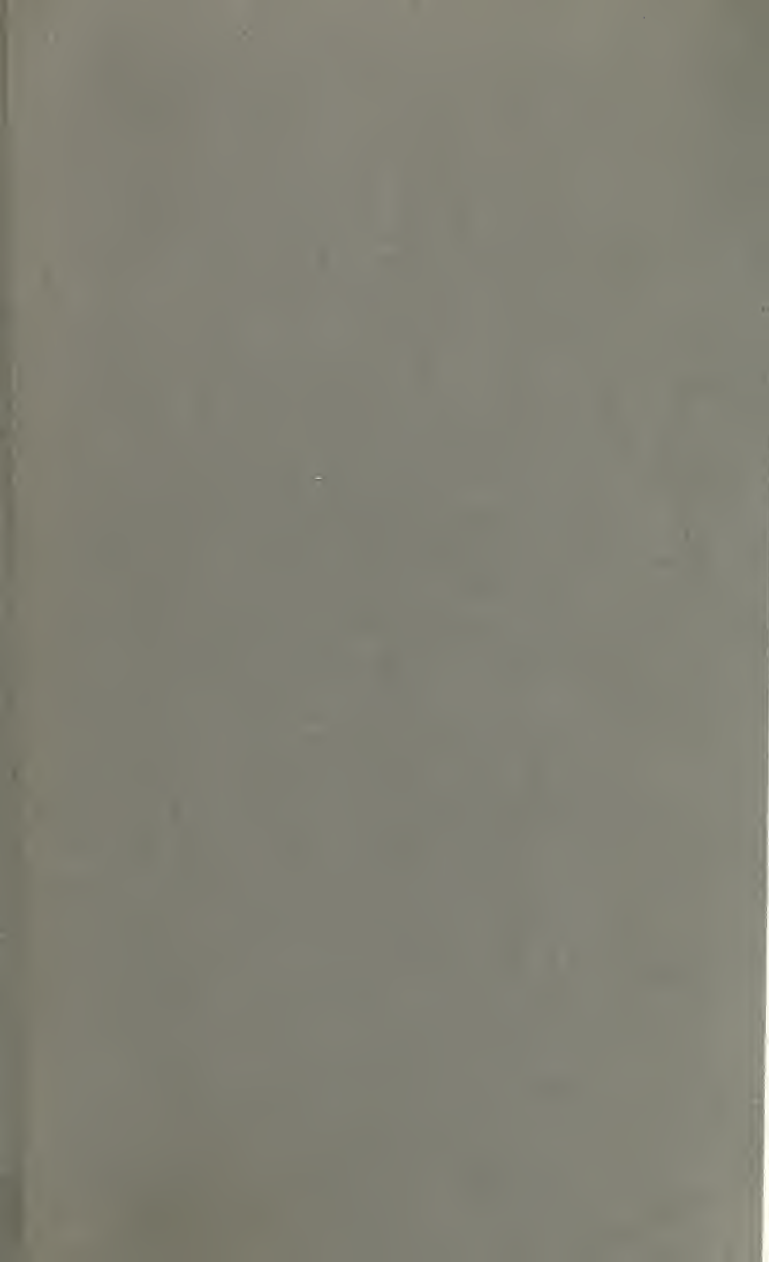



EX LIBRIS







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation





The General cried out . . . "Courage, my lads! we are as near to heaven by sea as by land."—ENGLISH HEROES, *page 178.*

ENGLISH HEROES

IN THE
REIGN OF ELIZABETH

BY

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS

AUTHOR OF

"BEFORE THE CONQUEST" ETC.



EDINBURGH
W. P. NIMMO, HAY, & MITCHELL

IA 355

A 3

E SE

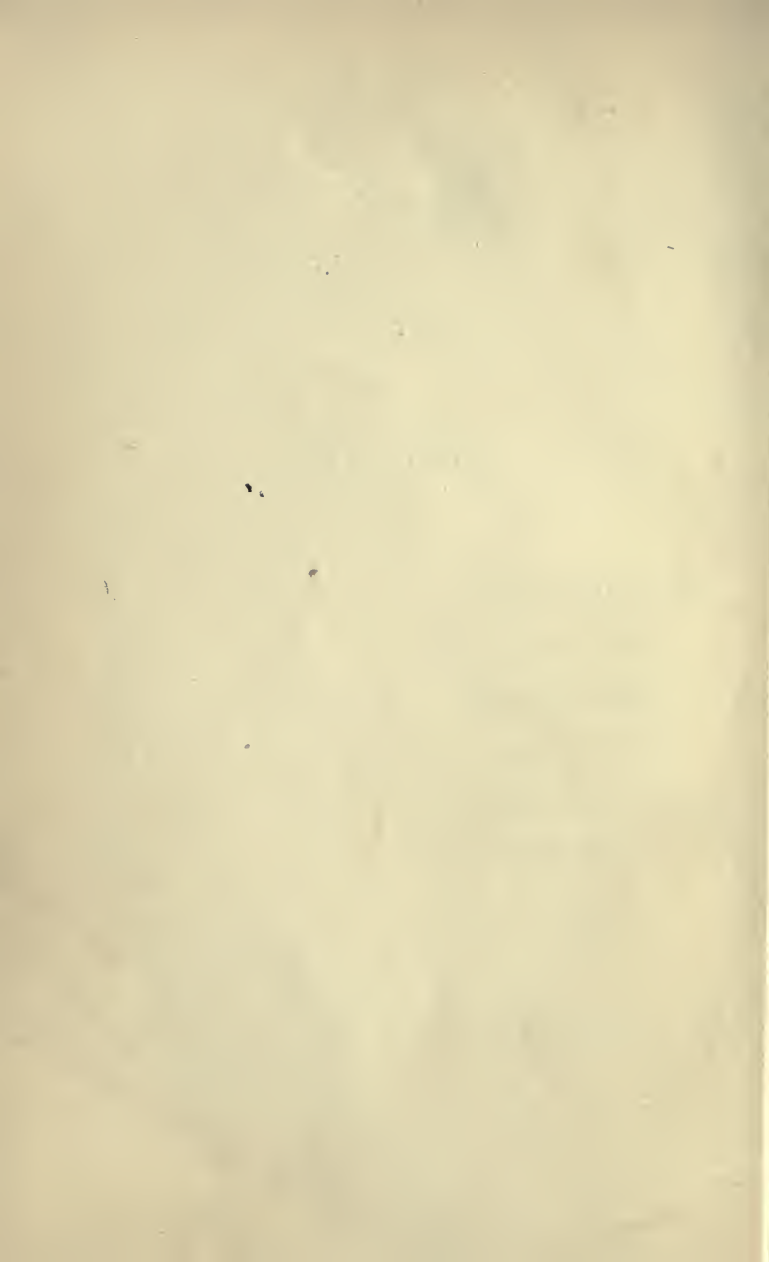
Rich

*in a choly
 dilectio
 orientation
 rite
 usage
 observance
 observant
 inhibitive
 capitata
 fealty
 inhibition
 papers
 waste
 machination
 arrangement
 impassable*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH	I
SIR JOHN HAWKINS	125
SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT	161
THOMAS CAVENDISH	181
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE	216
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY	371

*splen
 kalendoscopic
 effluvia
 123994*





Sir Walter Raleigh.



CHAPTER I.



OPENING SCENES.

“In brave pursuit of honourable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Between the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seems to be borne by native influence.”

SPENSER.



MOST great men come of noble mothers, and Walter Raleigh—the grandest of the Elizabethan heroes—was no exception to the rule. His mother was Catherine Champernoun, who was sprung of one of the oldest Norman families in the south-west of England, and could boast of having in her veins the blood of the Courtenays, at one time Emperors of the East.* When she married Raleigh's father—himself a gentleman-farmer of good birth, and, probably, of

* Rev. C. Kingsley, “Miscellanies” (vol. i.): “Sir Walter Raleigh.”

handsome personal appearance—she was a widow, her first husband having been the illustrious knight, Sir Otho Gilbert of Compton Castle, to whom she had born three gallant sons, John, Humphrey, and Adrian, each destined to win his spurs by truly heroic actions. She gave birth to Walter Raleigh, the younger of her two sons by her second marriage, some time in the year 1552, at the quaint but pleasant farm-house of Hayes, on the south-west coast of Devonshire. A noble woman, truly! and the mother of four sons of whose careers and characters she had afterward good reason to be proud.

If the conditions under which the young mind is trained, and the scenery among which it develops its faculties, exercise upon its growth, as I believe, an important influence, Walter Raleigh was happily circumstanced. For a quick imagination, and a romantic disposition, I know of no better school than the bright apple orchards and leafy vales of Devon; its "bowery hollows;" its long, winding lanes, with high banks on either side, profusely trellised with honeysuckle and ivy; its wooded gorges; the grey, mysterious expanse of Dartmoor; the rippling trout-brooks, and the tree-crowned hills; the rolling downs, and the deep, narrow glens, that open on the blue waters of the Channel. Raleigh must have drunk in a love of poetry and the beautiful with his mother's milk.

These influences, however, could only have stimulated the poetic side of his character, unless his familiarity with the coast served to cherish a passion for maritime enterprise; but other circumstances were around him which helped to ripen the man of action, and prevented him from becoming simply the thinker and the student. He lived within thirty miles or so of his chivalrous half-brothers, men who were infected to the full with what may be called the Elizabethan fever of adventure; and it cannot be doubted that they poured into his willing ears their stories of gallant deeds and knightly achievements, their hatred of the Spaniard, their longings after the golden isles of far southern seas, and, above all, their masculine, earnest patriotism, which burned to place their country foremost among the nations of the world.

Raleigh was still a lad when his parents despatched him to Oriel College, Oxford (A.D. 1566).* He did not remain long in its "cloistered shades," but long enough, nevertheless, to win the honour of special commemoration by his great contemporary Lord Bacon. His quick wit and plastic genius were recognised with one consent; as also his restless, aspiring disposition, his yearning after the fame which crowns an active life, and that abhorrence of the Spaniard which coloured so much of his later conduct.

* Prince, "Worthies of Devon," p. 667.

In 1569, when but seventeen years old, Raleigh went forth into the world. What a stage was then open for the display of a young man's powers! Never had England known more stirring times, for never had its destiny so hung upon the hazard of a die. Now-a-days, when the foundations of our empire are laid so broad and secure, we can hardly realise to ourselves the prolonged agony of the first twenty years of Elizabeth's reign, when every true Englishman felt that at any moment he might be called upon to fight to the death for his queen, his country, his wife and children, his political liberties, and the right to worship God according to his own conscience. Now-a-days, when our geographers have accurately laid down in their maps almost every nook and corner of our globe, and the labours of our ancestors have exhausted almost every channel of enterprise, we can scarcely conceive the intense enthusiasm, the fiery delight with which the young heroes of Elizabethan England dwelt on the riches of the New World, and the wild loveliness of far-off lands, to be conquered by stout hearts and ready swords. Now-a-days, when none dare disturb us in the exercise of our religion, when our faith, for very lack of persecution or outward impulse, has grown somewhat cold and indifferent; when we dally, on the one hand, with a philosophical rationalism, and, on the other, with a cold, symbolical,

ritualistic pageantry, we find it hard to understand the passionate sincerity with which the men and women of Elizabeth's reign believed in the overruling providence of God, and hated both Pope and Devil as the enemies, present and to come, of their souls. Truly those were stirring times! They were manly, earnest, and heroic times, which, as by the force of a Divine inspiration, raised up men to their own level. No doctrine of non-intervention had then risen as a barrier between England and the Continent. The Netherlands, Protestant like ourselves, were struggling painfully to free themselves from the iron yoke of Spain. France, while with one hand she put down her own Huguenot subjects, with the other helped the Dutch Protestants, from a well-justified dread of the preponderance of Spanish power. England, while ready to succour Dutch Protestant and French Huguenot as best she might, and as far as she dared, was bent on disputing with Spain the possession of the golden lands of America. At this epoch, her spirit, as it were, grew too great for her body. She felt an irresistible need of expansion. The energies of her sons demanded a wider field than could be afforded by their own sea-girt island.* But more: she was actuated by nobler motives. She believed in her

* See Mr Froude's eloquent sketch of England and Englishmen at this epoch, in his "History of England," vol. viii.

Protestant creed, and she longed to deal a blow at Popery through the Pope's most fanatical children, the Spaniards. Cruel wrongs, too, she burned to avenge: her seamen taken prisoners because they ventured to trade in that vast southern ocean which Spain, on the strength of a Papal edict, impiously claimed as her own; taken prisoners, thrown into pestilential dungeons, racked and tortured, doomed to the galleys and the stake. With all these motives and memories, passions, fears, and hopes, English hearts were then a-flame; and therefore do I say it was into a stirring world, in stirring times, that young Raleigh threw himself at the age of seventeen.

A near kinsman of his, gallant Henry Champernoun, had raised a body of one hundred gentlemen-volunteers to assist the Huguenots of France,—“a gallant company,” says the French historian, De Thou, “nobly mounted and accoutred, having on their colours the motto, *Finem det mihi Virtus.*” Walter Raleigh made one of them, and in this expedition gained a considerable experience of military life.* He seems to have been present at the disastrous battle of Moncontour, and in the retreat so ably conducted by Count Ludowick of Nassau (October 3d, 1569); and afterwards, for five years, to have shared in all the marchings and

* Champernoun and his volunteers did not arrive in France until after Raleigh, and were not present at Moncontour.

counter-marchings of that wild civil war, which so desolated the fairest provinces of France. How he escaped the Bartholomew massacre, we know not, unless he was sheltered, like Sir Philip Sidney, in the house of the English ambassador, Walsingham. But he passed uninjured through all his military experiences, and in 1576, on the conclusion of peace, returned to England, a skilled soldier and accomplished gentleman.

He remained at home but a few months, yet he contrived to signalise himself in this brief interval by a couple of characteristic incidents. To Gascoigne's satire of "The Steel Glass," he prefixed some elaborate epigrammatic verses, which he subscribes "Walter Rawely, of the Middle Temple;" and he inflicted chastisement on a notorious braggart, named Chester, the *Carlo Buffone* of Ben Jonson, by beating him soundly, and then sealing up his mouth—that is, his moustache and beard—with "hard wax."

In the following year we find him in the Netherlands, serving under the Prince of Orange (and Sir John Norris), against the Spaniards. There can be little doubt that he was present in the famous fight at Reminant, when Don John of Austria, and the Prince of Parma were completely defeated by the Dutch forces. The victory was mainly owing to the courage and steadiness of the English and Scotch auxiliaries, who, fatigued by the extreme heat, of

which "they were more sensible than of any cold fear of death," flung off their armour and clothes, and fought in their shirts and drawers.*

During his service in the Netherlands, he made the acquaintance of Colonel Herbert Bingham, "a man of a fancy high and wild, too desultory and over-voluble," who had travelled over most parts of the world, and had conceived a project for the plantation (*i.e.*, the colonisation) of America. The effect of his conversation was seen on Raleigh's return to England, in 1579, when he was induced to join his half-brother, Humphrey Gilbert, in carrying out a patent which the latter had obtained from Queen Elizabeth for colonising *Meta Incognita* ("The unknown goal") an unexplored region of North America.†

Gilbert and Raleigh went on their hazardous voyage with a small and ill-equipped squadron; nor did they prosper. On their homeward route, after enduring many lesser misfortunes, they fell in with a Spanish fleet, lost "a tall ship," and many men, and so back to Plymouth,‡ with a greater hatred than ever of their Spanish enemies. Always on the alert for new fields of adventure, Raleigh next repaired to Ireland, where the Geraldines, assisted by French and Spaniards, had raised the standard of revolt.

* This incident is told by De Thou, in his "Historia," vol. iii. p. 608.

† Oldys, "Life of Raleigh," pp. 27-29.

‡ J. A. St John, "Life of Raleigh," i. 33.

Two years he served in Ireland, displaying all the qualities of a good soldier,—prudence, when prudence was needed, and reckless audacity when only by such audacity could success be won. With a brilliant reputation, he quitted Ireland on the suppression of the rebellion, and entered upon the better known portion of his career ; a career so strangely chequered by sunshine and shadow, so mournfully closed in the deepest of darkness, that it seems to belong to romance rather than to history.

Tradition has ascribed Raleigh's personal introduction to Elizabeth to an accident, which one would rather expect to meet with in the legends of the poets, and the atmosphere of fairy land, than among the realities of everyday life. It is probably untrue ; though, in Elizabeth's reign, men were inspired by a spirit of exaltation which made them equal to deeds of gallantry and refinement, of a kind unknown to our utilitarian age. Raleigh's act of chivalrous courtesy is thus described :

Elizabeth, in her progress from the royal barge to the palace [at Greenwich], came to a spot where the ground was so miry, that, for a moment, she hesitated to advance. Immediately, Raleigh stepped forward, and, with "an air of devoted gallantry," cast off and spread upon the earth the richly-embroidered cloak which decked his handsome person. Her Majesty, after a minute's pause, and a not dissatisfied glance

at the noble figure and stately bearing of her soldier-courtier, placed her foot on the novel carpet, and proceeded on her way. Soon afterwards, she sent for Raleigh, and took him into her service.*

That the story is not true, there is good reason to suspect ; that it correctly describes Elizabeth's first acquaintance with Raleigh, I wholly disbelieve. I must ask the reader, as Mr Kingsley does,† to remember that our young Quixote was the near kinsman of two illustrious public servants, Champernoun and Carew ; that he was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and the favourite of the Earl of Leicester ; that he had served under Elizabeth's generals for twelve years, and brought back from Ireland a distinguished military reputation ; and that, therefore, he would have required no such accidental introduction to his sovereign's favour.

That favour he certainly enjoyed, and, in proof of it, was despatched on a secret diplomatic mission to the French court. Afterwards, he accompanied the Duke of Anjou in his magnificent progress to Antwerp, where he was recognised by the Prince of Orange, and entrusted with letters for Elizabeth (1582). Once more in England, his active mind again turned towards its old project of discovering and colonising new territories in the western world.

* Tytler, "Life of Raleigh," p. 41.

† Kingsley, "Miscellanies," vol. i. art. "Sir Walter Raleigh."

A fleet was fitted out by Sir Humphrey Gilbert ; a fleet of five ships,—the “Delight,” “Raleigh,” “Golden Hind,” “Swallow,” and “Squirrel,”—having on board 260 men ; and it sailed on the 1st of June 1583. The largest ship was equipped by Raleigh, and bore, as we see, his own name. Fortunately for him, she quickly returned into harbour,—a contagious distemper having broken out among her crew,—and thus escaped the melancholy fate of the remainder of the expedition.*

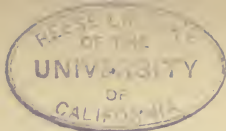
Raleigh, however, was not deterred from the prosecution of his favourite schemes by a stroke of ill success. Much reading and reflection, and the information he had gained from frequent conversations with experienced mariners, had led him to the conclusion that to the north of the Gulf of Florida must lie a vast extent of rich and genial country, and he resolved to attempt its discovery. Having submitted his plans to the Queen and her council, he obtained letters-patent, in 1584, which granted all such countries as he should discover in property to himself and his heirs, with a reservation to the Crown of one-fifth of all the gold or silver ore which might be found therein. Raleigh, at this time, held a high place in the royal confidence, which he probably

* Sir Humphrey's little bark, the “Squirrel,” went down at sea, under circumstances of tragical sublimity, well known to every English reader. His last words were : “Be of good heart, my friends ! we are as near to heaven on the ocean as at land.”

thought it imprudent to risk by any long absence from court. The expedition, therefore, which he fitted out he did not personally command, but placed in charge of two trusty and experienced officers,—Captains Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlow,—who received minute written instructions, and sailed with two well-equipped ships, on the 27th of April 1586. Into the details of this voyage it would be foreign from our purpose to enter. Enough to state that the adventurers discovered and explored a portion of the coast of the country afterwards designated Virginia, and returned with glowing accounts of its amenity and beauty.*

In the following year Raleigh received a distinction which Elizabeth never bestowed on unworthy persons; he was knighted. As a further mark of royal favour, he obtained the grant of a patent to license the vending of wines throughout the kingdom, a monopoly which must have secured him a large annual income. He had also an estate given him in Ireland, which, with characteristic energy, he colonised, tilled, and planted. He likewise sat in the Parliament of 1586, and was appointed Seneschal of the Duchies of Cornwall and Exeter, and Lord Warden of the Stanneries. His rise was unprecedentedly rapid, and his position, at this time, well-calculated to gratify his ambition, and to encour-

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," vol. iii. pp. 245-250.



age him in the formation of the most sanguine hopes.

It was about this date he joined Sir Adrian Gilbert, and Sanderson, a wealthy London merchant, in forming a company, under letters-patent from the queen, denominated "The Colleagues of the Fellowship for the Discovery of the North-West Passage." Their enterprise led to the important expeditions of Captain John Davis, who played so great a part in the history of arctic exploration. All these varied occupations did not prevent our hero—surely one of the hardest workers that hard-working England has ever produced—from fitting out a new armada for his territory of Virginia, whose command he entrusted to his kinsman, Sir Richard Grenville.*

It consisted of seven vessels—the "Tiger," 140 tons burthen ; the "Lion," 100 ; the "Elizabeth," 50 ; the "Roebuck," 140 ; the "Dorothy," a small bark, and two small pinnaces ; the whole tonnage being about one-half that of a modern East-India-man. They reached Virginia in July, and disembarked 108 men, under Mr Ralph Lane, as chief governor, and Philip Amadas as deputy. Then, after collecting a valuable cargo of skins, furs, and pearls, Grenville returned to England.

The infant colony did not prosper after his de-

* See a full account of this voyage in Hakluyt's Collection, vol. iii.

parture. Lane appears to have been ill fitted for his responsible post, and his imprudence involved him in dangerous disputes with the Indians. He was rescued from the consequences by the unexpected but opportune arrival of the fleet of Sir Francis Drake, who had fortunately determined to visit the settlement of his friend Raleigh, and carry home news of its condition, on his return from an expedition in the Spanish main. Drake offered the disheartened colonists a supply of provisions, but all they requested was a vessel and some small craft to carry them home. Their demand was granted; however, before they could get on board, a four days' storm dashed their barks to fragments, and threatened the safety of the whole fleet. Under these circumstances Drake received them in his own vessels, and they arrived in England on the 27th of July 1586.

Scarcely had they sailed before a vessel reached Roanoak, laden with all kinds of supplies, which Raleigh intended for the use of his young colony. Finding no traces of the fugitives, she, too, departed for Europe. A fortnight later came Sir Richard Grenville, with three well-appointed ships, and he, being equally unsuccessful in obtaining intelligence of the Virginian settlers, was also compelled to return home, leaving behind him, however, fifteen men, with provisions for two years, as the nucleus of a future settlement.

The fugitive colonists are said to have brought home with them the valuable herb, tobacco, with whose uses Raleigh had become familiar in France. A well-known tradition runs, that Sir Walter first began to smoke it privately in his study, and that a servant who had carried him a tankard of ale, seeing the smoke issue from his mouth, threw all the liquor in his face to extinguish the supposed fire, thereafter alarming the family with cries for help, or his master would be burnt to ashes.

This, says quaint Oldys, has nothing in it more surprising than the mistake of those Virginians themselves, who, the first time they seized upon a quantity of gunpowder belonging to the English colony, sowed it for grain, with the full expectation of reaping a plentiful crop of combustion by the next harvest to scatter their enemies.*

Another story is to the effect that Raleigh, conversing with his royal mistress on the singular properties of the new herb, assured her he had so well investigated its nature that he could tell the exact weight of the smoke in any quantity he consumed. Elizabeth immediately fixed her thoughts on the most impracticable part of the experiment, that of confining the smoke in a balance, and, suspecting her courtier was amusing her with "a traveller's tale," she laid a wager against his successful solution

* Oldys, "Life of Raleigh," pp. 74, 75.

of the problem. Raleigh then selected a certain quantity of tobacco, which he duly smoked, and afterwards proceeded to weigh the residual ashes. In conclusion, demonstrating to the Queen the difference between their weight and that of the tobacco, he forced her to admit that this difference must necessarily represent the weight of what had evaporated in smoke. Upon this, Elizabeth, paying down the money, remarked, that she had heard of many labourers in the fire who had turned their gold into smoke, but that Raleigh was certainly the first who had converted his smoke into gold.

Raleigh was one of those men whom no reverses seem to discourage, whom no obstacles can divert from the path they have marked out for themselves, whose resolution has all the nobility of faith. The failure of his first Virginian settlement might have quenched the hopes of any man less strong of purpose, but it only stimulated Raleigh to fresh exertions. He contrived to secure a hundred and fifty volunteers, whom he placed in charge of a Mr John White, and twelve assistants, incorporating them by the name of the Governor and Assistants of the City of Raleigh, in Virginia. In three vessels, mainly equipped at his own expense, they sailed from Portsmouth on the 28th of April 1587, and on the 22d of July anchored in Hatteras harbour. To their dismay they found the place deserted, and

no traces of the frightened colonists left by Sir Richard Greville, except a heap of bones bleaching on the silent strand. Nevertheless, they disembarked, and proceeded to repair the buildings at Roanoke. Dissensions in due time broke out amongst them, until at length the want of stores compelled White, the governor, to return to England, leaving at Roanoke 87 men, 17 women, and 11 children.* He arrived at Portsmouth on the 5th of November, to find all England arming in haste to meet the threatened invasion of the Armada. It was not at such a crisis he could expect to obtain a hearing for his story; and the wants of the colony were exposed to temporary neglect.

Convinced that the storm was about to break, Elizabeth, after a too-long supineness, prepared to meet it bravely. She collected around her those of her counsellors and "men of war" who best understood the nature of the exigency, and the resources of the kingdom, including among them Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Grey, Sir Francis Knolles, Sir John Norris, Sir Richard Bingham, and Raleigh's former lieutenant, Mr Ralph Lane. These, with great energy, laboured to organise a militia, to provide the peasantry with arms, and to fortify those points of the coast which were most exposed to attack. In all these proceedings Raleigh took a fore-

* Hakluyt's "Voyages," iii., p. 284-286.

most part, and the success of the vigorous measures which, in conjunction with the winds of heaven, baffled Philip of Spain's designs, was mainly due to his experience, military skill, and sagacity. The district placed under his immediate superintendence was one where his name, I doubt not, was already a "household word"—the counties of Devonshire and Cornwall.*

He found a majority of the population eager to do battle against the coming enemy, but he also found a considerable number of Papal malcontents, who rejoiced in the prospect of victory for their religion. Many, too, there were who grumbled at the demand made upon them by the Government for pecuniary aid, who grudged to bear the expense of defending their own homes and hearths, and looked to the Queen's Treasury for assistance. He triumphed over every obstacle, however, and succeeded in levying, as the militia of Devon, 1200 footmen, and 136 horsemen; of Cornwall, 600 footmen, and 66 horsemen; and of Exeter, 200 footmen. All the superior officers, from the general to the treasurer, served without pay; the inferior officers and their men received a liberal allowance; as thus—sergeant-major, 6s. per diem; provost-marshal, 5s.; clerk of the checks, 2s. 6d.; captain, 4s.; lieutenant, 2s.; ensign, 1s. 6d.; clerk and drummer each 1s.; and common soldier, 8d.

* See Mr Edward Edwards's "Life of Raleigh," vol. i., p. 3.

The pay of the cavalry was still higher, the men receiving each 1s. per diem.*

The levy was to be called out for sixteen days only, during which time the men were allowed each ten pounds of powder at a shilling a pound, half a pound of matches per day at sixpence per pound, and a pound of lead at one penny per pound.

These forces were stationed at Plymouth, under the command of Sir Walter, who seems to have provided for their careful exercise in military manœuvres. Similar measures were adopted all along the coast, so that in a short time the whole of England rose simultaneously, and in arms. But none were better aware than Raleigh that these hastily-levied troops could not be expected to offer any serious resistance in the open field to the veterans of Parma, who were flushed with a hundred victories; and he incessantly urged upon the Queen and her ministers the necessity of equipping a fleet strong enough to contend with the Spaniards at sea. He felt, as all our best and wisest counsellors have ever felt, that England's safety was in her outer line of defence—her ships and sailors. "A strong army in a good fleet," as

* The whole charge, for salaries and munitions, was computed at £2163, 5s. od. See the "Estimate of Forces for the Defence of the Western Counties," drawn up by Raleigh himself, in the State Paper Office, reprinted by Mr Edwards, in his "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," vol. ii., p. 39.

he afterwards wrote,* "could not possibly be prevented from landing where it deemed best upon the coast of England, unless hindered by a fleet of equal, or at least answerable strength."

To a certain extent Raleigh's advice was followed. A fleet was equipped and placed under the command-in-chief of Lord Howard of Effingham; but the Queen's temporising policy, her avarice, and her strange delusion that war after all might be avoided, seriously embarrassed her servants, and crippled their energies. Fortunately, this lack of spirit or of sagacity on the part of the great Queen—arising, perhaps, from a consciousness of the dangers of her position, and the terrible risk to be incurred by a collision between her little island kingdom and the gigantic Spanish Empire—was more than compensated by the patriotic enthusiasm of her people,—an enthusiasm which increased in fervour as the danger drew nearer. And when Elizabeth at last abandoned all hope in diplomacy; when she awoke from the delusion in which she had been lulled by the intrigues of Spain; when, recognising the impossibility of averting the peril, she prepared to meet it with all a Tudor's courage, the popular enthusiasm mounted to fever heat. There went a thrill of joy, as Mr Motley remarks,† through the national heart, and all England

* In his "History of the World," vol. v., c. i., sec. 10.

† Lodge, "Illustrations of British History," ii., 384-385.

made one bound towards the enemy. Few more magnificent spectacles, continues the historian, have been seen in history than the enthusiasm which pervaded the country as the great danger, so long deferred, was felt at last to be closely approaching. The little nation of four millions, the merry England of the sixteenth century, went forward to the death-grapple with its gigantic antagonist as cheerfully as to a long-expected holiday. Spain was a vast empire, overshadowing the world; England, in comparison, but a province; yet nothing could surpass the steadiness with which the conflict was awaited.

The details of that conflict, however—of England's Salamis—will be told hereafter, and at present I have to concern myself only with Raleigh's share in it.

When news arrived that the Armada had finally quitted port, and had been sighted steering northwards along the shore of Portugal, Raleigh placed the levies of Devonshire and Cornwall under the command of his kinsmen, and, with a squadron equipped at his own cost, stationed himself on the Devonshire coast, that he might harass the flanks of the Spaniards as they sailed up the Sleeve.* Whether he actually took part in the series of skirmishes and fights that followed, cannot be

* J. L. Motley, "History of the United Netherlands," c. xviii., (vol. ii., pp. 423, 424).

definitely asserted ; but that his services at this great national crisis were worthy of himself and the love he bore his country, may be inferred from the liberality with which Elizabeth rewarded them. On the 9th of August she bestowed on him a new source of profit in a moiety of the benefit of "all penalties and forfeitures for offences committed against the statute of 7th Edward VI., for the sale and retailing of wines, with power to compound with offenders."

The remarkable versatility of Raleigh's genius was next exhibited by his project for establishing "an office of address," which appears to have been the germ of the literary associations since so common all over Europe. Evelyn speaks of it as "that long-dried fountain of communication which Montaigne first proposed, Sir Walter Raleigh put in practice, and Mr Hartlib endeavoured to revive;" and Sir William Petty describes it as a plan "by which the wants and desires of all learned men might be made known to each other, where they might know what is already done in the business of learning, what is at present in doing, and what is intended to be done."*

He next volunteered to join the great expedition, under Drake and Norris, intended to chastise the coasts of Spain, and replace on the Portuguese throne its deposed king, Don Antonio (April 1589). Owing to the disputes which arose between the two

* Tytler's "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," pp. 104, 105.

commanders, little was effected by this formidable armament, except the accumulation of a vast amount of plunder. On their way home, moreover, Raleigh and other adventurers made prize of sixty richly-laden Easterlings; and Elizabeth was sufficiently well pleased with what had been accomplished to present Raleigh and the principal commanders each with a chain of gold.

Hitherto our hero seems to have enjoyed the Queen's favour without a rival or competitor. But a new and brilliant star now rose above the horizon, before whose shining fortunes Raleigh's for awhile grew pale and dim. This was Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, a young noble, twenty-one years of age, whose handsome person, agreeable manners, and dashing gallantry concealed from the eyes of superficial observers his moral and intellectual deficiencies. He grew speedily in the Queen's affections; was entrusted with her confidence, and distinguished by her liberality. Whether from jealousy, or from some mysterious cause which must always remain unknown, he appears early to have conceived an enmity against Raleigh; and a difference which occurred between the latter and Sir Roger Williams, a follower and partisan of the young Earl's, did not tend to remove the ill-feeling that subsisted between them.

It may have been motives of prudence that decided

Raleigh at this juncture to visit Ireland, and leave his brilliant rival in apparent possession of the field. After examining his Irish estates, he repaired to Killoolman, the residence of the poet Spenser, with whom he had been on terms of friendship for many years. His sojourn under the poet's roof is one of the brightest episodes in Raleigh's restless career. The two discoursed on the noble themes so congenial to the minds of both; they read to each other their poetical compositions; they exchanged criticisms; they forgot the turmoil and cares of Court for the delights of the muses' garden. The visit so strongly impressed the mind of Spenser, that he has glorified it with all the resources of his genius in his beautiful pastoral, "Colin Clout's come Home again:"

“ One day (quoth he) I sat, as was my trade,
 Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore,
 Keeping my sheep amongst the cooly shade
 Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore;
 There a strange shepherd chanced to find me out,—
 Whether allurèd with my pipe's delight,
 Whose pleasing sound yshrillèd far about,
 Or thither led by chance, I knew not right,—
 Whom, when I askèd from what place he came,
 And how he hight? himself he did ycleep
 The Shepherd of the Ocean* by name,
 And said, he came far from the main sea deep.
 He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
 Provokèd me to play some pleasant fit;

* Pronounced as a trisyllable.

And when he heard the musick which I made,
He found himself full greatly pleased at it."

The poet next informs us that Raleigh also displayed his poetic skill :

" Yet, æmuling my pipe, he took in hond
My pipe, before that æmulèd of many,
And played thereon (for well that skill he conn'd),
Himself as skilful in that art as any.
He piped, I sung ; and, when he sung, I piped ;
By change of turns, each making other merry ;
Neither envying other, nor envied :
So piped we, until we both were weary.*

We can find space but for one more quotation—a description of the happy condition of England under "Cynthia, the Lady of the Sea," as compared with that of miserable Ireland :

" Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more
(Quoth he) abound in that same land than this ;
For there all happy peace and plenteous store
Conspire in one to make contented bliss.
No wailing there—nor wretchedness is heard ;
No bloody issues—nor no. leprosies ;
No griesly famine—nor no raging sward ;
No nightly bordrags †—nor no hue and cries.
The shepherds there abroad may safely lie
On hills and downs, withouten dread or danger ;
No ravenous wolves the good man's hope destroy ;
No outlaws fell affray the forest ranger ;
There learned arts do flourish in great honour ;

* Spenser, "Colin Clout's come Home again," lines 56-79.

† That is, bord-ragings, "incursions," "forays."

And poets' wits are had in peerless price ;
 Religion hath lay power to rest upon her,
 Advancing virtue and suppressing vice.
 For end, all good, all grace there freely grows,
 Had people grace it gratefully to use ;
 For God His gifts there plenteously bestows,
 But graceless men them greatly do abuse.*"

Another important circumstance which renders this meeting of the two poets an epoch in the history of English poetry, is the encouragement which Spenser received from Raleigh to persevere in the composition of his great work, "The Faery Queen." But for the fine taste and excellent judgment of the "Shepherd of the Ocean," it is probable that he would have abandoned it, in deference to the frigid criticism of Harvey and Dyer, for some work whose versification would have been based on the rules of Latin prosody, and which would, consequently, have been wholly foreign to the spirit and genius of our language. It is not one of our lightest debts to Raleigh that we owe to his true poetic feeling so noble a monument of fancy and imagination as "The Faery Queen."

On his return to England he was accompanied by the poet, whom he introduced to Elizabeth ; as a consequence whereof, the first three books of our great English allegory were soon afterwards pub-

* Spenser's Poetical Works, "Colin Clout's come Home again," lines 308-329.

lished, with a dedication to that "Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Empresse." It was worthily eulogised by Raleigh in a noble sonnet, which we quote for the reader's benefit—partly as a memorial of the friendship that existed between these two fine spirits, and partly as a specimen of Raleigh's minstrelsy :—

" Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,*
 Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn ; and passing by that way
 To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen,
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
 And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen ;
For they this Queen attended, in whose stead
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse ;
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
 And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce ;
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for griefe,
 And curst the access of that celestial thiefe."

Raleigh's influence with the Queen was now as great as ever, and he availed himself of it to perform many nobly benevolent actions. He obtained the pardon of one Mr John Udall, a pious minister, whose anti-*Episcopal* leanings had offended the Queen ; and he secured the payment of a large sum to a brave officer, named Spring, which her parsimonious

* Laura was the heroine of Petrarch, whose fame was now outshone by the English bard.

Government had long refused him. The story runs that Elizabeth, in reference to these and similar applications on behalf of the unfortunate, once impatiently exclaimed, "When, Sir Walter, will you cease to be a beggar?" The reply was apt and felicitous: "When your gracious Majesty ceases to be a benefactor."*

It was about this time he published one of the most interesting and eloquent of his prose works, his "Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of the Azores." The expedition of six of the Queen's ships, six victuallers, and a few pinnaces, under Lord Thomas Howard, as Admiral, and the gallant Sir Richard Grenville, as Vice-Admiral, was despatched from England in the spring of 1591, to intercept the Americo-Spanish treasure fleet off the Azores. Philip, obtaining intelligence of their object, lost no time in fitting out a far superior force, numbering about fifty sail. These were "filled with companies of soldiers—in some 200—besides the marines; in some 500; in others (it is said) 800"—whereas in the English ships "there were none beside the seamen, except the servants of the commanders, and some few voluntary gentlemen only."† The English vessels, moreover, were "all pestered and romaging;

* Oldys, "Life of Raleigh," pp. 137, 142.

† Southey, "Lives of British Admirals," iii., 333. See also Hakluyt, "Voyages," pp. 170-185.

everything out of order; very light for want of ballast; and, what was most to their disadvantage, half the men of every ship sick, and utterly unserviceable." On the appearance of the formidable armada of Spain, they were taken by surprise. Many of the crews loitered on shore, obtaining a supply of water and other necessaries, and many were disabled by sickness. Some of our English ships had not time to weigh anchor, but were compelled to slip their cables and set sail. Grenville was the last that remained, choosing, says Sir Richard Hawkins, rather to sacrifice his life, and to pass all danger whatsoever, than to fail in his obligation, by gathering together those who were ashore, though with the hazard of his ship and company.*

Owing to this noble resolution, he found it impossible to recover the wind, and there lay before him only two desperate courses—either to cut his mainsail, tack about, and fly with all speed, or confront the Spaniards single-handed. Elizabethan Englishmen, however, were not apt at retreating before their enemies. The warriors who had harassed the shores of the Pacific with fire and sword, and forced the invincible Armada to vail its haughty standards, esteemed it a lasting shame to

* An excellent account of this remarkable sea-fight is given by Southey, in his "Lives of British Admirals" (3d vol.), based on Raleigh's Report, Sir William Monson, Linschoten, and others.

refuse the challenge of any antagonist, however superior in strength. Grenville resolved to remain and fight. From the greatness of his spirit, says Raleigh, he utterly refused to turn from the enemy, protesting he would rather die than be guilty of such dishonour to himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship. He declared that if any man laid hand upon the mainsail he would have him hanged. He would pass through the two squadrons of the enemy's fleet in spite of them, and enforce that of Seville to give him way.

And he delivered his charge with so much fury that it seemed, at first, as if his desperate scheme would be successful. Several of the Spaniards fell under his lee, until a huge galleon of 1500 tons, the "San Felipe," coming down upon his little ship, becalmed her sails in such sort that she could neither make way nor feel the helm, and other vessels luffing up, the "Revenge" was soon in the heart of a tornado of fire. Then begun a terrible contest. The Spaniards made several attempts at boarding, but were again and again repulsed, and beaten back into their own ships or into the sea. The deck of the "Revenge" was swept with shot; but her crew, inspired by the example of her great commander—it is astonishing how, in such supreme moments, one heroic soul raises all others to its own lofty level!—maintained a steady and murderous fire, sinking two

of their huge opponents, and crippling two others in such wise that they lay unmanageable hulks upon the water. But nothing could save Sir Richard's ship, except, indeed, it had been some such interposition of the gods as in the old Homeric poem so often rescues Greek or Trojan hero. As fast as one great Spaniard was beaten off, another took her place, pouring in her heavy broadsides with irresistible fury.

All through the long summer afternoon and the deep blue night this unequal struggle was protracted. When morning dawned, God's sun shone out upon a melancholy spectacle. Nothing was to be seen, says Raleigh, but the naked hull of a ship, and that almost a skeleton, having received eight hundred shot of great artillery, and some under water; her deck covered with the limbs and carcasses of forty valiant men, the rest all wounded and painted with their own blood; her masts beat overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper works rased and level with the water, and she herself incapable of receiving any direction or motion except that given her by the billows. Grenville was mortally wounded, and most of his men were dead or dying.

In this strait,* being incapable of further resistance, he commanded his master-gunner—a man

* Sir W. Raleigh's "Report," in Hakluyt's "Voyages" (1599), vol. ii. part ii., pp. 169 *et* 199; also "Edinburgh Review," No. cxliii., p. 17.

of the same metal as himself—to blow up and sink the ship. The gunner gladly consented; but the captain and master were of opinion that sufficient had been done to vindicate their own and their country's honour, and that they might now without disgrace surrender to the Spaniards. It is due to the Spanish Admiral to say that he readily agreed to spare the lives of the survivors, and to send them as free men to England, the better sort paying such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear; and their hero chief was received on board the Admiral's ship, the *St Paul*, with all the courtesy due from one brave man to another. His wounds were immediately dressed. He survived, however, but for a few hours, expiring with these memorable words on his lips: "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, who has fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. Wherefore my soul joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a true soldier, who hath done his duty as he was bound to do. But the others of my company have done as traitors and dogs, for which they shall be reproached all their lives, and bear a shameful name for ever."*

* This last sentence is omitted by Hakluyt, but is given by Southey from the original, in his "Lives of British Admirals," vol. iii. p. 337.

To vindicate the memory of this gallant seaman from some aspersions unjustly cast upon it, Raleigh drew up an animated and picturesque narrative, full of lofty patriotic sentiments, and remarkable for its tone of bitter hostility to Spain.

“It would require,” he said, “a particular volume to set down how irreligiously they (the Spaniards) cover their greedy and ambitious practices with a veil of piety; for, sure I am, there is no kingdom or commonwealth in all Europe, but, if reformed, they invaded for religion’s sake; if it be, as they term, Catholic, they pretend title, as if the kings of Castile were the natural heirs of all the world; and so, between both, no kingdom is unsought. Where they dare not with their own forces invade, they basely entertain the traitors and vagabonds of all nations, seeking by those and their renegade Jesuits to win parts; and have by that means ruined many noble houses and others in this land, and have extinguished both their lives and families. What good, honour, or fortune ever man yet by them achieved, is unheard of and unwritten. . . . To conclude, it hath ever to this day pleased God to prosper and defend Her Majesty, to break the purposes of malicious enemies, of forsworne traitors, and of unjust practices and invasions. She hath ever been honoured of the worthiest kings, served by faithful subjects, and shall, by the favour of God, resist, repel, and confound all

whatsoever attempts against her sacred person or kingdom. In the meantime let the Spaniards and traitors vaunt of their success; and we, her true and obedient vassals, guided by the shining light of her virtues, shall always love her, serve her, and obey her to the end of our lives."

It was perhaps in reward for this eloquent denunciation of Elizabeth's most bitter and formidable enemy, that she bestowed on Sir Walter the castle and manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire.* In that case, he probably spent the winter of 1591 on his estate, where, with his customary energy, he rebuilt the castle, erected a stately mansion, and laid out the grounds in a succession of picturesque landscapes.

All the allurements of a naval life, however—dear as they must have been to a man of Raleigh's poetical tastes—were insufficient to detain him long from Court, whither he was now drawn by a new and irresistible attraction. This was the beautiful Elizabeth Throgmorton an orphan of great personal charms and mental accomplishments, whose virtue, devotion, and misfortunes (as Mr St John remarks) shed a lustre over the close of the sixteenth and the

* J. A. St John, "Life of Raleigh," i. 208. The gift, by some authorities, is dated four years later; but at that time Raleigh had lost Elizabeth's favour, and could not have obtained a gracious word. It is absurd to suppose that she would then bestow upon him a fair estate. We may add, that after the failure of Babington's conspiracy he had received from the Queen nearly all the estates forfeited by the traitor.

early years of the seventeenth century. Their intercourse was at first clandestine and illicit, but it could not long be concealed from the busy eyes of Raleigh's many enemies, who only waited a favourable opportunity to reveal it to the Queen, and effect his ruin. Such an opportunity was afforded in the spring of 1592 by a new venture of Raleigh's. He obtained Elizabeth's sanction to an expedition against Panama—one of the richest cities in Spanish America—combined with a second scheme for intercepting the Plate fleet. In this enterprise he embarked his whole fortune. He and his friends, with some grudging assistance from the government, equipped and manned thirteen goodly vessels, to which the Queen added two men-of-war, the "Garland" and the "Foresight." Raleigh was appointed Admiral, and Sir John Borough Vice-Admiral, and every precaution was taken to ensure the success of a project whose failure would assuredly have ruined its projectors.

But before they sailed some rumour of his intrigue had got bruited abroad, and Raleigh, in an agony of apprehension, addressed a letter to Sir Robert Cecil, the Secretary of State, endeavouring to ward off the royal wrath. "I mean not to come away," he wrote, "as they say I will, for fear of a marriage, and I know not what. If any such thing were, I would have imparted it to yourself before any man

living ; and therefore I pray you believe it not, and I beseech you to suppress what you can any such malicious report. For, I protest before God, there be none on the face of the earth that I would be fastened unto.”*

Some of Raleigh's biographers have sought to explain away this closing phrase ; but, with all our admiration of an heroic spirit, who did good service to his country—with all our reverence for a man who possessed one of the largest hearts and grandest intellects of his age—we cannot but regard it as a fatal blot upon Raleigh's fame. We cannot but regret that he abandoned the woman who had trusted him to the scoffs and contumely of an envious Court, and the anger of a jealous and outraged sovereign, and that to the guilt of the desertion he added the infamy of repudiating her devoted love. It was a sin, and it was heavily punished. To this one act of “selfish lust” may be traced all the misfortunes of his later career.

It must have been with an aching heart, and a bitter consciousness of imminent ruin, that Raleigh sailed from England. On the very second day of his voyage, the storm broke, and the bolt descended. He was overtaken by Sir Martin Frobisher, in a swift pinnace, with a peremptory order of recall.

* Edwards, “Life of Raleigh,” ii. ; “Raleigh's Miscellaneous Works,” vii. 659.

As to gain time was everything, he ventured to overlook it, until he obtained intelligence that Philip, aware of the expedition, had countermanded the departure of the treasure-fleet. Off Cape Finistere he encountered a hurricane, which sunk several of his boats and pinnaces. In melancholy mood he here put about, leaving the fleet under the command of Frobisher and Borough,* and quitting his admiral's ship, embarked on board the swift pinnace for England. He arrived about the middle of July, and on the 21st was committed to the Tower.

From his prison he wrote numerous passionate letters to Cecil, lamenting his cruel fate, and pouring out eloquent panegyrics on the Queen's beauty and noble virtues—panegyrics partly sincere and partly exaggerated—all intended for the Queen's eye, and sure to meet it.† “How wretched am I,” he exclaims, “now left behind in a dark prison all alone.” . . . “I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph; sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometime sing-

* The expedition eventually proved successful, captured some rich Indian carracks—including the “Madre de Dios,” of 1600 tons, the largest prize ever brought to England—and returned home laden with booty.

† J. A. St John, “Life of Raleigh,” i. 214.

ing like an angell, sometime playing like Orpheus."* As Elizabeth was at this time sixty years old, it is difficult to believe, despite of Mr Kingsley's animated pleading,† that this outburst could be from the heart, though we may admit that her servants regarded her with an idolatry and a devotion, of which we, in these days of "rational loyalty," are by no means capable. Raleigh, however, did not trust to words alone. He enacted a quarrel with Sir George Carew, his keeper, under circumstances which are amusingly described in a letter from his friend, Sir Arthur Gorges, to Secretary Cecil:

"HONOURABLE SIR,—I cannot choose but advertise you of a strange tragedy that this day had like to have fallen out between the Captain of the Guard, Sir Walter Raleigh, and the Lieutenant of the Ordnance, if I had not by great chance come at the very instant to have turned it into a comedy. For upon report of her Majesty being at Sir George Carey's, Sir Walter Raleigh, having gazed and sighed a long time at his study-window, from whence he might discern the barges and the boats about the Blackfriars' Stairs, suddenly he brake into a great distemper, and sware that his enemies had on purpose brought her Majesty thither to break his

* Printed by Murdin (and Edwards) from the original, in the Cecil Papers, at the Marquis of Salisbury's seat of Hatfield. The date is July 1592.

† Kingsley, "Miscellanies," i. 34-35.

gall in sunder with Tantalus' torment, that when she went away he might gaze his death before his eyes—with many such like conceits. And as a man transported with passion, he sware to Sir George Carew that he would disguise himself and get into a pair of oars, to ease his mind but with a sight of the Queen, or else, he protested, his heart would break. But the trusty jailer would none of that, for displeasing the higher powers, as he said, which he more respected than the feeding of his humour, and so flatly refused to permit him. But in conclusion, upon this dispute they fell flat out to outrageous choleric words, with straining and struggling at the doors, that all lameness was forgotten, and, in the fury of the conflict, the jailer had his new periwig torn off his crown; and yet here the battle ended not, for at last they had gotten out their daggers, which, when I saw, I played the stickler between them, and so purchased such a rap on the knuckles, that I wished both their pates broken; and so with much ado they stayed their brawl to see my bloody fingers.

“At the first I was ready to break with laughing to see them two scramble and brawl like madmen, until I saw the iron walking, and then I did my best to appease the fury. As yet I cannot reconcile them by any persuasions, for Sir Walter swears that he shall hate him, for so restraining him from the sight of his

mistress, while he lives, for that he knows not, as he said, whether he shall ever see her again when she has gone the progress. And Sir George on his side, swears that he had rather he should lose his longing, than he should draw on him Her Majesty's displeasure by such liberty. Thus they continue in malice and snarling; but I am sure all the smart lighted on me. I cannot tell whether I should more allow of the passionate lover or the trusty jailer. But if yourself had seen it as I did, you would have been as heartily merry and sorry as ever you were in all your life for so short a time. I pray you pardon my hasty-written narration, which I acquaint you with, hoping you will be the peace-maker. But, good sir, let nobody know thereof, for I fear Sir Walter Raleigh will shortly grow to be Orlando Furioso, if the bright Angelica persevere against him a little longer.—Your honour's," etc.

To this entertaining epistle, which the honest knight evidently wrote with a sly smile on his countenance, he added the following postscript:

"If you let the Queen's Majesty know hereof, as you think good be it. But otherwise, good sir, keep it secret for their credit; for they know not of my discourse, which I could wish Her Majesty knew."

Who can doubt but that this scene was carefully rehearsed between gaoler and captive, and that Sir Arthur was admitted as a spectator, with

the understanding he should report it in the proper quarter?

These extravagances were so far successful that Raleigh obtained his release from the Tower, though for some time longer he was treated as a state-criminal, and attended by a keeper. We find him visiting Dartmouth to witness the return of his successful expedition, with the golden galley the *Madre de Dios*.* Sir Robert Cecil has left on record an account of the reception accorded to the disgraced knight. "As soon," he says, "as I came on board the carrack on Wednesday, at one of the clock, with the rest of Her Majesty's Commissioners, within one hour Sir Walter Raleigh arrived with his keeper Mr Blount. I assure you, sir, his poor servants, to the number of a hundred and forty goodly men, and all the mariners, came to him with such shouts and joy as I never saw a man more troubled to quiet them in my life. But his heart is broken, for he is extremely pensive longer than he is busied, in which he can toil terribly; but if you did hear him rage at the spoils, finding all the best wares utterly devoured,† you would laugh

* This would seem to have been on or about the 21st of September. He appears to have been released on the 18th, but to have stayed in London to marry the lady he had wronged, before he posted westward.

† The *Madre de Dios* had been terribly pillaged by her prize crew. Her cargo had been valued at half-a-million, but by the time it reached London was not worth much more than £200,000.

as I do, which I cannot choose. The meeting between him and Sir John Gilbert was with tears on Sir John's part; and he belike finding that it is known he had a keeper, whensoever he is saluted with congratulation for liberty, he doth answer, 'No, I am still the Queen of England's poor captive.' I wished him to conceal it, because here it diminishes his credit, which I do vow to you before God is greater amongst the mariners than I thought for."*

It was not long before he was fully set at liberty, though not restored to the Queen's favour. His popularity secured his return to the Parliament of 1593, in which he showed himself, by his thoughtful and well-considered speeches, no less sagacious as a statesman than he was brilliant as a courtier and a soldier. He supported the Government in their application for subsidies to prosecute the war against Spain, advised a vigorous policy for the settlement of Irish grievances, and eloquently espoused the cause of religious tolerance. Mr St John justly remarks, that the sagacity of his views of public affairs was almost unerring, as, after neglecting his counsel, and wandering away in different directions, the statesmen of the time generally found themselves constrained to retrace their steps, and adopt

* State Paper Office MSS., cited by Cayley; also by Mr J. A. St John in his "Life of Raleigh," i. 227.

the policy he had recommended to them from the first.

At the close of the session he retired to Sherborne, where, in the company of Lady Raleigh, he enjoyed a brief interval of repose. His active spirit, however, soon chafed at this enforced tranquillity. He had tasted too long the fierce delights of battle to rest contented with the sweets of peace. He who had been admitted to his Queen's most secret confidence, and had shared in her most important counsels, could not satisfy his mind with bucolic pleasures, nor even with the study of the writers he most esteemed. If he looked out upon the busy, whirling, restless world, it was not with the feeling of the poet that he was happy in his remoteness from its maelström, but with the impatient yearning of one who sees in the distance an object he loves and prizes, and would fain secure. As the child yearns for its mother's bosom, he yearned after the toil and excitement and peril of a public career.

All his attempts to recover his forfeited position failed, and, falling back upon his own measureless resources, he resolved to carve out for himself a new path of action; or rather, he reverted to his old ideas of colonisation; revived his early dream of founding an English empire in America; and turning his eager gaze towards the western hemisphere, began to meditate the great design of discovering

and conquering the Golden Land and the wonderful city of Manoa—the fabled El Dorado of the Spaniards.*

To obtain more accurate information than his books would furnish, he despatched, in 1596, a bark under the command of Jacob Whiddon, an old and experienced servant, to survey the southern islands of the Caribbean Sea and the coast of Guiana. On his return, Whiddon declared the approach to the supposed Dorado almost impracticable, but he brought back the most extravagant hearsay testimony to its wealth and magnificence. In this Land of Gold there were greater and richer cities than Peru could boast of in its palmiest days, and Manoa, the capital, in size and opulence and population, exceeded all the cities of the world.

It owed its well-known name of El Dorado to the fictions of Juan Montiney, a Spanish adventurer, who professed to have penetrated thither. "He lived," says the too credulous Raleigh, "seven months in Manoa, but was not suffered to wander into the country; and the Indians who at first conducted him to the capital took the precaution of blindfolding him, not removing the veil from his eyes till he was ready to enter the city. It was at noon that he passed the gates, and it took him all that day and the next, walking from sunrise to sunset, before he

* Edwards, "Life of Raleigh," i. 159.

arrived at the palace of Inga, where he resided for seven months, till he had made himself master of the language of the country . . . He found the Guianians to be marvellous great drunkards, and at the times of their solemn feasts, when the emperor carouseth with his captains, tributaries, and governors, the manner is thus,—all those that pledge him are first stript naked, and their bodies rubbed over with a kind of white balsamum, by them called *curcai*. When they are thus anointed, certain servants of the emperor having prepared gold made into fine powder, blow it through hollow canes upon their naked bodies until they are all shining from the foot to the head; and in this sort they sit drinking by twenties and hundreds, continuing in drunkenness sometimes six or seven days together. Upon this sight, and for the abundance of gold which he saw in the city, the images of gold in their temples, the plates, armours, and shields of gold which they use in the wars, he called the city El Dorado.*

His warm imagination fired by these glowing pictures, which suggested to him as possible the discovery and conquest of an empire richer than that of the Incas, Raleigh determined on equipping a

* Raleigh, "Discovery of Guiana," p. 398-403. The fable in the text had its origin on the coast of Santa Martha and Carthagena, whence it passed to Bogota. See Humboldt, "Personal Narrative," v. 814; and Sir R. H. Schomburgk's Introduction to Raleigh's "Discovery," (Hakluyt Society), p. 1.

suitable expedition. Assisted by his friend Cecil, and Effingham the Lord-Admiral, who sent a vessel of his own, named "The Lion's Whelp," he soon got together a squadron of five vessels, with barges, wherries, and tenders, and sailed from Plymouth on the 9th of February 1595.*

* Edwards, "Life of Raleigh," i. 172.





CHAPTER II.

THE DISCOVERY OF GUIANA.

“Yet unspoiled
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado.”

MILTON.

“Guiana, whose rich feet are mines of gold,
Whose forehead knocks against the roof of stars,
Stands on her tiptoe at fair England looking,
Kissing her hand, bowing her mighty breast,
And every sign of all submission making,
To be her sister and the daughter both
Of our most sacred maid.”

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

ON the 22d of March Raleigh arrived at Trinidad. Here he found the governor, Antonio de Berreo—who in the previous year had treated Captain Whiddon with much cruelty—still in command; and he soon discovered that nothing of his old hatred had died out, but that he was secretly planning measures to surprise and slay the English navigators. Before he had completed his arrangements, Raleigh made a sudden descent on his city of San Josef, set it on fire, liberated five

Indian caciques whom he found there in chains, and carried of Berreo and his lieutenant as prisoners.

He then called together "all the Captains of the island that were enemies to the Spaniards;"* and made them understand that he was "the servant of a Queen who was the great Cacique of the north, and a virgin, and had more Caciques under her than there were trees in their island: that she was an enemy to the Castellani in respect of their tyranny and oppression, and that she delivered all such nations about her as were by them oppressed, and having freed all the coast of the northern world from their servitude, had sent me to free them also, and withal to defend the country of Guiana from their invasion and conquest. I showed them Her Majesty's picture, which they so admired and honoured, as it had been easy to have brought them idolatrous thereof."

Raleigh now discovered that Guiana was distant 600 miles further from the coast than his information had led him to believe. This fact he kept from his followers, lest it should discourage them, and steadfastly went forward. Both he and they suffered much on the voyage, on account of the "poor and weak vessels" in which they were forced to accomplish it: "for in the bottom of an old gallego which I caused

* All my quotations are from the Hakluyt Society's excellent edition of Raleigh's "Discovery of Guiana."

to be fashioned like a galley, and in one barge, two wherries, and a ship-boat of the 'Lion's Whelp,' we carried one hundred persons and their victuals for a month, being all driven to lie in the rain and weather, in the open air, in the burning sun, and upon the hard boards, and to dress our meat, and to carry all manner of furniture in them, wherewith they were so pestered and unsavoury, that what with victuals being most fish, with the wet clothes of so many men thrust together, and the heat of the sun, I will undertake there was never any prison in England that could be found more unsavoury and loathsome, especially to myself, who had for many years before been dieted and cared for in a sort far differing."*

The Orinoco, at whose ocean-mouth the ships were left at anchor, is one of the great rivers of the world. It rolls its turbid flood over two thousand miles of course, between banks clothed with luxuriant forests that almost defy the intrusion of the traveller. It is not difficult to imagine the effect which scenery fashioned on so gigantic a scale must have produced upon a mind so alive to romantic and mystical influences as Raleigh's. Forward, and ever forward, toiled the weary voyagers, and still the vast forests hemmed them in on either hand, and bending over them like an arch of foliage, made a dim twilight of the brightest noon. Forward, and ever for-

* Raleigh, "Discovery of Guiana," p. 10.

ward, laboured the heavy boats, and still before the wistful eye opened up the interminable avenue of lofty trunks and spreading branches, woven into an impervious shade by innumerable strange parasitical plants and lianas, which glowed with blossoms like drops of fire. Strange noises echoed through that boundless silence; the cry of a passing bird, the howl of beasts of prey, the crackling of splintered boughs, the heavy fall of some aged patriarch of the forest. At times there came a break in the leafy wilderness, and along the river bank spread a delightful expanse of grassy plain, tenanted by herds of deer;* beyond whose verdurous rim rose the lofty and richly wooded summits of far mountains,—the spurs and promontories of the great Andean chain,—and still beyond them other and yet other mountains, some of them crowned with eternal snow, and some keenly rising into the deep blue heaven, like the shapely spires of a cathedral built by no human hand.

