

BY ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.
(Author of "Made in Germany.")

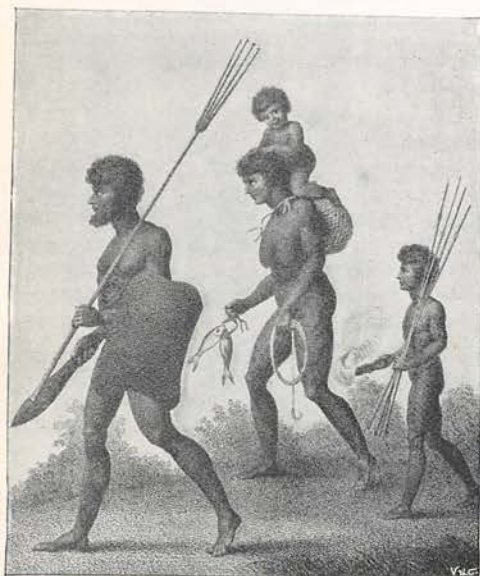
OCEAN and the English Channel. She is arousing to the reality that beyond the shores of Little England are vast realms which proudly call her Mother. She is grappling with the glorious fact that hers is the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, that her people are entering into an Imperial Heritage more magnificent than any that ever filled the wildest dreams of an Alexander or a Caesar. To-day, happily, the national attitude a bare generation since has become well-nigh unthinkable. Then the Imperial inheritance was thought nothing of by the people, was belittled by men who claimed to be patriots, was treated as a bore by statesmen. A Prime Minister, in the Sixties, lightly consented to wretched documents which forbade the drawing together in commercial ties of the Mother Country and her daughters. A few years later, when a statesman with vision gave the title of Empress to the First Lady of the Empire, the fact was made the occasion, by Englishmen, for cheap jocularly and fatuous lamentations. A certain few even affected to regard the word Englishman as a stigma.

No wonder, then, that the present generation has grown up in deplorable ignorance of its own Imperial birthright. The meagre, dry records of areas and latitudes learned at school were quickly forgotten, and the newspaper—manhood's school—has steadily ignored the contemporary history of Greater Britain, has relegated its most important

events to small type and such odd corners as could be spared from sporting and criminal intelligence at home and political news from foreign countries; for your daily newspaper is a steady purveyor of the last generation's thoughts. Yet the spell of apathy seems at last to have been broken, and it is no exaggeration to say—the utterance involves no manner of disrespect to the Empress Queen—that the Record Reign celebrations of 1897 owed their fervid enthusiasm largely to the awakening of the Imperialist spirit, whereof the presence of the Colonial troops and the Colonial statesmen, and the welcome accorded to them, were the outward and visible signs. But to sentiment must be added knowledge. At present there is among Englishmen blank ignorance concerning England's Possessions. Even intelligent men of affairs know as little of their own Empire as they do of the Empire of China. Saving India, no Englishman is ashamed of knowing nothing about the extent, or development, or possibilities of his own Empire. Tales are told of Ministers at the Colonial Office cheerfully confessing ignorance concerning the whereabouts of Colonies with whose representatives they were in communication. But this amazing manifestation of Little Englandism, at any rate, may now be relegated to the disgraceful past. The official mind, however, still hangs on to remnants of the old bad modes of thought. The glorious Empire overseas is still an aggregation of "Colonies"—as though the Empire outside Great Britain were represented only by a few handfuls of poverty-stricken settlers in back woods and desert wilds. That we have

not yet found a better name for those vast continents and countries, peopled by millions of Englishmen, is in itself significant of the long distance the Mother Country has yet to travel ere she will arrive at an intelligent conception of the majesty of her own inheritance.

