Abraham, Moses and Christ.” Every Moslem is as well a Jew and a Christian. According to the Koran God is one, begotten of none and begetting none. The religion He sent through Abraham and his three descendants Moses, Jesus and Mohammed, was one and the same. This religion is called Islam, an Arabic word meaning “resignation to the will of God.” These three prophets are called Moslems, which also is an Arabic word signifying a person who is resigned to the will of God. According to Islam, the Jewish, Christian and Moslem religions are only different editions of the same religion, because it is claimed that as time passes some commands are cancelled and new ones given to the people. Every person accepting Islam has to declare his faith in Abraham, Moses, Christ and Mohammed—all three are on an equal footing, and the names of all are mentioned specifically at the time of the conversion ceremony. Islam is a proselytising movement. A Moslem can marry a Jewish or a Christian woman without the latter having to change her religion. A Moslem woman is not in a similarly fortunate position, for she cannot marry a non Moslem without giving up her religion. This law has no doubt helped to increase the number of the faithful. The Moslems believe in one God who is the God of all the worlds and beside Him there is no other God.

The Koran says: "Oh Mohammed, the only difference between you and other men is that I have chosen you to convey my word to the people."

Moslems are forbidden blood, the flesh of the pig and animals which have died a natural death. About drink the Koran says: "There are gains and there are harms in intoxicants and gambling, but their harms are more than their gains. Therefore avoid them." This advice on the part of God was taken as being tantamount to a command, and the moment it was received the drains of Mekka flowed with wine poured out by the Moslems.

The essentials of Islam are fasting, prayer, pilgrimage and a 2½ per cent. annual levy on all accumulated gold and jewellery, and this money is spent for the relief of the poor. The religion is based on simplicity, austerity of life and the equality of Man. The Koran lays down a law of perfect equality among men and women. Under Islam girls have always inherited property and no person can by will deprive his heirs of their due share in his property.

The Moslems believe that the life in this world is momentary, and that the real life is in the next world, but on the Day of Judgment every man will be judged by his deeds in this world. They were fired by Mohammed's spirit and faith in a living God, and in order to please Him they vied one with another in winning His pleasure. Their simple life, few needs, and entire disregard for the pleasures of this world, at one time made them masters of all the countries from Peking to Vienna and the Loire in France. Moslems ruled for 700 years in Spain and for a similar period in India. They destroyed all idols; even the painting of the human form was considered idolatrous and banned. All music, except hymns in praise of God and the Prophet, was also forbidden. Under Islam punishment for sexual immorality has always been death. Among the Moslems of India there is apparent a religious awakening which may rebuild for them through sacrifice and industry a place from where, in co-operation with their other countrymen, they may still take a great part in shaping the future destiny of their Motherland.

Christianity

There are over 6 million Christians in India to-day and their numbers are increasing every year. They are mainly converts from exterior castes in South India; but many high-class Indian families have also accepted Christianity. The vast majority are Roman Catholics. Conversions have been influenced not a little by the fact that the ruling power, in whose hands was concentrated all the patronage, was Christian. But be it said to the credit of the British that under their administration in India religious freedom has been as great and as jealously guarded as anywhere in the world. Now that the political power has for all practical purposes passed into the hands of elected Indian provincial legislatures with responsible ministers, the Christian missionary movement may undergo a new orientation.

Sikhism

There are over 4 million Sikhs in India of whom 3½ million live in the Punjab. Their holy book is the Granth Sahib. Their Mekka is at Amritsar

in the Punjab, in which province the vast majority of them lead an agricultural and martial life. Their religion was started by Baba Nanak in the Punjab. He was a great Hindu philosopher and made a very sincere effort to combine the Hindu and the Moslem religions. Guru Nanak died in 1538. He was known to have made a journey to Mekka which the Moslems claimed was a pilgrimage, but the Hindus said that it was only a journey without any religious significance.

The Sikhs, like the Moslems, believe in one god and do not worship idols. They have their separate temples. They intermarry with the Hindus but not with the Moslems. They cremate their dead like the Hindus and, like them, eat no beef.

Buddhism and Jainism

Buddhism and Jainism were more or less contemporary religions. Since the separation of Burma from India very few Buddhists are left in India. For practical political purposes, neither they nor the Jains exist. The Jains, however, still claim within their fold some of the richest Marwari merchants of Rajputana, Central India and Kathiawar. Both are vegetarians, and Jains pay such regard to the sacredness of life that they go to the extent of putting a muslin cloth in front of their noses with a view to protecting themselves against the sin of swallowing germs which they might breathe in with the air. They are atheists and do not believe in the next world. The Buddhists believe in the theory of Karma—purification through good deeds—and the Jains' faith is similar. They do not believe in a Day of Judgment.



BUDDHA SEATED UNDER THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE
Stele Mayurbhanj, 11th Century

Zoroastrianism

Parsees are known to have come into Bombay from Persia. They worship fire. Their total strength in the whole of India is about 109,000, and of these over 57,000 reside in Bombay city. They are mainly merchants, financiers, and leaders of industry and, as a community, they are well off as Indian standards go.

CITIES

THE great cities of India form links with the past, both through their architecture and their associations. Delhi, Agra and Lahore, in their forts and their palaces, recall the days of splendour of the Moghul Empire, Madura, Mysore and Hyderabad the rich culture of the south. Benares stands as the chief religious centre for the Hindus with its shrines and temples massed along the banks of the sacred river Ganges, whither come countless pilgrims, to pay their devotions.

The days of John Company are recalled by the names of Madras, Trichinopoly, Cawnpore and Lucknow, whilst to-day the most modern and flourishing cities are the great ports of Calcutta, Bombay, Karachi and Madras, with their industrial counterparts in the cities of Ahmedabad and Jamshedpur.

Only seven cities in India have a population of more than 400,000, and only thirty-nine more than 100,000, not more than 4 per cent of India's total population live an urban life.

Originally, before the days of railways and metalled roads, the most flourishing towns were along the river banks, for it was by river that most of the merchandise was carried. To-day, the situation has changed. All foreign imported goods, Indian raw materials and other products are transported by train, and thus the centre of gravity has changed, and small market towns have been established along the railway lines. In these centres the country folk sell their produce and buy what they need for their own consumption and pay in cash, unlike transactions in the villages where a barter system still prevails. Many of these small towns are famous for local industries, such as fine handweaving and dyeing of exquisite shawls and saris, brassware and ivory work, or for the making of elegant gold embroidered slippers. But these crafts, unfortunately, are now giving place to small factories, hardly factories in the big sense of the word, but workshops, where from ten to fifty people are employed on such industries as carpet-making and cigarette-rolling.

The main life of these little towns seems to centre round the bazaars, where sweetmeat sellers display their sticky viands, next to chandlers shops and cobblers, brass workers and weavers, and here a dense throng moves continually under the shades of the deep awnings.





BUILDING THE FORT AT AGRA IN 1565
Moghul Miniature of the Akbar School from the
Akbarnamah, c. 1590

Religious festivals play a prominent part in the life of these towns. The Hindu festival of Dewali is an occasion for great rejoicing, and the flat roofs of the houses are illuminated with myriads of small lamps, oil cups in which burn cotton wicks. The effect is like brilliant starlight, as the lamps flicker and dance in the black night.

There is also a Hindu festival, called Holi, when coloured water is sprinkled over everyone's clothes, and endless processions carrying gaily decorated shrines and idols make their way round the town.

The chief Moslem festival is Id, at the end of the month of Ramadan (fasting), when all cities in which Moslems predominate are *en fête*.

City administration, as in England, is performed by an elected Municipal Committee, which has powers to raise money by taxation. The usual method in the towns is by octroi duties,

except for water, which is the subject of direct taxation. This is resented, for the people in the small towns prefer indirect taxation.

The municipalities are endeavouring to cope with the problems bequeathed to them from ancient times. Attempts are being made to improve housing conditions, for the towns being crowded with narrow streets and over-populated quarters, have produced serious health problems. Dust is a terrible nuisance; no municipality has yet been able to cope with this problem, for many of the roads are still inadequately tarred. Some attempts have also been made to provide small parks and playgrounds, but these are few and far between. Hospitals have been built and are concentrated in the larger towns where the Health Officers have their headquarters.



BENARES
United Provinces

Thus the cities and towns of India present a strange contrast, the mediæval beauty of twisted streets with overhanging gables on the one hand, and on the other the broad thoroughfares and steel constructed edifices of the modern commercial city.

RURAL LIFE

NINETY per cent of the total population of India live by agriculture. Only two per cent are engaged in modern industry. India, therefore, is still an agricultural country.

Land is held, according to Indian law, by the sons of the family, among whom it is divided equally, but this fragmentation of hereditary holdings has reached uneconomic limits. In the Punjab the average holding is only five acres.

The peasant farmers of India are, for the most part, illiterate but industrious. Illiteracy has tended to retard agricultural development, with the result that under proper scientific guidance, which is largely lacking, the agricultural output could be enormously increased. Agricultural colleges and farms have been established in many provinces, but such is the backwardness of farming methods and the illiteracy of the peasants that the dissemination of knowledge has so far made little progress. Some of these colleges and farms have, however, achieved some notable successes in improving seeds. About twenty years ago a new wheat was developed at one of these institutions in the Punjab which trebled the wheat output per acre. In the Punjab also, experiments are continually being carried out for the improvement of cottons; nowadays the 4 F American inch staple cotton, is commonly sown. But an improved variety has been evolved, the L S S (Labh Singh Selection) which has a longer staple and gives a larger output per acre.

Down through the ages of India's history, the vast majority of farmers have depended for their prosperity on the vagaries of the monsoon. In consequence, at an early stage, irrigation was resorted to in order to escape the effects of the frequent droughts. But droughts and famines persisted until modern times. Today, however, the worst features of the famines have been abolished by the construction of a large number of dams, by controlling irrigation from rivers, and by the giant modern irrigation schemes which have been built during the last fifty years.

Cattle are bred in vast numbers. It is said that in all India their number amounts to over 152 millions. But they are of poor quality for lack of good breeding and proper food. Similarly the milk yield, as compared with European standards, is very small. The average milking capacity of a cow is only about four pints per day. Several provincial governments tried the experiment of importing pedigree bulls from Europe, but this was not found either practical or successful. Instead they are now attempting to improve the indigenous breeds by selection, and from this very notable results have already been recorded, and the milking capacity of the cows greatly improved.

There are throughout India some 700,000 villages, and each village is a complete communal entity. Every such community has its hereditary farmers,

whose only occupation is to till the soil; and during the off-season with no farm work to be done they remain idle. According to Indian law, land is divided equally among the sons with the result that the small holdings are often uneconomic units.

Each village has also its own headman and its own watchman. The former, as his title suggests, is the most important personage in his community. As such he is responsible for the collection of land taxes, of which he receives 5 per cent. The watchman is appointed by the headman, and is the link between the police and the higher authorities and the headman. He, too, is paid by the community at the rate of 4d. per hearth per annum, which he has to collect himself from the residents.

There are also in each village the "menials"—the blacksmith for sharpening the ploughshare, making locks and repairing the cooking utensils; the carpenter, the potter and the washerman. This latter does little washing, his chief function being to dye the local loom-made cloth with which the women make their bedding and their wedding clothes.

Every village has its own barber, its own weavers, winnowers and minstrels. The duty of the minstrel is not only to sing on such occasions as marriages and betrothals, but also to remember by heart the genealogical trees of the leading peasant families. He also conveys all the invitations to betrothals and marriages and news of births and deaths to relatives in distant villages.

All these professions are hereditary. The carpenter's son will be a carpenter, the minstrel's son a minstrel. Here we see that the life of India is indeed unchanging.



THE POTTER
Agra, United Provinces

In each village there is yet another personage who is perhaps more important than any other, the Bania, the man who enables the wheels to turn and the life of the village to continue—the money-lender. He is usually the shopkeeper as well. The whole existence of Indian agriculture depends upon him. From the money-lender the farmer borrows the price of the bullocks and the seeds for his crops. In the vast majority of cases the whole of the farmer's crop finds its way into the money-lender's shop, and he will have to depend for the rest of the year on his borrowings for practically every one of his daily needs, even for his salt and pepper and the vegetable oil for his lamps. Again marriages and deaths cost money; people who come from afar to attend funerals often stay the night and have to be fed. All this is paid for by borrowings from the money-lender.

The farmers of India pay more to the money-lender by way of interest than they pay to the Government by way of taxes. The ordinary modest rate of interest is 36 per cent. per annum compound; 50 per cent. is quite common, and 75 per cent. is often charged. If, during the ploughing, the farmer's bullock dies or, as often, is stolen by another needy farmer then, unless the money-lender is willing to lend him money, he is sure to lose the whole year's crop. The subserviency of Indian village economy to the money-lender is one of the central problems of the country. To curb his excesses on the one hand, and to counter his enormous influence and undermine his position on the other, two main measures have been adopted. Firstly the interest that a money-lender may charge has been limited by law. Recent legislation introduced by the Punjab Legislative Assembly has restricted the rate of interest on unsecured debts to 18 per cent., but this legislation is not yet general throughout the Indian states.

From the beginning of the century the co-operative movement has received great attention. Most of the Provinces have started co-operative credit societies and mortgage banks for farmers. The rate of interest charged by these societies is 12 per cent. per annum. Though they have not yet superseded the money-lender, some of the co-operative societies have been so successful that there have been cases where they have made loans free of any interest. In the Punjab, each district has its own central co-operative bank, and at the head of the central banks there is the Co-operative Union in the capital at Lahore, with a credit of nearly eight million pounds sterling.

The handling of money, that is cash, is hardly known in the villages where payments are made in kind. Even the women, when they go shopping, take wheat and cotton with them for their payments. But the use of money is creeping in slowly as money comes to be recognised as the main method of payment in the larger centres.

Frequently the only occasion on which the farmer handles cash is when he pays his Land Taxes, for these must be paid in money. During the Moghul days the Land Tax was charged in kind, and persons were appointed to act as farmers of Land Tax. Their exactions were often cruel. But with the introduction by the British Administration of money payments on fixed dates,



By courtesy of the British Museum

HINDOO WATER CARRIERS

Water colour by William Daniell 1769-1837



By courtesy of the British Library

AN INDIAN ROADSIDE SCENE
Berh Ju In near Gaya Bihar
Water colour by an unknown artist c 1810



A TEA GARDEN
Assam

peasants were forced into the clutches of the money-lenders, who charge such heavy rates of interest that the indebtedness continues from father to son, and from generation to generation. But there is one advantage in the cash payment of tax; every farmer knows what he has to pay, and he prefers this to the more indirect form of income tax. The Land Tax is assessed every forty years, and for that length of time the farmer knows what he has to pay annually. With income tax, he would have to reckon with tax assessments every year, and hampered by his ignorance and illiteracy he would have small idea of his tax liabilities. Theoretically the Land Tax which the landowner has to pay amounts to 50 per cent of his net annual income from his land, but in practice he seldom pays more than 25 per cent. He pays no income tax, no matter what his agricultural income may be.

The villagers and their womenfolk mostly wear the coarse cloth made by hand on the village looms. The somewhat rough jewellery they wear is made by the village goldsmith. When the prices of agricultural produce rise and there are a few rupees to spare, the farmer always invests in silver or gold jewellery, which forms his only reserve for the rainy day—dry day in India.



WOMEN CARRYING
BRASS AND EARTHENWARE WATER JARS

The villager eats simple food consisting of cereals and vegetables, supplemented, if he has a cow, with milk and butter. The vast majority seldom see meat; they cannot afford it. They eat, morning and evening, a wheaten cake with a little curry made of vegetables or cereals. Milk is not usually sold in the villages. There is a saying that the farmer will sell neither his son nor the milk of his cow, and since not every family has a cow, many go without milk or its by-products.

The general standard of living in the village is very low. The income per head per annum averages £5 as against approximately £100 in England ordinarily. The villager is contented, peaceful and law-abiding. His religion has not a little to do with his contentment.

The average Indian has a blind faith in God, and seems to live in the belief that all that happens in this world occurs according to the will of God. But the spread of education is now opening the eyes of the people and they are clamouring for better standards and for better lives. A Punjab poet, Sir Mohammed Iqbal, has written: "Live such a life that thy creator may ask you, 'Oh, my man, what is thy will?'" The fact that today there are a few educated men scattered about in the villages, men who can read books and newspapers, is bringing about a great awakening amongst the rural people. For the villager may be illiterate, yet he is as intelligent a farmer as any in the world and under proper guidance is capable of a great increase in efficiency.

The number of women in India is fewer than that of men and when a man is fortunate enough to have a wife he sticks to her. Among Moslems marriage is a civil contract and any condition laid down at the time of marriage is binding. For example, a man shall not marry a second wife; should he do so, the second marriage will be illegal and the children illegitimate. If



PLOUGHING FOR RICE
 One of India's most important crops

no such condition is laid down, he may marry as many as four wives. A divorce may, in practice, take place; this is performed in private before two witnesses. The Hindus, on the other hand, place no legal limit on the number of wives a man may marry; but there may be no divorce, no matter what the circumstances. In fact very few Moslems or Hindus have more than one wife, for the majority of villagers cannot afford more. Marriages are usually arranged and love matches are rare. Many a father tries to secure the future son-in-law's sister as a bride for his own son; she serves as a hostage for the good behaviour of the son-in-law. Child marriage is now forbidden by law.

The standard of morality in the villages is high. Perhaps this can be traced to the deep religious feeling that pervades Indian life. Each village has its own temple or mosque, according to the religion of the people. The priests are usually poor for they depend on the occasional offerings of the villagers, but they give to the people the simple rudiments of religious knowledge. Although the two religions, Moslem and Hindu, differ widely—for example, the Hindus pray individually, the Moslems pray in congregations—yet in the villages there is little of that communal strife which is today so prominent a feature of the cities.

The social life of the villages is enjoyed mostly by the men, for the women, except when they gather round the village wells or at the baker's oven or at the corn-grinding parlour, remain at home. But the men gather in the evenings in the village meeting places to smoke and exchange news or perhaps to settle disputes by simple methods of arbitration. The only occasion when the women foregather for a purpose is when a marriage is to be celebrated.

Then all the young girls from the neighbourhood collect on the roof of the bride's house and sing until the late hours of the evening. When they sing in chorus the music is enchanting. They usually beat a brass plate with their heavy silver rings and bang the mouth of an empty pitcher with a slipper to make a noise like a drum.

Marriages are usually celebrated in spring or summer, for the winters are cold and the guests would remain two nights and have to be given bedding, which the villagers cannot afford. No villager carries his bedding with him, his host must provide it for him. Only the wealthier classes travel with their bedding.

The villagers invariably live in mud houses and have practically no ventilation. They cook, eat and sleep in the same room. The average village consists of a cluster of mud houses with twisting, dusty and narrow streets. Morning and evening the villages are clouded by dust from the cattle as they move in and out.

The most valuable land and the best pasturage usually surrounds the village for the reason that these fields are most easily manured. Vegetables and fruit trees are grown near the village walls where the farmers are experienced enough to raise these crops, but the heavier Land Tax on vegetables and sugar-cane and fruits discourages their cultivation.

The unlimited number of pariah dogs and rats causes considerable damage both to crops and to human beings.

In many of the provinces *panchayats* have been started in the villages. These are statutory bodies elected by the adult males of the village for the purpose of local taxation and sanitation.

Some of the provincial governments have aided this work of rural sanitation, giving attention to the opening of ventilators, to the cleaning of the streets and the collection of manure in pits. They have established also an excellent system of vaccination against the former scourge of small-pox which as a result is now rare. Similarly cholera and plague have been diminished by de-ratting and by the disinfection of the wells. But the great problem of India still is the poverty of the people and the size of the population.

The disappearance of the prosperous industry of Akbar's days has thrown the whole population back into the villages, and today the pressure of population on the limited acreage of the land is more than the soil can bear.

A census is taken every ten years. At the last census, in 1931, it was found that the population had increased by 10.6 per cent. during the decade since 1921. It is the problem of these increasing numbers that baffles the administration in India, particularly when there is so little money to spend on the people. The vast majority of Indian farmers depend for their prosperity on the vagaries of the monsoon; but, owing to the number of dams and controlled irrigation—all done in the last 50 years—famines as they were known in the days of the old East India Company are unknown.

In India the gifts of nature are great. There is an abundance of sunshine which destroys the majority of germs. For six months in the year people can sleep out of doors and need few clothes. With the increasing application

of scientific knowledge to Indian agriculture there is every hope that within the next fifteen or twenty years, given proper guidance, the life of the village people can be improved enormously.

RAW MATERIALS, INDUSTRY AND DEFENCE

Raw Materials

The raw material wealth of India is unlimited. India occupies the first place in the world amongst countries that produce jute (98·8 per cent., practically a monopoly), tea (38·8 per cent.), ground nuts (37 per cent.), tobacco (22 per cent.), rice (40 per cent.). India is second in the world in the production of manganese ore, cotton, castor seed and sesame seed. These figures are not, however, a good guide to India's potential wealth. Although she produces only 1 per cent. of the world iron ore, yet her potential ore supplies, with 60 per cent. iron content, are the largest in the world. Her coal, although not of the best Welsh quality, is quite good enough for all industries and is to be found in seams a hundred feet wide. Government collieries which supply coal to railways are in the open air on the ground surface. The gold and silver mines of India are among the oldest in the world. Oil is also produced in India. She has unlimited quantities of bauxite (aluminium) and is the largest producer of beryl. Her production of wool can be greatly increased by means of scientific breeding of sheep.

All the Provincial Governments are making strenuous efforts, with the aid of scientific knowledge and research, to increase the output of Indian raw materials. The country as a producer of raw materials has greatly benefited by the Empire preference scheme, which has enabled her to increase her exports to the best purchaser in the world—England. Owing to the totalitarian world policy of currency restrictions, lack of foreign exchange, and the desire to achieve self-sufficiency, India's raw materials as well as finished goods are bound to capture, in ever increasing degrees, the markets under the British flag. Her low cost of production is also bound to win for her foreign markets to an increasing extent.

Industries

It is difficult to compute exactly the total number of people employed in industry in India. The Census of India Report of 1931 gives the number employed in industry as 17½ million, but this includes very large numbers who are not engaged in modern industry, such as a million carpenters, a million potters, a million barbers and a million washing and cleaning workers.

India produces in her own mills 85 per cent. of the cotton cloth she consumes, and of recent years she has been exporting large quantities of cloth

and yarn. Since 1929 she has installed over 150 up-to-date sugar mills, producing a million tons of white crystal sugar annually--her total demand, which was originally met entirely by imports. India is, in order of industrial importance, the seventh country in the world. A large number of subsidiary industries exist, producing articles of secondary importance. She is now in a position to meet the bulk of her home demand.

India has excellent armament factories which have existed for years past and which have sprung into great importance during the present war. India has been in a position, in the present war, to supply not only much of the Allied requirements of prepared articles for the armies in the Near and Far East, but she has also supplied large quantities of small arms and ammunition, shells, a thousand million sandbags, sets of web equipment, blankets, khaki drill, boots and greatcoats, and plans are on foot to manufacture aero engines. This contribution will greatly increase as time progresses. The rapid expansion of Indian industry grows apace.

India has 43,000 miles of railways, mostly Government-owned. North-Western India possesses the second largest irrigation system in the world after the U.S.A.--thirty million acres irrigated--no mean a contribution of British initiative towards protecting India from famines. The only shipping company whose capital is entirely Indian is the Scindia Steam Navigation Co., doing coastal trading with their 23 ships, but controlling another 40.

India possesses very up-to-date labour legislation regulating hours of work and protecting women and children. Children under 12 are not allowed to work in factories, nor are women allowed to work underground or at night. Workers are fully protected by law under the Workmen's Compensation Act. India is a member of the League of Nations and has enjoyed a permanent seat on the Governing Body of the International Labour Organisation at Geneva. There are more than 250 recognised trade unions in the country and the oldest are to be found in Government-owned railway workshops.

In 1931 the total income of the Central and Provincial Governments was £158 million only. Egypt with a population of 16 million had an estimated income of £41,643,499 in 1939-40, and Turkey with another 16 million people had an estimated revenue of £25,350,485 for the same year. Where the Indian people are able to contribute about 10s. per head to their governmental revenues (Central and Provincial), the British taxpayer contributes to his Government about £22 per head per annum.

India is bound to have an important role in the development of the British Empire and the whole of Asia. Her strategic position gives her an advantage in all neighbouring markets which is not possessed by any of her competitors. The existence of cheap and abundant raw materials, skilled labour (possessing 85 per cent. of Lancashire workmen's efficiency and costing only one-third), and technical ability, are bound to weigh in her favour.

Defence

The Indian Army consists of a standing army of 160,000 Indian and about 50,000 British troops. In addition to these there are large numbers of standing



FLOATING BAMBOO DOWN RIVER
Chittagong, Bengal

armies in the Indian States. The Indian Army is one of the most efficient in the world, and in the past has fought in many Imperial wars—in China and Singapore on the one side, and Mesopotamia, Africa, Palestine, Egypt, France and Belgium on the other. A very large increase has taken place in India's defence forces since the beginning of this war. During the Great War of 1914-18 India gave 2 million men, a million and a half trained men being sent overseas. Today she could provide twice or thrice that number without feeling the pressure.

India supplies 30,000 to 40,000 seamen for the British Merchant Navy. The Indian Navy, although small in numbers, has made an excellent beginning. It is quite distinct from the Royal Navy and has been co-operating with it in Indian waters ever since the outbreak of the war, from which time the personnel has been almost trebled. There is no doubt that India needs and must have a very strong Navy to keep the balance of power in the East.

The Indian Air Force is separate from the Royal Air Force, and is the newest arm of India's defence forces. The training of pilots is completed in

India in very up-to-date schools, and there are flying clubs where private citizens get training. A new reserve of 300 additional pilots and 2,000 mechanics has recently been created, but this is only the beginning. Indian National Airways and Tata's Airways are two companies which operate inside India. So far as accidents are concerned, they have the cleanest flying record in the world. An aeroplane factory is being built in Mysore, and an airways company links all provincial capitals.