Through a succession of these marvellous landscapes Raleigh still pressed forward, though, as he advanced, the mirage of the Golden City, the mystical Manoa, receded before him. He did not abate, however, one jot of heart or hope. What he *did* see was so sublime, so wonderful, so novel, that it only tended to make him more credulous of the wild fables invented by the Indians, and related by the

* Raleigh, "Discovery of Guiana," p. 57.

Spaniards with many an additional exaggeration; and, therefore, he could write, in implicit sincerity: Had we but entered the country some ten days sooner, ere the rivers were overflown, we had adventured either to have gone to the great city of Manoa, or at least had taken so many of the other cities and towns nearer at hand, as would have made a royal return. But it pleased not God so much to favour us at this time: if it shall be my lot to prosecute the same, I shall willingly spend my life therein, and if any else shall be enabled thereunto, and conquer the same, I assure him this much, he shall perform more than ever was done in Mexico by Cortez, or in Peru by Pacaro,* whereof the one conquered the empire of Montizuma, the other of Guasca and Atabalipa, and whatsoever Prince shall possess it, that Prince shall be lord of more gold, and of a more beautiful empire, and of more cities and people, than either the King of Spain or the Great Turk. †

Of the inhabitants of that "insular" or "broken world," formed by the several branches of the Orinoco, Raleigh has left a minute account, which shows how keen and accurate were his powers of observation.

In the summer, he tells us, they have houses on the ground, but in winter they dwell upon the trees, where they build very artificial towns and villages;

* Pizarro, the Spanish conqueror of Peru.

† Raleigh, "Discovery of Guiana," p. 59.

for between May and September the river of Orinoco riseth thirty foot upright, and then are those islands overflown twenty foot high above the level of the ground, saving some few raised grounds in the middle of them, and for this cause they are enforced to live in this manner. They never eat of anything that is set or sown, and as at home they neither use planting nor other manurance, so when they come abroad they refuse to feed of ought but of that which nature without labour bringeth forth. They use the tops of palmettos for bread, and kill deer, fish, and porks, for the rest of their sustenance, having also many sorts of fruits that grow in the woods, and great variety of birds and fowl. They were wont to make war upon all nations; but of late they are at peace with their neighbours, esteeming the Spaniards their common enemy. When their commanders die they use great lamentation, and when they think the flesh of their bodies is putrified and fallen from their bones, then they take up the carcass again, and hang it in the cacique's house that died, decking his skull with feathers of all colours, and hanging all his gold plates about the bones of his arms, thighs, and legs.

Of a cascade in the province of Canari, and of the surrounding scenery, we find the following animated picture:

When we ran to the tops, he says, of the first hills of the plains adjoining to the river, we beheld that

wonderful breach of waters which run down Caroli; and might from that mountain see the river how it ran in three parts, above twenty miles off; and there appeared some ten or twelve overfalls in sight, every one as high over the other as a church tower, which fell with that fury that the rebound of waters made it seem as if it had been all covered over with a great shower of rain; and in some places we took it at the first for a smoke that had risen over some great town. For mine own part I was well persuaded from thence to have returned, being a very ill footman, but the rest were all so desirous to go near the said strange thunder of waters, so they drew me on by little and little, till we came into the next valley, where we might better discern the same. I never saw a more beautiful country, nor more lively prospects, hills so raised here and there over the valleys, the river winding into divers branches, the plains adjoining, without bush or stubble, all fair green grass, the ground of hard sand easy to march on, either for horse or foot, the deer crossing in every path, the birds towards the evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes, cranes and herons of white, crimson, and carnation, perching on the river's side, the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind, and every stone that we stooped to take promised either gold or silver by his complexion.

The adventurers proceeded some four hundred

miles up the Orinoco. The river then rose with a sudden and tremendous flood, which appalled the stoutest soldiers. Hurricanes succeeded one another with awful frequency, and storms of thunder and lightning, of a fury only to be understood by those who have visited tropical countries. It was, therefore, deemed advisable to return. Raleigh had opened up a friendly intercourse with a cacique named Tapiowari, who gave him much valuable information, and now brought him his son Cayworaco to accompany him to England. The voyage down the river was completed without accident, and, embarking once more on board their little ships, the voyagers sailed for "home," which they reached about the middle of July 1595.

The malice of Raleigh's enemies had not died out during his absence, and now the successful results of his voyage added fresh fuel to the flame. They criticised his narration with more than judicial severity, and some of them even ventured to assert that he had never visited Guiana at all, but had concealed himself in the Cornish wilds, and there, with materials previously existing, had worked up the romance which he called the "Discovery of Guiana." By the great body of the people, however, these calumnies were contemptuously regarded, and the fame of the great navigator daily assumed grander and loftier proportions. On the minds of the poets his wonder-

ful adventures necessarily produced a powerful impression. George Chapman poured forth a flood of elaborate verse in celebration of his enterprise:

“ And now a wind, as forward as their spirits,
Sets their glad feet on smooth Guiana’s breast ;
Where, as if each man were an Orpheus,
A world of savages fall tame before them,
And there doth plenty crown their wealthy fields.”

The dramatists entwined their productions with numerous references to the marvels of the Western World, and the greatest of them, Shakspeare himself, was evidently fired by the stories which Raleigh related with so much simple faith of

“ Antres vast and deserts idle,
Tough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath
their shoulder.”

In the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” Falstaff bids his page

“ Sail like my pinnace to those golden shores,”

and, in the “Two Gentlemen of Verona,” Panthino speaks of the adventurous pursuits of the young men of his time, and how their fathers

“ Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there,
Some to discover islands far away.”

But there was still one black cloud on the horizon,

which Raleigh regarded with anxiety. The Queen as yet made no sign of returning graciousness; she still withheld the light of her countenance, though, perhaps, secretly relenting. It is impossible that she can have done otherwise than admire the perseverance, the chivalrous energy, the heroic enterprise of her whilom favourite, and however much she may at first have resented the insult offered to her as queen and woman by his ill-omened intrigue and clandestine marriage, we can believe that her anger gradually declined as she marked his eager efforts to recover her confidence. Though she still refused to receive him at court, she was in all likelihood, as Mr St John remarks, no less anxious than any of her subjects to learn how he had fared, what he had seen, and what new projects for the advancement of her glory and power now inspired his ever active intellect. If she determined to wait a little longer before her trusty counsellor once more rode before her at the head of her guard; if she was resolute, like the ladies of the feudal times, to impose yet another penance upon her erring knight; we can well believe that the effort cost Elizabeth as much mental pain to make as Raleigh to endure.*

* J. A. St John, "Life of Raleigh," i. 245.





CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT FIGHT AT CADIZ.

“What revels in combustion through our kingdom,
A frenzy of aspiring youth has danced.”

JOHN FORD.

“You are a soldier valiant and renowned ;
Your carriage tried by land, and proved at sea.”

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

RALEIGH, on his return to England, found much cause for grave alarm in the condition of public affairs. Philip of Spain had by no means abandoned his design of humbling his most determined and dangerous foe, and in an interval of eight years having repaired the losses inflicted by the destruction of the great Armada, he now resolved on another and a supreme effort to crown his life-long policy. He pushed a large army into France, under the Archduke Albert of Asturia, and having captured Calais, his forces were encamped within twenty miles of the coast of England, so that the roar of his guns startled the echoes of quiet Kentish vales. Mean-

while, he fomented disorders in Ireland, and encouraged the anti-English party in Scotland; drawing his toils so closely round our little island-kingdom, that Elizabeth's ministers perceived the absolute necessity of dealing some heavy blow in the giant's side, if they would avert the destruction of the monarchy.

They resolved, therefore, on adopting the sage counsel given by Drake and Raleigh in 1587, and instead of waiting the enemy's attack, to seek him out and confront him in his own harbours. They saw that the true policy of England is always to act on the offensive, and rely on the courage of her children, rather than to trust to any so-called lines of defence, whether Channel-fleets or granite forts. They accordingly equipped, with a truly wonderful celerity, a large and formidable expedition, consisting of a hundred and fifty-six ships of war—seventeen of which were first-rates, and the remainder tenders and smaller craft—and having on board about fourteen thousand soldiers and seamen, including one thousand gentlemen volunteers. As yet, says Oldys, the nobles and gentry had not learnt to live lazily and loosely at home while their countrymen abroad were fighting for the safety of the nation. The chief command was entrusted to the Queen's favourite and kinsman, the Earl of Essex and the Lord Howard of Effingham, assisted by a council of five, Sir Walter

Raleigh, Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Francis Vere, Sir Conyers Clifford, and Sir George Carew.

The expedition sailed under happy auspices, quitting Plymouth Sound on the 1st of June. The run to the Spanish coast was made in less than three weeks, and without the enemy being able to obtain any warning of its approach, so that the Spaniards were overcome with surprise and dismay when the great fleet, on the 20th, dropped anchor in St Sebastian's Bay, within a league of Cadiz.* It is said that the sentinels on shore first beheld the English Armada about two o'clock on Sunday morning, and that, as the day broke, it neared the shore under press of canvas, every ship resplendent with colours and streamers.

On the previous day, Raleigh, in the "Warspite," had been directed to advance before the fleet, and intercept any vessel which might attempt to escape from San Lucar or Cadiz. During his absence, the Lord Admiral determined that an assault should, in the first place, be made by the land army upon the city, that its batteries might be silenced before the attack on the Spanish fleet commenced. Essex unwillingly complied with a plan whose impolicy he perceived; and when Raleigh returned on Sunday afternoon, he found the troops disembarking, though the surge was so tremendous that the boats were every moment in danger of being swamped.

* Monson, in Hakluyt's "Voyages," i. 168, 169.

He hastened immediately on board Essex's ship, the "Repulse," and argued strongly against the disembarkation, pointing out that the lives of the soldiers were being imperilled, and that, moreover, during the assault on the town, the fleet might escape. Essex replied that the plan was not his, but the Lord Admiral's, and that he strongly disapproved of it. Raleigh then repaired to the "Ark Royal," where he pressed his reasons upon Effingham with so much vigour, that the admiral agreed to postpone the attack upon the city, and engage the ships. With this joyful news Raleigh returned to Essex, calling out "Entramos! Entramos!" and the young Earl, in his enthusiasm, flung his cap into the sea, and, had he not been dissuaded by cooler heads, would have instantly weighed anchor. But the sun was now setting, and nothing could safely be adventured under the shades of night. Some hours were therefore given to sage deliberation on the plan of attack proposed by Raleigh, and it was decided that the fleet should first run in, cannonading the enemy's ships with their great guns, and that afterwards two fly-boats should board each of the large galleons, to prevent their crews from burning them. The honour of leading the vanguard was accorded to Raleigh, who, with the first streak of dawn in the eastern skies, weighed anchor, and bore down upon the foe, with all the celerity of a bridegroom hastening to the

arms of his beloved. And well might he be proud of the honour done him, for crowding in his rear came the best and bravest of England's sons, not less eager than himself to shed their blood for Queen and country. The "Mary Rose" was commanded by Sir George Carew, the "Lion" by Sir Robert Southwell, the "Rainbow" by Sir Francis Vere, the "Swiftsure," by Captain Cross, the "Nonpareil" by Robert Dudley, and the "Dreadnought" by Sir Conyers Clifford.*

The disposition of the Spaniards, as Mr Tytler remarks, made the attack both hazardous and difficult. Under the walls of the city seventeen galleys were ranged with their prows to flank the entrance. The harbour lay under the fire of Fort St Philip, and was also raked by heavy ordnance mounted on the seaward ramparts. Although thus strongly guarded, the great galleon "San Felipe" no sooner descried the English fleet than she crowded on all sail, followed by a train of heavy galleons, frigates, argosies, and great ships bound for Mexico, and anchored under the guns of the fort of Puntal. The four largest galleons then placed the three frigates on their right, with two other galleons and a couple of heavily-armed argosies in their rear; seventeen galleys were reserved to fill up the intervals by three and three as occasion might require. The Spanish admiral, with the body

* Monson, "Narrative," 170, 171.

of the fleet, was stationed behind them, to guard the narrow channel leading up to the city; a channel so narrow that the line of ships stretched across it like a bridge, offering an apparently irresistible barrier.

The Spaniards on this occasion fought with brilliant courage, and maintained a hand-to-hand combat for seven long hours. They could not resist, however, the chivalry of the English, who went into the fight as if it were some merry festival, and playfully contended with one another who should achieve the brightest deeds of daring. None were content to be second in the fray, and it was with great difficulty Raleigh maintained his advanced position. "My Lord-General Essex," he writes,* "thinking his ship's sides stronger than the rest, thrust the 'Dreadnought' aside, and came next the 'Warspite' on the left hand ahead of all that rank, but my Lord Thomas (Howard). The marshal, while we had no leisure to look behind us, secretly fastened a rope on my ship's side towards him, to draw himself up equally with me; but some of my company advertizing me thereof, I caused it to be cut off, and so he fell back into his place; whom I guarded, all but his very prow, from the sight of the enemy."

To men animated by such a spirit nothing was impossible, and the Spaniards were compelled to give way. Of the four great galleons, however, they

* Edwards, "Life of Raleigh," ii. 152.

contrived to blow up two, the "San Felipe" and "San Thomas;" a lamentable spectacle, says Raleigh; for of the crews many drowned themselves, many half-burnt leaped into the water, many were seen hanging to the ships' sides by the ropes' ends up to the lips in the water, and many swimming with grievous wounds, stricken under water, and suddenly put out of pain, and withal so huge a fire and such tearing of the ordnance in the great "Philip" and the rest, when the fire came to them, as if any man had a desire to see hell itself it was there most lively figured.*

The enemy's fleet having surrendered, or been destroyed, the English army landed, and, gallantly led by the Earl of Essex, assaulted and carried the city, though it was defended by 5000 foot and 800 horse. In the sea-fight Raleigh had been wounded by a splinter, but he would not be prevailed upon to repose, and joined the victorious assailants, until the intolerable agony of his wound forced him to return to the "Warspite."

Having destroyed the fortifications and city, the army re-embarked on the 5th of July, and Essex's proposition that they should cruise off the Azores to intercept the West Indian treasure fleet having been rejected by a majority of voices, the armada made sail for England. They found time, however, on their homeward voyage, to sack the Portuguese town of

* Edwards, "Life of Raleigh," ii. 153.

Fero, whence they carried off the famous library of Bishop Osorius,* and thus laden with the plunder of Cadiz and a cargo of literature, they entered Plymouth Sound in triumph on the 10th of August.

* Sir W. Monson, "Naval Tracts," iii. 32. This library passed into the hands of Sir Thomas Bodley, and became the foundation of the celebrated Bodleian—one of the prime glories of the University of Oxford.





CHAPTER IV.

CLOSE OF ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

“Such greatness I cannot compare to ought :
But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her liken to a crown of lilies,
Upon a virgin bride's adorned head.”

SPENSER.

SHORTLY after his return to England, symptoms became apparent that Essex was declining in the favour of his royal mistress, as was to be expected from the Earl's thoughtlessness, imprudence, and ungovernable ambition. He was himself his own worst enemy; but in the subtle and aspiring Cecil he had also a dangerous foe—all the more dangerous that he worked under the mask of secrecy, and while openly professing a friendship for the man he laboured to destroy. An apparent understanding between them was maintained by the exertions of Raleigh, who reaped his reward in his re-admission at Court, and, having

once crossed the long-interdicted threshold, soon made such progress that his resumption of the office of Captain of the Queen's Guard was daily expected. This final act of reconciliation took place on the 2d of June. On the evening of that day of grace he once more rode abroad with his sovereign, and was admitted to a private conference with her. The cloud which had hung over him for so many weary months thus passed away, and his mind was again at liberty to dwell on lofty projects for the glory and aggrandisement of his country. It must be owned that Raleigh's ambition was of a noble growth; that it was mostly free from selfish taint or personal feeling, and was principally concerned with the elevation of England to an imperial rank, which should make her the equal, or the superior, of Spain. To attain this great end, he was ready to endure all and dare all; and when he failed in accomplishing a task almost too great for any one mind, however noble, he gave up his life like a true hero, and paid, without an unmanly murmur, the stake he had so greatly lost.

Another expedition against Spain was now contemplated. Indignant at the disgrace of Cadiz, Philip had concentrated an immense armament at Lisbon for the invasion of England. But, as in 1588, the stars in their courses fought against the Spanish monarch. A terrible storm shattered his fleet, and

wrecked or destroyed six and thirty sail. With that dogged perseverance which lends to Philip's mediocre character a certain air of dignity, he collected another armada, and before another year had elapsed, the ports of Ferrol and the Groyne were crowded with ships of all sizes, well manned and well equipped.*

To avert the threatened blow, Elizabeth fitted out the naval expedition historically celebrated as the Island Voyage. It consisted of 120 sail, seventeen being her own ships of war, forty-three smaller vessels, and the rest tenders and victuallers. On board were one thousand veterans under Sir Francis Vere. The post of Admiral-in-Chief was entrusted to Essex; Lord Thomas Howard was appointed Vice-Admiral, and Sir Walter Raleigh Rear-Admiral. They sailed from Plymouth on Sunday evening, July the 10th, with the main object of capturing the Indian treasure-fleet, and inflicting a heavy blow on the resources of the Spanish monarch. Contrary winds separated the ships, and drove them back into various ports of Cornwall and Devon; so that some weeks elapsed before they could be re-assembled at Plymouth. A second start proved somewhat more successful, and eventually the whole armament arrived in safety at the appointed rendezvous, the Isle of Flores. It

* Monson, "Narrative," 173, 174.

was then determined to make a descent upon the Azores ; the capture of Fayal was to be undertaken by Essex and Raleigh ; that of Graciosa by Howard and Vere ; that of San Miguel by Mountjoy and Blount ; and that of Pico by the Netherland forces.

Matters being thus arranged, Essex set sail, leaving Sir Walter with his squadron to take in supplies of wood and water. But shortly afterwards arrived Captain Champernoun, with instructions for Raleigh to follow the Admiral, who had borne away for Fayal. These instructions he immediately obeyed, though on entering Fayal roads no sign of the Admiral was to be seen. It was evident, moreover, that no hostile visit was expected by the inhabitants, who, on beholding the "tall ships" of the English, hurriedly prepared, some for flight, some for defence. While long trains of men, women, children, nuns, and friars made towards the mountains, the soldiers posted themselves at the various landing-places, where they threw up earthworks and mounted heavy ordnance.

A tempting prize lay before Raleigh, yet he forbore to grasp it. He knew the jealous and vindictive humour of Essex, and had good reason to believe he was still regarded by the Admiral with dislike. Much did his crews and officers murmur at the strange dilatoriness of a commander usually supposed to be of a too rash and impetuous disposi-

tion. Who can doubt that their gallant reproaches, deep, if not loud, wounded sorely his fiery spirit? Two days he waited, and yet another two days. His patience could brook no more. At the head of his gallant men, some four hundred and fifty in number, he landed under a heavy fire, drove the Spaniards pell-mell before him, dashed into Fayal like some "over-bearing" flood, and planted on its walls the banner of the Red Cross.

Throwing up barricades, posting sentinels, and quartering his troops, Raleigh prepared to pass the night in the captured town, though not without some fear of a surprise. None, however, was attempted. On the following morning, the horizon was heavy with the swelling canvas of Essex's fleet. Raleigh hastened on board his Admiral's flag-ship—to meet with the reception he had apprehended. The passionate Earl overwhelmed him with reproaches, and pointed out that, according to the Queen's instructions, it was death for an officer to land troops or attack any place without the General's express orders or in his presence. Raleigh calmly replied that the Admiral was in error: "for," said he,* "there is an article that no captain of any ship, nor captain of any company, if he be severed from the fleet, shall land anywhere without directions from the General, or some other principal commander,

* Gorges, in "Purchas' Pilgrimes," ii., 1598, cited by St John.

upon pain of death ; I take myself to be a principal commander under your Lordship, and, therefore, not subject to that article, nor under the power of the law-martial, because a successive commander of the whole fleet in Her Majesty's letters-patent, your Lordship and my Lord Thomas Howard failing."

There were not wanting men about the Admiral who instigated him to seize upon this favourable opportunity of getting rid of a powerful rival. They would have had Raleigh tried by court-martial, and shot without delay. From so extreme a measure Essex's prudence, and, perhaps, his generosity, shrunk ; and Raleigh, to guard against any such attempt, retired to his flag-ship, withdrew his squadron from the main body of the fleet, and prepared to defend himself, if need be, at any cost. Through the interposition of Lord Thomas Howard, however, a seeming reconciliation was effected, and Raleigh consented to apologise for having performed his duty.

The remainder of the expedition was a series of mistakes and mischances, arising from the incompetency of Essex for a post of so much importance. He missed the treasure fleet, and delayed so long in the neighbourhood of the Azores, that the Spanish armada was able to sail from the Groyne and Ferrol ; and, had it not been scattered by a terrible tempest, would have fallen with fire and sword on the undefended coast of England. At length, in October,

he returned to Plymouth, from whence he immediately posted up to London, in the hope of obtaining the Queen's ear for his own narrative of the abortive enterprise. But, says Mr St John, his speed, however great, had been outstripped by fame. Elizabeth was already in possession of the whole truth, and, when her imprudent favourite appeared, overwhelmed him with such keen reproaches that, in extreme disgust, he retired from court, and shut himself up in his house at Wanstead.

His wrath fired up all a-flame when he learned that, during his absence, Elizabeth had made his enemy, Cecil, Master of the Wards, and—a yet greater insult and heavier blow!—had raised Lord Howard of Effingham to the Earldom of Nottingham for his services against the Armada, and in the attack upon Cadiz. As on the latter occasion Essex had been Commander-in-Chief, he chose to consider Howard's promotion as a censure of himself, and a court-broil ensued, which greatly troubled the mind of the aged Queen. Essex demanded that Howard's patent should be cancelled; a preposterous proposal, which Howard fiercely resented. Into these troubled waters Raleigh plunged as peace-maker, and, assisted by Cecil, succeeded in reconciling (at all events, on the surface) the two angry Earls. Nottingham kept his dignity, and Essex, that he might have precedence over

him, was made Earl-Marshal; whereupon, say the chroniclers, all men wondered to see the sudden affection that sprang up between them and their pacificators, Cecil and Raleigh.

The latter now retired to his country seat at Sherborne, where he gave himself up for awhile to the pleasures of studious ease, and reverted to those fascinating pursuits which had delighted his youthful mind. His genius was not less remarkable for its versatility than for its strength. He could turn himself, as one of his biographers remarks,* from mathematics to poetry, from profound cosmographical speculations or metaphysical disquisitions to the charms of music, from historical or antiquarian researches to painting or gardening, and whatever branch he adopted, he cultivated with equal thoroughness and success. He was a remarkable proof of Milton's theory that versatility is compatible with profoundness.† Never, surely, has the world produced a man of more flexible intellect. Like the elephant's trunk, it could move heavy masses or dally with trifles; and yet its lord and owner was no solitary bookworm, no dreaming student, but a man of incessant activity, a politician, a courtier, a soldier, and a seaman. Shakspeare

* Tytler, "Life of Raleigh," 195; Oldys, 81.

† See Milton's "Tractate on Education," in which he recommends a course of study—to be accomplished before the student is twenty-one—of the widest possible range and grasp.

apart, he seems to me the brightest type we have ever seen of the English genius, both in its graver and lighter aspects: Shakspeare apart, he may justly be considered the grandest representative of the Elizabethan age.

Meanwhile, the political horizon was heavy with storms. Spain, weary and spent with protracted conflict, which had exhausted her blood and treasure, had made overtures of negotiation to the English Government, and both Cecil and the venerable Burleigh recommended the Queen to accept them. Essex hotly opposed their advice, and their disputes in council grew fierce and acrimonious. It was on one of these occasions that Burleigh terminated the discussion by pulling a prayer-book from his pocket, opening it at the Psalms, and pointing out to Essex the memorable text, which afterwards seemed to have been prophetic in its application—"Men of blood shall not live out half their days."*

The state of Ireland was another subject that anxiously engaged the attention of Elizabeth and her ministers, who solicited Raleigh's advice upon the policy that should be adopted. What he recommended is unknown, but it is supposed that from him, or from Cecil, came the hint that Essex should be appointed to the government of the distracted country. Essex himself regarded the appointment

* Birch, "Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth," ii. 384.

in the same light, doubtlessly, as those who had pressed it upon him; he exclaimed against it as an honourable exile, and departed with open reluctance to a scene of confusion and turmoil, where the wisest statesman could hardly hope to gain renown, and where an impetuous and thoughtless young nobleman was sure to incur disgrace. The events which ensued are a portion of our English history, and do not need to be recorded here. His career in Ireland was a continued series of mistakes, errors, and disasters, of which his enemies at Court availed themselves to prejudice the Queen's mind against him. In these intrigues, we fear, it must be admitted that Raleigh co-operated with Nottingham and Cecil. He was not, in truth, a man without sin—that faultless monster for whom the world has so long vainly waited!—but a man of strong ambition, proud temper, and aspiring spirit, who had suffered much from his rival's overbearing arrogance, and having no cause to love him, was not indisposed to see him removed from his path. Why will biographers persist in representing their heroes as miracles of purity and virtue? as Israelites in whom there was no guile? and not as men, subject, like ourselves, to all the disturbing influences of human passion?

Suddenly, without the Queen's permission, and without intimation to her Government, Essex returned from Ireland. Accompanied by a troop of

unscrupulous partisans, he rode to Nonsuch, where the Court was then sojourning; forced an entrance into the royal bedchamber, to discover "the Queen newly up, with her hair about her face,"* and flung himself at her feet. Surprised by his unexpected appearance, and overwhelmed by his passionate protestations of devotion, she allowed herself to let fall some phrases of affection; which her lover gladly understood to imply her forgiveness. And coming from Her Majesty to go shift himself in his chamber, he was very pleasant, and thanked God that though he had suffered much trouble and storms abroad, he found a sweet calm at home.

But the scene was soon changed. When Elizabeth had time to recover herself, she felt all the audacity of her favourite's conduct, and it cannot be doubted that the representations made by his rivals were not such as would soothe her anger. The fate of Essex was, in truth, determined. He was arraigned before the Council, severely examined in reference to his private machinations and intrigues with the army in Ireland; was confined to his chamber; forbidden all intercourse with his family and friends; and treated in every respect as a State prisoner. The most superficial reader of English history will remember the events that followed; the plots and counter-plots of the various factions, the mad attempt

* Rowland Whyte, in "The Sydney Papers," 127-128.

of the unhappy nobleman to raise the populace of London in his favour; his trial, sentence, and imprisonment; the Queen's vacillations; and the last scene of the tragedy, as it was pitifully enacted within the high court of the Tower of London, in the cold grey light of a February morning. It was on Shrove Tuesday, 1601, that Essex closed, by a violent death, his brief, turbulent, and disastrous career. Between its end and its beginning how terrible was the contrast! Fair laughed the morn, and before the fortunate youth seemed to open up the brightest prospects ever revealed to a gallant spirit; and yet all his hopes, and high dreams, and brilliant visions were abruptly terminated by the headsman's axe and a traitor's doom!

It is said that, at the last moment, the Earl expressed a desire to be reconciled with Raleigh, who had retired into the Armoury, whence, "in an agony of tears," he could see without being seen; but none cared to convey to him his rival's last message, and it was not until the moment of mutual forgiveness had passed for ever that he learned the wish of Essex to have died in peace with him.

During the closing months of Elizabeth's reign Raleigh retained the royal favour. He displayed, however, less than his usual sagacity in not opening up, as Cecil did, confidential communications with her prospective successor, the Scottish King. Be-

tween him and the subtle Secretary a coldness arose which rapidly matured into ill-concealed hostility.

From the moment of Essex's death, says Mr Tytler,* however open and amicable the world might think them, there was a dangerous opposition between Raleigh and Cecil. Both were too powerful to continue long together in the management of affairs, both too proud and ambitious to give way. Circumstances had driven them into confidential intercourse without making them friends. Indeed, abundant reasons existed why no genuine friendship could exist between them. They were too well aware of each other's designs; penetrated too clearly the secret ambition by which both were actuated; and had finally arrived at that critical point in the intimacy of statesmen when each began to regard the other as a rival to be dreaded, and, therefore, removed. Raleigh, as Mr Tytler remarks, was infinitely inferior to Cecil as a contriver of plots and stratagems; and, therefore, while the latter silently worked the subtly-woven web in whose meshes his brilliant rival was to be entangled unto death, he was content that he should enjoy the "sunshine of the Court," and rise daily in "the graces of his royal mistress." Let me add, that in all his dark plottings he was zealously aided by one whom we shall meet hereafter as an important agent in Raleigh's destruction, the in-

* Tytler, "Life of Raleigh," i. 223.

famous Howard; and that he carried his perfidy so far as to leave in the charge and family of Raleigh, his eldest son, a youth of more than ordinary promise.

At length, worn out with her seventy years, with her labours, and her sorrows, and her apprehensions of future evils for the country she had raised to greatness, Elizabeth died. Died, as a contemporary tells us, of "a settled and confirmed melancholy; in-somuch that she could not be persuaded, neither by the council, divines, physicians, nor the women about her, once to taste or touch any physic, though ten or a dozen that were continually about her did assure her, with all manner of asseverations, of perfect and easy recovery if she would follow their advice." I can easily understand that she had no wish for longer life. She had done her life-work, and done it nobly. The drama was played out, and if she lingered longer upon the stage, she could hope for no accession to her glory. She died of grief; of grief for the death of Essex I do not believe,* though the loss of that gallant and brilliant nobleman might well awaken in her lion-heart an emotion of pity; but certainly of grief for the death of her long-trusted councillor, the faithful Burleigh—of grief at the decline of the national spirit, which she could not but choose to see—of grief at the fresh revolt in ever-restless Ireland—of grief, too, at the craven eagerness with which her

* R. Congreve, "Elizabeth of England," p. 102.

courtiers and ministers turned from the side of their aged mistress to worship the rising sun, and carried their treacherous adulation to that successor whom she well knew to be unworthy of her glorious seat. But there was no help for it, Elizabeth must die, and the base, lying, cowardly James, must reign in her stead (March 24, 1602).

I cannot refuse to copy from Sir Robert Carey's pathetic narrative, his account of the great Queen's end. It was worthy of her life—of the life of the grandest ruler that, Cromwell and the first William alone excepted, has ever swayed our English sceptre.

When questioned by the Lord-Admiral who should succeed her, she had replied, with a flash of her ancient fire—"I told you that my seat had been the seat of kings, and I will have no rascal to succeed me! Trouble me no more. He who comes after me must be a king. I will have none but our cousin of Scotland." Shortly afterwards she became speechless, but made signs that her chaplains and the Archbishop of Canterbury should pray with her.

I sat upon my knees, says the chronicler,* full of tears to see that heavy sight. The bishop kneeled down by her and examined her first of her faith, and she so punctually answered all his several questions by lifting up her eyes, and holding up her hand, as

* Sir Robert Carey, whose narration is reprinted (from the Cotton MSS.) in the 2d vol. of Nichol's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth."

it was a comfort to all the beholders. Then the good man told her plainly what she was and what she was to come to, and though she had been long a great queen here upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the King of kings. He then began to pray, and all who were present joined in the responses; after which, his knees being weary, he blessed her and prepared to depart, when the Queen by signs requested him to continue in prayer. Having done so for a considerable time, he once more rose to take his leave; but the dying princess again laid her hand upon his, and mutely besought him not to quit her, appearing to have the greatest comfort in his fervent petitions. Soon afterwards she became insensible, and about three o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the 24th of March, she expired.





CHAPTER V.

THE SORROWS OF RALEIGH.

“Ingenia gravia ac sollemnia, et mutare nescia, plus plerumque habent dignitatis quam felicitatis.”—LORD BACON.

“**B**Y my soul, I have heard *rawly* of thee, mon.”

It was with these ominous words Raleigh was received by James the First, when he repaired to do homage to Elizabeth’s successor.

We know that Cecil and Howard had foully slandered their rival to the Scottish monarch, and effectually prejudiced his narrow mind and narrower heart against the finest intellect in his dominions; but I hold it to be certain, that even without their malignant intervention, no good understanding could ever have long prevailed between James and Raleigh. The King was wholly incapable of appreciating his brilliant, daring, versatile, and chivalrous subject. The one was a profound and accomplished scholar; the other, a dull and elaborate pedant. The one

was, in brain, heart, and soul, a poet, and able to rise to the loftiest height of a poet's aspirations ; the other grovelled in the dust, and lived pent up in a narrow circle of loathsome vices. The one was prone to deeds of gallant enterprise and splendid daring ; the other shrank, like a timid child, from the sight of a drawn sword. The one yearned to found for his country a colonial empire, which should divide with Spain the golden regions of the New World ; the other, throughout his reign, truckled to the Spanish Court, and shrank from any policy which was noble in conception or daring in execution. It was impossible that between such opposite characters any cordial sympathy should exist.

The full extent of the change which had come over his fortunes was soon felt by Raleigh. He was deprived of his captaincy of the Guard, and of other lucrative offices. Nay, more, in less than three months after James' accession, he was sent to the Tower on a charge—the most absurdly-infamous ever trumped up against any statesman—of plotting with Spain ; with Spain, the object of his life-long detestation, the one European power which he had ever regarded with suspicion, and against which he had ever urged an uncompromisingly-hostile policy !

A plot had been hatched by some discontented nobles, and by some Puritan malcontents, with the object of deposing James from the throne he

so unworthily occupied.* It was supported by the Catholics, who thought the moment had arrived for overthrowing the Protestant heresy, and restoring their faith to its old position of power and honour. It was managed by a far abler and subtler spirit than its ostensible leaders—Count Aremberg, the Spanish Ambassador. Between Aremberg and a weak, silly, and credulous nobleman, Lord Cobham, communications of a mysterious character were opened up. Their exact purport is not known, and never will be known. How far Cobham had become the tool of Aremberg we cannot guess; but he was one of the discontented, and was probably willing to avail himself of Spanish gold to carry out the schemes which he and other conspirators meditated. Cobham and Raleigh resided in mansions on the river bank; and it was the custom of the former, after supping with Raleigh, to proceed in his wherry to the Count's palace, which also overlooked the Thames. This was the only circumstance that connected Raleigh with the plot; and it is surely an insufficient proof of treason when advanced against a man who, whatever his faults, was, above all things, and before all things, our highest patriot.

Into the details of the mysterious enigma known in history as the "Cobham Plot," my limited space

* For details of this plot, most carefully and lucidly elaborated, see Mr Edward Edwards' "Life of Raleigh," vol. i. pp. 354-439.

forbids me to enter. It is confessedly a puzzle to our ablest historians; a labyrinth so cunningly contrived by Cecil—for none can doubt that he watched over it from the beginning—that it is now impossible to find a clue to it. All the light that can be thrown upon the matter has been accumulated by Mr Edwards with great care and discrimination; and impartial inquiry irresistibly leads to the conclusion that Raleigh was wholly innocent of any share in the conspiracy. I hold it to be certain that Cecil and James, and the men who tried and sentenced him, *knew* that he was innocent.

With Mr Kingsley, I must confess that I have no wish to involve myself in the tracasseries of a dark and miserable intrigue.* They are known to every student; but not the most accomplished interpreter of mysteries can unravel them. Let us consider, however,—if only for a moment,—the moral and spiritual significance of Raleigh's downfall, and endeavour to take to heart the pregnant lesson which it reads to the thoughtful. It is, as Kingsley observes, the broad aspect of the thing which is so wonderful and so suggestive; to see how

“The eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.”

This is the man who, some few months ago, thought, perhaps, that he and Cecil were to rule England to-

* C. Kingsley, “Miscellanies,” i. 72.

gether, while all else were the puppets whose wires they pulled. "The Lord hath taken him up, and dropped him down;" and by such means, too! and on the absurd, the incredible charge that he, of all men living, had betrayed his country to Spain! One can imagine the calm contempt with which Raleigh would fain have waived aside so preposterous an accusation; but it was put forth by men whose enmity would not be denied, who had hunted their victim until he was fairly in the toils, and were resolute that he should not escape. The blow had fallen, and it well-nigh crushed his proud and haughty spirit. At first, he could not endure it. He was maddened by it; maddened by the infamy of the charge; maddened by the utter ruin of his ambitious hopes; maddened too, by the scorn, the taunts, the loss of honour, the cruel words of cruel foes. It is said that his mind was so overwrought, under these appalling circumstances, that he attempted suicide, and some of his biographers reprint a letter which he wrote to his wife, after the attempt, and when expecting it to prove fatal. I cannot but think, with Mr St John, that there is a suspicious air of improbability about the story. It was thus: At dinner one day, with many other guests, at the Lieutenant's table, Raleigh seized a knife, and sought to plunge it into his heart. At this time he was in the enjoyment of full physical vigour, and yet the point of the knife, strik-

ing against one of his ribs, turned, after inflicting a slight wound, and Raleigh, flinging it aside, exclaimed, "There is an end!" But why, if he wished to commit suicide, did he choose on the governor's dinner-table, where there was every chance of his design being prevented? And how was it that a strong man's arm, impelled by the frenzy of a fevered spirit, dealt so insignificant a blow that in four or five days the wound was healed? I believe the story to be a fiction, and Raleigh's letter to his wife a forgery.* It is not improbable, as Mr St John suggests,† that some intention had dawned on the minds of James and Cecil of ridding themselves of their enemy by a secret death; and that the fiction of the suicide was circulated to prepare the public mind for Raleigh's end. The reader of French history will remember certain enemies of the first Napoleon, who, imprisoned in the Conciergerie, removed themselves from his path, as it was announced, by suicide.

Raleigh was tried at Winchester in the month of November. The principal witness against him was his old friend Cobham, whom a base fear of death had induced to perjure himself, and who so wavered and faltered and prevaricated, that no impartial man would have accepted his evidence. All that could really be proved against Raleigh was, that

* The letter is given in Edwards' "Life of Raleigh," vol. ii.

† J. A. St John, "Life of Raleigh," ii. 104.

Cobham had acquainted him of his interviews with Aremberg, and that he, either out of a misplaced consideration for his friend, or a disinclination to betray the confidence reposed in him, had not denounced the plotter to the Government. He defended himself in a speech of masterly eloquence, which drew tears from many of his hearers, and extorted the admiration even of his opponents; but, as had been arranged, the jury immediately brought him in guilty. And guilty, not of misprison of treason, the sole offence with which Coke had charged him, but of treason. The day was then fixed for his execution, and the court broke up. Cecil and his sovereign had triumphed, and Raleigh was at their mercy.

Meantime, the conduct of their victim throughout the struggle had been marked with singular propriety and dignity. The virulence of Coke, the treachery of Howard, the cowardly perjuries of Cobham were unable to ruffle his temper, or provoke him to a hasty word. A contemporary writer declares that he "behaved himself so worthily, so wisely, and so temperately, that in half a day the mind of all the company was changed from the extremest hate to the extremest pity." And another remarks, that in his carriage to the lords he was humble, but not prostrate; to the jury affable, but not fawning; to the King's counsel

patient, but not yielding to the imputations laid upon him, or neglecting to repel them with the spirit which becomes an injured and honourable man.

Raleigh made an attempt to placate the king by a letter full of submissiveness and humility. It failed in its object, and after nearly a month's detention at Winchester, in daily expectation of death, he was carried back to the grim old fortress of London, which still frowns darkly on the waters of the Thames, and confined in the Bloody Tower. Here he beguiled himself of his bitter woes by the studies which had ever been so dear to him. Here he conceived his great idea of writing the History of the World. Here his imprisonment was occasionally cheered by the society of the Earl of Northumberland, a prisoner like himself, and a man of fine scientific tastes; and by the visits of Ben Jonson, the Earl of Southampton, Thomas Hariot, and others. Here, too, and at this epoch, he probably wrote that exquisite little poem, "The Pilgrimage," which I cannot refrain from quoting :*

THE PILGRIMAGE.

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory (hope's true gage);
And thus I'll take my Pilgrimage.

* From Dr Birch's edition of Raleigh's works.

“ Blood must be my body’s balmer,—
No other balm will here be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travels to the land of heaven,
Over all the silver mountains,
Where do spring those nectar fountains:

“ And I there will sweetly kiss
The happy bowl of peaceful bliss,
Drinking mine eternal fill,
Flowing on each milky hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after, it will thirst no more.

“ In that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have doft their rags of clay,
And walk apparell’d fresh like me.
I’ll take them first
To slake their thirst,
And then taste of nectar suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

“ And when our bottles, and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then those holy paths we’ll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel,
Diamond ceilings, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to heaven’s bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold;
No forged armour bought or sold;
No cause deferred, no vain spent journey,
For there Christ is the King’s attorney,

Who pleads for all without degrees,—
And he hath angels, but no fees.
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads His death; and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceder!
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms,
Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms.
Then this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made earth, heaven, and sez—
Seeing my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke of death, my arms being spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head;
So shall I ready, like a palmer fit,
Tread those blessed paths shown in Thy Holy Writ."

An extraordinary incident in Raleigh's prison-history was the tragi-comic scene got up by James I., at Winchester, prior to the prisoner's removal to London. It was the pageant, or rehearsal, of an execution, in which the actors were Lord Cobham—who alone knew that the seeming tragedy would turn out a farce—and his accomplices, Lord Grey and Sir Griffin Markham. It is thus described by a recent writer.*

Kept sedulously in the dark, Raleigh, who, from a window in the donjon keep, beheld a scaffold erected in the court below, and saw the prisoners led towards it between their own coffins, gave a

* J. A. St John, "Life of Raleigh," ii., 136-138.

serious interpretation to what he witnessed, especially when he discovered the scaffold to be strewn with straw, the block set up, and the executioner standing beside it with his axe. Markham first mounted the steps, which he did with manly firmness, refusing the napkin offered by a friend to cover his face, saying he could look on death without blushing. When Raleigh saw him removed, and Grey ascend, he may have thought that the inferior offender had been reprieved from the penalty which would yet be inflicted on the superior. Grey, who supposed Markham to have been executed, spurned the straw aside with his foot as he walked towards the block, to discover if there were any traces of blood. When time had been allowed him for his devotions, he also was led away, upon which the spectator in the Tower must have begun to suspect the real nature of the exhibition. Cobham was brought out last, and prayed so loudly, and with so much apparent fervour, that he excited the jests and laughter of those who stood around in the rain, and were probably in the secret. Then followed one of the tricks of the stage—the three offenders were brought together on the scaffold, the King's pardon was announced, the spectators shouted, the apparatus of death was swept away, and Raleigh, who must have been sorely perplexed by the aspect of the whole proceeding, was left to

ponder, in what frame of mind may be conjectured, on the fate which the scene he had witnessed boded to him.

Over the details of the hero's long captivity my space will prevent me from lingering. His enemies availed themselves of it to plunder him of his estates and revenues, notwithstanding the noble exertions of Lady Raleigh, who in vain appealed to James and Cecil for some small show of compassion in her hour of need. She did, indeed, obtain one great boon—permission to share her husband's confinement, and their youngest child, Carew, was born within the walls of the Tower. As he was allowed proper attendance and the visits of his friends, his condition was not without its mitigating circumstances; but to a man of such restless energy and untiring ambition, then in the plenitude of his physical strength and mental power, captivity was necessarily a punishment peculiarly severe. Nor can he have witnessed without indignation the gradual diminution of his resources, and especially the loss of his fair house and estate at Sherborne, which were bestowed upon James's abandoned favourite, Carr, Earl of Somerset. Happily for him, if poor in worldly goods, he was still rich in the resources of an inexhaustible intellect; if debarred the pursuit of an active career, he could not be prevented from making new acquisitions in the rich domains of

knowledge. He was not a man, when all hope of liberation was lost, to sit down in the chimney corner and fold his arms, and dream vain dreams of the past that could never be restored. All the latent energies of his character now came to the surface. Now was seen the real strength and genuine heroism of the man. He devoted himself to steady and earnest work, and especially to his noble "History of the World," every page of which has a rhythm and a stately music in it like the roll of the battle charge, or the grand harmony of the irresistible ocean tide. His counsel, too, was sought by the glorious son of an unworthy father, by Harry, Prince of Wales, the hope of the nation, the English Marcellus, who, had he lived, would probably have changed the destinies of England; his counsel, I say, was sought, and thankfully received by the noble youth, who was heard to exclaim, "No king but my father would keep such a bird in a cage!" Unhappily for Raleigh, the Prince fell mortally sick in November 1612. His mother sent to the prisoner in the Tower for a cordial which he had formerly concocted—Raleigh was cunning in drugs and simples—for her own behoof, and which had restored her to health; but Harry was too far gone, and the cordial, whatever its real virtue, could not arrest the blight of death. The Prince died, and with him the last hope of the Stuart dynasty.

Raleigh still continued imprisoned in his cage, but as caged nightingales are said to sing the sweetest, so some of his finest strains were "meditated" in the Bloody Tower. We present the reader with one more specimen, a noble hymn, not less remarkable for its lofty language than for its spirit of earnest devotion:

" Rise, O my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy mind abuse,
But down in darkness let them lie;
So live thy better, let thy worst thoughts die.

" And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review, with most regardful eye,
That holy cross whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die;
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

" To Thee, O Jesu, I direct my eye,
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees,
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To Thee my thoughts who my thoughts only sees;
To Thee myself, myself and all I give,
To Thee I die, to Thee I only live."*

He also devoted himself to chemical researches, having converted a small house in the Tower garden into a laboratory; and a portion of his time was like-

* See the criticism on this admirable hymn in George Macdonald's "England's Antiphon."

wise set apart for philosophical studies. His *magnum opus*, the "History of the World," was published in 1614. Never, perhaps, have prison-hours produced so extraordinary a monument of learning, reflection, breadth of view, solidity of thought, and what has been called the "passionate patience of genius."

After eight years of captivity, Raleigh's fine constitution began to show marked symptoms of decay. His breathing was short and difficult; the whole of his left side was seized with paralysis, and his speech became perceptibly affected. Under these circumstances his physician, Dr Turner, urged his removal to warmer and more commodious apartments, but it does not appear that a favour so necessary to his life was granted, and it is probable he would have been allowed to die in prison but for the removal from the scene of his great and unrelenting enemy, Cecil. In the rise of a new favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, there was also hope for Raleigh. He now addressed a petition to the Queen, who had always been favourably inclined towards him, renewing his proposal for the colonisation of Guiana, and the working of a gold mine, whose existence he had ascertained in his former voyages. The cost was to be defrayed by Raleigh and his friends, while the King was promised a fifth part of all the bullion imported. This was a tempting consideration for James the First, but the urgent remon-

stances of the Spanish ambassador, Gondomar, would probably have prevailed against Raleigh, had he not secured the countenance of Buckingham's uncles by a bribe to each of £750.*

Early in March 1615 Raleigh, after twelve years of captivity, was once more a free man. With an energy which age could not damp, he commenced his preparations for the Guiana voyage. He sunk in it the remainder of his private property, and with the assistance of friends and numerous volunteers, speedily equipped a fleet of fourteen sail, of which the largest was his own flag-ship, carrying 36 guns, two hundred men, and commanded by his son Walter. In a twelvemonth he was ready, though he had been greatly thwarted by the unresting opposition of Gondomar, and the ill-concealed enmity of the King. There were spies and traitors, too, on board his own ships. Of all this Raleigh cannot have been ignorant; nor that on his success or failure depended life or death; but he had pledged everything to the hazard of the die. It was his last throw for fame and fortune. Therefore he would not be discouraged by the clouds which thickened around him, nor the obstacles which lay before him, but dropped down the Thames on the 28th of March 1617. Stress of weather forced his squadron into Cork, where he refitted his fleet, and took on board additional sup-

* Oldys, "Life of Raleigh," pp. 467-468.

plies. Then, late in the month of August, he stood across the Western Ocean, and about the beginning of November, made the continent of South America.

Let me here observe that a great deal of good hot indignation has been expended on the alleged immorality of this expedition. It is said that Guiana was already colonised and held by Spain—a nation with whom England was then at peace—and with the daughter of whose sovereign the heir of the English crown was meditating an alliance. If there be any crime in this, it is evident that Raleigh was not the only sinner; but all England, which warmly approved the enterprise, and the King himself, who had sanctioned it, were equally guilty. But, in truth, the political morality of those days was not the morality of our own time, when the principles of international policy are better understood; and it was quite possible for two European countries to keep the peace towards each other in Europe, while flying at each other's throat in the New World.

On reaching the Triangle Islands, Raleigh despatched five small vessels, and four hundred men, under Captain Keymis, assisted by young Walter Raleigh, for the Orinoco.* Keymis was ordered to ascend the river, discover the mine, and open it; repelling force by force, if necessary, but, so far as might be, avoiding all encounter with the Spaniards.

* Edwards, "Life of Raleigh," i., 617.

Unhappily, the Englishmen had been betrayed by their King, who had furnished the Spanish Court with full particulars of the strength of Raleigh's armament; and, on landing, they found the Spaniards posted in readiness to receive them. The advanced posts, however, were soon driven in, retiring upon the town of Santo Thomè, which, during the night of 1st of January, was hotly attacked by Keymis and his followers. After a fierce conflict, in which young Raleigh was slain, the English were successful, and captured San Thomè, but were disappointed in their expectations of plunder. They continued to hold the town, however, for twenty-six days, when the arrival of a strong Spanish force from Santa Fè compelled them to retreat to the coast and re-embark on board their ships. They soon afterwards rejoined Raleigh, and the remainder of the expedition, at Trinidad.

Keymis was received by his commander with indignant reproaches. He endeavoured to justify himself by saying that his force was insufficient to defend his position against the Spanish attack; that he had no men to work the mine; and that, before all, as young Raleigh was dead, and Sir Walter not only unpardoned by the King, but, as he believed, sore stricken with disease and like to die, he had no inducement to open the mine, which, under such circumstances, could only have bene-

fited the Spaniards or the King. Such a defence was, to Raleigh, mere words. He had undertaken to carry back to England such a quantity of ore as should abundantly prove the good faith of his expedition ; and to return empty-handed was, he knew, to return to an ignominious scaffold.

What followed is a painful episode in Raleigh's history. Keymis had been for years his faithful and trusty follower, and we cannot but regret that our hero's passionate mood rendered him unmindful of his loyal service. The mortified lieutenant, after some days, had an interview with his commander, and requested him to approve a letter he had addressed to the Earl of Arundel, containing an elaborate vindication of his conduct. Sir Walter refused ; whereupon Keymis withdrew, and shot himself. "I was no sooner come from him into my cabin, but I heard a pistol go off over my head," writes Raleigh,* "and sending up to know who shot it, word was brought me that Keymis had shot it out of his cabin window to cleanse it. His boy, going into the cabin, found him lying on his bed with much blood by him, and, looking on his face, saw he was dead. The pistol being but little, the bullet did but crack his rib ; but he, turning him over, found a long knife in his body, all but the handle."

* Letter to Wenwood, given in his works (viii. 612); and in Edwards, "Life of Raleigh," ii. 357, 358.

Raleigh now determined to proceed to Newfoundland to refit his ships and recruit his crews, who had suffered much from illness. Here a mutiny broke out, which was quelled with difficulty, and Raleigh, broken-hearted, made all sail for England. On the voyage the expedition seems to have broken up completely ; and when he reached Kinsale in May, only one ship remained with him, which was seized by the Lord-Deputy. The "Destiny" continued her route, and arrived in Plymouth Sound early in June. Ill news travels apace, and the failure of the enterprise was already the theme of public report. It is said that when Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, obtained the intelligence, which to him and his master was so welcome, he demanded an audience of the King, promising that all he had to say should be included in one word. Admitted into the royal presence, he accordingly exclaimed, in a loud voice and with angry gestures, "Piratas! piratas! piratas!" and abruptly retired.

When Raleigh was reprieved, it was only conditionally ; he was not pardoned, and, consequently, was at any time liable to be re-arrested. His friends, being conscious of his dangerous position, now made every effort to obtain a full pardon for him ; but James, actuated by his desire for an alliance between Prince Charles and the Infanta, determined to sacrifice him as a blood-offering to the offended dignity

of Spain. On the 11th of June he therefore issued a proclamation in which he strongly denounced the attack upon San Thomè; and Sir Walter, as he passed through Devonshire on his way to London, was arrested at Ashburton by his own kinsman, Sir Lewis—thenceforward branded by all honest men as Sir Judas—Stukely. At first a considerable amount of liberty was accorded (perhaps intentionally) to his prisoner, and Raleigh availed himself of it to attempt his escape. With his friend, Captain King, he hired a bark bound for Rochelle, and directed it to lie to in the offing until he should come on board. Late one night he and King repaired to the beach, and, in a small boat, pushed off for the Rochellois; but when within a quarter of a mile, some unexplained motive induced him to put about and return to land. His conduct may be condemned by many, but, for my part, I am unable to persuade myself altogether to regret it. It was better for us, and better for himself, that he should die a hero's death, than linger out a weary old age as a fugitive in a foreign land, and with a clouded reputation. The minds of men would then have been prone to dwell on his failures, and to have lost sight of all the great and noble aspects of his career. The life of Raleigh would have wanted the moral which makes it so precious to us, and missed the blaze of glory in which it set.

Returning to Plymouth, Raleigh made the acquaintance of one Manourie, a French quack and an arrant rogue, who, I suspect, was an agent of Raleigh's enemies. He seems to have suggested to the ruined and broken-hearted man the silly stratagem of feigning sickness in order to gain time for pacifying the King; and when he had thus secured his confidence he persuaded him to adopt a second project of escape. The details, as soon as they were arranged, he made known to Stukely, who affected to connive at the project, and for a bribe of £50 and a rich jewel, to lend his assistance in carrying it out.*

Manourie then pushed forward to London, followed slowly by Sir Walter and Stukely. On reaching the capital, Raleigh was joined by his friend Captain King, and by two other confederates—Cotterel, an old servant of Stukely's, and Hart, a seaman, whose fidelity was not suspected. On the following Sunday, Sir Walter, disguised with a false beard, and attended by his page and Stukely, repaired to the Tower Dock, where two wherries were in waiting, in one of which Raleigh, Stukely, and the page embarked, in the other King and Hart. At this juncture Stukely demanded of King whether he had not so far proved himself an honest man, to which the latter replied that he hoped he would con-

* Edwards, "Life of Raleigh," i., 663.

tinue so. Raleigh's confidence remained unshaken until the boatmen remarked that a Mr Herbert, who was known to be an enemy of his, had taken boat and followed them down the river. Shortly afterwards another wherry shot across their path. Raleigh declared it to be a spy, and hesitated to proceed, but on Stukely's urgent protestations, consented to continue his course, and so arrived at a reach of the river near Plumstead, where Hart's vessel was to have been stationed.

Here three ketches were seen at anchor, not one of which, exclaimed Hart, with well-simulated alarm, was his. Raleigh at once declared they were betrayed, and ordered the boatmen to put about and row back, in the hope he might regain his own house. On their return they met the strange wherry, manned by Herbert's servants. To avoid falling into their hands, Sir Walter made a last attempt to bribe Stukely's assistance. The treble villain made a show of consent, but, Herbert's wherry coming up, he threw off the mask, arrested King, and carried the whole party to a tavern, where he made preparations for conducting them to the Tower next morning. On discovering the utter baseness of this mean tool of a profligate Court, Raleigh simply remarked, "Sir Lewis, these actions will not turn out to your credit."

Early on Monday the ill-fated hero was once

more conveyed to London's gloomy fortress. As he passed on "through that gate misnamed" the Traitor's, to his last dwelling-place, he remarked to King, "Stukely and Cotterel have betrayed me. For your part you need be in fear of no danger; it is I am the mark that is shot at." Then his old friend and follower took leave of him, recommending him to the care of that Power, with whom, at the conclusion of his narrative, he says, "I doubt not his soul resteth."

Thus was the victim irrevocably entangled in the toils. He had fallen into the snares so cunningly laid for him, and nothing now remained but to carry out the infamous plot to its sanguinary consummation.*

* I have been constrained to hurry over the details of Raleigh's attempted escape, but the reader, for fuller information, may refer to King's narrative, as given by Oldys, pp. 533-537; to Mr Edwards in his "Life of Raleigh," vol. i., pp. 667-670; and Mr St John, vol. ii., pp. 268-281.





CHAPTER VI

LAST SCENE OF ALL.

“As the foolish idolaters were wont to sacrifice the choicest of their children to the devil, so our King gave up his incomparable jewel to the will of this monster of ambition (the Spaniard), under the pretence of a superannuated transgression, contrary to the opinion of the more honest sort of gownmen, who maintained that His Majesty’s pardon lay exclusively in the commission he gave him on his setting out to sea ; it being incongruous that he who remained under the notion of one dead in the law, should, as a general, dispose of the lives of others, not being himself master of his own.”—FRANCIS OSBORNE, “Historical Memoirs on the Reign of Elizabeth and James” (Ed. 1658).

IT was now determined that Raleigh should die. With nothing less than the blood-forfeit would the vengeance of Spain be satisfied. Gondomar plainly declared that the negotiations for the match with the Infanta would be broken off unless Spain’s great enemy was removed out of the way. How this end was to be compassed proved, nevertheless, a puzzle to James and his Government. After the most diligent inquiry

they found nothing in his conduct of the Guiana expedition on which to found a capital charge. To discover excuses for his murder, a commission was then appointed of some members of the Privy Council—men notoriously ill-disposed towards Raleigh, and including Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor Bacon, and Sir Edward Coke—who subjected the aged and dispirited prisoner to a series of close examinations, but with no other result than to convict him of what he did not deny, the pretence of madness to excite the Royal compassion, and the attempt to escape. As this was insufficient to justify his execution, a system of espionage was adopted, in the hope he might be detected plotting with the French agents; and one Sir Thomas Wilson was appointed his keeper. He played the part of spy with ingenious cruelty. He opened his prisoner's cell in the morning with his own hand, and remained in persevering attendance upon him until he locked him up in the evening. Professing to be his friend, he endeavoured to worm himself into his confidence, and in his unguarded moments to draw from him admissions of which the Government might make use. But Wilson discovered nothing, simply because there was nothing to discover. The Court, therefore, were compelled to fall back on the old sentence, passed some fifteen years before, and obviously nullified by the com-

mission which the King had granted to Raleigh under his own hand, as Commander-in-Chief of his last fatal expedition to Guiana. He addressed some eloquent letters of apology and expostulation to the King; his ever-faithful wife moved heaven and earth to obtain his pardon; the Queen herself earnestly interceded for him; but all in vain. Spain must be satisfied,* and Raleigh must die. It is a pitiful story, and makes one blush for the baseness of which an English King and English statesmen could be guilty.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 28th of October, he was brought up before the Court of King's Bench, at Westminster, to receive sentence of execution on the judgment delivered against him fifteen years before. From thence he was conveyed to the Gatehouse, where he was informed that he must prepare to die next morning at nine o'clock; an indecent haste, says Tytler, which we are scarcely prepared to expect, even from so heartless a prince as James. In the evening his wife was admitted to take her last farewell. The interview was deeply affecting, but of what passed between them nothing is recorded, except that on her informing him she had obtained the favour of disposing of his body,

* Of the relentless malignity with which the Spanish Court hunted down their noble victim, ample proof is brought forward by Mr Edwards, in his recent "Life of Raleigh," vol. ii., pp. 680-693.

he replied, with a smile, "It is well, Bess, thou shouldst have the disposal of that dead thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive." About midnight they parted.

When left alone, Raleigh sat down and drew up some memorandum, chiefly referring to the groundless charges brought against him, and afterwards, taking his Bible, he wrote upon a blank leaf the following lines :

"E'en such is time ! that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust :
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days !
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."*

At four o'clock, Charles Thynne, one of Raleigh's cousins, was admitted to see him, and noticing his unusual cheerfulness,—the cheerfulness of a man who feels that he is nigh the end of a long and wearisome journey,—he expressed some fear lest his foes should charge him with affectation. "Good Charles," he replied, "let me be merry for this once; it is the last merriment I shall enjoy in this world ;

* I adopt the version of these lines given in the Oxford edition of Raleigh's works, vol. viii. p. 729. They were transcribed from the original by Archbishop Sancroft.

but when I come to the sad part thou shalt see I will look on it like a man."