Have you ever felt the fascination of a map of any part of the British Empire? If you have not, get hold of the first map—the bigger the better—of any portion of the Empire (it matters not which), and just pore over it. The sheet before you will grow into an entrancing dream of seas and islands, of mountains and lakes, of rivers and plains, of vast expanses, and of horizons limited



AN EARLY FAMILY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.
(From a sketch by Governor King.)

only by the visual powers of the imagination. Your eyes will linger over the tortuous lines which indicate rivers, maybe giant streams such as the stay-at-home man has never looked on, tumbling over rocks in boiling rapids, or flowing lazily to the ocean through wide lagoons. You will look at the "herring bone" etchings which denote mountain ranges—great peaks and magnificent rolling downs—of whose very existence you were, perhaps, in ignorance; mountains in comparison with which the noblest ranges in Wales or Scotland become almost insignificant. Here and there the normal colour of the map will be broken by patches of pale blue, and they will bring before your vision great wastes of water, full of strange fish,

haunted by strange birds, the vast watery expanses fit embodiments of the primeval silence amongst which they repose. On the blue-tinted side of the map which represents ocean are myriad specks, which conjure up refreshing pictures of green and peaceful, or ragged and chasm-scarred islands, perpetually washed by the sea's waves and purified by its breezes. From this panorama of nature's majesty you turn almost with relief to the coloured patches and borders which betoken men's presence; for they show you that men do live in these vast regions, or at least have traversed them, dividing up the expanses into provinces and counties as at home. And over all the map are still more convincing proofs of human habitation—the names of towns and settlements. Strange names many of them, names given—who knows how many centuries since?—by aboriginal nations now vanished, or existing but in small or scattered remnants; but with greater frequency are sprinkled the familiar names of towns and villages at home. The two nomenclatures are a curious blend, and pathetically suggestive withal. They tell you, almost with the explicitness of a history book, of Britons who have wandered to the ends of the earth in search of new homes or adventures, who have settled in strange and far-off places, and thence have turned wistful, home-sick eyes to the old familiar spots they have left behind. You see here and there on the map thicker and straighter lines than those which indicate the presence of rivers. They are the railways, built, many of them, by the aid of English hands and brains and capital, denoting more than all else that the reign of primeval savagery in those regions is over. At first glance the romance in you may rise in rebellion against what may seem a prosaic desecration of the earth's wild places; but reflection will show you how the spirit of romance may revel in, rather than recoil from, these crowning triumphs of indomitable pioneers. Finally, you become possessed of the glorious consciousness that through every part of these regions, and of many more, the law of the Queen of England runs; every wind that blows across these plains and mountains unfurls a Union Jack from its flagstaff; the whole land is part of your Imperial heritage as a free-born English citizen.

Sitting in the arm-chairs of the Old Country are querulous sentimentalists, who sniff at Imperialism, and ask, "By what right does England claim possession?" Philosophisings of this kind doubtless largely

influenced the apostles of the old "Cut-the-painter" theory. And, truly, had we always followed strictly those ideal ethics which none of us can afford to practise in individual life, but which some of us prate largely about in national life, those lands would never have been ours. They were won to us by bold pioneers—buccaneers if you will—

whose rough and primitive systems of ethics did not travel far beyond their duty to themselves and their country.

But—at least

in the case of many of them—what they conceived to be their duty to their country was more sedulously pursued than what they deemed their duty to themselves. To extend and consolidate the power of England they did not hesitate to sacrifice their own comfort, to endure terrible hardships, to risk their lives; and frequently they lost their lives. This much, at any rate, let the modern moralist take note of ere he condemn the makers of England's Empire for that, in devotion to their own nation, the pioneers did not always remember their duty to the savage peoples among whom they went. Furthermore, from the point of view of to-day, there is the best of all possible justifications: if it were not England, it would be some other European power. 'Tis not a question of whether these lands shall be left under the sway of the so-called aboriginal tribes who owned them when the Englishmen first went there. (The term "aboriginal" is very largely an assumption. The native tribes lately existing in the colonised regions had probably themselves at some previous date been intruders and the exterminators of other tribes, and so on back to the beginning of human habitation.) The question is, whether they shall be ours or some other European Power's. Now, as the undeveloped estates of the world are inevitably to be cut up among the civilised races, certainly England has the best moral claim to possession in the eyes of all who value freedom and good government. Anyway, here we are. By whatever means or under whatever right we won the Empire, the fact remains that to-day that Empire is ours, and our plain duty, as well as our inestimable privilege, is to people it with free men and to develop its wondrous resources to the very uttermost of our ability.