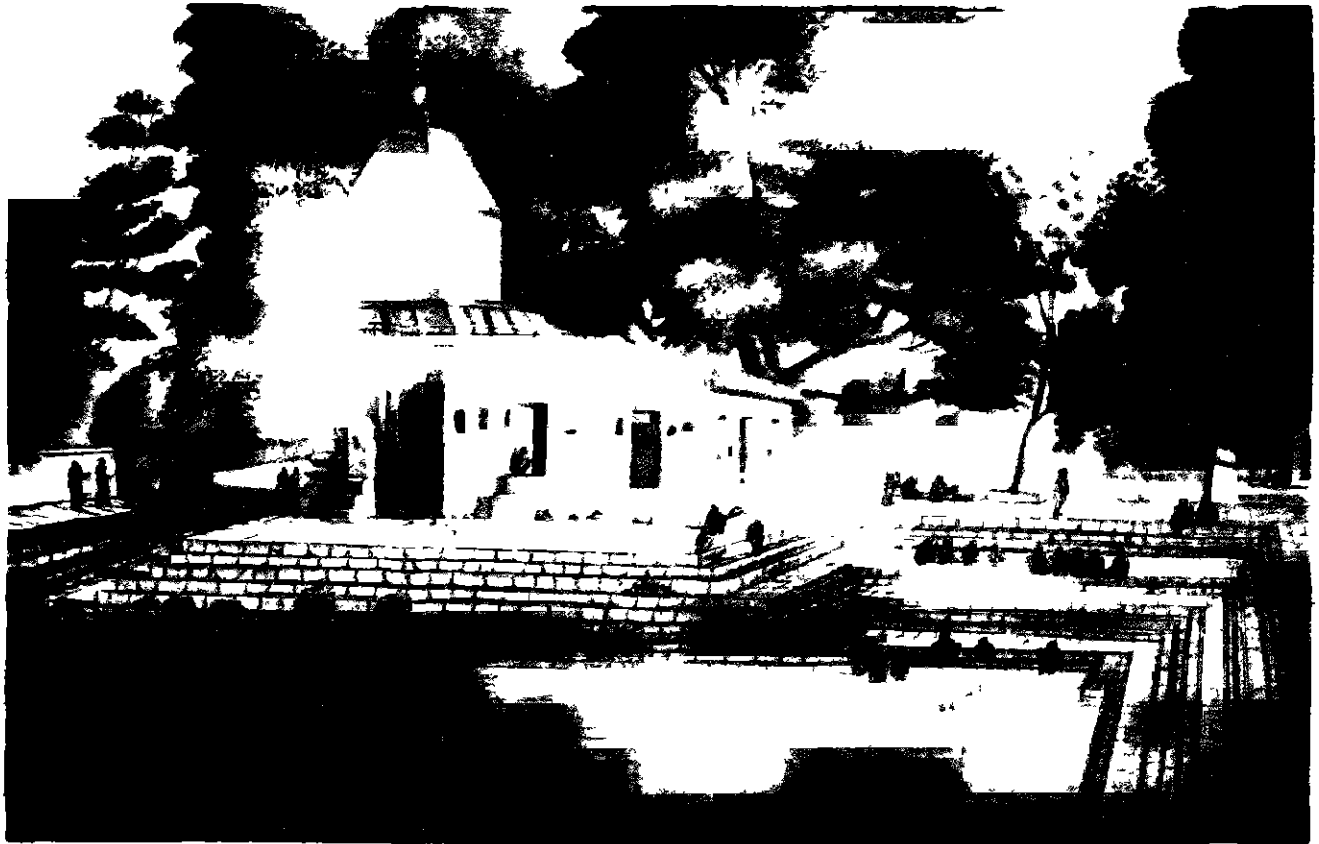
In short, India to-day makes everything except automobiles and aeroplanes, and there are movements on foot to start the manufacture of these too. Steps have been taken to start shipbuilding. The limit of India's trade and war contribution is only governed by the tonnage available to carry her men and materials abroad.

In view of the war-time statistical black-out it is not possible to give very detailed figures, but this much is certain, that every country in friendly relations with India is bound to benefit by her goodwill backed by her unlimited resources.

EDUCATION

IN the olden days Brahmins had the monopoly of all learning, which was mainly of a religious type. One of the laws of Gautama laid down that if a Sudra (member of a depressed class) heard the Vedas his ears were to be stopped with molten tin. This was to assure the purity of religious learning, particularly at a time when religious books were learned by heart and passed on orally from father to son. Learning was a special preserve of the priestly class, who taught orally in the temples. The religious seminaries were crowded out with students, and these on completion of their education spread into the country carrying the torch of learning.

The ancient system under which the village priest imparted education both to boys and girls is practically dead. That system revolved round the universal desire to be acquainted with religious ethics. The teacher was always paid in kind. Not long ago children could be seen gathering wood and dry dung in the forests for their teacher's kitchen, or cutting grass for his cow or goat. They paid their fees by labour. The parents very often made small offerings of grain and eatables. The more promising and intelligent students found their way to the private houses of more learned teachers in different centres all over the country. Secular and spiritual teaching went together. There was no "cramming" and there were no fixed dates for examinations; there were perhaps no examinations at all. A student could leave his teacher when the latter was of the opinion that he had taught his



By courtesy of Bernard Quaritch Ltd. London

OOTER MANOOS A TEMPLE DEDICATED TO THE SUN
Gaya Bihar



By courtesy of the British Museum

CHIEF OF THE TRIBE OF "JEKRANEE BELOOCHEES"

Scene in the Bolan Pass during the campaign of 1839

Coloured engraving from a sketch by Captain Postans in Ackerman's
Foreign Military Gallery

pupil all he could. Education reached its highest pinnacle in Akbar's time, when India's industry and culture were the foremost in the world. The whole country abounded with scholars, scientists, physicians, engineers, mathematicians, architects and artisans of all kinds. The mystic saints and yogis were abundant in the spiritual firmament. There were colleges in every nook and corner of the country and all noblemen vied one with another in the patronage of fine arts. Not a few kings and queens were poets of considerable ability and fame. The present decadence of the fine arts, such as painting and music, is largely due to lack of patronage.

All that system has now been uprooted and replaced by a system based on the British methods of education, where the local bodies, the Government and the universities all combine to provide modern educational

machinery. Local Body and Government institutions impart no religious education, but the schools and colleges founded by individuals belonging to various denominations or to different communities, do give religious teaching. Some of these institutions are entirely self-supporting, others depend on Government or municipal aid.

Macaulay decided to give the people of India the English language and culture in the sincere hope that one day they might become Christian. But the Indians who learned the English language imbibed the spirit of Burke and turned their knowledge into a force for the spread of the democratic spirit and the weakening of autocratic rule. Education has up to now been mainly in Arts subjects and unfortunately the tendency of the whole system of Indian education following that of Europe has shaped itself into a machinery for pro-



CHAWL CHILDREN AT A SOCIAL SERVICE
NURSERY SCHOOL
Naigaum, Bombay

ducing Government clerks. Well has a famous Indian poet, Akbar of Allahabad, said: "Look at me, what great things I accomplished in my lifetime. I became a B.A.; I became a Government servant; I received my pension, and then I died." Schools of music and painting are rare, but there are good modern schools at Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Lucknow and Lahore. Polytechnic schools are also few and far between. Altogether there are in India 17 universities of the affiliating kind, with about 350 colleges, mainly Arts, but there are also agricultural, engineering, legal, commercial and medical colleges. There are four veterinary colleges. There are practically no technical schools teaching such subjects as tailoring, cookery, gardening, shoemaking. The industrial side of education has been greatly neglected. There are some industrial schools, but they give an education of a very elementary kind. This lack of professional education is really responsible for the poverty of the Indian people, who in the off-season have nothing to do. Universal compulsory and free primary education does not exist. Provincial Governments have passed legislation which enables certain local bodies to enforce free primary education in certain selected areas. In many Provinces there are quite a number of such areas where compulsion has been introduced, but there are many difficulties in the way of general free education. Several Education Ministers have in recent years, since 1920—when Education was transferred to the charge of Provincial legislatures—tried to bring about an improvement in the literacy of their people. Some optimists have, towards the end of their period of office, collected statistics to show what progress they had achieved. Having brought about an increase in the number of schools and scholars, some of them were hasty enough to jump to the conclusion that literacy had increased, but when actual figures of scholars per thousand of population were worked out, they were much disillusioned when they realised that the increase in population had outstripped their efforts in the increase of schools and scholars.

There are many schools and colleges, professional and otherwise, for girls, but they are quite insufficient to meet the demands of the country, and there is not enough money to build more women's educational institutions. Consequently there has been some movement towards permitting co-education, particularly at the primary and collegiate stages. A great many of the schools in rural areas have farms attached to them, and some high schools have teachers of agriculture. Most of the primary schools in villages are of the one-teacher type.

The number of people who receive university education is comparatively high, *e.g.*, in the Punjab about 12 per 10,000 of the population go to the university, as is the case in England, but the general literacy of the people is low. Only 10 per cent. of the population are literate and only 2 per cent. know English, which is now the *lingua franca* of the educated classes in India. Hindustani is the language of the Indians. When written in Arabic and Persian script, and enriched by Arabic and Persian words, it is called Urdu, and is mainly the language of the Moslems. "Urdu" is a Turkish word

meaning "the army." In the military camps of the Moghul Emperors men from all over India collected and had to find a medium of conversation, so they invented a language for the army. It was really a conglomeration of words from all Indian languages. Urdu is now nearly 700 years old. Every European who goes to India learns Urdu, more commonly known as Hindustani, and learns to write it in the Arabic and Persian script. It is also the legal language in Northern India except in the High Court, where English is used. When Hindustani is written in the Devnagri script and has a bias in favour of Sanskrit words, it is called Hindi, the language of the Hindus. The Hindi script is written from left to right like English, Urdu is written from right to left. Although both Hindi and Urdu may commonly be called Hindustani and when spoken may easily be understood by Moslems and Hindus, yet the question of script is a very burning topic in political India to-day. It is one of the main causes responsible for the failure of the Indian people to discover a common language other than English. The Hindus are not willing to give up the Hindi script and the Moslems are not willing to give up the Persian script, not even in favour of the Roman script.

India is in the proud position of having the oldest books in the world, namely, the Vedas, composed *circa* 2500-2000 B.C. The existing copies of the Vedas are written on paper, which was introduced into India by the Moslems in the 12th century A.D. The oldest writing in India is that found on Asoka's edict pillars (269-232 B.C.).

India has produced many modern poets in Hindi and Urdu, Persian and Bengali, and her literature becomes richer every day as the knowledge of Indian nationhood progresses and feelings of patriotism spread. Sir Rabin-dranath Tagore, the famous Bengali poet, and the late Sir Mohammed Iqbal, the Moslem poet of North-western India, are well-known figures throughout the modern literary world. To these names could be added an endless list of foreign writers, poets, religious thinkers, saints, painters, mathematicians and scientists.

The direction of all education in India has up to now been entirely in the hands of British officials, and this has in no small measure contributed towards making the Indian educational system as modern as it is. It is certainly the most advanced in the whole of Asia. Inspectors of schools are Government servants and the vast majority of colleges and high schools are financed by the State directly. Others are merely aided by the State. Large numbers of Indians seek higher education abroad, in America and Europe, but the bulk of them go to England—about 500 a year; in normal times there are about 2,000 students studying in England every year. Many undergo practical training in various professions. Practically no students go to China or Japan. The English language has to a large extent contributed towards the expansion of trade and commerce between the English-speaking peoples and India. On the foundations of a decadent Indian order of education has been built a very modern system which is giving birth to a Europeanised India—let us hope to be enriched by the virtues of both.



THE AJANTA CAVES C. 200 B.C. — A.D. (600)

Hyderabad, Deccan

ART AND MUSIC

INDIAN art is as old as her religions and intimately connected with them; Architecture, literature, music and dancing, each were expressions more of religious feeling than of secular culture.

Mural paintings from the earliest ages have been discovered in caves in Southern India at Ellora and Ajanta. Those of Ajanta, which date from about 200 B.C. to A.D. 600 have great beauty of colour and elegance of style and form.

As long ago as the 5th century A.D. there existed books in India on the Art of Painting and a Sanskrit scholar of this time laid down six principles for the guidance of his students: *Distinction of Form, Scale, Expression of Sentiment, Grace, Resemblance, Materials and Implements.*

Hindu temples and Buddhistic stupas are evidence of the rich and subtle culture of their day, and the carvings and bas-reliefs of human figures and events, and purely decorative motifs, reveal the patience, tenacity and delicacy of touch of the Dravidian workmen. In the temple of Cidambaram in Southern India, hundreds of sculptured figures display the different postures of Indian classical dancing, each pose having a symbolic significance.

Moghul Art also begins with architecture. The domes of mosques and tombs were decorated with blue tiles by workmen from Bokhara and Samarkand, and the façades and halls, either with floral designs and arabesques, or with passages from the Koran or mystical poetical works. At first the buildings were simple in material and decoration, but in the flourishing days of the Moghul Empire, precious and semi-precious stones were used in the inlaid arabesques, and the alabaster screens were carved so finely that they resembled the traceries of fine lace.

The Moghul kings were usually patrons of the arts. They encouraged the work of miniature portrait painters.

These pictures, Persian by tradition, are remarkable for their fine precision of detail, jewelled colouring and acute observation. Often the art of the single-hair brush can only be discerned through a strong magnifying-glass, applied to the details of the portrait. The arts of designing silks, cloth of gold

and carpets were also encouraged, but particular favour was given to the artists who executed floral designs on the margins of the Koran. In many cases the colours that they used were ground from precious stones, emeralds, rubies and gold.

The flourishing art schools established by Akbar declined after the break-up of the Moghul Empire, and it has not been until recently that these arts have been revived. Tagore has founded a famous school of painting in Bengal, and other schools of art are established throughout British India, particularly at all the provincial capitals.



TORSO OF A BODHISATTVA
Red Sandstone. Sanchi, 4th-5th Century







A TYPICAL HINDOO MINIATURE.
Rajput School, c. 1750

Shankar and Ram Gopal have done much to restore this art to favour. And a great effort is now being made to bring the arts both of music and dancing to a position of honour.

Indian music is divided into seven parts :—

1. Tones, semi-tones, demi-semi-tones.
2. Time and rhythm.
3. Tunes and melodies.
4. Instruments.
5. Dancing music.
6. Action music.
7. Comprehension of tunes and times.

Musical instruments are of all varieties, stringed instruments, such as the sarangi (violin-cum-cello), pipes, drums, zithers and bells which vary according to the locality.

For many years music suffered from the disfavour of the Moslem religion, it became "professional," and the arts of music were not acquired by respectable people. But the recent developments of talking films, gramophone records and radio have given it a new impetus, and it is regaining its place as a national art.

In the field of dancing the classical work of Uday



A MODERN STREET IN HYDERABAD
Deccan

THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

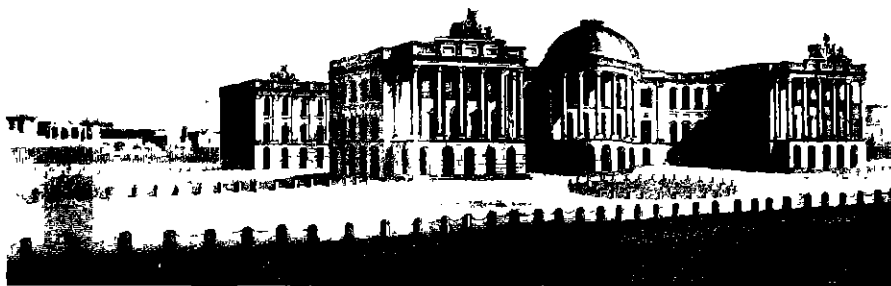
INDIA is divided into British and Princely India. British India consists of eleven provinces in which the King-Emperor's Government directly rules. Princely India comprises about 600 Indian States, covering about one-third of the Indian Peninsula. In size the States vary. The largest is His Exalted Highness the Nizam's dominion, Hyderabad, in South India. It covers an area as large as that of France. The smallest is a few square miles in extent. In the smallest States the ruler has to consult an English political officer in practically all matters of importance. The link between the King and the Indian States is H.E. the Viceroy of India. He combines two appointments in himself—to the Indian States he is the Crown Representative, to the British Provinces he is Governor-General. In both capacities he is Viceroy-representative in India of the King. Under him is a Political Secretary, who controls the Political Department. This Department has residents in the larger States and Political Officers and Superintendents in the smaller States. The Princes have their own armies and their own administrative services. Suzerainty

over all these Princes is enjoyed by H.M. the King. There have been cases of rebellions against the rulers, and British troops have been called in to support the Prince and put down riots. There have been cases where quite important rulers have been deposed for maladministration.

So long as the State administrative machinery is run justly and smoothly and the Prince is an enlightened person and loyal, there is never any cause for interference by the suzerain power. Some of the States are as well administered as any part of British India and their Princes are as enlightened as any monarchs in the world. Many of the enlightened Princes have established legislatures which are partly elected, but seldom have they ministers who are responsible to these legislatures. There is a Chamber of Princes which sits about once a year at Delhi, the capital of India since 1911, but some of the largest States, *e.g.*, Hyderabad, Mysore, Gwalior, Baroda, fail to attend. The Viceroy is the President. It passes resolutions and provides an opportunity for an exchange of views. It has no authority to pass laws applicable to all or any one of the States.

The system of taxation in the States is more or less the same as it is in British India, though some of them, such as Hyderabad, have no income tax. Be it said to the credit of some States that they have genuinely tried to foster industry, arts and crafts. Most of them use British Indian currency.

One of the great problems confronting the Indian Princes is the rapid development of democratic elected legislatures in British India and the absence of these in Princely India. The feeling amongst the authorities in the States appears to be in favour of cautious advance, for in their view the democratic



GOVERNMENT HOUSE CALCUTTA
Etching by James Storer, c. 1812



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER
New Delhi

form of government without an educated electorate is still in its trial stage in India. The view of the advanced political leaders in British India is that in the same country there cannot exist side by side complete autocracy and governance by the people. If part of the country is advancing industrially and economically and the other part is either standing still or moving slowly, the standard of living in the country as a whole must always remain low. The problem of Federation is an extremely complicated one, and many difficulties must be solved before it becomes a practical working proposition.

The Provinces of British India are ruled by Governors, who are appointed by the King and hold office for five years. Three of them are sent out from England—to Bengal, Madras and Bombay. They are usually chosen from among prominent Members of Parliament. The other eight are senior members of the Indian Civil Service. Except in regard to certain matters and circumstances prescribed in the Government of India Act, the Governors occupy the position of constitutional monarchs on whom, by administrative instruction, the advice of their Ministers is binding.

Every Province has legislatures consisting of elected members and responsible ministries. These legislatures are exactly of the same status and enjoy the same powers and privileges as the legislatures in the provinces of other Dominions, e.g., Canada. They are completely in charge of the whole administrative machinery, including the courts and police. All public servants are recruited by and responsible to the provincial governments except members of the Indian Civil Service, the Indian Police and Judges of High Courts. The last are appointed by the King. Some of them are senior members of the Indian Civil Service and others are recruited from the Indian Bar. The total number of Indian Civil Servant officers in India is about 1,100, and nearly half of these are Indians. They and the senior officers of the Indian Police, of

whom there are 600 (one-third Indian), are all recruited by the Secretary of State for India and removable by him. All the services in India are permanent. Ministries may change, but the King's Government goes on under the control of the various departments, which have a permanent personnel as in England.

There is in India a well advanced local administration. In towns they are called Municipalities, and in rural areas they are known as District Boards. They are elected bodies subject to the control of ministers in financial and certain administrative respects. These have been in existence now for well over half a century and they perform the same functions as their counterparts in England or any other democratic country.

The Indian Congress is the oldest, the most active and the most advanced political body in India. It is the Hindu political party, although it does include some Moslems. It has no doubt brought about a wonderful political awakening amongst the masses, and Mahatma Gandhi will go down in history as one of the most remarkable men whom not only India but the world has ever produced.

The Moslem League has come into great prominence during the last three years, and the credit for pulling all the Moslems together, goes to their leader, Mr. M. A. Jinnah. The working of the reforms in Indian Provinces where the Congress was in office has been the cause of a great many complaints by the Moslems and the cry of Islam in danger has electrified the whole Moslem mind and placed them behind one leader. There was a time when the relations between the Congress and the League were pleasant. They made a political pact at Lucknow in 1916 and the British Authorities framed the 1919 Reformed constitution on the lines of that pact. But, since then, political rivalries and the race for power have pushed the Hindus and the Moslems farther apart. To-day the Indian National Congress wishes to have the power of drawing up the Indian Constitution through a constituent assembly. The Moslems, being a minority, object to this course in spite of the Congress' profession that the rights of minorities will be safeguarded. Wiser counsels are bound to prevail as they did in 1916, and once again Mother India will see her children smile.

EAST AFRICA

ELSPETH HUXLEY

CHAPTER I

TAKE a dozen Englishmen and ask them—"What is England like?"—and you will get a dozen answers. One will tell you of long grimy streets with box-like houses under the shadow of the pithead winding gear, and men with blackened faces cycling home through a fine rain from the morning shift; another of a thick-walled farm-house at the end of a rutted lane, a muddy yard, and the smell of cow-dung and hay. A third will remember velvet lawns and tall yew hedges tended for centuries by many gardeners, the long speckless passages of a great house, and a concourse of hounds, horses and red-coated riders moving off from the yard of the village inn on a sharp December morning; while the next will speak of a raw wind as sharp as razors sweeping across the North Sea to bite through oilskins and jerseys, the stench of gutted fish, and hands torn and bleeding from the pull of ice-coated ropes. England is forty million different things to forty million different people; you cannot describe it in a page, or a chapter, or in a dozen volumes.

How, then, can you describe a great slice of Africa? A group of four separate countries, with twelve million inhabitants, and covering an area larger than the British Isles, France, Spain and Italy combined?

Africa's variety is no less than Britain's; its extremes are greater. Ask your questions, and you will get answers as diverse. Let us say that you station yourself at a busy corner in one of the East Coast ports—Mombasa, perhaps, the gateway into Kenya and Uganda, or Dar-es-Salaam, the capital as well as the harbour of Tanganyika—and accost the first half-dozen passers-by who take your fancy. First comes a bearded Arab, dressed in the long white cotton robe traditional to his race, the *kanzu*, with a brocaded waistcoat and a red sash round the middle. His dark face wears an arrogant look, even though all cause for arrogance, Arab dominion and Arab wealth, has crumbled; and

his manner, courteous and reserved, bears the stamp of an aristocrat's tradition. He would speak, if you could persuade him to talk freely, of a cool white bungalow, brilliant under the hard sunshine, in the dusty street of a coastal town now half-decayed, and of coconut plantations dense with weeds, neglected, the nuts ungathered, once tended by his family's slaves but now yielding to the encroaching jungle.

Perhaps he would speak of the glories of the past, when all the East African littoral, from Mogadishu to Mozambique, was a part of the domains of the Sultan of Muscat, when fleets of dhows put into the busy harbours with the north-east monsoon and returned, when the wind changed to the south-west, laden with slaves and ivory and the produce of the colonial plantations. His ancestors, he would tell you, were men of importance then, and of wealth too. The coast was theirs, and the big houses, slaves waited on them, caught them fish in the warm sea and grew rice and oranges on land cleared of bush and jungle. Their robes were of velvet and silk and gold thread, with silver-mounted daggers thrust into their sashes. Rich carpets were strewn on the floors, the doors of their houses were beautifully carved in local woods. Little of this remains, now, save pride and memories.

You might choose to speak next to a man of the present rather than the past. A clean-shaven, alert-looking young Englishman, walking down the street with the assurance of a ruler, clad in newly laundered and uncreased white ducks and a white topee shining like a daisy in a sunlit field, black tie trimly in position—you could not take him for anyone but an officer of the Administration. He would radiate confidence in the mission of his race to civilise and remould the African—confidence in his own training and ability, in the potentialities of the African peoples, in the ideals informing his government's actions. And what of the Africa that he knows? He sees more of it than most, for an inscrutable government is constantly moving him about from one district to another. To him it is a succession of stuffy bungalows with corrugated iron roofs, and wooden verandahs where the nightly ceremony of short drinks is held. It is mornings spent in even stuffier offices half submerged under files and reports and circulars from the Secretariat, or passed in native court-houses listening to interminable lawsuits about goats or thefts or unsatisfactory wives, amid the heavy smell of native bodies. It is afternoons spent in checking accounts while thundery heat wrings sweat from the body, evenings on the station tennis court, or perhaps its nine-hole golf course, and later, now and again, a game of bridge with the doctor and his wife and the young cadet.

But most of all it is his periodic *safari* round the district he administers, his car piled high with baggage and equipment, to hear complaints and explain new moves in government policy and inspect the records of the native courts. It is moonlit nights in lonely camps, with the bush crowding close, and the noise of crickets and frogs and hyenas, perhaps mingled with wild and distant native song in a symphony at once monotonous and exciting. It is

the ever-fresh beauty of early morning when the sun, still young and gentle, chases dew from grassblades and from cobwebs that tremble over the spiky bush. hot days of jolting along treacherous tracks with a cloud of dust billowing out from under the wheels, cool peaceful evenings when guinea-fowl and francolin call deceptively from the gullies. And above all, perhaps, it is faces of native personalities that return to the mind—faces that laugh and are friendly, that conceal guile and perhaps greed, laziness and often obstinacy, but that belong to men who have been loyal friends, wise chiefs, resourceful and cheerful servants, and sometimes brave allies in times of danger and distress.

Africa is all these things to the white official, but there is one thing that it is not. It is seldom home. He is a man of divided loyalties, looking back and looking forward to the first and the last periods of his life spent in another continent, and with other ties. This is where he differs most from the settler, the European who has come to Africa to make his home, as a white African to live and die.

The next man whom you may choose to address comes also from another continent, but he was born in East Africa, and in East Africa he expects to die. He is an Indian, perhaps a Hindu from Bombay. Although he has never seen Bombay he can name his relations there, he sends them money, and for him the Indian Ocean is not a barrier but a lake dividing one branch of his family from another. His face is plump and round and dark-brown, his nature peaceful, and his mind—outside the cares of his religion and his wives and numerous children—is wholly devoted to the interests of trade. East Africa, for him, is a place where maize and millet, hides and skins and ghee, can be bought cheaply from the growers, and where a never-drying stream of black customers trickles past his wood-and-iron *duka* to finger, discuss, and eventually to buy brightly coloured blankets, yards of unbleached cotton *amerikani*, felt hats, football stockings, paraffin lamps, even bicycles and greatcoats, and all the hundred and one items so enticingly displayed. To him the geography of Africa is not a matter of roads and mountains and rivers, it is a sort of trading chart. At this place lives a cousin who buys native maize, at that his wife's nephew who deals in hides, at the other an uncle to whom he sends ornaments, mirrors and mugs and receives in return loads of sorghum and twists of tobacco.

You have not spoken yet with the black-skinned men, who have wandered and cultivated and fought over this side of Africa for so much longer than Arabs or Indians or Europeans. It is difficult to know where to start, there are so many of them. They crowd the street, men and women of so many types and callings. A few are still to be seen in backwoods dress, the men in skins or blankets, the women in cloaks and skirts of dressed ochre-red goatskins, but these are rare, and look uncouth and bewildered. Some have reached the other end of the scale, and strut resplendent in well-pressed suits of European cut, white topees, and shiny leather shoes. The majority fall somewhere between these two extremes. They go about in khaki shorts or trousers and

coloured cotton shirts, with old felt hats and bare feet or sandals. To this class belongs the man you next select for cross-examination—a hulking stalwart with short woolly hair and broad Negro features, and teeth of amazing whiteness. A dock labourer, you discover, working on a six month's contract loading and unloading the cargoes of ships.