At five he was attended by Dr Tounson, the Dean of Westminster, in whose ministrations he joined devoutly, and from whose hands he received the holy communion with signal fervour. He expressed his hearty forgiveness of all his enemies, and hoped for the forgiveness of all whom he himself had injured. Of death he spoke with the fearlessness of one who had been accustomed to confront it, remarking that he would rather end his days by the axe, than by a burning fever. The Dean warned him against being too hardy, and reminded him that some of the faithfullest servants of God had trembled a little when on the threshold of another world. This he readily acknowledged, while giving thanks, nevertheless, to the Almighty who had endowed him with the strength of mind never to fear death. It was evident that he enjoyed in his soul that peace of God which passeth understanding; and, supported by faith and hope, eyed the dread Hereafter with unshrinking gaze. His mind was free from all worldly thoughts, from all ungenerous feelings. The king who had so basely treated him, the pretended friends who had so shamefully betrayed him, the malignant enemies who had so relentlessly persecuted him,—he forgave them all. He indulged in no useless recriminations; in no reflections on the

law or Government ; though he steadfastly asserted his innocence. "By the course of the law," he said, "I must die ; yet leave must be given me to stand upon my innocency of the fact."

Having partaken of a hearty breakfast, he smoked, as was his wont, a pipe of tobacco, and took a cup of sack. On being asked whether it pleased him, "Ay," he replied, "as the fellow, that drinking of St Giles' bowl as he went to Tyburn said, that 'tis good drink, if a man might tarry by it." He then retired for a short time to arrange his dress. He was naturally a man of splendid tastes, and indulged in much bravery of attire ; but on this solemn occasion he discarded all show and glitter : he wore a plain mourning suit of black satin, a hat, a richly laced nightcap, and a black wrought-velvet night-gown.

It was now near nine, and having announced his readiness, he was conducted to the place of execution, in the old Palace Yard, by the Sheriffs of London, and the Dean of Westminster. A sympathising multitude had assembled to see the last of one whom most, if not all, remembered as the Captain of Elizabeth's Guard, the great Queen's favourite and coun-

* D'Israeli, "Curiosities of Literature," p. 425. The particulars of Raleigh's last hours are taken from two MS. letters in the Sloane Collection, dated Nov. 3, 1618 (Larkin to Pickering); and Oct. 31, 1618 (Chamberlain's Letters.)

cillor, and the observed of all observers. Remarking that an aged man, whose head was bald, pressed eagerly forward, he enquired if he wanted aught of him; and when the latter answered, that he only desired to see him, and pray God to have mercy upon his soul,—“I thank thee,” said Sir Walter, “and I am sorry I have no better thing to return thee for thy good will. But take this nightcap,” removing the rich laced head gear which he wore beneath his hat, “for thou hast more need of it now than I.” He observed that his friend, Sir Hugh Barton, whom on the previous day he had invited to be present, was unable to approach for the throng. He therefore bade him farewell, adding, “I know not how it may be with *you*, but *I* shall be sure to find a place.”

On ascending the scaffold, he bowed gracefully to the nobles and gentlemen who surrounded it, and proclamation having been made for silence, he proceeded to address them in a speech declaratory of his innocence, and justificatory of his career. He then embraced the lords, and those of his friends who were near him; and the Dean of Westminster asking him in what faith or religion he meant to die,—“In the faith,” said he, “professed by the Church of England,” adding, “that he hoped to be saved, and to have his sins washed away by the precious blood and merits of our Saviour Christ.” It

was a cold keen morning, and one of the sheriffs invited him to leave the scaffold and warm himself before he should say his prayers: "No, good Mr Sheriff," he replied, "let us despatch, for within this quarter of an hour my ague will come upon me, and if I be not dead before that, mine enemies will say I quake for fear." He then made "a most divine and admirable prayer;" after which he arose, and clasping his hands together, exclaimed, "Now I am going to God!"

The scaffold being cleared of spectators, he threw off his gown and doublet, and requested to look at the axe. The executioner not immediately complying, he again urged his request: "I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think I am afraid of it?" Taking it in his hand he kissed the deadly steel, and, feeling the edge lightly with his finger, observed to the Sheriff, "'Tis a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." Walking to the corner of the scaffold he knelt down, and requested the people to pray for him. After some minutes of silent devotion, he again rose, examined the block, and laid himself down, so as to fit it to his neck, and choose the easiest and most decent attitude. Having made these arrangements, he declared he was ready. The headsman came forward, and, kneeling, solicited his forgiveness; on which Raleigh, with a gentle smile, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and bade him rest contented, for he cheer-

fully forgave him. He further entreated him not to strike until he himself gave the signal, and then to fear nothing and strike home. With these words he lay down on the block. He was desired to place himself so that his face should look to the east. "It matters not," said he, "how the head lies, provided the heart be right." A minute or two of silent prayer, and he gave the signal; but from agitation, or some other cause, the executioner delayed the blow. Partially raising his head, he said aloud, "What dost thou fear? Strike, man!" The bright axe flashed through the air, and at two strokes the head was severed from the body. After being held up to the view of the multitude, according to custom, it was placed in a red leathern bag, carried to a mourning coach which was in attendance, and conveyed to Lady Raleigh. She preserved it with loving care during her twenty-nine years of widowhood; after which it descended as a precious heir-loom to his son Carew, and, according to some accounts, was buried with him at West Horsley, in Surrey. The hero's body was interred in St Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster.*

Sir Walter Raleigh was in his sixty-sixth year

* According to some writers, at Beddington. See Oldys, "Life of Raleigh," pp. 560-565; Tytler, "Life of Raleigh," pp. 410-427; J. A. St John, "Life of Raleigh," ii. 342-350; and Edward Edwards, "Life of Raleigh," i. *in loco*.

when he thus fell a victim to foreign hatred and domestic treachery.*

His death was the noble ending of a life which, with some dark stains, was also noble. The last scene of the chequered drama was the most impressive. And, truly, in the records of heroes or martyrs, in modern times or antiquity, I know of no passage more affecting or sublime. A great patriot, inferior to Raleigh in originality and versatility of genius, but not in devotion to his country, in courage, or heroic intrepidity—I mean Sir John Eliot—spoke in eloquent terms of his closing hours: "Matchless was his fortitude. It was a wonder and example, which, if the ancient philosophers could have witnessed, they had acknowledged as the equal of their virtue. . . His mind became the charm, as if already it had been freed from the cloud and oppression of the body, and such was his unmoved courage and placid temper, that while it changed the affection of the enemies who had come to witness it, and turned their joy into sorrow, it filled all men else with admiration and emotion."†

It is difficult, in the compass of a few sentences, to sum up the character of a man so original, so ver-

* "The nation could not help seeing in his death the sacrifice of the bravest and most renowned of Englishmen to the vengeance of Spain."—Hallam, "Const. History of England." i. 355. See the "Somers' Tracts," ii. 437.

† Forster, "Life of Sir John Eliot," 1. 34, 35.

satire, so many-sided. A just estimate of him would require us to consider him as poet, historian, courtier, soldier, seaman, politician, and statesman. In either of these capacities he excelled not only ordinary men, but men who had devoted themselves to, and obtained reputation in, their respective occupations. As a soldier he was surely equal to Vere; as a navigator he had all the boldness, if not the success, of Drake; he lacked Cecil's subtlety, and Burleigh's discretion as a statesman, but could form far loftier schemes of policy than either, and on many political subjects of the highest importance anticipated the judgment of a later age. His renown as a courtier is well deserved, for he long enjoyed Elizabeth's confidence, winning and retaining it by his sagacity, his wit, and his fine breeding. As an historian his breadth of view, his profundity of reflection, and dignity of manner entitle him to a foremost place; while his poetry has in every line the ring of the true gold, and is sweet and grave, lofty and tender, by turns, according to the master's pleasure. So extraordinary an instance of versatility is seldom presented in the annals of great men. Raleigh touched nothing which he did not adorn and make his own. He was equally eminent as a thinker and a man of action. His erudition was that of a scholar who was constantly immured among dusty volumes; yet his graceful address and gallant bearing outshone

the Leicesters, Essexes, and Hattons, of a chivalrous Court.

His marked superiority to his contemporaries is shown by the larger space he fills in the history of his time. We instinctively point to him as the representative man of the Elizabethan age; as the grandest type of those colonising, navigating, adventurous, persevering, fighting Englishmen, who ripened into full perfection under the last Tudor sovereign. We may judge, too, of the power there was in this not altogether perfect but very admirable and heroic spirit, by the fear in which he was held by James and his ministers, by the King and politicians of Spain. The destruction of a solitary individual was as eagerly meditated by them as if he had been a host. It is certain that they regarded him with a panic fear, nor felt free from danger until his head had fallen on the block.

I am no blind eulogist of the hero, nor do I paint him as without a fault. There were flaws in his character, or he would never have formed a true ideal of noble manhood; and errors in his career, or he would have contradicted the usual fortune of humanity. His ambition was too restless, too greedy, too overreaching; he was insatiable of power; and when he had set before him a great and worthy end to be gained, he was not over scrupulous in the use of means by which to gain it. He was haughty in his

bearing towards the common people, and seems to have cared little for their love; though by his own seamen, and the rough manly miners and mariners of Devonshire and Cornwall, he was adored. It may be that his hatred of Spain was carried to an excess, and that his intolerance of Papacy degenerated into bigotry; but it is not easy for us of the nineteenth century to understand the passionate patriotism with which all England, in Elizabeth's time, stood at bay before the preponderant Spanish power, or the bitter memories cherished in many a quiet English home of the fires of Smithfield,—of rack, and stake, and gibbet.

In conclusion, I would say, with one of my hero's most impartial biographers,* that Raleigh's fortunes were alike remarkable for brilliant successes and astounding reverses. Elevated to lofty station through the favour and discernment of England's greatest female sovereign, he perished on the scaffold through the hatred, and mean, cowardly policy of the weakest of her kings. To crown all, if his achievements "by land and sea" have associated his name with those of Drake and Hawkins and Grenville; if his success as a courtier has placed it in juxtaposition with those of Essex and Leicester; if his wisdom as a statesman has ranked him with Burleigh and Cecil; if, by his death, he has earned

* Macvey Napier, *Edinburgh Review*, April 1840.

a renown like that of Sidney and Russell,—it has been also his wondrous fortune to raise himself to the level of Bacon and Hooker by right of the memorable work with which “his prison hours enriched the world.”*

* I may here direct the student's attention to Mr Macvey Napier's very admirable article on the life of Raleigh, embodied in a review of Mr Tytler's biography, to which, however, I think, he hardly does justice. In the preceding pages I have generally indicated my authorities, but in addition to those already named, I ought to acknowledge the occasional use I have made of the works of Fuller, Antony à Wood, and Aubrey. Of Raleigh's career as a navigator, an excellent sketch is given in Southey's “Lives of the British Admirals.” Of recent memoirs Mr J. A. St John's is the more readable, lucid, and philosophical; Mr Edwards's the more critical, laborious, and exhaustive. His collection of Raleigh's letters (in his second volume) is especially valuable. An able estimate of Raleigh appeared in *The Times* of January 8, 1869; and in *The Spectator*, January 9 and January 16, 1869.

[We subjoin a few specimens of Raleigh's genius as a poet and a prose writer. The prose quotations are from his “*magnum opus*.”]

THE VALUE OF HISTORY.

It hath triumphed over time, which, besides it, nothing but eternity hath triumphed over; for it hath carried our knowledge over the vast and devouring space for so many thousands of years, and given to our mind such fair and piercing eyes, that we plainly behold living now, as if we had lived then, that great world, *Magni Dei sapiens*

opus,—the wise work, says Hermes, of a great God, as it was then when but new in itself. By it, it is, I say, that we live in the very time when it was created. We behold how it was governed; how it was covered with waters and again re-peopled; how kings and kingdoms have flourished and fallen; and for what virtue and piety God made prosperous, and for what vice and deformity He made wretched, both the one and the other. And it is not the least debt which we owe unto history, that it hath made us acquainted with our dead ancestors, and out of the depth and darkness of the earth delivered us their memory and fame. In a word, we may gather out of history a policy no less wise than eternal, by the comparison and application of other men's forepast miseries with our own lite errors and ill-deservings.—*Preface to the "History of the World."*

THE STARS.

And if we cannot deny but that God hath given virtues to springs and fountains, to cold earth, to plants, stones, minerals, and to the vilest part of the basest living creatures, why should we rob the beautiful stars of their working powers? for seeing they are many in number, and of eminent brightness and magnitude, we may not think that, in the treasury of His wisdom who is infinite, there can be wanting (even for every star) a peculiar virtue and operation, as every herb, plant, fruit, and flower, adorning the face of the earth, hath the same. For as these were not created to beautify the earth alone, and to cover and shadow her dusty face, but otherwise for the use of man and beast to feed them and cure them, so were not these mysterious and glorious bodies set in the firmament to no other end than to adorn it, but for instruments and organs of his Divine Providence, so far as it has pleased His just will to determine. Origen, upon this place of Genesis, "Let there be light in the firmament," affirmeth that the stars are not causes, but are as open^e books, wherein are contained and set down all things whatsoever to come, but not to be read by the eyes of

human wisdom And though for the capacity of men we know somewhat, yet in the true and uttermost virtues of plants and herbs, which ourselves sow and set, and which grow under our feet, we are in effect ignorant, much more in the powers and working of the celestial bodies. "For hardly," saith Solomon, "can we discern the things which are before us; who then can investigate the things which are in heaven?" But in this question of fate, the middle course is to be followed, that, as with the heathen, we do not bind God to his creatures in this supposed necessity of destiny; so, on the contrary, we do not rob these beautiful creatures of their powers and offices.—"History of the World," vol. ii. p. 29.

O N M A N.

"Man," says Gregory Nanzianzen, "is the bond or chain which tieth together both natures;" and because in the little frame of man's body there is a representation of the universal, therefore man was called Microcosmos, or the little world; . . . for out of the earth and dust was formed the flesh of man, and therefore heavy and lumpish; the bones of his body we may compare to the hard rocks and stones, and therefore strong and durable; his blood, which dispenseth itself by the branches of veins through all the body, may be resembled to those waters which are carried by brooks and rivers over all the earth; his breath to the air; his natural heat to the enclosed warmth which the earth hath in itself, which, stirred up by the heat of the sun, assisteth nature in the speedier production of those varieties which the earth bringeth forth; our radical moisture is resembled to the fat or fertility of the earth; the hairs of man's body, which adorn or overshadow it, to the grass which covereth the upper face or skin of the earth; . . . our determinations to the light, wandering, and unstable clouds carried everywhere with uncertain winds; our eyes to the light of the sun and moon, and the beauty of our youth to the flowers of the spring, which either in a very short time, or with the

sun's heat, dry up and wither away, or the fierce puffs of wind blow them from their stalks; the thoughts of our mind to the motions of angels, and our pure understanding, which always looketh upwards, to those intellectual natures which are always present with God; and, lastly, our immortal souls, while they are righteous, are by God himself beautified with the title of His own image and similitude; and although in respect of God there is no man just, or good, or righteous, "for behold He findeth folly in His angels," saith Job; yet with such a kind of difference as there is between the substance and the shadow, there may be found a goodness in man.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand;
 Fear not to touch the best;
 The truth shall be thy warrant.
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Say to the Court it glows
 And shines like rotten wood;
 Say to the Church it shows
 What's good, and doth no good.
 If Church and Court reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live
 Acting by others' action;
 Not loved unless they give;
 Not strong but by affection.
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Like nothing but commending :
And if they make reply,
Then tell them all they lie.

Tell Zeal it wants devotion ;
Tell Love it is but lust ;
Tell Time it is but motion ;
Tell Flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth ;
Tell Honour how it alters ;
Tell Beauty how she blasteth ;
Tell Favour how she falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness ;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie

Tell Physic of her boldness ;
 Tell Skill it is pretension ;
Tell Charity of coldness ;
 'Tell Law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them all the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness ;
 Tell Nature of decay ;
Tell Friendship of unkindness ;
 Tell Justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming ;
Tell Schools they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the city ;
 Tell how the country erreth ;
Tell Manhood shakes off pity ;
 Tell Virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Because, to give the lie,
 Deserves no less than stabbing ;
Stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

H Y M N.

Rise, oh! my soul, with my desires to heaven;
And with Divinest contemplation use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given;
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse,
But down in darkness let them lie:
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die!

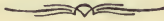
And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review, with most regardful eye,
That holy Cross, whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die!
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To Thee, O Jesus, I direct my eyes;
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees;
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice;
To Thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees—
To Thee myself,—myself and all I give;
To Thee I die; to Thee I only live!





Sir John Hawkins.



“WESTWARD HO!”

“Westward Ho! with a rumbelow,
And hurrah for the Spanish Main, ho!”

OLD BALLAD.

TO the present generation of Englishmen, the name of JOHN HAWKINS is, I fear, almost unknown. Mr Froude might have included him among those “Forgotten Worthies” of whom he has written so admirably. Yet he did good service in his time for his Queen and country; was, indeed, one of the representative men of the Elizabethan Age; inferior in practical ability to Drake; in ambition, chivalry, breadth of view, and mental range, to Raleigh; with altogether a coarser and rougher nature; yet a capable man, of signal daring and intrepidity, and not without a touch of true heroism in him.

In judging the character of Hawkins and his contemporaries, however, we ought to be sedulously careful not to form our judgment from a nineteenth century stand-point. There was a real and living earnestness in the spirit of the Elizabethan time of which our own knows nothing, and which, perhaps, is less necessary now than then. We can attain to no real understanding of the motives and actions of these men, if we do not realise to ourselves the conditions which surrounded them; if we do not remember that they were actors in England's desperate struggle for existence against a Power which swayed half the world; that their minds were roused to fever-heat by the cruelties which had dishonoured the Spanish name in the fair regions of the West; that they hated Popery with an intense and burning hatred, as the great enemy of their liberties, and the evil influence of the earth. At a later period, our ancestors were accustomed to combine in a trio of antipathies the Pope, the Pretender, and the Devil. The Elizabethans, in like manner, recognised the existence of three absolute and unrelenting foes, with whom there could be no truce,—the Spaniard, the Pope, and the Devil. And it was this ever-present, and ever-active conviction which roused them to do such deeds of daring as the world has never since seen equalled.

“An earnest faith in the supernatural,” says Mr

Froude,* "an intensely real belief in the Divine and devilish forces by which the universe was guided and misguided, was the inheritance of the Elizabethan age from Catholic Christianity. The fiercest and most lawless men did then really and truly believe in the actual personal presence of God or the devil in every accident, or scene, or action. They brought to the contemplation of the new heaven and the new earth an imagination saturated with the spiritual convictions of the old era, which were not lost, but only infinitely expanded. The planets, whose vastness they now learnt to recognise, were, therefore, only the more powerful for evil or for good; the tides were the breathing of Demogorgon; and the idolatrous American tribes were real worshippers of the real devil, and were assisted with the full power of his evil array."

We should bear these facts in mind when we apply our cold canons of criticism to the heroes of an heroic age. But it is our mistake that we too often seek to fashion them according to our nineteenth century standard; that, Procrustes-like, we lengthen here, and lop off there, to reduce facts and characters and events to what we deem a satisfactory system; and utterly disregard the true spirit of an epoch when Enthusiasm had broken up the stillness of the great deep, as the pool of

* J. A. Froude, "Short Studies on Great Subjects," 275.

Siloam was troubled by the descent of the angel of the Lord.

John Hawkins, the second son of Captain William Hawkins, and of Joan Trelawny, his wife,—evidently, by her name, of Cornish descent,—first saw the light at Plymouth about 1520. By right of the paternal blood, he was born to a sea career. His father was highly esteemed by Henry VIII. for nautical ability, and deserves to be commemorated as the first Englishman who traded to Brazil, having made two voyages thither in a vessel of his own, the "Paul, of Plymouth," in the years 1530 and 1532.* By virtue of his birthplace, moreover, and the influences under which his youth was passed, John Hawkins was destined to maritime renown. Plymouth was the principal seaport of a county which, under the Tudors, had become the nursery of brave and skilful seamen. It presented, as Prince quaintly says,† "a kind of invitation to maritime noble actions from its very commodiousness." Impossible, too, was it then, as it is now, for any bold-spirited lad to live on that beautiful coast, where the bright waters wash the feet of romantic cliffs, and wind inland under the shade of venerable trees, with an infinite beauty in the calm summer days and nights, and an appalling sublimity in the season

* Hakluyt, "Collection of Voyages and Discoveries," iii. 700.

† Prince, "Worthies of Devon."

of the tempest, without drinking in the inspiration of the sea.

From his earliest youth, therefore, John Hawkins was a sailor. As a boy, he gained experience by voyages to Spain, Portugal, and the Canaries, which were in those days, "extraordinary adventures," and may well be so considered, when we remember the cockle-shells of ten or twenty tons that composed our fathers' commercial flotillas. His fair dealing with the Canarians earned their favour, and they rewarded him with much information concerning the condition of the Spanish West Indies; assuring him that negroes were very good merchandise in Hispaniola, and that store of them might easily be had upon the coast of Guinea.

This intelligence opened up to him a prospect of advancement which his enterprising spirit could not disregard. He resolved upon an expedition to the African coast, and with the help of some worshipful friends in London—one of whom was Sir Thomas Rodger, his father-in-law—he fitted out three "good ships," the "Solomon," of 120 tons, the "Swallow," of 100, and the "Jonas," of 70,—*"in which small fleet he took with him not above an hundred men, for fear of sickness and other inconveniences, whercunto men in long voyages are commonly subject."* He sailed in October 1562, for Sierra Leone, where he got into his possession, partly by the sword, and

partly by other means, to the number of 300 negroes at the least, besides other merchandise which that country yieldeth. This strange cargo he carried to Hispaniola, and disposed of profitably; receiving in exchange some quantity of pearls, and hides, ginger, sugar, and other commodities in such abundance as not only to load his own vessels, but also two hulks, which he hired; and so, with much success, and great gain to himself and his friends, he sailed merrily homeward, arriving in September 1563.*

A vast amount of indignation has been expended upon Hawkins as the first Englishman who engaged in the slave trade. The fact is doubtful; but, assuming its correctness, we are bound to remember, that none of Hawkins's contemporaries saw anything to condemn in a traffic which our purer morality and better comprehension of the rights of humanity have taught us to regard as so iniquitous. They saw no harm in capturing and selling the African negroes, though they were loud and earnest in their condemnation of the Spaniards for enslaving the Indians of America. We must not expect from Hawkins a higher morality than was common to all his fellows. Even Las Casas, the gentle and benevolent apostle of the Indians, who devoted his noble life to ameliorating the condition of the American tribes, and who, in their behalf, confronted the

* Hakluyt, "Collection of Voyages and Discoveries," iii. 500.

Spanish Court, and dared the anger of grandees and adventurers—discovered no injustice in the negro slave trade, nor perceived the folly and wickedness of rescuing one race from bondage at the expense of another.* The gallant Englishmen who risked life and fortune on the shores of the New World, as the “armed soldiers of the Reformation, and as the avengers of humanity,” looked with no unfavourable eyes on negro slavery. Some of them, it is true, held themselves aloof from it, but not, I fear, because they were wiser or better than Hawkins. It was simply that they found gold-hunting a more lucrative and attractive pursuit.

Nevertheless, the slave trade was then, as it always has been, a bad, black, accursed business; and we cannot but regret that our Elizabethan worthies did not rise above it.† Let us own, too, that Hawkins was not one of the most scrupulous in its conduct. He was less gentle than Drake, and altogether of a coarser, ruder nature than Gilbert or Grenville.

In 1564, he sailed upon a second expedition. He

* See Mr Helps's thoughtful and able chapters on Slavery in his “History of the Spanish Conquest of America.” See, too, his “Life of Las Casas” (ed. 1868).

† “Hawkins,” says Southey, “is not individually to be condemned if he looked upon dealing in negroes to be as lawful as any other trade, and thought that force or artifice might be employed for taking them, with as little compunction as in hunting, fishing, or fowling; this was the common opinion of his age, and not a solitary voice had been raised against it.”—“Lives of the British Admirals,” iii. 69, 70.

had already gained so much fame as a navigator, that many of the Devonshire gentlemen placed their sons under his charge, to learn the "mysterie of seamanship;" and the Queen lent him one of her large vessels, the "Jesus of Lubeck," of 700 tons burden, to swell his small armada. His other ships were the "Solomon," of 140 tons, the "Tiger," of 50, and the "Swallow," of 30. They were well provided with stores, and carried, in all, 170 men.

On their way out they joined company with another Queen's ship, the "Minion,"—afterwards blown up, with some small loss of life,—and the "St John Baptist," of London, bound to Guinea. The directions which the Admiral issued for the guidance of this fleet were much commended by contemporary seamen, and are not unworthy of being presented to our readers:*

"The small ships to be always a-head and a-weather of the *Jesus*, and to speak twice a-day with the '*Jesus*' at least. If in the day the ensign be over the poop of the '*Jesus*,' or in the night two lights, then shall all the ships speak with her. If there be three lights aboard the '*Jesus*,' then doth she cast about. If the weather be extreme, that the small ships cannot keep company with the '*Jesus*,' then all to keep company with the '*Solomon*,' and forthwith repair to Teneriffe, to the northward of

* Hakluyt, "Collection of Early Voyages and Discoveries," iii. 503.

the road of Sirkves. If any happen to any misfortune, then to show two lights, and to shoot off a piece of ordnance. If any loose company, and come in sight again, to make three yaws, and strike the mizen three times. Serve God daily; love one another; preserve your victuals; beware of fire; and keep good company."

After touching at the Canaries, they made the Cape de Verde, where the natives are described as being more civil than any other, because of their daily traffic with the Frenchmen. Their courtesy was requited by Hawkins with an attempt to kidnap some of them for slaves, which, fortunately, proved unsuccessful.

Unable to enter the Rio Grande, Hawkins proceeded to one of the islands called Sambula, where he stayed awhile, landing daily to capture the inhabitants, and burn and spoil their towns. "We took many in that place, and as much of their fruits as we could well carry." It was a war of the giants against the pigmies, however, and Hawkins lost but one of his men in all his forays. He, having rashly delayed behind his retiring shipmates to gather pompions, was surprised, and slain by the negroes.*

In an attack upon a negro town, which Hawkins calls Bymebe, he was, however, less successful.

* Hakluyt, "Collection of Voyages and Discoveries," iii. 505.

Of the forty men whom he despatched against it seven were killed, and twenty severely wounded ; a misfortune due to their carelessness in leaving their ranks, and their avidity in each searching for what gold he could secure. To prevent his followers from growing despondent, Hawkins carried himself in a singularly wise manner, with countenance very cheerful outwardly, as though he did little weigh the death of his men, nor yet the great hurt of the rest ; although his heart inwardly was broken to pieces for it.

The expedition next sailed for the Spanish Main, but in crossing the Atlantic were becalmed for eighteen days—having now and then contrary winds and some tornadoes, which proved a grievous misfortune from their small supply of fresh water for so great a company of negroes and Europeans. “This,” says the old chronicler, “pinched us all ; and, that which was worst, put us in such fear, that many never thought to have reached the Indies without great death of negroes and of themselves ; but the Almighty God, which never suffereth His elect to perish, sent us the ordinary breeze.” It seems strange to us to read of these slave-hunters as among “the elect of God ;” yet it is certain that, however imperfect their conceptions of morality, however one-sided their notions of justice, they cherished a very real and earnest faith in the

Supreme, and sought, with more or less sincerity, to do His will.

Having arrived at Dominica, they received hospitable entertainment from the Spanish authorities, who, however, would not permit them to trade, nor to take on board a pilot. The Government of Spain had already grown apprehensive of the results that might follow the intrusion of the English into the Western seas, and were determined to allow them no share in the wealth of the New World. At Barburata, his ships were allowed to enter the harbour, and obtain supplies of provisions. After some delay, and a considerable interchange of missives, the Governor licensed him to dispose of his living cargo, but entirely refused to abate anything of the King's royalty, which was thirty ducats upon every slave.*

Hawkins was of opinion, however, that so considerable a tax would leave him but little profit upon his negroes; and as he could not obtain his price by fair means, he did not hesitate to resort to force. Landing one hundred resolute men, armed to the teeth with bows and arrows, arquebuses and pikes, he marched towards the town, whose inhabitants were unable to resist such potent arguments, and, complying against their will, bought Hawkins's negroes on his own terms, and with little regard to the King's royalty.

* Hakluyt, "Collection of Voyages," 506.

Flushed with success, he now proceeded to the island of Curaçoa, where he and his men found a great traffic for hides, and great refreshing both of beef, mutton, and lambs; whereof there was such plenty that, saving for skins, they had the flesh given them for nothing; and the worst in the ship thought sore, not only of mutton, but also of sodden lamb, which they disdained to eat unroasted. After experiencing some heavy gales, they made Rio de la Hacha, where they were encountered with the same unreasonable prejudices on the part of the Spanish authorities, and were refused permission to traffic. Hawkins repeated the excuse he had given at Barburata, that contrary winds had driven him into those parts, and such being the case, he was determined not to lose his right of trade. Therefore he would use force if need be, and he left it to them either to give him license or else stand to their own defence.

They granted the license, but for the slaves offered a price less by one half than he had obtained at Barburata. Whereupon Hawkins addressed to them an indignant letter, saying that they dealt too rigorously with him, to go about to cut his throat in the price of his commodities, which were so reasonably rated as they could not, by a great deal, have the like at any other man's hands; but seeing they had sent him this to his supper, he

would in the morning bring them as good a breakfast.*

Accordingly, at daybreak, he fired a culverin by way of prelude, and landing with one hundred men and two small brass guns, speedily obtained compliance with his demands. His bill of fare was one which the Spaniards did not care to refuse, and he disposed of his negroes on terms which he considered satisfactory. He then parted with them very civilly, and sailed for Jamaica, but, going astray, and being in great want of water, he made for the coast of Florida. Here he fell in with a small Huguenot colony on the river May, and most generously relieved their necessities. Afterwards he sailed for England. Contrary winds sorely delayed his course, and he suffered much from scarcity of provisions, but, in the month of September, duly arrived at the port of Padstow, in Cornwall, "with the loss of twenty persons in all the voyage, and with great profit to the venturers, as well as to the whole realm, in bringing home both gold, silver, pearls, and other jewels great store. His name, therefore, be praised for evermore. Amen."

Instead of censuring Hawkins for kidnapping and piracy, Elizabeth's Government rewarded him for opening up new channels to the unresting enterprise and gathering commerce of England. By way of

* Hakluyt, "Collection of Voyages," 512.

increase and augmentation of honour, a coat of arms and crest were settled upon him and his posterity, by a patent thus worded: "He bears sable on a point waver, a lion passant gold, in chief three bezants. Upon his helm a wreath argent and azure, *a demi-Moor, in his proper colour, bound and captive*, with annulets on his arms and ears," a not unfitting symbol of the injurious traffic in which he had unfortunately engaged.

Restless and ever-stirring, like all the Elizabethan seamen, I find him next engaged in an expedition designed to assist the Huguenots of Rochelle in their struggle against the Catholic forces. On his return home, he was invited by the London merchants to undertake another voyage to Guinea and the Spanish main, and accordingly he set sail from Plymouth in October 1567, in the "Jesus of Lubeck," accompanied by the "Minion;" the "Judith," with Captain Francis Drake as vice-admiral; the "William and John," and a couple of pinnaces.*

At Cape de Verd he landed 150 men to capture negroes; but they were met with a stout resistance, secured a few victims only, and these with great hurt and danger to themselves, chiefly, it was thought, proceeding from poisoned arrows; "for although, in the beginning, the hurts seemed to be but small, there hardly escaped any that had blood drawn of them, but died in strange sort, with their

* Hakluyt, "Collection of Voyages," 521.

mouths shut some ten days before they died, and after their wounds were whole." Thence they proceeded on their voyage, searching with all diligence the rivers from Rio Grande to Sierra Leone, yet getting together not more than 150 slaves. Sickness and the lateness of the season then compelled Hawkins to sail for the West Indies. But, previous to weighing anchor, he consented to assist a negro chief at war with his neighbour, on condition that he should be rewarded with all the prisoners captured. With 120 men and his negro allies he assaulted a town, containing 8000 inhabitants, and strongly fenced and palisaded, and after a fierce struggle, in which he lost six killed and forty wounded, took it by storm, set it on fire, and carried off 250 prisoners, men, women, and children.

Having thus collected upwards of 400 negroes, he made for the island of Dominica, disposing of his booty at various places along the coast, unknown to the Spanish authorities. At Rio de la Hacha, however, he found himself, according to his rude notions, discourteously treated, and resorted to his customary forcible arguments to impress on the Spaniards the value and importance of civility. He stormed and took the town, spite of garrison and bulwarks, and thereafter opened up a secret trade, by which he got rid of two hundred negroes.*

* Hakluyt, "Collection of Voyages," 522.

On their way to Florida, the English ships were overtaken in a storm which raged for four days, and were so severely shattered that it became indispensable to put into some harbour and refit. On Florida coast they found no suitable port. Accordingly they sailed southward to St Juan de Luz. In seeking of which port, says Hawkins, we took on our way three ships, which carried passengers to the number of one hundred; which passengers we hoped should be a means to us the better to obtain victuals for our money, and a quiet place for the repairing of our fleet.

Hawkins arrived at St Juan de Luz on the 16th of September. Twelve Spanish vessels * were lying there, which had on board, it was said, two hundred thousand pounds in gold and silver, and Hawkins, in his narrative, boasts of his generosity in setting them at liberty, as well as the passengers he had taken, without helping himself to the weight of a groat. He acted from prudence, however, rather than from any more liberal motive.

Having demanded and received a couple of hostages, Sir John despatched a carefully-worded missive to the Viceroy of Mexico, in which he represented that he had been driven into the Spanish port by bad weather, want of provisions, and the shattered condition of his vessels; wherefore he requested per-

* Herrera, the Spanish historian, says six.

mission to purchase the necessary supplies, and also, that such instructions might be given as would prevent any collision arising between him and the Spanish fleet, when the latter should arrive.*

It arrived on the very next morning; but Hawkins proved equal to the emergency. No sooner were the great Spanish ships seen in the offing than he sent to "advertise their general" of his presence, and to give him to understand that, before he would suffer him to enter the port, some "order of condition" must be settled between them for their safe-being and the maintenance of peace.

Now it is to be understood, says Hawkins, that this port is made by a little island of stones, not three feet above the water in the highest place, and but a bowshot of length any way; this island standeth from the mainland two bowshots or more. In all that part of the coast there is no other harbour in which ships can anchor safely, because it is so furiously visited by the north wind, that unless they are moored with great security, and "their anchors fastened upon this island," there is no remedy for them but death. The place of the haven, moreover, is so little, that of necessity the ships must ride aboard one another, or that we could not give place to them, nor they to us. And here, continues our adventurous mariner, I began to bewail that which

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," p. 522.

afterward followed ; for I found myself in two dangers, and forced to receive the one of them,—that was, either he must keep out the fleet, which he felt himself well able to do; or else he must suffer them to enter “with their accustomed treason,” which they never fail to execute, when they may have opportunity to compass it by any means.

But if Hawkins kept them out, he reasoned that the Spanish fleet could not possibly escape shipwreck, and as the value of its cargo was not less than £1,800,000 in English money, he justly concluded that he would be unable to answer for its loss to the Queen’s Majesty. Now if the old sea-kings feared anything in this world, it was the righteous wrath of “the Queen’s Majesty,” and Hawkins accordingly resolved to abide the uncertainty rather than the certainty; to trust to the dubious faith of the Spaniards rather than confront the anger of Elizabeth.

On board the Spanish fleet was a new Viceroy of Mexico, one Don Martin Henriquez, with whom Hawkins now proceeded to conclude a formal treaty of peace.

It was argued between these “high contracting parties” that the English should be permitted to buy what provisions they needed, and to sell “as much ware” as might furnish their wants; that each party should give up ten gentlemen as hostages; and that the island, which served as a breakwater to the

harbour, should be placed in the possession of the English during their stay, as well as the eleven brass guns then planted on the island; and, finally, that no Spaniards, armed, should be suffered to land upon it.*

The Viceroy gave a writing signed with his hand, and sealed with his seal, confirming all these conditions; and, immediately after, commandment was made, by sound of trumpet, that whoever violated the peace should suffer death. The two generals met, and pledged their faith to each other; and all things, apparently, being concluded to their mutual satisfaction, the Spaniards sailed into port, exchanging salutes with the English, as "the manner of the sea" requires. Thus, says Hawkins:† Thursday we entered the port, Friday we saw the Spanish fleet, and on Monday at night they entered. Then we laboured for two days to moor the English ships apart from the Spanish, the captains as well as the inferior men on both sides, making warm protestations of amity; which, adds Hawkins, even as with all fidelity it was meant on our parts, so the Spaniards meant nothing less on theirs.‡

In the present day, when the principles of inter-

* A somewhat different account is given by the Spanish historian, Herrera.

† Hakluyt, "Voyages," p. 523.

‡ Hakluyt, "Vovages," pp. 523, 524.

national policy are more strictly defined and better understood—when the laws of morality, I may add, receive a loftier and broader interpretation—there seems something perfectly amazing in this audacious achievement of the Elizabethan seaman. He forces an entrance into the port of a friendly power—a power, at all events, between whom and England no open hostilities prevail; he seeks to carry on a commerce which that power has expressly forbidden; he endeavours to force the Spanish authorities into acts of disobedience to their own sovereign; the treasure-ships of the Spanish King arrive, but he debars them from entering their own harbour until they assent to the conditions which he imposes upon them; and, finally, he only refrains from exposing them to certain shipwreck, on the reflection that he is not able very conveniently to excuse such an action—not to the Spanish sovereign, but to his own Queen! We should certainly be inclined to regard, in these modern days, such conduct as the license of an unscrupulous buccaneer, or the recklessness of a wretched pirate; yet, as Mr Froude remarks, it would be to misread history and to forget the change of times, if we looked upon Hawkins, and the men like him, his contemporaries and successors, as mere commonplace buccaneers. We must consider this affair of St Juan de Luz, and the general course of action of the Elizabethan seaman, from a very

different point of view. We must be just enough and wise enough to refrain from measuring their conduct by the moral standard which has only of late years been set up. We must remember that they considered themselves as "the elect" to whom God had given the heathen for an inheritance; that they were men of stern intellect and fanatical faith, who, believing themselves the favourites of Providence, imitated the example and assumed the privileges of the chosen people; and for their worst and wildest acts considered themselves entitled to claim Divine approval. In seizing negroes or in pillaging galleons they were but entering into possession of the heritage of the saints; and England had to outgrow the theology of the Elizabethan Calvinists, before it could understand that the Father of Heaven respected neither person nor colour, and that this arbitrary power—if more than a dream of divines—was confined to spiritual privileges.*

Hawkins soon had reason to suspect that the Spaniards did not consider themselves bound by the treaty they had signed. Suspicious movements took place daily; shifting of weapons from ship to ship; planting and landing of ordnance from the ships to the island; and reinforcements of troops from the shore to the ships. To the inquiries he thereupon addressed

* J. A. Froude, "History of England under the reign of Elizabeth" (vol. ii.).

to the Viceroy he received only an evasive reply, and having discovered that three hundred men had been secretly conveyed on board a ship of 900 tons, which lay dangerously near the "Minion," his suspicions grew into certainties, and his certainties aroused his alarms. The master of the "Jesus" spoke Spanish. Hawkins, therefore, sent him to remonstrate with the Viceroy, who, perceiving that further disguise was impossible, threw the master into chains, sounded his trumpets, and directed an immediate attack. And here I may observe that if Hawkins was not justified in forcing an entrance into a friendly port, the treachery of the Spanish authorities, after solemnly signing conditions of agreement with him, was equally inexcusable.

The moment chosen for the assault was most unfavourable to the English, from the number of their men then ashore; few of whom effected their escape to the ships. In the harbour the battle raged most furiously. The largest Spanish galleon immediately fell aboard the "Minion," but—says the chronicler, with pious unction—by God's appointment, in the time of the suspension we had, which was only one half-hour, the "Minion" was made ready to avoid; and so, loosing her head-fasts, and hauling away by the stern-fasts, she was gotten out; thus, with God's help, she defended the violence of the first brunt of these three hundred men. The

"Minion" having forced a passage, the enemy fell aboard the "Jesus," whose seamen, encouraged by their heroic commander, fought most desperately. Attacked by three ships, she bravely resisted them all, and contrived to get clear of the fleet; the fight being so hot, that, within one hour, the admiral of the Spaniards was supposed to be sunk, their vice-admiral burnt, and one other of their principal vessels destroyed.

Our general, writes the chronicler, courageously cheered up his soldiers and gunners, and called to Samuel, his page, for a cup of beer; who brought it in a silver cup; and he, drinking to all his men, willed his gunners to stand by their ordnance lustily. He had no sooner set the cup out of his hand but a demi-culverin shot stroke away the cup and a cooper's plane that stood by the mainmast, and ran out on the other side of the ship; which nothing dismayed our general, for he ceased not to encourage us, saying, "Fear nothing, for God, who hath preserved me from this shot, will also deliver us from these traitors and villaines."

But though clear of the fleet, Hawkins and his men suffered severely from the artillery on the island, of which he had imprudently omitted to take possession.

It did us, says Hawkins,* so great annoyance, that

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," pp. 523, 524.

it cut all the masts and yards of the "Jesus," in such sort that there was no hope to carry her away. Also it sunk our small ships (with the exception of the "Judith," a small bark of 50 tons); and, accordingly, we resolved to place the "Jesus," on the leeward side of the "Minion," so that she might serve as a protection against the battery; and then to take out of her the provisions and stores, prior to abandoning her. While they were thus resolving, and had placed the "Minion" out of range, the Spaniards suddenly fired two great ships which were coming directly with them; and as the English had no means of avoiding the fire, they were seized, as is not unusual with the bravest under such circumstances, with a panic; so that some cried, "Let us depart with the 'Minion,'" others, "Let us see whether the wind will carry the fire from us."

In this strait, the men of the "Minion" showed a strange lack of loyalty. Their sails being all in readiness, they thought to extricate themselves from the danger by a rapid flight, and it was with difficulty they received Hawkins himself on board. Most of the men left alive in the "Jesus" contrived to follow the "Minion" in their boat, but those whom the boat could not hold were forced to abide the mercy of the Spaniards, who treated them, in truth, with an infamous cruelty, hanging them up by the arms upon high posts until the blood burst

out of their finger ends, flogging others, condemning them to the prisons and galleys, and burning not a few as heretics. Two, Miles Philips, and Job Hartop, afterwards effected their escape,* and published a narrative of their sufferings, which contributed to nourish the abhorrence of the Spanish name so long entertained by Englishmen.

Thus, then, only two ships came out of the fatal harbour of St Juan de Luz,† and during the fol-

* Their narratives are included by Hakluyt in his "Voyages," pp. 472-491.

† I subjoin Mr Froude's account of this remarkable action, for the benefit of younger readers :

"The halcyon weather was about to close in a tornado. The small harbour of Juan de Luz is formed by a natural breakwater, which lies across the mouth of the bay. The day after the English ships entered, a Spanish fleet appeared outside, consisting of thirteen men-of-war, the smallest of them larger than the 'Jesus,' a force from which, in the open sea, escape might have been possible, but with which, under the fairest conditions, it would have been madness to have sought an engagement. If Hawkins could have made up his mind to dispute the entrance of a Spanish admiral into one of his own harbours, he believed that he could have saved himself, for the channel was narrow, and the enemy's numbers would give him no advantage. But neither his own nor Elizabeth's ingenuity could have invented a pretext for an act of such desperate insolence. At best he would be blockaded, and sooner or later would have to run. The Spaniards passed in and anchored close on board the Englishmen. For three days there was an interchange of ambiguous courtesies. On the fourth Philip's admiral had satisfied himself of Hawkins' identity. He had been especially sent upon this coast to look for him ; and by the laws of nations he was unquestionably justified in treating the English commander as a pirate. The form of calling on him to surrender was dispensed with. The name of Hawkins was so terrible

lowing night the "Judith" parted company, leaving Hawkins and his men alone upon the ocean in a shattered bark of 200 tons. They wandered to and fro for fourteen days, until hunger compelled them to land on the coast of Tabasco. Here a number of his people requested to be set ashore, willing to throw themselves upon the dangerous compassion of savages rather than perish at sea by drowning

that the Spaniards dared not give him warning that he was to be attacked. They took possession of the mole in the dark, and mounted batteries upon it; and then from shore and sea every gun which could be brought to bear opened upon the 'Jesus' and her commander. Taken by surprise, for many of their boats' crews were in the town, the English fought so desperately that two of the largest of the Spanish ships were sunk, and another set on fire. The men on shore forced their way on board to their companions; and, notwithstanding the tremendous odds, the result of the action still seemed uncertain; when the Spaniards sent down two fireships, and then Hawkins saw that all was over, and that vessels and treasures were lost. The only hope now was to save. The survivors of them were crowded on board two small tenders, one of fifty tons, the other rather larger; and leaving the 'Jesus' and the other ships, the gold and silver bars, the negroes, and their other spoils to burn or sink, they crawled out under the fire of the mole and gained the open sea. Here their position scarcely seemed less desperate. They were short of food and water. Their vessels had suffered heavily under the fire; they were choked up with men, and there was not a harbour west of the Atlantic where they could venture to run. A hundred seamen volunteered to take their chance on shore some leagues distant down the coast, and after wandering miserably through the woods for a few days, they were taken and carried as prisoners to Mexico. Hawkins and Drake and the rest made sail for the English Channel, which, in due time, in torn and wretched plight, they contrived to reach."—Froude, "History of England in the reign of Elizabeth," iii. pp. 360-362.

or famine. Thirty-six of them came to this resolution, which, desperate as it was, Hawkins could not reasonably oppose. If they remained on board they must perish of starvation or resort to the most terrible means of satisfying hunger. He therefore gave each of them liberty to depart, with six yards of roan cloth, and money to them that demanded it. And after they had landed, he paid them a farewell visit, embracing them, shedding many tears, and greatly grieving over the hard fate that separated them; counselling them, moreover,—like a true-hearted man as he was, despite of his rough, fierce Viking nature, and hazy notions of international morality,—to serve God and love one another. Then he spake the last sad parting words, promising that if God sent him safe home he would do what he could, that so many of them as survived should by some means be brought into England—a promise he did not fail to perform.

After incurring great peril in a storm, which raged for three days, Hawkins got clear at length of that fatal coast, and of the Gulf of Bahama. But so many of his men died of want and exhaustion, and so many of the survivors were incapable of toil, that he had scarcely hands enough to sail his vessel. The wind being unfavourable for his course to England, he made for the coast of Galicia, and on the last day of the year put into Pontevedra. His mis-

fortunes were not ended. Through an excess of fresh meat he lost more of his scanty crew; and perceiving that the Spaniards, in spite of his attempts to conceal it, had discovered his weakness, and were plotting to seize his vessel, he suddenly set sail and removed to Vigo. There, from some English ships lying in the harbour, he obtained assistance; and his crew being strengthened by twelve volunteers, he contrived to reach England, after enduring a series of misfortunes to which those of Ulysses were as nothing, and whose unusual severity fully justified the assertion with which his narrative concludes:

“If all the miseries and troublesome affairs of this sorrowful voyage should be perfectly and thoroughly written, there should need a painful man with his pen, and as great a time as he had that wrote the lives and deaths of the martyrs.”*

When we next meet with Sir John Hawkins it is on a very different field, and under a very different character. In July 1571 the political “situation” in England was one of no slight peril and perplexity. The Catholic party were restlessly plotting against the Queen’s government, abetted and encouraged by the Papal Nuncio and the Spanish Ambassador. Philip prepared for a second invasion of England, but with a secrecy which baffled all the efforts of Elizabeth’s minister, the astute Cecil, to discover the

* Hakluyt, “Voyages,” iii. p. 526.

full extent and direct object of his preparations. Yet to know where the blow would fall was to be half armed against it, and Cecil anxiously waited for some opportunity of plucking out the heart of the mystery which boded so ill for England.

Just at this time Hawkins was endeavouring to obtain the release of the survivors of his unfortunate expedition, who had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards. Unable to succeed by force, he proceeded to eke out the lion's skin with the fox's subtlety. With Cecil's secret permission he repaired to Don Gueran, the Spanish Ambassador, complaining bitterly of the ill usage he had received from his government, and inquiring whether nothing could be done for the relief of his followers. This interview was followed by others, in which Sir John gave the Ambassador reason to believe that he was dealing with an angry and disappointed man, who, for a proper bribe, would enter the Spanish service, and carry over with him the finest ships and bravest seamen in the Queen's navy.* Don Gueran was as completely beguiled as Sir John meant him to be; and he wrote to Philip's secretary, Cazas, an account of the offer which seemed to fit in so felicitously with the project of the intended invasion.

Meanwhile Hawkins, encouraged by his success, but clearly perceiving that he had not yet reached

* J. A. Froude, "History of England," iv. 261.

further than the threshold of the secret, decided on the bold step of applying immediately to Philip, and for this purpose despatched one of his confidential officers to Spain. Over the details of the ingenious operations which followed I cannot linger; nor is it necessary, since they have been traced out by Mr Froude with his wonted lucidity, and described with his characteristic vigour. The Queen of Scots became involved in the embroglio, and Cecil found himself at length on the right track for discovering matter of the highest importance to the State. With some additional deception the whole truth came out: that England was to be invaded, and at the end of the summer; and Cecil learned every detail which could be of service in enabling him to avert the threatened danger.

The nice morality of the present day will, perhaps, censure our two Englishmen, Cecil and Hawkins, for the stratagem they employed, and look upon such craft as derogatory to the character of a great statesman and an eminent commander. But we must remember how difficult a game Elizabeth's minister was playing—foes without and foes within—and that the stake was the liberty and security of Protestant England. In an age of force and fraud surely not even the purest can fight with stainless weapons. Cunning must be met by cunning; the traitor must be fought with treachery

We may, perhaps, regret such a necessity, but we can hardly condemn those who, in the defence of their dearest rights and most precious privileges, seek to outwit oppression and to baffle tyranny.*

However, I gladly turn from these strokes of policy to more straightforward warfare. In 1573, Hawkins was appointed treasurer of the navy, an office of great responsibility and considerable labour, which he filled much to the advantage of the service. In 1588 he was promoted to a Vice-Admiralship, and appointed to the command of one of the four divisions of the fleet which encountered and defeated the Armada. His zeal and gallantry were then rewarded with the well-deserved honour of knighthood, an honour never bestowed by Elizabeth on any unworthy individual. It would seem that at this period he enjoyed a position of great credit and worldly happiness. He had accumulated a considerable fortune, so that he and his brother were owners of thirty ships; he was esteemed in his own profession as an able and upright seaman, and trusted by the Queen as a faithful and experienced servant.

In 1590 he was associated with Sir Martin Frobisher in the command of a squadron of ten vessels, despatched to intercept the Indian treasure-ships, and to harass and alarm the coast of Spain. In this, however, they were unsuccessful, the Spaniards

* Froude, "History of England," iv. 271.

having obtained secret information of their design; and though they cruised about for several months, they were compelled to return home empty-handed. Hawkins felt so much annoyance at the failure of the expedition, that he considered it desirable to publish an apologetic narrative, which he concluded with the Scriptural phrase: "Paul planteth and Apollos watereth, but it is God who giveth the increase." The allusion provoked from Elizabeth the characteristic exclamation: "God's death! this fool went out a soldier, and is come home a divine!"*

I presume, however, that the great Queen was satisfied with his soldierly qualities when she gave him, in 1593, the joint command of a West Indian expedition, projected by the illustrious Drake, as a counter-move against a second Armada scheme meditated by Philip of Spain. Their force consisted of six Queen's ships, and twenty-one private vessels, having on board about 2500 seamen and soldiers. The latter were under the command of Sir Thomas Baskerville. Drake hoisted his flag in the "Defiance," and Hawkins in the "Garland."

After a considerable delay, caused by reports that a Spanish fleet had sailed for the invasion of England, the two admirals sailed from Plymouth Sound on the 20th of August 1595. Favourable

* Lediard, "History of the English Navy," p. 274. The anecdote is also told by Monson.

winds carried them in four weeks to the island of the Great Canary, whose conquest they resolved to attempt; but the Spanish Government, fully informed of the strength and object of the expedition, had had time to warn their colonial settlements and put them in a state of defence, and after an empty demonstration, Drake and Hawkins were compelled to abandon an enterprise which could only have resulted in lamentable failure.

Somewhat discomposed, I fancy, they continued their course for the West Indies, and arriving at Guadaloupe, landed their men to refresh themselves, took on board much needed supplies of fuel and water, and refitted their ships. Their object now was to capture a Spanish galleon which was supposed to be lying at Puerto Rico, but all hopes of a successful issue to their enterprise were destroyed by a peculiarly unfortunate mishap.

The day after the arrival of the English at Guadaloupe, five Spanish *zabras*—ships of about 200 tons—were sighted on the track from Dominica to Puerto Rico, evidently intended for the convoy of the great treasure-ship.* They were part of a squadron of eight vessels, under Don Pedro Tello, which had been despatched for that purpose. One of Hawkins's small vessels fell in with them, and was captured in sight of a caraval that escaped,

* Purchas, "Pilgrims," vol. iv., p. 1171.

and bore the ill news to the English commanders. Hawkins immediately foresaw that their designs would be discovered by the Spanish admiral, and that such precautions would be taken as to render the cutting out of the galleon an impossibility. It is said that thereupon he fell sick with chagrin. Instead, however, of making all sail for Puerto Rico, and possibly anticipating the arrival of the Spanish convoy, the English commanders, for some unknown reason, lingered three days longer at Guadaloupe.

They hoisted sail once more on the 4th of November, and on the 8th were off the Virgin Islands. Here they could obtain no fresh water, but fish was abundant, and the men also went ashore in pursuit of game. Another delay occurred; a delay arising, it is said, from a difference of opinion between the two admirals; and we are told that this difference aggravated Hawkins's illness, which, on the 12th of November, when the fleet was passing the easternmost point of Puerto Rico, terminated fatally.* But as the fine old sea-king, at the time of his death, numbered three and seventy years, we may reasonably suppose that a frame, weakened by age, hardships, and long service, succumbed to one of those diseases incidental to a hot climate.

Hawkins had spent eight and forty years in the service of his country, and was justly reputed one

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," p. 584.

of the ablest seamen of an age fruitful in good seamen. His courage was unquestionable; his integrity never suspected; his geniality endeared him to his followers; his faithfulness commended him to his sovereign. He seems to have stood wholly aloof from the intrigues that disturbed the quiet of Elizabeth's court, and to have devoted himself, with equal zeal and success, to the improvement of England's infant navy. As to his person, we are told by one of his biographers that he was esteemed graceful in his youth, and of a very grave and reverend aspect when advanced in years. He was well versed in mathematical learning; every branch of maritime affairs he understood "thoroughly, and to the bottom." He was not only of an intrepid resolution—in which virtue, indeed, we find none of the Elizabethan seamen deficient—but of a remarkable promptitude of mind, so that no sudden accident or difficulty ever found him unprepared. The one great stain on his character is his connection with the nefarious slave-trade, but I have shown some good reasons, I believe, why his conduct in this matter should be leniently judged by those who estimate his character from a nineteenth century point of view. It is certain that he was esteemed by his contemporaries as a man of honour, prudence, generosity, and unblemished integrity. That he was foremost among the navigators of Eliza-

beth's reign may be concluded from his various enterprises, no less than from the eulogium pronounced upon him by so competent an authority as Sir Walter Raleigh. "For his experience and valour," said that noble spirit, "Hawkins was as eminent as England ever had." Like other of his fellow adventurers—of that company of stern, God-fearing men whom we find in the courts of China and Japan; fighting Spaniards in the Pacific, or in chains among the Algerines; founding colonies destined hereafter to develop into vast transatlantic commonwealths; or exploring in crazy pinnaces the fierce latitudes of the polar seas;* his fame has been too much overshadowed by the surpassing renown of Drake; or surely England would keep his memory green as that of one of her bravest and most deserving sons.

* J. A. Froude, "Short Studies on Great Subjects," p. 317.





Sir Humphrey Gilbert.



“ Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

“ Alas ! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night ;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

“ He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;
‘ Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,’
He said, ‘ by water as by land !’

“ In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal’s sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

“ The moon and the evening star
 Were hanging in the shrouds ;
 Every mast, as it passed,
 Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

“ They grappled with their prize,
 At midnight black and cold !
 As of a rock was the shock ;
 Heavily the ground-swell rolled.”

LONGFELLOW.



PEAKING of SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT—
 who has always seemed to me the very
 Paladin of the Elizabethan navigators, and
 the Bayard of the sea—Mr Froude is led to deplore
 the degeneracy of the English race. He was one,
 says the great historian, of a race which has ceased
 to be. We look round for them, and can hardly
 believe that the same blood is flowing in our veins.
 Brave we are, and strong perhaps as they, but the
 high moral grace which made bravery and strength
 so beautiful is departed from us for ever.*

And yet without that high moral grace,—without a
 certain chivalrousness of spirit and loftiness of aspira-
 tion,—the bravest and strongest nation will undergo
 a lamentable change in spirit, temper, and conduct.
 To a great people these qualities are as needful as
 purity to a beautiful woman, or melody of verse to a
 robust poet. It is the bloom of the flower, the ex-
 quisite verdure of the meadow, the brightness of the

* J. A. Froude, “Short Studies on Great Subjects,” p. 324.

stream. When I remember the brave deeds of endurance done in the trenches before Sebastopol, and the noble unselfishness and enthusiasm displayed in the face of the revolted hordes of India, and the splendid self-devotion of the heroes who, with arms presented, and serried ranks, went down with the sinking "Birkenhead" into the depths of ocean—I am inclined to think that Mr Froude's complaint is the exaggeration of an over-sensitive mind; but were it justified by facts, I know not how we can better redeem the reproach than by studying the character and emulating the career of Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

Some two miles above the port of Dartmouth,—to quote again from Mr Froude,—on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches, has stood for some centuries the Manor House of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's throw of the windows. It is embosomed among fresh green woods; looks inland over a far extent of beautiful country; looks seaward, across a broad estuary, spotted with white sails, like a blue sky with fleecy clouds.

Here, in the year 1535, was born Humphrey Gilbert, the son of a worshipful Devonshire gentleman, and of a noble-minded mother, who, by a

second marriage, was also mother of Walter Raleigh. He was educated at Eton, whence, in due time, he was removed to Oxford; earning, both at school and college, a brilliant reputation for splendid parts, and for that love of study and unflinching perseverance without which brilliant parts are of no avail. From Oxford he proceeded to Ireland, obtaining employment in the Queen's service, and now distinguishing himself by his relentless severity against the Irish rebels—his exploits winning the commendation of the Lord-Deputy, Sir Harry Sidney*—and now applying himself to his favourite study of geography and mathematics with all his natural ardour of dis-

* Of this severity I may present the reader with an illustration. Gilbert, in November 1567, was in command at Kilmallock, with instructions to crush out the last sparks of rebellion, and with a jurisdiction extending over the west of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick. That his proceedings were successful would appear from the report he addressed to Sir Harry Sidney, in which he describes Kerry as so quiet that he had but to send his horse-boy for any man, and he would come. How the success was obtained we shall presently learn.

“My manner of dealing,” he writes, “was to show them all [*i.e.*, the rebellious Irish Papists] that they had more need of her Majesty than she of their service; neither yet that we were afraid of any number of them, our quarrel being so good. I slew all those from time to time that did belong to, feed, accompany, or maintain any outlaws or traitors; and after my first summoning of any castle or fort, if they would not presently yield it, I would not afterwards take it of their gift, but won it perforce, how many lives soever it cost, putting man, woman, and child of them to the sword. Neither did I spare any malefactors unexecuted that came to my hands in any respect; using all those that I had protected with all courtesy and friendship that I might, being for my part constantly of this opinion, that no conquered

position. The scenes of his childhood had had an influence on his imagination which did not weaken with time. The occupations of his leisure—if, indeed, leisure was ever known to any of the Elizabethan men!—were the invention of instruments for observing the starry bodies, and determining the form of the earth; the correction of certain great errors disfiguring the naval sea-cards; and the discussion of questions bearing upon colonisation, the discovery of a north-west passage, and the opening up of new channels of commercial enterprise.