That development, in spite of all that has been accomplished, is as yet only begun, and it should not be uninteresting briefly to glance at the lines it is likely to, and should, take, and to enumerate a few of the possibilities before us.

AUSTRALASIA.

When and by whom Australasia was first actually discovered cannot be ascertained. The Frenchmen claim the honour for De Gonneville in 1503; but what he probably saw was Java or New Guinea, or, as some say, Madagascar. Wrecked mariners from various countries probably found Australia's shores, and found at the same time their graves; for none ever returned to tell the tale. It seems certain, however, that a Dutchman sent to explore New Guinea landed, in 1605, on the west coast of Cape York Peninsula, the extreme northern point of the continent, and Duyfhen Point is called after the name of his vessel to this day. But he seems to have hurried back to Java, and to have paid no further heed to his discovery. At various other times during the seventeenth century Dutchmen (usually by inadvertence) touched different points of the unknown continent. The first Englishman to reach it was William Dampier, a mutineering seaman, who struck it unawares at the beginning of 1688, and in 1699 returned in charge of a vessel commissioned by the British Admiralty to glean what information he could; but his adverse report discouraged his countrymen from further exploration. And until Captain Cook reached



Botany Bay in 1770 no Englishman who could avoid it appears to have landed on Australian shores. Frenchmen and Dutchmen may have made their very casual trips before that time, but England was the first nation to attempt colonisation, and English the continent has always remained. Even to-day, notwithstanding that hosts



THE UNION JACK.

of emigrants all through the century have been swarming from European countries to the new lands, fully 95 per cent. of Australia's inhabitants are of British origin. Even the ubiquitous German has not impressed himself very deeply on the continent, the German-born part of the population contributing about 50,000 souls to the total population of four and a quarter millions.*

† Was Captain Cook who first planted the Union Jack on Australian soil, when he took possession, in England's name, of the district around Botany Bay. But on the 19th of January, 1788, Captain Arthur Phillip landed there and (in Mr. Coghlan's business-like phraseology) "formally took possession of the whole continent." † From the time of Elizabeth onwards Englishmen have been famed for the marvellously cool way in which they walk over the earth and possess it, as though it were a suburban building plot; but I think that this record would be hard to beat in all the annals of colonisation and empire making. An adventurous officer in charge of a small expeditionary force, ten thousand miles away from home and help, coolly beaches his vessel on the wild shores of an unknown continent, and "formally takes possession of it!" The sheer impudence of the thing takes one's breath away; the immensity of it and the intrepidity of the business thrill one's veins. Captain Arthur Phillip's heart must have beat high when he first felt this continent beneath his feet, for from early days men had talked of a wonderful "Terra Australis Incognita," and legends were told of the gold and treasures which lay therein. And he was the first to take possession of this wonderful far off continent—maybe the veritable El Dorado of men's dreams—and plant thereon his country's flag. The best use which his country's government could think of for the magnificent possession was to use it as a dumping ground for convicts. Botany Bay was declared a penal settlement, and the continent was for some years colonised almost entirely by chained gangs of deported criminals and the soldiers who guarded them. There is a magnificence, of a sort, even in this unapproachable manifestation of contempt for great possessions. Happily, however, there was a small influx of free

emigrants almost from the first; ere long the free colonists began to outnumber the convicts, and in 1840 the penal system was abandoned.