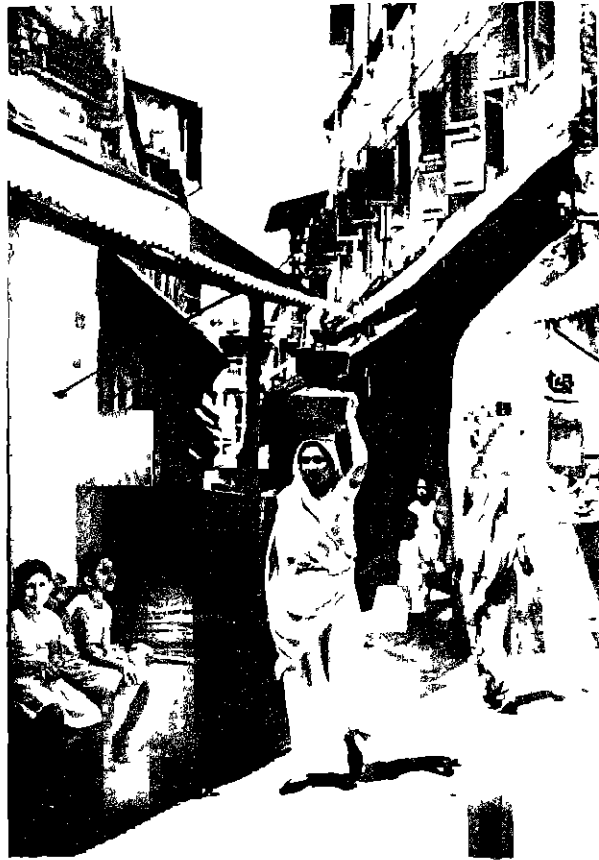
You will not find him articulate, you will have to fill in for yourself the gaps in his story. He may tell you that he comes from Kavirondo, the hot and steamy fertile belt that lies to the east of Lake Victoria, between Kisumu, once the terminus of the Kenya and Uganda Railway, and Mwanza, now the farthest point of the Tanganyika system. The homestead to which he will soon return is a group of round thatched huts encircled by a thorn-bush palisade. At night goats huddle together in a pen beside his bed. By day he is accustomed to go out to the *shamba*, the gardens, wielding a pick to turn fresh earth, or else to help his younger brothers with the herding of goats, or to stroll through the morning heat to the market and spend a pleasant day haggling and gossiping beneath the trees. Now he would feel ashamed without his khaki shorts and his cotton shirt, but as a child he ran about stark naked, and when his father was a young man no clothing but beads was correct. Perhaps when he is sweating at the docks, loading bales of raw cotton or sacks of simsim that his brothers may have grown, the cool rich green of the banana plantations of Kavirondo, the brilliant green of the canes, the sparkle of streams hurrying through tangled undergrowth, may spring before his eyes, and he may feel homesick for the leisured easy life of his native swamps and hillsides.

No contrast between men of the different nations of Europe could be greater than the contrast between, let us say, your Kavirondo and the next person you question—a tall, turbaned Somali from the north. Where the one has a broad face with thick rubbery lips, coarse bones, and a ready smile, the other has thin aquiline features, slim wrists and hips and ankles, a coppery complexion. He will be polite, but frigid and reserved; a Moslem, cherishing the traditional Moslem contempt for Christians. He will not tell you much, save perhaps that he trades in cattle or sheep in the north, among barbarian nomadic tribes, driving the cattle down (when quarantine restrictions do not prevent him) to trade with Masai or with Europeans in southern districts. Cattle trading of late has been made more and more difficult, so perhaps he deals in hides or in the brown hairy native sheep. His Africa is a desolate country of vast open plains, parched and baked in the dry seasons to a dusty dun-coloured waste punctuated by scattered water-holes. Here, or along sandy water-courses, are the bunch-topped dom palms and perhaps acacias; elsewhere no trees save the lonely stunted thorn-scrub. After the rains these deserts enjoy a brief glory. Green grass springs up miraculously, and almost overnight; wildflowers suddenly star the smiling pastures. Then the cattle which somehow scrape a living on the desert's fringes pack a little flesh on to their staring bones, and the herdsmen, stalking in their wake with no possessions save a spear and a short skin cloak, find them more lively and intractable

than before. The Somali's memories are of long hours spent in driving hard bargains; of slow journeys herding cattle and sheep before him, of nights spent rolled in a blanket by campfires with lions prowling close at hand, and of others among friends in the Somali village built of petrol tins to be found on the outskirts of most East African towns. But the rewards are worth it, for the Somali belongs to an avaricious race: a steadily growing hoard of wealth banked in the form of cattle, on some distant pasture, a wife, perhaps two wives, often unvisited for a year or more, a few gaily coloured turbans and rugs, and, as a spice in the pudding, the thrill of matching wits with other men's, and of getting the best of a bargain.

And so you might continue talking to men of a hundred different tribes, and

getting a hundred different pictures of the African scene. And even if you spoke to all the people in Mombasa or Dar-es-Salaam, you would not get the whole story. You would not be likely to find there a Dorobo hunter, with his bow and poisoned arrows and his knowledge of the ways of wild animals, or a Kipsigis sorcerer, with his secret lore and his spells and his power over simpler tribesmen, or a Masai warrior with his tossing pigtailed and his lion-maned head-dress and his fondness for milk curdled with cow's urine and blood. To see these and other peoples, and the country in which they dwell, you must leave the shores of the Indian Ocean and travel inland, to the shores of Lake Tanganyika and the forests of the Mountains of the Moon.



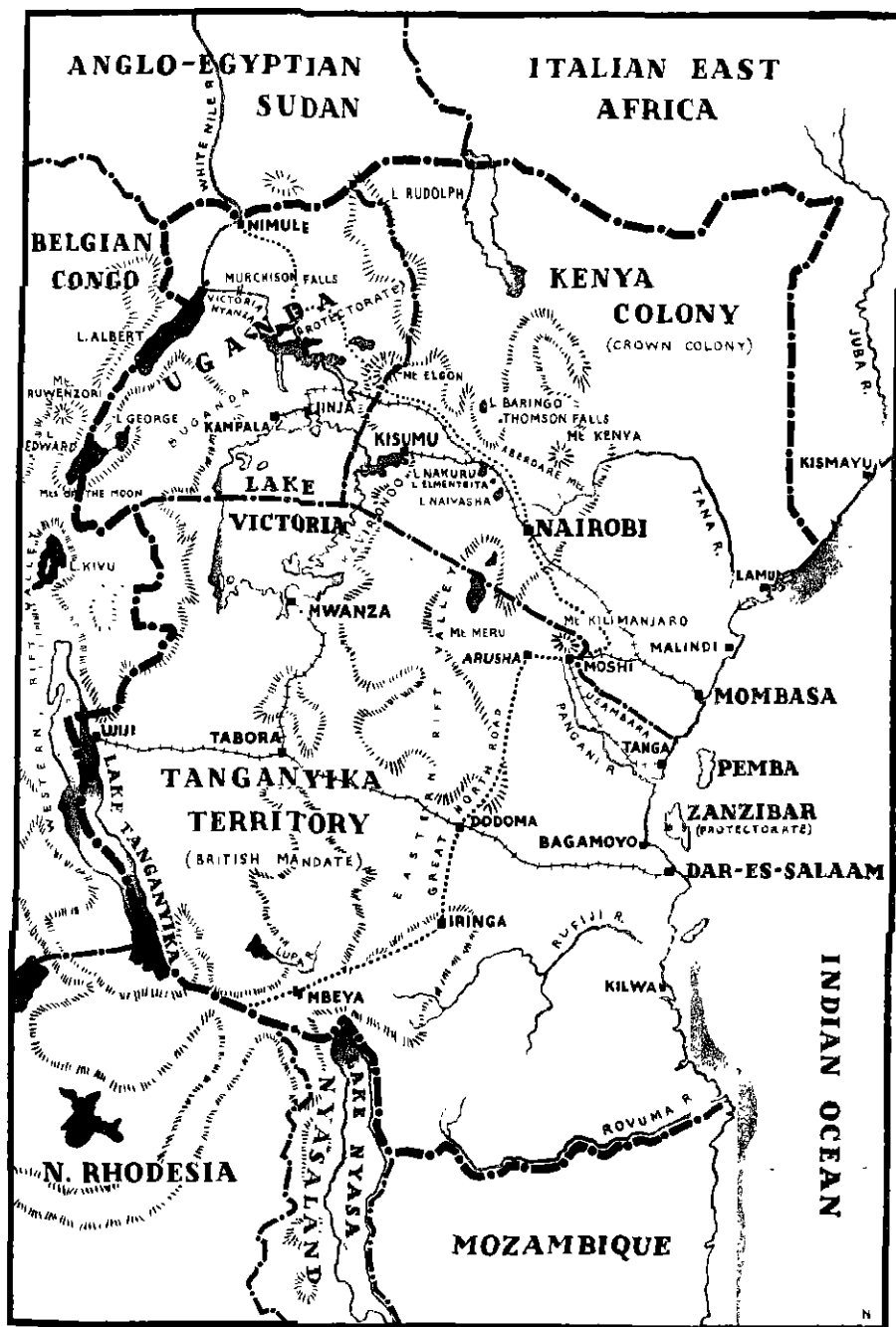
AN INDIAN WOMAN IN A NARROW STREET
Zanzibar

CHAPTER II

THE coast of East Africa is a long narrow strip bordering the Indian Ocean, in places not more than ten miles broad. It has a long and often dramatic history, as bloodstained and complicated as that of any other littoral on the margins of one of the trade-routes of the world. The interior, too, must have its history, but it is unrecorded, and will for ever remain obscure. It is, no doubt, a tale of migrations and battles, massacres and fresh beginnings; but until the first white men started to penetrate the heart of the continent, about the middle of the last century, no word reached the outside of events within.

The coast belonged to another world—the Asiatic world. The monsoons, that blew ships down from India and the Persian Gulf every season and back again the next, made this so. The earliest known description of the East African coast, written about A.D. 80 by an Egyptian Greek (the *Periplus of the Erythraean Sea*), refers to the sovereignty held over it “under some ancient right” by the king of South Arabia, but adds that, at the time, the people of Mocha held it under their authority. East Africa, even then, was exporting ivory, rhinoceros horn, and slaves—three products which were to continue as the mainstays of its trade for almost two thousand years. Even then, Arab colonies had taken root, and Arab market towns—the ancestors of Kismayu and Lamu, Mombasa, Kilwa and Zanzibar—had become centres of barter and exchange.

For ten centuries (from the sixth to the sixteenth) Arab sea-power commanded the Indian Ocean; and for as long, Arabs of Oman exercised their loose political and tight commercial hold on the East Coast. Trade prospered, and the trading towns with it. Ships came not only from the Persian Gulf and India, but from China and Malay. The Persians, even, may have founded cities in Africa a thousand years ago; that, at any rate, is one explanation of the ruined City of Gede on the coast of Kenya. Many of the Arabs who came to trade in these colonial outposts settled there, and married native women. Their descendants are the Swahili people of to-day, who have given their language to the whole of East Africa, from the Nile to the ocean and the Juba river to the Rovuma.



After the Arabs came the Portuguese. In every school-book the story is told of how Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1497, found the sun on his right hand, and sailed up the African coast—the first European, so far as we know, to set eyes on those Arab settlements since the days of the Roman Empire.

Vasco da Gama found the Arabs friendly. He was received by the Sheikh of Mozambique, touched at Kilwa and Mombasa, and at Malindi entered on a pact of peace and friendship with the ruler, who presented him with "two coloured silk rugs with gold fringes and a ring with a blue stone very pretty to look at." But the Arabs' friendliness did not save them. Five years later da Gama returned and forced the Sultan of Kilwa to acknowledge the King of Portugal, and in 1505 Almeida, with a fleet of twenty ships and fifteen hundred men, occupied the town. Mombasa fell after bloody street-fighting, and suffered the first of many sackings, so thorough that at the end of it there was "no living thing in it, neither man nor woman, young or old, no child, however little, all who failed to make their escape had been killed or burnt." In ten years the conquest of the coast was complete.

In the south the Portuguese established a stronghold at Mozambique, and their rule continues until the present day. In the north it lasted for less than two hundred years. It was always a loose control, exercised by small and fever-ridden garrisons and reinforced by uneasy agreements with the ruling Arab families. To-day the principal reminders of the Portuguese period are the stout honey-coloured walls of Fort Jesus which rise over Mombasa town. If ghosts walk, here is their terrain; it would be hard to find a square of stone and mortar where greater human agony has been endured. Begun in 1593 in order to establish a Portuguese strong point against the threat of Turkish invasion, it has seen many massacres, murders, and dreadful sieges. After its fall in 1698, the Portuguese never recovered their hold on the coast north of the Rovuma, and the Arabs came back into their own.

But the power of Oman had passed its prime. It was weakened at the heart, in South Arabia, and the towns along the East African coast became independent of the centre and of each other. Zanzibar remained the most prosperous and the most loyal of the Arab settlements, and hither, in 1840, Said-bin-Sultan, the ruler of Oman, transferred his court and his seat of administration.

The island of Zanzibar then became the focus of trade and travel for the East African coast. Here came the slaves, brought from the interior by caravans which wound their slow way along the old-established routes down which the Arabs had always drawn their wealth. Here came the ivory, bought from native hunters with a coin of cloth and beads. And here, too, came the white explorers, bent on laying bare the secrets of the continent and filling in, for the first time in history, the blank spaces on the maps.

Zanzibar is a small green island that smells of cloves—a delicious smell, one which lingers everywhere as a sort of permanent olfactory background. This is



PICKERS SEPARATING THE DAY'S HARVEST OF CLOVES FROM THE STEMS
Zanzibar

a recent characteristic of the island, for cloves were only introduced in the last century—smuggled in, somehow or other, from Mauritius or Reunion, where they had in turn been illicitly introduced from their home in the “spice isles,” the Moluccas in the East Indies. It was Said-bin-Sultan who fostered, indeed created, the clove industries of Zanzibar and Pemba, which to-day produce four-fifths of the world's supply. The town of Zanzibar is a place of narrow winding streets between high-walled houses, densely packed with humanity of every colour and race. There are Swahilis who look like Negroes and Swahilis who look like Moors; natives from the mainland; and a swarm of Indian traders, waiting like spiders in their open-fronted shops and sometimes darting forth to fasten on a likely client. To-day the town has a run-down, decaying look which is in keeping with the facts of the case, since it is now the capital of a little-known island off the east coast of Africa and no longer the centre of an Arabian empire. The glory of Zanzibar belongs to the past; it is to be seen in the old Arab houses, in the magnificent carved doors, in the brass-studded chests which are the most prized antiques of the island.

A descendant of the rulers of Muscat still sits on the throne, but power has slipped from his hands. The process was a slow one, starting with a steady British pressure on the Sultan to put down the traffic in slaves. For half a century British interest in Zanzibar began and ended with a determination to abolish this trade in the Indian Ocean, as had already been done elsewhere. The process had to be gradual, since the whole Arab economy was based on

slavery as an institution. The quick way would have been to seize the Sultan's dominions, as Britain could so easily, and at any time, have done. But she did not. By a series of agreements, scrupulously carried out on both sides, the slave trade was limited and finally destroyed. But in destroying it, the power of the Arabs was broken too.

The history of the interior, so far as we know it, begins a thousand years later than that of the coast. It does not start with any certainty until a group of great Victorians—Livingstone and Speke, Joseph Thomson, Burton, Baker and Grant—undertook their perilous and exciting explorations in the latter half of the last century. Before that, East Africa was a turmoil of migrating and warring races. First, it is believed, came the Negroes, perhaps from India, pouring southwards and exterminating, or at any rate overwhelming, the indigenous people already in possession. Little is known of these earlier Africans, save that they lived in pit-dwellings, and practised agriculture, and had carved stone and wooden vessels of a higher artistic conception than anything their conquerors achieved. Relics of them survived, it is thought, until fairly recent times. The Kikuyu, for instance, have many legends about an earlier race they call the Agumba, "the people of the children's eyes": dwarfish folk who lived in the forests on game they trapped or shot with poisoned arrows, and on wild honey. The last survivors, they say, turned into plantain-birds, and their spirits can be heard to-day calling among the trees. But the Negroes had iron, and the pit-dwellers had not. Superiority of arms gave victory to the invaders.

In the main the Negro flood, flowing up the Nile valley, turned westwards, and came to rest on the Atlantic's shores. East African tribes, on the whole, have little Negro blood, and some have none at all. They were formed from later waves of Hamitic peoples, bronze-skinned men also from Asia, who intermarried with tribes they conquered on their way. East Africa is, in fact, a vast hodge-podge of races, ranging from people of almost pure Hamitic stock, light-skinned and nomadic, to black, thick-lipped tribes with a strong admixture of the Negro.

To-day much of Africa belongs to the Bantu—a vast congerie of tribes who speak many dialects of the same language group, the Bantu tongue, with its system of word roots modified by suffixes and prefixes. The Swahili language is of the Bantu group, and that is why it has found such ready acceptance throughout eastern Africa. The Bantu-speaking people extend roughly from the Tana river in the north to the Orange in the south. They are of mixed Negro and Hamitic stock. Though split into a thousand separate tribes, some warlike and some peaceful, some weak and some strong, some cattle-owning and some agricultural, the essentials of their tribal organisation, of their religious beliefs, and of their social structure are very much the same. Black in complexion, woolly haired, sturdily built; cheerful yet superstitious, brave yet indolent, shrewd yet ignorant, prolific yet disease-ridden, pliable in nature yet with deep-rooted obstinacies—they, it is scarcely possible to

doubt, are the inheritors of Africa's future. And just as their past is a puzzle to all observers—why, alone among the great races of mankind, did they stand still in the race of progress, building no permanent houses, finding no means to improve their soil, learning no science, evolving no industries, above all inventing no form of written word and creating no worthy form of art?—so is their future an enigma at whose solution no wise man would care to guess.

No doubt one reason for their stagnation was their isolation from the outside world. In the history of the world, rivers and narrow land-locked seas have played a tremendous part. It was always infinitely easier to travel by water than by road, if you had only your feet, and perhaps horses or oxen, to carry you on land. But the rivers of East Africa have been no help at all. A number of them flow from the central highlands to the sea—the Juba, the Tana, the Pangani, the Rufiji, and the Rovuma—but boats cannot sail far upstream. And behind the fertile but narrow coastal belt lies a vast stretch of hostile, dry and unhealthy country which acted, for thousands of years, as a barrier between the inland natives and the sea. On the north, an utterly barren and waterless desert, on the south an expanse of cruel and tsetse-ridden bush, and on the west the dense forests of the Congo, barred other approaches. The people of east central Africa were living as it were on an island, but one surrounded by hostile country and not by navigable sea.

And so the first explorers came not in ships but in caravans—strings of sweating porters with loads on their heads, loads of medicines and tents and ammunition, but most of all of trade goods to exchange with the natives for food. Beads, cloth and wire were standard currency. This tale of explorations begins with Johann Rebmann and Johann Ludwig Krapf, Germans employed by the Church Missionary Society of London (Krapf was described by the Sultan of Zanzibar as “good man who wishes to convert the world to God”), the first Europeans to set eyes on the snow-capped mountains of Kilimanjaro and Kenya. Krapf visited Kilimanjaro in 1848. The beauty and fertility of what he called the “East African alpine land” delighted him, as it has delighted every visitor since—deep cool forests below the glaciers, pure tinkling streams, steep red ridges planted with maize, bananas, sugar-cane and millet, brilliant-plumaged birds, and the clear sparkling air. “It will be a noble land,” he wrote, “when Christian culture shall hallow it.”

Ten years later, Richard Burton and John Speke, officers of the Indian Army, followed the Arab slave-trade route inland from the coast opposite Zanzibar in search of the “sea of Ujiji,” and became the first white men to set eyes on Lake Tanganyika. Speke, travelling on alone, in that same year sighted the shores of Lake Victoria—the greatest lake in Africa, a sheet of water the size of Ireland, around whose perimeter the densest population of East Africa dwells. Returning to the lake with a fellow-officer named Grant, Speke made his way up the western shore and, in 1862, stood at the spot where the White Nile issues from Victoria Nyanza and starts its long journey down to the valley of Egypt and the Mediterranean sea.

During his search Speke entered, as the first white man to do so, the strange kingdom of Buganda—strange, because it was so much more developed politically than the savage areas to the eastwards, where predatory nomads roamed the plains, or painted warriors ambushed the traveller with poisoned arrows. In Buganda the people acknowledged the rule of an autocratic king, descendant of a ruling race of Hamitic folk who conquered and thereafter ruled the agricultural people they found near the Lake. Here in Buganda were towns and roads and well-regulated markets. The supreme head of the state was the king, but assisting him was a chief adviser—a sort of prime minister—and a properly constituted council, which met at the capital, Kampala, to discuss and amend laws and policies. The kingdom was divided into a number of counties, and over each county was a chief, himself an autocratic ruler and a large land-owner. The organisation of the Kingdom was preserved intact under the Uganda Agreement of 1900 between the king and the British Government. The structure of native law and order, although it has been developed in some directions and limited in others, is still essentially the same. Buganda, in fact, has provided one of the first and one of the most successful examples of the British policy of indirect rule in Africa.

The brave and hardy company of explorers who drew the map of east central Africa between 1860 and the turn of the century followed, at first, the same road inland from the coast—the old trade route that took off at Bagamoyo, opposite Zanzibar, and ran through Tabora to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika. It was an old route, an historic route, going back through many centuries, and trodden by the feet of unnumbered slaves. Along this route travelled H. M. Stanley to keep his famous rendezvous with David Livingstone under the mango tree at Ujiji in 1871. But farther north, the savage reputation of the Masai tribe barred the way across the steppes and uplands lying beyond the belt of waterless thorn scrub behind the coastal strip. These nomads had for many years terrorised the surrounding and more peaceful tribes by their periodic raids in quest of cattle. They maintained, in effect, a standing army. The young men, the *moran*, lived apart from their families, in large huts which were the equivalent of barracks. They ate only meat and a concoction of curdled blood and whey. Forbidden to marry or to touch fermented drinks, they were trained only for war. A company of *moran* on the march must have been a terrifying sight. They were naked save for a very short leather cloak which dangled from one shoulder to the waist, and their bronze skins were smeared with a mixture of sheep's fat and red ochre. They wore their hair in a large number of dangling plaits, stiffened with fat and with cattle's hair, and when fighting they often added to their height—already considerable—by wearing a tall head-dress made of lion's mane. They were brave and supremely arrogant, and bore themselves with the swagger of bullies.

It was not until 1883 that the first European, a 25-year-old Scot called Joseph Thomson, traversed their country. The story of his expedition from Mombasa, through the thorny scrub to the Masai steppes, across those to the



NATIVE GIRL FROM TANGANYIKA

Oil painting by J Sitje

By courtesy of the Author



A YOUNG KIKUYU GIRL
Bronze head by Dora Clarke

foothills of Mount Kenya, and finally to the Lake Victoria basin, is a thrilling tale of adventure. (Joseph Thomson's own account of it, *Through Masailand*, is a classic among books on Africa.) He did not believe that he could have got through alive had he not posed as a great medicine-man, a fact which he repeatedly demonstrated by removing and replacing his two false teeth and by making water "boil" by the addition of Eno's Fruit Salts. This won him a grudging acceptance, but not much personal respect. Greased and naked warriors armed with spears would often force their way into his tent and demand that he take off his boots to exhibit his toes. One warrior, intrigued by the movable teeth, seized his nose and tugged at it



DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE
Engraving by Alonzo Chappel, 1867

vigorously to see if it would come off too. But he kept his temper and his head. He was the first European to cross the range of mountains which he named *the Aberdares*, after the president of the Royal Geographical Society. He travelled over the great plateau above the Rift Valley, on its south-east side, giving his own name to a waterfall of great beauty now the centre of a district of Kenya. Where he descended the escarpment into the valley he discovered Lake Baringo; climbing up the other side, he went on to Mount Elgon, which he also named, and thence to the northern waters of the Lake. He had opened a new way into Central Africa. Ten years later it had become a well-worn trade route, traversed by long caravans of porters carrying on their heads stores and cotton cloth and provisions for the scattered white men, who were endeavouring to "open up" the interior.

With Joseph Thomson the era of great explorers ended, and the era of political jockeying began. The first Europeans who went to East Africa to live were missionaries, of both Protestant and Roman Catholic persuasions. After

the missionaries came the traders, exchanging beads and cloth for ivory and grain. And, finally, the Government. The record of the British in East Africa is one of imperialism of the most reluctant and unwilling kind. In 1878 they refused to sanction a concession pressed by the Sultan of Zanzibar upon a Scotsman called Sir William Mackinnon, the chairman of a shipping line plying to India, offering him a lease and a free hand over the whole mainland from the Juba to the Rovuma rivers. Territory in Africa was the last thing the British Government wanted. With great difficulty Sir William Mackinnon won official recognition and a royal charter for the Imperial British East Africa Company ten years later. When the Company got into difficulties, as it very soon did—the expenses of keeping open the road to Uganda and of maintaining law and order in the interior were out of all proportion to the meagre returns—the British Government refused point-blank to take over its responsibilities. Uganda and all the territory that lay between Lake Victoria and the coast were very nearly abandoned. But the Church Missionary Society, reluctant to close down its stations, aroused just enough public opinion to turn the scale, helped by a propaganda campaign waged by a tenacious young army officer called Captain Lugard, who had been sent up to Uganda with a small force by the Company to keep order. Perhaps the decisive factor was the acquisitive spirit suddenly displayed by the Germans. These three factors were just enough to turn the scale. In 1893 the Union Jack was hoisted at Kampala, and Uganda was declared a British Protectorate.

The first and greatest British enterprise was to construct a railway from the coast to Lake Victoria—a line 800 miles long. It was a difficult and expensive railway to build, and its story is in itself a little epic. Waterless deserts, man-eating lions who preyed on and terrorised the Indians imported to lay the rails, fever and sickness, the scaling of mountains, the spanning of valleys, the bridging of rivers that turned into swollen torrents in the rains—all these, and many more obstacles, had to be overcome. Natives stole steel rails, termites ate wooden sleepers; floods swept away embankments, rhinoceroses derailed locomotives, sunstroke prostrated engineers; every sort of trouble had to be faced. But all were conquered; and in 1901, four years after it was started, the *Uganda Railway* reached its terminus at Kisumu, on the shores of the Lake.

The money had come from the British Treasury; and soon the annual loss on the running of the railway began to cause irritation. Goods might be carried in, but there was little to take out. The natives grew sufficient crops only for their own support. There was nothing over for export. And there was then no mineral wealth, nothing to be “exploited.” It was a dilemma, and only one way out could be found. Sir Charles Eliot, first Commissioner of the British East Africa Protectorate (which was taken over from the *Chartered Company* by the British Government in 1895), pointed out that after the railway's first 300 barren miles, it entered a region where much of the soil was fertile, the altitude high, the climate healthy, and yet where the native population was sparse. Over large areas, in fact, there were no native

settlements at all. It was a splendid place for British farmers to take up land and live, producing crops for the railway to carry away and founding a new outpost of the British Empire at the same time.

Already a few adventurous Englishmen and South Africans had reached the country, looked at the uncultivated highland soil with interest, and applied for grants of land. In 1902, it became the official policy to attract and encourage settlers. Land was leased to the pioneers on easy terms, for there was all to be done—the clearing of forest or bush, the ploughing of virgin soil, the testing of new crops, the fighting of pests and diseases. Settlers began to arrive in a steady stream, bringing with them wagons and ploughs, pedigree sheep and cattle, the seeds of new crops, and a resolve to make their homes on African soil. They were the pioneers of the “white highlands,” the upland core of Kenya, which the European settlers have developed and where they now dwell.