Returning to England, and appearing at Court, nation will ever yield willingly their obedience for love, but rather for fear.”*

Yet, says Mr Froude, Gilbert, the author of these atrocities, was not a bad man. As times went, he passed for a brave and chivalrous gentleman, not the least distinguished in that high band of adventurers who carried the English flag into the Western hemisphere—a founder of colonies, an explorer of unknown seas, a man of sincere, and, above all, a man of special piety. In this very Irish service he displayed signal and splendid courage. He held a ford near Kilmallock single-handed against a troop of Irish horse, to cover the passage of his people. He regarded himself as dealing rather with savage beasts than human beings, and, when he tracked them to their dens, he strangled the cubs and rooted out the entire broods.

And not he only, continues the historian, but the Queen's representative, the statesman, the gentleman, the accomplished Sidney—he, too, for these doings could find but words of praise; nay, could scarce find words sufficient to express his admiration of them. “For the Colonel,” he wrote to Cecil, “I cannot say enough. The highways are now made free where no man might travel un-

* Letter to Sir Harry Sidney, December 1567, quoted by Froude, vol. x. pp. 507, 508.

he obtained the countenance of his royal mistress, and before the Privy Council and herself unfolded his adventurous projects. The arguments he advanced in their support are also set forth in the treatise which he published * in demonstration of the existence of a north-west passage, and are scarcely less remarkable for their ingenuity and learning than for their occasional wildness and mysticism.

He divides his treatise into two chapters, and each chapter he devotes to the examination of a particular class of evidence, blending fact and fiction together with a refreshing enthusiasm.

In the first chapter he endeavours to prove that spoiled. The gates of cities and towns are now left open, where before they were continually shut, or guarded with armed men. There was none that was a rebel of any force but hath submitted himself, entered into bond, and delivered hostages, the arch-rebel James Fitz-Maurice only except, who is become a bush-beggar, not having twenty knaves to follow him. And yet this is not the most nor the best that he hath done; for the estimation that he hath won to the name of Englishmen there, before almost not known, exceeded all the rest; for he in battle brake so many of them, wherein he showed how far our soldiers in valour surpassed those rebels, and he in his own person any man he had. The name of an Englishman is more terrible now to them than the sight of a hundred was before. For all this, I had nothing to present him with but the honour of knighthood, which I gave him. For the rest, I recommend him to your friendly report." —Froude, "History of England in the Reign of Elizabeth," x. 508-509.

* Sir Humphrey Gilbert, "A Discourse of a Discoverie for a New Passage to Cataia." Lond., Henry Middleton, 1576. [See Dr Bliss's edition of Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses," for a brief memoir of this worthy.]

America is an island, from the authority of Plato, Siculus, Ficinus, a Florentine ; Crantor, a Greek ; Philo, a Jew ; Homer, and Aristotle. In the second, he supports his statement by arguments derived from the Gulf stream, and from the fact that none of the inhabitants, brute or human, of Cathay or Tartary, had ever penetrated into America, which it is reasonable to suppose they would have done if only separated by land or mountain ridges. So that it seemeth, says one author, we have now more occasion to doubt of our return than whether there be a passage that way, yea or no, which doubt hereafter shall be sufficiently removed. Wherefore, in mine opinion, reason itself, grounded upon experience, assured us of this passage, if there were nothing else to put us in hope thereof. But lest these might not suffice, I have added in this chapter following some further proof hereof by the experience of such as have passed some part of this discovery ; and in the next adjoining to that, the authority of those which have sailed wholly through every part thereof.*

These two chapters are accordingly filled with references, and in the three following an argument is developed respecting certain Indians, said to have been driven by storms, in the time of the German emperors, on the coast of Germany, and who, says Sir Humphrey, could not have arrived there by the

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. pp. 7, 8, *et seq.*

south-east, the south-west, the north-east, nor by any other part, nor in any other direction than by the north-west passage. In the eighth chapter, a reply is advanced to certain reasons in favour of a north-east passage, just proved by one Master Anthony Jenkinson, "a worthy gentleman and great traveller." The ninth proves the superior advantages and facilities of a north-west passage, even if a route by the north-east *should* be discovered; and the tenth is occupied with an elaborate exposition of the profit that England would derive from the successful realisation of the design. As, for instance: the exportation of all kinds of merchandise, the establishment of a foreign trade in gold, silver, precious stones, cloth of gold, silks, all manner of spices, grocery wares, and other things of an inestimable price, which both the Spaniard and Portugal, through the length of their journeys, cannot well attain unto. Also, the establishment of penal countries in those remotish regions, and the settlement of "such needy people of our country" as "now trouble the commonwealth," and, through want, are enforced to commit outrageous offences, whereby they are daily consumed with the gallows.* Also, the formation of free settlements,

* Sir Humphrey seems to have been of the same opinion as the demagogue John Wilkes, that the very worst use to which you could put a man was—to hang him!

from whence a yearly revenue might be obtained ; the increase of our ships and mariners, without further burthening to the State, and the introduction of handicrafts among the children of the poor, which should rescue them from idleness and vice, and afford them abundant employment in the fabrication of those trifles which the Indians are known to hold in great esteem.

Much of Sir Humphrey's reasoning in this famous treatise is unsound, and he frequently displays that childlike credulity which was so marked a feature of the character of the Elizabethan heroes ; but, on the whole, his views are those of a statesman ; and in singularly perspicuous language he expresses philosophical ideas of the loftiest order, which, in our own day, have been espoused and illustrated by our greatest minds. The concluding words are of a very noble spirit. As we read them, we feel they could only have been penned by a man of chivalrous nature and high aspirations ; and when we remember his sorrowful end, we can hardly divest ourselves of the feeling that they were in some measure prophetic :

“ Hereafter,” he says, “ I desire the reader never to mislike with me for the taking in hand of any laudable and honest enterprise ; for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase slaves, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame remaineth for ever. And

therefore, give me leave, without offence, always to live and die in this mind, that he is not worthy to live at all, that, for fear, or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour; seeing *death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue immortal*. Wherefore, in this behalf, *mutare vel timero sperno* (I scorn either to change or fear)."

If the young student who reads these pages should remember of all their contents only the last few words, he will not have read in vain. Death may be "a painful thing," but a life of shame is infinitely more hateful; and for a man in his passage through this everyday world to think of nothing but the best means of prolonging it, is to misuse the great opportunities which his Maker hath put into his hands. Before all things, to be honest, and truthful, and earnest; to scorn the base, and shrink from the mean; to seek with all our heart and soul to do some small thing for the betterment of our race; to do our duty in the midst of discouragement, suffering, and even harsh opposition; such is the end and object of our life. That this was keenly felt by the Elizabethans our history shows. It was no holiday of flowers, music, and sunshine which consumed and wasted their energies; they looked upon life as a sacrifice meant to be offered up with prayer and thanksgiving to the Most High. The path they trod was beset with thorns; the battle

they fought was won against enemies seen and unseen ; the cross they bore was oftentimes a burthen almost too heavy for their resolute shoulders ; yet onward, onward, onward they heroically toiled and struggled, in the noble belief they were doing the work God had enjoined upon them. And was it a selfish or an unworthy work ? What ! To open up new channels for the energies of a race ; to crown the island-queen with the flashing diadem of empire ; to rescue the suffering children of the New World from the tyranny of the cruel Spaniard, and to act as the pioneers both of religion and civilisation—was not this work which a brave mind might well aspire to do ? Hence it resulted that the life of our Elizabethan heroes was, as Mr Froude has said, “a long battle,” either with the Church or with men ; and it was enough for them to fulfil their mission, and to pass away in the hour when God had nothing more to bid them undertake. *They* did not complain, and it is not for us to utter any lamentation. It was no prosperous, graceful, cloudless, thornless career which they desired, and their brave hearts shrunk not from an honourable death. Theirs was the spirit of the old Greek, and the fine feeling of the great Theban poet lived in them again :

Θανειν δ' ὄϊν ἀνάγκη, τί κί τις ἀνώνημον
 γῆρας ἐν σκότῳ καθήμενος ἔψοι μάταν,
 ἅπαντων καλῶν ἄμμορος

From Queen Elizabeth, Gilbert had no difficulty in obtaining letters patent authorising him to undertake the discovery of the north-west passage, and to take possession of any lands not previously occupied or inhabited by Christian princes, or their subjects. The grant became perpetual if acted upon within a period of six years.

He immediately proceeded to the execution of his grand projects; but two expeditions which he successively sent out, failed in winning any substantial results, through, it is probable, the inefficiency of their leaders. This utter want of success—involving, as it did, the loss of his fortune—might well have quenched the spirit of any less enthusiastic man. But Gilbert was inspired by a supreme belief in the feasibility of the scheme on which his imagination loved to brood, and resolved, in 1583, on a third voyage, to be undertaken under his personal guidance. To raise the necessary funds he had to sell the last remnants of his patrimony, and thus he contrived to equip five small vessels—the largest did not exceed two hundred tons—which he named respectively, the “Delight,” the “Raleigh,” the “Golden Hind,” the “Swallow,” and the “Squirrel.” Their tonnage was as follows:—

The Raleigh (this ship deserted off the			
Land's End),	.	.	. 200 tons.
The Delight,	.	.	. 120 „

The Golden Hind,	40 tons.
The Swallow,	40 „
The Squirrel (called the frigate, <i>i.e.</i> , a light, swift boat),	10 „

Conceive, O reader, the daring of the men who could confront the perils of the Arctic seas in a cock-boat of ten tons!

On board this tiny squadron were in all 260 men, "among whom," says Hayes, the chronicler of the voyage, "we had of every faculty good choice." And, moreover, partly for their own solace, and partly for "the allurements of the savages," the adventurers carried with them a certain number of musicians, as well as of "morris dancers, hobby horses, and May-like concerts to delight the savage people." A learned Hungarian, Stephen Parmenio (of Buda), also accompanied the expedition, with the view of chronicling in sonorous Latin all "gestes and things worthy of remembrance."

Queen Elizabeth seems to have entertained a presentiment that she would never see her chivalrous servant again. As a last token of her regard she sent him a valuable jewel, and she requested his half-brother, Raleigh, to have his picture taken before he went forth into the Unknown.

Gilbert sailed from Dartmouth on the 11th of June 1583. Two days later he was abandoned by the "Raleigh," but he kept on his course without

abating one jot of heart or hope, and on the 30th of July reached Newfoundland. Here at St John's he planted a small colony—the first English colony settled westward of the Atlantic; and leaving for its protection the "Swallow," he set out on an exploration of the American coast in the little frigate.*

In this work he spent the remainder of the summer; sailing into every bay and creek, registering the soundings, and examining every possible harbour; all with the noblest self-denial, and the most loyal regard to truth, no less than with a chivalrous disregard of personal safety. The dangers he and his followers incurred we may understand from the sad catastrophe that befell the "Delight," towards the end of August. She struck upon a bank and foundered, going down in sight of the other vessels, which could render no assistance; and out of a crew of one hundred men only twelve escaped. As she was the store ship of the expedition, and had on board the Hungarian chronicler, Parmenio, her loss had a melancholy influence on Sir Humphrey's mind. Only the

* He took possession of the harbour of St John's, and of the surrounding country "for two hundred leagues," in the Queen's name; divided it into suitable allotments; and published three edicts for the establishment of the Church of England, the preservation of the Queen's rights, and the punishment of treasonable language. He also made provision for working the supposed mineral treasures of the island.

“Golden Hind” and the “Squirrel” remained of the bright little squadron which had sailed so merrily from Dartmouth harbour. Their supply of provisions was scanty, and the bleak winter was rapidly descending from its Polar shadows. It was necessary, therefore, to be content with the work that had been done, and to begin their homeward voyage.

“So upon Saturday, in the afternoon, the 31st of August,” says the chronicler, Hayes, “we changed our course, and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and the land, which we now forsook, a very lion, to our showing, in shape, hair, and colour; not swimming after the manner of a beast by waving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body, except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and again rising, as the manner is of whales, porpoises, and other fish, but confidently showing himself without hiding, notwithstanding that we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes; and to bid us farewell, coming right against the ‘Hind,’ he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld so far as we were able to

discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the general himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for *bonum omen*, rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy, if it were the devil."

That it *was* the devil, no doubt both Sir Humphrey and his men credited. The Elizabethans firmly believed in the personality and actual presence of the Father of lies; that he went to and fro in the world, assuming various shapes, and ever seeking to deceive, terrify, and entrap the Christian; and so they were ready to combat him, if need were, with "carnal weapons,"—like Luther, when in his cell at Wartburg he flung loaded inkstands at the arch-deceiver's head. This belief—call it a superstition if you will—lent a strange force, reality, and life to the piety of our forefathers. They felt themselves ever opposed and beset by a living and present Power,—not by a mere philosophical principle or far-off influence; and the condition of warfare in which they supposed themselves to be placed, called forth all their energies, and kept alive their faith, courage, and resolution.

On the 2d of September the general went on board the "Golden Hind," and made merry with its crew; much lamenting the loss of his comrades, books, and papers, but looking forward eagerly to a second expedition in the spring, which should

realise his most sanguine hopes. Mr Hayes, and others of his followers, were haunted with a constant dream of discovering some golden land or Dorado, and, unable to rise to the height of Sir Humphrey's philosophical views, were of opinion that his sanguineness resulted from his knowledge of a "treasure-trove" which, and whose whereabouts, he would fain keep a secret. They tested him, therefore, with many questions, but could obtain only ironical and jesting answers.

Leaving the issue of this good hope (of El Dorado) to God, who only knoweth the truth thereof, Mr Hayes is fain to hasten unto the end of the tragedy he has undertaken to record. He tells us that the men of the "Hind" would have wished Sir Humphrey to abandon his resolution of going in the crazy little "Squirrel," and come on board the larger vessel; but to all their entreaties he replied: "I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils."*

The weather now became very foul; winds raged incessantly, and the billows ran mountains high. Death was following close in the wake of the father, as he has been justly termed, of Northern colonisation—the chivalrous and pure-minded enthusiast—Elizabeth's peerless and intrepid knight. Death

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. 25.

sailed close behind him, riding on the swollen seas, and advancing swiftly before the icy blast. And we can fancy, with the poet, that we see the dread king's ships of ice glistening in the sun, as they bear down relentlessly on the shattered bark of the adventurer :

“ On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

“ His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain ;
But where he pass'd there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.” *

On Monday, the 9th of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away with the violence of the waves, but at that time recovered ; and giving forth signs of joy, the General, who sat in the stern with a book in his hand, cried out to the men of the “ Hind,” whenever they came within hearing, “ Courage, my lads ! we are as near to heaven by sea as by land ! ” reiterating the same speech, which was well worthy of a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ.

What a text for a preacher ! — “ As near to heaven by sea as by land ” — as near to heaven in the garret as in the palace, in the reeking city as in the fresh breezy village. And not only *we* as near to heaven, but *heaven* also as near to us ! Ever about and

* Longfellow, “ The Seaside and the Fireside.”

around us—ever enfolding and embracing us—ever watching, quieting, sheltering us—if we will but so live as to deserve its protection; if we will but so live as to merit the companionship of Christ and his angels!

But I come to the pitiful end of my narrative.

On that same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of the "Golden Hind," her lights suddenly went out; whereupon the men of the latter, looking in each other's faces with a wild surprise, and after a minute's painful silence, drew breath, like one oppressed with a misfortune too heavy to be borne, exclaiming,

"The General was cast away!"

which, saith the chronicler, *was too true.**

* Mr Hayes, the historian of Sir Humphrey's unfortunate expedition, concludes his narrative (which is included in Hakluyt's "Collection") in the following terms:

"Thus faithfully I have related this story, wherein some spark of the knight's virtues, though he be extinguished, may happily appear; he remaining resolute to a purpose honest and godly as was this, to discover, possess, and reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety, those remote and heathen countries of America. Such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good, that fruit may grow in time of our travelling in these north-western lands (as has it not?); and the crosses, turmoils, and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of the voyage, did correct the intemperate humours which before we noted to be in this gentleman, and made unsavory and less delightful his other manifold virtues.

"Thus, as he was refined and made nearer unto the image of God, so it pleased the Divine will to resume him unto Himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired.

Thus, at the age of forty-eight, in the ripeness of his manhood and the maturity of his powers, perished Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the large volume of whose virtues, as one of his biographers remarks, may best be read in his noble enterprises. It is only needful to add that he was a man of dignified presence, with a fair, warm complexion, brown abundant hair, quick and flashing eyes, and a white and noble brow. His courage was supreme, his piety sincere, his generosity profuse. He was of a keen and ardent temper, but always ready to forgive or ask forgiveness. His faults were those of the age; his virtues were all his own.





Thomas Cavendish.



“ Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so.
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves
In anything that’s manly, than to make
Ill-fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.”

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER, “The Honest Man’s Fortune.”

THESE studies of the Elizabethan Men would be incomplete if they did not include a type of the adventurer proper; not of the higher minds only, who were actuated in their daring enterprises by statesmanlike views of colonisation and commercial progress, but of those coarser, though not less gallant spirits, who plunged into dangers for the very lust of excitement, or from the greed of gain, or the necessity of repairing their shattered fortunes.

Such an one—and, in some respects, the most notable—was THOMAS CAVENDISH, or CANDISH, the second English circumnavigator of the globe.

He sprung from an ancient and honourable Suffolk

family, and was born about the middle of the 16th century, at Trinity St Martin, near Ipswich. His father died before he came of age, and the young Cavendish coming into possession of a fine estate, repaired to Court, where he ruffled it with the bravest of the London gallants. Of a handsome person and a generous temper, he would seem to have been speedily surrounded by a host of parasites, who preyed upon his fortune to such an extent that he found himself, in 1586, compelled to seek some desperate means of recovering his position. He resolved, in the true spirit of an Elizabethan gentleman, to undertake a voyage to the South Sea; where he might make spoil upon the Spaniards, and replenish his funds at the cost of the wealthy colonies of the Spanish Main. I suppose it was to gain some experience in navigation, prior to this great venture, that he accompanied Sir Richard Grenville, in 1585, on his expedition to Virginia, sailing in a vessel equipped at his own cost. As already narrated in the earlier part of our volume, this expedition met with many mishaps and gained little profit. But as far as Cavendish was concerned it answered its end; it gave him some degree of skill and knowledge, and brought him into contact with men who had seen the rich towns of the Spanish West Indies, and whose wild romantic stories wonderfully fired the young gallant's ardent imagination.

Grenville returned to England in October. Cavendish, like a gambler who ventures his all upon one last stake, immediately disposed of the remainder of his fortune, and with the proceeds built a couple of ships of 120 and 60 tons respectively, besides purchasing one of 40 tons; fitted them out, victualled them for two years, and raised a body of seamen and soldiers to man them.* Meanwhile, he collected all the maps and documents published by contemporary navigators, and gathered as much information as he possibly could in reference to the New World. Then, having obtained the Queen's commission, he sailed from Plymouth on the 21st of July 1586. I subjoin the names and tonnage of his little squadron:

The Desire,	.	.	.	120 tons.
The Content,	.	.	.	60 „
The Hugh Gallant,	.	.	.	40 „

They had on board 123 officers, soldiers, and seamen.

On the 26th of August, Cavendish arrived at Sierra Leone. There he landed some of his crew, who, dancing and singing with the negroes, learned that a Portuguese ship was lying up the river. He resolved to attempt its capture, but finding the navigation too difficult, abandoned the project, and—apparently by way of compensation for the disappointment—disembarked seventy of his men, attacked the negro

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. 800.

town—which was newly built, and surrounded by mud walls—burnt nearly all its houses or huts, and spoiled the unoffending negroes of what little they possessed. We can hardly regret that so villanous an act did not go unpunished. A few days afterwards, while some of the sailors were on shore washing their linen, they were surprised in an ambuscade, one killed, and several wounded.*

Shortly afterwards they sailed for Brazil, and sailing in between the island of San Sebastian and the shore, they landed at a convenient spot, remaining there from the 1st to the 23d of November, building a pinnace, and taking on board supplies of fresh water. Then they made for the southward, and on the 17th of December cast anchor in a harbour in lat. 68° S., which they christened Port Desire. This is the only important discovery which Cavendish seems to have made. Here they laid their ships aground, and “graved and trimmed them;” living, meantime, on marvellous good meat in the shape of seals—which, when roasted or boiled, could hardly be known from lamb or mutton—and of penguins, which burrowed in the ground like rabbits.

After a skirmish with the Indians, whose footprints are said to have measured eighteen inches in length, Cavendish and his followers once more hoisted sail for the south. On the 6th of January they were off

* Hakluyt, “Voyages,” iii. 803, 804.

the entrance to the Straits of Magellan, and in the evening dropped anchor near what is called the first Angostura, or Strait of the Straits. During the night they observed some lights on the north shore, apparently designed as signals to the ships, and they showed their lanterns in reply. In the morning Cavendish went himself in a boat to that side of the strait, when three men were seen on the beach waving a white flag, and inquiring in Spanish what ships they were? Cavendish replied, much to their disappointment, doubtlessly, that they were English, bound for Peru. Some further parley took place, whence it appeared that a Spanish colony had been planted in this forlorn region to defend the entrance to the Straits, but after suffering the most grievous hardships, had been reduced by hunger and disease from four hundred men and thirty women to fifteen men and three women. Cavendish offered to take these unfortunate creatures on board, but before they could all be collected, a fair wind sprung up, and rather than losing the chance it offered of expediting his voyage by a few hours, he abandoned them to their miserable fate.

After passing both the Angosturas, the English squadron anchored first at the island of Santa Maddalena, where they killed and salted a large number of penguins; and afterwards at San Felipe, the desolate station of the Spanish colonists, some

of whom were found still lying in their houses, where they had perished like dogs. In allusion to their unhappy end Cavendish named the place *Port Famine*—a name still retained in our English charts, and also adopted by the Spaniards.*

A strong westerly wind compelled the squadron to be at anchor for a period of three weeks; but on the 24th of February, with a favourable breeze, they entered the waters of the mighty Pacific. They had thus made the passage of the Straits without misfortune, but on the 1st of March, their *Spirit of Storms*, which has been for generations the terror of the mariner, overtook them, and in the frightful hurricane which ensued, the "*Hugh Gallant*" was parted from her consorts. She rejoined them, however, on the 15th of March, at the island of Mocha, which lies off the coast of Chili. Mistaken for Spaniards, they met with a hostile reception from the Indians, who attacked them with bows and arrows, but were soon dispersed by the English guns.

Next they disembarked on the island of Santa Maria, where they were again mistaken for Spaniards, but under much more favourable circumstances. The Indians treated them as superior beings, to be propitiated by an offering of wheat and barley and potatoes; to which were added

* What a significant commentary on the vanity of human schemes! The great Ciudad of San Felipe forgotten, and only the Puerto de Hambre remembered.

liberal supplies of fowls, hogs, maize, and dried dog-fish. In return, Cavendish received the chiefs and principal personages on board his ship, and made them merry with wine.

Missing Valparaiso, where he intended to have stopped, our navigators dropped anchor in Puerto de Quintas, about seven leagues further north. A herdsman, sleeping on the brow of the hill, at this time awoke, and, descrying three strange ships in the bay, mounted a horse which was grazing beside him, and galloped off to spread the alarm. Notwithstanding this ominous incident, Cavendish, on the following day, landed a detachment of fifty men, who marched into the interior through a fruitful and well-watered country, but found no Spanish town or village. The next day, while his men were watering, they were surprised by a body of two hundred horsemen, who swooped down upon them from the heights, like the eagle from its eyrie, and, cutting off twelve of the party, slew three, and carried away nine as prisoners to Santiago. Cavendish, however, remained four days longer in the bay, in defiance of the Spaniards, and completed his supplies of fresh water.

On the 23rd he captured a small bark coming out from Arica. He kept it, and named it the "George." The crew took to their boats, and succeeded in getting ashore, while the Admiral's pinnace boldly entered

Arica roads, and lay aboard a ship of one hundred tons, in which neither men, stores, nor cargo were discovered. Early on the 26th they sailed to the northward, and fell in with a small vessel despatched with intelligence to the Viceroy of Mexico that the dreaded English—under the command, it was thought, of the terrible Drake—were on the coast. There were on board three Spaniards, an old Fleming, and one George, a Greek, who was “a reasonable pilot for all the coast of Chili.” At first they refused to reveal their destination, but Cavendish resorted to measures much esteemed in those days for their success in convincing the unreasonable: he caused them to be tormented with their thumbs in a winch, and to continue them at several times with extreme pain. He also threatened the Fleming with short shrift and a hempen rope, and the rope being fastened round the old man’s neck, he was pulled up a little from the hatches. By such mild means as these Cavendish obtained the knowledge he required; whereupon he burned the bark, and took the men on board his own ship.

On the 20th of May, after capturing several small prizes, this wild, fierce, reckless gallant arrived at Paita. Anchoring in the road, he landed with sixty men, and drove the inhabitants out of their town, which was very well built, and marvellously clean kept in every street, with a guildhall in the centre,

and to the number of two hundred houses at the least. This thriving place he burned to the ground, though all the profit he and his people derived from the misfortune of the Spaniards was twenty-five pounds' weight of silver.*

The squadron then resumed their northward career, and anchored in a commodious harbour in the island of Puna, burning a ship which was lying there ready to be hauled ashore. The lord or owner of the island proved to be an Indian cacique, who, by reason of his pleasant habitation and his great wealth, had received a Spanish beauty for a wife. Cavendish landed to pay his respects to so worshipful a couple. He found their house, which stood by the water's edge, to be marvellously well-contrived, with very many singularly good rooms and chambers. To every chamber was framed a gallery, which on the one side commanded a stately prospect to the sea, and on the other overlooked the fair lawns and valleys of the island. Below was a marvellous great hall, with a very great store-house at one end, filled with jars of pitch, and with bars for making cables. To this sumptuous mansion a noble garden was attached, in which flourished fig-trees that bore continually, and pompions, and melons, cucumbers, radishes, rosemary, and thyme, with many other herbs and fruits. There was a well in this garden,

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. 809-811.

and a cotton plantation around it. On the other side bloomed an orchard, stocked with oranges, sweet and sour, lemons, limes, and pomegranates. Hard by stood a spacious church with five bells. There were not less than two hundred houses in the town, and as many in one or two towns more upon the island, which is of about the same dimensions as the Isle of Wight.*

If we may credit the existing narrative of Cavendish's voyage, the island domain of this great cacique of the Pacific exhibited a very high degree of civilisation. This, at all events, may be imagined from the respect paid by its inhabitants to women—always a signal proof of a refined social condition. Thus, we are told that the cacique's wife was honoured as a queen; she was never allowed "to go upon the ground with her feet;" when it was her pleasure to take the air, or go abroad, she was always carried, in a conveyance like unto a horse-litter, upon four men's shoulders, with a veil or canopy over her, for she ran on the wind, lest the breeze should visit her soft cheek too rudely, or the hot sun wither the glow of her complexion, while her gentlewomen followed in decorous attendance upon her, and a great troop of the leading inhabitants of the island.†

But I must hasten on, notwithstanding the pleasure

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," 811.

† Hakluyt, *ut ante*, p. 812.

I feel, and which I trust the reader feels, in dwelling on these hints and suggestions, so to speak, of a wild romantic world long since passed away.

Cavendish had refitted his ships, and was on the point of sailing, when he met with one of those misfortunes, which, throughout his voyage, seem to have been the result of a false security, and of a disposition to despise or credulously trust his enemy. On the end of June he had permitted about twenty of his men to go ashore marauding—some wandering one way, some another, some in quest of hens, others of sheep, and others of goats. Upon these straggling groups suddenly descended a company of one hundred Spaniards and the Indians of the island, and though the Englishmen fought as, perhaps, only Englishmen in such a position can fight, eight men alone escaped. Cavendish did not permit the death of his followers to pass unavenged. He landed on the island with seventy men, drove Spaniards and Indians pell-mell out of the town, set fire to it, and burned it to the ground. He burned also four ships which were building on the stocks; he burned the church, after plundering it of its bells; he devastated field and orchard, and grove and garden; and of the beautiful spot which but a few hours before had almost answered Tennyson's description of

“A summer isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea,”

he made a wilderness and a desert. It was a woeful day for the inhabitants of Puna when they first caught sight of the white sails of the English ships, looming larger and larger against the blue rim of the horizon of ocean! When the observant Dampier visited the island a century later, it had not recovered from the ravages wrought by Cavendish.*

The squadron left Puna on the 5th of June. The "Hugh Gallant" was then sunk for want of men to navigate her, and the remaining ships made for the coast of New Spain. Capturing a small brig, which had on board one Sancius, a Marseillois by birth, and an experienced pilot on the American coast, Cavendish learned from him that a great treasure-ship from the Philippines, the "Santa Anna," was then expected at Acapulco. Towards this splendid prize the English ships bent their course, burning and plundering at various points along the shore. At Gualutco every house was set on fire, and Cavendish also gave over the church to the "devouring flames;" the blunder of a reckless adventurer, for, as Southey justly remarks,† by burning a church he excited, among the Spaniards, greater horror and hatred against Englishmen than burning a heretic in England excited horror and hatred against the Spaniards, sacrilege being regarded with

* Burney, "Discovery in the South Seas," p. 84.

† Southey, "British Admirals," iii., 263.

more detestation by the superstitious than cruelty by a fierce and military people. By another mistaken act of bigoted prejudice he gave the Roman Catholic priests materials for a legend, and a good groundwork for a very respectable miracle.

There was at Gualutco a wooden rood, or cross, some thirty feet in height, which the English seamen rudely pulled down, smeared over with pitch, surrounded with dry reeds and grass, and attempted to set on fire. The pitch burned, and the reeds crackled and flamed, but not so the cross; fresh combustibles were heaped about it; for three days the conflagration was maintained; but when the invaders re-embarked, it still remained unconsumed, almost uninjured, among the burning brands and smouldering ashes. What more evident than that Heaven had miraculously preserved the holy symbol of the Christian faith? Even before the days of its fiery trial, the cross had enjoyed a good report. It was made of an odoriferous wood which was not known to flourish within forty leagues of Gualutco, and credulity had ventured to whisper that it had probably been reared by one of the apostles—perhaps by the blessed hands of the pious St Andrew! Now, however, that a real miracle had been wrought in its favour, this legendary fame could be dispensed with; and it was generally admitted that it had been erected by Cortes, the great Mexican conqueror,

while building some ships on this part of the coast for a voyage of discovery.*

At all events, the report of its wonderful preservation spread all along the shores of the Pacific, and pilgrims came from far and wide to worship it; delighted if they could carry away the smallest fragment, for the most trifling splinter, it was said, if cast into the sea, stilled the raging of the storm; if immersed in water, converted it into a medicine of potent efficacy; if flung into a fire, subdued the flames. However, this gradual diminution of its substance, unlike the widow's wasted cruse, was not miraculously supplied; and when scarce a fifth of it was left, the bishop of Antigua interfered, removed it to his episcopal city, erected a chapel over it, and enshrined therein the miraculous rood with suitable pomp and ceremony.

Cavendish, in his voyage along the Pacific coast, seems to have emulated the example of the old Vikings from whom we Englishmen have descended, and whose fierce relentlessness of spirit we too often display. Thus, landing at Puerto de Navidad, he set fire to the town, and burned two ships on the stocks. On the 9th of September he made a descent in the Bay of Chaecalla or Compostella, where an officer and forty men, guided by Michael Sancius, marched two leagues into the interior "by a most

* See Torquemada, lib. xvi., c. 207, pp. 205, 206, cit. by Southey.

villanous and desert path through the woods and wilderness," surprised three Spanish families and some Indians, bound them, and conducted them to the seaside. Nor were they liberated until the women of the place had provided the captors with a store of plantains, lemons, oranges, and other fruits, whereof they had abundance. At the little woody island of St Andrew they laid in a supply of food, of dried and salted wild-fowl, of seals and iguanas, which latter are described as "a kind of serpents, with fore feet, and a long, sharp tail; strange to them that have not seen them, but very good meat."* The appetites of the Elizabethan seamen, however, were not very fastidious!

On the 24th they put into the Bay of Magellan. There is a very great river within, but it is barred at the mouth. Upon the north side of the bar withal is good fresh water, but there is very evil filling of it, because, at low water, it is shoal half a mile off the shore. So they sailed about a league further, careening their ships, and repairing their pinnace at an island securely situated, but sorely deficient in water. Digging deep in the sands, however, they obtained a supply, of which they stood in extreme need.

The squadron made the Cape of St Lucas on the 14th, and lay in wait for the great treasure-ship,

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. 815.

cruising cautiously about the headland, and scanning the horizon with eager glasses. And it came to pass that early in the bright fresh dawn of the 4th of November, the Admiral's trumpeter from the mast-head descried a sail standing in for the Cape. Further observation proved that his eyes had not been beguiled by his hopes, and Cavendish, who was no less glad than the cause required, ordered the whole company to put all things in readiness.* The decks were cleared; the heavy guns sponged out; cutlasses sharpened, and pistols primed. Then every inch of canvas that the bending masts would carry was unfurled to the wind, and the squadron gave chase. In the afternoon they came up with the huge galleon, which, from her size—700 tons—was evidently the "Santa Anna," from the Philippines, with treasure enough on board to make every adventurer a wealthy man; and instantly the English poured in a broadside, gave their opponent a raking fire of musketry, and prepared to board. The Spaniards, it was then discovered, had made fights fore and aft, and laid their sails close on the poop, the midship, and the forecastle. Behind their barricades, and under these coverings, they lustily plied their pikes, and flung heavy stones upon the heads of their daring assailants—who numbered not more than sixty in all—beating them back, after a fierce

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. 816-818.

encounter, with the loss of two killed and some four or five wounded.

But Cavendish and his men were not to be baffled. They new trimmed their sails, and fitted every man his furniture, and poured in a fresh discharge with the great ordnance, and swept the deck of the galleon with small shot. The Spanish captain still, with his company, stood very stout into his close fights, and offered a steadfast resistance ; but Cavendish, encouraging his followers afresh with the whole voice of trumpets, maintained the attack with so much persistent vigour, that the enemy, having lost many men, and finding their vessel in danger of sinking, hung out a flag of truce, and finally surrendered, on condition that their lives were spared. Cavendish, "of his goodness," promised them mercy, and willed them to strike their sails, and to hoist out their boat, and to come aboard,—which news they were full glad to hear of ; and presently one of their chief merchants came aboard, and falling down upon his knees, offered to have kissed the Admiral's feet, and craved mercy. Pardon was promised them—pardon for defending their sovereign's treasure!—upon condition that they dealt truly concerning such riches as were in the ship ; and the captain and pilot coming on deck, promptly certified what goods they had within board, to wit, 122,000 pieces of gold. The rest of the riches that this argosy was laden

with consisted of rich silks, damasks, and satins, with musk, and divers other merchandise—to say nothing of great store of every variety of victuals, with choice of many conserves of all sorts, and of sundry kinds of good wine.

Cavendish had now to determine what manner of mercy he would show his captives. He could not carry them to England, for he had not a sufficient supply of provisions; nor, unless he allowed them to remain on board the galleon, had he accommodation. But his own crews were so weak that he could not afford a prize crew for the treasure ship. In these circumstances he might have returned the latter, when despoiled, to its owners. But his notions of humanity did not extend so far, and sailing into a bay within Cape St Lucas, named by the Spaniards *Aguada Segura*,* or the Safe Watering Place, he landed the crew and passengers, to the number of 191 persons, some of whom were females.†

The spot where these unfortunates were located was not, in some respects, ill-chosen: a fine river of fresh water flowed through green meads and shady woods; fish, fowl, hares, and rabbits abounded. The Admiral also gave them great store of victuals, of garvangos, pease, and some wine; the sails of their ship to make them huts on shore; and a

* Now called Bahia de San Bernabé.

† Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. 817.

sufficient stock of spars and planks to build a bark.

Among the passengers on board the galleon were two Japanese lads, who could both read and write their own language ; three boys from Manilla ; and a Portuguese who had visited Canton, the Philippines, and the islands of Japan. These, and a Spanish pilot, Cavendish detained.*

Next befell the division of the plunder. It was not effected to the satisfaction of all, the men on board the "Content" complaining that the Admiral showed a partiality for his own crew. However, those in the "Content" were, after a sort, pacified for a time ; and on the 17th November, "The Queen's day," the loyal mariners gave themselves up to abundant festivities, discharging their great guns, and displaying fireworks, and startling the echoes of those solitary shores of the New World with their shouts and songs in honour of England and Elizabeth. A singular scene, if the reader will but picture it to the mind's eye ! That beautiful bay, with its richly-wooded slopes and verdant lawns stretching down to the very margin of the silver sand ; the blue intense heaven of the tropics, warm with the glow of a cloudless sun, arching overhead like a mysterious palace roof ; the broad, bright ocean, spreading far away its leagues upon leagues

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. 817.

of rippled light; the motley encampment of the Spaniards, pitched by the side of the fair river; the great galleon, shorn of all her splendour, lying on the bosom of the waves, dismasted and forlorn; and the tiny English barks, alone, as it were, in the wide empire of the Spaniards, filling the "infinite space" with the insolent thunder of their ordnance, and flaunting the red cross against the sky, as if there were a magic in it to protect its daring children!

After setting fire to the galleon, and tarrying till it was burned, as he believed, to the water's edge,* Cavendish fired a parting salute, and made all sail eastward for "merrie England." During the following night, the "Content," whose crew, as Fuller remarks, did not answer her name, taking all occasions to be mutinous,† wilfully parted company. It is supposed she made an attempt to discover the North-West Passage, but no tidings were ever gained of the fate of her or her crew.

The "Desire" was thus left alone to traverse the immense extent of the Pacific.

Her voyage was prosperous. For five and forty days she enjoyed fair winds, and in that time tra-

* The "Santa Anna," however, was not destroyed. The flames severing her cables, her hull drifted ashore, where it was repaired by the Spaniards, and filled with jury-masts. They then embarked on board, and reached Acapulco in safety.

† Fuller, "Worthies of England," ii. 339.

versed without accident some seventeen hundred and fifty leagues.

On the 3rd of January, Cavendish came in sight of Ruatan, one of the Ladrões, where he obtained supplies of fruits, fish, and potatoes, in exchange for little pieces of old iron. On the 14th he was off the Philippines, and on the 15th anchored at the island of Capul. One of the chiefs immediately came on board, under the impression that the "Desire" was a Spanish ship. His skin was *carved* (*i.e.*, tattooed), with sundry strokes and devices all over his body. An amiable intercourse was speedily established, and the English refreshed themselves to their heart's content with poultry and pork, or cocoa-nuts and *camotes*.* The day before their departure, Cavendish summoned on board the "Desire" the chief of the island, and then made known to him and his attendants that they had been dealing with Englishmen, the sworn enemies of the Spaniards. And thereupon he caused the red cross to be hoisted, the drums to beat, and the trumpets to sound. At all this, says the chronicler, they much marvelled; and, to conclude, they promised, both for themselves and the islands thereabout, to aid him whensoever he should come again to overcome his foe. The Admiral then paid them the value of their tribute in money; which they took "marvellous friendly,"

* A root resembling the potato.

and afterwards, to amuse their new friends, displayed some surprising achievements of swift rowing. At the last he caused a saker* to be shot off, whereat they wondered, and with great contentment took their leave.

Over the later incidents of this surprising voyage I shall pass very quickly. On the 5th of March, Cavendish anchored in a bay on the west coast of Java, of the customs of whose inhabitants the chronicler of the expedition has left an interesting and a graphic account. The reigning rajah, who had a hundred wives, was reported to be a hundred and fifty years old. The Javanese almost worshipped him ; his word was law. However desperate the adventure he commanded, none durst venture to oppose it ; yet whoso failed paid with his head the forfeit of his ill-success. The men were naked, and dark in colour ; the women partly clothed, and of a fairer complexion. When the king died, his body was burned, and the residuum preserved. Five days afterwards his queen, or principal wife, flung a ball from her hand with all her force, and wherever it ran, thither all the widows repaired. Each turned her face towards the coast, and with a sharp dagger stabbed herself to the heart, and so expired. This thing is as true, says the chronicle, as it may seem to any hearer to be strange.

* A *saker* was a piece of ordnance of small calibre.

The last weeks of March, and the month of April were spent in traversing the vast and mighty sea between the island of Java and the main of Africa, observing the heavens, the crosiers* or South Pole, the other stars, and the fowls, which are the seaman's waymarks and beacons; "fair weather, foul weather, approaching of lands or islands, the winds, tempests, the rains and thunders, with the alteration of the tides and currents." On the 18th of June, the "Desire" safely doubled the Cape of Good Hope—the "Cape of Storms" of the old navigators—and on the 9th of June dropped anchor in the roadstead of St Helena. Here she took in wood and water, while the crew refreshed themselves on shore. Then, with a fair wind, they resumed their homeward voyage. On the 3d of September they fell in with a Flemish hulk, and to their singular rejoicing and comfort learned the defeat of the Spanish Armada. And on the 9th, after a terrible tempest, which carried away most part of their sails,† by the merciful favour of the Almighty, they recovered their long-wished-for port of Plymouth, two years and fifty days after their departure from that place.

"He who went forth with a fleet," says Fuller,

* The constellation now known as "The Southern Cross."

† For the weather-worn canvas thus destroyed, it is said that Cavendish substituted sails of green damask.

quaintly, "came home with a ship. Thus, having circumnavigated the whole earth, let his ship no longer be termed the 'Desire,' but the 'Performance.' He was the third man, and second Englishman, of such universal undertakings."

Immediately on landing, Cavendish forwarded an account of his prosperous voyage—in which his skill and courage were conspicuously displayed, but assuredly no generosity of feeling or loftiness of ambition—to Lord Hunsdon, his friend and patron.

"It hath pleased the Almighty," he wrote,* "to suffer me to incompass the whole globe of the world, entering in at the Straits of Magellan, and returning by the Cape de Buena Esperanza. In which voyage I have either discovered or brought certain intelligence of all the rich places of the world that ever were known or discovered by any Christian. I navigated along the coast of Chili, Peru, and Nueva España, where I made great spoils. I burnt and sunk nineteen sail of ships, small and great. All the villages and towns that ever I landed at I burned and spoiled, and, had I not been discovered upon the coast, I had taken great quantity of treasure. The matter of most profit unto me was a great ship of the king's, which I took at California; which ship came from the Philippines, being one of the richest of merchandise that ever passed

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. pp. 826, 827.

those seas. . . . From the Cape of California—being the uttermost part of all Nueva España—I navigated to the islands of the Philppines, hard upon the coast of China, of which country I have such intelligence as hath not been heard of in these parts: the stateliness and riches of which country I fear to make report of, lest I should not be credited; for, if I had not known sufficiently the incomparable wealth of that country, I should have been as incredulous thereof as others will be that have not had the like experience. I sailed along the islands of the Malucos [Moluccas], where, among some of the heathen people, I was well entreated; where our country may have trade as freely as the Portugals, if they will themselves. From thence I passed by the Cape of Buena Esperanza, and found out, by the way homeward, the Island of St Helena, where the Portugals use to relieve themselves; and, from that island, God hath suffered me to return to England. All which services, with myself, I humbly prostrate at her Majesty's feet, desiring the Almighty long to continue her reign among us, for, at this day, she is the most famous and victorious prince that liveth in the world."*

By this voyage Cavendish must have acquired a considerable fortune; but the love of adventure

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. pp. 836, 837.

with which it had also inoculated him would not suffer him to rest at home in an inglorious ease; and of lettered leisure, I fancy, he had no conception. He spent a couple of years in gay living, and then, with what money he had remaining, equipped a squadron to undertake a fresh expedition against the New World colonies.

It was composed of "three tall ships" and two barks: the "Leicester" galleon, which bore his own flag as admiral; the "Desire," commanded by the great pilot and navigator, Captain John Davis; the "Roebuck," under Master Cocke; the "Black Pinnace;" and a small bark named the "Dainty," which belonged to, and was commanded by, Adrian Gilbert, one of the famous Devonshire family of sea-kings. The crews are supposed to have numbered about 400 men, and among them were the two Japanese, captured on board the "Santa Anna."

Cavendish put to sea on the 26th of August 1591. He lay becalmed under the equinoctial line for seven-and-twenty days, and many of his men were seized with scurvy. A fair wind springing up, he reached the coast of Brazil, and, on the 16th of December, surprised and captured the town of Santos, whose inhabitants were at mass when he landed. The object was to obtain a supply of provisions, but, through Cocke's mismanagement, the Indians succeeded in carrying off their stores, and,

after wasting five precious weeks in vain attempts to discover their place of concealment, Cavendish sailed from Santos harbour in far worse trim than he had entered it.*

He now made for the Straits, Port Desire being named as the rendezvous. On the 7th of February 1592, the fleet was overtaken by a terrible gale, and on the following day they separated. Davis made for the appointed harbour, and on the way fell in with the "Roebuck," which had been sorely buffeted. The two ships reached Port Desire on the 6th of March, and on the 16th were joined by the "Black Pinnace," and the "Admiral." The "Dainty," meanwhile, returned to England, her owner apparently having been daunted by the ominous beginnings of the expedition. In the gale Cavendish had suffered much, and his officers and men showing a disposition to mutiny, he removed on board the "Desire."

It was now the middle of March. "Such," says Cavendish, "was the adverseness of our fortunes, that in coming thither we spent the summer, and found the Straits in the beginning of a most extreme winter. They entered on the 14th of April with a fair wind; but it suddenly changed on the 21st, and compelled the squadron to put into a small cove on the southern shore of the strait, opposite Cape For-

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. pp. 840, 842.

ward. During these three weeks of detention in this anchorage, Cavendish and his men endured great sufferings from the perpetual snows and storms; and many died with "cursed famine, and miserable cold," being unprovided with warm garments, and having no better food than a little meal, water, mussels, and sea-weed. These unexpected trials so dismayed the commander that he called together his whole company and declared his resolution to retrace his course, and make for the Cape of Good Hope. Davis, however, whose Arctic exploration had fitted him to contend with any difficulty, and who felt as thoroughly at home among snow and ice as a white bear or a walrus, pointed out to him that such an enterprise meant nothing else but absolute ruin. "If the rest of your ships," said the sturdy pilot, "be furnished answerable to this, it is impossible to perform it; for we have no more sails than masts, no victuals, no ground-tackling, no cordage more than is overhead, and among seventy and five persons there is but the master alone that can order the ship, and but fourteen sailors; the rest are gentlemen, serving-men, and artificers." As Davis was supported by the general opinion, Cavendish was compelled to renounce his desperate project; but he resolved on returning to Santos, and, as if displeased with the Arctic explorer's honest counsel, quitted the

“Desire,” and again hoisted his flag on board the “Leicester.”

They cleared the Straits on the 18th. On the 20th the “Desire” and the “Black Pinnacle” separated, either by design or accident—Davis protested by accident, Cavendish imputed by design—from the “Admiral” and the “Roebuck,” and returned to Port Desire.* Ere long the “Roebuck” and the “Leicester” also parted, but again effected a junction off the coast of Brazil, and sailing northward committed the most inexcusable ravages, burning defenceless villages, plundering houses, and devastating plantations,—a course of conduct which admits of no defence on the part of Cavendish’s biographer, because it inflicted no injury whatever on the power and resources of Spain, while it brought ruin and misery to many a humble family. Near the town of Espiriteo Santo some Spanish ships were descried lying at anchor off the mouth of a small river. Cavendish, with his boats, attempted to cut them out; but his plans were ill-devised, and, after a furious struggle, in which the English lost eighty men killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, they were forced to retire.

Either in dudgeon at his Admiral’s rashness, or

* Davis afterwards re-entered and passed the Straits, was again driven back, and, after enduring almost incredible hardships, reached Ireland in June 1593.—Burney, “Discovery in the South Seas,” pp. 101, 103.

from a superstitious fear of the ill fortune which now seemed to dog his steps persistently, the master of the "Roebuck"—"the most cowardly villain," says Cavendish, "that ever was born of a woman,"—after this pitiful failure abandoned the expedition. Cavendish then made for the island of St Sebastian, where he repaired his boats, and laid in a stock of fresh water. He sought to persuade his crew to sail for the Straits, where they might obtain a supply of birds and seals; and if they effected this passage into the South Sea, could not fail to retrieve their losses by the plunder of the rich Spanish cities. His eloquence fell, however, upon deaf ears. Weary and disheartened, they asked for neither booty nor adventure, but to return to England. "And one of the boldest," says Cavendish, "most proudly and stubbornly uttering these words to my face, in presence of all the rest; which I seeing, and finding my own faction to be so weak—for there were not any favoured my side but my poor cousin Locke, and the master of the ship—I took this bold companion by the bosom, and with mine own hands put a rope about his neck, meaning resolutely to strangle him, for weapon I had none. His companions, seeing one of their chief companions in this case, and perceiving me to go roundly to work with him, they all came to the master, and desired him to speak, affirming they would all be ready to take any course

I thought good of ; so I, hearing this, stayed myself, and let the fellow go."

Misfortune, however, had not yet done with Cavendish. For their better accommodation, he had landed his wounded on the island of St Sebastian, which lay about a mile from the mainland. The Portuguese were thus in a position to watch all his proceedings, and while some soldiers and seamen still remained ashore, an Irishman, "a noble villain," went off to the continent on a raft, and betrayed his defenceless comrades. The Portuguese surprised the small company on the island in the night-time, and butchered every one of them.

"Thus," says the miserable Cavendish, "I was forced to depart, Fortune never ceasing to lay her greatest adversities upon me. And now I am grown so weak that I am scarce able to hold the pen in my hand ; whereupon I must leave you to enquire of the rest of our most unhappy proceedings."

These unhappy proceedings may be briefly noticed. An attempt was made to reach the island of St Helena, for which the company agreed to steer only on their Admiral's resolute declaration that, with the object of his voyage unachieved, he would never return to England, but sink the ship and all on board. Under the influence of this threat, they sailed to about 20° S., when they were seized with another fit of mutiny, declaring they would rather

die than be starved in searching for an island which could never be found again. Again Cavendish appealed to their fears, and, in stormy weather, they beat southward to 28° S., and stood for St Helena, but owing to adverse winds and the ill-management of the sailing-master, they unfortunately missed it. There was now no help but to sail with all speed for England. Cavendish, broken-hearted, lay in his cabin, dying; occasionally rousing himself to pen a last letter to Sir Tristram Gages, in which he detailed the disasters of his second voyage, and which gives the reader a higher opinion of his character than the general tenor of his life would seem to justify. The letter was not completed when the "Leicester" reached 8° N., but its writer would seem to have died long before the coast of England was sighted,—leaving behind him the name of a gallant, adventurous, but imprudent and reckless spirit, who was destitute of all the higher qualities of a commander—was incapable of broad views of statesmanship or public policy—was indifferent to the claims of humanity,—and, in his daring enterprise, was simply actuated by the love of excitement and the greed of gain.

A modern biographer remarks, however, that the reproach of cruelty which, from transactions in both voyages, and especially in the first, must rest upon his memory, ought in justice to be shared with the

age in which he lived, and the state of moral feeling among the class to which he belonged by birth. I am not sure that there is much truth in this apologetic plea. The great Elizabethan seamen were not cruel without a cause, while Cavendish does not seem to have been otherwise than culpably harsh and brutal by nature. A Raleigh, a Drake, or a Gilbert might seek, by some act of terrible severity, to strike terror among a hostile population; but they committed no such ravages on the innocent, defenceless, and unoffending, as are unfortunately recorded of Cavendish.

I am willing, however, to admit that I am disposed—by my recollection of his sufferings and untimely end, by my sense of the sad contrast between the splendour of his early life, and the shadows and gloom in which his sun went down in early manhood—to judge his character with all possible lenity, and to pass as quickly as may be from the record of his errors. He was unquestionably of a most intrepid and daring spirit; he is reputed to have been endowed with a delicate wit and a handsome person; and under no circumstances can he be deprived of the immortal renown which justly attaches to the third circumnavigator of the globe.

I subjoin some closing passages from his last letter:*

* Purchas, "His Pilgrims," book v., c. 6, p. 1195-1200.

“MY LOVING FRIEND,—

“There is nothing in this world that makes a truer trial of friendship, than at death to show mindfulness of love and friendship, which now you shall make a perfect experience of; desiring you to hold my love as dear, dying poor, as if I had been most infinitely rich. The success of this most unfortunate action, the bitter torments of which lie so heavy upon me, as with much pain am I able to write these few lines, much less to make discussion to you of all the adverse haps that have befallen me in this voyage, the least whereof is my death.”

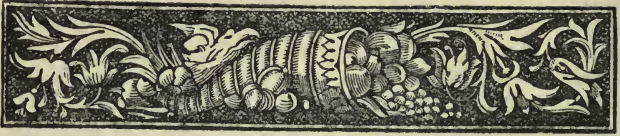
After narrating the extraordinary series of misfortunes which he had encountered, and the crowning disaster of missing St Helena, he continues :

“And now to tell you of my greatest grief, which was the sickness of my dear kinsman John Locke, who by this time was grown in great weakness, by reason whereof he desired rather quietness and contentedness in our course, than such continual disquietness, which never ceased us. And now by this, what with grief for him, and the continual trouble I endured among such hell-hounds, my spirits were clean spent, wishing myself upon any desert place in the world, there to die, rather than thus basely to return home again; which course I had put in execution, had I found an island which the cards make to be eight degrees to the southward of the line. I swear to you I sought for it with all diligence, meaning, if I had found it to have there ended my unfortunate life. But God suffered not such happiness to light upon me, for I could by no means find it; so I was forced to go towards England, and having gotten eight degrees by north the line, I lost my most dearest cousin.

“And now consider whether a heart made of flesh be able to endure so many misfortunes, all falling upon me without intermission! I thank my God that, in ending of me, He hath pleased to rid me of all further trouble and mishaps. And now to return to our private matters: I have made my will, wherein I have given special charge

that all goods (whatever belong unto me) be delivered into your hands. For God's sake refuse not to do this last request for me. I owe little that I know of, and, therefore, it will be the less trouble; but if there be any debt that of truth is owing by me, for God's sake see it paid. To use compliments of love, now at my last breath, were frivolous; but know that I left none in England whom I loved so well as yourself, which you in such sort deserved at my hands as I can by no means requite. I have left all (that little remaining) unto you, not to be accountable for anything. That which you will, if you find any overplus (yourself especially being satisfied to your own desire), give unto my sister Anne Cavendish. I have written to no man living but yourself, leaving all friends and kinsmen, only excepting you as dearest. Commend me to both your brethren, being glad that your brother Edward escaped so unfortunate a voyage. I pray give this copy of my unhappy proceedings to none but only to Sir George Cary, and tell him, that if I had thought the letter of a dead man acceptable, I would have written unto him. I have taken order with the master of my ship to see his pieces of ordnance delivered unto him, for he knoweth them. And if the "Roebuck" be not returned, then I have appointed him to deliver him two brass pieces out of this ship, which I pray you see performed. I have now no more to say, and take this last farewell, that you have lost the lovingest friend that ever was lost by any. Commend me to your wife. No more! But as you love God, do not refuse to undertake this last request of mine. I pray, forget not Master Cary of Coakington; gratify him with something, for he used me kindly at my departure. Bear with this scribbling, for I protest I am scarce able to hold a pen in my hand."





Sir Francis Drake.



CHAPTER I.

“No English keel hath yet that ocean plowed ;
If prophecie from me may be allowed,
Renownèd Drake, Heaven does decree
That happy enterprize to thee !
For thou of all the Britons art the first
That boldly durst
This Western World invade.
And as thou now art made
The first to whom that boon will be shown,
So to thy isle thou first shalt make it known.”

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.



HE life and exploits of Drake have found so many chroniclers that I could have wished to avoid, in the present volume, any repetition of the oft-told tale. But the public have a just repugnance to the play of Hamlet with Hamlet's part omitted ; and I felt that my readers might, with good reason, complain if, in a book treating

of the Elizabethan worthies, the honoured name of the first English circumnavigator was not to be found.

The character of this certainly heroic man furnishes us with a study of more than ordinary interest. There was no inconsiderable quantity of the true gold in it, and no inconsiderable quantity of alloy of baser metal. It is, however, high praise when you can say of any man that he was capable of conceiving and achieving great projects; that his thoughts rose above the level of the thoughts of most of his contemporaries; that he knew how to seize and work out a noble and ennobling idea. In the conception of a voyage round the globe there was a grandeur that we of the present time are not altogether likely to appreciate duly, because the world has since been mapped out, and scrutinised, and explored, until it has become a familiar thing, utterly lacking that singular mystery and weird, undefinable awe which it possessed for our forefathers. It is true that Magellan had shown the way, but sometimes as large a share of credit is due to the second in a difficult enterprise as to the first; and to the English hero the pathless Southern seas and hot Eastern waters were as unknown as they had been to the unfortunate Spanish navigator.

I look upon Drake as the prototype and legitimate ancestor of our great English seamen—as the

first of that noble and ardent race whose finest qualities culminated, as it were, in Nelson. He exhibits, if you fairly read his life, the same restless yearning after adventure, the same utter indifference to danger, the same calm, imperturbable courage, flaming up at times into a sort of wild Berserkir fury, the same intense and all-absorbing patriotism, the same sentiment of entire devotedness to duty, the same spirit of careless generosity, and the same admirable skill in managing and commanding men. There was little that English sailors would not attempt and achieve under Drake, or Blake, or Nelson. For these illustrious seamen possessed a magnetic power of raising their followers to their own high level of daring and intrepidity. The contagion of their enthusiasm made heroes of the lowest; their example was a species of inspiration.

Drake's errors leaned, so to speak, in the direction of virtues. Were I fond of paradoxes, I should characterise them as virtues carried to an excess. His ambition was inordinate; he could bear no rival near his throne. I suspect he was more loved by his crew than by his lieutenants. His love of discipline inclined to severity; he was quick to resent, and slow to forgive; his ardent desire of glory rendered him prone to listen to the voice of flattery; his contempt and hatred of the enemies of his country urged him occasionally to the commission

of lamentable acts of cruelty. He was, in truth, before all things and in all things, a thorough seaman. He wanted that fine versatility and those admirable accomplishments which have renowned the name of Raleigh; that chivalrous courtesy and self-denial which have taught us to cherish the name of Sidney. He was a hero on the deck of his ship; elsewhere he was a man of shrewd practical intellect and great decision of character, but no hero.

It is always useful to consider the judgments passed upon distinguished men by their contemporaries, or by writers who lived near their time. In the case of Drake such judgments are numerous. A very remarkable parallel between him and Hawkins occurs, for instance, in Prince's "Worthies of Devon." It is from the pen of a writer who modestly conceals himself under the initials R. M., but deserves to be carefully perused on account both of its discrimination and impartiality.

They were both alike given, says our author, to travelling in their youth, and in their more mature years. They both attempted many honourable voyages; as that of Sir John Hawkins to Guinea, to the isles of America, and to St Juan de Ulloa; so, likewise, Sir Francis Drake, after many discoveries in the West Indies, and other parts, was the first Englishman that ever encompassed the globe, in which, as

well as in his great knowledge of sea affairs, he far exceeded not only Sir John Hawkins, but all others.

Our authority goes on to observe, very justly, that in their natures and dispositions they differed as much as in their management of war. Sir Francis was of a lively spirit, resolute, quickly and sufficiently valiant; Sir John, slow, jealous, and difficult to be brought to a resolution. In council, Sir John Hawkins did often differ from the judgment of others, making a show in difficult cases of knowing more than he would declare. Sir Francis was a willing hearer of every man's opinion, but commonly a follower of his own. He never attempted any action wherein he was an absolute commander but he performed it with great reputation, and could go through the weightiest concerns with wonderful ease. On the contrary, Sir John Hawkins was an undertaker of great things; but for the most part without fortune or success.

In truth, Sir Francis was altogether of a nobler and more able spirit than Hawkins. He was gifted to some extent with the three prominent qualities which should distinguish every man who aspires to be an Agamemnon, *αναξ ανδρων*—

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control.

Not altogether unworthy was he to have "stood" for the model of Tennyson's "Ulysses." I can well believe that the lines in which the poet describes

the old king's longing after action would have found a ready echo in Drake's bosom :

“ How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life.

Tho'

We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”*

Sir John Hawkins, continues R. M., naturally hated land soldiers ; and, though he was very popular, affected to keep company with common people rather than his equals ; Sir Francis, on the contrary, loved the land soldiers, always encouraged and preferred merit wherever he found it, and was affable and easy of access.