Some dim notion of the vast extent of this southern corner of the British Empire may be gathered from the statement that the Australias comprise a total land area of nearly two billion acres. Of course you cannot grasp this—the realisation of billions is impossible to the finest mathematical human mind; statements in millions are only of use for purposes of comparison. Compare, then, Australasia's land acreage with the acreage of the United Kingdom. The total area of land and water in the British Isles, including the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, is 77,671,319 acres; this against the 1,966,555,830 acres of land in Australasia. You could, therefore, make the United Kingdom twenty-five times larger than it is, and it would fit comfortably into the boundaries of Australasia. And though many settlements have been made, and vast estates are held in fee or on lease by private persons, there is yet room for the whole of the population of the United Kingdom to settle itself comfortably in roomy homes on the land still held by the Crown until settlers come. These lands comprise an area of 1,177,121,142 acres. Every man, woman, and child, therefore, in the United Kingdom could, for his or her sole use and enjoyment, have in Australia a plot of land, not of three acres, but of 30 acres. At present the land actually alienated is rather less than 125 million acres, and a curious and by no means happy feature of Australian land owning is that these acres are largely in the hands of a few persons. In New South Wales, for example, 679 persons own half the alienated land; in New Zealand, 584 persons own considerably more than half. This is an unpleasant feature, because it is evidence of the fact, which becomes more and more marked each year, that the population of Australasia, instead of spreading itself over the vast fertile acres yet awaiting cultivation, is penning itself in cities. There is an excuse in England for men living the artificial urban life; for the most part they have no choice in the matter. But Australians should know better. That they should immure themselves in the few towns on the coast, when behind them stretch illimitable plains and downs whereon they could have free and independent homes, is almost a criminal act. Their tendency to self-congratulation on the growth of their

* After all, however, those 50,000 German souls compare very favourably with the German population of the German Colonies, whose total muster is about 1,800, consisting largely of soldiers, officials, and missionaries.

† "The Seven Colonies of Australasia," 1895-6.

cities, though, perhaps, natural in a way, should in the circumstances be sternly repressed. They ought to be ashamed of their streets.

For the agricultural capacity of Australia is so enormous. It cannot be an exaggeration to say that the continent, with its varieties of climate and fertile soils, could grow enough food and wine to feed the world; it could certainly hold enough sheep and other animals to clothe the world. Its gold fields and stores of precious stones could find the world in coin and jewellery; its coal fields could, not improbably, supply the world with

its fuel for centuries. True, in some of these industries very great progress is being made. Including artificial grasses, the area under cultivation in the Seven Colonies is more than eleven times greater than it was in 1861. Yet Australia should be ashamed that it at present only grows 1.34 per cent. of the world's wheat crop. She has made better progress with her wool industry. Her pastoral property in 1896 was valued at £240,116,000, and the annual return from pastoral pursuits is computed at £34,304,000. The number of sheep depastured in 1894 was 38,747,000. Truly, the Australian wool trade has made big strides since its father, Captain MacArthur, first stocked the land at the end of the last century with sheep, afterwards adding to his little flock



Photo by] [Bunnett.

A NEW SOUTH WALES LANCER.

some ewes and rams which had formed part of a present from the King of Spain to George III. For this is the oldest of all Australia's industries. Wool was first taken from Australia to England in 1808.

A word as to the wealth of Australians. In the United Kingdom only 9 per cent. of the population have property worth £100; in Australia the percentage is 13. And Australasia has no poor rate. Another proof of the extent and diffusion of wealth is that furnished by the food consumption statistics. Outside Australia the biggest meat-eating country in the world is the United States,

with an annual consumption of 150 lbs. per head. England comes next with about 122 lbs.; all other countries are substantially below that figure. Australasia's consumption is 256 lbs. per head! It may not be healthy, but it is a potent sign of the vigorous appetite of the people and of their power to satisfy it. Finally, to indicate how great already is Australasia's wealth production, for herself as for her mother country, let me cite the significant fact that she furnishes England with an annual income of 15½ millions sterling.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

New South Wales is one of England's daughters; but she, in turn, claims to be a mother—the mother of the Australian Colonies. It was on her shores that Australasian settlement was first effected; Queensland, Tasmania, New Zealand, Victoria and the Northern Territory of South Australia were at one time within her boundaries.

But even in her now restricted area she is much bigger than the Old Country: New South Wales's limits comprise an area a little more than two and a half times the size of the United Kingdom. The population is about 1,270,000—a fact suggesting two reflections: (1) that the Colony has made substantial and steady progress since the subsidence of the gold fever of the Fifties—the population was 357,978 in '61—and (2) that there is room for very much more progress. Let us try for a bird's-eye glance at some of the main directions in which this future progress may be developed.