The Germans, meanwhile, had taken possession in the south. In 1884, Karl Peters founded the *Society for German Colonisation*, and in the same year he and three colleagues, disguised as mechanics, landed in Zanzibar and set out secretly for the interior, which was then part of the domains of the Sultan of Zanzibar. The following year they returned to Germany, still without the Sultan’s knowledge, with six “treaties” made between themselves and native chiefs. The terms of the “treaties” were ambiguous, and it is doubtful whether the chiefs regarded them as anything more binding than guarantees of safe passage. Peters, however, succeeded in arousing the interest of his Government, and the territory “ceded” by the chiefs was proclaimed in Berlin to be under German protection. As soon as the Sultan of Zanzibar got wind of this he wired a protest to the German Emperor, saying: “These territories belong to us . . . and the chiefs who offer to surrender rights of sovereignty to the agents of the company are not empowered to do so; these places have belonged to us since the time of our fathers.” His protests were useless. The British Government was not prepared to support him, and in 1886 the London Agreement was signed, apportioning East Africa into “spheres of influence” dominated by Germany, Britain and the Sultan of Zanzibar.

Germany’s brief period of colonial rule began and ended in bloodshed. She had to fight the Arabs before the German flag was planted along the coast. Headquarters were established at Dar-es-Salaam, meaning “haven of peace,” a small port which had been founded by the Sultan in 1862. Pacification of the tribes of the interior was effected by the sword, or rather by the rifle, and the Germans had to deal with several risings. The most serious was fomented by medicine-men who issued to the natives a magical mixture of water, maize and sorghum seed which (they claimed) caused the bullets of the Europeans to turn to water. Thousands believed this implicitly, and with cries of “Maji, maji!” (water—water) hurled themselves against German-trained troops armed with rifles. About 120,000 people perished before the rising was put down.

The German-built railway linking Dar-es-Salaam to Lake Tanganyika,



A YOUNG MASAI WARRIOR—THE OLD AFRICA
Kenya

following the line of the old Arab slave route, was completed two months before the outbreak of the 1914-18 War. The story of the East African Campaign has often been told: how the German commander von Lettow Vorbeck, starting the war with a force of 260 Europeans and less than 5,000 native troops, at first invaded the British colony to the north and then eluded superior British forces sent to destroy him for four and a half years of war. But in 1917 he was driven over the Portuguese border, and the German colony, cleared of enemy troops, was placed under a British Administrator. In 1919 the country won from Germany was awarded under mandate from the League of Nations to Britain, to be administered in the interests of its native inhabitants and under the supervision of the Mandates Commission of the League.

So, after the 1914-18 War, all the territory between the Juba and the Rovuma rivers and between the Indian Ocean and the Great Lakes,

originally offered to Britain by the Sultan of Zanzibar and then rejected, came under British control. Each of the four separate territories was, and is, held upon different conditions and governed in somewhat different ways. One, Zanzibar, is a Protectorate whose Sultan still sits on the throne, exercising many of his ancient powers—though not the most absolute, the right to control the armed forces and to make peace or war. A British Resident advises him, and in many respects the old customs and the old social structure, with the vital exception of the institution of slavery, have been left undisturbed. Another, Uganda, is a

Protectorate also, but a more complicated one. The kingdom of Buganda survives, with its king and its premier and its parliament, and its system of counties and sub-chiefs; and the Uganda Agreement of 1900 is still its charter. But included in the Protectorate are many other little states, with less developed institutions. Uganda is really a federation of native states at different stages of development, with an element of Indian traders and white planters thrown in. Then there is Tanganyika, a Class "B" mandate held under the League of Nations, as we have seen; and finally Kenya, the only Crown Colony of the lot, which because of its white settler population and its history has developed on rather different lines from the others—more directly under British control, less as a purely native state.

This great block of Africa, over a thousand miles from north to south,

and more than eight hundred across, with its twelve million blacks, provides as great a variety in climate, in plant and animal life, and in human inhabitants as you are likely to find on any comparable region of the earth.



KIKUYU MAN—THE NEW AFRICA
Kenya

CHAPTER III

THERE are three main ways in which you may approach East Africa from Europe. (Or at least that was so until the air route was suspended when Italy entered the war.) You could come by air from the north, along the valley of the Nile, entering Uganda at its least welcoming point, where the scrub and bush of its sparsely occupied and most northerly province merge into the deserts of the Sudan. You may arrive by car from the west, coming into Uganda through its most impressive gateway and reaching a land of dramatic volcanoes, wide vistas and blue lakes, passing close to the Mountains of the Moon. Or you may come by sea, as most people have done, traversing the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, rounding Cape Gardafui, sailing south along Africa's low-lying coast-line until you reach your destination at Mombasa, Tanga or Dar-es-Salaam.

Let us assume, for the moment, that you arrive by air. At each landing-ground in the Sudan the heat will beat up at you out of the sand like the blast from a furnace door. The country beneath you will start to look a little less desolate soon after you cross the Sudan-Uganda border. The Nile becomes a ribbon of dark green, for thick grass and tall trees now grow on its banks, and elephants wander there. You will fly, most likely, directly over the Murchison Falls, where all the waters of the White Nile are compressed into a sort of funnel, and spurt with a roar and a crest of foam through a gorge narrow enough for an athlete to jump. Below these falls the river spreads out into a wide pool, and here wallow great herds of hippopotamuses—sleek, fat, complacent looking, and possessed of ungainly but undeniable charm.

On the right of the plane's course you see a great sheet of blue water, Lake Albert, and beyond it the craggy mountains of the Belgian Congo. Soon signs of life appear beneath you—cultivated patches among the bush, flocks of goats, roads, with an occasional lorry moving along it. As you approach the basin of Lake Victoria, the country changes altogether. The dry bush, the scorched spaces, disappear. Quite suddenly, the land becomes tropical in appearance. It turns green all over, sliced here and there by straight



LAKE ALBERT
Uganda

red roads, boasting the best surfaces in central Africa. These are packed with people scurrying about on bicycles, and are gay with the brilliant cotton prints worn by straight-backed bare-footed women, their ebony skins sleek as satin, who move as majestically as sailboats before a fair breeze. Everywhere there are little hills with flat tops, like eroded lumps of sugar. Among the vegetation many circles are dotted about, like "fairy rings" in English fields. These are the villages, each one enclosed in its round palisade. As you approach the lake shore these become as plentiful as ticks on the flanks of an African ox. You realise, then, how empty is the country that you have flown over. If you inquire, you will find that much of it is a sleeping-sickness area, where the population has been evacuated by the Government down to the last man, woman and child. At the end of five years it is hoped that the tsetse-fly carrying the infection will have lost its evil power, and that the population will then be allowed to return.

At last you will see the waters of Africa's largest lake, stretching away out of sight. The shores are flat and torrid-looking; small boats with gaily

painted hulls, and dug-out canoes, are moving slowly about, propelled by fishermen. East and west of the air route you have been following lies the great cotton producing region of Uganda. Forty years ago no cultivated cotton grew there. In 1903 an enthusiast of the Church Missionary Society imported and distributed some bags of seed. It flourished, and the cotton industry germinated and grew with truly tropical speed. Thirty years later cotton was worth £3,000,000 annually to the Protectorate, and over 90 per cent. of the export trade consisted of this one crop. Uganda is the richest of her sister territories, with the best roads, the most schools, in some parts the highest standard of living among the natives. All this has been done on cotton, plus natural advantages of climate and soil and the existence of a population above the East African average in intelligence and trading acumen.

Between Jinja and the next stop, Kisumu, you pass over the Uganda-Kenya border. At Kisumu the time has come to proceed by car. Those who travel by road in Kenya or Tanganyika must acquire immunity to jolts, bumps, dust and breakdowns ; in the rainy season they must be ready to put on chains under water and to push cars out of mud engulfing the axles and reaching to the wheel hubs. The state of the roads is a neverfailing source of bitter complaint, but it never improves. Let us assume, however, that the rains are over, and that we set out from Kisumu on a fine morning. We shall pass for thirty or forty miles through Kavirondo country, which stretches along the whole eastern shore of the lake. Every bit of it is cultivated or grazed over by endless herds of goats, for the population is dense—in one place it even reaches 1,000 to the square mile, which is much too dense for agricultural land. For here, as in all parts of Africa, shifting cultivation is practised.

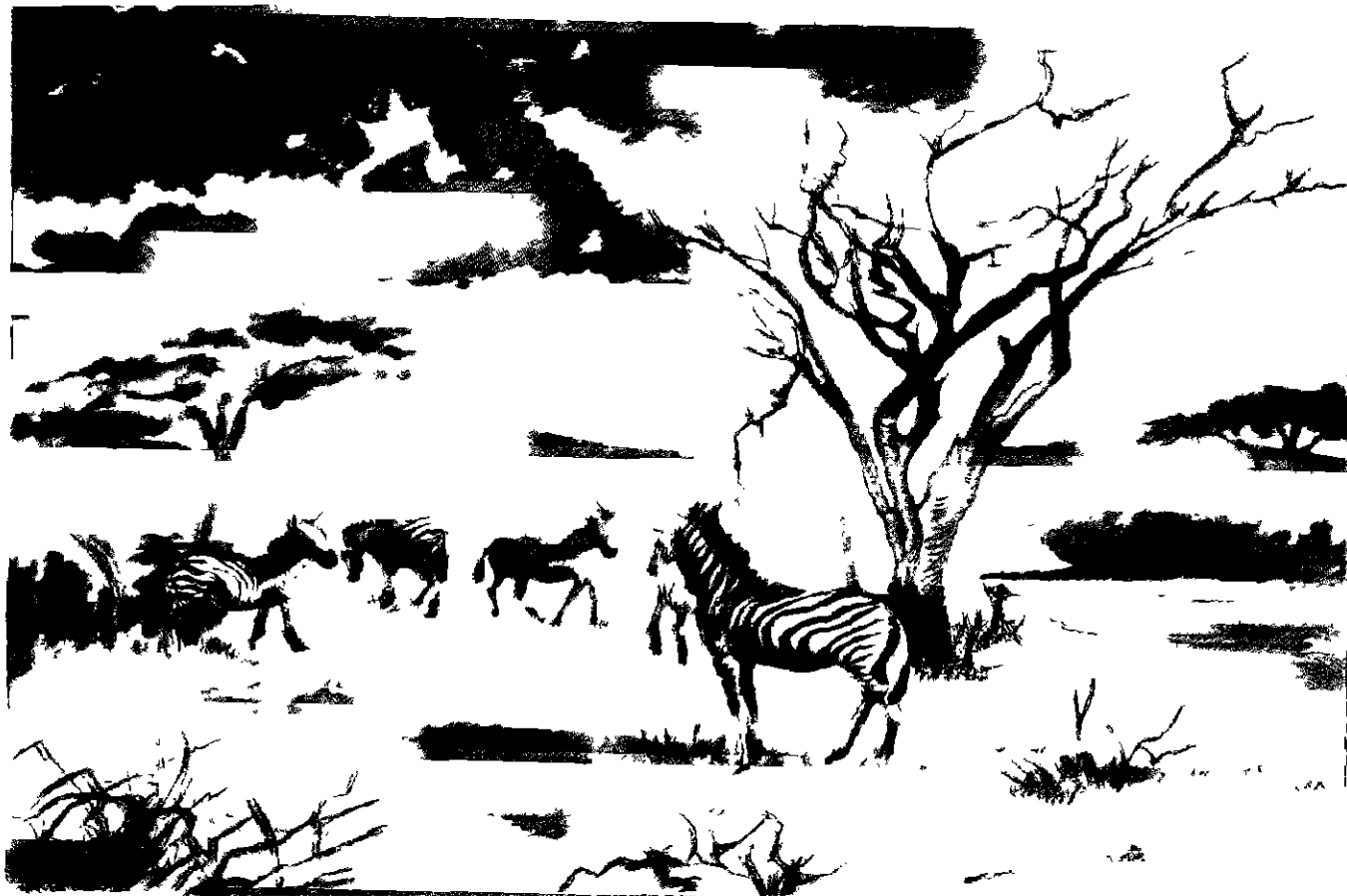
After a few crops have been taken the plot is left to rest as pasture or bush, and the cultivator moves on to clear fresh land for his garden. Kavirondo teems with life, rich and productive—cotton, sim-sim, sorghum, sugar-cane, maize, millet are the crops. The inhabitants are of many kinds : in the south a single Nilotic tribe called Luo ; in the north a congerie of many different sub-tribes, speaking different dialects but all of the Bantu group. Kavirondo men are among the strongest, physically, in East Africa, and they have the reputation of being the best workers. Yet their territory is unhealthy to Europeans—full of fever, hot and insect-ridden. You may, perhaps, pause on the summit of the Nandi escarpment to reflect that the very areas in which Africans seem most to thrive are often those least congenial to Europeans ; and that those regions which you are approaching, the cold rolling uplands, were almost empty of native settlements when the white men arrived.

You come now into a different world. You pass first through the steep green hills, now sadly deforested, of the Nandi and Lumbwa tribes, and on to a strange country to find in tropical Africa—bleak open downs, almost moorland, stretching in enormous waves to a distant horizon. Here and there, on the crests of the arrested waves or on their flanks, are patches of juniper forest, very black and solid against the green of the open downs.



THE LONGENOT ESCARPMENT KENYA

By courtesy of the Artists



GROUP OF ZEBRAS BY SANDY RIVER TANGANYIKA
Water colour by Winifred Parsons

By courtesy of the Artist

The sky above seems immense, and across it roll with ponderous slowness the flat-bottomed cumulus clouds of the hot lands, shapely as the sail of a boat, and full of colour. You feel at once a world of difference in the air. It is not soft and torrid any more, but sharp and chill, and as bracing as a wind coming off the sea. Your heart lifts with the altitude, and you cannot fail to catch a sense of exhilaration and freedom from the wide country which seems to stretch away forever into the sky. Perhaps you will see a man on horseback in the distance, cantering towards some black specks on a far hillside which you guess are cattle; and it would be strange if you did not, at that instant, feel an impulse to leap on to a horse and ride after him—even if you were a person who did not ride at all. For just as the sea has always called for a boat and a sail, these downs call for a horse and saddle; it would seem to be the natural way to move over their unrestricted shoulders.

You are in the "white highlands" now, the settled area of Kenya. You may pass pedigree Jersey and Guernsey and Friesian cows, as much at home as on their native European pastures. Co-operative creameries have been established, and from here butter is exported 6,000 miles to England—butter, strangely, produced in tropical and consumed in temperate lands. You may pass, also, fields of what appear to be white daisies. These flowers comprise, in fact, one of Kenya's major crops, *pyrethrum*, whose flowers are plucked and dried and shipped to Europe and America, there to be used as a base for insecticides like Flit and Keating's powder. The higher the altitude, within limits, the better

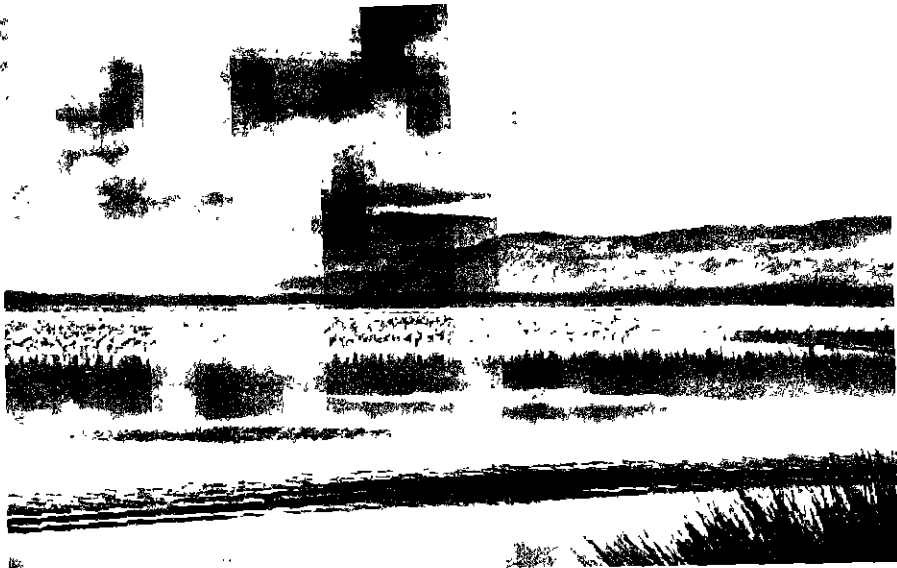


A MODERN DAIRY SCENE IN A KIKUYU VILLAGE
Kenya

pyrethrum thrives. Somewhere on these downs you will reach the highest point of your present journey, Mau Summit, over 9,000 feet. This is about the loftiest limit of white settlement in Africa.

You strike the Rift Valley just where it is widening out to hold Lake Baringo and its low-lying, hot, bushy surroundings. Lake Rudolph, at the northern extremity of this desert, is also a part of the Rift, and it is said by some that this great geological fault can be traced northwards through Abyssinia to the Red Sea, the Dead Sea, and the Sea of Jordan. To the south-east it narrows to a deep trough, and the Lakes Nakuru, Elmenteita and Naivasha are strung like blue gems along its hollows. Nor does it end here, although it becomes less spectacular. Geologically it can be traced all the way south to Lake Nyasa where it forks, the part which slashes through the Kenya highlands is the eastern branch. The western fork embraces Lake Tanganyika and then a whole chain of lakes running from south to north through Uganda—Kivu, Edward, George, and Albert. (It seems a crime that such lovely and exciting lakes should be saddled with such prosaic names.) The Rift Valley system is one of the greatest cracks in the earth's surface, extending—if we accept the thesis that the Dead Sea is part of it—for six thousand miles.

The road we are following descends into the Rift Valley and proceeds to Nakuru, the "capital of the highlands," a small farmers' town on the edge of Nakuru lake. The lake shore is made neither of mud nor of shingle, but of a dazzling, almost blindingly white kind of sand. This is soda, deposited from the saline waters of the lake. Behind the soda shore is a belt of deep green vegetation, composed mainly of "fever-trees"—Members of a tall, spreading species of acacia. To lakeward of the soda shore is another belt of colour: this time it is pink. A deep, solid pink, like crushed strawberries and cream. And this broad splash of colour encircling the lake is created by the plumage of millions and millions of birds—too many millions to be counted, or even guessed. They are flamingoes. They are a deep pink all over, except under the wings, where they are crimson, so that when they rise it is as if a blood-red cloud suddenly filled the sky. They stand shoulder to shoulder in the shallow water making a composite muttering sound, like the murmur of a distant crowd. In places I suppose the belt of flamingoes is two or three hundred yards deep. The lake itself is a pure blue, and the mountains which rise on the other side are blue and purple, and the sky is filled with grey and violet clouds. The whole scene is such a feast of colour that it seems to have a physical impact on the observer, and after a little the eyes ache and the senses grow numb. These flamingoes congregate only on soda lakes, feeding on certain types of algae that need salinity for growth. There is a danger that they may disappear. Lake Nakuru is drying up. In the last ten years it has shrunk to a mere puddle of its former self, and now it is nowhere more than a few feet deep. There may be consolation in the fact that this has, scientists tell us, happened before. Africa has had several pluvial periods, corresponding more or less with our ice ages, when Lake Nakuru was several



FLAMINGOES FEEDING ON LAKE NAKURU
Kenya

hundred feet deep and was joined, probably, with the other lakes in the Rift to form a gigantic sheet of water. And it has had its arid periods also, when most of the lakes have disappeared. Some people believe that Africa is now experiencing another arid period, and that lakes and rivers will get progressively drier in the years to come.

Beyond Nakuru we turn off the main road and climb the Rift Valley's eastern escarpment, a steep, forest-clad wall. We come out onto rolling uplands again, broken by patches of cedar (as junipers are called) and other forest. Now we are on a wide plateau, a pasture dotted with whistling thorns, lying at an altitude of between 6,000 and 7,000 feet. This is Laikipia, once roamed over by marauding Masai and grazed by countless herds of game. Lions hunted up every gulley, rhino dozed by day in bushy patches, buffalo came out of the hills to graze, and sometimes elephant could be seen wandering from the shelter of one forest to another. Even now there is some game left—wandering herds of zebra and wildebeeste and gazelle, plenty of hartebeeste, a few eland and oryx, now and again. But the big game has gone. Flocks of Merino sheep, for the most part, have replaced it.

On our right, as we cross the plain, rise the forested crests of the Aberdare Mountains, where buffalo and elephant and bongo are still to be found, and among whose marshy peaks the spotted lion is supposed to dwell. Ahead lies an even more imposing sight: the vast bulk of Mount Kenya, dark and massive against the sky, and wreathed in cloud. The mountain (the second

highest in Africa) looms out of the level plain around it in the most unpromising way, without introductions, it seems, in the way of foothills or spurs. But in fact it has foothills, and you come to them soon. They are made of rich red volcanic soil, as rich as any land in Africa, and here dwell the Kikuyu, an agricultural tribe who have cleared the lower slopes of magnificent forest to make way for their plantations of maize and millet, sorghum, beans and cane.

On the other side of the mountain, to the north and east, you come into some of the loveliest country in all East Africa, country that is gentle and smiling, fertile without the excessive lushness of the tropics. From the glaciers above flow many clear and sparkling streams which freely water the deep earth. The land lies in folds over the core of the mountain, creased by these streams. Once it was all forest; a forest of tall native trees, some of them huge in girth, others with brilliant flowers. And there are fine views all around you—up to the forest that still clothes the mountain and towards the white peak above, down across vivid green pastures, over native plantations and round thatched huts towards the baked plains that lie far away below. This, you may think, is a green and pleasant land indeed. It belongs to natives allied to the Kikuyu, the Meru and Embu tribes.

It is from this eastern side of the mountain that the trail leading to the peak of Kenya begins. You climb first through rain-forest, next through a belt of arched and feathery bamboos, and then you come out on to the bleak moorland, dotted with mountain vegetation: objects like cabbages on sticks, up to fifteen feet high, which are giant groundsel; and tall, furry, monolithic-looking lobelias. As you climb, the grass thins out and disappears; the lobelias, like scattered sentinels, are left behind, and you come to the scree. More climbing—slowly now, for you have reached the thin air, and gasp for breath—and you come to the outposts of the glaciers, somewhere about 15,000 feet. After this your climb becomes a matter of mountaineering, with ice-axes and ropes and the rest of the paraphernalia. There are two peaks, Bation and Nelion; Bation, which rises to 17,040 feet, is slightly the higher. The summit is guarded by glaciers of such a formidable nature that after 1899, when the peak was first scaled by Sir Halford Mackinder and his two Swiss guides, they defied all attempts made upon them (and there were many) until 1929, when Shipton and Wyn Harris, of Everest fame, succeeded in reaching the top.

The motor road we have been following winds up and down the steep Kikuyu ridges and leads eventually to Nairobi, the largest city between Johannesburg and Cairo. Near the capital it passes the fringe of the coffee country, a small area producing the bulk of the crop which remains, in spite of many setbacks, Kenya's principal export. Kenya coffee has a world reputation for quality.

It is this coffee land near Nairobi that is at the bottom of the recriminations against Kenya's settlers, to the effect that they have stolen all the best land from the natives. As in many controversies, the dust and heat of the dispute has tended to obscure and distort the facts. It is often assumed that all the



EXHIBIT SHOWING METHOD OF PREVENTING SOIL EROSION
Kenya

land now in the "white highlands" was once occupied by native cultivators. The greater part of it was, in fact, always pasture, intermittently roamed over by nomad herdsmen and settled by none. A corner of these highlands, the south and south-eastern fringe of Kikuyu territory, has been the subject of the most serious dispute. The trouble arose through ignorance rather than through deliberate injustice. When the Government decided to encourage settlement in 1902, an officer was sent to draw a line between areas occupied by the Kikuyu and the uninhabited land. The intention was to lease to settlers only land not under native occupation. But a smallpox epidemic had recently swept the country and depleted the population. Because of this, land which would otherwise have been in use had reverted to bush. Many uncultivated ridges, bare of villages, really—although this was not known at the time—formed part of a holding to which some family laid claim.

It was not until much of this land had been expensively developed by planters who leased it from the Government that these native claims were advanced. A commission appointed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies

in 1933 found, after exhaustive inquiry, that 104 square miles which had been Kikuyu property in 1895, before the smallpox epidemic, had been taken from them, whereas they still occupied 1,500 square miles of their original fertile land, plus more that had been added later. Their reserve—land dedicated to them forever—now amounts to over 1,700 square miles. Native reserves in the Kenya highlands altogether total 48,000 square miles, and land under European occupation 10,000 square miles.

Nairobi has a population of about 40,000 blacks and 6,000 whites. Its origin is humble ; it started life as a railway encampment, and its site was chosen because it was the last spot where locomotives could shunt before reaching the hilly uplands. Beginning with canvas, it went on to corrugated iron, and there is a good deal of this ugly material left to-day. But there are also solid and imposing buildings, snowy-white, tiled in red: the railway offices, the law courts, the palatial Government House. Nairobi may ape a thousand other towns with its cocktail parties and its bridge, but if you weary of them you can jump into a car and within twenty miles, if you are lucky, you may be watching a family of lion cubs playing in the sun, or stalking with a camera a group of giraffe. In another direction are the forests of Limuru, where you can picnic by waterfalls in the remnants of that great forest which once stretched from the Aberdares to the town's edge. Nairobi is the seat of Kenya's government, and the commercial capital of East Africa as a whole.

We are now to follow a section of what is called the Great North Road. This route—in parts it is really little more than a track—runs from Nimule on the Upper Nile to Broken Hill in Northern Rhodesia, where it links up with the Rhodesian road system. You can travel by car down the length of Africa, if you wish, to the Cape. From Nairobi it runs south through the Masai reserve and over the Tanganyika border. Your first stop will be Moshi, a small town of German origin, standing on the lower foothills of Kilimanjaro. Here again you must digress to climb the forested spurs of the highest mountain in Africa and to see a little of its beauties, to feel its cool air and to gaze at the white cap far above you, like a snowy cloth spread over a table in the sky. Kilimanjaro, although two thousand feet higher than Kenya, is much easier to climb, for the top is a plateau and not a peak. On the slopes of the mountain are most of the coffee plantations of the territory, native and European. The natives of these parts, the Chagga, had discovered how to irrigate their rich soil from the mountain streams before the Europeans came. Now they have learnt coffee cultivation from the whites, and are among the most prosperous of East African tribes.

It would be foolish to leave this part of Tanganyika without a visit to the Ngorongoro Crater, and beyond it to the Serengeti. From the plain below Mount Meru a road runs westwards and starts to climb what seems to be a series of rolling, bush-clad hills. The climb grows steeper as you go on. The car boils, and grinds its way round hairpin bends. At last you reach a

rest camp erected by the Government—a number of solid and comfortable huts, a bathroom and a rough kitchen. Tall, thick-boled podocarpus trees shade the camp, and the grass is lush and long. A few yards from the huts you can stand, it seems, on the edge of the universe. You are, in fact, perched on the rim of a huge crater, sixty or seventy miles across. The sides look almost sheer, and drop for two thousand feet. At the bottom lies a lake, and around it are great herds of game—millions and millions of them, crawling about like ants on the distant crater floor.