They had both many virtues, and agreed in some, as all the Elizabethan sea-kings naturally did ; such as in the capacity of enduring great hardships and labours ; a promptitude in dealing with difficulties and dangers of sudden growth ; singular quickness of observation and retentiveness of memory, and a love of adventure for adventure's sake. In other virtues they (that is, Drake and Hawkins) greatly differed. Sir John was merciful, apt to forgive, and faithful to his word ; Sir Francis hard to be recon-

* Tennyson's "Poems," 16th edition, pp. 266, 267

ciled, but constant in friendship ; and withal, at the same time, suave and courteous, magnanimous and liberal. They were both ambitious to a fault, but one more than the other ; for Sir Francis had an insatiable thirst after honour, beyond all reason. He was full of promises, and more temperate in adversity than in prosperity. He had likewise some other imperfections, as quickness in anger, bitterness in disgracing, and was too much pleased with sordid flattery. Sir John Hawkins had malice with dissimulation, rudeness in behaviour, and was covetous in the last degree. They were both alike happy in being great commanders, but not equally successful. They both grew great and famous by the same means ; that is, by their own virtues, courage, and the fortune of the sea. There was no comparison, however, between their merits, taken in general ; for therein Sir Francis far exceeded.

In this concluding decision of our parallelist I cordially agree. Drake was altogether, as I have said, of a higher and loftier nature than his rival ; his imagination was more vivid, his judgment more enlightened, his intellect more comprehensive.

Quaint Thomas Fuller was a quick and searching critic of men's failings and perfections—as severe to the one as he was just to the other. Let us hear what he has to say in reference to Sir Francis Drake :*

* Fuller, "Worthies of England."

If any should be desirous to know something of the character of Sir Francis Drake's person, he was of stature low, but set and strong grown; a very religious man towards God and His houses,* generally sparing the churches wherever he came; chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, merciful to those that were under him, and hating nothing so much as idleness. In matters (especially) of moment he was never wont to rely on other men's care, how trusty or skilful soever they might seem to be, but always contemning danger, and refusing no toyl. He was wont himself to be one (whoever was a second), at every turn, where courage, skill, or industry was to be employed.

Surely this is the portrait of a very admirable and elevated character: "Chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, hating nothing so much as idleness." If upon the tomb of each of us such an epitaph may in due time be written, I think our children will have no cause for shame!

Let us next transcribe the eulogium written by Stow, the old annalist.† He says of our hero, that he was more skillfull in all points of navigation than any that ever was before his time, in his time, or

* Religious, however, with all the stern intolerance of his time, and utterly incapable of cherishing a single charitable feeling towards Jew, Turk, or Papist, each of whom, in his eyes, was a true son of Satan!

† Quoted by Barrow in his "Life of Drake," i. 12.

since his death. He was also of a perfect memory, great observation, eloquent by nature, and skillfull in artillery, expert and apt to let blood, and give physick unto his people according to the climate. A modern biographer would regard the last two qualifications as unworthy of mention, or even derogatory to the fame and dignity of his hero; but the Elizabethan discovery-ships carried no accomplished surgeons, and a certain amount of rough medical knowledge on the part of the commander was essential to the health and safety of his men.

Drake, continues the worthy chronicler, was low of stature, of strong limbs, broad breasted, round headed, broune hayre, full bearded; his eyes round, large, and clear, well favoured, fayre, and of a cheerful countenance. His name was a terror to the French, Spaniard, Portugal, and Indians. Many princes of Italy, Germany, and other, as well enemies as friends, in his lifetime desired his picture. He was the second that ever went through the Straights of Magellanes, and the first that ever went rounde aboute the worlde. He was lawfully married unto two wives, both young, yet he himself and two of his brethren died without issue. He made his brother Thomas his heire, who was with him in most and chiefest of his employments. In briefe, he was as famous in Europe and America as Tamberlayne in Asia and Affrica.

“ In his imperfections he was { Ambitious of Honour ;
 { Unconstant in Amity ;
 { Greatly affected to Popularity.”

Stow's character of Drake is wanting in lucidity and discrimination, but it serves to show how powerful an impression he produced on the mind of the English people. A curious testimony to his wide repute is borne by the elegiac poem of Charles Fitz-Geffry, published at Oxford in 1596, the year of Drake's death, and entitled, "Sir Francis Drake, his Honourable Life's Commendation, and his Tragical Deathe's Lamentation." It contains two hundred and eighty-five stanzas, written in a sufficiently tragical and exalted style, yet not without a certain *vivida vis*, which arrests the attention of the reader. As it is almost unknown to the general public, I venture to make a tolerably long extract from its pages :

“ Such as were they, such was our worthy DRAKE,
 Whose head a storehouse was of policies,
 That (like his valour) forc'd his foes to quake,
 Making their hulks to caper in the skies,
 And quiver in the air their argosies ;
 So by a proper sleight he knew full well
 To send their ships to heaven, their souls to hell.

“ Sometime, when number virtue did surprise
 (As virtue sometime is surprised by number),
 His policy could soon a way devise
 To fly their forces that might bring him under—
 And how he could escape it made them wonder ;

For of their Indian gold he made him wings,
And (like a phoenix) safely from them flings.

“ A thousand bell-mouth'd cannons' deadly shot,
A thousand rattling muskets' hailstones fly ;
Yet thousand deadly cannons hurt him not,
Nor thousand rattling muskets reck'neth he,
But still beats them all as eagerly ;
And, maugre all their beards, brings home the spoil,
'Riching Eliza, and Eliza's soil.

“ Those peerless peers, that through the world have spread
Their predecessors' virtues and their own,
And both with honour have ennobled ;
Who to nobility's chief point are grown,
The sage attendants on Eliza's crown,
Desired to venture on the foe with DRAKE,
And with his fortunes good or ill partake.

“ When forth they march'd against their eager foe,
Hope and Revenge did bear them out to war ;
Guarded with Nonperille did they go,
While Bonadventure still their ensign bear,
And Cowardice by Dreadnought 'bandoned far.
Swift-sure their race, though swift, yet always sure,
And good Foresight to Hopewell did allure.

“ Watchful Advise did march in equipage,
Together with her sister Providence ;
Relief with Aid, and Aid with high Courage ;
Courage was guided with Experience,
And both did guide and guard their high pretence :
Where all such worthy virtues captains were,
What coward would not be a conqueror ?

- “ The soldiers followed, eager for the fight,
Known to the foe by face, not by the back ;
Skilful in fight, but ignorant in flight ;
Swift in assault, but in retiring slack,
Never returning but with foemen’s wrack :
Who would not be a soldier in that band,
Which, ere it fought, held victory in hand ?
- “ A silver Greyhound led a golden Hind,
Now reconciled to its bitter foe ;
A Roebuck, that did bear a lion’s mind,
Together with Diana still did go,
And dreaded not her darts and murdering bow ;
The Phoenix in his fleet her nest did make,
And Hercules himself attended DRAKE.
- “ God’s gift he had, and God his gift did speed ;
No misadventure cross’d where God did guide :
Where God did save, none other salve did need.
He sped the journey, He did give the tide,
He saved the fleet from foes’ insulting pride ;
How could the enterprise ill issue have,
Where God himself did speed, did guide, did save ?
- “ Fortune herself was present in the fleet,
But stood not on her fickle, rolling wheel,
Constant stability balanced her feet,
And being constant knew not how to reel,
But ruled the rudder and directed the keel :
How could mischance unto that ship betide,
Where Fortune was the pilot and the guide ?
- “ Guarded with these associates’ royal train,
Forth marched valiant DRAKE to martial arms ;

And makes an earthquake through the coasts of Spain
 When as his thund'ring drum resounds alarms,
 And roaring tempests volley forth their harms :
 Hope and Revenge to war conducted DRAKE,
 And Victory and Triumph brought him back.

“ Neither in wars his worth was only known,
 Although his worth was chiefly known in wars,
 But all as well at home in peace was shown,
 By moderating public wealth's affairs,
 As quieting his foes' tumultuous jars :
 And as the Laurel crown'd him conqueror,
 So did the Olive show him counsellor.

“ Like as abroad with unresisted arms
 He tam'd his foes' proud insultations,
 Even so at home with lenity he charms
 His jarring friends' discordant passions,
 Rescuing the poor from proud vexations :
 So all his life he made a warfare long
 Abroad 'gainst enemies, at home 'gainst wrong.

“ In war he strove (and striving still did gain)
 To vanquish all with never daunted might :
 In peace he sought (and seeking did obtain)
 All to excel in equity and right,
 A justice in peace, in war a knight :
 Though hard it were for him that might take ease,
 Scipio to be in war, Cato in peace.”*

Of so great an Englishman it is impossible for us to form our estimate with too much prudence ; and, before we begin the romantic story of his life, it will

* As stated in the text, this elegy was originally published at Oxford in 1596. It was reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges, at his private

be well for us to peruse the eloquent sketch painted by a graphic American historian, not too partial in his judgments of English worthies.*

“Drake,” he says, “was a small man, of a fair but somewhat weather-stained complexion, with light-brown, closely-curling hair, an expansive forehead, a clear blue eye, rather commonplace features, a thin, brown, pointed beard, and a slight moustache. Though low of stature, he was broad-chested, with well-knit limbs. His hands, which were small and nervous, were brown and callous with the marks of toil. There was something in his brow and glance not to be mistaken, and which men willingly call master; yet he did not seem to have sprung of the born magnates of the earth.

“Emerging in early boyhood,” continues Mr Motley, “from his parental mansion—an old boat, turned bottom upwards on a sandy down—he had press, Lee Priory, in 1819. It opens with the usual commendatory verses on the author, of which a specimen will suffice :—

“Yet shall his fame, his worth, his worthy deeds,
Eternized by thy verse, among us dwell :
And whatsoever after age succeeds,
Unto posterity the same shall tell,
And make thy praises with his own excel :
Time, that doth all things else in time discern,
Shall never have thy name within thy power.”

A notice of Charles Fitz-Geffry, who published several other elegies, as well as various sermons and religious poems, will be found in Antony & Wood’s “*Athenæ Oxonienses*.”

* J. L. Motley, “*History of the United Netherlands*,” ii. pp. 95, 96.

naturally taken to the sea, and his master, dying childless not long afterwards, bequeathed to him the lugger. But in time his spirit, too much confined by coasting in the narrow seas, had taken a bolder flight. His expeditions against the Spanish possessions in the West Indies were eminently successful, and soon the name of Francis Drake rang through the world, and startled Philip in the depths of his Escorial. The first Englishman, and the second of any nation, he then ploughed his memorable 'furrow round the earth.' He was, indeed, one of the great types of the 16th century. The self-helping private adventurer, in his little vessel, the 'Golden Hind,' 100 tons burthen, waged successful war against a mighty empire, and showed England how to humble Philip."

In the history of his time Drake played an important part. He was the foremost Englishman of the age, until eclipsed by the superior renown of Sir Walter Raleigh. Few of his contemporaries enjoyed so wide-world a fame. To the King of Spain he was, as my Lord Burghley justly said, "a fearful man;" and Philip never wrote his name without emotions of hate, terror, and disgust. Of the common people he was the idol, and many a popular tradition survives to prove the wondering reverence with which they regarded his achievements. It seemed to them that his deeds were

beyond the deeds of mortal man, unless assisted by the unseen powers. Southey felicitously remarks that his name is the only one of modern history which has acquired, in local tradition, a sort of mythological celebrity.* It is probable that this originated with the Spaniards, who felt towards him that mixed feeling of bitterness and awe which the French felt a century later towards another Englishman—"Malbrook." At Panama, when news arrived of his decease, two days' religious festivities were celebrated in honour of his death and damnation! The most popular of the Spanish poets devoted an entire epic poem to the slander of his memory. He was accused of having had dealings with the devil. The imputation of magic probably reached his own country, where it was readily accredited, but with this difference—while the Spaniards represented him as enslaved by the devil, Drake's countrymen loved to fable of him as a ruler of powerful spirits, whom he delighted to employ in all good works.

Drake, by his engineering skill, supplied Plymouth with fresh water. Such was the literal fact: the popular mind, dissatisfied with its baldness, declared that the beneficent deed was accomplished in a far more romantic manner. The hero mounted his horse, and rode about Dartmoor until he came

* Southey, "Lives of the British Admirals," iii. p. 238.

upon a sufficiently-copious spring ; then, muttering a potent spell, he started back for the town, galloping at full speed, with the stream rolling abundantly and refreshingly at his horse's heels.

Another legend, still extant, declares that he provided Elizabeth with a fleet by cutting a piece of wood, and, as he leaned over the side of his own vessel, cutting it into chips—each chip, as it fell into the water, becoming a man-of-war. Another version of this miracle says, that, while playing at kales, or skittles, on Plymouth Hoe, news came that the Armada was sailing into the Sound. Drake played out his game with the utmost composure, and, when it was ended, called for an axe and a block of wood—chopping the latter into fragments, and flinging the fragments into the sea, where every piece was transformed into “a tall vessel.”

It was supposed that the circumnavigation of the world was not accomplished by plain sailing, but that, on reaching its extreme limit, Drake shot the gulf, which afforded the only passage from one side of the globe to the other. When he had performed this feat, he asked his men if any one of them knew where they were situated. A boy replied, “Yes ; they were then exactly under London Bridge :” whereupon Drake, in a fit of jealousy, flung him overboard, exclaiming—“Hast thou too a devil ? If I let thee live there will then be one greater than myself.”

Yet another legend: When our hero embarked on his great voyage, he told his wife, with his parting words, that unless he returned within a certain number of years, she might conclude he was dead, and, if so inclined, take unto herself a second husband. The wife remained constant to her vows until the prescribed limit had been overpassed. She then accepted an offer. Drake immediately learned her weakness, and loading one of his great guns, fired it right through the globe, and with so exact an aim, that the shot fell into the church where the marriage-service was on the point of being performed. "It is a message from Drake!" cried the startled wife to the would-be bridegroom; "he is alive! and there must be neither troth nor ring between myself and thee."

This is the Devonshire story. Southey records a Somersetshire version of it.* As thus: While the intending couple were on their way to church, a large round stone fell through the air close by the side of Madam Drake, and fixed upon the train of her gown. Thereupon she turned back, for she said she knew it came from her husband. It was not long before he returned, and in the shape of a beggar, asked alms of her at his own door: in the midst of his feigned tale, a smile escaped him; she recognised him, and led him in joyfully. The stone,

* Southey, "Common Place Book," 4th series, p. 424.

says tradition, still remains where it fell. It is used as a weight upon the harrow of the farm, and if it be removed from the estate always returns.

These legends are so far reliable that they show the extraordinary estimation in which Drake was held by his contemporaries, and the extent to which his surprising exploits influenced the popular imagination.

It has frequently been said that in England it is difficult for a man to rise into greatness without the advantage of rank or wealth. Like most truisms, the saying has little foundation. At all events, in the instance of Sir Francis Drake, it is signally confuted. His father was neither rich nor noble, but an honest mariner of Tavistock, in Devonshire,* who lived in a lowly cottage on the bank of the Tavy. There Francis Drake was born,† about 1539, or 1541—the date is uncertain; the eldest of twelve sons, most of whom inherited their father's liking for the sea. It is said that young Drake's godfather was Sir Francis Russell of Tavistock, who, according to custom, gave him his Christian name. The truth of this statement is, however, denied by some authorities, and it is certain that, if true, it sums

* Camden represents him as a clergyman, and vicar of Upnor, in Kent, but his statement is not supported by good contemporary evidence.

† Or, according to his nephew, in the hull of a ship, turned upside down on the sandy shore. (*See* his dedication to the "Voyage Revived," etc.)

up the whole extent of Drake's obligations to his patron.

He seems to have been connected by family ties with Sir John Hawkins, and some writers assert that he was brought up and educated by the worthy seaking. At an early age, nevertheless, he was apprenticed to a small shipowner who traded to Zealand and the French coast, and made several voyages to and fro, acquiring a considerable amount of nautical skill. His master dying, and bequeathing to him his vessel, young Drake carried on the same traffic for a few months; till, longing for a wider sphere of action, he listened to the counsel of his kinsman Hawkins, and embarked his savings in the expedition to the West Indies, which terminated so disastrously at St Juan de Ulloa.* In this expedition he commanded the "Judith;" gave abundant evidence of foresight, seamanship, and courage; and escaping from the Spaniards on the night of the fatal attack, succeeded in carrying home his little vessel.

Having lost his all in the voyage, young Drake cherished no feelings of peculiar amity towards his treacherous foes, and began to consider whether he would not be justified in recouping himself at the expense of the king of Spain, whenever and wherever he was able. The case, as Fuller quaintly puts

* See the interesting narrative, published in 1626, of "Sir Francis Drake Revived," which was revised by the great seaman's own hands, and edited by his nephew.

it, was clear in sea divinity. The King of Spain's subjects had undone Master Drake, and therefore Master Drake was entitled to take the best satisfaction he could on the subjects of the King of Spain.

Having set before himself this laudable object, Drake, by way of preparation, made a couple of voyages to the New World; the first, in 1570, with two ships, the "Dragon," and the "Swan;" the second, in 1571, with the "Swan" alone. The fact that he was entrusted with these commands shows that he had already acquired some degree of reputation for conduct and seamanship; and they enabled him to make himself well acquainted with the American coast, and to complete his knowledge of the art of navigation.

Having in these two voyages gotten such certain notice of the persons and places aimed at as he thought requisite, he resolved on an attempt to restore his fortunes at the cost of the Spanish colonies in the New World; not actuated solely, however, by this personal notion, but burning with a patriotic desire to deal a heavy blow at his country's most dangerous enemy, and a religious sentiment of proselytising Protestantism.

Accordingly, he equipped a couple of small barks, the "Pasha" of Plymouth, of 70 tons, and the "Swan," of the same port, of 25 tons—the latter

commanded by his brother, John Drake, and with crews numbering no more than three-and-twenty men, a year's provisions, ample supplies of ammunition, and three handsome pinnaces on board, which could easily be put together when occasion required, he sailed from Plymouth, on the 24th of May 1572. The expedition was bound for Nombre de Dios, which was then the granary of the West Indies, where the golden harvest brought from Panama was hoarded up till it could be conveyed to Spain.*

On the 2d of July he came in sight of the high land of Santa Martha, and making for Port Pheasant, remained there some seven days, putting together his pinnaces, and recruiting his men. An unexpected reinforcement arrived in the shape of an English bark, the "Lion," from the Isle of Wight, commanded by Captain Rouse, and with thirty men on board, some of whom had served under Drake in the preceding year. Rouse willingly agreed to join the expedition, along with his prize, a Spanish caraval; and the little flotilla speedily sailed for Nombre de Dios.

There he placed his ships under the command of Rouse, and selecting fifty-three men on whom he could rely, he embarked them on board his pinnaces, and under cover of the night of the 22d of July, made his attack upon the town. On land-

* Fuller, "Holy and Profane State," p. 108.

ing, they divided into companies, and leaving one in possession of the fort, which he captured without opposition, Drake marched the other silently into the market-place, where he beat his drums and sounded his trumpets, so that the Spaniards, startled from their slumbers, thought that the town was invested on every side. A body of them, rallying, attacked the English with a volley of shot, which Drake returned with "the best ancient English compliment," a flight of arrows, and drove them from the ground; receiving, however, a severe wound in the leg. This at the time he dissembled, knowing that, if the general's heart stoops, the men's will fall; and, loath to leave off the action, wherein if so bright an opportunity once setteth, it seldom riseth again.*

Forward, therefore, he and his gallant men pressed in all haste, and gained the Treasure-house, but here he fainted from loss of blood. The wound being bandaged, and some drink given him, he revived, and would fain have proceeded to the attack. But his men insisted on his leaving the place, and when he would not be persuaded, added force to their entreaties, and carried him to his pinnace.

Divers of the men were also wounded, though but one, and he a trumpeter, was slain. Many of them got good booty before they retired from the

* Fuller, *et ante*, p. 108.

town. But the wines in a Spanish ship, which they found in the harbour, they took along with them for the relief of their captain and themselves. They carried off their prize to an island which they called the Island of Victuals, where they stayed two days to cure their wounds, and refresh themselves in the gardens they found there, abounding with all sorts of roots, fruits, poultry, and other fowls, "no less strange than delicate." *

Drake next proceeded to the Island of Pinos, where he had left his ships, under Captain Rouse; and the latter being unwilling to continue an enterprise apparently of so unprofitable a character, he was recompensed for his services, and allowed to depart.

The bolder spirits followed their leader to the Sound of Darien, where he opened up a friendly communication with the Symerons, Cimarrones, or Maroons—Indians who had escaped from slavery, and had bitter wrongs to avenge upon the Spaniards—and learned from them that the Spanish treasure-convoy was brought from Panama to Nombre de Dios upon mules, with a small escort, which he might probably intercept. Drake immediately set forth on an enterprise of so inviting a character, and pushing forward with all speed, arrived, on the 11th February, on the summit of a considerable eminence.

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. 431.

Here the chief of the Symérons pointed out to him a goodly and great high tree, in which they had cut and made steps to ascend near the top. Here they had fashioned a convenient bower, capable of accommodating ten or twelve men. Drake climbed this natural watch-tower, and was rewarded with a prospect of the great Southern Sea—the vast and unexplored Pacific—over whose waters brooded an atmosphere of mystery and romance; and, fired by the wondrous spectacle, he besought of Almighty God to grant him life and leave to plough those shining waves with an English keel. Then calling up his men, and especially John Wenham, whom he greatly trusted, he made known to them the grand idea that filled his mind.

Through the drunken carelessness of one of his sailors, he was disappointed in his hopes of securing the treasure-convoy. He stormed Venta de Cruz, a kind of half-way port between the two shores of the Isthmus. Here, however, neither gold nor silver was found, but a quantity of merchandise, to the value of £200,000, which he burned along with the town. Soon afterwards, his ears were regaled by the sweet music of the mules coming with a great noise of bells, and he surprised three remas or companies of them, each numbering thirty-three, and each mule loaded with three hundred pounds' weight of silver. From these he removed as much as his men could carry,

and buried the remainder ; but one of the English getting into the hands of the Spaniards, was horribly tortured until he revealed the place of concealment ; so that when Drake returned for a second burden almost all the booty had been removed.

When Drake regained the cave where he had left his pinnaces, he found, to his great surprise, some Spanish shallops, well manned and armed, evidently searching for him. His mind misgave him, lest they might have destroyed his own little barks ; but owing to the nature of the country, which was mountainous, densely wooded, and crossed by unfordable streams, it was impossible for him to obtain any knowledge. He therefore caused a raft to be constructed of fallen trees, and with no other sail than a biscuit sack, and with an oar shaped out of a sapling for rudder, he ventured out to sea, up to the waist in water, a burning sun pouring its red-hot shafts upon his head, and so hovered cautiously about the coast until he caught sight of his pinnaces, sheltered behind a headland. Running his raft ashore, he crossed the point on foot, and regained his vessels, much to the joy of all on board. He then returned to the Rio Francesco, took on board his treasure and the remainder of his crews, and bade farewell to his loyal Maroon allies. To their chief he presented his own sword, receiving in return the splendid gift of four wedges of gold, which Drake nobly threw into the common store, with the

observation, that it was only just they who had borne part of the charge of the expedition, should enjoy their full proportion of its profits.

A favourable wind now bore him across the Atlantic in three-and-twenty days; and on Sunday the 9th of August 1573, he arrived at Plymouth. The good citizens were at church, listening to the exhortations of a "painful preacher;" but by some means the intelligence of his return was conveyed to them, and immediately they issued forth to give him and his men a hearty welcome. In those days the common people knew how to express their admiration of gallant deeds!

Yet he did not escape the usual misfortune of the successful, and found—as so many before him and after him have found—that a prophet is not always honoured in his own country. As Fuller says, with characteristic pith and quaintness, there want not those who love to beat down the price of every honourable action, though they themselves never mean to be chapmen. These cry up Drake's *fortune* in his expedition, that they may the better cry down his valour: as if his performance were nothing, and that a golden opportunity had run his head, with his long forelock, into Drake's hands, beyond expectation. But certainly his resolution and unconquerable patience deserved much praise, to adventure on such a design, which had in it just no more probability than

what was enough to keep it from being impossible.

For my part, I have observed that the Opportunity never comes except to the capable ; and I am inclined to believe that the great man is he who best understands how to take advantage of the occasions presented to him. At the epoch of the French Revolution, there were many lieutenants of artillery in the French service, but only one who knew how to seize his opportunities, and become *Napoleon le Grand*.

If there were some who endeavoured to underrate our hero's sagacity and vigour, the great majority of Englishmen did him ample justice ; and when, with an imagination ever brooding over the wonders of that glorious sea, whose shining expanse he had breathlessly admired from "a peak in Darien," he resolved on attempting the exploration of the Pacific, there was no lack of volunteers from the best and noblest families to enlist under his flag. He had employed the interval in rendering active assistance to the Earl of Essex in his Irish campaign, doing excellent service, both by sea and land, at the winning of divers strong forts. He had thus recommended himself to the favour of his sovereign ; and when the project of his new expedition was submitted to her notice, she gave it and its author a highly flattering reception. The story runs that she

presented him with a sword, and said: "We do account that he which striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us!" It is added that she also furnished him with a formal commission to make reprisals if the Spaniards attacked him; but as such an act would have been equivalent to a declaration of war against a power with which it was her anxious policy to remain at peace, we must dismiss the statement as a fable. Drake perfectly understood his position: in the eye of Spain he was a pirate, and liable, if taken, to a pirate's fate.* He knew, however, that his Queen and country approved of and sympathised with his designs, and that they only withheld a formal sanction, because not strong enough to risk hostilities with the great Spanish empire.

Partly at his own cost, partly at the cost of divers friends, and partly with the secret help of the Queen, Drake's expedition was duly equipped towards the close of 1577. Its object, as we have seen, was to penetrate into the unknown waters of the Pacific—to break up the monopoly which Spain enjoyed of the wealth and resources of the New World—to carry fire and sword into her rich American colonies. The reader will naturally suppose that, for such a purpose, the Elizabethan adventurer provided himself with a powerful armada. Not he! In his

* Barrow, "Life of Drake," p. 35; Motley, "United Netherlands," ii. pp. 88-90.

breast burned the unconquerable and unresting spirit of the old Norse sea-kings, who, in their light swift galleys, six centuries before, had crossed the stormy Northern Ocean, and conquered unto themselves the fair green fields of England; disembarking a handful of men, first at one point and then at another, and with measureless audacity, striking inland, far into the heart of a hostile country, capturing, plundering, and burning villages and towns, and returning home with ample store of booty.

In like manner, Drake was content with a few small ships, and a few scores of gallant followers. His entire force, "men, gentlemen, and sailors," numbered only 164. His fleet consisted of five vessels:—the "Pelican," in which he hoisted his flag as Admiral, of 100 tons; the "Elizabeth," of 80, Captain John Winter; the "Marygold," a bark of 30, Captain John Thomas; the "Loan," a fly-boat of 50, Captain John Chester; and the "Christopher," a pinnace of 15 tons, Captain Thomas Moon: in all, 275 tons. This diminutive armada, however, was plentifully stored, and well supplied with ammunition. Nor did Drake omit to make provision for merriment and delight, as well as for the utilities; carrying with him expert musicians, rich furniture (all the vessels for his table, yea, many belonging to the cook-room, being of pure silver); with divers shows of all sorts of curious workmanship, whereby

the civility and magnificence of his native country might, among all nations whither he should come, be the more admired.* Drake knew the effect of show and parade on the minds of savages, and in this ostentation of wealth and luxury was guided by politic motives.

To lull the suspicions of the Spanish court, Drake gave out that he was bound for Alexandria; but it is not probable that either abroad or at home the pretext was credited. He sailed from Plymouth on the 15th of November; encountered off Falmouth a terrible storm, and was compelled to put back into Plymouth to refit; set forth again, with happier fortune, on the 13th of December, and made the island of Mogadore, off the Barbary coast, on the 27th. Here he remained awhile, trading with the Moors, and making prizes of several merchant-vessels—one of which he equipped in the place of the "Christopher"—taking in wood and water, and thereafter sailing for the island of Maya, where he captured a Portuguese ship, laden with wine and provisions, and put on board of her a crew of twenty-eight men, under Master Thomas Doughty. Encouraged by this success, the fleet stood across the Atlantic for the coast of Brazil, which, after often meeting with unwelcome storms, and equally unwelcome calms, they made on the 8th of February, in

* Prince, "Worthies of Devon," *in voce* Drake.

lat. $31^{\circ} 30'$ S. After a short excursion up the river La Plata, or "River of Silver," they continued their voyage to the south, and on the 17th of May reached a good port in lat. $47\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. Here Drake broke up the "Swan," so as to lessen the number of his ships, and bring the fleet more under his direct control. He then employed his men in securing supplies of seal's flesh; and, some of the natives making their appearance, endeavoured to establish a communication with them. Thrusting a pole into the ground not far from their landing-place, Drake's sailors attached to it a few trifling presents, and retired. The Indians, in return, put some of their coronals and carved bones. The old chronicler describes them as naked, save that about their waist they wore the skin of a beast with the hair or fur on, and something also wreathed on their heads. Their faces were painted with divers colours. Some of them had on their heads the similitude of horns, and every man his bow, which was an ell in length, with a couple of arrows. They were very agile people, and quick to deliver, and seemed not to be ignorant in the feats of war, as by their order of ranging a few men might appear.*

They were a merry race; partial to dancing, and easily affected by music. They fed on seals and other flesh, which they ate nearly raw. They were

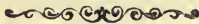
* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. 733.

of large stature. "One of the giants"—says Fletcher, chaplain of the fleet and historian of the expedition—"standing with our men when they were taking their morning draught, showed himself so familiar that he also would do as they did ; and taking a glass in his hand (being strong Canary wine) it came no sooner to his lips, than it took him by the nose, and so suddenly entered his head that he was so drunk, or at least so overcome, that he fell to the ground ; yet he held the glass fast in his hand without spilling any of the wine ; and when he came to himself, he tried again, and tasting, by degrees got to the bottom. From which time he acquired such an affection for the mighty drink, that, having learned its name, he would every morning come down from the mountains with a loud shout of 'Wine! Wine! Wine!' continuing the same until he arrived at the tent."

After a fortnight's sojourn in Seal Bay, the fleet again sailed southward, and on the 20th of June dropped anchor in the good harbour discovered by Magellan, and named by him Port Julian. It was a place of evil omen. On the shore stood a mouldering gibbet, identifying the spot with the scene of the prompt retaliation inflicted by Magellan on certain of his mutinous crew. Here Drake attempted to open up a friendly intercourse with the natives, but they had been evilly entreated by the Spaniards, and remembering what had befallen them, received his

advances with cold indifference. The Englishmen, partly in sport and partly in earnest, challenged them to a trial of skill with bow and arrows. Robert Winter, in doing so, pulled his bow-string with over-exertion, and broke it. The savages seized the opportunity to rain down upon him a volley of arrows, one of which fixed in his shoulder, and another in his lungs. Allowing his anger to master his prudence, the gunner thereupon hastily aimed his caliver at the aggressors; it missed fire, and he was immediately shot through the breast, and out at back, so that he fell to the ground, dead. Drake now came upon the scene, and by his coolness and skill, succeeded in withdrawing his men without further loss. Winter was conveyed on board ship, but he died the next day, and both his body and the gunner's were buried, with due solemnities, on a rocky island in the fatal harbour.* The English remained six or seven weeks longer in Port Julian, and the savages made no further attempt to molest them.

* Cliffe's Narrative, in Hakluyt, iii. 751.





CHAPTER II.

“ Ni frustrà, quod mortali tot secla negarant,
Hâc tuus immensum nuper Dracus ambiit orbem,
Quâ patri Oceano clausas circumdare terras
Concessit natura viam ; media meare
Tellura, et duplici secludere littore mundos.”

BUDEIUS.



WE have spoken of one Master Thomas Doughty, whom Drake had intrusted with an important command when off the coast of Africa. He was a gentleman of good birth, of undoubted courage, and considerable ability ; but, it would seem, of a restless and ambitious spirit, without any settled principles, and, so long as he gained any particular end, very indifferent as to the means by which he compassed it. A charge of peculation having been advanced against him, he was removed from the charge of the Portuguese prize ; and thenceforth he appears to have meditated the design of subverting Drake, and taking the guidance of the expedition. Much mystery involves the entire transaction, but, at all events, Drake's suspicions of

Doughty's fidelity were removed soon after he had dropped anchor in Port Julian ; and finding, on inquiry, that he was labouring to excite a mutiny among the seamen, he caused him to be arrested, and tried before a jury of twelve men, "after the English manner." The charge of treachery was supported by evidence which to the jury appeared worthy of belief; he was declared guilty, and sentenced "to receive punishment according to the quality of the offence." Doughty, seeing no remedy for himself but patience, and finding no support among the crews, submitted calmly to an unavoidable fate. Before his death, he desired to receive the communion ; which he did at the hands of Fletcher, the chaplain, and Drake accompanied him in that holy action. The rite concluded, and the place of execution being made ready, he embraced the Admiral, took leave of all the company, offered up a prayer for the safety of the Queen and her realm, and quietly surrendered himself to the executioner.

So far I have followed the brief and unimpassioned narrative preserved by Hakluyt. The particulars given in "The World Encompassed" are more minute, and of so much serious interest, that I think it best to give them in the original language : *

* There can be no doubt, however, that many of them are unworthy of credit, and the account is only valuable so far as it is confirmed by the narrative in Hakluyt and Camden.

“This plot was laid before the departure of the expedition from England, and which was made known to the General at Plymouth, who would not believe that a person whom he so dearly loved would conceive such evil purposes against him ; till, at length, perceiving that the manifold practices grew daily more and more, even to extremeities, and that lenity and favour did little good, he thought it high time to call these practices in question, and before it were too late to call any question of them into hearing ; and therefore, setting good watch over him, and assembling all his captains and gentlemen of his company together, he propounded to them the good parts which were in the gentleman ; the great good-will and inward affection, more than brotherly, which he had ever, since his first acquaintance, borne him ; not omitting the respect which was had of him among no mean personages in England ; and afterwards delivered the letters which were written to him, with the particulars which, from time to time, had been observed, not so much by himself, as by his good friends ; not only at sea, but even at Plymouth ; not writings alone, but actions, tending to the overthrow of the service in hand, and making away of his person.

“Proofs were required and alleged, so many, and so evident, that the gentleman himself, stricken with remorse of his inconsiderate and unkind dealing, acknowledged himself to have deserved death, nay, many deaths ; for he had conspired not only the overthrow of the action, but of the principal actor also, who was not a stranger or ill-willer, but a dear and true friend unto him ; and, therefore, in a great assembly openly besought them, in whose hands justice rested, to take some order for him, that he might not be compelled to enforce his own hands, against his own bowels, or otherwise to become his own executioner.

“The admiration and astonishment hereat, in all the hearers, even those that were his nearest friends, and most affected him, was great, yea, in those which, for many benefits received from him, had good cause to love him ; but yet the General was most of all distracted ; and therefore withdrew himself, as not able to conceal his tender affection, requiring them that had heard the whole matter to give their

judgments, as they would another day answer it unto their Prince, and unto Almighty God, judge of all the earth.

“They all, after duly weighing the evidence, above forty in number, the chiefest in place and judgment in the whole fleet, with their own hand, under seal, adjudged that he had deserved death; and that it stood by no means with their safety to let him live; and therefore they remitted the manner thereof, with the circumstances, to the General. Therefore they then proposed to him this choice: Whether he would take to be executed in this island? or to be set upon land on the main? or return into England, there to answer his deed before the Lords of Her Majesty’s Council? He most humbly thanked the General for his clemency extended towards him in such ample sort; and craving some respite, to consult thereon and make his choice advisedly. The next day he returned answer that, ‘Albeit he had yielded in his heart to entertain so great a sin as whereof he was now guilty condemned; yet he had a care, and that excelling all other cares, to die a Christian man, and therefore besought the General most earnestly he would not counsel him to endanger his soul by consenting to be left among savage infidels; and as for returning to England, he must first have a ship, and men to conduct it, with sufficient victuals, if any men could be found to accompany him on so disgraceful an errand. Yet the shame of return would be more grievous than death; and therefore he preferred that, with all his heart, he did embrace the first part of the General’s offer, desiring only this favour, that they might once again receive the holy Communion together before his death, and that he might not die other than a gentleman’s death.

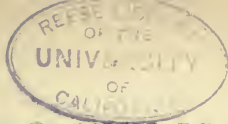
“No reasons could persuade him to alter his choice. Seeing he remained resolute in his determination, his last requests were granted; and the next convenient day a Communion was celebrated by Mr Francis Fletcher, preacher and pastor of the fleet at that time. The General himself communicated in this sacred ordinance with this condemned penitent gentleman, who showed great tokens of a contrite and repentant heart. After this holy repast they dined also at the same table together, as cheerfully, in sobriety, as ever in their lives they

had done aforetime, each cheering up the other, and taking their leave by drinking each to other, as if some journey only had been in hand.

“After dinner, all things being ready prepared by the provost-marshal, Mr Doughtie, without any dallying or delaying the time, came forth, and kneeled down, preparing at once his neck for the axe, and his spirit for heaven. Which having done, without long ceremony, as one who had before digested this whole tragedy, he desired all the rest to pray for him, and willed the executioner to do his office, not to fear nor spare.”

This lamentable tragedy has left upon Drake's fair fame a blot which every Englishman would wish to see removed, and which, for my own part, I believe to be wholly undeserved. From the chaplain Fletcher's narrative, it appears that Doughty strongly denied the charges made against him, even while receiving the sacrament, and at the very moment of his death. Was he innocent, or was he guilty? If innocent, how came it that a verdict was pronounced against him by twelve men, whom we must suppose to have been impartial, and that no effort was made by any of his comrades to obtain a reversal of his sentence? If guilty, what were his projects? How were they discovered? As Dr Johnson shrewdly observes, “What designs he would have formed with any hope of success, or to what actions worthy of death he would have proceeded without accomplices, is equally difficult to imagine.”* It is certain that he possessed no very loyal friends.

* Dr Johnson, “Life of Drake,” p. 322.



I admit, then, the clouds and doubts which hang over the whole of this unhappy transaction, but cannot see that any suspicion of cruelty or injustice attaches to Drake. His conduct, as represented by the various chroniclers of the expedition, seems to have been perfectly straightforward, open, and honourable, from first to last. He regretted Doughty's crime, but he believed in it; he regretted Doughty's death, but looked upon it as necessary to the safety of his expedition. It *may* be true that he was deceived by an intrigue of some enemies of Doughty, but I cannot easily think a man of his shrewd sagacity would have suffered himself to be so misled. Rather am I inclined to accept the suggestion thrown out by Southey,* that Doughty contemplated making off with one of the ships, and trying his own fortune. Such a project was by no means unlikely to have entered the brain of a man so restless, so aspiring, and so discontented.

The general opinion of the fleet, adds Southey, was, that a mutiny had been designed. The Portuguese pilot on board, who is likely to have been an attentive observer, and must have been an important one, says, that Doughty was put to death because he would have returned. The Spaniards,† willing as they were to load Drake with every kind of obloquy,

* Southey, "Lives of the British Admirals," iii. 131.

† Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. 734.

were so far from blaming him for this tragic event, that they commended his vigilance and decision. The sufferer's solemn protestations of innocence are easily explained, and are by no means unusual in similar cases. Few men will admit their guilt while there exists a hope of their innocence being believed; and Doughty might reasonably cherish such a hope even to the very last. Finally—and this consideration is one which ought to carry great weight—the justice of Drake's procedure was never called in question on his return to England, though his enemies and detractors were numerous, and would gladly have availed themselves of it, if possible, to have worked his disadvantage.

It is pleasant, however, to turn from so sad a story to the record of chivalrous deeds and romantic scenes.

On the 17th of August, Drake sailed from the ill-omened port, and on the 20th sighted the high, steep, and hoary cliffs of Cape Virgenes. Here, in kindly remembrance of his good friend, Sir Christopher Hatton, he changed the name of his vessel to the "Golden Hind"—Sir Christopher's cognizance—a name which has become immortal in the annals of famous ships, like Blake's "Triumph," and Nelson's "Victory."

"A ship which round about the world he bear,
Whose sail did wingèd Eurus' flight outstrip,

Storming tempestuous Boreas' stormy dare,
Descrying uncouth coasts, and countries rare,
And people which no eye had ever seen,
Save day's fair golden eye, and night's bright Queen."*

On the 21st the fleet entered the Straits discovered by Magellan, and named by him the Patagonian—after the natives, to whom, because they wore ill-shapen sandals, he had given the name of *Patagons* (Span. "a large, clumsy foot.")

We found the Straits, says the chronicler in Hakluyt,† to have many turnings, and, as it were, shutting up, as if there were no passage at all; by means whereof we had the wind often against us, so that some of the fleet recovering a cape or point of land, others should be forced to turn back again, and to come to an anchor where they could. There be many fair harbours, with store of fresh water, but yet they lack their best commodity; for the water is there of such depth, that no man shall find ground to anchor in, except it be in some narrow river or corner, or between some rocks; so that if any extreme blasts or contrary winds do come (whereunto the place is much subject) it carrieth with it no small danger. The land on both sides is very huge and mountainous; the lower mountains whereof, although they be monstrous and wonderful to look

* Fitz-Geffry, "Life and Death of Drake," st. 144.

† Hakluyt, "Voyages," iv. 236.

upon for their height, yet there are others which exceed them in a strange manner, reaching themselves above their fellows so high, that between them there did appear regions of clouds. These mountains are covered with snow. The Strait is extreme cold, with frost and snow continually; the trees seem to stoop with the burthen of the weather, and yet are green continually; and many good and sweet herbs do very plentifully grow and increase under them.

In the Straits, Drake came upon three islands, lying triangle-wise, which he christened Elizabeth, St Bartholomew, and St George. Here he met with a kind of fowl—whose flesh, says the chronicler, is not unlike that of an English goose—which have no wings, but pinions to assist them in swimming, and are of a black colour, mixed with white spots under their belly and about their necks. They walk so upright, that from a distance the spectator might mistake them for children. If a man approach anything near them, they run into holes in the ground (which be not very deep) so that to take them, we had staves with hooks fast to the end, wherewith some of our men pulled them out, and others being ready with cudgels, did knock them on the head, for they bite so cruelly with their crooked bills, that none of us were able to handle them alive.*

* This is the first description of the penguin to be found in the English language.

It was on the 6th of September that the first English keels ploughed the waters of the Pacific; a memorable day, from which we might reasonably date the history of our commercial success and maritime enterprise,—a day “big with the fate” of kingdoms; for henceforth the monopoly of Spain was broken up, and a new, and by no means easily daunted race of claimants appeared to the vast resources of the New World,—a day of vast importance to all mankind, for it rung the knell of Papal tyranny, as of Spanish pretension to universal empire. This is no mere figurative exaggeration, but the sober statement of an unimpeachable truth. From the day that Drake entered the great Southern Sea, the fortunes of Spain were numbered. It heralded the downfall of her colonial power, and her loss of the boundless treasury which supplied the means of fettering human thought and action over one half of Europe. It exposed to a daring and unresting enemy her vulnerable side. From any formidable attacks at home, her military strength secured her. *There* she confronted England and France like a giant armed to the neck. But in the New World her cuirass no longer covered her, and from the wounds she received in her unguarded flank, slowly, but surely, ebbd her very life-blood!

Early in October, the English fleet was visited with a terrific gale, and the “Marygold,” separating

from her consorts, was never again heard of. The two remaining ships, after many accidents, put into a bay which seemed likely to offer a secure asylum; but it proved to be very dangerous, and full of rocks. Drake's cable broke, and the "Golden Hind" was driven out to sea. As she did not return, Captain Winter went in quest of her, but soon wearying of the search—he had already wearied of the expedition—he gave over the voyage, and, against the wishes of his crew, put about, and sailed for England.*

Drake, now left alone with the little pinnace, was once more driven back as far as 53° S., and took shelter on the island-girt coast of Terra del Fuego. But again carried out to sea by the violence of the gale, he was unfortunately parted from his shallop, with eight seamen on board, and only one day's provisions; † and beaten and tossed about further to the

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iv. 258. (Edward Cliffe's Narrative.)

† These unfortunate men regained the shore, salted and dried some penguins for food, and rowed along the coast until they reached the Plata. Here they unfortunately landed, and fell in with a party of Indians, who wounded all with their arrows, and captured four. The others pushed off, and reached an island about three leagues from the mainland, where two died of their wounds, and the boat was shattered on the rocks. The survivors lived on the rock for a couple of months, when the want of fresh water compelled them to return to the mainland. They reached it on a large plank, some ten feet long, and immediately alighted on a rivulet of sweet water, "when," says Carder—the only one who lived to see England again—"my only comfort and companion, William Pitcher, although I dissuaded him to the contrary, overdrank himself, being perished before with extreme thirst, and, to my unspeakable grief and discomfort, died half an hour after

south, until he fell in with the uttermost part of the land towards the South Pole—without which there is no main nor island to be seen to the southward ; but the Atlantic Ocean and the South Sea meet in a large and free scope. Here the storm, after raging one-and-fifty days, ceased ; and on the 28th of October, the “Golden Hind” anchored in smooth water in a harbour of the island, whose southern extremity is now called Cape Horn. Drake landed, and, leaning over the cliff as far as he safely could, returned to tell his men that he had been further south than any living man.

Two days afterwards, with a fair wind, Drake resumed his voyage along the American shore ; made the Island of Mocha, and nearly lost a boat’s crew in an Indian ambuscade ; and on the 5th of December entered Valparaiso, plundered the town—which only contained nine families—and captured a vessel lying in the harbour. She proved to be the “Grand Captain of the South Sea,” and no despicable prize, her cargo consisting of jewels, merchandise, 1770 jars of Chili wine, and 60,000 pesos* of gold ; the latter a booty which largely delighted the crew, as being a kind of earnest of the treasures that awaited them in the golden cities of the New World.

in my presence, whom I buried as well as I could in the sand.” Peter Carder’s remarkable narrative will be found in the “Pilgrims” of Purchas, vol. iv. pp. 1187, 1188.

* A *peso* was valued at about eight shillings English money.

After refitting his ship, refreshing his men, and building a pinnace for coasting purposes, in a quiet and sheltered bay near Coquimbo, our hero, on the 19th of January 1574, resumed his enterprise. At a place called Tarapaca, he landed for water, and found a Spaniard lying asleep, with thirteen bars of silver beside him, valued at 6000 ducats. These were removed, but the man was allowed to go free. Advancing a little further, and again landing, the English fell in with a Spaniard and an Indian driving eight llamas—the mules or camels of the New World—each carrying two leathern bags, and each bag containing fifty pounds of silver. These were brought on board. Good fortune now seemed never weary of visiting the adventurers. At Arica, on the 7th of February, they captured a couple of small vessels, one laden with 800 lbs. of silver, the other with 200 jars of wine. At Callao, on the 10th, they found about thirty vessels anchored, seventeen of which were ready for sailing. These they plundered of all their merchandise; and then, obtaining intelligence of a treasure-ship, laden with gold and silver, that had not long before left Callao on her voyage to Panama, they sailed in swift pursuit of her. She was called the “Cacafuego,” and the Spaniards boasted of her as “the great glory of the South Sea.” Drake came up with her on St David’s Day, off Cape San Francisco; and the first shot

having carried away her mainmast, her captain surrendered.

A prize crew was immediately put on board, and then, to elude pursuit, Drake sailed with her far out to sea for two nights and a day. When at a safe distance from the mainland, he caused the ships to lay by, and overhauling the galleon, transferred her precious cargo to his own vessel. It proved a booty of almost inconceivable magnitude, his share of which was sufficient to make the humblest mariner a man of decent opulence. Besides precious stones, and jewels, and valuable wares, she carried thirteen chests full of *reals* of plate, eighty pounds weight of gold, and twenty-six tons of silver. The whole value was 360,000 pieces of gold; and the victorious English ship was now, in very truth, the "*Golden Hind*." In a spirit of commercial irony, Drake, when he had examined the cargo, called for the register, or bill of lading, and wrote a formal receipt in the margin for the exact total.*

Having rifled her of all that was valuable, he now dismissed the "*Cacafuego*;" and, sailing westward to avoid Panama, where he would probably have met with too hot a reception, he skirted the American coast as far as *Aguapulca*, making many

* Southey says that this incident is also related by Lopez de Vega, in his "*Dragontia*." It seems that the Spaniards were much amused by Drake's rough humour.

small prizes on the way. Here he refitted his wave-worn bark, and anxiously considered what course he had best adopt, with the view of conveying safely to an English harbour his extraordinary spoil. He feared to attempt a second passage of Magellan's Straits, lest the Spaniards should have stationed a fleet to guard its entrance. On the other hand, to sail across an unknown ocean, with a ship heavily laden and in a somewhat tattered condition, seemed a daring enterprise even to Drake's bold spirit. But was there not a third course? The two great oceans, the Pacific and the Atlantic, united at the southern extremity of the New World,—was it not probable that the same was the case at its *northern* extremity? In other words—did there not exist a *north-east* passage to Europe?

Drake determined to attempt its discovery; and, if possible, to equal the fame of Magellan. He announced his intention to his ship's company, who were ready enough to follow wherever he led. But first it was necessary to secure an abundant supply of wood and water, and, for this purpose, Drake steered for Nicaragua; anchoring, on the 16th of March, in a small bay of the island of Canno, which proved a convenient and agreeable station. The pinnace was here employed on active service; and brought in a prize laden with butter, honey, sarsaparilla, sea-charts, and other commodities. From

Canno they sailed on the 24th. On the 6th of April, another valuable prize was taken ; but the English were now becoming fastidious, and contented themselves with selecting only silks, linen, delicate China porcelain, and "a falcon of gold, with a great emerald in its breast," out of the Spaniard's multifarious cargo. On the 13th, they were quietly moored in the harbour of Guatulco, where they arrived at a happy moment for some negroes, who were being tried before a Spanish court, and whom they delivered, in all probability, from a violent death.*

After a fortnight's sojourn, the "Golden Hind" once more let loose her canvas to the breeze, and steered directly off to sea, beating about in various directions until the 3d of June, when they saw land in lat. 42° N. They progressed two degrees further to the northward, and then found themselves arrested by the terrible and unusual severity of the weather. The ropes of the ship were frozen stiff ; the rain, as it fell, was converted into "an unnatural and frozen substance ;" as soon as the meat was removed from before the fire it congealed ; and the seamen could not expose any part of the body, without running the risk of being instantly benumbed.

Through these unforeseen and most grievous circumstances, a sudden and great discouragement, says the chronicler, seized upon the minds of our

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iv. 239.

men, and they were possessed of a great dislike and doubting of any good to be done that way. Yet would not the General be discouraged—(it is impossible to fancy Drake blenching before any natural or earthly obstacle!)—but, by comfortable speeches of the Divine Providence, and of God's loving care for His children, and also by other good and comfortable persuasions, adding thereto his own cheerful example—(a silent leader makes timid followers!)—he so stirred them up to put on a good courage, and to acquit themselves like men, to endure some short extremity that they might win the speedier comfort, and a little trouble that they might obtain the greater glory; he so stirred them up, I say, that every man was thoroughly armed with willingness, and resolved to see the uttermost, if it were possible, of what good was to be done that way.

I continue my extracts from the old chronicle; * there is a pleasant and wholesome flavour in it, like that which clings to old wine.

The land in that part of America, stretching further out to the west than Drake had previously imagined, they had sailed nearer to it than they were aware, and yet the nearer they drew to it, the greater extremity of cold they suffered. †

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iv. 240

† The reader will understand that this severe cold is very unusual in a latitude so far south as the then position of the "Golden Hind."

On the 8th of June, they were forced by contrary winds to run close into the shore, which they then for the first time caught sight of; and they dropped anchor in a small and ill-sheltered bay—the best road, however, they could at the time discover—where the gusts and flaws that beat upon them threatened the “Golden Hind” with an unwelcome end; and when these temporarily ceased, and a calm ensued, there followed the “most vile, thick, and stinking fogs,” against which the sun prevailed nothing, till once more the wind arose, and scattered them afar.

In this place it was evidently impossible to remain, and yet the severity of the cold, which took the heart and pith out of Drake’s sailors, forbade their proceeding any further to the north. In truth, the wind being right in their teeth, forced them southward, whether they would or no.

On the 17th of June, the storm-tossed and wave-worn mariners found a convenient harbour in lat. 38° 30’ N., a harbour which, under the name of San Francisco, is now famous throughout the civilised world, and thronged with gilded treasure-ships of a burthen and a value such as neither Drake nor the Spaniards ever imagined in their wildest dreams.

With the natives of California Drake carried on a very friendly intercourse. They seem to have reverently regarded the Englishmen as gods, sud-

denly descended from some higher sphere, and to have offered them the most reverent homage. After an interview with Drake, a whole company of men and women returned in the evening to their little village, and gave themselves up to the most doleful lamentations, the women shrieking so vehemently that though the village was nearly a mile distant, their voices were plainly audible. For two days afterwards they did not approach the English encampment; on the third, a much more numerous assemblage than before appeared on the summit of an adjacent hill, and one of them delivered a long and animated oration, at the end of which they all laid down their bows and arrows, and descended to the tents. The women, however, kept their station, tormenting themselves lamentably, and rending the flesh from their cheeks, in obvious performance of a religious rite of propitiation.

By way of reproof, Drake ordered his men to prayers, and Divine service was celebrated with a zealous devoutness which the natives evidently understood.

Immediately afterwards, a great throng of people came down to the encampment, and two heralds explained by signs that their chief, or *Hioh*, was about to visit the Admiral. Presently he made his appearance. He was of a goodly stature and comely personage, and bore himself with a certain natural

dignity. He was decorated with strings of shell, and wore a cloak apparently made of rabbit skins. His train consisted of about one hundred tall and warlike men, with similar cloaks, but made of different skins. Some wore a strange attire of feathers; others had their heads covered with a very fine down, which grows in that country upon a herb very like the English lettuce. All had their faces cunningly painted. Then followed the "naked, common sort of people—every one having his face painted, some with white, some with black, and other colours.* The procession was closed by the women and children, each carrying a round basket, or two, of tobacco, boiled fish, and a root called *petah*, of which a kind of meal was made, to be either baked or eaten raw.

After much singing and dancing, the chief placed on Drake's head a feathered cap of network, and round his neck a string of wampum, saluting him by the name of *Hioh*; a ceremony which the English Admiral interpreted as formally conveying to him and his followers the sovereignty and possession of the whole country, but which was, perhaps, simply intended as an expression of amity and good-will, or of reverence and propitiation towards a superior race.

The common sort of the people, leaving the king

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iv. 241.

and his train engaged with Drake, scattered themselves, together with their sacrifices, among the English sailors, taking a diligent view of every person; and to those (the youngest) who most pleased their fancy, they offered their sacrifices with lamentable weeping, scratching and tearing the flesh from their faces with their nails until the blood poured down. The honest Englishmen, however, wanted no such miserable humiliation; stayed their hands by force, and directed them upwards to the living God, whom only they ought to worship.*

These Californians were but a little removed from the condition of the animals. Their weapons were bows and arrows, but ill made, and comparatively useless. Their huts, or dens, were circular, partly under ground, built of earth, and roofed with pieces of wood, which joined together at a common apex, so as to form a kind of spire. The fire was built up in the centre, and beds of rushes were placed around it. Deer abounded in the interior, but do not seem to have been much hunted by the Indians, whose principal subsistence was afforded by a kind of coney, which had the feet of a mole, the tail of a rat, and under the chin, on each side, a pouch. Modern voyagers identify it with the Canada pouched rat (or *Mus bursarius*) of Shaw.

In allusion to the white cliffs which faced the sea,

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iv. 241.

Drake named this country New Albion, and took formal possession of it in the Queen's name.

After remaining five weeks in port, Drake sailed to the eastward, followed by the regrets of the simple Indians. Having abandoned his intention of seeking a North-east passage, he steered to the Moluccas; fell in with the Pelew Islands on the 4th of September, christening them the "Islands of Thieves," in allusion to the pilfering propensities of the inhabitants; and on the 16th of October made the Philippine group. On the 21st he took in fresh water at the largest, called Mindanao. On the 3d of November, he was in sight of the spice-bearing shores of the Moluccas, and steered for Tidore; but finding that the Portuguese had been driven out of Ternate, and had settled at Tidore, he altered his course for the former port.

On arriving at Ternate, he sent a velvet cloak as a present to its king, asking permission to trade for spices, and to obtain a supply of provisions.

The king, by way of reply, came off to the "Golden Hind," preceded by four large and richly decorated canoes, each manned by eighty rowers, who timed their oars to the dash of brazen cymbals. On either side of the canoes sat a file of soldiers, armed with sword, dagger, and target; and in each was also mounted a small piece of ordnance. On board were his principal courtiers, or ministers of state, protected

from the sun, as became such august personages, by an awning of thin perfumed mats; and divers of them being of good age and gravity, they made an ancient and fatherly show. There were also divers young and comely men who, like the others, were attired in white lawn of cloth of Calicut.*

Thus coming near the ship, they rowed about it in due order, performing their homage (for so Drake's imperious spirits interpreted a simple act of courteous welcome) with great solemnity, and signifying that they had been commissioned by their sovereign to conduct the ship into a more convenient anchorage.

The king himself now made his appearance, and was politely received by Drake, with the utmost pomp and circumstance, with a salute of great guns, and a flourish of trumpets—he and his seamen being attired in their bravest garb. He was a tall and portly man, with a well-looking countenance. His attendants displayed towards him the greatest reverence, speaking to him only on their knees. He and they were well contented with the presents which were made them; and, taking his leave as the ship anchored, he promised to repeat his visit on the following day, and said that provisions should be supplied.

He kept his word right royally. Boats flocked about the ships, loaded to the gunwale with rice, and fowls, imperfect and liquid sugar, sugar-canes, a

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iv. 243.

fruit called "figo," cloves, sago, and other edibles. The sago is described by the chronicler of the expedition as "a meal made out of the tops of trees, melting in the mouth like sugar, but eating like sour curd; yet, when made into cakes, it will keep so as to be fit for eating at the end of ten years."*

The king, however, did not, as he had promised, repeat his visit on the following day; but sent his brother to make his excuses, and to invite the Admiral to land. Drake appears to have felt some suspicion in respect to this sudden change of the royal intention, and declined to leave his vessel. But the brother remaining as hostage, he allowed certain of his officers to carry, in his stead, a variety of presents to the king.

They were received with a remarkable display of "barbaric pomp," and ushered into a "large and fair house," near the castle, which the prince—a man of more than ordinary courage and capacity—had captured from the Portuguese. About one thousand persons were assembled, among whom were seven ambassadors from different countries—including two Turks, and one Italian—and sixty grave and reverend elders, belonging to the royal council.†

* The reader needs not to be told that sago is the farina of the sago-palm.

† It is difficult to make out who these ambassadors were, or how any Italian should have forced his way to Ternate. It seems probable that all seven were Mohammedan envoys.

“The king at last came in, guarded with twelve launces covered over with a rich canopy, with embossed gold. Our men, accompanied with one of their captains, called Moro, rising to meete him, he graciously did welcome and intertaine them. He was attired after the manner of the country, but more sumptuously than the rest. From his waste downe to the ground, was all cloth of golde, and the same very rich. His legges were bare, but on his feete were a paire of shooes, made of Cordovan skinne. In the attire of his head were finely wreathed hooped rings of gold, and about his necke he had a chaine of perfect golde, the links whereof were great, and one folde double. On his fingers he had sixe very faire jewels; and sitting in his chaire of estate, at his right hand stood a page with a fanne in his hand, breathing and gathering the ayre to the king. The same was in length two foote, and in bredth one foote, set with eight saphyres, richly imbrodered, and knit to a staffe three foote in length, by the which the page did hold and moove it. Our gentlemen having delivered their message, and received order accordingly, were licensed to depart, being safely conducted backe againe by one of the king’s counsell.”

Having procured a supply of provisions, and a large quantity of cloves, Drake sailed from the Moluccas on the 9th of November, and on the

10th anchored at a small island near the eastern part of Celebes, which they named Crab Island. As it was one vast dense mass of forest, with trees lofty, large, and straight, and free from branches till near the top, the Admiral resolved on thoroughly repairing his vessel there, that she might safely undertake the homeward voyage. Among the trees by night glowed an infinite swarm of "fiery worms," whose bodies, though no bigger than our English house-flies, made so great a show and light that every twig shone like a burning candle. The island also contained a wonderful store of bats, as big as large hens, and of cray fishes, also of exceeding bigness, so much so, indeed, that one of them was an ample dinner for four hungry stomachs,* and proved very savoury and nutritious eating.†

On the 12th of December, the "Hind" sailed for the west, but soon got involved in the maze of islets, shoals, and reefs that lie off the coast of Celebes. To escape these dangers, Drake held to the northward, but on the 9th of January, 1579, when he supposed himself to be in an open sea, his adventurous voyage narrowly escaped a fatal termination. The ship was scudding before a fresh wind under

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iv. 244.