The leading thought in the mind of a student of New South Wales's economic geography is the number of profitable industries which are either neglected altogether, or are only developed in a ridiculously embryonic form. On every hand the country cries aloud for men to come and take her wealth. Nor in saying this am I travelling over the whole field of possible industrial development—I utterly eliminate manufactures. Yet, even in the primary industries, the settlers' choice is so bewilderingly varied that it would be impossible here to give more than a bare catalogue of the industrial openings lying before the man who would

make his home in New South Wales. Nevertheless, until quite recently, New South Welshmen seemed all unconscious of their varied stores of potential wealth; they were content, for the most part, to ring the changes on gold mines and sheep runs, or to devote themselves to commercial pursuits and the

than the curse which those who suffered from it deemed it to be.

Glance first at Agriculture, the Queen Mother of all the industries. The tilling of the soil has always, in New South Wales, occupied a position of secondary importance to stock breeding; yet great progress has



IN A SHEARING SHED.

building up of Sydney as the chief market town of the Australias. But the recent depression into which New South Wales was plunged, in common with her neighbours, has awakened the people to the need of diversified industries and to the possibilities of new openings. Thus, perhaps, the depression has proved rather a disguised blessing

been made since the first farm was started at Parramatta in 1789. There were in 1895 1,325,964 acres under crops of various kinds. The total value of the produce was £3,395,571, which works out to an average value per acre of £2 11s. 3d. To wheat is appropriately devoted the largest area, 647,483 acres being given up to this grain—about a third, that is, of the acreage devoted to wheat in the United Kingdom.

But not all the wheat lands are intended for harvest; wheat is grown largely and increasingly for hay, and at present it appears to be more profitable when so used, the average return being £2 5s. an acre when grown for grain, and £3 10s. when grown for hay. The wheat grower's outlook is not entirely cloudless. Recently the yields have not been

so good as a decade since; though this is probably to be accounted for, in part at any rate, by the fact that with the extension of wheat cultivation less fertile lands have come under the plough. But even so, the yield per acre of wheat from New South Wales fields is, on an average, at least fully equal to the average yield of the United States, the greatest wheat producing country of the world, and three times greater than that of Russia, the second largest wheat country. Moreover, notwithstanding decreased returns, wheat can still be made to pay. There are many thousand more acres in the country suited to it which have not yet been cultivated; yet New South Wales has ceased to export wheat, and has to import something like two million bushels a year to supply the sufficiency for her home consumption. Here, then, is clearly one direction in which New South Wales's rural industry should be developed.

In the production of maize also there is room for certain extension: not so great as in the case of wheat, because an export market would be more difficult of attainment. But the deficiency in the production for local requirements, though diminishing, has not yet been overtaken; nor have the possibilities of the large cultivation of maize as green food for cattle been yet as sufficiently exploited as the adaptability of much of the land for maize cultivation warrants. Judging also from recent experiments, maize-stalks may at any moment come into the sugar manufacturing market as a formidable rival of cane and beet. Oats are a shamefully neglected crop. There are large and unnecessary imports into the Colony, despite the fact that the cooler regions are well adapted to oat cultivation, that in the warmer parts oats grow well as a hay crop, and that oaten hay is much in demand at remunerative prices.

Come now to the dairy. Considering that England imports every year two and three-quarter million hundredweights of butter from foreign countries, it is impossible to set bounds to the dairying opportunities of New South Wales; for good dairy grass grows there, and the climate of the eastern districts is admirably suited to the industry. An auspicious beginning has been made. Thanks to the new creamery system, the industry has begun to make definite progress. There are now over four hundred creameries or factories in New South Wales, and the majority of them are run on the co-operative plan, that most excellent of all industrial

methods. The industry employs now about 26,000 hands, and the yearly output of butter is little short of 30,000,000 lbs. But the farmers' dairy methods are as yet far from perfect. New South Welsh dairymen are slow in making the necessary provision of cultivated food for cows during the winter. Nor are they careful about the elimination of foreign moisture from their butter. Want of attention to this latter point will spoil their chances of the export trade, as, owing to water freezing more rapidly than fatty substance, the texture of the butter gets spoiled, and in the present remarkable development towards uniform excellence in Danish and other foreign butter, nothing short of the best can command the market. Closely allied to butter is bacon. In this also lies a great future before the New South Welsh dairymen. But they must pay more attention to the proper breeding of their swine, and set about co-operating for the erection of bacon factories with refrigerating machinery, so that curing may go on during the summer months. Seeing that England imports six and a half million hundredweights of pig meat from foreign countries every year, this important adjunct to the dairy trade is worth looking after.