Westward of the crater lie the Serengeti Plains, arid and open, inhabited only by game. It is here that the famous lions live. Famous because they have never been shot at and so are remarkably tame; and because they have been as much photographed as all but the most illustrious movie stars. Near the sandy bed of a brackish stream you may find a fine, black-maned old patriarch half asleep under a thorn-tree with a couple of wives dozing beside him. Then you may come upon a family of cubs playing among some boulders. You can hear the lions from your camp at night, grunting and roaring; and very likely you will see them prowling round the tents in the early morning, their heads hung low between their massive shoulders, seeing what manner of strangers have come to invade their country. For it is their country, there is no doubt about that. It is waterless, save for these brackish pools and a few water-holes, and at most seasons the parched grass is as tawny as the lion's coat. Nothing could live here but game, and that flourishes.

To see the rest of Tanganyika we must retrace our wheel-tracks and return to Arusha and the Great North Road. Travelling south there is little to look at but bush as far as Dodoma—broken and rolling country, some of it, but bush nevertheless, with the long, low ranges of hills so typical of Africa. Now, in fact, you feel you are in Africa indeed. It is monotonous country, and you will not see any cattle, for you have entered the land of the tsetse fly. Four-fifths of the whole of Tanganyika is ruled by this insect, ruled so completely that no cattle or horses can live for more than a few weeks. All the efforts of science have failed to find a cure or a preventive for this dreaded disease. No cattle means no transport (other than expensive haulage by lorry), and no ploughs, for oxen cannot be kept to draw them. So the people are condemned to the digging-knife and hoe, and to the age-long habit of turning sufficient land to supply family needs and no—or very little—more. Their children must be raised without milk, their men forgo meat. The chink in the tsetse's armour is that, like many insects, it is not adaptable. It must have just so much shade, live within such-and-such a distance of water, find shelter in certain types of vegetation. If the conditions are not quite to its liking, it moves away in disgust. To exploit this weakness is a colossal job. It means, in effect, re-shaping the country, re-moulding Nature to man's design. Although the task seems almost overwhelming, it has been begun. Large areas of bush have been partially cleared to drive away the fly, and men and cattle brought in to occupy territory thus captured from the enemy. Even

these heroic efforts have barely scratched the surface of the problem. Money to finance and the courage to tackle big things have been sadly lacking in Africa, and on balance it is probable that the tsetse fly is gaining rather than losing ground over the continent as a whole.

From Dodoma we continue southwards to the southern highlands, whose climate is probably as suitable for European settlement as that of the Kenya highlands. You may notice here the same phenomenon that we observed farther north : that in these colder regions the native population thins out until it becomes extremely sparse, or even non-existent. Once again we come upon rambling, thatched farmsteads and herds of cattle and white families, British and German, who are making a living from the African soil. But they are few and scattered. Nothing like so substantial a settlement has been built up as in Kenya. Two hundred miles, roughly the distance from Iringa (the capital of the southern highlands) to the nearest point on the railway at Dodoma, is too long a haul for any crop to stand. The southern highlands are one of the few areas that remains in Africa where white settlement could probably be established on any considerable scale.

From Iringa the Great North Road swings westwards towards Mbeya, and thence to the Northern Rhodesian border. Close to Mbeya (as African distances go) are the goldfields of the Lupa, discovered some ten years ago and now a source of much of the territory's wealth. Gold, in fact, heads the list of Tanganyika's exports in value. On the Lupa you might imagine yourself back in the gold-rush days of California or Australia. Bearded miners in wide-brimmed hats are to be seen, with little bags of gold at their belts; much of the mining is alluvial and you can come upon men panning patiently in river-beds, or washing the dirt in home-made sluices. In the course of time a flourishing mining-camp has grown up, but there is nothing else for hundreds of miles—no town or permanent settlement. The gold goes out by air, but everything else must travel down the long and bumpy road from Dodoma by lorry to reach this bush-encircled spot.

On the boundary separating Northern Rhodesia from Tanganyika we must end our imaginary journey. From the Kenya border we have come nearly seven hundred miles, and well over a thousand from Kisumu on the Lake. We have left huge areas of East Africa unseen: all the deserts of Kenya's Northern Frontier District, for instance, which occupy half the colony's area; all the eight hundred miles of coastline; the great forest gorges, the flowers and the wild life of Ruwenzori; the valleys and volcanoes of western Uganda; the long shores of Lake Tanganyika, once the Arabs' hunting-ground for slaves; and very many places of no less interest. We have caught glimpses of a few native tribes and races, but we have seen only a fraction of the black millions—in Tanganyika alone 119 different tribes have been listed—and little or nothing of how they live and work. In part, this is because space is short; but no book, however lengthy, and no photograph, however clear, could do more than suggest to each reader a different picture of the scene.



A NATIVE GIRL FROM OLD SHINYANGA
Tanganyika

CHAPTER IV

EAST Africa is a fascinating part of the world to all sorts of people—to naturalists because of its wonderful variety of game, animals and birds; to sportsmen and painters, to farmers and travellers, to archaeologists and botanists and medical men. It is also a great human laboratory for the study of different methods of government and different ways of ordering social life. Here dictatorships in miniature flourish side-by-side with democracies in microcosm. Militarist states live cheek by jowl with peasant communities. Such a state of affairs is, of course, artificial in that a super-state now keeps order among them all. Europeans have been accused of many crimes in Africa, but at least they have abolished the continual inter-tribal warfare which kept Africa in a state of flux and intermittent bloodshed since the beginning of time.

When the white man first got to Africa he found tribes at every stage of social development. The most advanced, as we have seen, were the Baganda,

with their close-knit little kingdom, their chiefs and councils and code of law. In Tanganyika there was another community of the same kind, the "kingdom" of Usambara, between Kilimanjaro and the sea. But these were the exceptions. The tribes around them were far less organised. Some were under the leadership of chiefs who seemed to have great authority, but whose powers were limited by custom and often dependent on all sorts of magical sanctions. Others did not have a chief at all, but were loosely governed by councils of elders whose writ might run only over a ridge or a few villages. Among many tribes the young warriors, forever fighting and raiding, had a good deal to say. Among nearly all, the influence of magic and of medicine-men was very strong. Little could be done without the advice and blessing of these individuals. Sometimes they gained so powerful a hold that the intruding white men mistook them for chiefs. There were tribes acknowledging even less authority than this. Hunters and nomads have little need of government and laws. The order of their going is dictated by nature, when the grass burns, they leave for greener pastures, good rains bring riches, cattle plagues take wealth away.

The first white men had neither the time nor the knowledge to study each individual tribe and fit a form of administration to it, as you might fit a boot to a foot. In those days, anthropology in its modern forms barely existed, the studies on which to-day we can base our native policies simply had not been made. With a few exceptions natives appeared to the white men as naked, ignorant, savage creatures, whose warriors must wet their spears in human blood before they became men, whose elders believed that a lot of mumbo-jumbo with goats' entrails, powdered roots and the hairs of lions would cure disease or bring rain.

Some form of rough administration had to be set up in a hurry. Where a reasonably coherent system of government, headed by a powerful king, already existed, as in Buganda, no attempt was made to disrupt it, on the contrary, a solemn promise was made—and kept—to preserve it intact. But where no such system seemed to exist, white officers were posted to maintain order, dispense justice and collect taxes.

Naturally, these white commissioners could not do all this without help. Where the tribe had a chief, and where the chief was friendly, he was confirmed in his office and entrusted with various jobs according to his capacities. Under him, headmen were appointed in charge of smaller areas or villages. To a large extent the natural leaders of the tribesmen were chosen, but of course it was not possible for the commissioners to delve very deeply into the complicated social customs of the tribes, and sometimes men were appointed who had no authority in native eyes, while the real powers in the land were overlooked. In German territory it was customary to instal as *akidas*, or sultans, men from foreign tribes, generally Swahilis. Some of these *akidas* were intelligent, they were even sent back to Germany to be trained, but of course they had no authority—other than force—among the tribesmen. The idea of discipline rather than of consent inspired the German policy.



WATERING CATTLE AT KAA BONG KARAMOJA
Uganda

In British territory the system did not work too badly, on the whole. With few exceptions the district commissioners were men with a real interest in the natives, often with a genuine affection for them. They had a high sense of justice, and they tried with honesty and intelligence to do the best they could for their charges. Native law and custom was upheld wherever it was not in direct opposition to English law or "repugnant to morality." For instance, the native custom by which a young man pays a "bride-price" in cattle, goats and beer to the father of the girl of his choice was maintained, and still continues. On the other hand, the custom by which a murderer pays a heavy fine of cattle to his victim's family was set aside in favour of the English system of hanging the offender. (Most of the European's ideas seemed strange and senseless to the African, but few more so than this : of what use was a corpse, they argued, to the family and clan of a murdered man, when they were entitled to cattle which to some extent recompense them for the loss of a valuable warrior or food-producer ?)



BUGANDA CHILDREN AT KAMPALA CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSION SCHOOL
Uganda

But it was inevitable that native social systems should to some extent break down and crumble, since chiefs and elders were deprived of many of their vital powers, and youths of their major occupation—making war. Instead, the young men were encouraged to leave their homes to work, either on projects such as roads and railways or on the plantations and farms of Europeans. Here they learnt new habits—to wear clothes, to cut off their warrior's pigtails, to use money. The influence of their elders, the tribal influence, no longer held them. Some learnt the less desirable European customs, such as stealing. Others adopted an easy kind of Christianity from which, too often, the only lesson they seemed thoroughly to absorb was a contempt for their old gods and their old beliefs.

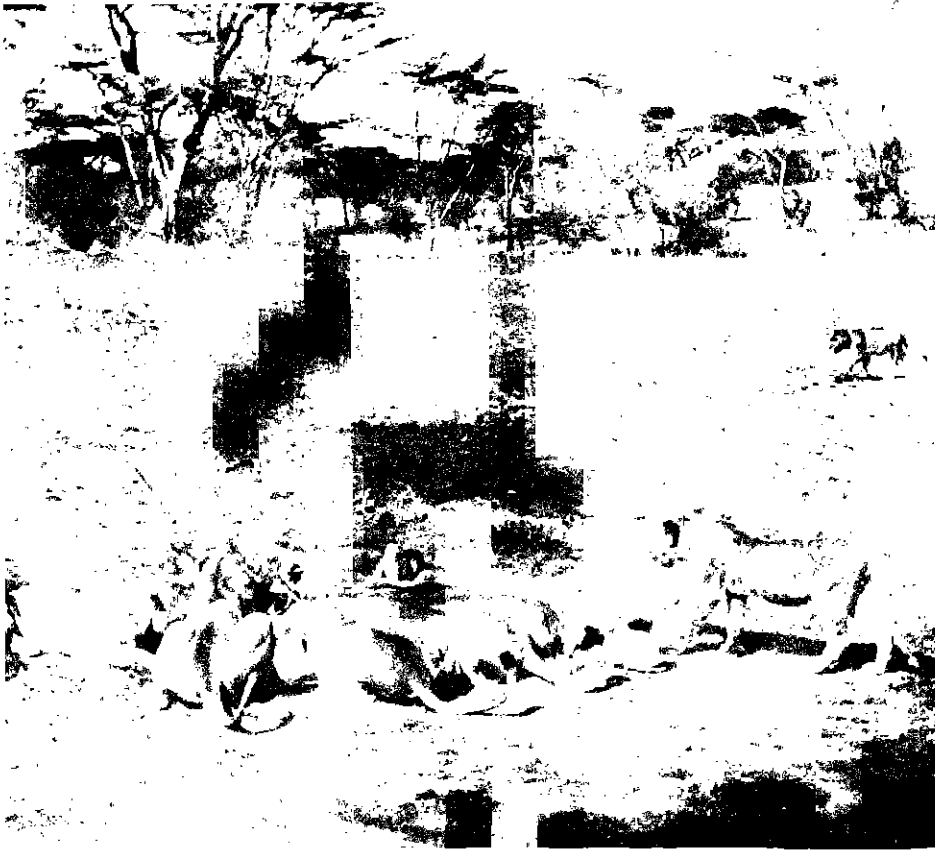
In the early stages of white administration it was hoped to teach the native all the European virtues—to turn him into a hard-working, respectable Christian, a civilised man, having renounced his pagan gods, his insanitary habits and his superstitious beliefs in magic and spells. The spread of Christianity was believed to be the key. Missions sprang up everywhere, and opened schools, government-supported, to teach the children to read and write so that they would be able to study the Gospels.



BUGANDA BOY LEARNING TO COUNT AT KAMPALA MISSION SCHOOL
Uganda

Then, like a great rent torn in the continuity of European thought and belief, came the war of 1914-18. After it was over, the whole direction of British policy in Africa seemed to change. The African, it was now believed, should not be wrenched from his setting and made to develop along alien European lines. His own institutions, instead of being drastically changed, or destroyed, should be nurtured and strengthened. The aim, as a popular phrase of the time had it, should be to create a good African and not a bad European.

When the mandate for Tanganyika (as "German East" then became) was awarded to Britain by the League of Nations, a set of rules which the British were expected to follow in the administration of the territory were drawn up. These laid down certain definite principles: that the nationals of all states belonging to the League of Nations were to have equal rights and equal treatment; that no discrimination in trade or tariffs was to be shown; that freedom of conscience and religion should be guaranteed; that no fortifications should be built or troops recruited for foreign service; that compulsory labour should be forbidden; and so forth. Above all, the mandate insisted that the rights and interests of the natives should at all times be given first place. The "well-being and development" of the native peoples was defined as the primary aim



LIONS ON THE SERENGETI PLAINS
Tanganyika

of the administration. The whole conception was that of a beneficent power guiding and training inexperienced native peoples in the direction of self-government.

This idea did not spring ready-made and fully-grown into the world arena. It was the culmination of a trend in British policy that had long been turning towards some such conception. It was one expression of the philosophy of empire that led, in another sphere, to the Statute of Westminster and to the emergence as independent states of the free self-governing Dominions. It was a putting into practice, in one part of Africa, of the twin ideas on which the new British Commonwealth of Nations is built: the ideas of decentralisation and of freedom—freedom for the people of each constituent part to develop along their own lines and to work out their own destiny.

Tanganyika was not the only part of East Africa in which the well-being, development and training in self-government of the natives was to be a leading

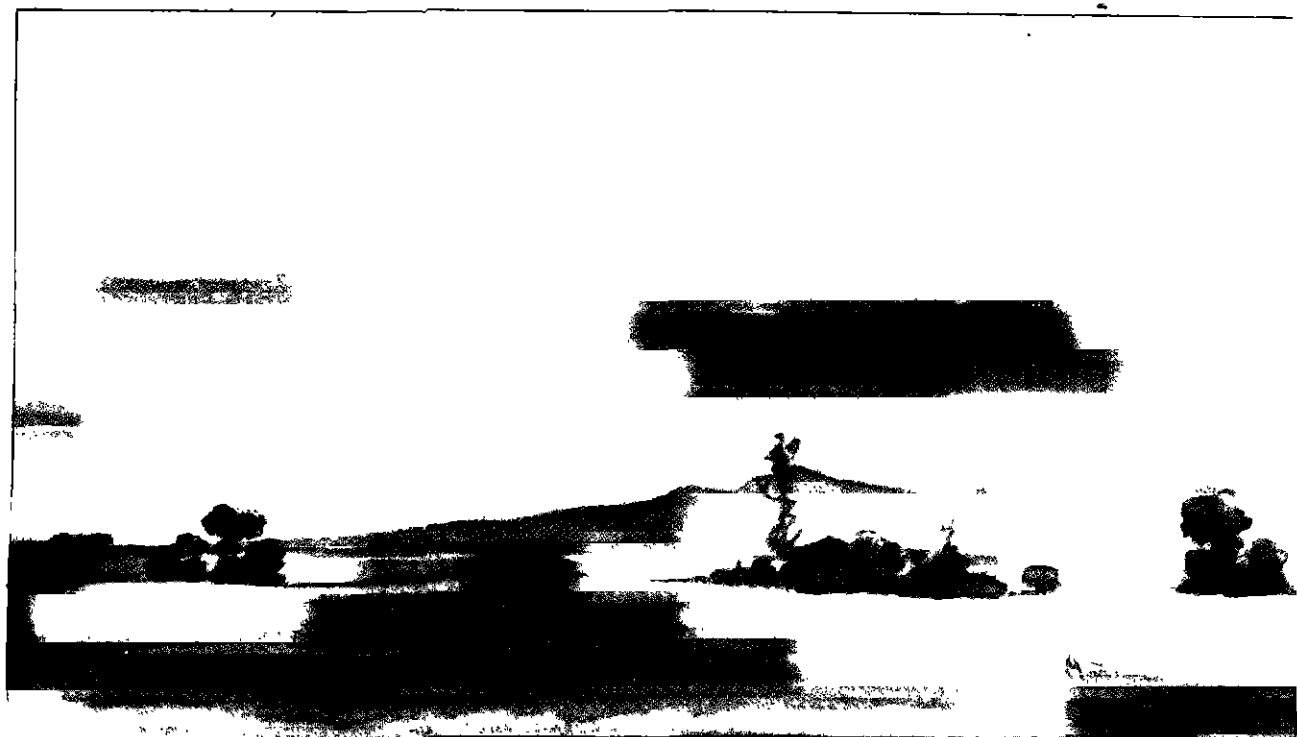
object in British policy. The main principles laid down in the mandate were to be applied in Uganda and Kenya as well. Freedom of conscience, the prohibition of forced labour and of military training for natives existed already, trade discrimination in favour of Britain was forbidden under the Congo Basin Treaties, re-enacted after the war, which secured the "open door" into all the British East African possessions. But now, in the post-war reconstruction, new ideas were developed, notably those known as "trusteeship" and "indirect rule." "Trusteeship" was the name officially given to the native policy of Kenya in 1923, and thereafter extended to cover the whole approach to native affairs in this part of the world. It meant that the natives were in the position of wards to the British, who were to be regarded less as rulers than as trustees. It implied that these countries and their resources were ultimately the property of the indigenous peoples, and must be preserved and developed primarily in the African's interest until such time as the natives themselves were sufficiently trained in the arts of government to take over the job. It marked a final throwing overboard of the old, discredited colonial doctrine that a colony exists for the benefit and enrichment of the colonial power. These colonies—under the doctrine of trusteeship—existed for the benefit and enrichment of the inhabitants, and through them of the whole world.

This hard-worked term "trusteeship" was evolved out of a controversy which centred, between the last war and the depression, about the political structure of Kenya. Since the foundation of a white colony there, Kenya and its future have puzzled and irritated alike those who govern the country, those who live there, and those who merely talk and write about it. Kenya does not quite fit in with its neighbours. In the heart of the colony, a little white island stands up in the midst of a black sea, an island of settlers who do not come and go, as the officials and the traders do, but who live and have their homes in this mountainous patch of tropical Africa. The area they occupy is small—about the size of Wales. They are outnumbered by Africans in the ratio of 150 to 1. But their influence on the country's development and therefore on its destinies has been relatively great. They have never been content to be governed, often ineptly and seldom tactfully, by officials from Downing Street over whose actions they have no control, nor made subject to laws in whose framing they have had no hand. They have demanded what they consider to be the right of a free-born British subject to a say in his own affairs and a voice in his own government. They have asked for a greater measure of self-government, in the sense that their fellow-settlers who went to the British Dominions achieved it. The difficulty is that to grant the settlers of Kenya self-government would also be to grant them the government of three million natives, to whom the British Parliament is pledged as trustee, and who themselves object to the idea. This *impasse* has led to many arguments, projects, blue books and commissions, and like so many other political deadlocks, it is still unresolved.

Trusteeship is a doctrine; its expression takes a form now known as indirect rule. This means, in brief, that the natives are governed, so far as possible, through their existing chiefs and institutions rather than directly by white officials. There is nothing new about it as a principle, but as a system it was not applied in Africa until Sir George Goldie introduced it into Nigeria. It was further developed by his High Commissioner, then Captain Lugard, the army officer who had kept order during the early days in Uganda on behalf of the Chartered Company, and who later became Governor of Nigeria. After the last war the system was transplanted to Tanganyika, where it soon took root. It has a twofold intention : to transfer to the natives as much authority over local affairs as they can exercise without abuse ; and to discover and develop the traditional machinery of government which existed, if only in nucleus, before the white man came.

These two intentions are the pillars of indirect rule. In practice, two bits of machinery have been found essential. One is a native treasury and the other a native court. In other words, an authority must exercise a certain independence in spending money and in doing justice, if it is to gain respect. In Tanganyika, the hut and poll tax paid by every able-bodied man is collected by the Native Authorities, who hand some of it over to the central government, but retain a portion to spend on their own projects. (Such matters as schools, roads, agricultural experiments, afforestation and so forth.) They draw up their own budgets, although these have to be sanctioned by the district officers ; they pay themselves salaries and employ their own staff. They maintain, also, their own courts of law. They cannot try a man for murder or for other serious offences, or impose penalties of more than a certain weight, but within these limits they hear cases, give judgments, impose fines, and send wrongdoers to jail. Here, again, their records are inspected by white officials ; but a good Native Authority will seldom need correction, for the dispensing of law has long been a function of native chiefs and councils, and Africans as a whole have by tradition a keen and lively sense of justice.

In Kenya, native administration has developed along somewhat different lines. Just as in Tanganyika, the principle of devolution has been applied. Local Native Councils have been set up in all the native areas. These are a mixture of the traditional authorities, the chiefs' and elders' councils of the tribes, with younger men who are selected for their qualities of leadership and ambition. In a sense these councils are more democratic than rule by chiefs, since they find a place for younger men, often educated after a European fashion, who are apt to grow discontented and impatient with the elders' authority. On the other hand, they have no exact counterpart in native tradition, and they cannot draw full strength from the sanctions of the past, or from the semi-mystical respect in which chieftainships were often held. Local Native Councils, like the Native Authorities in Tanganyika, are entrusted with the raising of taxation and the administration of justice to a limited degree.



By courtesy of the Artist

ABERDARE MOUNTAINS FROM NARO-MERU KENYA
Water colour by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester



By courtesy of the Artist

KANABA GAP UGANDA
Water colour by Winifred Parsons

Over every district of all these territories presides the white official, the district officer, the possessor of great powers and great opportunities to guide and shape the destinies of black men and women. He is there to see that order is kept and justice done, regulations obeyed, taxes paid, disputes settled, famine and disease kept at bay. His powers are laid down by law and statute, but no written word can define or circumscribe his duties. His authority rests on his character: on his tact and judgment, his self-reliance and sympathy, and upon his understanding. A man born to the job will become the father of his people, their friend and their master. A misfit will know loneliness and boredom, he will leave behind, at every move, a district full of disputes and grievances.

Above the many districts are the few provinces, each with a senior officer in charge; and above that comes the Governor, at once the King's representative and the chief of the executive, entitled to a fine house and a guard of honour and a title, with an honourable retirement on a handsome pension in front of him. Beyond the Governor looms the Colonial Office in Downing Street, where Governors of all parts of the British Colonial Empire must seek instructions and submit despatches. And beyond, yet again, stands the British Parliament, the ultimate source of all authority. The Secretary of State for the Colonies links the Parliamentary to the civil service machine. Changing with every government, his is the job of translating the will of the British people, as expressed in Parliament, into terms which will affect the lives of the black millions on the shores of Lake Victoria or on the rolling Masai steppes. From its source in Parliament the will of the people flows through him into the dignified and dingy recesses of the Colonial Office; filtered through the civil service machine, it proceeds in handsomely sealed despatches to His Excellency in his tropical but well-appointed Government House; passed through the local Secretariat, it trickles out to the Provincial Commissioner and thence to the District Officer in his tin-roofed office in the bush; and so, one day, it reaches the humble native himself, perhaps in the form of an order issued by his local council or authority, or an announcement made by the District Officer at a public meeting in the market place.

Administration is like a web with many strands uniting and interlocking to form a whole. There is the agricultural strand, represented by an officer whose job is to see that more and better produce is grown in his district without exhausting the soil. He has improved seed to issue, pests to control, marketing to organise, new crops to introduce. Then there is the medical officer, who must run hospitals, ward off epidemics and plagues, preach lessons in elementary hygiene, and combat innumerable diseases—malaria, hookworm, bilharzia, sleeping sickness, leprosy, syphilis, yaws, pneumonia, typhoid and many others. There is the veterinary officer, who must inoculate countless cattle against disease, enforce quarantine restrictions, and endlessly cajole natives to improve their scrubby stock by the selection of bulls and the culling of unproductive animals. There are many others besides, in the government machine: Labour Officers to see that natives who leave their homes to work meet with decent



STUDENT IN THE MEDICAL RESEARCH LABORATORY
Nairobi, Kenya

conditions and good rations; *Game Rangers* to protect wild life within the game reserves; Magistrates and Judges to try cases not heard by native courts. The machinery of government in African colonies is to-day a complicated and elaborate affair. The time has come when you must go farther than the lonely bush and elephant-haunted rain-forest, beyond the banks of the Zambesi and the Congo, to find a place where a man is left to his own devices. To all these alien complications the African native himself, if the plan succeeds, will one day be heir. How is he being prepared to shoulder these ever-widening responsibilities? By his association in the work, of course, as we have seen—his member-

ship of native councils and courts, his employment in minor jobs of agriculture and surgery, forestry and clerking. But there is more to it than that. One day he will have to take over the direction and design of the machine, not only to oil the wheels and stand on the assembly line. What is being done to train the native in democracy, above all to produce the leaders he must throw up or perish?

There is by now an educational ladder in Africa, although only a few, as yet, have clambered up its rungs. It starts in the "bush school," a little shed of mud and wattle poles, as a rule, with unglazed windows, rough wooden benches, an earthen floor and—the symbol of learning, the gateway to a new world—a big blackboard. Here come the small, woolly-haired, round-eyed children, to learn from scantily-trained native teachers the *elements* of the three Rs. Most of these bush schools belong to missions, so that the rudiments of the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Anglican or the Catholic faiths, together with a number of hymns, are absorbed along with the alphabet and the multiplication tables. A government subsidy pays for part of the upkeep of these schools.

From a bush school the successful pupil can pass on to one of the central

schools where teachers with higher qualifications continue the moulding of a primitive little pagan into a literate, English-speaking, Christian-professing young man. Some of these secondary schools are attached to mission stations. Others—an increasing number—are maintained by local native authorities out of their own native budgets, with the help of government grants. These central schools are much more elaborate affairs. They are boarding schools, for one thing; they have well-appointed class-rooms, libraries, dormitories, dining-halls; they have sports and games and teams, and are flavoured with a distinct dash of the English Public School spirit. Some have already achieved local fame. Such, for instance, is the school for the sons of chiefs and headmen at Tabora, the “Eton of Tanganyika,” where, amid surroundings on which relatively large sums have been lavished, the future leaders of the tribes are given both a general grounding and special training to fit them for their tasks. Another is the Alliance High School near Nairobi, where the cream of Kenya’s native intelligentsia, the future teachers, agricultural instructors, government clerks and the like, are taught.