† These were land crabs, probably belonging to the genus *Gecarcinus*. Their habits are nocturnal, and they burrow in the ground. The bats would seem to have been of the genus *Galeopithecus*, and the fireflies of the genus *Fulgora*.

full sail, when suddenly she ran aground on a dangerous shoal, and struck twice on it, knocking twice, says Fuller, at the door of death, which no doubt had opened the third time. Here—continues our quaint divine—here they stuck from eight o'clock at night till four the next afternoon, having ground too much, and yet too little to land on, and water too much, and yet too little to sail in. Had God who, as the wise man saith (Proverbs xxx. 4), "holdeth the winds in His fist," but opened His little finger, and let out the smallest blast, they had undoubtedly been cast away, but there blew not any wind all the while. Then they, conceiving aright that the best way to lighten the ship was first to ease it of the burthen of their sins by their repentance, humbled themselves by fasting under the hand of God. Afterwards they received the communion, dining on Christ in the sacrament, expecting no other than to sup with Him in heaven. Then they cast out of their ship six great pieces of ordnance, threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a miser to think on it, with much sugar, and packs of spices, *making a caudle of the sea round about*. And, finally, they betook themselves to their prayers—the best lever at such a dead lift indeed!—and it pleased God that the wind, formerly their mortal enemy, became their friend, which, changing from the starboard to the

larboard of the ship, and rising by degrees, cleared them off to the sea again, for which they returned unfeigned thanks to Almighty God.*

Having suffered many dangers by winds and shoals, the adventurers, on the 8th of February, fell in with the fruitful island of Barativa, whose inhabitants they found well-favoured, honest in their dealings, and courteous to strangers. Thence they

* Fuller, "The Holy State," edit. 1840, p. 110. A somewhat different account is given in Hakluyt, which I therefore subjoin : "When wee had ended our businesse here, we waied, and set saile to runne for the Malucos, but having at that time a bad winde, and being amongst the islands, with much difficultie wee recovered to the northward of the island of Celebes, where by reason of contrary winds not able to continue our course to runne westwards, we were inforced to alter the same to the southward againe, finding that course also to be very harde and dangerous for us, by reason of infinite shoalds which lie off and among the islands ; whereof wee had too much triall to the hazard and danger of our shippe and lives. For of all other dayes upon the 9 of Janurie, in the year 1579, wee ranne suddenly upon a rocke, where we stucke fast from 8 of the clocke at night, till 4 of the clocke in the afternoon the next day, being indeede out of all hope to escape the danger ; but our Generall, as hee had alwayes hitherto shewed himselfe couragious, and of a good confidence in the mercie and protection of God, so now he continued in the same ; and lest he should seeme to perish wilfully, both he and we did our best indeavour to save ourselves, which it pleased God so to blesse, that in the ende we cleared ourselves most happily of the danger.

"We lighted our ship upon the rockes of 3 tunne of cloaves, 8 peeces of ordinance, and certaine meale and beanes ; then the winde (as it were in a moment, by the speciall grace of God) changed from the starreboord to the larboard of the ship, we hoised our sailes, and the happy gale drove our shipe off the rocke into the sea againe, to the no little comfort of all our hearts, for which we gave God such praise and thanks as so great a benefite required."

departed to Java, which "land of fire," as Michelet calls it,* was at that time governed by five rajahs, living in such unity (*mirabile dictu!*) as if they had one spirit and one mind, and ruling over people who lived not less harmoniously than their princes. They had a house in every village for their common assembly. Every day they met twice—men, women, and children—bringing with them such victuals as they thought good, some fruits, some boiled rice, some sago, and some roasted fowls; ‡ and having a table raised three feet above the ground, they set their dishes upon it, and all fell to, with eager appetite, but earnest courtesy. Java, in Drake's time, must have been a veritable Eden—a realization of Plato's "Utopia," or Bacon's "New Atlantis." It is to be regretted that so perfect a picture of the Golden Age was speedily effaced.

* Michelet, "La Montagne."

† "They boile their rice in an earthen pot made in forme of a sugar loafe, being full of holes, as our pots which we water our gardens withall, and it is open at the great ende, wherein they put their rice drie, without any moisture. In the meane time they had ready another great pot, set fast in a furnace, boiling full of water, whereinto they put their pot with rice, by such measure, that they, swelling, become soft at the first, and by their swelling stopping the holes of the pot, admit no more water to enter, but the more they are boiled the harder and more firme substance they become, so that in the end they are a firme and good bread, of the which, with oile, butter, and sugar, and other spices, they make divers sorts of meates very pleasant of taste, and nourishing to nature."

‡ Hakluyt, "Voyages," iv. 245.

From Java, Drake steered his course to the Cape of Good Hope—the goodliest cape his men had seen “in the whole circumference of the earth”—doubled the southern extremity of Africa in safety, and on the 22d of July arrived at Sierra Leone. Here a supply was obtained of water, and a refreshment of oysters and various fruits.

“On the 24th, the “Golden Hind” once more put to sea, and concluded her prosperous voyage on the 28th of September, sailing right bravely into Plymouth Harbour, after an absence of two years and nearly eleven months. According to Drake’s computation, the day of their arrival was Monday, but they found it to be Sunday in England. Every school-boy now-a-days knows that in the circumnavigation of the globe a day is necessarily lost, and he also knows the reason why; this, however, was not patent to the Elizabethan seamen, and they marvelled accordingly.

The concluding words of the old narrative seem worthy of being transcribed.*

Safely, with joyful minds and thankful hearts to God, we arrived at Plymouth, the place of our first sailing forth, after we had spent two years, ten months, and some odd days beside, in seeing the wonders of the Lord in the deep, in discerning so

* “The World Encompassed,” by Sir F. Drake (the nephew), ed. 4to, 1653.

many admirable things, in going through with so many strange adventures, in escaping out of so many dangers, and overcoming so many difficulties, in this our encompassing of the nether globe, and passing round about the world, which we have related.

“Soli rerum maximarum Effectori,
Soli totius mundi Gubernatori,
Soli morum Conservatori,
Soli Deo sit semper gloria.”*

On landing at Plymouth, Drake was received by the Mayor and corporation, and by crowds of the citizens, who welcomed him with loud shouts, set the bells a-ringing for the remainder of the day, and gave themselves up to feasting and rejoicing. On the morrow he visited his birthplace near Tavistock. After enjoying the warm Devonshire hospitality for some days, he re-embarked on board the “Golden Hind,” and sailed for Deptford.

But though the welcome due to the first English seaman of the age was cordially awarded by the commonalty, and his praises were sung in ballad and romance,† Drake found himself but coldly

* To God, the sole Doer of the greatest deeds, the sole Governor of the whole world, the sole Preserver of His creatures, to God alone ever be the glory.

† But, as Mr Motley observes, it was not the ignoble pursuit of gold alone, through toil and peril, which endeared him to the nation. The popular instinct recognised that the true means had been found at last for rescuing England and Protestantism from the overshadowing empire of Spain.—“United Netherlands,” ii. 96.

regarded by the court. We can only suppose that Elizabeth considered it politic to take none of the responsibility of his daring voyage and piratical actions against the Spanish colonies upon herself, at a time when she was ill-prepared for war with Spain. Not yet persuaded, says Stow, to accept and approve his unknown purchase, Elizabeth paused awhile and heard every opinion, which at that time were many; the principal points being—that if this action of Drake should be justified, it would break the peace, raise reproach, breed war with the house of Burgundy, and cause embargo of the English ships and goods in Spain. Whereunto answer was made: that it was neither prize, nor piracy, nor civil policy to cast so much treasure out of their possession; that no prince or private subject could rightly challenge it; that no offence had been committed in its acquisition, nor any intended to Christian prince or state.

The force of this argument it is difficult to see. I take it that as a justification it amounts to nothing more than Rob Roy's famous plea:

“That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”*

But the English people plainly perceiving that the enemy of their religion and liberty was Philip of Spain, and that the colonies in the New World were the vul-

* Wordsworth, “Poems: Rob Roy's Grave.”

nerable part of his armour, were not inclined to punish as a pirate the man who had detected the secret weakness of their foe, and skilfully taken advantage of it.

To this opinion Elizabeth and her ministers after awhile inclined, and Drake, who had patiently bided his time, had the pleasure of receiving the Queen's Majesty on board his weather-beaten bark, April the 4th, 1581, and entertaining her at a sumptuous banquet. After dinner she rewarded him with the signal honour of knighthood, observing that "his actions did him more honour than the title which she conferred." And then, being as highly graced as his heart could wish, with princely commendations and encouragements, he forthwith visited his friends in court, town, and country; his name and fame became admirable in all places; the people swarming daily in the streets to behold him, and vowing hatred to all that durst mislike him.* Thenceforward, until his death, I believe him to have been the most popular man in England.

The Queen now gave directions that the "Golden Hind" should be preserved as a monument of the national glory, and her great commander's enterprise. On the day of her visit, a copy of Latin verses, composed by some of the scholars of Winchester College, had been nailed to the mainmast. According to Camden, they ran as follows:

* Stow, "Chronicles," *anno* 1581.

“ PLUS ULTRA, Herculeis inscribas, Drace, columnis,
 Et magno dicas Hercule major ero.
 Drace, pererrati novit quem terminus orbis,
 Quemque semel mundi vidit uterque Polus,
 Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum ;
 Sol nescit Comitibus non memor esse sui.”

They were thus translated :

“ On Hercules' Pillars, Drake, thou mayst *Plus Ultra* write full well,
 And say I will in greatness that great Hercules excel.
 Sir Drake, whom well the world's end knows, which thou didst
 compass round,
 And whom both poles of heaven once saw, which north and south
 do bound,
 The stars above will make thee known if men were silent here ;
 The sun himself cannot forget his fellow-traveller.”

For many years the “Golden Hind” was preserved in Deptford dockyard, as great an object of interest and curiosity as is now the “Victory” in Portsmouth Harbour. Eventually growing too decayed to admit of further repair, a sufficient quantity of sound timber was selected from the wreck to be converted into a chair, which was presented to the University of Oxford, with the following inscription by the poet Cowley :*

“ To this great ship, which round the world has run,
 And matched in race the chariot of the sun,
 This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim,
 Without presumption, so deserved a name,
 By knowledge once, and transformation now),

* Cowley's “Poetical Works,” in Dr Anderson's “British Poets,”
 v. 229.

In her new shape, this sacred port allow.
Drake and his ship could not have wished from Fate
A more blessed station, or more blessed estate,
For lo! a seat of endless rest is given
To her in Oxford, and to him in heaven."

Before I quit this subject I may add, in reference to the profits of the expedition so boldly conceived and so skilfully carried out, that Drake repaid to the different adventurers £47 for every £1 subscribed ;* and that, as a further token of the Queen's satisfaction, a new coat-of-arms was granted to him, namely, a ship on a globe, held with a cable rope by a hand out of the clouds. Over the globe ran the motto, *Auxilio divino*, and underneath it, *Sic parvis magna*.

* Barrow, "Life of Drake," p. 78.






CHAPTER III.

“ When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Our nation’s solid virtue* did oppose
To the rich troubles of the world’s repose, . . .
They that the whole world’s monarchy designed
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confined,
From whence our red cross they triumphant see,
Without a rival on the sea.

WALLER.

ITH an astuteness of policy which Mr. Froude has lucidly illustrated in his very valuable “History of England,” Elizabeth and her ministers, Cecil and Walsingham, had warded off hostilities with Spain for many years, giving her kingdom time to recruit her resources, to unite her opposed factions, and to settle her internal dissensions. But at length all hope of peace was perforce

* The poet here employs the word “virtue” in its ancient meaning, as from the Latin *virtus*, “valour.”

abandoned. England threw her weight into the scale between Spain and the revolted Netherlands, and, besides contributing money, munitions, and soldiers to the little Protestant republic, which so gallantly contended with its mighty foe, determined on following in the track pointed out by Drake, and attacking the Spanish King in his American colonies, whence he drew his principal supplies.

For this purpose a powerful fleet of the Queen's own ships was equipped, and the command-in-chief entrusted to Sir Francis Drake. There lived no English seaman, indeed, who could reasonably have challenged it with him. His armada consisted of twenty-one sail of men-of-war and pinnaces, having on board two thousand seamen and soldiers.

The principal officers were :

Sir Francis Drake,	}	in the "Elizabeth Bonaventura."
Admiral or General,		
Thomas Turner, his Captain,	}	in the "Primrose."
Martin Frobisher,		
Vice-Admiral,	}	in the "Leicester," galleon.
Francis Knollis,		
Rear-Admiral,		

The troops were under the command of
Lieutenant-General Carleill, in the "Tiger."

Assisted by one Major, three Corporals of the field, and
ten Captains.*

In addition to these illustrious names, Drake was

* The narrative of this expedition, preserved by Hakluyt, was compiled by two military officers—Captain Walter Biggs, and, on his death, by Lieutenant Cripps.

offered the services of a volunteer, whom he knew not how to refuse, and yet whom he durst not accept. One of the brightest ornaments of the Elizabethan age, as I shall show hereafter, was Sir Philip Sidney—that “glorious star,” as Camden calls him,* “that lively pattern of virtue, and the lively joy of all the learned sort.” He was now in his 32d year, with a great longing after fame, and a capacity for the higher affairs which moved the admiration of the best judges. It was impossible, says Mr Motley,† that knight-errant so true should not feel keenest sympathy with an oppressed people struggling against such odds, as the Netherlanders were doing in their contest with Spain. As the son-in-law of Walsingham, and the nephew of the great Earl of Leicester, he might justly suppose that his talents and character would secure him a conspicuous position in the enterprise. He applied, therefore, for the governorship of Flushing; a post which would enable him to display his courage as a commander, and his skill as a statesman. It was refused to him; and, stung to the heart by what he considered a gross injustice, he resolved to seek his fortune beyond the seas.

Sir Philip hath taken a very hard resolution—wrote Walsingham to his confidant, Davison—to

* Camden, “*Britannia*,” p. 329.

† J. L. Motley, “*History of the United Netherlands*,” ii. 342

accompany Sir Francis Drake in this voyage, moved thereto for that he saw her Majesty disposed to commit the charge of Flushing unto some other; which he reputed would fall out greatly to his disgrace, to see another preferred before him, both for birth and judgment inferior unto him. The despair thereof, and the disgrace that he doubted he should receive, have carried him unto a difficult course.*

It would seem that Drake was by no means desirous of carrying Sir Philip with him.† He felt that it was dangerous to have as a volunteer a gentleman of such distinguished birth and eminent parts, for two suns cannot well shine in the same hemisphere; and it was not improbable that he might incur Elizabeth's displeasure by removing from England one of the brightest ornaments of her court. At the same time, if he refused Sir Philip, he might expose himself to the anger of a powerful family. Happily for Drake, he was released from his dilemma by the interposition of the Queen herself, who sent down to Plymouth a royal mandate, prohibiting Sir Philip from joining the expedition, and who, soon afterwards, bestowed upon him the governorship he had coveted.

The great fleet sailed from Plymouth on the 14th of September 1585.

* Walsingham's Letter, in State Paper Office MSS., quoted by Motley.

† Lord Brooke, "Life of Sir Philip Sidney," pp. 87, 88.

After a few days, for lack of a favourable wind, Drake put into Bayonne, and despatched a messenger to the governor with the two puzzling queries : Was there war between Spain and England ? and, Why was an embargo laid on the English merchants and their goods ?

The governor replied, that to his belief the two aforesaid nations were at peace, and he did not feel it to be his business to make war : secondly, that the embargo had been ordered by the king, but not with the design of injuring any man, and that, moreover, a week ago it had been taken off.

The English troops, however, landed, found what quarters they best might, set their sentinels, and prepared to encamp until the morning ; but about midnight, the weather growing overcast, Drake deemed it wiser not to tarry, and after receiving presents from the governor of wine and oil, bread, marmalade, and fruit, they returned to their vessels.

A storm now arose which endured for three days. Some of the ships were driven from their anchorage ; others forced out to sea ; but at length, all were re-collected, and Carleill was sent with the prisoners to see what he could do above Vigo.

All he could do, or all he did, was to capture some small boats and caravels belonging to private individuals.

The fleet then sailed for the Canaries ; making

first for the Isle of Palma, with the intention of taking their pleasure of that place, and completing the equipment and provisioning of their ships. But we were forced, says the historian of the expedition,* by the vile sea-gale, which at that present fell out, and by the naughtiness of the landing-place, being but one, and that under the favour of many platforms, well furnished with great ordnance, to depart with the receipt of many of their cannon shot. Drake would probably have forced a landing, but for the dangerous surge which threatened to swamp any boats attempting it.

On the 16th of November, they arrived off the group of the Cape de Verde Islands, and dropped anchor between the towns of Plaga (now Praga) and Santiago. There Carleill landed with a thousand men, and took possession of the latter town, whose inhabitants had fled into the woods; and straight-way they mounted upon its walls the glorious cross of St George, that all the fleet might see it. Orders were given that all the ordnance throughout the town, and upon all the platforms, which were above fifty pieces, all ready charged, should be shot off in honour of the Queen's Majesty's coronation day, being the 17th of November, after the grand custom of England. This was done, and was so answered again by all the ships in the fleet, as it was strange

* Cates, in Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. 535.

to hear such a thundering noise last so long together.

Drake lingered on the island fourteen days ; a singular and a fatal delay, for it not only gave the Spanish colonies in the West Indian seas enough time to prepare for their defence, but induced a terrible sickness among the people, so that shortly after the fleet again set sail, between 200 or 300 perished.

According to Cates, the chronicler, it did not appear until they had quitted the island, when it seized the people with extreme but burning and continual agues ; few of those attacked escaped with life, and those who did were not without great alteration and decay of their wits and strength for a long time after. Upon some of the dead, marks appeared which were taken for plague spots.*

After a passage of eighteen days, the fleet made Dominica, where they exchanged beads and other trifles with the Caribs for great store of tobacco and cassava bread. Then they departed to St Christopher's, and Drake, landing his men, to refresh and recruit them, spent the Christmas tide on that fair and fertile island. A council of war decided that the great attempt of the expedition should be made upon Hispaniola, as well for that they knew themselves then to be in their best strength, as also the

* Cates, in Hakluyt, ii. 538.

rather allured thereunto by the glorious fame of the city of St Domingo, being the ancientest and chief inhabited place in all the tract of country thereabouts.

And, truly, a notable city was St Domingo; the oldest and most important Spanish settlement in the New World. It was first founded on the eastern bank of the river Ozama, by Bartholomew Columbus, in the year 1496, and christened Nueva Isabella, in honour of the great and victorious Queen of Castile. Soon afterwards Orando removed it to a less healthy site on the river's western bank; it was thought for the mere purpose of gaining some degree of reputation as the second founder. But whatever the defects of its new situation, the city flourished exceedingly, so that it came to be said that no city in the mother country, Barcelona excepted, was more splendidly built—that Charles V. in Spain was worse lodged than the Viceroy in this West Indian capital—and that its regularly laid-out streets surpassed those of any other place in handsomeness and commodiousness. Its cathedral boasted of relics much worthier honour than the bones of any saint, or virgin, preserved in the monasteries and churches of Spain, in the first cross planted by Columbus on the site of the New World, and the bones of the illustrious discoverer interred on the right hand side of the high altar.*

* Oviedo, cited by Southey, in "British Admirals," iii. 179, 180.

On New Year's-day, Carleill disembarked his troops to attack this prosperous and populous city. On their approach, about one hundred and fifty brave horsemen came out to receive them, but soon retired before the pikes and small shot of the English, who moved on steadily towards the two sea-gates. Carleill then divided his little army into two detachments, leading one in person against one of the gates, while the other, commanded by Captain Powell, assaulted the second. After some hot fighting, both bodies made their way victoriously towards the Plaza Mayor, or market-place, where they immediately began to entrench themselves, securing all the approaches with strong barricades, and planting their ordnance so as to sweep the converging streets. Carleill rightly divined that it would be impossible to hold the entire city with his small force. The position he had taken up, he held, however, for a month ; but to their great disappointment the invaders found little plate or silver in the place, though they supplied themselves with an abundant store of wine, oil, olives, and other provisions, together with silk, linen, and woollen cloths.

To swell their gains, the English demanded a ransom for the city, and as it was not forthcoming with sufficient promptitude, they set the suburbs on fire for successive mornings, though, as they were very magnificently built of stone, the work of des-

truction proved by no means easy. Two hundred sailors, from daybreak till nine o'clock, when the next detachment took their turn, did nothing but labour to fire these houses; and yet, after all, not above one-third of the town was fired. So, in the end, weary with doing so little harm at so great a cost of toil, the invaders agreed to accept a ransom of 20,000 ducats.

A very notable mark and token of the insatiable ambition of the Spanish king and nation was discovered in the gallery of the viceroy's palace; where were painted, on a very large escutcheon, the arms of the king of Spain, and, beneath them, a terrestrial globe, containing upon it the whole circuit of the sea and earth, with a horse standing upon his hind-legs as in the act of leaping from it. A scroll proceeding from the animal's mouth displayed these words: *Non sufficit orbis*, The whole world sufficeth not.*

The English could not refrain from pointing out to the Spanish negotiators this extravagant piece of ostentation, and from sarcastically inquiring what was meant by such a device? At which they would shake their heads, and turn aside their faces, in some smiling sort, without answering a word, as if ashamed thereof. Neither Englishmen nor Spaniards could then foresee that, three centuries later, the boast

* Cates, in Hakluyt, iii. 540.

might be reasonably and truthfully adopted by the descendants of Drake and his fellow-countrymen, who, planting themselves in America and Australia, in Hindostan, China, and New Zealand, have shown, in very deed, that to the Saxon race *Non sufficit orbis*.

The fleet now put to sea, and stood over to the mainland, where they sailed slowly along the coast until they arrived at Carthagena, entering a harbour about three miles to the westward. Carthagena was the strongest fortress on the Spanish Main; being not only strong in its military defences, but in its natural position on a sandy peninsula, with the sea to the east, and a great lake running into the harbour on the west.

The neck of this peninsula was not above 150 feet across; and fortified with a massive rampart of stone, well and orderly built, with flanking in every part, and a ditch. The gate, or opening, was narrow; and the Spaniards had barricaded it with wine-butts filled with earth, full and thick, as they might stand on end one by another. This place of strength, moreover, was furnished with six great pieces, "demi-culverins and sakers," which shot directly in front upon the assailants; and without the wall, on the river side of the strait, the latter had brought two great galleys, with their prows to the shore, and eleven pieces of ordnance, flanking the approach. The troops told off to man these works were esti-

mated at from 300 to 400 arquebusiers on board the galleys, and 300 shot and pikes at the barricade.

The resolute Englishmen were not discouraged by these formidable preparations. The barricade was the nearest place for their assault, and in spite of shot and pike they determined to carry it. With patience and perseverance—the reader knows the old adage!—down fell the barrels of earth, and pell-mell went swords and pikes together after the English musketeers had fired a rough salute, even at the enemy's nose. The pikes of the assailants were somewhat longer than those of the Spaniards, and their bodies better armed; with which advantage, says honest Cates,* our swords and pikes grew too hard for them, and they were driven to give place, their chief ensign-bearer, who fought very manfully to the last, falling by the Lieutenant-General's own hand.

Pouring into the town, our sturdy Englishmen found every street barricaded, but earthwork and trench were more skilfully made than stoutly defended; and, despite of the poisoned arrows of the Indians—which, if they did but break the skin, the party so touched, unless it were by great marvel, died—the assailants gained the market-place with trifling loss. All further resistance was then abandoned by the Spaniards, who seem to have been

* Cates, in Hakluyt, iii. 542.

easily discouraged, and the red cross waved from the walls of Carthagera!

The same course was adopted here as at St Domingo, portions of the town being daily destroyed by fire, until the ransom was agreed upon. Yet the other miseries of war were suspended, and divers courtesies passed between the English and the Spaniards, as feasting and using them with all kindness and favour. But the disease which attacked the fleet after its departure from Hispaniola never left it, as indeed might well be premised, when we consider the smallness of the English ships, and their utter deficiency in proper sanitary arrangements. Drake and his captains, therefore, determined to abandon the contemplated enterprise against Nombre de Dios, and, accepting 110,000 ducats as the ransom for Carthagera, they began their homeward voyage. Towards the close of May they were off the coast of Florida, where they destroyed a small Spanish fort and town, and still keeping in sight of the shore, they arrived at Sir Walter Raleigh's newly-planted settlement in Virginia, which they had been commanded to visit, and which they found in a deplorable case. Drake took on board Lane the governor, and the other survivors of the colony, and, after a passage of thirty days, brought home his fleet to Plymouth in safety and good order.*

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. 548.

The plunder on board the fleet was valued at £60,000, whereof the companies which travelled in the voyage were to have £20,000, the adventurers the other £40,000; and of the £20,000 it was computed that some £6 would come to a single share.

Some of Drake's biographers grow lachrymose over the ill success of this famous expedition; not seeing, as it appears to me, that it fully answered its object in distracting the attention of the Spanish government, in crippling its resources, and especially in cherishing among the English seamen and the English nation a warlike feeling, a confidence in their own valour, and a contempt for their mighty enemy. These were qualities that served them well in the great conflict that was rapidly approaching.

For we are now arriving at the memorable epoch of the attempted invasion of England by the so-called Invincible Armada—a memorable epoch: in truth, the most memorable, perhaps, in our English annals—the very starting-point of modern English history. The present generation, perhaps, are not always mindful of the vast importance of the issue, or of all that hung upon the possible event of the unequal struggle.* It is not too much to say, that

* Among recent writers, however, justice has been done to the great struggle by Mr Kingsley, in his "Westward Ho!" and by Mr Motley in his admirable "History of the United Netherlands." We

had it ended otherwise than as, thank God! it *did* end, the whole face of Europe, the entire current of its history, the leading principles of its polity, would have changed. The conquest of England must have been followed by the subjugation of Holland, and Spain might then have realised that dream of universal empire which has dazzled so many emperors and statesmen; might have welded Europe into one compact and homogeneous mass, saturated with Roman Catholicism, and impervious to the influences of free thought, in religion as in philosophy, in literature as in science. By the defeat of the Armada the liberty of England was saved; and not only of England, but of Europe. Constitutional Government was made possible; Protestantism was made possible; Bacon's philosophy was made possible; and the United States of America were made possible. The Armada was the result of what Mr Motley has justly called a deep-laid conspiracy of Spain and Rome against human rights; and all mankind were interested in its destruction. But who does not see that its success was impossible, unless Heaven had consented to the abrogation of its own eternal laws?

may also reasonably expect that it will receive the treatment it deserves at the hands of Mr Froude, when he brings down to this date his eloquent and suggestive "History of England."



CHAPTER IV.

“ No foreign banished wight
Shall anchor in this port ;
Our realm it brooks no stranger’s force,
Let them elsewhere resort.”

“ *Queen Elizabeth,*” A.D. 1569.



THE condition of affairs in the year 1587 may be briefly summed up as follows :*

The power of Spain at this time had reached its culminating point. The resources of the New World were at its disposal ; a century of maritime enterprise had bred up a race of skilful and intrepid seamen ; a long series of military successes had fostered a vast army of soldiers who boasted themselves to be invincible. Both army and navy, as I have elsewhere said,† were not only wielded by one despotic authority, but bound

* Compare Motley, “ History of the United Netherlands ;” Ranke, “ History of the Popes ;” Prescott, “ Life of Philip the Second ;” and Knight, “ Popular History of England.” The original authorities are given by Mr Motley, who has made such ample use of them as to leave few grains of comfort for after gleaners in the same field.

† “ Scenes from the Drama of European History,” pp. 282, 283.

together by religious sentiment and patriotic feeling. Moreover, the spirit of adventure, the chivalrous fervour, the zealous devotion which had been engendered by a prolonged warfare against the Moors, had not as yet been crushed into the dust by the incubus of an absolute monarchy. The men of Castile and Arragon were still the worthy descendants of the knights and soldiers who had so heroically achieved the triumph of the Crescent over the Cross; and zeal for the Church still glowed in the hearts of those brave veterans who remembered that their sires had fought against the Moslem in the name and for the sake of Christ. Their sovereign, Philip the Second, was himself a bigot, sincere, stern, and obstinate. If he lusted for universal empire, it was because universal empire would enable him to stamp out heresy, and assert the supremacy of the Church of Rome over the wide globe. He believed himself to be signalised by Heaven as the champion of the Church, as its first and most favoured soldier, whose "mission" it was to place the Papal power on impregnable foundations, and arrest the pestilent progress of free inquiry in politics and religion. This was the dream, the ambition, the one all-engrossing object of his life, to which he devoted his narrow mind and sublime faculty of patience with a devotion that was almost heroic! We know it was a delusion, but we

cannot wonder at the influence it exercised over an imagination that was powerful in exact proportion to the weakness of the judgment ; over a will that was resolute in exact proportion to the littleness of the intellect. For it promised to the dreamer both an earthly and a heavenly crown as his reward ; that on earth he should reign the lord paramount of obedient nations, that in heaven his place should be found in the loftiest rank of the celestial hierarchy.

There were many circumstances which at the outset served to stimulate this half-mundane and half-religious ambition. The Protestant faith which, in its early days, had sprung upward with so glorious a vigour, and spread its roots into so many lands, seemed sinking into a premature decay. The glorious tree was checked in its development, and superficial observers could not perceive that it would soon bud and blossom with a more wonderful energy than before. Looking around, they saw that in France and Spain the new heresy had been completely extinguished ; that Belgium, at one time half Protestant and rebellious, had been reconquered both in creed and allegiance by Philip, and had become one of the most thoroughly Papistical countries in Europe. Half Germany, too, had been won back to the old faith. In Switzerland, Savoy, and elsewhere, the progress of the counter-

reformation had been rapid and decisive. In France, it seemed probable that the Catholic League, under the Guises, would obtain the supreme power. The Papal Court itself had shaken off the luxurious and self-assured lethargy in which it had long indulged, and at the head of a zealous propagandist army of Jesuits and monks, was displaying a vigour and a restless energy worthy of the days of Hildebrand or Innocent the Third.

Where, then, shall we look for any obstacles to the realisation of Philip's dream? Turn your gaze to the low levels of Holland, and to the sea-washed cliffs of England, and behold a spectacle fitted to fill with pride every generous spirit! These two small countries—one containing about a million and a half, the other some three millions of inhabitants—gallantly threw themselves into the breach, and at the imminent risk of annihilation, defended the liberties of the world. It is curious now, on looking back, to see how needful was the one to the existence of the other; how strange a similarity came to pass between their characters and their fortunes; how opportunely they both developed at one and the same time a love of freedom and a genius for maritime enterprise; how Holland must have abandoned her struggle against Philip, but for the assistance of England; how England might have fallen before the Armada but for the ready

help of Holland. Shoulder to shoulder they stood together, and stood invincible; and if England were sometimes inclined to underrate the strength and usefulness of her younger sister, and if Holland not unfrequently complained of the parsimony which characterised the English Government, still in their heart of hearts both felt that their interests were one and indivisible; that with the life and liberty of the one were bound up the life and liberty of the other.

Mr Motley, in his admirable history, has dealt somewhat harshly—I would even say, unjustly—with England's Queen and ministers, when describing the niggardly aid they extended to their feeble but gallant ally. I cannot help thinking that he has failed to make due allowance for the difficulties with which they had to contend. The England of Elizabeth's reign was very different from that rich and powerful and united England which now fills so large a space in the eye of the world. Its whole annual revenue scarcely exceeded the income now enjoyed by some of our wealthier nobles and merchants. The population did not number more than that of modern London. Its navy consisted of a few small and ill-found ships; its army scarcely served to garrison half-a-dozen towns. Nor were its people all "of one mind." The next heir to the throne, Mary Queen of Scots, a Roman Catholic of

the most bigoted type, was at the head of a powerful party, who were constantly hatching murderous plots against Elizabeth's life, and conspiracies to overthrow her throne. I think that, under such circumstances, an impartial historian should make reasonable allowance for the occasional vacillations of the great Queen, for her eager desire to avoid war, for the thrift which she displayed in the management of her scanty revenue.

Could Philip of Spain have brought all the immense resources of Spanish power to bear upon divided England, in her defenceless condition, it is difficult to say what the result might have been. Happily, as I have said, he had another foe to contend with ; a foe apparently as weak, and equally as resolute. His mistaken policy had raised up an active and determined enemy in the Protestant provinces of Holland. Under the wiser and more equitable rule of Charles V. they had remained silent, though secretly impatient of the yoke that weighed upon them ; but when Philip endeavoured to recall them to the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church by the headsman's axe and the *auto-da-fé*, the slow but steadfast spirit of the Dutch flamed up fiercely into open revolt. And in vain were the Spanish soldiers let loose upon their industrious villages and opulent cities. Corn-field and garden laid waste, burning houses, outraged women, mur-

dered children, honest citizens dangling from a gibbet that in this case brought no dishonour, proved no inducement to the Hollander to rest his belief and hope on a Church or creed that could sanction such atrocities. For years the heroic struggle was maintained, and England, herself Protestant, and herself menaced by Spain, could not remain unmoved by its vicissitudes.

Men and money, therefore, were supplied to the Dutch insurgents. Their cause was that of every lover of civil and religious freedom, and many a gallant Englishman was right glad to hallow it with his blood. For this bled Sidney on the field of Zutphen; for this, stout Roger Williams led his lusty pikes against the Spanish infantry at Sluys. I could wish the help given by the Queen's government had been larger, though I can appreciate the motives which withheld them from embarking more directly into the contest. Motives of expediency, however, should never weigh against the immutable principles of truth and justice.

At length, in the early spring of 1587, Elizabeth and her ministers resolved—or rather, circumstances proved too strong for them, and drove them to the conclusion—that they could only hope to still public discontent and restore internal peace by ridding themselves of the Scottish Queen. It was not without a painful mental struggle that Elizabeth con-

sented, if she did consent, to her execution. Her councillors, however, saw the urgent necessity of the step; Mary's head fell on the scaffold at Fotheringay, and though Faction murmured, it was too cowed to strike. Thenceforth the domestic peace of England was secured, and she was the better able to grapple with her formidable enemy.

At the Court of Madrid, and at the Vatican, Mary's death caused a powerful sensation. Neither Philip nor the Pope had ever believed that Elizabeth would venture on so bold a step; and both now saw that all hope was lost of a peaceful restoration of Catholicism in England. There was reason to fear, moreover, that England, relieved from the danger that had so long oppressed her, would throw herself with greater energy into the struggle with the Netherlands. Philip, therefore, determined upon a supreme effort to subjugate this heretical and unfriendly nation; and the Pope not only sanctioned and blessed the enterprise, but promised a million of scudi towards its charges, to be paid whenever the Spaniards were in possession of a single English port. "Thus," says Ranke,* the German historian, "thus did the united powers of Spain and the Papacy, from which such mighty influence had gone forth over the whole world, rouse themselves for an attack upon England." The king had already com-

* Ranke, "History of the Popes of Rome."

piled from the archives of Simancas a statement of his claims to the throne of that country, on the extinction of the Stuart line. The most brilliant prospects, especially that of an undisputed supremacy on the seas, were associated in his mind with this enterprise.

Silently, swiftly, and with all possible secretness, Philip prepared to realise his dream. He does not seem to have fully estimated its difficulties, and his projects were frequently so vague as to excite the ridicule of his great general, the Prince of Parma, but, nevertheless, he called all the resources of his vast empire into requisition. The ship-builders handled axe and hammer in every port, the armourers plied their forges; all Spanish Europe—which meant really all civilised Europe—echoed with the din of arms. Provisions were heaped up in a thousand granaries; men were daily mustered on the parade grounds, and accustomed to the use of arms. Carts and waggons were built for the conveyance of stores; spades, mattocks, and baskets got ready for the pioneers; iron and brass ordnance were cast, and leaden shot melted in vast quantities; nor were the instruments of torture, the thumb-screw and the “gaoler’s daughter”—the *argumenta ad hominem* of the Inquisition—forgotten. Whether the full extent of these preparations was known to Elizabeth’s ministers may be doubted; but not-

withstanding the skill and secrecy of Philip's agents, so much leaked out, that Henry the Third of France, who had just cause of his own to dread the success of Spain, sent warning to Elizabeth of the coming danger.

But the great Queen, and the "peace party" at her court, headed by the Lord Treasurer, Burghley, would not be convinced. Philip was skilfully amusing them with artful negotiations; and, lost in the labyrinths of a subtle diplomacy, Elizabeth believed herself able to direct it towards her own ends. She had so much to risk by war, so much to gain by peace, that perhaps it is no wonder she shut her ears and her eyes when they should have been most open. But there were some in England whom Philip could neither amuse nor deceive; the Earl of Leicester—to whose courage, capacity, and patriotism English writers have been unwilling to do justice—the able and far-seeing Walsingham, Raleigh, and Sir Francis Drake. And it came to pass, that soon after the latter's return from his West Indian Expedition, he determined to see for himself the mysterious preparations which filled the ports of Spain.* To destroy the ships collecting there would be to "sing the beard of Philip of Spain," if nothing more.

So Drake visited the Netherlands, discussed his

* Motley, "United Netherlands," ii. 97.

project with the States-General, and was warmly welcomed by Dutch skippers and merchants. His visit was not without result. He obtained men, ships, and money, and promoted a warm feeling towards England, which afterwards bore good fruit. Then he returned home, and, sanctioned by the Queen, got together, with wonderful celerity, a fleet of thirty ships.* Four of these were Queen's ships, the "Bonaventura," in which he sailed as admiral; the "Lion," Captain William Borough, controller of the navy; the "Dreadnought," Captain Thomas Venner; and the "Rainbow," Captain Harry Bellingham. To these were added other two ships by the munificent patriotism of London citizens, and the whole armament sailed from Plymouth early in April 1587.

The wind commands me away, wrote its heroic leader; our ship is under sail. God grant that we may so live in His fear, that the enemy may have cause to say that God doth fight for Her Majesty abroad as well as at home; and give her long and happy life, and ever victory against God's enemies and Her Majesty's.†

This was written on the 2d of April; on the 16th of the same month, in lat. 40°, Drake fell in with ten Middleburgh ships, and learned that vast sup-

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," part the 2d, vol. ii., p. 121.

† Drake to Walsingham, in Barrow's "Life of Drake."

plies of military stores had been accumulated at Cadiz with a view to their speedy transportation to Lisbon. For Cadiz Drake sailed immediately, and on the 19th entered the road; by this haste fortunately outstripping the swift pinnace which Elizabeth, in a moment of vacillation, had despatched with orders for his return. He found in the harbour sixty ships, and many other small vessels, which he readily engaged, and compelling the armed galleys to retire under the guns of the forts, he burned all the transports and store-ships, to the burthen of 10,000 tons, after he had removed the most valuable portions of their cargoes on board his own fleet. Pipe-staves and pikes, horse-shoes and saddles, timber and cutlasses, wine, oil, figs, raisins, biscuits, and flour,—a heterogeneous mass of ingredients long brewing for the trouble of England—were emptied into the harbour, and before the second night, the blaze of 150 burning vessels played merrily upon the grim walls of Philip's fortress. Some of these ships were of the largest size then known. One was of 1500 tons, another of 1200, and several others of 1000 and 800 tons.*

On the 21st Drake gaily left the Cadiz roads, and sweeping along the coast to Cape Sagres, captured and destroyed 100 vessels of different burthen; landed his men at Sagres, assaulted the defences,

* Motley, "United Netherlands," ii. 269.

captured and destroyed *them*. He then entered the mouth of the Tagus, where lay the Marquis of Santa Cruz, Lord High Admiral of Spain—the royal standard flying from his main-topgallant mast—and the heavy guns of his stately galley frowning a grim defiance. To him Drake sent a plain, blunt message, stating who he was, and declaring himself ready to exchange bullets or prisoners. The proud Castilian noble replied that he had no orders from his king ; but he fretted so at the insult, and at the shame sustained by the Spanish flag, that he never “enjoyed good days after,” and within a few months died of literally a broken heart.*

Having obtained intelligence that the “San Felipe,” a Spanish carrack from the Indies, had wintered at Mozambique, and was then on her homeward route, he determined to lay in wait for her, and about twenty leagues from St Michael’s (one of the Azores) falling in with this extraordinarily rich argosy, easily captured her. Thus, with merry hearts, the fleet returned to Plymouth, “to their own profit and due commendation, and to the great admiration of the whole kingdom.”

And here, by the way, says the old chronicler, it is to be noted, that the capture of this carrack wrought two extraordinary effects in England : first, that it taught others that carracks were no

* Hakluyt, “Voyages,” iii. 122.

such brigs but that they might be taken; and, secondly, in acquainting the English nation more generally with the particularities of the exceeding riches and wealth of the East Indies; whereby themselves and their neighbours of Holland have been encouraged, being ever so skilful in navigation, and of no less courage than the Portugals, to share with them in the East Indies, where their strength is nothing so great as was heretofore supposed.

Thus in a few weeks had Drake dealt a good blow at the enemy; had "singed the king of Spain's beard," to use his own expressive phrase; and had obtained certain and unmistakable information in reference to his enormous power and vast preparations. "There would be 40,000 men under way ere long," he wrote, "well equipped and provisioned," and he did not cease to urge upon the Queen and her ministers the urgent necessity that existed for calling the entire strength of England into the field.

For the revenge of these things, he wrote to Walsingham,* what forces Spain is able to make, we shall be sure to have brought upon us, as far as they may, with all the devices and traps they can devise. I thank them much they have stayed so long, and when they come they shall be but the sons of mortal men, and for the most part enemies to the truth, and

* Barrow, "Life of Drake," p. 105; Camden, "Annals," iii. 396.

upholders of bulls to Dagon's image, which hath already fallen upon the ark of our God, with his hands, arms, and head stricken off.

God make us all thankful, he continued, that Her Majesty sent out these few ships in time.

There must be a beginning of any great matter, but the continuing unto the end until it be thoroughly finished, yields the true glory. God make us all thankful again and again that we have, although it be little, *made a beginning* upon the coast of Spain.

It was doubtful, however, whether Philip would be as thankful, as Drake opined all Englishmen should be, for this "beginning;" and as Elizabeth still hoped to preserve peace, she hastened to disavow and rebuke her adventurous seaman. But I doubt not she found means to convey to him secretly her acknowledgments of his patriotism, his courage, and his resolution.

Meanwhile Drake retired to his Devonshire home, and expended his energy and a portion of his wealth in supplying Plymouth with fresh water, which he brought through valleys, wastes, and bogs, and, what was most troublesome, through a rock supposed to be impenetrable. Fine would have been the diversion, says quaint old Prince, when the water was brought somewhat near the town, to have seen how the mayor and his brethren, in their formalities, went out to meet it, and bid it welcome thither ;

and that being thus met, they all returned together. The gentlemen of the corporation, accompanied with Sir Francis Drake, walked before, and the stream followed after into the town, where it has continued so to do ever since.

At last the year 1588 arrived—the memorable year, as Mr Kingsley calls it, of England's Salamis—the year concerning which the German astrologers had been accustomed to prognosticate the most terrible events. As the epoch approached, a dull feeling of fear spread over all civilised Europe, like the uneasy and undefinable apprehension of coming evil which occasionally seizes upon the mind. Portents observed during the winter came to increase the general panic. Showers of blood descended in Sweden, monstrous births occurred in France, and at Weimar the mid-day sun appeared holding a drawn sword in its mouth—an evil omen whose meaning could not be mistaken.

But in truth, as Mr Motley observes,* neither miracles nor prophecies were required to enforce the conviction that a long procession of disasters was steadily advancing. With France torn asunder by internal dissension, and feebly swayed by a feeble king; with Spain holding Italy in her grasp, firmly allied with the Papacy, already having reduced and nearly absorbed France, and now, after

* Motley, "United Netherlands," ii. 335, 336.

long and patient preparation, about to hurl the thunderbolt of her vengeance upon the little kingdom of England and its only ally, the infant commonwealth of the Netherlands—it would have been strange indeed if the dullest intellect had not dreamed of strange events.

All through the spring and early summer of 1588, Spanish diplomacy continued to lull Queen Elizabeth into a fool's paradise of illusion, and her ministers still believed in peace; while, happily for England, her soldiers and sailors with hot haste made ready for war. "You will proceed with the negotiations," wrote Philip to his great general, Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, "now yielding on one point, and now insisting on another; but directing all to the same object—to *gain time* while proceeding with the invasion, according to the plan already engaged upon."

All the military details of the huge expedition Philip had entrusted to Parma, the ablest general of the sixteenth century—a famous soldier, and yet not the less a skilful diplomatist and an astute statesman. The zealous instrument of despotism—who should have been, from his vast mental endowments, the hero of some chivalrous struggle against "armed wrong"—he served the narrow-minded Philip throughout a long and brilliant career with entire singleness of purpose. His fidelity was in-

corruptible ; his obedience never halted. A man of acute observation and unfaltering resolution ; capable of enduring the utmost fatigue ; quick to conceive and prompt to act ; so fertile in resources that no difficulty found him unprepared, and so confident in himself, that no danger, however sudden, disturbed his composure,—he possessed all the qualities which distinguish the great military commander. And as with the poet, so with the warrior, he must be *born*, not *made*. Parma's unbounded generosity won the hearts of his soldiers, while his military skill secured their devotion. His was not only the master-mind which framed a comprehensive scheme, but the untiring industry which perfected its minutest details. In maturing his great enterprise, he attended personally to the most trivial point ; like Wellington, he foresaw everything, and provided for everything. At the epoch of which I am writing, he had attained the prime of manhood, and his person was not unworthy of the intellect it enshrined. His figure was tall, slender, and well-knit ; the warm blood of the South flushed his dark complexion ; the brown full hair was swept off a calm and lofty forehead ; the grave and melancholy eyes were ever watchful, and glowed at times with a steadfast and intense light ; the physiognomy was rather long, but tapered finely towards the chin, as in the type of countenance made so familiar to us by the portraits of Vandyke ; and

over a firm and well-set mouth drooped a full moustache.

Of the preparations made by this remarkable man, the agents of the English government were continually forwarding accounts. There is provided for lights, wrote one of them,* a great number of torches, and so tempered that no water can put them out; a great number of little mills for grinding corn; great stores of biscuits baked and oxen salted; great number of saddles and boots. Also there is made 500 pair of velvet shoes—red, crimson velvet; and in every cloister throughout the country great quantity of roses made of silk, white and red, which are to be badges for divers of his gentlemen. By reason of these roses it is expected he is going to England. There is sold to the prince by John Angel, pergaman, two hundredweight of velvet, gold, and silver, to embroider his apparel withal. The covering to his mules is most gorgeously embroidered with gold and silver, which carry his baggage. There is also sold to him by the Italian merchants at least 670 pieces of velvet, to apparel him and his train. Every captain has received a gift from the prince to make himself brave; and for Captain Corralini, an Italian, who hath one cornet [troop] of horse, I have seen with my eyes a saddle, with the trappings of his horse, his coat, and rapier, and

* Motley, "United Netherlands," ii.

dagger, which cost 3500 French crowns. All their lances are painted of divers colours, blue and white, green and white, and most part blood-red—so there is as great a preparation for a triumph as for war. A great number of English priests come to Antwerp from all places. The commandment is given to all the churches to read the Litany daily for the prosperity of the Prince in his enterprise.

A brave show was Parma determined to make on his triumphal entry into London! After conquering the heretics by force of arms, he would dazzle them into willing obedience by the splendour of himself and followers!

Sir William Russell wrote of graver matters. The Prince of Parma, he warned the Queen, was making great preparations for war, and with all expedition means to march a great army, and for a triumph, the coats of costly apparel for his own body did exceed for embroidery, and was beset with jewels; for all the embroiderers and diamond-cutters worked both night and day, so great was the haste. Five hundred velvet coats of one sort for lances, and a great number of brave new coats for horsemen; 30,000 men were ready, and gathered in Brabant and Flanders. The report ran that in a couple of days there should be 10,000 men ready to do some great exploit in Holland, and 20,000 to march with the Prince into France, but it was not

known for certain what way or how they should march ; only, said Sir William, all was ready at an hour's warning—4000 saddles, 4000 lances, 6000 pairs of boots, 2000 barrels of beer, and biscuits sufficient for a camp of 20,000 men.

Spring ripened into summer, and hot suns lit up the chalk cliffs of England, and the great Armada was ready. The plan of invasion elaborated by Parma, and sanctioned by Philip, was this :

A formidable fleet of galleons and men-of-war, armed with heavy ordnance, was to assemble in the ports of Spain and Portugal, under the Marquis of Santa Cruz, an experienced and able seaman. When fully equipped and manned it would collect in one imposing armada, sail for the English Channel, and lay off the coast of Holland, between Ostend and Flushing. On board this fleet would be embarked 22,000 soldiers, including 16,000 veteran Spanish infantry.

In flat-bottomed boats, which Parma had caused to be built in the Netherlands, the great general proposed to assemble his own invincible army, 17,000 strong, and, covered by the Armada, to carry them across the Channel, unite them with 6000 Spaniards from the fleet, and land on the English shores a veteran and splendidly-equipped host, capable of marching triumphantly upon London.

Happily, however, the Government of the United

Provinces appreciated the urgency of the crisis, recognised the fact that their life and liberties were indissolubly connected with the independence of England, and refused to be deceived, like Elizabeth and her ministers, by the specious professions of Philip or the diplomacy of Parma. They accordingly concentrated a large fleet on the Flemish coast, and stationed a mosquito-force of sloops close in shore, to keep watch over the Spanish flotilla. And until these troublesome sentinels were driven away by Santa Cruz and his Armada, Parma and his soldiers could not sail for England.

It was not until the middle of June that Elizabeth and her ministers awoke from their voluntary delusion. Defensive preparations had, indeed, been undertaken, but with so much slothfulness, and in so parsimonious a spirit, that very little had really been accomplished. There was no lack of energy and enthusiasm either at sea or on land. Nor were ships wanting ; but the delay in equipping them was intolerable. Nevertheless, their captains were fired with Drake's spirit, and longed to singe the King of Spain's beard a little more effectually. Our ships do show like gallants here, wrote the ardent Winter ; it would do a man's heart good to behold them. Would to God the Prince of Parma were on the seas with all his forces, and we in sight of them ! You should hear that we would make his enterprise

very unpleasant to him. Lord Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral, asked but for "four great ships and twenty hoys, with but twenty men a-piece, and each with but two iron pieces," and was ready to promise that he would give the Queen a good account of the Spanish forces. But, unfortunately, the four great ships were not ready; the Queen's Majesty, complained Howard, keeping them to protect Chatham Church withal, when they should be serving their turn abroad. To Drake, as the great seaman of the age, the eyes of all England had naturally turned, in this supreme crisis of the nation's fortunes, and the command of a squadron had been entrusted to him. Right willingly he left his Devonshire retirement, but he could not communicate to the Queen's Government the energy which was in himself, because they refused to see the danger as clearly as he saw it. "I fear me much," wrote the Admiral, "and with grief I think it, that her Majesty relieth on a hope that will deceive her, and greatly endanger her, and then it will not be her money nor her jewels that will help; for as they will do good in time, so they will help nothing for the redeeming of time."*

Not more reassuring were the preparations on shore. It was the design of the Duke of Parma, once

* Howard to Walsingham, 17th April 1588 (State-Paper Office MSS.)

having landed, to march directly towards London ; yet there were no fortresses to oppose the advance of the first general in Europe, and his veterans, on the unprotected and wealthy metropolis. Was there an army ? Yes ; of 86,016 foot, and 13,831 cavalry—on paper,—and even of these, only 48,000 were set down as trained. Leicester was to be commander-in-chief ; a man of undoubted courage and capacity, but assuredly no fitting opponent for such a commander as Alexander Farnese. His army was to consist of 27,000 infantry, and 2000 horse, but at midsummer it had not reached half that number.*

The whole royal navy, numbering about thirty-six vessels, ranging from 1100 and 1000 tons to 30, was at last got ready for sea. Its aggregate tonnage amounted to 11,820, scarcely half the burthen of the "Great Eastern," and about equal to that of two iron-clad frigates. These ships carried 837 guns and 6279 men.

In this emergency the private gentlemen and wealthy merchants of England contributed nobly to the national defence, and not only fitted out vessels at their own expense, but volunteered to serve on board of them. By midsummer a total force was thus equipped of 197 ships, with an aggregate of 29,744 tons, and 15,785 seamen. Lord Howard of Effingham took the command-in-chief in the

* Motley, "United Netherlands," ii. 424.

“Ark Royal,” of 800 tons, 425 sailors, and 35 guns. Next in rank came Vice-Admiral Drake, who hoisted his flag on board the “Revenge,” of 500 tons, 250 men, and 40 guns. A squadron, to cruise on the French and Flemish coasts, was detached, under Lord Henry Seymour, in the “Rainbow.”

Now that the danger was upon her, and her eyes were opened, the spirit of the great Queen rose to a level with the imminency of the hazard, and she displayed a courage and a resolution which inspired fresh animation into the hearts of her subjects. The little nation of four millions, says Mr Motley,* the merry England of the sixteenth century, went forward to the death-grapple with its gigantic antagonist as cheerfully as to a long-expected holiday. Spain was a vast empire, overshadowing the world; England, in comparison, but a province; yet nothing could surpass the steadiness with which the conflict was awaited.

This seems the fitting place to introduce a tabular comparison of the two great fleets preparing, the one to attack, the other to defend, the “sea-girt isle.” The notable feature of the Spanish Armada was its preponderance in heavy ships—galleons and galleasses—stately, but somewhat clumsy vessels, which, to the eyes of men of the sixteenth century, were apparently invincible. But, in truth, they were

* Motley, “United Netherlands,” ii. 425.

far less formidable than the smaller craft of Howard and Drake, because less readily manœuvred, and so encumbered with top-hamper that they could carry little canvas. In a grand water pageant they figured bravely, but never were vessels less fitted for fighting or sailing purposes.

I may add that Santa Cruz having died of "a broken heart," the command was given to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a grandee of vast wealth, but of no nautical ability.

THE ENGLISH FLEET.*

No. of Ships.	ENGLISH.	Tons.	Mariners.
34	Her Majesty's ships under the Lord High Admiral, }	11,850	6,279
10	Serving by tonnage with the Lord High Admiral, }	750	239
32	Serving with Sir F. Drake, }	5,120	2,348
38	Fitted out by the city, }	6,130	2,710
20	Coasters with the Lord High Admiral, }	1,930	993
23	Coasters with the Lord Henry Seymour, }	2,248	1,073
18	Volunteers with the Lord High Admiral, }	1,716	859
15	Victuallers, }	—	810
7	Vessels not mentioned in the King's Library list, }	—	474
197		29,744	15,785

* This estimate is founded on the lists preserved by Hakluyt. See Lediard's "Naval History;" and compare with Stow's "Chronicle," anno 1588.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.*

No. of Ships.	SPANISH.	Tons.	Crews.	Mariners.	Soldiers.
12	Squadron of Portuguese galleons under the Generalissimo,	7,739	389	1,242	3,086
14	Fleet of Biscay, Captain General Don Juan Martinez de Recaldè,	5,861	302	906	2,117
16	Fleet of Castile, General Don Diego de Valdez,	8,054	474	1,793	2,924
11	Andalusian Squadron, General Don Pedro de Valdez,	8,692	315	776	2,359
14	Squadron of Guypuscoa, Don Miguel de Aguendo,	7,192	296	608	2,120
10	Eastern fleet, or Levantiscas, Don Martin Ventendona,	8,632	319	844	2,792
23	Fleet called Urcas, or Hulks, Don Juan Lopez de Medina,	10,860	466	950	4,170
24	Pataches and Zabras, Don Antonio de Mendoza,	2,090	204	746	1,103
4	Galleasses of Naples, Don Hugo de Moneada,	—	200	477	744
4	The Galleys of Portugal, Don Diego de Mendrana,	—	200	424	440
132		59,120	3,165	8,766	21,855†

* This estimate is the result of a comparison of the statements made by various authorities. See Motley, Barrow, Lediard, Camden, and Stow. Mr Motley cites also, Herrera, the Spanish, and Meteren, the Dutch, historians.

† Some writers put the total at 19,295, but this does not include the volunteers. The daily cost of this immense force was estimated at 30,000 ducats.

	Ships.	Tons.	Guns.	Mariners.
English, .	197	29,744	837	15,785
Spaniards, .	132	59,120	3,165	8,766
				21,855 soldiers. } 30,621 men. }
	65	29,376	2,328	14,836*
	More E.	More S.	More S.	More S.

* Barrow, "Life of Drake," p. 118.





CHAPTER V.

THE DELIVERANCE OF ENGLAND.

“What knight is he
Who, living now, holds it not shame to live
Apart from that hereditary battle
Which needs his sword !”

GEORGE ELIOT, “The Spanish Gipsy.”



EARLY three centuries ago, on a sunny July afternoon, you might have seen a remarkable group of personages assembled on the grassy, wind-swept ascent of the Hoe of Plymouth ;*—some of them playing at bowls,† a favourite pastime with Englishmen in the reign of Elizabeth ; others gazing on the gleaming waters of the Sound, where gallantly ride half-a-hundred stout English keels ; and a few indulging in long pipes of the Nicotian weed, but recently introduced into England by Raleigh’s lieutenant, Master Ralph

* The Hoe, Howe, or Hough, is a considerable elevation, now only clothed in part with verdure, which completely overlooks Mill Bay and the Sound. At the east end stands the citadel.

† Such is the tradition, and I, for my part, firmly believe in it.

Lane. A famous group, each of whom has already won a niche in English history, a place among

“England’s illustrious sons of long long ages;”

brave old sea-kings, who do their best, though with many shortcomings, to fear God, and honour the Queen—the Queen—the “great Gloriana” of Spenser—the idol of all true English hearts—in whose name they have accomplished heroic deeds on the rich shores of the New World. Yonder stands bluff, honest, weather-beaten John Hawkins, Admiral of the Port, the patriarch of Devonshire seamen; a burly sea-dog, with a grizzled head, a rough weather-tanned face, sharp, quick eyes, and a close-cut grey beard. He is closely studying the movements of a sturdy, plainly-dressed captain, who seems wholly absorbed in the chances of the game he is playing. This is Sir Francis Drake, the hero of our story, whom, in all these preliminary explanations, we may seem to have neglected, but who is, in truth, the guiding spirit and controlling mind of England’s naval preparations. Observe the round, compact head, thickly covered with light-brown, curly hair; the large, clear, earnest eyes; the firm mouth, and resolute chin; the broad, calm brow; the general expression of dauntless courage, unflinching energy, decision, and promptitude which may be read in each eloquent feature. Another spectator of the game, we recognise at once by his

handsome, intellectual countenance, and chivalrous bearing, as the courtier, poet, statesman, and adventurer whose romantic life I have already narrated—Sir Walter Raleigh. The stately, well-favoured nobleman whom all regard with an air of courteous deference, is Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral of England, a loyal Catholic, who is the heart, as Drake is the brain, of the royal fleet. Around him are gathered stout Captain Turner—Richard Hawkins, the “Complete Seaman”—steadfast Sir Robert Southwell—the gallant Winter—the chivalrous Sir Richard Grenville—the tried and trusty Martin Frobisher—and the young Lord Sheffield. A hero-band, I take it, by no means unworthy of remembrance along with the Three Hundred who fell at Thermopylæ, or the handful of gallant Swiss who fought and conquered on the red field of Sempach, “in the brave days of old.”

We can easily suppose that all their discourse turns on one absorbing subject—the King of Spain’s Armada. For the long imminent danger has come at length. On the 28th, 29th, and 30th of May, the fleet, after tarrying a month at Lisbon for more favourable weather, has received the benediction of the Cardinal Archduke Albert, and set sail on its memorable voyage.*

* Motley, “United Netherlands,” ii. 442.

So heavy were its ships, however, and so unskillfully managed, that nearly three weeks were consumed in sailing from Lisbon to the neighbourhood of Cape Finisterre.

There the Armada was overtaken by a terrible storm, which dispersed it over the ocean in all directions, and afforded an opportunity to heroic David Gwynn, a Welsh slave on board the "Vasana" galley, to release his fellow-prisoners, overpower the crew, and capture the vessel. "Comrades," exclaimed the sturdy Welshman, "God has given us liberty, and by our courage we must prove ourselves worthy of the boon." Thereupon he laid his ship alongside of another galley, called the "Royal," boarded her, succeeded in mastering the vessel, and, conducting both his prizes to the coast of France, arrived safely at Bayonne on the 31st.

The rest of the fleet ultimately reassembled at Coruña, where they remained for a month, repairing damages, and recruiting. On the 22d of July the Armada again set sail. Six days later they took soundings, thirty leagues from the Scilly Islands, and on Friday the 29th of July, off the Lizard Point, first caught a glimpse of the land which the Pope had bestowed upon Philip of Spain.