'Tis as a pastoral country that New South Wales has hitherto earned the greater part of her rural living. She holds about 57,000,000 sheep (47 per cent. of all the Australian sheep); her annual wool-clip is over 330,000,000 lbs., the value of which is over nine millions sterling. It is enough to set down these figures, and to pass to other less completely developed industries; for, in the opinion of many, the wool industry in New South Wales has about attained its full development, and the general interest of the Colony will not be served by any further abnormal expansion of this one branch of rural industry. It is also believed that the present huge development of the pastoral industry has been mischievous in its abnormality, as, owing to it, the progress of cattle-raising has been seriously checked; and certainly it is an unwelcome fact that the number of cattle in the country was no greater in 1895 than in 1861. The country at present carries about two and a half million head. Between '75 and '85 there was a great decline; since then, however, there has been a steady improvement in numbers. Improvements in the character of the stock have also been evinced lately, but there is still room for further improvement (particularly in the matter of cross-breeding

for fattening purposes), if the infant export trade is to be developed. This trade also depends for its progress on shipping facilities. The ordinary, regular steamers could not convey more than five thousand cattle in the course of a year; obviously, therefore, a special service of steamers would be necessary to give the industry a real start. As to the dead meat trade, the shipments of chilled beef have not hitherto been a great success, but there seems a likelihood that efficient methods will be introduced, so that in the future, either by chilling on a new process, or by a good system of defrosting frozen

alone buys sixteen millions' worth of timber every year from foreign countries. New South Wales last year only sent her timber (exclusive of mahogany) to the value of £32,427. This figure, however, betokens an encouraging advance, being nearly four times as great as that for the previous year; and it is hoped that the trade will soon be largely extended. It has an immense potential future.

I have but touched the fringe of this wonderful treasury. I have said nothing of New South Wales's vast auriferous area, which covers at least 80,000 square miles, nor of her stores of silver (and the famous Broken Hill District is the finest known silver district in the world), nor of her magnificent coal fields, estimated by the Government geologist to contain over 78 billion tons; nor of her iron mines, or her tin and copper mines, whose possibilities have hardly yet been tapped beyond the experimental stage. I have said nothing of the diamonds, the rubies, the turquoises, the topazes, the opals, and the other precious gems which are constantly being brought to the surface in just sufficient quantities to set the imagination aflame over the glories as yet unrevealed. Neither have I attempted to describe the multitudinous shoals of fish which haunt the coast and the estuaries of the rivers, to say nothing of the immense quantities of large, good-eating fresh fish which swim in the rivers themselves. I have said nothing of the vine cultivation, which is struggling through its infant perils, giving promise of many million gallons of good wine in the future. There has been no space to record the efforts towards cultivating tobacco, so far successful that New South Wales already supplies itself with half its tobacco. Room, too, has failed me for any record of the attempts to cultivate sugar, by no means unsuccessful, in spite of the heavy discouragement which the recent abolition of the tariff duty on imported sugar is inflicting upon the industry; or the happy beginnings of orange growing, or of the possibilities of the growth of orchard fruits of all kinds. Yet all these stores of wealth, and more also, await the labourer and the capitalist in Australia's premier Colony.

Two significant facts in conclusion. Though food is cheaper in New South Wales than in England, the wage earner's income is fully half as big again. The proportion of the population dependent on State support in New South Wales is only 4·8 per thousand; in the United Kingdom it is 7·37.



JOADGA CREEK.

meat, New South Wales will be able to embark on a vigorous competition with America.

Of the other openings for New South Welsh industry (apart from mining), perhaps the most important is timber. Whether it be a street in want of wood paving, or a dining-room in need of a mahogany side-board, a jetty in need of piles, or a cabinet requiring the ornamentation of inlaid panels, New South Wales can provide it, provide it in plenty, and of the most admirable quality. And yet—it sounds incredible—the Colony actually imports timber for its own use to the tune of between three and four thousand pounds' worth a year! Meanwhile, England