The ladder has one more rung. An outstanding scholar can proceed from one of these central schools to what is destined to become the University of Eastern Africa—Makerere, in Uganda. Started as a technical school, Makerere concentrates mainly on advanced training for certain professions—teaching, medicine, engineering, agriculture and veterinary work. The best part of half a million pounds was voted by the British Parliament and by the East African territories just before the war for the expansion, in fact the reconstitution, of Makerere, on a scale many times as ambitious as before. The work is going forward in spite of the war. Students from Uganda, Tanganyika, Kenya and even from Nyasaland, are enrolled in the three-year courses, and those who have been graduated have found good jobs as teachers in secondary schools,



A CERTIFIED MIDWIFE NAMIREMBE HOSPITAL
Kenya

as medical assistants, as instructors in agriculture, as draughtsmen in the railway workshops, and so on

Our age is notorious for its speed, a quality well illustrated in this matter of African education. In New York, on one occasion, I met a young man from Kenya, of the Kikuyu tribe, who had been graduated from a university in Ohio and was taking an advanced degree at Columbia. He was the student in everything—the American clothes, the idiom, the college pennant tacked to the wall, the leftish politics, even to earning pocket-money by shovelling snow and stoking furnaces. A few years before I had met his father, a chief—a wealthier and shrewder man than most of his fellows, but still of the old school, with many wives clad in sheep's fat, red ochre and goatskins, with herds of goats for a banking account, with numerous children, ears whose lobes had been vastly distended to hold copper ornaments, a liking for day-long feasts off fat-tailed sheep and for beer brewed from sugar-cane. His father had fought with spear and throwing-club against the Masai, his body painted with lime and ochre, Colobus monkey tails flashing from his ankles. The childhood memories of the young student at Columbia must have been of smoke-filled huts shared with goats, of magic and taboos, of medicine-men who cast out devils with potent powders shaken out of gourds and with the blood and entrails of goats. One generation in this family had spanned all the slow and painful ages lying between primitive superstition and twentieth-century science, between the rain-maker and the Master of Arts. It is doubtful whether, in all history, so abrupt a transformation has ever before taken place. It is doubtful, no less, whether so complete a break with the past, so sudden a plunge into the future, can be made without upsetting the delicate adjustment between a man's mind, his soul, and his environment. Change, many believe, must be more gradual than this if man, however adaptable he may be, is to keep his balance.

Only one East African in a million, of course, leaves his native shore to face so complete an alienation from his people as that young man who went to Columbia. One of the purposes of Makerere, indeed, is to provide the facilities of a first-rate university in East Africa, so that students do not have to sever themselves from their own environment. Opinions are divided as to the success that can be claimed for this experiment of native education along European lines—for experiment it is, like most of the white man's innovations. Some of the products have shown remarkable intelligence, a sense of responsibility, and qualities of leadership. Others have emerged as discontented, maladjusted individuals, despising the simple manners of their own folk, vainly envious of the motor cars and dinner jackets of the Europeans. It has often been remarked that the first effect of education is to arouse in the African contempt for the land and its pursuits, and no higher ambition than to work in a government office and own a bicycle, or even a car. The problem before the rulers of Africa is to provide a system of liberal education that will produce a greater number of intelligent small-holders and a smaller number of disgruntled clerks.

Not the least of Africa's fascinations is that it bristles with such unsolved problems and urgent needs. Wherever you go, they stare you in the face. No visitor travels more than a few miles without exclaiming : " Why can't they do something about the roads ! " ; and soon other needs appear on every hand—for more hospitals, fewer uneconomic goats, better cattle, crop rotations instead of shifting cultivation, closer settlement in the white areas, irrigation works, control of grass fires, decent conditions in the native quarters of towns, better nutrition, punctual trains, lower railway freights, more malaria control, more research, more afforestation, more secondary industries, fewer locusts, and less female circumcision. Everyone, after even a few weeks in these countries, feels impelled to compile his own list.

The truth is that East Africa is an agricultural region, and not even a rich one at that. The average density of population is less than nineteen to the square mile. There are fertile patches, but there are also vast stretches of barren desert and bush. There is gold, certainly, but not in large quantities ; there is no workable oil or coal or iron, and therefore industries cannot take root on any large scale. East Africa must live on what can be produced from the soil, and it must build up the luxuries, perhaps even the decencies, of life gradually out of what can be raised and what can be exported. The limits to the export trade are set not so much by what East Africa can grow as by what can be sold in the outside world, disorganised and contorted for so long by economic and finally by military wars. Many of the things that need doing must therefore be done slowly, or even, for the time being, not done at all.

There is one warning sign, however, that all travellers' accustomed to look at countries with observant eyes will see written plainly on the hillsides and on the plains. It is the warning to beware of death, of the death of the soil, which in other countries has been stricken down by the same causes : by the stripping of vegetation which naturally protects it from the naked impact of rain and sun, leaving it exposed and vulnerable to erosion. The impetus to grow more crops is strong, since more crops mean more money coming in, and this means a higher standard of living and a greater surplus for taxation. But in order to plant these crops, forests have been hewn down, bush has been cleared, land has been worked over and over again instead of being given time to rest and recover.

In many places the strain has been too great. Soil has been torn off hillsides and swept down streams by heavy tropical rains. Slopes, fertile and productive ten years ago, are to-day, in places, nothing but a waste of stones. The rich, red earth of Mount Kenya's foothills, for instance, is being washed down the Tana river in such quantities that at times a brown stain discolours the blue Indian Ocean fifty miles out to sea. On the heels of this reckless despoiling have followed the familiar symptoms : falling crop yields, deep gullies, carving into cultivated fields, rivers that race down in dangerous flood when it rains and shrivel to nothing in the dry season. Down on the plains, cattle which would naturally perish from disease, but which science has kept alive,

trample and graze to destruction over-crowded pastures. There are areas overstocked three and four times their capacity for supporting the herds. The natives, bound to their beasts by tradition and economics—wealth is still reckoned in cattle and goats—refuse to sell the surplus, or to cull their herds. So new dust bowls are being created, just as they have been formed in the United States and Canada. New belts of fertile land are being impoverished, as they have been in the cotton belt of America, in China, in the Mediterranean states. The foundations of new problems are being laid—problems of poverty, of run-down soil, of over-population, of dwindling water, and perhaps of dust bowl refugees.

It is difficult not to feel that this is the greatest problem facing Africa to-day—how to preserve for the use of future generations the only real resource that Africa possesses, its good earth. Allied with it are many others: of whether the African can successfully blend his inheritance and traditions with the new western ideas that have poured in on him so quickly and so roughly; of whether the tribal bonds that Europeans have broken can be replaced by a new discipline of the African's own making before a state of spiritual anarchy intervenes. The future is studded with question marks in Africa, as it is elsewhere. But there is a difference which is all in Africa's favour. There, in this sunlit, happy, and easy-going land, you seem to stand at the beginning of history. The African people have emerged from an age-long anonymity, awoken from a sleep of centuries. For the first time they stand on the edge of great events, conscious of themselves and of the surrounding world. Whatever happens to Europe, things can never be the same for them; they must go forward, whether to greatness or to chaos no man can say, but towards experiment. And, from a Europe where everything seems already to have been tried and failed, torn again by the old dissensions that will not die, the way that they will tread, although nobody can mark its course or measure its abysses, seems at least to be a path of hope.

THE BRITISH COLONIAL EMPIRE

NOEL SABINE

BACKGROUND

THE British Empire, or British Commonwealth of Nations, as it is now the fashion to call it, is a typical British product. It is the result of gradual, almost fortuitous development, and not of deliberate planning. Its constitution is difficult to describe in terms of political theory, but it is a living political association in full working order.

Our friends have shown little sign of understanding the history and significance of this Empire, partly no doubt because we have never undertaken the task of explaining it. Our enemies have openly admired, envied, and coveted it, for reasons of commerce, living space and prestige.

Both attitudes are intelligible. What is not so easily estimated or understood is the attitude of the people of the British Isles towards the British Empire. It is a curious fact that there has never been in Great Britain any dynamic popular urge towards Empire building. In the earlier history of the Empire the first footsteps are those of a few adventurous men, who discovered new lands and established trading posts in them ; later, the settlements in the New World were peopled by a few men of independent spirit, who sought freedom of conscience and worship ; later again, even in the expansionist, Imperialist era of the last century, new lands were added to the domains of the Crown, often reluctantly and with halting steps ; and always there was opposition from the little Englishers, who raised powerful voices and powerful influences against the building of an Empire.

In this century, following a brief period when the Empire was a cult and its prophet was Kipling, there has been, among all but a few, lack of knowledge and lack of interest. The Empire was taken for granted.

One phase of British Imperial history came to an end with the secession of the American Colonies. The latest landmark is the Statute of Westminster of 1931. The Statute recognised the coming of age of the great dominions, peopled mainly by men and women of our own race ; it defined Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Eire as "autonomous communities within the British Empire, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as Members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." To-day, the British Commonwealth overseas may be divided into three main parts : these are the great self-governing Dominions ; the Indian Empire, with Burma ; and the numerous non-self-governing units known collectively as the Colonial Empire.

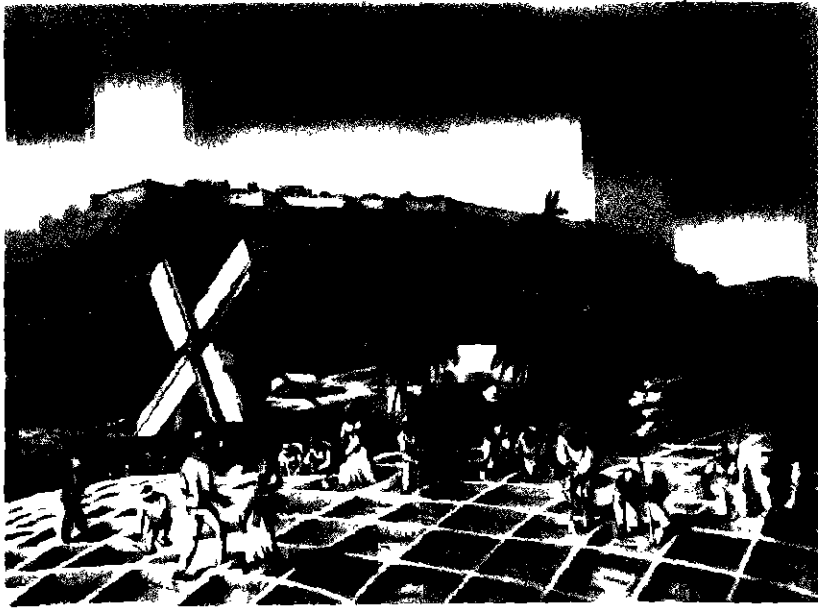
This last portion of the Commonwealth of Nations covers the considerable area of about two million, three hundred thousand square miles, and has a population, never exactly calculated, of about sixty millions. The Colonies, Protectorates and Mandated Territories of which it is made up lie mainly in the tropics—in Africa, in the West Indies, in the Middle and Far East. They contain an infinite variety of peoples, of flora and fauna, and almost every mineral and vegetable product known to man.

The Dependencies have a strange, varied, and romantic history. They present now that bewildering amalgam of the old—almost the ageless—and the new, which is readily perceived and faithfully reported in varying degrees of superficiality by the casual traveller. It is a picture of twentieth-century Western civilisation, with all its paraphernalia—docks, warehouses, offices, airports, power stations, factories, motor roads, railways, superimposed often on a primitive setting and pattern of life ; and we see the picture changing before our eyes through the influence of education, new ideas, the written word, the cinema, the wireless, upon the minds and lives of people who a few short years ago knew none of these things. Here are great dangers ; but here, too, are great responsibilities, and great opportunities for good.

Just as the creation of the Colonial Empire—if indeed so haphazard a growth may be so described—was the work of a comparatively few men, so also only a comparatively few people have concerned themselves with its problems ; colonial affairs have never been caught up in the main current of public opinion in this country.

The men, and the few women, whose idealism, ambition, love of adventure, or restlessness of spirit drove them to seek far-off, unknown lands varied greatly in character and type. There were explorers, missionaries, buccaneers, merchant adventurers : there was little in common between these saints and sinners except that none of them was typical of his age and time.

Raleigh, with his dream of the City of Gold ; Sir Henry Morgan, pirate, and Governor of Jamaica ; Livingstone, Stanley, Mungo Park, Mary Kingsley in Africa, Raffles in Malaya—this is the handful of pioneers whose names and deeds are known to history. There are others, distinguished in their time by courage, imagination, recklessness, eccentricity, statesmanship ; but their



THE BAHAMAS: PLANTING SUGAR CANE



By courtesy of the Parker Gallery, London

THE BAHAMAS A MILL YARD
19th century coloured aquatints



By courtesy of the Parker Gallery, London

MALTA . VIEW OF VALETTA

Coloured engraving by Duplessi-Bertaux after Vernet and Dambrun, 1780

achievements have not captured the imagination of their countrymen, and their names have *not* lived.

To-day, Great Britain's colonial responsibilities are heavier than those of any other great power ; the territories and the populations are more scattered, the variations in lands, peoples and problems wider than in any Empire of the past.

In London, if you knew where to look for it, you would find plenty of evidence of our preoccupation with Imperial affairs. You could see a question asked in Parliament about conditions of labour on a plantation in *Central Africa* recorded in Hansard, taking its place between a question about the issue of milk to schoolchildren in the Midlands and a motion about the corporation loan of a Tyneside borough ; a few miles away, in the City of London, you could find a group of business men and engineers discussing the problems of a company operating in the West Indies ; in another part of London, the central committee of a missionary society *examining reports on the work* of men and women who have followed the footsteps of Livingstone ; not so far away again, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council deliberating the case of a Pacific islander, who had killed his sister-in-law in the belief that she was a witch, and deciding whether he should live or die, ten thousand miles away.

But behind all this activity there is a strange lack of knowledge and interest on the part of the people of this country. The cotton operative in Lancashire, the docker in South Wales, the miner, the agricultural worker, know little of, and concern themselves little with, the peasant or plantation worker in Africa or the docker in the West Indies. Yet they are citizens of the same Empire ; and under our democratic system of government, in which the administration of the colonies is entrusted to a Secretary of State responsible to Parliament, every man and woman in this country has a part and share in colonial policy as an elector of a Member of that Parliament.

I believe that the problems which face us in the administration of our colonies—essentially problems of human destinies—are of a kind which the British people, with their qualities of sympathy, good humour and common sense, are peculiarly well fitted to understand. It is certain that a clearer understanding, a livelier interest in the issues involved, would be of great service to the colonial peoples themselves, and to those in this country and overseas who are concerned with the problems of their future.

PICTURE

Take the stories Othello told to Desdemona, the tales which the merchant adventurers brought back with silks and spices and jewels to their wondering, stay-at-home wives in Bristol and Glasgow ; guide books and travel books,

Blue Books and official reports, diaries of explorers, and administrators, and preachers of the Gospel, long since dead, histories of wars and sieges, bloody and heroic deeds, text-books by anthropologists about strange customs handed down in folklore and legend, and the worship of many gods, add to these a voyage that would take you round the world, talks with a hundred men in as many different tongues, and you would have a picture of the Colonial Empire.

In this brief study, we must be prepared for vivid contrasts, sharp dramatic changes of scene and people. How could it be otherwise in a survey which will take us from the West Indies to the Pacific, from Cyprus, once governed by Cicero and given as a love-gift by Antony to Cleopatra, to the hinterland of Eastern Africa, unknown to Europe until the explorations of Speke and Grant in the sixth decade of the last century?

The territories can be separated into the following geographical divisions: the West Indies, West Africa, East and Central Africa, the Mediterranean Colonies, the Far Eastern, the territories in the Indian Ocean and those in the Pacific.

THE WEST INDIES

The West Indies proper consist of the islands of Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad, the Leeward Islands and Windward Islands in the Caribbean Sea, further to the north-east in the Atlantic are the Bahamas and Bermuda, and on the Central and South American mainlands, British Honduras and British Guiana.

The people of these lands are proud of their British connection, the original inhabitants of the West Indies, the Caribs, have practically disappeared, and their population of about two and three-quarter millions is largely made up of Africans brought to the sugar plantations in the days of slavery, and planters who have had their homes there sometimes for many generations.

The West Indies owe their name to a curious error of professional judgment on the part of Columbus, who landed on San Salvador in the Bahamas group in the belief that he had reached India by a western approach. The first British settlers landed at St. Kitts early in the seventeenth century, and certain of the colonies still have the constitutions which were granted in those early days. They have a crowded and fascinating story. In the eighteenth century the waters which lapped their shores were known as the Spanish Main. They were the scene of some of the most famous naval battles of our history, and of the exploits of the buccaneers of all nations—among whom those of our own race were not the least famous.

Those days with their passions and crimes, their crudities softened and their attractions enhanced by the passing of time, have gone. Modern problems of economics and politics have pressed, sometimes hardly, on the West Indies, and a few years ago riots and disturbances took place in certain of the islands, caused mainly by economic distress.



TOWN AND HARBOUR OF MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA
Water colour by Nicholas Pocock, 1740-1821

Their chief products are sugar, rum, molasses, citrus fruits and bananas, cocoa, sea island cotton, coffee, rice and coconuts. From Trinidad come asphalt and petroleum; mahogany and cedar from British Honduras, bauxite and gold from British Guiana. Dependent for their prosperity on the export of these commodities, the West Indies were economically in a vulnerable position, and they suffered badly when the world depression came; and in 1938, a Royal Commission was appointed to enquire into the causes of distress and to suggest remedies.

The Commission's recommendations were published in February, 1940. Wide in their range, far-reaching in their implications, these proposals and the subjects with which they dealt, strikingly epitomised the problems which Colonial powers have to face in the twentieth century.

The Commission recognised that economic distress in the West Indies was mainly due to dependence on exports in a world in which prices had been unstable and unreliable; they did not find the remedy for this merely in economic and commercial panaceas—tariffs, quotas, preferences. They recommended instead a long-term plan designed to raise the standard of living throughout the West Indies, laying special emphasis on the development of social services, health, education, housing, the enactment of labour legislation, the encouragement of trade unions; they recommended the better use of land, increased production of local foodstuffs, intensified agricultural research;

most significant of all, they recommended that the cost of this plan of development should be borne by the British taxpayer.

At the same time as it published these recommendations, the Government announced that they were accepted in full and that effect would be given to them immediately so far as war conditions allowed. It was announced simultaneously that similar plans for development throughout the whole Colonial Empire would be made under a new Colonial Development and Welfare Act. This Act, and the place it takes in colonial policy will be dealt with later in more detail.

So far as the West Indies are concerned, progress has been made in spite of the war. A Comptroller was appointed to administer the funds provided for welfare in the West Indies, and he has been for the past two years engaged in making a detailed survey of needs throughout the whole area, and in preparing, in consultation with the local Governments, plans of development, many of which have been approved and are already in train. The limiting factor is not lack of funds, but the difficulty of making available in time of war the concrete, the steel, the other commodities, and the men required to carry out these projects.

In 1941, the British and American governments set up an Anglo-American Caribbean Commission, an advisory body to supervise and assist in the carrying out of schemes of development and welfare in the Caribbean area. Progress has already been made, and the system of co-operation may well serve as a plan and a model for joint effort by the more advanced nations to better the lives and conditions of less prosperous communities.

AFRICA

Pliny said that always something new comes out of Africa. It is still true, so many centuries later. But it is equally true that it is difficult to say anything new about Africa, a land of sunshine and fierce, sudden storms, of dense impenetrable belts of vegetation and tracts of limitless desert, of rolling landscapes and grim, sunless valleys, all on a scale too great for the imagination or peace of mind; a land where modern hospitals and ancient magic, agricultural research and traditional primitive folklore, the latest technical efficiency and the natural ingenuity of primitive man flourish side by side.

There are two large areas of Africa, in the West, and in the East and Centre, which hold two-thirds of the population of the whole British Colonial Empire.

WEST AFRICA

On the West Coast of Africa there are four British territories, the Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast and Nigeria. Gambia looks to the west, the others face south on the great curve on the west of the continent.

The Gambia is a great river of Africa which flows into the Atlantic through an estuary twenty-seven miles wide. The Colony and Protectorate consist of an island in the middle of the estuary, and a strip of land on each side of the



FELLING A MAHOGANY TREE, NIGERIA
Water colour by G. Spencer-Pryse

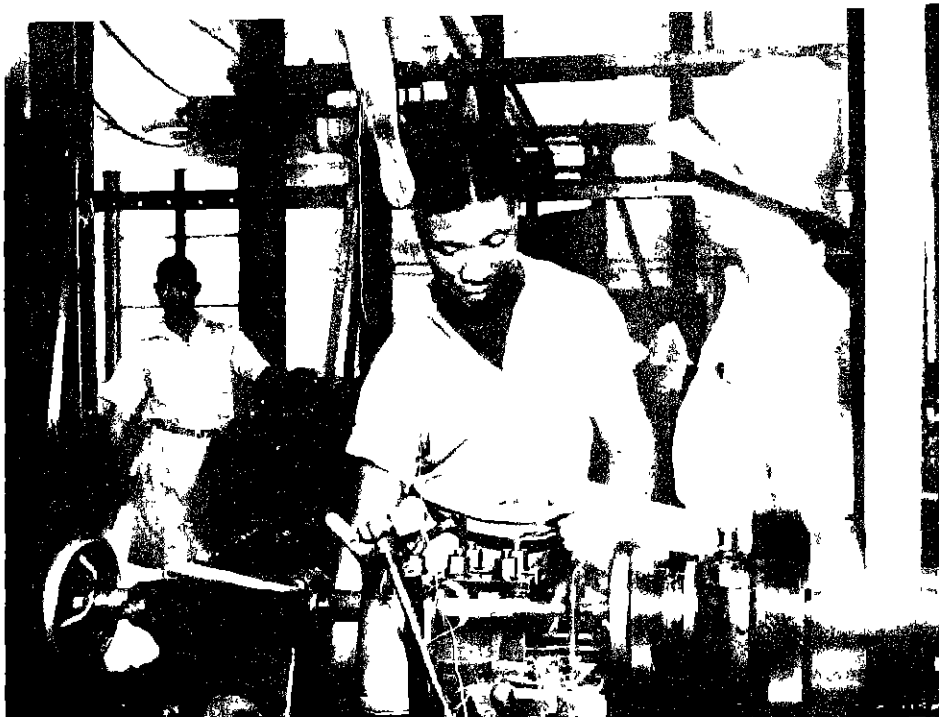


SEKUBA SISE, SEYFU OF EASTERN NIAMINA
A Chief in Gambia, West Africa

river stretching inland for 250 miles. The river was discovered by the early Portuguese navigators, but they made no settlement. Merchants of London and Exeter, who were granted a charter by Queen Elizabeth in 1588, and in later years other companies of merchants, engaged in trade there. It was created an independent Colony in 1843, and the Protectorate was established in 1894.

Sierra Leone was named by the Portuguese explorers who first saw its lion-shaped coastal hills. But it was established as a British colony by a treaty made between King Nembana and Captain John Taylor of H.M. Brig *Miro*, in 1788. It was settled by freed slaves—some of them found destitute in London, others rescued from slave ships. The numbers of this "free community of settlers" of whom the treaty speaks were swelled by the addition of some of the less savoury characters of the eighteenth-century London under-world—both men and women: a motley, strangely assorted and tragic party they must have made.

The Gold Coast was also discovered by the Portuguese in 1471, and they, in spite of the efforts of other nations to get a foothold there, kept until the end of the sixteenth century a monopoly of the trade in gold, spices and ivory. With the opening up of the New World in the west, however, there came the demand for cheap labour for the plantations; and until the nineteenth century the history of the Gold Coast was shaped by the transatlantic slave trade.



A TECHNICAL INSTRUCTOR AND A STUDENT
Technical College for Africans, Gold Coast

During those centuries the European Powers fought for a share of this lucrative trade in human beings. By the middle of the eighteenth century, all had withdrawn save three powers, the English at Cape Coast Castle, the Dutch in their fort at Elmina, and the Danes in their castle at Christiansborg, where the British Governor now lives.

Eventually the Danes and the Dutch both ceded their rights to the British, and the territory was first governed from the neighbouring colony of Sierra Leone. It was then separated for a time, joined again, governed for a time from Lagos in Nigeria, and at last in 1866 was separated finally. Its boundaries were settled in 1906 and have remained unchanged since.

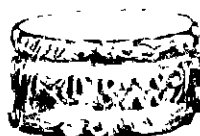
From the seventeenth century, British traders had mercantile depôts at the mouth of the Niger and the adjoining rivers, and although their interests were from time to time threatened by other powers, they were predominant during the eighteenth century. In the nineteenth century, the explorations of Mungo Park, who lost his life on the rapids of the Niger River, the travels of Clapperton, Allen and Barth, and the pioneering trade activities of McGregor Laird laid the foundations of British trading ventures in the nineteenth century. The earlier traders were at the mercy of powerful chiefs, and the savage attacks made on them from time to time had to be avenged by the despatch of a light draught gun boat.

The story of the rivalries of the European Powers, of the days when British and French faced each other ready to fight, the far-sighted work of Sir George Goldie, the statesmanship and prowess in the field of Lugard, is too long to be told here. The two territories of Northern and Southern Nigeria were finally amalgamated in 1914, and the Colony and Protectorate of Nigeria, as big as the United Kingdom, Belgium and France put together, with over twenty million inhabitants—more than all the great self-governing Dominions—is now the largest single territory in the Colonial Empire.

West Africa, with its hot, humid climate and its fevers, was once known as the white man's grave. In later years, improvements in sanitation, public health and the prevention and cure of tropical diseases have caused a spectacular decline in the figures of deaths and sickness for all races.

Its chief products are cocoa, palm oil and palm kernels, groundnuts, cotton, hides and skins; from the mines come gold, diamonds, tin, iron ore, manganese and chrome. The Gold Coast and Sierra Leone are especially rich in minerals.

In West Africa to-day, no land can be held or acquired by Europeans; African opinion is rapidly becoming, if not set and defined, at least more articulate. A local Press, largely owned, managed and edited by Africans, flourishes in the coastal areas and towns, where a growing number of Africans, educated in their own country, in this country and in America are engaging in professions, trades and crafts. In the hinterland the standard of education and sophistication is not so high, but there, too, Africans are playing their part in all the activities of the State, in the semi-feudal Emirates of Northern Nigeria, and in the progressive native administration system found elsewhere, where they levy and expend their own taxes, and where British officials are assuming more and more the functions of guiding and advising rather than those of more direct administration.



EAST AFRICA

Away on the other side of Africa, far in distance but growing ever closer as communications improve, is another great block of territories, in area nearly a million square miles, lying on the eastern seaboard and the eastern and central hinterland of the continent. The territories of Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, British Somaliland and Zanzibar have a population of about fifteen million, composed mainly of indigenous Africans of many races and tribes, with an important admixture of immigrant communities of Indians, Arabs, and British.

The East African seaboard fell first under Arab and Portuguese influence, and the old Arabian Empire of Zanj was established in Zanzibar in 975. A.D.