Let us now return for a moment to our group of sea-captains on the Hoe of Plymouth.

We may imagine that the Lord High Admiral

is just communicating to his astonished hearers the intelligence he has received from Court ; that the Armada, dispersed and shattered by the gales of June, will not make its appearance for another year, and that, therefore, he is to disarm the four largest ships and send them into dock. While he and his captains are anathematising the blindness of statesmen, the report of a single gun seaward directs the attention of every one to a small armed vessel staggering up the Sound under a press of canvas. Soon a boat puts off, rows hastily for the shore, and lands her captain, who, pushing his way through the eager group, makes a profound obeisance to the Lord High Admiral, and hurriedly tells his tale. His name is Fleming ; his ship is a Leith privateer. While off the Cornish coast he has discovered the mighty array of the Spaniards, bearing down with the wind like so many floating castles, the ocean seeming to groan under the weight of their heavy burdens.* Immediately on discovering the enemy, he crowded on every sail his masts would carry, that the Lord High Admiral might obtain an hour or two's grace. At the news, many a sea-captain grasps his ready hilt, and hurries towards the shore ; but Drake stops them with his hearty laugh : " Let us play out our play ; there will be plenty of time to win the game and

* Camden, "Chronicles," 1588.

beat the Spaniards too." The game is played out gallantly and steadily—the most memorable game that ever stirred the heart of an earnest player; and the last cast being thrown, Drake and his comrades leap into their boats, and row swiftly on board their respective ships.*—

With so much alacrity and skill did Drake and Howard direct the movements of their squadrons, that before morning sixty of the best English ships had warped out of Plymouth Harbour.†

Throughout that anxious night the watch-fires blazed along the English coast, and lit up every promontory and headland, from the Land's End to Berwick-upon-Tweed. The signal was caught up by the wards on the neighbouring hills, and over the whole country flew the fiery-cross, to make known to Englishmen that "the great day of the Lord was at hand."

This strange and impressive spectacle of England armed, and on the watch, has been described by Lord Macaulay in some vigorous stanzas, not unworthy of comparison with the famous description of the beacon-lights in Æschylus. To many of my readers they will, doubtlessly, be familiar, but I do not think they will object to reperuse so stirring a piece of poetical declamation:—

* Kingsley, "Westward Ho!"

† Motley, "United Netherlands," ii. 450.

- “ A guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe’s lofty hall ;
 Many a light fishing-bark put out, to ply along the coast ;
 And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.
- “ With his white hair, unbonneted, the stout old Sheriff comes—
 Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums ;
 The yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear and ample space,
 For there behoves him to set up the standard of her grace :
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
 As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
 Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down !
- “ So stalk’d he when he turn’d to flight, on that famed Picard field,
 Bohemia’s plume, and Genoa’s bow, and Cæsar’s eagle shield ;
 So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turn’d to bay,
 And crush’d and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay.
 Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight ! ho ! scatter flowers, fair
 maids !
 Ho ! gunners ! fire a loud salute ! ho ! gallants ! draw your blades !
 Thou sun, shine on her joyously ! ye breezes, waft her wide !
 Our glorious *semper eadem* ! the banner of our pride !
- “ The fresh’ning breeze of eve unfurl’d that banner’s massy fold—
 The parting gleam of sunshine kiss’d that haughty scroll of gold ;
 Night sunk upon the dusty beach, and on the purple sea ;
 Such night in England ne’er had been, nor ne’er again shall be.
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
 That time of slumber was as bright, as busy as the day ;
 For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread—
 High on St Michael’s Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.
- “ Far o’er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering wave,
The rugged miners pour'd to war, from Mendip's sunless caves ;
O'er Langleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew,
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells rang out all night from Bristol
town,
And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.

“ The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond hill, that streak of blood-red light :
The bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke ;
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clash'd from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower peal'd loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer :

“ And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dash'd down each roaring
street :
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in ;
And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the warlike errand
went,
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent :
Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright coursers
forth ;
High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north ;

“ And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from hill to hill ;
Till the proud Peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales ;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales ;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height ;
Till stream'd in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light ;

Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's sacred fane,
And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln spread the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

On Saturday the 30th of July, a dull, misty day, the two hostile fleets, which respectively represented the cause of Freedom and the lust of Universal Empire, the hopes of Protestantism and the plans of an aggressive Romanism, came in sight of each other.

By nine o'clock, on Sunday morning, the 31st of July, when about ten miles from Looe, on the Cornish coast, they first came to blows. The Spaniards numbered 136 sail, of which 90 were large ships; and the English 67. It was, to the latter, a supreme moment of half painful, half confident expectancy. Were they defeated, there was nothing to prevent the enemy from landing; and nothing, as Drake well knew, when they had once landed, to prevent a veteran army, led by a veteran general, from marching straight upon London. The appearance presented by the Armada was impressive, nay, almost theatrical; but I do not believe it made one English heart to falter. The ships, says Motley, seemed arranged for a pageant in honour of a victory already won. Disposed in form of a crescent, whose

horns were seven miles asunder, those gilded, towered, floating castles, with their brilliant standards and martial music, slowly bore up the channel.* Their Admiral, the "Golden Duke," stood in his private shot-proof turret,† on the deck of his great galleon, the "Saint Martin," surrounded by guards of infantry and captains of cavalry, no better acquainted than himself with naval tactics. Round these unwieldy galleons and galleys, the light English ships, commanded by able and experienced seamen, hovered with the utmost freedom; obtained the weather-gage at once; and at intervals cannonaded their enemies with no inconsiderable effect, easily escaping out of range at will, and so avoiding the crashing broadsides from their heavy ordnance.

In vain the "Golden Duke" attempted to bring on a general engagement. This was not the object of Drake or Howard, who knew that in a ship-to-ship fight, the strongest would necessarily conquer. They availed themselves of their swifter vessels and superior nautical skill to hover about the enemy's flanks or follow at his heels, singling out any stray galleon for especial punishment, and harassing the Spaniards in what must have proved to them a most intolerable manner.

Before the sun set the Armada must have seen good reason to doubt its presumed invincibility.

* Motley, "United Netherlands," ii. 450. † Meteren, xv. 274.

Powder and shot being very fruitlessly expended, a master-gunner on board Admiral Aguendo's flagship, received a reprimand for careless firing. He was a Fleming, and, probably his heart was not in his work. Enraged with his captain, he laid a train to the powder-magazine, fired it, and leaped overboard. Two decks blew up, and the great castled poop, with a large treasure, and nearly 200 men.* The rest were saved in boats which put off to the wreck.

In the evening another disaster occurred. The galleon of Don Pedro de Valdez, got into collision with two or three Spanish ships successively, sprang her foremast, and was left behind. Frobisher in the "Triumph," and Hawkins in the "Victory," fastened upon the Spaniard like two bulldogs, but under the cover of night he resisted bravely.

The following day, however, Sir Francis Drake, espying the unfortunate struggle, sent forth a pinnace to command him to yield, otherwise his bullets should force them without further favour. But Valdez, to seem valorous (says Speed), answered that they were 450 strong; that himself was Don Pedro, and stood on his honour, and thereupon propounded certain conditions. Drake replied that he was too busy to parley; if he would yield, he must promptly do it; if not, he should well prove that Francis Drake was no dastard. No sooner

* Camden, iii. 412.

did Valdez know that it was the fiery Drake (ever terrible to the Spaniards) who had him in chase, than with forty of his followers he repaired on board his ship; where, first giving him the *congé*, he protested that he, and all his, were resolved to die in defence, had they not fallen under the power of him whose valour and felicity were so great that Mars and Neptune seemed to attend him in his attempts, and whose generous mind towards the vanquished had often been experienced, even by his greatest foes.

Sir Francis, requiting his Spanish compliments with honourable English courtesies, placed him at his own table, and lodged him in his own cabin. The residue of that company, adds Speed, were sent into Plymouth, where they remained eighteen months until their ransoms were paid; but Drake's soldiers had well paid themselves with the spoil of the ship, wherein were 55,000 ducats in gold, which they shared merrily among them.*

On Monday the 1st of August there was no fighting. The Duke of Medina Sidonia divided his unwieldy fleet into two great divisions, of which he took the van, placing the rear—which consisted of forty-three ships in all, including four of the largest galleons—under Don Antonio de Leyva. He was

* Hawkins and Frobisher afterwards claimed a share of the prize and ransom-money; to which they do not seem to have been entitled, as they bore no part in the direct capture of the galleon.

instructed to bring the English to close quarters if possible, and seize every opportunity of bringing on a general engagement.

By dawn of Tuesday the 2d of August, the Armada lay between Portland Rise and St Alban's Head, and, the wind shifting to the north-east, obtained the weather-gage. The Spaniards took advantage of it to attack the English, and a fiercely-contested action ensued. "We had a sharp and long fight," says Hawkins. For while, on the one hand, the English manfully rescued the ships of London, which were hemmed in by the Spaniards; so, on the other side, the Spaniards as stoutly delivered Recalde, the Admiral of the Biscayan fleet, when he was in danger of being captured. Never was heard such thundering of ordnance on both sides, though the Spanish guns, being ill served, sent most of their shot over the heads of their antagonists. One Mr Cook, or Cope, was the only Englishman that died bravely in the midst of his enemies, commanding his own ship. The reason was, says one of the historians,* that the English ships were moved and managed with such agility, giving their broadsides to the larger and more unwieldy of the enemy, and sheering off again just as they pleased, while the Spanish ships lay as so many butts for the English to fire at. This was

* Camden, iii. 413.

the most furious and bloody skirmish of all, in which the Lord Admiral, in the "Ark Royal," fighting in the thick of the *mêlée*, and seeing one of his captains, the gallant Fenner, afar off, exclaimed, "Oh! George, what doest thou? Wilt thou now frustrate my hopes and opinions conceived of thee? Wilt thou forsake me now?" These words so inflamed the spirit of the English seaman that he carried his vessel into the press, and relieved his commander.

During the struggle, the English were continually receiving reinforcements of men, and fresh supplies of warlike munitions. Many noble volunteers—such as Cumberland, Oxford, Northumberland, Raleigh, Brooke, Dudley, Willoughby, Noel, Hatton, and Thomas Cecil—could no longer control their impatient minds, but as the thunder of the cannon rolled along the rocky coast of Dorset, they hastened merrily on board the ships of Drake, Hawkins, Howard, and Frobisher,—like gallants to a wedding,—or came in small vessels, equipped at their own expense, to play their part in the fierce struggle, and taste the delights of battle.*

The English fleet now mustered about one hundred ships, and was divided into four squadrons, under the commanders already named.

The morning of the 3d of August found both

* Motley, "United Netherlands," iii. 455.

armaments off the western headlands of the Isle of Wight. Howard sent to Portsmouth for ammunition, and the day went down in silence, for the wind had sunk to a dead calm, and the two great fleets drifted onward slowly with the tide.

The 4th of August* was St James' day,—the fête day of the patron saint of Spain, St Jago of Compostella—of him who, mounted on a snow-white steed, had appeared in the front of the battle in one of the Spanish encounters with the Moors, and led his worshippers to the victory. Remembering this tradition, the Spanish galleys and three of the great galleons—the fourth had suffered sorely in Tuesday's fighting—made ready to attack the English, and found them nothing loth for the combat. The brunt of the assault fell upon Frobisher, who, however, maintained the unequal conflict with sturdy resolution, until the Lord High Admiral, accompanied by the "Golden Lion," the "White Bear," the "Elizabeth," the "Victory," and the "Leicester," bore down to his rescue, and drove straight into the very heart of the Spanish fleet. There was hot work, then, my masters! The Englishmen were fighting, as they best loved to fight, at close quarters, and from maintop and rigging they so plied their musketry, and they so swiftly

* Throughout this narrative the dates are given in accordance with the New Style. The 4th of August, N.S., is the 25th of July, O.S.

discharged broadside after broadside, now raking a Spanish galley from stem to stern, now pouring a storm of shot into the port-holes of some large galleons, that the Spaniards found themselves in a sad condition; and when the Lord Admiral withdrew his ships—having no design to risk the fortunes of England on a single battle—they made no attempt to follow him, but lay sullenly on the water like a lion which has been well baited by nimble hounds.

And so, to use the words of Kingsley,* the fight thundered on the live-long afternoon, beneath the virgin cliffs of Freshwater; while myriad sea-fowl rose screaming up from every ledge, and with their black wings spotted the snow-white walls of chalk; and the lone shepherd hurried down the slopes above to peer over the dizzy edge, and forgot the wheat-ear fluttering in his snare, while, trembling, he gazed upon glimpses of tall masts and gorgeous flags, piercing at times the league-broad veil of sulphur smoke which weltered far below.

Friday the 5th of August was a tranquil summer day, and while the Armada rolled along the southern coast of the Isle of Wight, with the English fleet hovering to windward, the Lord Admiral summoned on board the "Ark Royal" Lord Sheffield, Lord Thomas Howard, Roger Townsend, Martin Frobisher, and John Hawkins, and, in recognition of

* Kingsley, "Westward Ho!" c. 31

their courage and devotion, bestowed upon them the honour of knighthood. "Truly," said rough John Hawkins, after submitting his shoulder to the accolade, "truly my old woman will hardly know herself again when folks call her *My Lady*."*

All next day the two fleets sailed up the Channel in hostile but silent companionship, and at last, on Saturday afternoon, the 6th of August, the Armada dropped anchor in the roads of Calais, where, according to Philip's scheme, it was to be reinforced by the army and flotilla of the Duke of Parma.

And that same afternoon the English Admiral was joined by Lord Henry Seymour, with his squadron of sixteen vessels, and there he, too, dropped anchor, to the eastward of Calais, and within a mile and a-half of the French shore.

Never, since England was England, says Mr Motley †—the grandeur of his theme inspiring him with unwonted eloquence—had such a sight been seen as now revealed itself in those narrow straits between Dover and Calais. Along that low, sandy shore, and quite within the range of the Calais fortifications, 130 Spanish ships—the greater number of them the largest and most heavily armed in the world—lay face to face, and scarcely out of cannon-shot, with 150 English sloops and frigates, the

* Camden, "Armada," iii. 414.

† Motley, "United Netherlands," ii. 459, 460

strongest and swiftest that the island could furnish, and commanded by men whose exploits had rung through the world.

Further along the coast, invisible, but known to be performing a most perilous and vital service, was a squadron of Dutch vessels of all sizes, lining both the inner and outer edges of the sandbanks of the Flemish coasts, and swarming in all the estuaries and inlets of that intricate and dangerous cruising-ground between Dunkirk and the Texel. Those fleets of Holland and Zealand, numbering some 150 galleons, sloops, and fly-boats, lay patiently blockading every possible egress from Newport, Gravelines, Sluys, Flushing, Dunkirk, and longing to grapple with the Duke of Parma, so soon as his fleet of gun-boats and hoys, packed with his Spanish and Italian veterans, should venture to set forth upon the sea for their long-prepared exploit.

Sunday, August the 7th, was, for England and Englishmen, a day of intense anxiety and awful suspense. Many an earnest prayer went up to Heaven that day from the congregations gathered in the crowded churches—from the sick and ailing in their solitude at home! In this hour of peril the Queen's Majesty herself had composed a private meditation, which was forwarded to her generals at Plymouth and elsewhere, and which ran as follows:*

* MS. in British Museum, indorsed by Sir Robert Cecil.

- "Most Omnipotent, and Guider of all our world's wars, that only searchest and fathomest the bottom of all hearts' conceits, and in them seest the true original of all actions intended, how no malice of revenge, nor quittance of injury, nor desire of bloodshed, nor greediness of lucre, hath bred the resolution of our now set-out army, but a heedful care and wary watch, that no neglect of foes, nor oversurety of harm, might breed either danger to us or glory to them : these being grounds, Thou that didst inspire the mind, we humbly beseech, with bended knees, prosper the work, and with the best forewinds guide the journey, speed the victory, and make the return the advancement of Thy glory, the triumph of Thy fame, and surety to the realm, with the least loss of English blood.

"To these devout petitions, Lord, give Thou Thy blessed grant. Amen."

There was, indeed, full cause for humble and devout prayer. The "Golden Duke" had despatched messenger after messenger to bid Parma put to sea, and pressed for a reinforcement of light vessels, fit to compete with the nimble English barks. It was true the watchful Hollanders had hitherto held him safe in port, where he raged like a bear bound to a stake, longing and yet unable to pounce on his puny antagonists. But if the Armada could drive off the English fleet, a junction might

still be effected ; and Drake and Howard were too good seamen not to know that in a close and general engagement the superior size, weight, and numbers of the Spanish must inevitably prevail.

And therefore the Lord Admiral, holding council with his captains, and gazing on the vast galleons and galleasses, which rode on the water like so many floating castles, might well exclaim :

“Considering their hugeness, ’twill not be possible to remove them but by a device !”

At that moment Winter happened to remember the fire-ships designed some years before by the Italian engineer Gianibelli, and used at the siege of Antwerp. He suggested* that something of the same kind might now be attempted, with the view of producing a panic among the Spaniards, who had much reason to recollect Gianibelli’s terrible device. His suggestion was adopted eagerly. Six vessels were filled with wildfire, rosin, pitch, and brimstone, and gallantly towed down before the wind by two brave captains, Young and Prowse.

It was night, a deep dark night, with indications in sky and sea of a coming gale. The look-outs on the Spanish galleons could with difficulty pierce the intense obscurity. Suddenly the faint thud of oars,

* That this suggestion was made by Winter is clearly shown by his letter to Walsingham, 11th Aug. 1588 (S. P. Office MS.), quoted by Motley.

regularly plied, fell upon their ears. A moment more, and the waves were lighted up with a dazzling glare! And the strange radiance revealed to the eyes of the startled Spaniards the outlines of six flaming vessels bearing right down upon their unwieldy array, and bringing with them death and destruction.

There is nothing so contagious as fear. A yell arose on every hand: "The fire-ships of Antwerp! The fire-ships of Antwerp are upon us!" Cables were hastily cut—galleon, galleas, patache, each drove through the ruck, regardless of their comrades, heeding nothing, mad with panic alarm, hurrying to escape! Vainly the Admiral-Duke endeavoured to reassemble his scattering fleet. The Spaniards would listen neither to commands nor entreaties. Two of their ships were already a-blaze, and who could tell how many more might be involved in the calamity? All was over! Spain had played her great stake, and lost. When morning dawned, the stately Armada was driving in hopeless confusion towards the Flemish coast.

And as morning dawned (Monday, August the 8th), the English began the chase, led by Drake and Fenner, who were soon followed closely by Fenton and Southwell, Cross, Burton, and Rayner, the Lord Admiral, Lord Thomas Howard, and Lord Sheffield. The boats of the "Ark Royal," with those of the "Delight" and the "Margaret and

Joan," dashed after Don Hugo de Monçada's flagship, the "Capitana," and, after a sharp but brief encounter, carried her. Off Gravelines, the whole English fleet came up, and the Armada was brought to bay. The action was begun by Drake in the "Revenge," supported by Frobisher in the "Triumph," and Hawkins in the "Victory;" others plunging into the mêlée as they arrived upon the scene. It lasted six hours—to the great glory of the English, who were still terribly overmatched by their gigantic antagonists.

"Howbeit," says the old historian,* "there were many excellent and warlike ships in the English fleet, yet scarce were there twenty-two or twenty-three among them all, which matched ninety of the Spanish ships in bigness, or could conveniently assault them. Wherefore, the English ships, using their prerogative of steerage, whereby they could turn and wield themselves with the wind which way they listed, came oftentimes very near upon the Spaniards, and charged them so sore that now and then they were but a pike's length asunder; and so continually giving them one broadside after another, they discharged all their shot, both great and small, upon them, spending one whole day, from morning till night, in that violent kind of conflict, until such time as powder and bullets

* Camden, iii. 414, 415, 416.

failed them. In regard of which want they thought it convenient not to pursue the Spaniards any longer, because they had many great vantages of the English, namely, for the extraordinary bigness of their ships, and also for that they were so nearly conjoyned, and kept together in so good array, that they could by no meanes be fought withall one to one. The English thought, therefore, that they had right well acquitted themselves, in chasing the Spaniards first from Callies, and then from Dunkerk, and by that meanes to have hindered them from joyning with the Duke of Parma his forces, and getting the wind of them to have driven them from their own coasts.

“The Spaniards that day,” continues our authority, “sustained great loss and damage, having many of their shippes shot thorow and thorow, and they discharged likewise great store of ordnance against the English; who indeed sustained some hindrance, but not comparable to the Spaniards’ loss; for they lost not any one ship or person of account, for very diligent inquisition having been made, the Englishmen all that tyme wherein the Spanish navy sayled upon their seas, are not found to have wanted above one hundred of their people; albeit Sir Francis Drake’s ship was pierced with shot forty times, and his very cabben was twice shot thorow, and about the conclusion of the fight, the bed of a certain

gentleman lying weary thereupon was taken quite from under him with the force of a bullet. Likewise, as the Earl of Northumberland and Sir Charles Blunt were at dinner upon a time, the bullet of a demi-culveryn brake thorow the middest of their cabben, touched their feet, and strooke downe two of the standers by, with many such accidents befalling the English shippes, which it were tedious to rehearse."

The result of the day's fighting may be thus summed up: Three Spanish galleons sunk, thirteen others driven ashore as hopeless wrecks, and from four to five thousand Spanish soldiers and seamen killed by the English shot. "Surely," wrote Winter, "every man in our fleet did well, and the slaughter the enemy received was great. . . . God hath mightily preserved her Majesty's forces, with the least losses that ever hath been heard of, being within the compass of so great volleys of shot, both small and great. I verily believe there is not threescore men lost of her Majesty's forces."

The defeat of the enemy would have been still more effective, had not the supply of ammunition failed on board the English ships. But the Spaniards were utterly cowed, and although still numerous enough to have destroyed their antagonists, had they been properly handled, they thought of nothing but a speedy flight. "A thing greatly to be

regretted," said Fenner,* "is that the Almighty hath stricken them with a wonderful fear. I have hardly seen any of their companies succoured of the extremities which befell them after their fights, but they have been left at utter ruin, while they bear as much sail as ever they possibly can." "In very conscience," wrote Winter, "I think the Duke would give his dukedom to be in Spain again."

On Tuesday afternoon, the 9th, the English Admiral called a council of war; whereat it was determined that Lord Seymour and his squadron should return to guard the mouth of the Thames against any attempt on the part of Parma, while the pursuit was continued by the remainder of the fleet. So Drake, and Howard, and Frobisher followed the flying Spaniards through the North Sea from Tuesday night until Friday morning—Drake ardently longing for another brush with his old enemies. "We have the army of Spain before us," he wrote to Walsingham,† "and hope, with the grace of God, to wrestle or fall with him. There never was anything pleased me better than seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northward. God grant you have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for, with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not so to handle the matter with

* Fenner to Walsingham, 14th August 1588, cited by Motley.

† Barrow, "Life of Drake."

the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St Mary's Port among his orange trees."

Drake, however, did not obtain "the pull" he longed for. As the weather was threatening, and no further danger to be apprehended from the Armada, Howard deemed it prudent to abandon the chase, leaving two pinnaces to dog the fleet until it should be past the Isles of Scotland. So the English ships went homeward, and in four or five days all arrived safely in Margate Roads; while the Armada, caught in the terrible tempest which raged throughout the remainder of the month of August, strewed the coasts of Norway, Scotland, and Ireland with its bones,—of 134 vessels which sailed in such splendid pomp from Coruña, not more than 53, great and small, returning to the Spanish ports; and of the 30,000 men they carried, not more than 10,000 ever seeing their native land again.

The story of the Armada was summed up very pithily by our hero in a published statement, which showed that Drake was not less ready with his pen than his sword:*

"It was happily manifested in very deed to all nations, how this navy, which they termed invincible, consisting of 140 sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom, but strengthened with the greatest

* Barrow, "Life of Drake," pp. 145, 146.

argosies, Portugal carracks, Florentines, and large hulks of other countries, were, by thirty of Her Majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our merchants, by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, High Admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together even from the Lizard in Cornwall, first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdez, with his mighty ship: from Portland to Calais, where they lost Hugh de Monçado, with the galleys of which he was captain; and from Calais, driven with squalls from their anchors, were chased out of sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland; where, for the sympathy of their religion, hoping to find succour and assistance, a great part of them were washed against the rocks, and those other that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken; and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters, to be shipped into England, where Her Majesty, of her princely and invincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain, or entertain them, they were all sent back again to their countries to witness and recount the worthy achievement of their invincible and dreaded navy. Of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burthen of their ships, the commanders' names of every squadron, with all other, their magazines of provisions, were put in

print, as an army and navy irresistible and dreading prevention ; with all which their great, terrible ostentation they did not, in all their sailing round about England, as much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheepcote in this land."

It is needless to describe the enthusiasm excited in the country by the failure of the projected invasion, or the welcome accorded to Drake, Howard, Frobisher, Winter, and the other great captains who had done their work with so much prudence and boldness. The Queen went in state to St Paul's, through streets decorated with blue cloth and banners, and under the sacred roof she graciously saluted by name her illustrious commanders ; after which a solemn thanksgiving was duly offered up. And in every church, from Berwick to Land's End, public and general thanks unto God were also given, with all devotion, and inward affection of heart, and humbleness, for His gracious favour extended towards the land in its deliverance and defence, in the wonderful overthrow and destruction showed by His mighty hand on its malicious enemies the Spaniards, who had thought to invade and make a conquest of the realm.





CHAPTER VI.

LAST YEARS OF DRAKE'S LIFE.

“ Fortune has turns of loss and turns of honour,
And the most valiant feel them both.”

JOHN FLETCHER, “The Humorous Lieutenant.”

THE spirits of Englishmen were mightily exalted by the successes achieved in the great encounter with the Armada, and knowing that Philip's desire of conquest would now be urged forward by an imperious desire of revenge, they resolved on carrying the war into his own kingdom, to show themselves as vigorous in attack as they were resolute in defence. It was determined to assist Don Antonio, bastard of Portugal, and pretender to its crown, in an attempt to excite an insurrection among the Portuguese, and rescue them from the Spanish yoke.

In the expedition equipped for this bold, but not altogether well-considered purpose, the Dutch had a share; contributing 1500 soldiers, under Nicolas van Meetkerke and Van Laen, and forty ships.

The Queen supplied sixty thousand pounds in money, and six ships of war; and about one hundred and fourteen armed merchantmen and other craft were fitted out by the noble volunteers and wealthy traders of England. The total force comprised 160 ships and 14,000 men. As a matter of necessity, the naval command was entrusted to Drake; who was associated with a skilful and veteran soldier, Sir John Norris; and among the more notable personages who sailed under their joint leadership, were the young Earl of Essex, Sir Edward Norris, Harry Norris, Roger Williams, the gallant Winter, and Fenner. Drake hoisted his flag in his old ship, the "Revenge."*

The enterprise, however, did not prove as successful as might have been anticipated from the character of the men who led it; chiefly, perhaps, from the attempt that was made to combine a commercial with a military object—to do as much injury to the enemy as possible, but to secure as much profit as possible for the merchant adventurers who had largely helped to equip the expedition.

Sailing from Plymouth on the 18th of April 1589, Drake made his first attack on Coruña, where, as usual, his men displayed a prodigious valour. Many ships were burned, and the lower portion of the town

* Barrow, "Life of Drake," pp. 151, 152; Hakluyt, "Voyages, ii., pt. 2, 121.

was captured, but an attempt on the upper was repulsed by an overwhelming force. The commanders then re-embarked the troops, and on the 10th of May sailed down the coast of Portugal, arriving at Peniche, about forty miles from Lisbon, on the 19th. Here they once more landed, entered the town without opposition, captured the castle, and then struck boldly across the country to the very walls of the Portuguese capital, while Drake, with the fleet, prepared to sail up the Tagus. The great seaman, however, was prevented from co-operating with the army by contrary winds. The troops, on their adventurous march, suffered terribly from dysentery, and died by scores; and when they arrived before the gates of Lisbon, reduced in number to some four thousand, they found themselves without a solitary field-piece.* Moreover, the delay at Coruña had given the enemy time to collect his soldiers, and post them strongly for the defence of the capital. Yet it is a remarkable proof of the dread in which the Spaniards held their hardy antagonists, that, enfeebled and ill-provided as these were, no attack was made upon them, and they were suffered to retrace their steps at their leisure to Cadiz.

Here they re-embarked, and set sail from the Tagus. On their homeward voyage they landed

* Camden, iii. 431-433; Barrow, "Life of Drake," pp. 160, 161.

and burned Vigo, and arrived at Plymouth in the middle of July.

The result of the expedition was not what had been expected, yet it served to convince the English of their superiority over the Spaniards, for had not a handful of troops marched unmolested from Peniche to Lisbon? Had they not burned villages, captured towns, humbled the generals, and defied the armies of Spain?* And so much failure as had taken place, was rightly attributed, not to any want of conduct or earnestness on the part of Drake and Norris, but to insufficiency of means, the lukewarmness of the Portuguese, and the sudden mortality among the troops.†

Most men, says Camden, were of opinion that the English navy answered all points, both of revenge and honour, having in so short a compass of time taken one town by storm, made a glorious assault upon another, driven before them a very potent army, landed their forces in four several places, marched seven days together in order of battle, and, with colours flying through the enemy's country, attacked a strong and flourishing city with a small handful of men, and lodged for three nights

* "The world will speak," wrote Roger Williams, "how 5000 Englishmen dared the Spaniards to battle at the gates of Lisbon."

† Barrow, "Life of Drake," p. 169.

in the suburbs of it. Besides that, they beat the enemy back to the very gates, after they had made a sally; took two castles on the sea, and spoiled the enemy of all their stores and ammunition.

Of the next four years of Drake's stirring and busy life we possess but few particulars. In 1592-3 he sat in Parliament as the representative of Plymouth, and it is a proof of his untiring energy that his name appears upon all the committees on public business, and the bills from several of them were put into his hands. Needless to add that he constantly advocated hostilities against Spain, and maintained the necessity of keeping the navy in an efficient condition.

In 1594 he was once more called to active service, the Queen's Government having determined on a new expedition against the Spanish colonies, projected, in the first place, by Sir John Hawkins. In the command of this expedition, which consisted of six Queen's and twenty private ships,* Drake was associated with Hawkins, his old "companion-in-arms," and hoisted his flag in the "Defiance." Their principal lieutenants were York, Troughton, Winter, Thomas Drake, Sir Nicholas Clifford, and Sir Thomas Baskerville, commander of the land forces.

The destination of the fleet was Puerto Rico,

* Maynard says twenty-seven, and 2500 men.

where a vast treasure was supposed to have been accumulated, preparatory to its removal to Spain, for the purpose of equipping another "invincible armada" against England.

Drake and Hawkins quitted Plymouth on the 28th of August 1595, and on the 27th of September arrived off the island of Grand Canary, which they resolved to subdue. Some time was lost in seeking a convenient landing-place, and the delay giving the Spaniards time to concentrate their forces, the English were compelled to retire "without receiving or doing any harm worth the writing." However, they succeeded in obtaining a supply of fresh water on the western side of the island, but Captain Grimstone and his boat's crew, wandering to some distance from the shore, were surprised by the herdsmen, and the captain, his boy, and a surgeon slain.

On the 8th of November, as related in my memoir of Sir John Hawkins, the fleet anchored within the Virgin Islands, where they stayed four days. They then stood for the eastern end of Puerto Rico. Unhappily, one of their small vessels, the "Francis," separating from Hawkins's squadron, fell in with, and was captured by, some Spanish ships, and intelligence of the English designs was thus spread abroad through all the West Indian colonies, enabling them to complete their defen-

sive preparations.* On the 12th, the fleet came to anchor before Puerto Rico, and that same day, about three o'clock, Sir John Hawkins died. The Spanish forts soon afterwards opened fire upon Drake and his vessels, to the imminent peril of their commander, for as he sat at supper in his flagship the "Defiance," with Sir Nicholas Clifford and "divers others," a shot came amongst them, and wounded Sir Nicholas, Drake's tried and trusty friend "Brute" Brown, Captain Stafford, and some of the bystanders. Clifford died that night, and Brown five or six days after, Drake exclaiming, "Oh, dear Brute! I would grieve for thee; but now is no time for me to let down my spirits."†

This unlucky accident induced Drake to shift his quarters, and the following morning he dropped anchor before the point without the town, a little to the westward. Here they remained till night-fall, and then twenty-five pinnaces, boats, and shallops, well manned, and furnished with fireworks and small shot, entered the road.

The Spaniards, however, had prepared for the unbidden guests a rough welcome. They had landed the treasure, sunk the galleon which carried it in the mouth of the channel, and on both sides erected a floating barrier of masts, so as to render

* Hakluyt, "Voyages," iii. 584.

† Fuller, "Holy State," p. 112.

the entrance impracticable. Five ships were stationed behind this rampart, and from their frowning sides, as from the forts commanding the harbour, poured forth a destructive fire, which killed and wounded upwards of a hundred of the assailants.

Drake was compelled to abandon his attempt on Puerto Rico, and reluctantly taking leave of it on the 20th, he made for Rio de la Hacha, "one of the ancientest towns in all the Main, though not very large," and took possession of it. The inhabitants failing to ransom it, Drake burned it to the ground, excepting only the churches, and the house of a lady who wrote to him, requesting him to spare it. A similar fate befell Santa Martha, on the 21st; and on the 27th the English entered the harbour of Nombre de Dios, which the Spaniards abandoned at their approach. They found that all its treasures had been removed, and nothing fell into their hands but twenty bars of silver, a couple of bars of gold, and some money.

Drake remained at Nombre de Dios, burning it and all the ships which lay in the harbour or were drawn up on the beach, while Sir Thomas Baskerville, with 700 men, pushed across the country to Panama. It proved a most unfortunate expedition. The English fell into an ambuscade, and suffered severely; and learning that the enemy were well prepared for them, that two stout forts commanded

their road, and that Panama had been rendered very strong, Baskerville determined to return. "They had so much of this breakfast," says Fuller quaintly,* "they thought they should surfeit of a dinner and supper of the same. No hope of conquest, except with cloying the jaws of death, and thrusting men on the mouth of the cannon. Wherefore, fearing to find the proverb true, that gold may be bought too dear, they returned to their ships."

There can be no doubt that this failure greatly affected the spirits of Drake, who foresaw that he would have to return to England without profit or glory, and with a cloud on his fame that threatened to darken all his former achievements. His disappointment preyed upon his health, which would also seem to have suffered from the climate. His proud heart and enterprising nature could not brook the ill fortune that had fallen upon him. He feared, too, what might be said of him in England; conceiving, says Fuller, that expectation—a merciless usurer—computing each day since his departure, exacted an interest and return of honour and profit proportionable to his great preparations, and transcending his former achievements. He saw that all the good which he had done in this voyage consisted in the evil he had done to the Spaniards afar off; whereof he could present but small visible

* Fuller, "Holy State," p. 115.

proofs in England. These apprehensions, accompanying, if not causing, the disease of the flux, wrought his sudden death. And sickness did not so much untie his clothes as sorrow did rend at once the robe of his mortality asunder.

In truth, Drake had lived several men's lives in the course of his five-and-fifty years; and his spirit had exhausted his body. The sword had worn out its sheath; and the man's great, proud heart was not strong enough to bear the burthen of an unaccustomed failure. To Drake, success was as the breath of his nostrils; to be defeated was to die.

On the 5th of December the fleet sailed from Nombre de Dios; and on the 10th anchored off an island called Escudes, some thirty leagues to the westward. The end was now at hand, the last scene of a stirring drama was about to be played; and Drake began to keep his cabin, being extremely sick of a flux. But the conclusion of our melancholy story is best told in the old chronicler's words:*

"On the ninth we founde a very deepe and dangerous baye, playinge it here up and downe: all men weary of the place. The tenth we descried a small island called Escudes, where we came to anchor: and here we tooke a frygotte which was

* Maynard's Narrative: "Sir Francis Drake, His Voyage" (Hakluyt Society) pp. 18-20.

an advice of the kinge's. By this we learned that the towns standinge upon this lake were of small wealth and very dangerous, by reason of many shoals and greate roughes our mariners should have, it beinge an hundred leagues: yet, if the winde would have permitted, we had assuredly put for them, and never returned to one halfe againe. Heere we stayed, at a waste island, where there was no reliefe but a few tortoyse for such as could catch them, twelve days. This is accounted the sickliest place of the Indies; and heere died many of our men, victualls beginninge to growe scarce with us. In the end, findinge the winde to continue contrary, he resolved to departe, and to take the winde as God sent it.

“So, on the twenty-second, we went hence, having there buried Captaine Plott, Egerton, and divers others. I questioned with our Generall, beinge often private with him whilst we stayed heere, to see whether hee should reveale unto mee any of his purposes; and I demanded of him, why hee so often conjured me, beinge in England, to stay with him in these partes as longe as himselfe, and where the place was. He answered me with grieve, protestinge that hee was as ignorant of the Indies as myselfe, and that he never thought any place could be so changed, as it were from a delitious and pleasant arbour into a vast and desarte wilder-

nesse ; besides the variableness of the winde and weather, so stormie and blusterous as hee never saw it before. But hee most wondered that since his cominge out of England he never sawe sayle worth givinge chace unto : yet in the greatness of his minde, hee would, in the ende, conclude with these wordes : ' It matters not, man ; God hath many thinges in store for us ; and I knowe many means to do Her Majestie good service, and to make us riche, for we must have gould before wee see Englande ; ' when, goode gentleman (in my conceite), it fared with him as with some careles livinge man who prodigally consumes his time, fondly perswadinge himselfe that the nurse that fedde him in his childhood will likewise nourish him in his ould age, and, findinge the dugge dried and withered, enforced then to behould his folly, tormented in mind, dieth with a starved bodie. Hee had, beside his own adventure, gaged his owne reputation greatly, in promisinge Her Majestie to do her honorable service, and to returne her a very profitable adventure ; and havinge sufficiently experienced for seven or eight years together, how hard it was to regain favour once ill thought of, the mistresse of his fortune now leavinge him to yield to a discontented minde. And since our returne from Panama, he never carried mirth nor joy in his face ; yet no man hee loved must con-

jecture that hee tooke thought thereof. But heere hee began to grow sickly.* At this island we suncke a carvell which we brought out of England, putting her men and victualls into a last taken frigott. From hence a great currante setts towards the eastward ; by reason wherof, with the scant of winde we had on Wednesday, beinge the twenty-eight, we came to Portabella [Puerto Bello], which is within eight or nine leagues of Nombre de Dios. It was the best harborough we came into since we left Plymouth.

“This morninge, about seven of the clocke, Sir Francis died. The next day Sir Thomas Baskerville carried him a league off, and buried him in the sea.”

His body was placed in a leaden coffin ; the solemn service of our Church was read over it ; and it sank into the deep amidst volleys of musketry, and salutes from every vessel in the squadron. The ocean may have received into its ample bosom many better men, but none braver or more patriotic than Francis Drake.

Prince, the historian of Devon, records the following lines, apparently the production of one of Drake's contemporaries :

* Some authorities pretend that Drake was poisoned, but there seems no ground for the imputation. Probably the story was originated by a Spanish calumniator.



LAST YEARS OF DRAKE'S LIFE. 369

“ Where Drake first found, there last he lost his name,
And for a tomb, left nothing but his fame.
His body's buried under some great wave ;
The sea, that was his glory, is his grave :
On whom an epitaph none can truly make,
For who can say, *Here* lies Sir Francis Drake ? ”

But the following couplet, also recorded by Prince, seems infinitely more energetic and appropriate :

“ The waves became his winding sheet, the waters were his tomb ;
But for his fame the ocean-sea was not sufficient room. ”

I have attempted to sketch the leading features of his character at the outset of this condensed summary of his illustrious achievements, and therefore I may now take leave of our hero in the words of honest Fuller :

“ This our captain was a religious man ; chaste in his life ; just in his dealings ; true to his word ; merciful to those who were under him ; hating nothing so much as idleness. ”

Only of a true and genuine man could so much as this be truly said.*

* It may be new to most of my readers to learn that Drake was a poet, or, rather, a dealer in rhymes. The only specimen I know of his doings in this way is “ a copy of verses ” prefixed to Sir Humphrey Gilbert's “ True Report of the Late Discoveries. ” As it throws a strong incidental light on Drake's character, I append it here :

“ SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, KNIGHTE, IN COMMENDATION OF THE
ABOVE TREATISE.

“ Who seekes by worthie dedes to gaine renowne for hire,
Whose hart, whose hand, whose purse is prest to purchase his
desire,

If anie such there bee, that thirsteth after fame,
Lo, heere a meane, to winne himself an everlasting name ;
Who seekes by gaine and wealth to advance his house and blood,
Whose care is great, whose toile no lesse, whose hope is all for good,
If anie one there bee that covets such a trade,
Lo heere the plot for commonwealth, and private gaine is made ;
He that for vertue's sake will venture farr and neere,
Whose zeale is strong, whose practize trueth, whose faith is void of
feere,

If any such there bee, inflamed with holy care,
Heere may hee finde a readie meane, his purpose to declare.
So that for each degree, this Treatise dooth unfolde,
The path to fame, the prooffe of zeale, and way to purchase golde.

“FRANCIS DRAKE.”





Sir Philip Sidney.



CHAPTER I.

HIS CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, AND EARLY MANHOOD.

“ A slender swaine, excelling far each other
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up fast in goodnesse and in grace,
And doubly faire woxe both in mynd and face.

“ Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle usage and demeanure myld :
That all men’s hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and wittingly beguyld.
Ne spight itselfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.”

SPENSER, “Astrophel.”



AMONG the galaxy of names which, to use a well-worn image, irradiates the reign of Elizabeth, not one is more conspicuous as “a bright particular star,” than that of Philip Sidney.

It was his singular fortune to win the almost universal eulogium of his contemporaries. He was

praised and beloved by those of his age, who themselves were praised and beloved by the nation; by those poets and statesmen whose praise could secure, or at least confirm, a reputation. Nor less has it been his good fortune to obtain the suffrages of posterity, which, calmly weighing the deserts and demerits of men, frequently reverses the verdict passed by their fellows, and does justice where injustice had prevailed, or considers with leniency where a harsh and captious spirit of criticism had overruled. So high was his esteem in his own time, that Fulke Greville thought it an honour to inscribe on his tombstone the fact that, in life, "he was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney." Spenser dedicated to his memory one of the finest of his minor poems, and sang of him in strains which could only be applied to a man of surpassing excellence:

"That most heroic spirit,
The heaven's pride, the glory of his days,
Which now triumpheth through immortal merit
Of his brave virtues, crowned with lasting bays
Of heavenly bliss, and everlasting praise."

When he died it was accounted a sin, we are told, for any gentleman of quality, for many months after, to appear at court or city, in any light or gaudy apparel.* Camden, the learned author of "The Britannia," speaks of him as "that Sidney,

* "Life and Death of Sir Philip Sidney."

who, as Providence seems to have sent him into the world to give the present age a specimen of the ancients, so did it on a sudden recall him, and snatch him from us as one more worthy of heaven than of earth." And again, he exclaims: "Whatever we loved in you, whatever we admired in you, still continues and will continue in the memories of men, the revolutions of ages, and the annals of time. Many, as being inglorious and ignoble, are buried in oblivion; but Sidney shall live to all posterity." To swell the chorus of panegyric comes a royal voice, that of James the First, who, in his wonted pedantic fashion, calls upon Mars, Minerva, and Apollo, to

"Lament for him that duly served you all,
Whom in you wisely all your arts did mell;"*

and adds,

"I need not in remembrance for to call
His race, his youth, the hope had of him aye,
Since that in him doth cruel death appal
Both manhood, wit, and learning every way;
But yet he doth in bed of honour rest,
And evermore of him shall live the best."

How dearly he was loved and admired by those of his own blood, we may understand from the passionate eloquence of his sister's "Doleful Lay of Clarinda." She exclaims:

* *Mell*, to mingle or blend.

“ What cruel hand of cursèd foe unknown
 Hath croppèd the stalk that bore so fair a flower ?
 Untimely cropp'd, before it well were grown,
 And clean defacèd in untimely hour ;
 Great loss to all that ever him did see,
 Great loss to all—but greatest loss to me !

“ O Death, that hast us of much riches reft !
 Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it done ?
 What has become of him whose flower here left
 Is but the shadow of his likeness gone ?
 Scarce like the shadow of that which he was,
 Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

“ But that immortal spirit which was deck'd
 With all the dowries of celestial grace,
 By sovereign choice from the heavenly choirs select,
 And lineally derived from angels' race—
 Oh ! what is now of it become aread ?
 Ah me ! can so divine a thing be dead ?”

Again, let us take the testimony of one of his closest friends—one who knew him most intimately, and was well capable of forming a correct and enlightened judgment—Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. He pronounces him to have been a true model of worth ; a man fit for conquest, plantation [*i.e.*, colonisation], reformation, or what action soever is the greatest and hardest among men ; withal, such a lover of mankind and goodness, that whosoever had any real parts, in him found comfort, participation, and protection to the uttermost of his power ; like Zephyrus, he giving life where he blew. He

proceeds to record the strongest evidence of the universal estimation in which he was regarded by his contemporaries. The universities abroad and at home, he says, accounted him a general Mæcenas of learning. Soldiers honoured him, and were so honoured by him, as no man thought he marched under the true banner of Mars, that had not obtained Sir Philip Sidney's approbation. Men of affairs, in most part of Christendom, entertained correspondence with him. He was of so large a heart and capacity that every cunning painter, every skilful engineer, every excellent musician, and, in truth, every other artificer of extraordinary fame, made himself known to this famous spirit, and found him his true friend without hire, and the common rendezvous of worth in his time. Nor was he, in this benevolence, actuated by a private, but by a public affection; his chief ends being, not friends, wife, children, and himself, but, above all things, the honour of his Maker, and the service of his Prince and country.

This general tribute of praise has been taken up by later writers, and Southey dwells with delight on the life and character of the Elizabethan hero, than whom, he says—

“ Than whom no gentler, braver man,
His own delightful genius ever feigned,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady
With courteous courage and with loyal loves.”

A recent biographer* speaks of him as the perfect type of a gentleman. If the chief qualities comprehended under this term are generosity, dignity, refinement of heart and mind, it would be hard to find in any age or nation a better example than Sidney. His soul overflowed with magnanimity and sympathy. These inward excellences were set off, when living, by his extreme beauty of person, sweetness of voice, and proficiency in all accomplishments and arts, as well as by a certain gracefulness, which appeared in whatever he said or did, and still shines through his writings with a peculiar charm.

Finally, Campbell has beautifully described his life as "poetry put into action."

Yet, when we come to study his career, we find it difficult, at first, to account for this universal and enduring fame. Sidney has written no great work, no magnificent epic or stirring drama. His "Arcadia," notwithstanding occasional fine passages, lacks completeness, vitality, and perfectness of execution; its beauties are many, but its faults are numerous and serious. His "Defence of Poesy" is simply an agreeable and eloquently-written essay. His political efforts are chiefly confined to a few graceful and vigorous sonnets.

Nor did he accomplish any great deeds as a

* Julius Lloyd, "Life of Sir Philip Sidney," chap. i.

military commander. He never rivalled the daring enterprises of Drake and Frobisher, just as his genius never approached to the ardour, force, and elevation of Raleigh's. His adventures on the battle-field were marked by a rashness of spirit and a hastiness of conception which plainly show his deficiency in the special qualities of a successful general. In like manner, he gave no proof of capacity as a statesman; nor is there any reason to believe that he would ever, under the most favourable circumstances, have risen, in this line of action, to the height of a Cecil or a Walsingham.

On what, then, does his fame depend? How comes it that he has secured a renown which shows no sign of diminution? The secret, as a recent writer justly observes, seems to lie in the singular beauty of his life, and also in the universality of his genius. He touched nothing which he did not adorn. There was no string in Apollo's lyre which he could not wake up into exquisite music. He was poet, courtier, statesman, soldier, gentleman. The Admirable Crichton of his time, he was distinguished not less by his intellectual accomplishments than by the gracefulness of his manners, the beauty of his person, his amiableness of disposition, his delicacy of taste, his purity of thought, and refinement of feeling. It was this general perfectness—this beauti-

ful "roundness" and "wholeness," so to speak, of character and genius, which secured the applause of his contemporaries, and built up on such lasting foundations his fame. In the separate departments of action and reflection he was excelled by such men as Raleigh, Drake, Frobisher, Walsingham, Cecil, Spenser, Shakespeare; but few attained, like him, an admirable distinction in *all*, and, at the same time, displayed the brightest graces of a Christian life.

Gentle Sir Philip Sidney, exclaims Thomas Nash,* thou knowest what belonged to a scholar; thou knowest what paines, what toil, what travail conduct to perfection; well couldest thou give every virtue his encouragement, every art his due, every writer his desert; because none more virtuous, witty, or learned than thyself. But thou art dead in thy grave, and hast left too few successors of thy glory, too few to cherish the sons of the muses, or water those budding hopes with their plenty, which thy bountie erst planted.

Old Antony à Wood speaks of him[†] as the short-lived ornament of his noble family, and the Marcellus of the English nation, who hath deserved, and without dispute or envy enjoyed, the most exalted praises

* Nash, "Pierce Pennilesse," (ed. 1592).

† Antony à Wood, "Athenæ Oxonienses" (edit. by Philip Bliss, 1813), vol. i. p. 513.

of his own and of succeeding ages. The poets of his time, especially Spenser, revered him not only as a patron, but as a master; and he was almost the only person in any age (I will not except Mæcenas) that could teach the best rules of poetry, and most freely reward the performances of poets. He was a man of a sweet nature, of excellent behaviour, of much, and withal of well-digested, learning; so that rarely wit, courage, breeding, and other additional accomplishments of conversation, have met in so high a degree in any single person.

“ To praise thy life, or waile thy warlike death,
And vaunt thy wit—thy wit high, pure, divine—
Is far beyond the power of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

“ That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell—
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time !
Whose virtues, wounded by my worthless rhyme,
Let angels speak, and Heaven thy praises tell.”*

The object of all these praises was born on the 29th of November 1554, at Penshurst Place, in Kent.

There are many fair mansions in the “garden of England,” many noble manorial halls and stately castles, but none, perhaps, of goodlier aspect, or more pleasantly situated, than Sidney’s home at Penshurst. It stands upon an ample lawn in the

* Spenser, “Poetical Works: An Epitaph upon the Right Honourable Sir Philip Sidney, Knight,” pp. 464-5.

green valley of the Medway, with swelling hills around, and patches of leafy woodland, gardens, bowers, and fertile meadows. No better description of it exists than that so boldly and felicitously drawn by Ben Jonson,* in which he praises its walks for health as well as sport ; its mount, where Pan and Bacchus made high feasts "beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade ;" its pasturage for "sheep, bullocks, kine, and calves ;" its orchard fruit, its garden flowers. Commemorating, too, the well-ordered household by which the noble pile was tenanted, and the admirable example displayed before its youthful scions by its illustrious lord and lady :

" They are, and have been, taught religion : thence
 Their gentle spirits have suck'd innocence.
 Each morn and even they are taught to pray
 With the whole household ; and may every day
 Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts
 The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts."

Nor does the poet forget the splendid hospitality maintained at Penshurst. And, he exclaims :

" And, though thy walls be of the county stone,
 They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan ;
 There's none that dwell about them wish them down ;
 But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
 And no one empty-handed, to salute
 Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit."

Philip's father was Sir Harry Sidney, a man of

* Ben Jonson, "The Forest," No. ii., "To Penshurst."

high capacity and unblemished character, who was descended from an Angevin family, knighted by Edward the Sixth, thrice appointed by Queen Elizabeth Lord Deputy of Ireland, and afterwards President of Wales, an office which he held for six-and-twenty years ; esteemed by the worthiest among his contemporaries, and renowned for discretion, honour, judgment, and statesmanlike capacity. His mother was Lady Mary Dudley, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland—"a full, fair lady," said her husband, "in mine eye, at least, the fairest ;" one of the noblest women of her time, who, as Spenser says,

"Forth out of her happy womb did bring
The sacred gift of learning and all honour,
On whom the heavens poured all their gifts upon her."

Of his maternal descent Philip, in after-life, was justly proud. "I am a Dudley in blood," he wrote,* "that duke's daughter's son ; and do acknowledge—though, in all truth I may rightly affirm that I am, by my father's side, of ancient and always well-esteemed and well-matched gentry—yet I do acknowledge, I say, that my chiefest honour is to be a Dudley."

Philip was the eldest son of these noble parents. He received his name in remembrance of Philip, King of Spain, through whose influence with Queen

* Sidney, "Defence of the Earl of Leicester ;" "An Answer to 'Leicester's Commonwealth,'" printed in Collins's "Memorials," etc.

Mary, Sir Henry had been restored to the lands forfeited by the attainder of the Protector Duke of Northumberland. A year later came into the world his favourite sister, Mary, afterwards Countess of Pembroke, who lived to display a bright combination of virtues and mental gifts, and to win the homage of Spenser and Ben Jonson.* In due time came three other daughters, and two more sons, Robert and Thomas.

After receiving a sound elementary education at his mother's knees, Philip, in his tenth year, was sent to school at Shrewsbury, his father being at that time Lord President of Wales, and keeping his

* Thus Spenser says :

“ Urania, sister unto Astrophel,
 In whose brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
 All heavenly gifts and riches lockèd are,
 More rich than pearls of Ind, or gold of Ophir,
 And in her sex most wonderful and rare.”

Ben Jonson's epitaph is well known :

“ Underneath this marble hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse—
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
 Death, ere thou hast slain another,
 Wise, and fair, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.
 Marble piles let no man raise
 To her name ; for after days
 Some kind woman, born as she,
 Reading this, like Niobe,
 Sha'll turn marble, and become
 Both her mourner and her tomb.”

state at Ludlow Castle. Shrewsbury contained one of the best schools in England, and Shrewsbury school possessed, in Thomas Ashton, one of the best masters in England. Under his wise care the young Philip thrived mightily, and showed an early promise of ability which greatly astonished his fellows; with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years; his talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn, above that which they had usually read or taught.*

He could hardly fail to rise rapidly to a man's stature in thought and intellect, considering the great example set to him by his father, and the precious counsel which that father failed not to pour into his ears. A letter which he addressed to his boy, when he was eleven years old, is truly remarkable for its healthy wisdom; and by every youthful learner, who would make a fitting use of God's gifts of mind and body, should be read and pondered. For this purpose, I quote the more noticeable passages:†

“Let your first action,” he writes, “be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer,

* Lord Brooke, “Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney,” p. 7.

† Arthur Collins, “Letters and Memorials of State,” pp. 8, 9.

with continual meditation and thinking of Him to whom you pray, and of the nature for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary act, and at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itself shall put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do in that time. Apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time I know he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning and safe for your health. . . .

“And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. . .

“Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person: there is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meal, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy.

“Use exercise of body, yet such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body as in your garments: it shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise [shall make you] loathsome. . .

“Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other

men's talk than a beginner and procurer of speech ; otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance when you shall speak it.

“Think upon every word that you will speak before you utter it, and remember how nature hath ramparted up, as it were, the tongue with teeth, lips, gums, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins or bridles for the use of that member.

“Above all things tell no untruth ; no, not in taylis : the custom of it is naughty. And let it not satisfy you that, for a time, the hearers take it for truth ; for after it will be known as it is to your shame : for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar.

“Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied : so shall you make such a habit of well-doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would.”

To this admirable epistle—which forms so remarkable a contrast to the worldly-wise letters addressed to his son, under somewhat similar circumstances, by my Lord Chesterfield—Lady Sidney added a letter which is also worthy of quotation :

“Your noble and careful father,” she says, “hath taken pains with his own hand to give you, in this his letter, so wise, so learned, and most requisite

precepts, for you to follow with a diligent and humble, thankful mind, as I will not withdraw your eyes from beholding and reverently honouring the same; no, not so long time as to read any letter from me. And, therefore, at this time, I will write unto you no other letter than this; whereby I first bless you, with my desire to God to plant you in His grace; and, secondarily, warn you to have always before the eyes of your mind these excellent counsels of my lord, your dear father, and that you fail not continually, once in four or five days, to read them over. And for a final leave-taking for this time, see that you show yourself as a loving, obedient scholar to your good master to govern you yet many years; and that my lord and I may hear that you profit so in your learning, as thereby you may increase our loving care for you, and deserve at his hands the continuance of his great joy, to have him often witness with his own hand the hope he hath in your well-doing.”*

Who can be surprised, that under such devout and earnest guidance, the young Philip, as he grew in years, grew also in virtue and wisdom?

He appears to have been removed to Oxford about the midsummer of 1568, and to have entered Christ Church College. Here he remained until 1571, distinguishing himself no less by his skill in

* “Harleian Miscellany” (ed. 1812) ix., pp. 447, 448.

all athletic exercises, than by his devotion to literary pursuits. A marriage was at this time projected between him and Anne, daughter of Sir William Cecil; but the father eventually preferred a richer bridegroom for his lovely and loveable daughter, who, in 1571, married the dissolute Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford.

The cause of Sidney's early removal from the university cannot be certainly ascertained, but we may suppose it to have been due to the outbreak of the plague in Oxford. In the following year, having obtained, through the influence of his uncle the Earl of Leicester, the Queen's license to go out of England into parts beyond the seas, he proceeded to France in the train of the Ambassador Extraordinary to the French court, the Earl of Lincoln. At Paris he obtained the favour of Walsingham, the English minister, who introduced him into the most exclusive circles of French society, while Charles IX. appointed him one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber. He became a witness of the horrors of St Bartholomew's Eve, when the streets of the French capital ran red with the blood of the martyred Huguenots, and almost immediately quitting France, he proceeded through Lorraine to Strasburg, and thence to Heidelberg.*

At Frankfort he lodged in the house of a cer-

* Collins, "Letters and Memorials," p. 100.

tain learned printer, Andrew Wechel, and made the acquaintance of the excellent Languet, who remained through life his "guide, philosopher, and friend." The young Englishman profited largely by the counsels and instruction of the grave and experienced scholar, who had seen the ways and habitations of many men, had suffered much, had reflected deeply, and was well capable of inspiring with the breath of holy life a fresh young mind. Sidney afterwards recorded his obligations to the Huguenot legist :—

“ The song I sang old Languet had me taught—
Languet the shepherd best swift Ister knew,
For clerkly read, and hating what is naught,
For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true.
With his sweet skill my skilless youth he drew
To have a feeling taste of Him who sits
Beyond the heaven, far more beyond our wits.”

In Languet's company he visited Vienna early in the summer of 1573, and was presented at the court of the Emperor Maximilian. Thence he repaired to Presburg; returned to Vienna in October; and, temporarily taking leave of Languet—with whom, however, he maintained an active correspondence—he travelled, in company with one Lewis Bryskitt, Griffin Madox, and Thomas Coningsby, to the classic land of Italy. In Pavia, Padua, and Genoa, he spent about eight months, carefully examining

their glorious antiquities and their masterpieces of modern art, and cultivating his liberal and large intellect by the study of Italian history and literature. The "sights and sounds" of the famous Italian cities, then not wholly bereft of their power or splendour, nor wholly insensible to the pleasures of knowledge, must have made a great impression on Sidney's mind, and powerfully influenced his course of reflection and meditation. His letters at this time are very full of interest, from the light they throw on his tastes and studies, on the workings of his mind, and the views he took of the great political questions of the day.

The winter of 1574 Sidney spent with Languet at Vienna. In the spring of 1575, having recovered his health, which had been much shaken, he and his friend went to Prague. But he had much exceeded his two years' leave of absence, and it was necessary he should return to England. His homeward route included several famous places—Dresden, Heidelberg, Strasburg, Frankfort, and Antwerp, where he took ship for England, reaching London early in June.*

He had profited greatly by his tour; had acquired a knowledge of French, German, Italian, Dutch, and Spanish; had learned the still more important knowledge which is obtained by a close and observant study of mankind; and gained an insight into the

* See Sidney's "Correspondence with Hubert Languet."

currents of thought and policy then eddying to and fro in the leading European nations. That he fully appreciated the vast importance of travel as an agent of mental culture, may be gathered from the letter which, upon this very subject, he addressed to his brother Robert :

SIDNEY'S LETTER TO HIS BROTHER ROBERT.