CARVED FIGURE
West Africa



AT WORK IN THE LABORATORY
East African Industrial Research Laboratories, Kenya

its power was on the wane when the Portuguese ravaged and conquered the East Coast in the sixteenth century. They in turn were driven out by the Muscat Arabs, and Zanzibar became a powerful stronghold of Arab influence which extended far into the hinterland. In the late nineteenth century the coast was the battleground of the rival European Imperialist Powers, but finally Zanzibar became a British Protectorate, ruled by her own Sultan who is advised and guided by a British Resident. I remember Zanzibar as I saw it last—a charming and beautiful island with its lovely old Arab town, peaceful now, under the African sun, after centuries of strife, the Indian Ocean breeze just stirring the palm leaves in the hot, clove-scented air.

The coastal towns of Kenya and Tanganyika, Lindi, Dar-es-Salaam, Tanga, Mombasa, Malindi, Lamu have some of the antiquity and much of the Arab character of Zanzibar. In the hinterland, Arab influence has declined. The territories to the north, Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika Territory, have been only for a comparatively short time under British influence. Uganda became a British Protectorate in 1894, and the Baganda people, who form an important part of the total population, are still ruled by their own king, the Kabaka. A good deal of progress in social, medical and educational services has been made in this country, whose prosperity is based on its two million acres of cotton. Makerere College, whose headmaster was formerly in charge of a great English school, is designed to be the future University of East Africa.



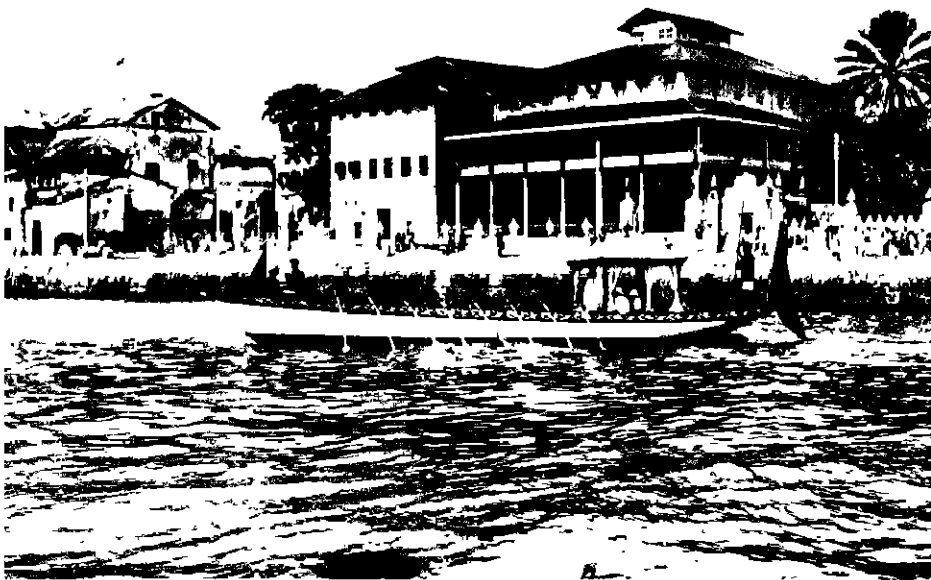
MISSIONARY PROSPECTORS
Barotse Land, Northern Rhodesia

Kenya is one of the few territories in the Colonial Empire which may claim to be a colony in the true sense of the word in that it has been colonised by men and women of the British race. It has now a European population of some 20,000, many of whom are settlers living in its beautiful and healthy highlands. They have contributed greatly towards its development, it is impossible to meet and talk to them without realising their love of the Colony in which they have made their homes. The balancing of their interests, and those of the large Indian population with those of the native population is a problem which will tax to the full the qualities of statesmanship and goodwill of all these communities and of the British Government.

Tanganyika was formerly German East Africa, and a Mandate for its administration was handed over to the United Kingdom Government in 1919.

Northern Rhodesia to the south of Tanganyika, has a considerable European population mainly engaged in farming and copper mining. Nyasaland is a protectorate, relatively small in population and area, which exports tobacco and tea. Both territories were originally developed by traders; but missionary activity has played a considerable part in their history, notably in the field of education.

British Somaliland lies on the southern shore of the Gulf of Aden. It was the first of the colonial territories to be captured in this war, it was the first to be recovered.



THE SULTAN'S PALACE AND STATE BARGE
Zanzibar

MEDITERRANEAN

It is a far cry in history from the African colonies to the ancient civilizations and cultures of the Mediterranean.

Gibraltar was ceded to Great Britain in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht and the cession was confirmed by the Treaty of Versailles in 1783, when Florida and Minorca (the latter is still in Spanish hands), were handed over to Spain. Gibraltar, now a strongly armed fortress on a rock 1,400 feet high, stands as a strong point at the western entrance of the Mediterranean.

Malta, famous under the Phoenicians, the Romans and the Knights of St. John, has won new honours by her stubborn resistance to the first aerial siege in history. Malta lies within 58 miles of Sicily and is of high strategic importance in the Mediterranean.

Cyprus is the largest island in the Mediterranean and was an important centre of civilization four thousand years ago. It is agriculturally self-supporting, and exports carobs, tobacco, and wine. It still produces copper, though it has not yet been decided whether Cyprus was called after copper or copper was called after Cyprus. In Ancient Greek the same name served for both.

Palestine and Trans-Jordan are Mandates entrusted to the British Government at the end of the last war. The disputes between Arabs and Jews, and the Jewish aspirations for a national home have placed a heavy burden



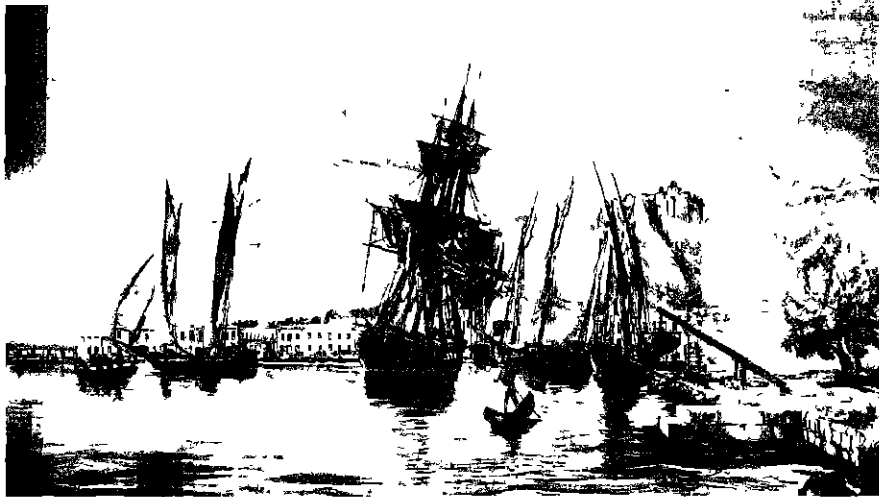
PAPHOS PIER
Cyprus

on British statesmanship. During the period of British rule, important economic developments have taken place in an atmosphere which has often been charged with tenseness and strain. The area is of high strategic importance to the operations of the United Nations in the Middle East.

FAR EAST

The Far Eastern territories, Malaya, which includes the Straits Settlements and the Federated and Unfederated Malay States, Sarawak, North Borneo and Hong Kong are all at the present time in the hands of the Japanese. Their total area is about 133,500 square miles and they have a population of about seven million.

A great deal of controversy has raged about the loss of these rich and important territories which supplied, among other commodities, most of the world's rubber and about half its tin. Many questions have been asked and suggestions made about the quality and objectives of our civil administration which cannot be answered here. But these facts remain. In a little over fifty years, British enterprise transformed a fever-stricken, pirate-infested peninsula into a prosperous, free and happy community which attracted immigrants from all over the Far East; apart from the benefits which the Malays derived from the roads, hospitals and schools built from the proceeds of the development of their country, the British Administration (which only



THE HARBOUR, PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS
Coloured lithograph by G. V. Nash

directly ruled Singapore Island, Penang and Malacca and was bound by treaty to the Malay States) brought justice to all men, whatever their race or colour, and succeeded in holding the balance between the charming, care-free Malays and the industrious traders and workers of all races, European, Indian and Chinese, who came to earn a living or to make a fortune in their rich land.

Hong Kong, too, was turned in a hundred years from a barren rock into a great city and free port, which became the Gateway to China. The great University of Hong Kong served students from that city and the Chinese mainland. We can remember with pride the tribute paid by the famous Chinese statesman, Sun Yat Sen, once a medical student in Hong Kong, who said that it was there that he learned what good government was: we can look back, too, with pride and satisfaction on the help given to China in her time of need, when Hong Kong in the years between 1937 and 1941, gave sanctuary to over one million refugees whose villages were over-run by the Japanese invader.

North Borneo, on the Island of Borneo, is the only territory still administered by a Chartered Company. Also on Borneo is the territory of Sarawak, a British Protectorate ruled by descendants of Sir James Brooke, the first English Rajah.

INDIAN OCEAN

In the Indian Ocean are the Colony and Protectorate of Aden, Seychelles, Mauritius and Ceylon. Aden is on the coast of Arabia; Ceylon lies to the south of India; Mauritius is 2,000 miles south-west of Ceylon, and Seychelles is 900 miles to the north of Mauritius.



MAIN STREET, JAMESTOWN, ST. HELENA
Lithograph by W. Ganci from G. W. Melliss's *Views of St. Helena*, 1857

Ceylon is rich in history : since the sixth century B.C. the Indians, the Portuguese, the Dutch and the British have had a hand in its shaping. Now, Ceylon, the most advanced British Colony, with natural wealth and political power largely in the hands of her own people, is the Eastern bastion against the advance of the Japanese.

Aden, with its hinterland of Hadramaut, is a strategic coaling and fuelling station

In Mauritius and the Seychelles there are many descendants of the old French aristocracy, and more people of European origin than in most tropical islands.

All the islands are beautiful, productive and fertile. Ceylon produces tea, coconuts, rice and graphite ; Mauritius sugar and copra, and the Seychelles, copra, guano and essential oils.

PACIFIC

The territories in the Pacific are Fiji and the Western Pacific Islands which include the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony, the British Solomon Islands Protectorate, the Kingdom of Tonga and Pitcairn Island, the loneliest island outpost in the world, occupied in 1790 by the mutineers of H.M.S. *Bounty*. The New Hebrides Islands are an Anglo-French condominium.

The total population of these territories is about half a million and their principal products are copra, sugar, gold and phosphates.

The Fiji Islands, about 1,700 miles from Sydney, were discovered by Tasman in 1643. They passed under British sovereignty in 1874.

The Western Pacific Islands are inhabited mainly by people of Polynesian and Melanesian race. Their climate is cool for the tropics and equable, their scenery varied and lovely.

There remain two island dependencies : St. Helena, with the cable station of Ascension, half way between Capetown and England, and famous as the home of exile of Napoleon ; and the Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic, 500 miles north-east of Cape Horn, almost exactly the same distance from the Equator as London, but a good deal colder. The Falkland Islanders, who are mainly of Scottish descent, are robust and hardy. Their main industries are sheep-rearing and whaling.

These are the dependent territories of the Colonial Empire. Let us see how they are administered, what are our responsibilities towards them and how we are fulfilling them.

ADMINISTRATION

The territories briefly described in the last chapter fall into three classes of Colonies, Protectorates and Mandated Territories. In some cases, part of a territory is a Colony and part a Protectorate. In practice, these descriptions derive from the manner in which the territory became associated with the British Commonwealth, rather than from any differences in the system of government established in them.

The Colonies proper are territories which have been formally annexed by the Crown. Protectorates are those which have not been annexed but which have, by treaty or other agreement, sought or accepted the protection afforded by British rule. The Mandated Territories (Tanganyika in East Africa, the Cameroons and part of Togoland in West Africa, Palestine and Trans-Jordan in the Middle East) are countries for the administration of which the British Government accepted a Mandate from the Principal Allied and Associated Powers after the last war.

The general principles of British colonial policy are applied to Protectorates and Mandated Territories as to others. The mandates system is of interest for two reasons : the Mandatory Power is obliged to report annually on the affairs of the Mandated Territory to a Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, and the system is thus an experiment in international co-operation, not indeed in direct administration of colonies, but in supervision over colonial administration ; secondly, the clauses of the Treaty of Versailles which deal with the question of mandates laid down certain principles by which, in fact, British policy had been guided for some time past, the most important of which is that the well-being and development of backward peoples is a trust of civilisation. It is far from easy to trace the origins of this conception, but it has exercised for more than a hundred years a sporadic but powerful influence on British colonial policy.



By courtesy of the Parker Gallery, London

GIBRALTAR : VIEW OF THE ROCK AND TOWN
Coloured engraving published by Laurie & Whittle, 1809



By courtesy of the Artist and the Imperial Institute

THE LOG RAFT, NIGERIA
Water colour by G. Spenser-Pryse

The Secretary of State for the Colonies is the Minister of the Crown who is responsible to the British Parliament for the administration of the colonial territories. In each territory there is a *Governor, High Commissioner or Resident* who is the King's representative, appointed by the King, responsible to the Secretary of State for the good government of the territory; the Governor has also in most cases the title of Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces of the territory. There are many forms of central government in the colonies. Ceylon, with the greatest measure of internal self-government, has a State Council over which a Speaker presides, and on which sit officers of State, Ministers and elected members. Certain colonies, among them Barbados, Bermuda and the Bahamas have an elected House of Assembly somewhat similar in character and functions to our own House of Commons. In other colonies there is a legislative body partly nominated by the Governor and partly elected, on a franchise basis which varies a good deal from colony to colony; in some of these there is an official majority; in others there is a nominated council with an unofficial majority. In a very few there is no legislative body. But in practically every territory there is some provision, formal or informal, for the tax-payer to be represented in the Government.

In every territory the Governor is assisted by an executive council upon which as a general rule there are unofficial members.

The matters with which these central governments are called upon to deal are increasingly complex and varied. They include all the activities of the modern State, with the exception of what is usually called Foreign Policy. The internal affairs of colonies are also greatly complicated by the fact that they contain sometimes two or even more communities, of differing standards, cultures and ways of life, differing stages of development and consequently differing needs. Indeed it may be that this problem of mixed communities—no new one in the history of colonisation—may in the future be one of the most serious in its effects that we are called to face.

The local governments are directly responsible for their own administrative and technical services. They levy taxation and prepare their own budgets of revenue and expenditure, which are submitted for the approval of the Secretary of State. The civil services of a colony are composed partly of officers of the unified Colonial Service, and partly of officers born and recruited locally. The Chief Secretary or, as he is called in some colonies, the Colonial Secretary, is the senior officer of the service in the colony and is next in rank to the Governor. The services are divided into departments, each with a departmental head. Some idea of the wide scope of these internal activities of colonies may be gauged from the following description of the different departments which operate in a typical colony.

The Administration Department is largest and most important in the bigger African colonies, where there are large areas with considerable populations to administer. These colonies are divided into provinces, which are divided in turn into districts or "divisions." Commissioners or Residents are in charge of the provinces, and district officers or district commissioners in charge of the



STUDENTS AT WESLEY COLLEGE
Kumasi, Gold Coast

smaller units. In earlier days, the district officer was metaphorically the father of his people and literally the fountain head of authority ; sometimes with one assistant, sometimes alone, he was responsible for keeping the peace, upholding law and order, administering justice, and taking sole responsibility for all government activities—building roads and bridges to open up the country, developing trade, healing the sick. There are still in parts of Africa a few remote districts where the administrative officer is the only British officer in the area, but these are now becoming rarer ; and nowadays, in addition to the district officer there are as a general rule a doctor, agricultural officer, veterinary officer, an officer of the Public Works Department and other technical experts.

In recent years the colonies have progressed, their trade and commerce have increased, their natural resources have been developed, their populations have grown in size. And so the services which the State has to provide have grown greatly in scope and extent. Departments whose function it is to carry on the routine machinery of government, include the Judiciary, the Attorney-General's Department, the Audit Department, the Registrar General, the Posts and Telegraphs, Customs, Police, Prisons, Printing Press, Public Works, Railways, Lands and Settlement, Mining,—all of which have to some extent their counterpart in this country. They have in recent years been steadily advancing in efficiency and the use—where this is applicable—of more up to date methods.

But in addition to these departments which may be said to provide the bare bones of the administrative body, there are others which are concerned



THE COURT IN SESSION
New Native Tribunal Hall, Nairobi, Kenya

with the social services. Of these the more important are the Medical, Education, Agricultural and Veterinary Departments. It is on the efficiency, the drive and the imaginative powers of these departments that the Colonial Governments depend to carry out the important task of raising the standard of health, of education, and of production.

There are other departments established in colonies when conditions require it, such as Game, Forestry and Meteorological Departments.

All these activities are under the direct control of the local governments. The Colonial Office has the task of guiding and advising, and of ensuring that the actions and policy of the various colonial governments are in accordance with the general colonial policy of the British Government as approved by Parliament.

Two main principles of administration may be discerned. The first is that as free a hand as possible is left to the "man on the spot" in his task of carrying out the policy laid down in broad outline. More especially in recent years, the tendency has been for the Colonial Office to assume more and more an advisory and co-ordinating function; and it has equipped itself to carry out that function by the appointment of specialist advisers on particular subjects. In addition to legal and financial experts, the Secretary of State now has advisers on education, labour, medicine and public health, animal husbandry, business, agriculture, forestry and nutrition.

The second principle which has been applied in colonial rule generally is the adaptation to modern needs of the existing machinery of government found in the colonies, rather than the scrapping of established institutions and

the substitution of something quite new. It has been found that the goodwill and co-operation of the people are more readily forthcoming when this practice has been followed ; and it provides a means of political education and training, within a framework familiar to the people concerned, and generally suitable to their requirements and capacity.

Perhaps the best known instance of the principle is the policy of "indirect rule," which has been put into effect with a good deal of success in West Africa and parts of East Africa. And it has been found in many colonies that rule through the system of chiefs, and the assumption of administrative and judicial functions by the traditional councils of elders, formally established as Native Authorities and Native Tribunals, has produced a working system of a high standard of efficiency ; and that it is also of the greatest value as training and preparation for the assumption of heavier and wider responsibilities in the future.

There is much in this aspect of British colonial administration of which we may justly be very proud. And I can speak from personal experience when I say that one of the happiest and most satisfactory human relationships I know is that between an administrative officer who understands and likes the people of his district—and is known and liked and respected by them—and the chiefs, elders and people of that district.

POLICY

There is no consistent, easily distinguished thread running through the rich fabric of British history which can be followed and defined as that of British colonial policy. But from the earliest days of overseas expansion, the very act of acquiring territories created situations and problems which had to be dealt with sooner or later by the British Government. Its approach to these imperial problems has varied widely from time to time, from the deep-rooted, almost instinctive mistrust of the responsibilities of Empire which for many years made a policy of *laissez faire* easy and natural, to the dynamic, efficient, forward-looking development policy of the Joseph Chamberlain era. These two extremes, and the various gradations between them, have merged in the process of time, through the pressure of events and—to some extent—of public opinion, into the more modern policy of acceptance of wider responsibilities to which the British Government is committed to-day.

The Colonial Office started life in 1660 as a Committee of the Privy Council "for the Plantacons." One of its members was John Evelyn, the diarist, who received, as he records, "a salary of £500 per annum to encourage me." By 1782 it had become the "Council of Trade and Plantations" and was formed of eight Members of Parliament, who each required twice the amount of encouragement judged to be appropriate for the diarist. It assumed and then gave up responsibility for the affairs of India, it merged with the Home



ROCK-HEWN IMAGES OF BUDDHA, 12TH CENTURY
Pollanarua, Ceylon

Department, later with the War Office. It was not until 1854 that the affairs of the Colonies, which included then the countries which are now self-governing Dominions, were placed in the charge of a single Secretary of State. In 1925, *the Dominions Office was created to take over from the Colonial Office the business of the self-governing Dominions, including that of what was then called the Irish Free State, the self-governing colony of Southern Rhodesia, and the South African High Commission Territories. One Minister retained charge of both departments until 1930.*

There is more than accidental significance in this apparently erratic history, which does in some degree reflect the changing phases through which colonial policy has passed. It is perhaps even misleading to talk of "Colonial Policy" as if any single policy could be applied to the diversity of peoples, conditions and problems which confront us in the Colonial Empire. And by colonial policy, I mean rather the principles and the attitude of mind which have gradually been evolved, and which are now brought to bear on colonial problems by the British Government.

For a good many years, the title of "Council of Trade and Plantations" corresponded accurately to the functions of what is now the Colonial Office. The territories were rated as plantations, the main interests were trade. These



TRADING STATION ON THE ANKOBRA RIVER, GOLD COAST
Water colour by H. Nansen, 1868

early years do not record any publicly expressed concern for the welfare of the peoples of the territories which were falling under British influence. The traders, the explorers, and the adventurers pursued their own course of private interest ; in the process of discovering and exploiting the new countries, they sometimes won fortunes, but they often put to the hazard and lost their fortunes and their lives ; they became involved in petty wars with other European nationals, of which the British Government sometimes took official notice, and sometimes did not. It is often the fashion now to write down these earlier adventurers ; there is a tendency to feel ashamed and a little guilty about them. However this may be, they had the qualities of courage, enterprise and self-confidence : they were the products of other days and other standards ; and some of them at least went over the seas not to seek fortunes, but to seek—and find—a freedom of life and conscience which seventeenth-century England denied them.

But it is significant that their activities in the lands overseas provoked a reaction in contemporary public opinion in this country which became increasingly energetic as time went on. The strong strain of humanitarianism which, although it has varied in strength and influence, has never been absent from the British people, was the mainspring of this reaction. It reached a high level of effectiveness at a time when the exploitation of backward people by the European nations had taken perhaps its most shameless and lucrative form in the highly organised slave traffic. The years 1807, which saw the abolition of the slave traffic and 1833, when the Emancipation Act was passed,



PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY WORKS, TOBAGO, WEST INDIES
Engraving, 1864

are great and significant landmarks in British colonial history. But even earlier, this moral approach to the problem which was the basis of the doctrine of trusteeship, the doctrine that the civilized nations of the world have a duty of care and a moral responsibility towards the more backward races, had already made its appearance. Historians have traced it to Burke's speech on the India Bill in 1785, when he said that the British nation should consider itself as a trustee for the welfare of the Indian people.

The same moral tone is strongly evident in a speech made by Palmerston in the House of Commons about one hundred years ago :

" If ever, by the assault of powerful enemies, or by the errors of her misguided sons Britain should fall . . . for a long period of time would the hope of the African . . . be buried in the darkness of despair."

With the coming of the nineteenth century, an era had passed. The first British Empire had come to an end in 1783, when the American colonies became the independent states of America. The immediate cause of the loss of the American colonies was a dispute between the British Government and the Colonists about the cost of the Seven Years' War. The British Government, not for the first time in history, was right in its contention, wrong in its tactics and approach. And the secession of the colonies left behind a legacy of bitterness and hurt pride that was to exercise a marked effect on colonial policy for many years to come.

Interest in the Empire and any sense of an Imperial mission dropped sharply. We had in any case embarked upon an age of materialistic values. The

industrialising of Britain was in full swing. The dark, Satanic mills were covering more and more of the countryside, the two nations, the rich and the poor, were drawing farther and farther apart. Children were working sixteen hours a day in the factories, women worked half naked, chained to trucks, in the foetid and dangerous mines. Who in this age of sharply contrasted squalor and wealth, of large profits, quick returns and low wages, of social unrest, the Chartist movement, the corn laws, had time or inclination to think broadly about Imperial policy? The Empire itself, confined as it was to a few strategic bases and a few sugar and spice islands which served the interests of a handful of nabobs, was already darkened by the shadow of the slave trade. The Imperial picture was sombre.

But the humanities, sometimes dormant, never died. Sincere and earnest men, wielding a growing influence, attacked industrial abuses at home; and powerful voices were not wanting to plead the cause of oppressed people all over the world. *Certain sections of opinion were even ready to turn their eyes away from injustice and suffering at home, and to concentrate on what was happening at the other end of the world.* This provoked in its turn a curious reaction among social reformers like Dickens, who showed, through the elder Weller, considerable impatience with the sentimental souls who devoted their energies to buying moral pocket-handkerchiefs, embellished with select tales and woodcuts, for the infant negroes of the West Indies.

The humanitarian movement gained in strength and momentum. As the century went on, adventurous spirits of all classes built a second British Empire and opened up the new lands which are now the self-governing Dominions. At the same time the trading outposts in Africa became more and more active. British rule, gradually and in somewhat haphazard fashion, extended to the African hinterland. The West African and East African colonies were added to the older possessions in the West Indies. And through it all, the principle of trusteeship, the idea of responsibility for the welfare of backward, often savage people who came under our influence, continued to take shape and gather power.

The future Dominions grew slightly but steadily in population, more in political and social stature, forging ahead towards their independence. Other territories had been added to the Empire—Ceylon at the beginning of the century, Mauritius, Hong Kong, the Malayan territories, Fiji, Malta, Cyprus, and the Falkland Islands.

By the end of the nineteenth century, most of the territories which now form the dependent Empire had come under British rule. The humanitarian ideas whose tide was running strongly had exercised an historic effect on Imperial affairs, although it would still have been an exaggeration to say that there was any well-defined or worked-out policy.

The publication in 1883 of the lectures on the expansion of England by John Seeley, Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and the appearance three years later of the more widely read *Oceana*, by Froude, defined in sharp outline the significant developments which had taken place



SIERRA LEONE · FREETOWN

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST





By courtesy of the Imperial Institute

RAILWAY STATION, KOFORIDUA, GOLD COAST
Oil painting by Edith Cheesman

during the century ; and in illuminating the past they pointed a signpost to the future. They were followed by the writings of Kipling, who supplied the dramatic and romantic element to the Imperial theme in a way which *had no precedent and has had no successful imitators since*. These literary events, with their powerful influence on contemporary thought, were closely followed by the careers of two men of action. Cecil Rhodes, a financial and commercial genius, was also a dreamer. His dream was of Empire, his ambition to people the vast empty spaces with British homes. But after astonishing and spectacular successes, Rhodes saw himself, at the time of his early death, as a man who had accomplished but little of what he had set out to do. And one thing he had certainly not accomplished was to make his fellow countrymen believe in his dream.

Seven years before Rhodes's death, Joseph Chamberlain had become Colonial Secretary. One of the earlier examples of business man turned statesman, he looked at the colonies as undeveloped estates which could only be developed with help from this country. Under Chamberlain, the Colonial Office suddenly went modern : the latest scientific methods of agriculture and husbandry, of attacking insect pests, and animal and plant diseases, of investigating the causes of dying crops and dying industries, were used with vigour and imagination. The study of tropical medicine and hygiene was intensified ; hospitals, schools, railways, roads and bridges appeared where a few years before had been jungle, scrub and swamp. The colonies were becoming a going concern, with efficiency as their watchword.

Imperial history, during the latter part of the nineteenth century, was coloured by this wide and vigorous expansionism, based on an exuberant self-confidence. Money and business methods talked : trade followed the flag, and paid handsome dividends.

Chamberlain's work at the Colonial Office laid the foundations for much that has been done in the way of economic and social advance, and for much that has still to be done ; the British and foreign capital invested in the colonies —although as far as British capital is concerned it has always been a very small proportion of the total amount of active capital—and the activities of large and small traders, banks, business houses and great corporations had the effect of *bringing wealth into the colonies*. In some cases they created conditions of considerable prosperity from which the natives of the colonies undoubtedly derived substantial though varying benefits, both direct and indirect.

But these developments also brought great problems in their train, complex and obdurate problems, with many of which we are grappling to-day. The disturbance, sometimes the dislocation, of native life and institutions ; the relations between capital and labour which was often unskilled, lowly paid and unorganised ; land questions, social problems, inevitable where two or more communities of widely differing standards of life are living side by side ; all these problems have had the effect of producing uneasiness in important sections of opinion in this country. This was accompanied in the

early years of the present century by a further decline of public interest in the Empire. I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that from that time to the present, the Government has worked out and put into effect its colonial *policy with the minimum of assistance from public opinion, and that in some of its latest measures it has been well in advance of the main body of public opinion.*

It would be hard to say, as the twentieth century went on, that the aims and objectives of British colonial policy ever crystallised : the problems and conditions of the dependencies were so varied, the picture was constantly changing and could not be fixed. But before the Great War of 1914, British colonial aims were at least achieving a degree of definition. The moral approach was strongly evident in the expressed policy of ruling the colonies in the interests of the native inhabitants, and of helping them towards economic, political and social advance. And it is significant that the principles laid down by the Principal Allied and Associated Powers in 1919 for the administration of the Mandates borrowed largely from the principles which were in fact *guiding the British administration of our dependent Empire.*

But during this period another principle of outstanding significance was recognised and accepted. In spite of the concern which during the nineteenth century many people in this country expressed and sincerely felt for the welfare of the dependent peoples, there was strong and effective opposition to the idea of giving them financial help from outside their own resources. There was an underlying opinion, based perhaps on the American experience, that colonies were transient things ; they would fall off the tree when they were ripe ; and in the meantime they must themselves provide the means of their advance. Even Disraeli, an ardent and romantic Imperialist if ever there was one, once referred to them as " millstones." The theory died hard.

The first step, as is often the case in British history, was taken as the result of dealing with specific problems. Cases arose where dependencies for one reason or another could not pay their way and balance their budgets. In these cases the British Treasury came to their rescue with a grant-in-aid ; this was accompanied by the imposition of a rigorous Treasury control on their expenditure, and these emergency measures did not provide for any planned reconstruction of the territories concerned. In the ten years before 1940, £12,000,000 was provided in this way by the Exchequer.

In 1929, an important forward step was taken. The Colonial Development Act of that year set up a fund to finance, by grant or loan, schemes of economic development in the colonies. This was a substantial advance on the grant-in-aid system, but the Colonial Development Fund had certain definite limitations. Its declared purpose was to promote commerce with and industry in the United Kingdom, and it was indeed enacted with more than half an eye on the increasingly serious unemployment position in this country. Its emphasis was therefore on material development ; and certain important objects, including education and other social services, were not eligible for assistance from the Fund. A more serious limitation was that the Fund was intended (and



A MEDITERRANEAN PORT
General view of Tel-Aviv, Palestine

this intention was largely carried out) to provide assistance for capital schemes only : assistance towards recurrent expenditure was not normally given, and to this extent, therefore, the Fund did not involve any departure from the principle that colonies should have only those services which they could maintain from their own funds. And it might therefore happen that a poor colony, without mineral or other wealth, would be debarred from receiving capital assistance because it could not support the necessary recurrent expense of maintaining the service in question.

This principle, that colonies must be self-supporting, was finally broken down in 1940. In February of that year the Government issued a White Paper on the subject of Colonial Development and Welfare. It announced that the Government intended to introduce legislation providing £5,000,000 a year for ten years for colonial development schemes. The money was to be available for recurrent as well as capital expenditure : it was to be used for services such as agriculture, education, health and housing as well as for schemes of economic development : an advisory committee was to be set up : provision of £500,000 a year was to be made for research. The measures were to apply to Colonies, Protectorates and Mandated Territories alike.

The emphasis in this new policy was on all-round economic development, "upon which advance in other directions is largely consequential." While continuing assistance was to be given, if necessary for a period of years, this assistance was to be effectively related to what the territories could do for themselves. It was a policy of priming the pump.

The Colonial Office staff was to be expanded to deal with these new problems. more travelling, personal contact and opportunity for exchange of views was foreshadowed (and has happened since). Colonial Governments were to be invited to prepare development programmes for a period of years ahead. Some had already done so.

The final paragraph of the White Paper is significant

“ From London there will be assistance and guidance, but no spirit of dictation. The new policy of development will involve no derogation from the rights and privileges of local legislatures, upon whom rests a large measure of responsibility for the improvement of conditions in their several territories and upon whose co-operation the Government count with confidence. The fact that a Colony receives assistance under the policy will not entail upon it the system of financial control which is now associated with the receipt of grants-in-aid. The whole effort will be one of collaboration between the authorities in the Colonies and those at home, there must be ready recognition that conditions vary greatly from Colony to Colony, and that Colonial Governments, who best know the needs of their own territories, should enjoy a wide latitude in the initiation and execution of policies, the primary purpose of which is to promote the prosperity and happiness of the peoples of the Colonial Empire ”

A few months later, the Act passed its third reading, while the German armoured divisions were approaching the channel ports.

So that is where the story has brought us. It is now our accepted and avowed policy to develop the resources of the Colonies in the interests of the Colonial people, “ to promote their welfare and happiness ” We have stated in definite terms that the ultimate objective of our policy is to fit the Colonial people for self-government

There has been recently a heightened interest in, and in consequence increased public discussion of colonial affairs. From this discussion, from speeches, writings, articles in the Press, it has emerged that we are ready to change the morally unexceptionable but rather passive role of trustee for that of the more active and perhaps more exacting one of partner. Some of the implications of this change are still being discussed, and in the meantime, a good deal is being said of the possibilities of co-operation between “ Colonial Powers ” to settle the common problems which arise in groups of colonies administered by different powers. As I write, these are still matters for discussion and speculation. But while co-operation between friendly nations in the matters which concern themselves and the colonial peoples associated with them is not merely desirable but essential and indeed inevitable, the trustee nations, as we may perhaps call them, have a final responsibility for the progressive development of those peoples which they cannot seek to avoid and which they should not allow to be watered down by being shared with others. It is certain that whatever arrangements for collaboration in colonial affairs may be made in the future, they will not absolve the British people and the self-



PHYSICAL EXERCISES AT THE ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION INFANTS' SCHOOL
Accra, Gold Coast

governing Dominions from the duty they owe to those territories who are following them along the path of political and social development.

PROBLEMS

Many motives and impulses were responsible for the growth of our dependent Empire, among them—as there is no lack of friends or enemies to point out—the motive of self-interest. But the motives which led previous generations to acquire overseas territory need not and do not affect the principles which we apply to their administration to-day.

The acceptance of a liberal and progressive colonial policy means that with all the advantages of an overseas Empire, we have accepted correspondingly heavy responsibilities. The successful solution of our colonial problems—let us make no mistake about it—is of historic importance to our own future and that of the world. The spotlight of world opinion is beginning to settle on them, and they face us to-day, perhaps as never before, with an ever-growing urgency.

It is easy to generalise, and over-simplify these problems ; it is easy to fall into the temptation of classifying them too rigidly, and of pursuing the

will-o'-the-wisp of a formula which will apply alike to ancient Mediterranean colonies and the primitive communities found in parts of Africa, to Ceylon and to small coral islands in the Pacific. Nevertheless there are certain general problems which run through our policy as a whole and are encountered wherever it is applied. I would describe them as follows :—

first, the problem of economic advance

second, the problem of social advance

third, the problem of political advance

Our own history as a nation has been so much concerned with the progressive development of political freedom and political institutions, that it is natural that we should tend to regard the problem primarily as a political one ; but there are circumstances which should, I think, lead us to consider first certain economic and social requirements.

In the economic sphere, the most striking feature of the dependencies, with a few exceptions such as Malaya, is their remarkable poverty in terms of cash. Reliable statistics are nearly everywhere lacking, but a recent study of Nigeria, the largest in area and population, and a fair sample of the whole indicated that the average family income there is somewhere in the region of £5 to £10 a year, which gives a national income (for the population of over 20,000,000) of between £25,000,000 and £50,000,000 a year. A family income of £10 a year in Nigeria does not, of course, imply the insupportable poverty of a similar income in this country. It is as high as it has ever been in the history of the country except in short-lived occasional boom periods, and it is undoubtedly higher than ever it was before the white man came to Nigeria. It is only adequate in that the possessor of such an income can clothe, feed, and house his family. But as far as the family is concerned, it allows no margin whatever for an advance to a higher standard of life ; and as far as the national income is concerned, it gives a very low taxable total from which the Government can meet both the current costs of administration and the capital cost of any development.

It is clear that social advance depends on economic advance, and that before any real progress can be made, the problem of poverty must be overcome ; and we come up against the inescapable natural law that every community must, in the last resort, depend for its standard of life upon the natural resources which it possesses, and the use which its people can make of those resources.

We have already seen what a great disparity there is between the peoples and resources of the various dependencies. At one end of the scale are rich tropical lands such as Malaya, already developed to a stage at which, before the Japanese invasion, they maintained in great comfort, happy and prosperous populations. At the other end of the scale are the small coral islands in the Pacific, which cannot and never will produce anything except a few coconuts and root crops. But between these two extremes are a large number of territories with greater or lesser natural resources, more or less developed.

There is and there can be no general solution of this problem of poverty. Each case must be treated separately. In some dependencies, capital is required to develop productive industries, perhaps already established on a small scale, perhaps not yet in existence. In others, the improvement of agricultural methods will increase the efficiency and through that, the prosperity of an existing industry ; or the peasant who depends on a single crop can be persuaded and trained to undertake mixed farming. In barren islands whose land surface will never yield a fair living, the development of fishing industries will augment the food supplies and perhaps the cash resources of the people. In more populated or potentially richer countries, secondary industries, both cottage and factory industries, can be developed, at first on a modest scale so that the people may manufacture some of their own simple requirements and use the money they derive from their overseas trade for buying products, for example bicycles, wireless sets, lorries, which they cannot make for themselves.

But governments, however wise (and it is a British aspiration that they should be wise) or however autocratic (and it is a British aspiration that they should not be autocratic) can achieve little in the way of economic advance unless they command the sympathy and the intelligent co-operation of the people.

For this the first requisite is education on a far greater scale than has ever been attempted in any except a very few dependencies. The question is :



TWO GOVERNMENT HEALTH VISITORS
Accra, Gold Coast

What kind of education? The answer is: every kind, in ample quantities. To educate a few people in a primitive community to read and write and turn them into clerks is bad because it puts them in a false position; to educate a few more than can earn a living as clerks is worse. Our ideal solution must be to educate as large a number as possible; for book learning is the gateway to many things, and after an adequate standard has been reached, specialisation must be the order of the day. For the brilliant child there must be schools and colleges through which he can become the doctor, the engineer, the teacher, the lawyer, the Civil Servant. For the less brilliant, but intelligent practical child there must be technical schools to train him to be the carpenter, the mason, the craftsman of the community. Finally, for the great bulk of the population, there must be some further education in practical farming and domestic economy, so that the man may become a better farmer and the woman a better housewife than their fathers and mothers were before them.

On this foundation of sound practical education it will be possible to build a structure of social services far beyond the capacity of the community as it is organised to-day. It is a matter of simple mathematics to show that unless the colonial community can provide and train its own social workers, and pay them incomes in step with its own standards—which are almost universally low compared with European standards, but which will be rising steadily—the need can never be filled. Already there is a considerable and growing number of men and women who are doing responsible work in the colonies in which they were born. But their numbers must grow. To many of those who serve the Colonial Empire, this vista of development is one of the most exciting—the handful of British, yesterday; the great army of colonials in the future.

It is stimulating to look at this problem of colonial development as a fight against poverty, disease and the forces of nature. It will do us no harm to reflect that there is a great task to be faced, a great leeway to be made up. But we should not underestimate either the extent of the resources available in the dependencies, or the progress which has already been made in developing them. This has been effected by three agencies: the State, private enterprise, and native production.

No aspect of colonial activity has aroused more criticism than the part played by private capitalist enterprise. I am only concerned here to define problems. It seems to me that there is little point in dwelling too much on the past; British policy in the Empire has been largely a projection of the political and economic ideas and theories held at the time in Great Britain; the system of *laissez faire*, with all its virtues and its weaknesses, has been responsible for inequalities and abuses in Manchester, Birmingham, and New York, as well as in Africa. The direct and indirect benefits which capitalist development has brought to the natives of many countries are as obvious as the difficulties and problems which have resulted from it. But our main problem is clear: it is to secure to the dependencies the good effects of development, achieved by whatever agency, and to protect them against abuses which might prevent their peoples from playing a full part in, and sharing

the fruits of economic development. Two examples of practical steps which can be taken to this end are, first, to organise and protect native labour and, second, to secure to local administrations a sufficient share of the profits of external enterprise. Towards the former, a good deal of progress has been made; in the past few years, well over three hundred Acts of labour legislation have been passed in the legislatures of various dependencies, and in all the more important territories there is now a Labour Department: in existing conditions, the second problem is essentially one of the technique of taxation, and is being dealt with on that basis.

The part played by native production in the economic development of the colonies has so far been limited, not so much by any deliberate policy on the part of Colonial Governments, as by the system of *laissez faire* which has largely coloured past policy. Colonial people, generally without skill, experience, or capital, have found their chief role in supplying the labour element; but not perhaps on such unfavourable terms as is sometimes supposed, partly because many of them are subsistence smallholders and regard their labour earnings as supplementary only, and partly because of the progress which has recently been made in the organisation and protection of labour. The problem of the future is to strike the right balance between cash and subsistence farming, to secure a steady improvement in the terms, conditions and scope of native labour, and to diversify and broaden the economic structure of the colonies, which frequently involves stimulating the development of secondary industries on an economic basis.

This can only be done by long-term planning; it will need the investment of capital in the colonies. But it should be noted that investment of capital by itself will not be enough, unless it is integrated with a wider scheme for ensuring an increased world consumption of commodities and raw materials, and securing for colonial producers of all races steadier and wider markets for their products. On this foundation alone can a planned economy be based from which will come any real and permanent improvement in the standard of life in backward communities.

Substantial, in some cases spectacular, progress has been achieved in the development of social services, particularly in health and education services, in territories which have been under our administration sometimes for comparatively short periods. Ceylon with its population of 5,000,000 has a medical college, 95 State hospitals, a number of specialist hospitals and over 1,300 government and private dispensaries; Malaya had more than 250 European and Asiatic medical officers, a medical college at Singapore whose degrees were recognised by the British Medical Council, and a medical research institute, while well over 200 hospitals were maintained by the tin and rubber companies. In some of the poorer territories health services are less elaborate and in some cases inadequate. But the problem of improving health does not alone depend on the provision of medical facilities. The prevention of disease as well as its cure must be a target: standards of nutrition and sanitation must be improved to secure a greater resistance to disease: the clearing of areas

where endemic diseases are rife must be undertaken. These are financial and administrative problems, but there is an important psychological aspect to them. In any attempt to deal with them on an effective scale the governments have encountered and will encounter opposition in the form of superstition, conservatism, and sloth, which must be faced with courage and imagination.

Similarly in the sphere of education a sound foundation upon which to build for the future has been provided. In the task of supervising, in close consultation with the Colonial Governments, the general policy of colonial education, *the Secretary of State is assisted by an Education Adviser and an Advisory Committee*. Colonial Governments are spending more of their annual budgets on education services ; here again the war has hindered development, but the funds provided under the Colonial Development Act are available to finance educational projects. Conditions and standards vary widely in the different dependencies, in some of which there has been for some years compulsory primary education. And we can regard with satisfaction and hope for the future the secondary education institutes in the Far East and in East and West Africa.

It is only natural, in view of our own history, that we should take a particular interest in the third of our problems, that of political advance, and that we should at times feel a certain impatience at the rate of political advance achieved in the dependencies. But in fact progress has, and continually is being made. At the present time, the dependencies, although administered under the ultimate control of the British Parliament, enjoy in practice a varying but in many cases a substantial amount of control over their own internal affairs ; in practically all of them there is a legislative body whose powers and composition vary, but which passes all their legislation, including the budget. Considerable advances have been made in recent years both in the basis of the franchise and in the influence exerted by the local legislature on the local executive. Colonial people have been playing and are playing a progressively important part in the technical, administrative and judicial departments of the Colonial Governments, and in their Councils.

In common with vast populations all over the world, many of the colonial peoples are economically poor, socially backward and politically immature. The British Government's policy lays emphasis on economic and social advance : but it recognises that self-government, even if less than perfect, should in time take the place of good government from outside. The progressive development of the means of self-government must inevitably take place. But the form of government, the extent of independence, the time-table, will be different perhaps in every dependency.

I think myself that in the past we have perhaps been too ready to accept two assumptions ; first, that in the fullness of time the dependencies must inevitably attain a position of completely self-governing independence corresponding to the status of the Dominions ; and second, that in their progress towards internal self-government they will adopt the forms of the political



WOOD CARVING
A student at King's College, Lagos, Nigeria

institutions which have developed in this country. Both these assumptions can be questioned and debated by public opinion in this country. Can the smaller, poorer units ever stand alone? What of the "strategic" islands? Has independence without security and defences any meaning? Does the future lie in federations of adjacent territories? Is democratic government based on the ballot box a suitable political system for Central Africa? Can we consider any proposals for self-government which would involve the transfer of political power to a small educated minority of the people? Some, though not all, of these questions are being asked by the colonial peoples. It is time the British people began to ask them too.

WAR

When Great Britain declared war on Germany in 1939, the Colonial Empire by virtue of that declaration was also at war. The defence schemes prepared beforehand in consultation with the Imperial Government were put into operation, local forces were mobilized, enemy aliens interned, censorship was set up, and the necessary restrictions on currency, trade and commerce imposed. Resolutions promising unreserved support of the Imperial war effort were received from all the colonial legislatures; and they were accompanied by a



SEKONDI FROM THE SEA, GOLD COAST
Oil painting by E. Cheesman

stream of messages pledging loyalty to the King-Emperor, from native rulers and chiefs, planters, traders, settlers, religious bodies, trade unions, and from private individuals of every race and degree. If the coming of war could be regarded as a test of what the Colonial Empire thought about British rule, this early and spontaneous response was deeply significant.

While the first rounds of the war were being fought out in Western and Central Europe, the colonies were far away from any theatre of operations. The West Indies were free, as far as could be foreseen, from any serious threat of direct attack ; East Africa, the Mediterranean and the Middle East were watching a still neutral Italy, West Africa was surrounded by territories belonging to our French ally ; the Far Eastern territories, under the shadow of the Japanese menace, were looking to their defences, and stepping up their production of much-needed tin and rubber. The Pacific was as yet undisturbed.

This picture was to change with painful and dramatic suddenness. In the meantime the war affected different territories in different ways ; the products of some were in great demand, others lost their markets or their shipping facilities. From many territories came evidence of the sense of frustration (which has been perhaps the universal phobia of this war) intensified by their remoteness, the slenderness of their resources, and the fact that their reserves of man-power could not be used because of the acute shortage of equipment and armament at the Allies' disposal. Nevertheless, their potential value to

the conduct of the war was very great indeed and this became increasingly clear as the war began to spread, and it became possible to develop and harness the colonies' resources for war purposes. The will to help was always there, and it found a vigorous outlet during those early months in a constant flow of voluntary gifts to the war effort, the total of which was to reach in the third year of the war the formidable sum of £30,000,000.

The catastrophes we sustained as the war progressed, which might have driven a less robust or more rational people to accept the semblance of defeat for the fact, have now passed into history. So far as the colonies are concerned, two facts stand out in clear relief. The first is that during the darkest days of all, they proved that they were no fair-weather friends, for during the week following Dunkirk, the flow of messages and gifts from all classes and all races in the colonies reached its highest peak. Many of the messages and many of the gifts were from poor and humble people. Their effect was deeply moving. The second was that as the war developed, as under the shadow and the impetus of mortal danger this country's efforts were magnificently intensified, the contribution to the war which the colonies could and did make grew more and more important and effective. It fell under three heads, their strategic importance, their contribution in man-power, and their contribution in production.

The two events of major significance in the first nine months of the war were the fall of France and the entry of Italy. The first had important and serious effects in Europe, in the Far East and in Africa. In the Far East the abandonment of Indo-China led directly to the loss of Malaya; but in Africa its worst effects were countered by the existence of our West African colonies. It was possible, in collaboration with the Free French, to rally an important part of the French Empire to the Free French cause; and the British territories with their ports and military installations provided convoy assembly points and bases from which to strike at the German submarine fleets till recently based on the French Atlantic ports. The East African territories provided a base of operations—and, with West Africa, much of the man-power—for the successful and important East African campaign. The Middle East and Mediterranean territories similarly assumed, and have since retained a high strategic importance; and as the trend of events brought America nearer to war, bases from which American armed forces could operate were provided by certain of the West Indian colonies. In short, since we were compelled to wage this war, as we had waged the last, on a periphery, against an enemy enjoying the advantage of interior lines, it was fortunate indeed that we had a Colonial Empire.

The colonies' contribution in man-power was at first limited, inevitably by the general shortage of armaments. It had never been British policy to maintain large colonial armies, but as more weapons became available and more theatres of war were opened up, local forces and regiments were expanded on a large scale, often in a very short time. Many problems were encountered, problems of training, supply and transport, the claims of production and other

calls on man-power for war services of all kinds had to be balanced and met. That these difficulties were largely overcome speaks well not only for the administrative capacity of the colonial governments, but for the temper and spirit of the colonial people. And in their different ways, men from all parts of the Colonial Empire have given valuable and devoted service. Colonial troops from the African territories played a leading part in the East African campaign ; men from the West Indies, from Africa, from Ceylon and Mauritius are serving with the Royal Air Force ; men from Malta are playing their full part side by side with British troops in that glorious siege ; men from Cyprus, the first of all colonial troops to go overseas, are serving in the Middle East ; skilled technicians from the West Indies are working in British armament factories ; loggers from British Honduras in the Scottish forests.

The man-power contribution of the colonies is impressive and important ; their contribution to our productive effort, especially in raw materials, is absolutely vital. Production of bauxite, wolfram, tin, graphite, copper, zinc, mica, manganese, chrome, iron ore, industrial diamonds—all essential war materials—has been steadily increasing since the beginning of the war. Meat, hides, palm oil, groundnuts, wheat, rye, maize, are all required in ever-growing quantities to supply the theatres of war—as East Africa, for example, is supplying the Middle East—and to make the colonies themselves more and more self-supporting in order to save shipping space. The loss of our territories in the Far East was a grievous blow to our production programme : we lost 60 per cent. of the world's tin production, 90 per cent. of its rubber, besides a large proportion of other minerals such as wolfram and lead, and foodstuffs in the shape of sugar, tea, rice and oilseeds. These losses must be made good, and greatly increased production throughout the Colonial Empire is now under way.

The impact of war on the different territories has inevitably been varied and uneven. To all it has been, in greater or lesser degree, a time of testing and ordeal—in the case of some, a very terrible ordeal, through which they are still passing. But for all the colonies and for this country too, the war has another and deeper significance. I have already spoken of the paradox of this great Empire which has largely been taken for granted, and of the detached attitude which many people in this country have taken towards their responsibilities. I believe that the future will show that the first serious undermining of this attitude can be directly attributed to the war.

For while the people of this country as a whole knew little of the countries and peoples of the colonies, it is also the case that the colonial people themselves, in spite of a widespread pride in their association with us, the expression of which has been at times profoundly moving, with a few exceptions knew little or nothing of the background of British life, British thought or British history. The war is perceptibly changing this state of affairs. War is a good teacher of geography : and parts of the Empire hardly known by name before, are emerging from their obscurity to the headlines of the war news : the people of this country are learning in their newspapers and on the wireless of the way in which the colonial people are helping the war effort. In a more



A JAMAICAN SERGEANT AIR GUNNER OF THE R.A.F.
An Army Co-operation Command Aircraft

intimate and personal way, civilians in bombed towns are seeing evidence of the practical help and sympathy of the colonies who have subscribed large sums of money to buy mobile canteens and travelling kitchens, which are inscribed with their names. In the same way, the people of the colonies are *learning* how the British people live, how they have stood up to the dangers and privations of war. They are seeing specially prepared films, listening to broadcasts, reading newspaper articles, all designed to give them a picture of British life and British ideas.

It may be that a mutual knowledge of each other's lives and problems, which we may hope will result in a closer understanding and sympathy, will emerge from the tragedy and hardship of war.

CONCLUSION

World opinion has always been more positive both in admiring and criticising British policy than the British people are prone to realise. We do not as a nation find it easy to praise ourselves or our achievements, and still less have we the capacity to dramatise or romanticise the part we play and shall have to play in the future in world affairs. In nothing does this apply more than to our Imperial policy. The traditional background of our Empire story has been characterised, as we have seen, by a general lack of perception of its

significance, amounting at times to a dangerous apathy, accompanied by sharp cleavages of opinion and strong, often bitter criticisms of public policy and private activities in the Empire.

The criticisms and questionings alike are healthy symptoms of a political order which has always attached high importance to freedom of opinion and speech. This freedom of expression is in varying degree found throughout our Colonial Empire. Colonial people and colonial newspapers have been no less at liberty to castigate the Government and criticise their policy, than critics at home ; and when anything has seemed to be wrong in the colonies, the Government has shown itself ready to appoint public commissions of enquiry with all the publicity and controversy which this procedure involves.

This is in itself a good thing. If democracy means anything it means this—the right of the ordinary man to criticise his government without fear of the consequences. But this tradition of questioning, the generous impulse towards repentance and reform has had in many ways a confusing effect upon the British public. It has tended to obscure the good we have done, and to present the British people and the world with an unbalanced picture of our colonial record. The mistakes—and mistakes are inevitable—are remembered ; the benefits we have brought to millions of people, the famines, pestilences and wars we have prevented, the material developments, the spiritual contribution of fair play and honest dealing are forgotten ; the selfless devotion of many British men and women, who have made the British name respected and admired are less frequently recorded. It has not, indeed, been the fashion during the last few disillusioned decades to dwell on such matters.

The effect on British and world opinion has been unhappy. To-day more and more frequently it is being said that the British people should take more interest in the British Commonwealth. We do not want from the British people or from our friends in other countries a blind acceptance of the Government's colonial policy : we still need, never more than now, questioning, criticism and debate. But it must be based on a knowledge of the facts and it must be inspired with a sense of mission and purpose. We have a great task before us : in many ways we are only at the beginning of it, but we have achieved sufficient to serve as a firm foundation for the future and to entitle us to look to the future with confidence and hope.

The war, so far from driving the peoples of the Empire apart, is drawing them closer together. The future, I firmly believe, depends largely on whether understanding and sympathy can be maintained not only between the governments, but between the peoples of the Commonwealth. The colonies must be fitted and enabled to take their place in the post-war world. The British people have a great contribution to make : if they can bring their spirit and genius to bear on what is essentially a problem of human beings, and create a living partnership of peoples, they will achieve something, the value of which in terms of human happiness, cannot be reckoned.