“You have thought unkindness in me that I have not written oftener unto you, and have desired I should write unto you something of my opinion touching your travel, you being persuaded my experience thereunto be something which I must needs confess ; but not as you take it, for you think my experience grows from the good things which I have learned ; but I know the only experience which I have gotten is to find how much I might have learned, and how much indeed I have missed, for want of directing my course to the right end and by the right means. . . . I am sure you have imprinted in your mind the scope and mark you mean by your pains to shoot at ; for if you should travel but to travel, or to say you have travelled, certainly you should prove a pilgrim to no purpose. But I presume so well of you, that, though a great number of us never thought in ourselves why we went, but a certain tickling humour to do as other men had done, you purpose, being a gentleman born, to furnish yourself with the knowledge of such things as may be serviceable for your country and calling, which certainly stands not in the change of air—for the warmest sun makes not a wise man ; no, nor in learning languages, although they be of serviceable use, for words are but words, in what language soever they be, and much less in that all of us come home full of disguisements, not only of apparel, but of our countenances, as though the credit of a traveller stood all upon his outside—but in the right informing your mind with those things which are most notable in those places which they come unto. . . .

“This, therefore, is one notable use of travellers, which stands in the mind and correlative knowledge of things, in which kind comes

in the knowledge of all leagues betwixt prince and prince ; the topographical description of each country ; how one city lies by situation to hurt or help the other ; how they are to the sea, well harboured or not ; how stored with ships, how with revenue, how with fortifications and garrisons ; how the people, warlike, trained, or kept under,—with many other such considerations, which, as they confusedly come into my mind, so I, for want of leisure, hastily set them down. . . . The other kind of knowledge is of them which stand in the things which are themselves either simply good or simply bad, and so serve either for a right instruction or a shunning example. These Homer meant in this verse :

“ ‘ Qui multos hominum mores cognovit et urbes,’

for he doth not mean by ‘ mores ’ how to look, or put off one’s cap with a new-found grace, although true behaviour is not to be despised. Marry, my heresy is, that the English behaviour is best in England, and the Italian’s in Italy. But ‘ mores ’ he takes for that from which moral philosophy is so called—the certainties of true discerning of men’s minds, both in virtue, passions, and vices. And when he says ‘ cognovit urbes,’ he means not, if I be not deceived, to have seen towns and marked their buildings—for surely houses are but houses in every place—but he attends to their religion, politics, laws, bringing up of children, discipline, both for war and peace, and such like. . . . Now resteth in my memory but this point, which is the chief to you of all others—which is the choice of what men you are to direct yourself to ; for it is certain no vessel can leave a worse taste in the liquor it contains, than a wrong teacher infects an unskilful hearer with that which hardly will ever out. I will not tell you some absurdities I have heard travellers tell. Taste him well before you drink much of his doctrine. And when you have heard it, try well what you have heard before you hold it for a principle ; for one error is the mother of a thousand. But you may say, How shall I get excellent men to take pains to speak to me ? Truly, in a few words, either by much expense or much humbleness.”



CHAPTER II

SIDNEY'S PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE.

“ He was (wo worth that word !) to ech well-thinking minde,
A spotlesse friende, a matchles man, whose virtue ever shinde,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works of wit.

SPENSER.

SIDNEY, on his return to England, was at once admitted into the most brilliant life in England. The nephew of the powerful Earl of Leicester, and the son of Sir Henry Sidney, could not fail to occupy a prominent position at court; especially when his claims were supported by the recommendations of a graceful person and a winning address. He followed Elizabeth in her progress, in 1575, to Kenilworth, and Chartley, and Stafford, and Worcester, and Woodstock—at Chartley seeing, for the first time, the beautiful Penelope Devereux, eldest daughter of the Earl of Essex, who was afterwards to hold him so enthralled by the fascination of her loveliness. It was not, how-

ever, love at first sight ; but the feeling of admiration excited by her beauty, gradually, on closer and longer acquaintance, ripened into the earnest and all-absorbing passion which beats through the stiff restraint of poetic metre and expression in his "Astrophel and Stella." He himself tells us :*

"Not at first sight, nor with a dribbèd shot,
Love gave the wound which, while I breathe, will bleed :
But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till, by degrees, it had full question got.
I saw and liked ; I liked, but loved not ;
I loved, but straight did not what love decreed ;
At length to love's decrees I, forced, agreed."

Meanwhile, in every brilliant spectacle, the young courtier became a foremost figure ; and among the wits and sages, the poets and warriors, the statesmen and councillors who surrounded the throne of Elizabeth with a splendour of intellectual power such as never before or since has England seen, he maintained his position with an ease and a vigour that manifested the depth, truth, and solidity of his genius.

In the autumn of 1576 Sidney visited his father in Ireland, where the Earl of Essex was commanding against the rebels as Earl-Marshal. That admirable nobleman was a great friend of Sidney's, and warmly favoured his suit to his daughter Penelope. But on the 21st of August he was suddenly

* In the second sonnet of his "Astrophel and Stella."

taken ill; a month later, and he was dead. With him died, though Sidney knew it not, all hopes of his securing the hand of the brilliant beauty. During his illness Essex had often longed to see his young favourite; but travelling in Ireland was slow work in those days, and Sidney only arrived in time to shed the tears of manly sorrow over his patron's corpse, and to receive the tender message he had ordered to be delivered to him. "Oh! that good gentleman!" the dying Essex had exclaimed, two days before his death, and when he had given up all hopes of seeing him;*—"Oh! that good gentleman. Have me commended unto him. And tell him I sent him nothing, but I wish him well—so well that, if God do move their hearts, I wish that he might match with my daughter. I call him son; he is so wise, virtuous, and godly. If he go on in the course he hath begun, he will be as famous and worthy a gentleman as ever England bred."

Returning to England, he resumed his attendance at Court, and his love-suit to the proud but fair Penelope. Both occupations were pleasant enough to a man of Sidney's poetic and chivalrous temperament, but there was in him a pith and force which needed nobler development. I am glad, therefore, that he was called away to honourable work in 1577, and selected by the Queen to bear a con-

* H. R. Fox Browne, "Life of Sir P. Sidney," p. 129.

gratulatory message to the Emperor Rodolph on his accession to the imperial throne; a mission of much importance for so young a man. He was also instructed to take especial note of the relations then subsisting between the various German States; and to discover what princes were faithfully attached to the principles of the Reformation, and disposed to assist in a struggle against the unfortunate preponderance of the Spanish power.*

Towards the close of February 1577, Sidney departed on his mission, attended by his friend Fulke Greville, and a numerous company of English gentlemen. With something of his uncle's love of bravery, he took good care that the dignity of his embassy should be recognised in every town he visited; and over the houses in which he lodged he caused a tablet to be fixed, emblazoned with his arms, and with the following inscription:†

ILLUSTRISSIMI ET GENEROSISSIMI VIRI
PHILIPPI SIDNÆI, ANGLI,
PRO-REGIS HIBERNIÆ FILII, COMITIS WARWICI,
ET LEICESTRIÆ NEPOTIS, SERENISSIMÆ
REGINÆ ANGLIÆ AD CÆSAREM LEGATI.

Thus honouring himself and his office, Sidney proceeded to Heidelberg, where he was admitted to an interview with John Casimir, the son of the

* Fulke Greville, "Life of Sir P. Sidney," pp. 48, 49.

† Collins, "Letters and Memorials" (Introduction), p. 100.

deceased Elector Palatine, and endeavoured to reconcile him to his brother, the Elector Lewis. Next, he went on to Prague, and had an audience with the Emperor, whom he seems to have surprised by the boldness of his speech and the liberality of his views. With lofty eloquence he pointed out the dangers to which the free nations of Europe were exposed from the alliance between Rome and Spain; and urged that their only hope of safety was in associating by a uniform bond for the protection of religion and liberty. This, he declared, would prove a more solid union, and would symbolise far better against their tyrannies than any factious combination in policy, any league of state or other traffic of civil or martial kinsmen.

On the last day of April Sidney returned to Heidelberg, where he was received by the Elector Lewis. The interview did not prove satisfactory, and little hope could reasonably be entertained, in the then condition of affairs in Germany, that the Protestant Confederation, which all sagacious politicians joined in seeking to establish, could either be formed, or, if formed, for any length of time maintained. Private jealousies rendered the princes insensible to the common danger, and oblivious of the common good.

Sidney therefore proceeded into the Netherlands, and at Brussels was introduced to the famous con-

queror of Lepanto, Don John of Austria, who was scarcely less a foe to Protestantism than to Mohammedanism. Thereafter he visited a man of far greater mark, both in the council and the field, the illustrious William of Orange, whose capacity, virtues, and heroic perseverance had secured him general recognition as the leader of the Protestants. It is worth while pausing a moment in our narrative to see what manner of man this grave and patient prince appeared to Sidney and his friends.*

“His uppermost garment,” says Fulke Greville, “was a gown, yet such as, I dare confidently affirm, a mean-born student in our Inns of Court would not have been well pleased to walk the streets in. Unbuttoned his doublet was, and of like precious matter and form to the other; his waistcoat, which showed itself under, not unlike the best sort of those woollen knit ones which our ordinary boatmen row us in: his company about him, the burgesses of that beer-brewing town (Delft): and he, so fellow-like encompassed with them, as, had I not known his face, no exterior sign of degree or deservedness could have discovered the inequality of his work or estate from that multitude. Notwithstanding, I no sooner came to his presence, but it pleased him to take knowledge of me; and even upon that, as if it

* Fulke Greville, “Life of Sir Philip Sidney,” pp. 24, 25.

had been a signal to make a change, his respect of a stranger instantly begat respect to himself in all about him ; an outward passage of inward greatness which, in a popular estate, I thought worth the observing, because there is no pedigree but worth could possibly make a man prince, and no prince in a moment—at his own pleasure.”

Early in June, after an absence of about three months and a half, Sidney returned to England, to receive, as he had merited, his Sovereign mistress's approval of the ability with which he had discharged a delicate mission. “He hath given,” wrote Mr Secretary Walsingham to the young statesman's father, “no small arguments of great hope, the points whereof I doubt not but your Lordship shall reap, as the benefit of the good parts that are in him, and whereof he hath given some taste in this voyage, is to redound to more than your Lordship and himself. There hath not been any gentleman, I am sure, these many years, that hath gone through so honourable a charge with as great commendations as he : in consideration whereof, I could not but communicate this part of my joy with your Lordship, being no less a refreshing unto me in these my troublesome businesses than the rill is to the chased stag.”

Sidney was now admitted into the “inner circle of royal favour.” He was appointed the Queen's

cup-bearer, and from her royal hands received the precious gift of a lock of her "auburn hair." His handsome person and graceful address, as well as his proved ability, and a sagacity beyond his years, would necessarily recommend him to so admirable a judge of mankind as Elizabeth, who loved her courtiers to be men of parts, no less than of courtly figure and dignified bearing. And Sidney, as a modern biographer has well observed, was, in all things, the type of a gentleman. What do we comprehend under this term? Generosity, dignity, elevation of thought, purity of mind? Then, in that case, it would be difficult to discover in any age or nation a better example than Sidney. In many respects he anticipated the poet's ideal as set forth in King Arthur; or that fair and beautiful picture of a noble character ascribed by Tennyson to a prince whom England lost too soon and appreciated too late:

“ We see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise ;
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly ;
Not swaying to this faction or to that ;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure ; but through all his tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.”*

* Tennyson, "Dedication to the 'Idylls of the King.'"

✓ Sidney's soul overflowed with liberal sympathies and lofty emotions. His mind was ever set upon high attainments; he lived only to dream of great deeds, and to set before men the example of a noble disregard of self. And all these varied excellences were set off, it is justly said, by a singular beauty of person, sweetness of voice, dignity of bearing, and an universal proficiency in arts and letters; to say nothing of the exquisite grace which, like a lamp shining through an alabaster vase, illuminated and irradiated whatever he did, or wrote, or said.

To supplement these claims to Elizabeth's favour, and the consideration of her courtiers and statesmen, came Sidney's illustrious descent and powerful family connections. He was not only the son of Sir Henry Sidney, but the nephew of the Earl of Leicester, and, by the marriage of his sister Mary, the brother-in-law of the Earl of Pembroke.

Do not suppose, however, that our hero devoted himself solely, in this flush of young prosperity and influence, to a courtly life. Some accusations having been bruited against his father, he repelled them with characteristic force and complete success. He took a special interest in the various projects of maritime discovery which then stirred up the minds of our English sea-kings, and appealed irresistibly to the imagination of our ancestors. And more; he distinguished himself by

his constant and liberal patronage of learned men. He was everywhere known as the friend of literature and its professors. Poets, scholars, musicians, engineers, navigators, historians, thronged his house, to receive assistance from his open purse, and encouragement from his enthusiasm, which, says Mr Lloyd,* was ever ready to be kindled by any noble idea. His London house was the Earl of Leicester's mansion, near the present site of Temple Bar; and his prospective inheritance of the great Earl's estates, as well as of those of his other childless uncle, the Earl of Warwick, considerably enhanced the importance of his patronage. But the support which he rendered by his name and money was made doubly precious by his exquisite taste and refinement of feeling. Owing to these causes, men of letters never wearied of showing their grateful appreciation of his interest in their labours. We read that the famous scholar, Henry Stephen, inscribed a work to him; and sent him a copy of the Greek Testament, with a letter breathing the most affectionate respect. Dr Powell dedicated his "History of Wales" to Sidney, exhorting him to thank God for his gracious gifts, and to employ these gifts for the glory of God and the welfare of England. Other works inscribed to him were, Hakluyt's first volume of his imperishable

* Julius Lloyd, "Life of Sir Philip Sidney."

“Collection of Voyages;” the “*Poetica Geographia*” of Lambert Dane; the first translation into English of Tasso’s “*Gierusalemme Liberata*;” an English version of a Spanish treatise on the “*Art of War* ;” and a work by Theophilus Banco, on the “*Logic*” of Peter Ramus—which was the favourite study of Sidney’s friend and secretary, William Temple, and much occupied the minds of learned men until happily superseded by the bolder theories of Descartes and the loftier philosophy of Lord Bacon.

That these lettered enjoyments were more congenial to his tastes than the artificial mummeries of court life, may be inferred from the ridicule with which he treats the latter in his masque, “*The Lady of the May*,” composed, in the Spring of 1578, for performancē at Wanstead, during Elizabeth’s visit to the Earl of Leicester. Its main feature, according to Mr Fox Bourne,* is its strong satire of the pedantic mode of speech then so much in vogue; an affectation effectively ridiculed by Shakespeare in his “*Love’s Labour Lost*.”

It was about this time Sidney was introduced by Gabriel Harvey to the poet Edmund Spenser, whose warm friend and generous patron he continued throughout life, and whose “*Faery Queen*” was undertaken at his instigation. It has been justly remarked, that the friendship between these two

* H. R. Fox Bourne, “*Life of Sir Philip Sidney*,” pp. 229, 230.

lofty minds was in every way most memorable, and to both proved equally beneficial. From it there ensued to Spenser large help in the exercise of his genius, and a chief part of so much worldly advancement as the poet ever enjoyed; while, on the other hand, it furnished Sidney with a powerful inducement to devote himself more thoroughly and sincerely to letters than he had ever done before, and provided him with an able counsellor and an enthusiastic fellow-student.

Poet and patron resided for awhile at stately Penshurst, and there, in its pleasant leafy shades, Spenser completed his "Shepherd's Calendar." It was published in April 1579, with a dedication to "the noble and virtuous gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chivalry, Master Philip Sidney:"

“ Go, little book! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of nobleness and chivalry;
And if that envy bark at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing;
And, askèd who thee forth did bring,
A shepherd's swain, say, did thee sing,
All as his straying flock he fed;
And when his honour has thee read,
Crave pardon for thy hardihed.”

Tearing himself away from Arcadian dreams and

poetical studies, Sidney returned to Elizabeth's glittering court; while Spenser accompanied the new Lord Lieutenant, Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, to Ireland, as his private secretary; a post which the influence of Leicester and Sidney had procured him (July 1580).

Sidney's brilliant Court career was temporarily overshadowed by his quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, an unprincipled nobleman, arrogant, licentious, and foppish. While Sidney, with patriotic honesty, protested against the match about this time projected between Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou, as fatal to the best interests of the Queen and her kingdom, it was loudly supported by Oxford, who knew no higher principle of conduct than to secure his sovereign's smile. In their feud it would seem that public and private motives were equally concerned. It happened in this wise:*

Sidney, one day in September, was playing at tennis, when the Earl entered the place, and haughtily, as he thought became one who was great by birth, greater by alliance, and greatest by his present possession of the Queen's favour, demanded to share in the game. Sidney, disliking such mode of address, at first took no notice of the intrusion. When he was eventually forced to speak, it was only to use words of becoming dignity, so

* H. R. Fox Bourne, "Life of Sidney," pp. 247-248.

that his rival felt himself reproved, and was proportionately enraged. After further discourse, rough and impertinent, he so far forgot himself as to command the whole party of tennis-players to quit the court. Sidney plainly refused.

“Had your Lordship chosen,” he said, “to express yourself in courteous terms, you would have been met with courtesy, but you will find that we are not the men to be moved by any scourge of your fury.”

“Puppy!” shouted the Earl, in so loud a voice that the courtiers without, having already overheard something of the dispute, swept into the court to witness it.

In a calm, deliberate tone, Sidney asked the Earl what he had just called him.

“A puppy!” repeated Oxford.

“That,” said Sidney, gravely, “is a lie!”

He waited for the only answer which, in those days, a man of honour was supposed to make; but none came. He therefore walked out of the court, saying, as he went, that such a business had better be decided in a more private place. Oxford forbore to follow him. To the astonishment of the spectators, and the no small injury of his reputation, he proceeded to his game of tennis, surlily remarking that he had gained his point in being rid of the fellow.

For a whole day Sidney expected the message

which he so much desired. Weary, at length, of waiting, he sent a gentleman to the Earl,* and instructed him to say that in such a state of affairs his Lordship's French companions would teach him, if he did not know, the only honourable course for him to adopt. Thus provoked, Oxford sent the challenge; but, meanwhile, the matter had become known to the Lords of the Council, and a resort to swords was peremptorily forbidden.

Sidney, in truth, was not the "faultless monster" of the poet. He possessed a remarkable share of the graces of humanity, but he was also blemished by some of its faults. His most signal infirmity seems to have been a passionate temper; which, as all the world knows, is the frequent accompaniment of a warm and generous heart, and a quick and lofty intellect. His father having some grounds to suspect that he had been injured in the Queen's opinion by the Earl of Ormond, Sidney immediately espoused the quarrel. One day, at Court, the Earl addressed him; he turned away in angry silence. The courtiers naturally apprehended that a challenge would follow upon so deliberate a slight, but Ormond generously remarked: "I will accept no quarrel from a young gentleman that is bound

* Gabriel Harvey describes Oxford as—

"Delicate in speech, quaint in array, conceited in all points;
In courtly guiles a passing singular odd man."

by nature to defend his father's causes, and who is by nature furnished with so many virtues as I know Mr Philip to be."

There was also reason to believe that a certain Mr Molyneux, Sir Henry Sidney's secretary, had betrayed some of the Lord Deputy's despatches to the Irish insurgents. That the belief was groundless, Molyneux succeeded in proving; but not until he had brought down upon himself a fierce menace from our impetuous Philip:

"MASTER MOLYNEUX,

"Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some, neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past.

"For that is to come, I assure you, before God, that if ever I know you to do as much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. In the meantime, farewell.

"PHILIP SIDNEY."

He now incurred the serious displeasure of the Queen by a very forcible and eloquent remonstrance, which he addressed to her on the subject of her proposed marriage. His love-suit to Penelope Devereux being also rejected, he was sick at heart, and, abandoning the shows and pageants of the Court, retired, in most melancholy mood, to his brother-in-law's seat at Wilton. Here he profited much by the sweet companionship and bright example of his sister, the Countess Mary, who, next

to Languet, was the most powerful agent in the development of his nobler qualities and better disposition. Spenser speaks of her as

“ The gentlest shepherdess that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother dear ;”

and it is certain that there ever existed a very true and tender sympathy between them. To amuse their lettered leisure they undertook a joint translation of the “ Psalms of David,” which exhibits a considerable fidelity to the original, and no ordinary amount of poetical skill. Let the reader judge for himself from the following specimen :

“ The Lord, the Lord, my Shepherd is,
And so can never I
Taste misery ;
He rests me in green pastures His ;
By waters still and sweet
He guides my feet.

“ He me revives, leads me the way
Which righteousness doth take,
For His name’s sake :
Yea, though I should through valleys stray
Of death’s dark shade, I will
No whit fear ill.

“ For Thou, dear Lord, Thou me besett’st,
Thy rod and Thy staff be
To comfort me :
Before me Thou a table sett’st,
E’en when foes’ envious eye
Doth it espy

“ Thou oil'st my head, Thou fill'st my cup ;
Nay, more, Thou, endless Good,
Shalt give me food.
To Thee I pray, ascended up,
Where Thou, the Lord of all,
Dost hold Thy hall.” *

This agreeable task completed, Sidney addressed himself to a more laborious work, the well-known prose romance which, in grateful affection to his sister, he designated “The Countess of Pembroke’s Arcadia.” It was written at her instigation. “You desired me to do it,” he says in his dedication, “and your desire to my heart is an absolute commandment. Now, it is done only for you, only to you.” Full is it, from the first page to the last, of refined fancies expressed in quaint, vigorous, and often eloquent language ; with many touching episodes, and many graceful pictures of scenery. It reveals to us a kind of Utopian region, where every chivalrous excellence is found in combination with the unsophisticated manners of a rural life. Its artificial structure and elaborate Platonism render it unacceptable to the most of modern readers ; but no one can carefully peruse it without being bettered by the perusal, and without forming a high opinion of its author’s genius.

Its style is deserving of all praise. As an acute

* From the “Psalms of David, translated into Divers and Sundry Metres.”

modern writer has remarked,* "Sidney's prose is the most flowing and poetical that had yet been written in English; though its graces are rather those of artful elaboration than of a vivid natural expressiveness. The thought, in fact, is generally more poetical than the language; it is a spirit of poetry encased in a rhetorical form. Yet," adds Professor Craik, "notwithstanding the conceits into which it frequently runs—and which, after all, are mostly rather the follies of a nimble wit, somewhat too solicitous of display—Sidney's is a wonderful style, always flexible, harmonious, and humorous, and on fit occasions rising to great stateliness and splendour; while a breath of beauty and noble feeling lives in and exhales from the whole of his great work, like the fragrance from a garden of flowers."

The "Arcadia" is so little known to the young student, that a few brief quotations, as specimens of its style and order of thought, may prove acceptable.

Of solitude, Sidney finely says: They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.

In reference to the advantage of cherishing high aims and lofty aspirations: Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he be sure he shall never hit

* Professor G. L. Craik, "Compendious History of English Literature," i. 473, 474.

the mark, yet as sure he is, he shall shoot higher than who aims but at a bush.

On Virtue and the Claims of Ancestry: I am no herald to enquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues.

The following picture of an Arcadian landscape was probably drawn from the neighbourhood of Penshurst:—

There were hills that garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so, too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding in sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd-boy, piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing—and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye), they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour—a show, as it were, of an accompanionable solitariness, and of a wild wilderness.

Our next quotation will be longer, but its tender sweetness will not fail to command the reader's appreciation. It is descriptive of the death of Daïphantus, the disguised maiden, who, out of pure love, followed the fortunes of Pyrocles, under the semblance of a page, and whose finely-drawn character seems to have suggested to Beaumont and Fletcher the idea of the page Bellario, in their drama of "Philaster." I think no one, after reading this beautiful episode, will be disposed to find fault with Cowper for describing its author as a "warbler of poetic prose;" or with Charles Lamb for asserting that the "noble images, passions, sentiments, and poetical delicacies of character scattered all over the 'Arcadia' [spite of some stiffness and encumberment], justify the character which his contemporaries have left us of the writer."* But as this seems a suitable place for the introduction of a few additional illustrations of the characteristics of Sidney's genius as poet and prose-writer, we shall arrange them in the following order:

* Charles Lamb, "Essays of Elia; on Some Sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney"—a delightfully characteristic paper.

SOME SPECIMENS OF SIDNEY'S WORKS.

HIS POETRY.

- I. Translation from Horace, Book ii., Ode x.
- II. Sonnet : " In wonted walks."
- III. Sonnet : " With how sad steps, O Moon."
- IV. A Ditty.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE : " ODES," BOOK II., ODE X.

YOU better sure can live, not evermore
Trying high seas ; nor while seas rage you flee,
Pressing too much upon ill-harbour'd shore.

The golden mean who loves, lives safely free
From filth of foresworn house, and quiet lives,
Releas'd from court, where envy needs must be.

The wind most oft the longest pine tree grieves ;
The stately towers come down with greater fall ;
The highest hill the bolt of thunder cleaves.

Evil haps do fill with hopes, good haps appall
With fear of change the courage well prepar'd ;
Foul winters as they come, away they shall.

Though present times, and past, with evils be snar'd,
They shall not last : with Cittern, silent muse,
Apollo wakes, and bow hath sometime spar'd.

In hard estate, with stout shows, valour use,
The same man still in whom wisdom prevails,
In too full wind draw in thy swelling sails.

SONNET.

IN wonted walks, since wonted fancies change,
 Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth rise :
 For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range ;
 Part of my pain, me-seems, ingravèd lies.

The rocks, which were of constant mind the mark,
 In climbing steep, now hard refusal show :
 The shading woods seem now my sun to dark,
 And stately hills disdain to look so low.

The restless caves now restless visions give ;
 In dales I see each way a hard ascent :
 Like late mown meads, late cut from joy I live,—
 Alas ! sweet brooks do in my tears augment ;
 Rocks, woods, hills, caves, dales, meads, brooks, answer me ;
 Infected minds infect each thing they see.

SONNET.

(From "Astrophel and Stella," xxxi.)

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st at the skies !
 How silently, and with how wan a face ! *
 What way it be ; that, ev'n in heavenly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?
 Sure, if that long, with *Love*-acquainted eyes,
 Can judge of *Love*, thou feel'st a lover's case ;
 I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant *Love* deem'd there but want of wit ?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?

* Imitated by Henry Kirke White ("Eccentric Drama):—

"With what a silent and dejected face

Dost thou, wan moon ! upon thy way advance."

Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn, whom that *love* doth possess ?
Do they call *Vertue* there ungratefulness ?

A D I T T Y.

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given ;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;
There never was a better bargain driven :
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guide :
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it hides :
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

H I S P R O S E.

- I. The Poet ("The Defense of Poesy.")
- II. The Death of Diaphantus ("The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.")

T H E P O E T.

Now, of all sciences is our *poet* the *monarch*, for he doth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it ; nay, he doth, as if your journey should be through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness ; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-inchanting skill of *musick*, and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth

children from play, and old men from the chimney corner ; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue, even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste, which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the *aloes* or *rhabarbarum* they should receive, would sooner take their physick at their ears than at their mouth ; so is it in men (most of which are children in the best things, 'till they be cradled in their graves), glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas, and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice, which, if they had been barely (that is to say, philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again. That imitation whereof *Poetry* is, hath the most conveniency to nature of all other, insomuch that, as *Aristotle* saith, 'Those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battle, and unnatural monsters, are made in poetical imitation delightful.' Truly, I have known men, that even with reading *Amadis de Gaul*, which, God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect poesy, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who readeth *Æneas* carrying old *Anchises* on his back, that wisheth not it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act? Whom doth not those words of *Turnus* move (the tale of *Turnus* having planted his image in the imagination)—

“ Fugientum hæc terra videt ?

Usque adeone mori miserum est ? ”

Where the *philosophers* (as they think) scorn to delight, so much they be content little to move, saving wrangling whether *Virtus* be the chief or the only good—whether the contemplative or the active life do excel : which *Plato* and *Batius* well knew, and therefore made Mistress *Philosophy* very often borrow the masking raiment of *Poesy*. For even those hard-hearted, evil men, who think virtue a school-name, and know no other good but *indulgere genis*, and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the *philosopher*, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon, yet will be content to be delighted,

which is all the good-fellow *Poet* seems to promise ; and so steal to see the form of goodness—which seen, they cannot but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries.

II.—THE DEATH OF DAÏPHANTUS.

Poor Daïphantus fell extreme sick, yet would needs conquer the delicacy of her constitution, and force herself to wait on me, till one day, going towards Pontus, we met one who in great haste went seeking for Lydeus and Yelenor, whose death as yet was not known unto the messenger, who, being their servant, and knowing how dearly they loved Plexirtus, brought them word how, since their departing, Plexirtus was in present danger of a cruel death, if by the valiantness of one of the best knights of the world he were not rescued. We inquired no further of the matter, being glad he should now, to his loss, find what an unprofitable treason it had been unto him to dismember himself of two such friends, and so let the messenger part, not sticking to make him know his master's destruction by the falsehood of Plexirtus.

But the grief of that finding a body already brought to the last degree of weakness, so overwhelmed the little remnant of the spirits left in Daïphantus, that she fell suddenly into deadly swoonings, never coming to herself but that withal she returned to make most pitiful lamentations, most strange unto us, because we were far from guessing the ground thereof. But finding her sickness such as began to print death in her eyes, we made all haste possible to convey her to the next town ; but before we could lay her on a bed, both we and she might find in herself that the harbingers of over-hasty death had prepared his lodging in that dainty body, which she undoubtedly feeling, with a weak cheerfulness, showed comfort therein, and then, desiring us both to come near her, and that nobody else might be present, with pale, and yet, even in 'paleness, lovely lips, " Now or never, and never indeed but now, it is time for me," she said, ' to speak ; and I thank death, which gives me leave to discover that, the suppressure whereof perchance hath been the sharpest spur that hath hasted my race to this end. Know, then, my lords,

and especially you, my lord and master, Pyrocles, that your page Daïphantus is the unfortunate Zelmane, who for your sake caused my as unfortunate lover and cousin Palladius to leave his father's court, and, consequently, both him and my aunt his mother to lose their lives. For your sake myself have become of a princess a page, and for your sake have put off the apparel of a woman, and, if you judge not more mercifully, the modesty." We were amazed at her speech, and then had, as it were, new eyes given us to perceive that which before had been a present stranger to our minds; for indeed forthwith we knew it to be the face of Zelmane, whom we had before known in the court of Iberia. And sorrow and pity laying her pain upon me, comforted her the best I could by the tenderness of good will, pretending indeed better hope than I had of her recovery.

But she, that had inward ambassadors from the tyrant that shortly would oppress her, "No, my dear master," said she, "I neither hope nor desire to live. I knew you would never have loved me"—and with that word she wept. "Nor, alas! had it been reason you should, considering many ways my unworthiness. It sufficeth me that the strange course I have taken shall to your remembrance witness my love; and yet this breaking of my heart, before I would discover this pain, will make you, I hope, think that I was not altogether immodest. Think of me so, dear master, and that thought shall be my life;" and with that, languishingly looking upon me, "And I pray you," said she, "even by these dying eyes of mine, which are only sorry to die because they shall lose your sight; and by these polled locks of mine, which, while they were long, were the ornament of my sex, now in their short curls the testimony of my servitude; and by the service I have done you, which, God knows, has been full of love, think of me after my death with kindness, though you cannot with love. And whensoever you shall make any other lady happy with your well-placed affection, if you tell her my folly, I pray you speak of it not with scorn, but with pity." I assure you, dear princess of my life,—for how could it be otherwise?—her words and her manner, with the lively consideration of her love, so

pierced me, that though I had divers griefs before, yet methought I never felt till then how much sorrow enfeebled all resolution ; for I could not choose but yield to the weakness of abundant weeping ; in truth with such grief that I could willingly at that time have changed lives with her.

But when she saw my tears, "O God," she said, "how largely am I recompensed for my losses ! Why, then," said she, "I may take boldness to make some requests unto you." I besought her to do, vowing the performance, though my life were the price thereof. She showed great joy. "The first," said she, "is this, that you will pardon my father the displeasure you have justly conceived against him, and for this once succour him out of the danger wherein he is : I hope he will amend ; and I pray you, whensoever you remember him to be the faulty Plexirtus, remember withal that he is Zelmane's father. The second is, that when you once come into Greece, you will take unto yourself this name, though unlucky, of Daiphantus, and vouchsafe to be called by it : for so shall I be sure you shall have cause to remember me ; and let it please your noble cousin to be called Palladius, that his name yet may live upon the earth in so excellent a person ; and so between you I trust sometimes your unlucky page shall be, perhaps with a sigh, mentioned. Lastly, let me be buried here, obscurely, not suffering my friends to know my fortune, till, when you are safely returned to your own country, you cause my bones to be conveyed thither, and laid, I beseech you, in some place where yourself vouchsafe sometimes to resort." Alas ! small petitions from such a suitor ! which yet she so earnestly craved that I was fain to swear the accomplishment. And then, kissing me, and often desiring me not to condemn her of lightness, in mine arms she delivered her pure soul to the purest place, leaving me as full of agony as kindness, pity, and sorrow could make an honest heart. For I must confess for true, that if my stars had not wholly reserved me for you, there else, perhaps, I might have loved, and, which had been most strange, begun my love after death : whereof let it be the less marvel, because somewhat she did resemble you, though as far short of your perfection as herself dying was of herself flourishing ; yet something

there was which, when I saw a picture of yours, brought again her figure into my remembrance, and made my heart as apt to receive the wound as the power of your beauty with irresistible force to pierce.

We may agree with Mr Lloyd that, in all probability, the months which he spent at Wilton, or at the Earl of Pembroke's neighbouring manor of Clarendon, were the happiest of Sidney's life. Between him and his sister the affection which subsisted was of the deepest and most earnest nature; and they were further bound together by their similarity of tastes and identity of pursuits. In later years, when buffeted by the storms of the busy world, he often returned in imagination to the cultivated leisure he had enjoyed in his sister's company, and, perhaps, forgot in musing upon them, the disappointments that clouded his career. Yet was his nature so evenly balanced between the active and the contemplative, that he could not bear to be long excluded from either.

At Wilton, says Mr Lloyd,* he saw the armour of several gallant French knights, Montmorenci, Louis of Bourbon, Montpensier, and others, the spoils of the brilliant victory of St Quentin, where the Earl's father had led the English contingent. Upon these bright trophies of martial valour, Sidney gazed with impatient enthusiasm, longing

* Julius Lloyd, "Life of Sir Philip Sidney."

to carry out into practice the beautiful ideal of Christian chivalry which illuminated and inspired his fancy.

Having been returned to the House of Commons in the third session of Elizabeth's fourth Parliament as member for Kew, Sidney quitted the classic shades of Wilton, and repaired to London, plunging afresh into the delights and bitternesses of courtly life. The bitternesses must have predominated largely, for he found his "Stella"—his beloved Penelope—married, though sorely against her will, to the Lord Robert Rich, whom he immediately stigmatised, in a vigorous sonnet, as

" That rich fool who, by blind Fortune's lot,
The richest gem of love and life enjoys,
And can with foul abuse such beauties blot."*

Sidney was terribly stricken by this event, and I think it threw a gloom upon all his after career, though he lived to throw off the worst influences of his passion, and to conquer all unholy longing after a prize that could never be his.

* Sidney, "Astrophel and Stella," Sonnet 15.





CHAPTER III.

THE END OF A BRIGHT CAREER.

“ Woods, hills, and rivers now are desolate,
Since he is gone, the which them all did grace ;
And all the fields do wail their widow-state,
Since death their fairest flower did late deface.
The fairest flower in field that ever grew
Was Astrophel—*that was* we all may rue.

“ Break now your garlands, oh, ye shepherds' lasses !
Since the fair flower which them adorned is gone—
The flower which them adorned is gone to ashes ;
Never again let lass put garland on.
Instead of garland, wear sad cypress now,
And bitter elder, broken from the bough.”

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, “ Doleful Lay of Clarinda.”



WE find Sidney in attendance upon the Queen on the 1st of January 1583, and presenting her, as a new year's gift, with a beautiful golden flower-pot, shaped like a castle, and daintily garnished on one side with small diamonds. In return, he would seem to have received a lock of the sovereign's hair, “soft and bright, and of a light brown colour, approaching to red,” which is still

preserved, along with the verses written by Sidney in acknowledgment of so rare a token of favour :*

“ Her inward worth all outward show transcends,
Envy her merits with regret commends ;
Like sparkling gems her virtues draw the sight,
And in her conduct she is always bright.
When she imports her thoughts, her words have force,
And sense and wisdom flow in sweet discourse.”

A few days later he was honoured with the Order of the Garter, to which he had been nominated in 1579, and on the 13th of January was duly installed at St George's Chapel, Windsor—thenceforward to be always known as Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, of Penshurst.

Elizabeth, at this period, could not grow weary of bestowing favours upon him. She now licensed and authorised him, by her royal letters patent, to “ discover, search, find out, view, and inhabit, certain parts of America not yet discovered, and out of those countries, by him, his heirs, and assignees for ever, such and so much quantity of ground as should amount to the number of thirty hundred thousand acres of ground and wood, with all commodities, jurisdictions, and royalties, both by sea and land ; with full power and authority that it should and might be lawful for the said Sir Philip Sidney ” to colonise and inhabit the same.

* H. R. Fox Bourne, “ Life of Sir Philip Sidney,” p. 363.

Sidney, like so many others of the great Elizabethan men, had had his imagination fired, and his love of adventure awakened, by the romantic narratives of the Spanish discoverers. He was anxious now to act upon the grant so munificently made to him of lands as yet unknown, and, it might be, non-existent; but lacking himself the funds necessary for the equipment of a suitable expedition, he transferred his rights, with due reservations, to Sir George Peckham. He may have been moved to take this step by other considerations, for he had but just married, after conquering his hopeless and unworthy love for Lady Rich, Frances Walsingham, the eldest daughter of Elizabeth's celebrated Secretary of State. And, says a quaint old writer, though Sir Philip received no considerable accrument of means by his match, yet, accounting virtue a portion to itself, he so affectionately loved her, that herein he was exemplary to all gentlemen not to carry their love in their purses, or so to consult profit as to prefer it before merit in marriage. He was at this time aged eight-and-twenty. His wife little exceeded fifteen years.

In the following year Sidney again made his appearance as an author. An anonymous pamphlet was issued, under the title of "Leicester's Commonwealth"—now known to have been written by Robert Parsons, the English Jesuit—in which Eliza-

beth's powerful favourite was accused of the blackest crimes, and vilified with a force and unscrupulousness which only the bitterest hatred could have inspired. The greater the quantity of mud you fling at a man, the greater are your chances that some of it will stick; and of the mud flung in this notorious pamphlet much *has* stuck, unfortunately for Leicester. Yet it is only fair to remember that Leicester, as the foremost advocate of a cordial alliance between England and the revolted provinces of Holland, was necessarily an object of enmity to the Papists, and that at this conjuncture, when he was straining every nerve to render effectual assistance to the Dutch in their heroic struggle, it was specially their object and interest to blacken his character and weaken his influence.

He found a gallant defender in his chivalrous nephew, who replied to the anonymous assailant in a vigorously written "Defence of Leicester," which exhibits his literary powers in a very favourable light. It was never published, however, but privately some copies of it were circulated in manuscript. To Sidney's biographer it is of considerable value, from its eloquent exposition of his claims to an illustrious lineage. "I truly am glad," he writes, in reply to the monstrous assertion that the Dudleys were of low birth; "I truly am glad to have cause to set

forth the nobility of that blood whereof I am descended; which but upon so just cause, without vainglory, could not have been uttered."

Meanwhile, the attention of all good patriots and earnest-minded men was seriously directed to the state of affairs in the Netherlands. It was clear that the Dutch could no longer stand their ground against the overwhelming power of Spain without assistance; and all sensible Englishmen saw that if they were crushed, the result would be dangerous to their own best interests. The safety of England was bound up with the independence of the States. Elizabeth's ministers urged upon her this self-evident truth, but nevertheless she shrank from openly descending into the arena against her powerful antagonist. Her revenues were small; her realm was distracted by Roman Catholic plots and the intrigues of the partisans of the Scottish queen; the population of England at that time scarcely numbered four millions; there was no standing army; and the royal fleet consisted of only a few ill-equipped vessels of comparatively light burthen. We may not wonder, therefore, that she hesitated, or that when at last she espoused the cause of the States, it was with very evident reluctance and lukewarmness. The Dutch envoys offered her the sovereignty of the United Provinces. After mature consideration she declined the splendid but dangerous

gift, but she promised to send an army to their assistance. She knew, she said, that by so much help she would offend the King of Spain as much as if she had accepted the proffered crown. But what care I? she exclaimed. We must all die once. I know very well that many princes are my enemies, and are seeking my ruin; and that where malice is joined with force, malice often arrives at its ends. But I am not so feeble a princess that I have not the means and the will to defend myself against them all. They are seeking to take my life, but it troubles me not. He who is on high has defended me until this hour, and will keep me still, for in Him do I trust.*

To the command of the army despatched in fulfilment of Elizabeth's promise, Leicester was appointed, and his nephew hoped at the same time to obtain the governorship of Flushing, one of the towns which the Dutch, according to agreement, placed in the hands of the English. He was disappointed, and in his disappointment turned in another direction to find honourable occupation for his energies. He resolved upon carrying out his long-cherished project of founding a colony in the West Indies, and found thirty gentlemen of good family and fortune prepared to assist him in the adventure.† He carried

* J. L. Motley, "History of the United Netherlands."

† Lord Brooke, "Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney," p. 132.

into his schemes a very noble and elevated spirit. His was no vulgar greed of gold or power, but brighter and loftier ideals floated before his fond imagination, and he was bent on the establishment of a Western Utopia, where religion and justice should be the overruling principles. With varied eloquence he sought to attract around him the elite of the enterprising spirits of his age. The inducements he offered were many and well-chosen. To martial men, says his friend and biographer, Lord Brooke,* he opened wide the door of sea and land, for fame and conquest: to the nobly ambitious, the far stage of America to win honour in: to the religious divines, besides a new apostolical calling of the lost heathen to the Christian faith, a large field of reducing poor Christians, misled by the idolatry of Rome, to their primitive Mother Church: to the ingeniously industrious, variety of natural riches for new mysteries and manufactures to work upon: to the merchants, with a simple people, a fertile and unexhausted earth: to the fortune-bound, liberty: to the curious, a fruitful womb of invention. Generally, the word *gold* was an attractive adamant to make men venture that which they have, in hope to grow rich by that which they have not.

He joined to him in the leadership of the expedi-

* Lord Brooke, "Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney," p. 133.

tion Sir Francis Drake, with the understanding that, so long as it was in preparation, Drake should be nominally the sole commander, but that, when it left England, he and Sidney were to possess joint authority. As we have already shown, however, our hero was again doomed to disappointment. Drake wished for no "rival near his throne," and was unwilling, perhaps, to bear the responsibility in which he would have been involved by Sidney's secret departure from England. He gave information to Court of Sidney's designs, and the Queen straightway sent a peremptory order that he should abandon them. It was delivered into Sir Philip's hands by a peer of the realm, and carried with it, says Lord Brooke, in the one hand grace, in the other, thunder; that is, a threat of the Queen's severe displeasure if he persisted, and a promise that, if he obeyed her mandate promptly, he should be rewarded with employment in the Netherlands.

There was no choice for Sidney but submission. Drake sailed from Plymouth at the head of a splendid fleet, and Sidney departed for the Netherlands as governor of Flushing (November 16, 1588).

He found that important town in a sorry condition. Its defences had been utterly neglected; stores and provisions were wanting; the garrison was ill-equipped, sickly, and ill-fed. With characteristic energy he addressed himself to the task of remedy-

ing these evils, while urgently pressing upon his uncle the need of immediate advance against the enemy if he would render any real assistance to the suffering Netherlanders. Nor did he forget to call his attention to the wretched state of the English army. "It grieves me very much," he wrote, "the soldiers are so hardly dealt with in your first beginning of government. . . . When soldiers grow to despair, and give up towns, then it is late to buy that with hundred thousands what might have been saved with a trifle."*

Shortly afterwards he addressed the following letter to his father-in-law, Walsingham, which will interest the reader from its lively presentment of the condition of affairs, and its illustration of several points of Sidney's character. It was written at Utrecht, whither he had repaired to visit Leicester:†

" AT UTRECHT, *the 24th of March 1586.*

" RIGHT HONOURABLE,

" I receive divers letters from you, full of the discomfort which I see, and am sorry to see, that you daily meet with at home; and I think, that such is the good will it pleaseth you to bear me, that my part of the trouble is something that troubles you; but I beseech you let it not. I had before cast my count of danger, want, and disgrace; and, before God, sir, it is true in my heart, the love of the cause doth so far overbalance them all, that, with God's grace, they shall never make me weary of my resolution. If her Majesty were the

* From the "Cotton MSS.," cited by Fox Bourne.

† This letter is preserved in Lodge's "Letters of Illustrious Personages."

fountain, I would fear, considering what we daily find, that we should wax dry; but she is but a woman whom God useth—and I know not whether I am deceived, but I am faithfully persuaded, that if she should withdraw herself, other springs would rise to help this nation; for, methinks, I see the great work indeed in hand against the abusers of the world, wherein it is no greater fault to have confidence in man's power, than it is too hastily to despair of God's work. I think a wise and constant man ought never to grieve while he doth play, as a man may say, his own part truly, though others be out; but if himself leave his hold because other mariners will be idle, he will hardly forgive himself his own fault. For me, I cannot promise of my own course, because I know there is a higher Power that must uphold me, or else I shall fall; but certainly I trust I shall not, by other men's wants, be drawn from myself. Therefore, good sir, to whom for my particulars, I am more bound than to all men besides, be not troubled with my troubles, for I have seen the worst, in my judgment, beforehand, and worse than that cannot be.

“If the Queen pay not her soldiers she must lose her garrisons. There is no doubt thereof. But no man living shall be able to say the fault is in me. What relief I can do them I will. I will spare no danger if occasion serves. I am sure no creature shall be able to lay injustice to my charge; and, for further doubts, truly I stand not upon them.

“It hath been a costly beginning unto me this war, by reason I had nothing proportioned unto it, my servants inexperienced, and myself every way unfurnished; but hereafter, if the war continue, I shall pass much better through with it. For Bergen-op-Zoom,* I delighted in it, I confess, because it was near the enemy; but especially having a very fair house in it, and an excellent air, I destined it for my wife; but finding how you deal there, and that ill payment in my absence thence might bring forth some mischief, and considering how apt the Queen is to interpret everything to my disadvantage, I have resigned it to my Lord Willoughby, my very good friend, and, indeed, a

* A town on the mainland, near Flushing, and apparently included in Sidney's governorship.

valiant and frank gentleman, and fit for that place. Therefore I pray you know that so much my regality is fallen. I understand I am called very ambitious and proud at home ; but certainly, if they knew my heart, they would not altogether so judge me.

“I wrote to you a letter by Will, my Lord of Leicester’s jesting player, inclosed in a letter to my wife, and I never had answer thereof. It contained something to my Lord of Leicester, and counsel that some way might be taken to stay my lady there. I since, divers times, have writ to know whether you had received them, but you never answered me that point. I since find that the knave delivered the letters to my Lady of Leicester, but whether she sent them to you or no, I know not, but earnestly desire to do, because I doubt there is more interpreted thereof. Mr Erington is with me at Flushing, and therefore I think myself at the more rest, having a man of his reputation : but I assure you, sir, in good earnest, I find Burlas another manner of man than he is taken for, or I expected. I would to God Bourne had obtained his suit. He is earnest, but somewhat discomposed with the consideration of his estate. Turner is good for nothing, and worst for the sound of the hackbuts.

“We shall have a sore war upon us this summer, wherein, if appointment had been kept, and these disgraces forborne, which have greatly weakened us, we had been victorious. I can say no more at this time, but pray for your long and happy life.

“Your humble son,

“PHILIP SIDNEY.

“I know not what to say to my wife’s coming till you resolve better ; for, if you run a strange course, I may take such an one here as will not be fit for any one of the feminine gender. I pray you make much of Nicholas Grey. I have been vilely deceived for armours for horsemen ; if you could spare me any out of your armoury I will send them you back as soon as my own be finished. There was never so good a father found a more troublesome son.”

Shortly after this characteristic letter was written,

Lady Frances arrived at Flushing, where, notwithstanding the sounds and rumours of war, she contrived to enjoy the hours in great contentment. "Your daughter," wrote Sir Philip to Walsingham, "is very well and merry." Not so was her husband; in addition to the cares of public policy, a heavy domestic affliction now fell upon him, in the death of his admirable and worthy father, on the 8th of May. He wanted but six weeks of being fifty-seven years old, and in a comparatively short life had done as much work for the State as could be well compressed into the busiest career. For his death,—we read in Holinshed,*—there was great moan and lamentation, especially by those under his government, as having lost that special nobleman, whom for courtesy they loved, for justice amongst them they highly honoured, and for many other, his rare gifts and singular virtues, they in his life-time greatly esteemed, and at his death marvellously bemoaned, lifting up both hands and hearts to Almighty God, and heartily wishing and humbly praying a like might succeed in the place as he had been.

Three months later, on the 9th of August, Sidney lost his mother; a noble English matron, exceeding most of her sex in "singularity of virtue and quality."†

In the interval which elapsed between these two heavy blows, Sir Philip, in concert with Maurice of

* Holinshed, iii. 534. † Archer, Continuation of Stowe, p. 733.

Nassau, had projected and successfully carried out a brilliant military enterprise, the capture of Axel,— a strongly-fortified city in Flanders, nearly opposite Flushing. With 500 of his Zealand regiment, accompanied by Lord Willoughby and 500 English from Bergen-op-Zoom, Sidney, on the night of the 6th of July, rowed across the Scheldt, and on its north bank was joined by Maurice and Colonel Piron, with some 2000 Flemings. They then proceeded, partly on foot and partly by boat, to a point within a mile of Axel, where they were drawn up in close array, and harangued by Sidney in spirit-stirring words.

At two o'clock in the morning the assault was delivered. The moat was deep; but some thirty or forty soldiers, headed by Sidney, plunged into the waters, scaled the wall, and threw open the gates to their comrades. The garrison, surprised, rushed to arms, and offered a brave resistance, but the greater portion was cut to pieces, and the remainder either surrendered, or sought safety in flight.* Sidney posted a body of picked men in the market-place, to guard against a renewed outbreak, and patrolled the town with suitable detachments. The booty was considerable; five of the enemy's ensigns were also taken; and property to the value of two million florins destroyed. Sidney

* Motley, ii. 89.

spent twelve days in ensuring the safety of his capture, and placing in it a garrison of 800 men, under Colonel Piron, proceeded to join Leicester and the main army at Arnheim.

We now approach the last scene of his brief but brilliant career; the scene which, perhaps, has done as much to preserve his name and memory as his "Arcadia," or his "Defence of Poesy;" so great is the influence on the hearts of men of a noble act of self-denial, so keenly sensible are they of the beauty and sacredness of a generous example!

It was an object with the English generalissimo to obtain command of the river Yssel, and this could only be done by effecting the capture of Zutphen.* Accordingly, he invested it in force on the 13th of September, Leicester preparing to attack it on the left, and Sir John Norris, Count Lewis William of Nassau, and Sir Philip Sidney, having command on the right. The Prince of Parma, recognising the strategical importance of the post, made great efforts for its defence, and proceeded to throw into it fresh reinforcements and large supplies of food and munitions. On the 21st, Leicester received information that a convoy was at Deventer, a few miles up the river, and that an attempt would be

* The events which we here glance at so very briefly are described with much detail by Mr Motley in his "History of the United Netherlands."

made to smuggle it into the town on the following night. He therefore gave orders to Sir William Stanley, with 300 pikemen, and Sir John Norris, with 200 horse, to intercept it.

Early on the morning of the 22d, the English leaders started on their mission, accompanied by about fifty volunteers, among whom were Sidney, the Earl of Essex, Audley, Willoughby, Pelham, Russell, and others of the best and bravest blood of England. It was a misty dawn, and the little troop moved on through the shadows scarcely able to distinguish any object ten paces distant. "Out of about 500 Englishmen," says Mr Bourne,* "it seems that a party of 200 horsemen, headed by Sidney, advanced to the very walls of the town. Then suddenly the fog dispersed, and the little company found themselves in a very unexpected and very perilous position. Above 1000 of the enemy's cavalry were stationed in readiness to receive them; and they were within range both of the great guns which played from the ramparts and of the still more effective muskets handled by troops secreted in the trenches."

Nothing daunted, our heroes charged with headlong valour, and, when forced to retreat, after an hour and a half's hard fighting, retreated in perfect order. Sidney's horse was killed under him, and from a chivalrous disregard of justifiable precau-

* Fox Bourne, "Life of Sir Philip Sidney," p. 505.

tion, his danger was greatly enhanced. Riding to the field he had met Sir William Pelham, the Lord Marshal of the army, lightly armed. In a Quixotic spirit of noble rivalry, he immediately threw off his own cuisses, or thigh-pieces, and, mounting a fresh horse, joined in a second desperate charge, which drove back the enemy for some distance. Collecting all the Englishmen who were on the field, a third and still more desperate onset was made, resulting in a great slaughter of the Spaniards. But, unhappily, in this last charge, Sidney was wounded. A shot hit him on the leg, a little above the knee, shattered the bone, and glanced upwards far into the thigh. His horse, restive and ill-trained, took flight and galloped off the field; but Sidney, notwithstanding his mortal pain, retained his seat. Then he began, slowly, to return to the camp, and was carried to the place near which the Earl of Leicester stood. Thirsty, with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the bottle of water to his mouth, he saw a foot-soldier carried past, and ghastly casting up his eyes at the precious draught,—which Sir Philip perceiving, he drank not at all, but delivered the bottle to the poor man, with the memorable words, "*Thy necessity is greater than mine.*" *

* Lord Brooke, p. 146.

Being met by his uncle, who had crossed the river to witness the engagement, "O Philip!" cried Leicester, "I am truly grieved to see thy hurt." "My Lord," he replied, "this have I done to do you honour, and her Majesty some service."

"O, noble Sir Philip!" exclaimed Sir William Russell, coming up from the fight, spent, worn, and sorely wounded; "there was never man attained hurt more honourably than you have done, nor any sword like unto you." "God directed the bullet," answered Sidney, and bade the surgeons probe his wound, while he was still strong enough to endure the pain. They did not succeed in extracting the bullet, but set the bone; and, in a very precarious condition, the wounded hero was carefully removed to Arnheim.

"How God will dispose of him," wrote Leicester to England, the following day,* "I know not, but fear I must needs greatly the worst; the blow in so dangerous a place and so great; yet did I never hear of any man that did abide the dressing and setting his bones better than he did; and he was carried afterwards in my barge to Arnheim, and I hear this day he is still of good heart, and comforteth all about him as much as may be. God of His mercy grant his life, which I cannot but doubt of greatly. I was abroad at that time in the field,

* Collins, "The Sidney Papers" (Introduction), p. 105.

giving some order to supply that business, which did endure almost two hours in continual fight, and meeting Philip coming upon his horse-back, not a little to my grief. But I would you had stood by to hear his most loyal speeches to her Majesty; his constant mind to the cause, his loving care over me, and his most resolute determination for death, not a jot appalled for his blow, which is the most grievous that ever I saw with such a bullet; riding so long, a mile and a half, upon his horse, ere he came to the camp; not ceasing to speak still of her Majesty; being glad if his hurt and death might any way honour her, for hers he was while he lived, and God's he was sure to be if he died; praying all men to think that the cause was as well her Majesty's as the country's, and not to be discouraged, 'for you have now such success as may encourage us all; and this my hurt is the ordinance of God by the hap of the war.'"

On his sick-bed he was tended by his wife, who watched over him with assiduous affection. At first some hopes of his recovery were entertained, but about the eleventh or twelfth day it was seen that death was approaching; and men mourned as for the loss of a well-beloved brother. He bore his pains with gentle patience. The last hours of his life in no wise cast any shame on its brilliant spring. It was the death of a hero, and of a Christian hero

whose courage was inspired by the truest piety. With his chaplain, Gifford, he delighted to hold long and frequent converse on religious matters. From a narrative drawn up by Gifford, we extract the following interesting account of his closing moments:*

“The night before he died, towards the morning, I asked him how he did? He answered, ‘I feel myself more weak.’ ‘I trust,’ said I, ‘you are well, and thoroughly prepared for death, yf God shall call you.’ At this he made a little pause, and then he answered, ‘I have a doubt; pray resolve me in it. I have not slept this night. I have verie earnestlie and humblie besought the Lord to give me some sleep: He hath denied it. This causeth me to doubt that God doth not regard me, nor heare any of my prayers. This doth trouble me.’ Answer was made, that for matters touching salvation or pardon of our sins through Christ, He gave an absolute promise; but for things concerning this life, God hath promised them, but with caution: that which he hath absolutely promised we may assuredly look to receive, craving in faith that which he hath thus promised. ‘I am,’ said he, ‘fully satisfied and resolved with this answer. No doubt it is even so: then I will submit myself to His will in these outward things.’ . . .

* Printed in Dr Zouch's “Life of Sir Philip Sidney,” pp. 267-278.

“Within a few hours after, I told him that I thought his death did approach, which indeed he well perceived, and for which he prepared himself. His fear that death would take away his understanding did continue. ‘I doe,’ said he, ‘with trembling heart most humblie intreat the Lord that the pangs of death may not be so grievous as to take away my understanding.’

“It was proved to him by testimonies and infallible reasons out of the Scriptures, that although his understanding and senses should fail, yet that faith, which he had now, could not fail, but would hold still the power and victory before God; yea, in that respect all one, as if he had his senses and understanding. At this he did, with a cheerful and smiling countenance, put forth his hand, and slapped me softlie on the cheeks. Not long after, he lift up his eyes and hands, uttering these words: ‘I would not change my joye for the empire of the worlde;’ for the nearer he saw death approach, the more his comfort seemed to increase.

“As the light of a lamp is continued by pouring in of oyl, so he sought to have the burning zeal and flame of his prayer, upon which his heart was still bent, cherished by the comforts of the holy word, accounting it a great injury if we did not seek to give wings to his faith to carry up his

prayers speedily, uttering grief when he felt any thought interrupting him. . . .

“ His speech failing him, he made sign with his hand to be still spoken to, and could less endure that I should make any intermission ; even as one that runneth a race, when he approacheth unto the end, doth strain himself most vehemently, he would have the help that might be to carry him forward, now in the very end of his race, to the goal.

“ It now seemed as if all natural heat and life were almost utterly gone out of him, that his understanding had failed, and that it was to no purpose to speak any more unto him. But it was far otherwise. I spake thus unto him : ‘ Sir, if you heare what I saye, let us by some means know it, and if you have still your inward joy and consolation in God, hold up your hand.’ With that he did lift up his hand, and stretched it forth on high, which we thought he could scarce have moved, causing the beholders to cry out with joy that his understanding should be still so perfect, and that the weak body, beyond all expectation, should so readily give a sign of the joy of the soul. After this, requiring of him to lift up his hands to God, seeing he could not speak or open his eyes, that we might see his heart still prayed, he raised both his hands, and set them together on his breast, and held them upwards, after the manner of those which make humble peti-

tions ; and so his hands did remain, and were so stiff, that they would have so continued standing, being once so set, but that we took the one from the other.

“Thus, his hearing going away, we commended him to God divers times by prayer ; and at last he yielded up his spirit into the hands of God, unto his most happy comfort.”

Thus, at the age of thirty-one, Sidney terminated his bright and brief career, passing away very peacefully, about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, October 17th, 1586. Who does not wish that he had lived longer? What might not England have expected from the noon of a manhood whose morn had been so full of auspicious promise? Alas, how many hopes, and fair aspirations, and grand ambitions, were interred in Sidney's premature grave, leaving scarce a memorial behind to testify to their abundant splendour!

“Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights, and live laborious days :
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorrèd shears
And slits the thin-spun life.”—MILTON.

On Monday, October 24th, after having been embalmed, Sidney's body was removed to Flushing. The authorities of the Netherlands would fain have

honoured it with a public funeral, and they pledged themselves to erect for it a magnificent mausoleum ; but it was deemed desirable to convey it to England. It was placed in the "Black Prince," a pinnacle of Sir Philip Sidney's own, and landed at Tower Hill, on the Thames, on Friday the 5th of November. Thence it was carried to a house in the Minories, where, owing to some curious legal difficulties concerning the administration of his estate, it remained for upwards of three months. Finally, on Thursday the 16th of February 1587, it was interred in St Paul's Cathedral, with a funeral pomp of the most splendid character ; and for months afterwards it was accounted a sin for any gentleman of quality to appear at Court or city in any light or gaudy apparel.



AN PERIOD 1
HOME USE

2

5

6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
Renewals and Recharges may be made 4 days prior to the due date.
Books may be Renewed by calling 642-3405.

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

EP 17 1989

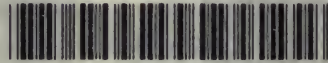
AUTO DISC NOV 28 1989

FORM NO. DD6

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
BERKELEY, CA 94720

YB 20779

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARY



C020841488

