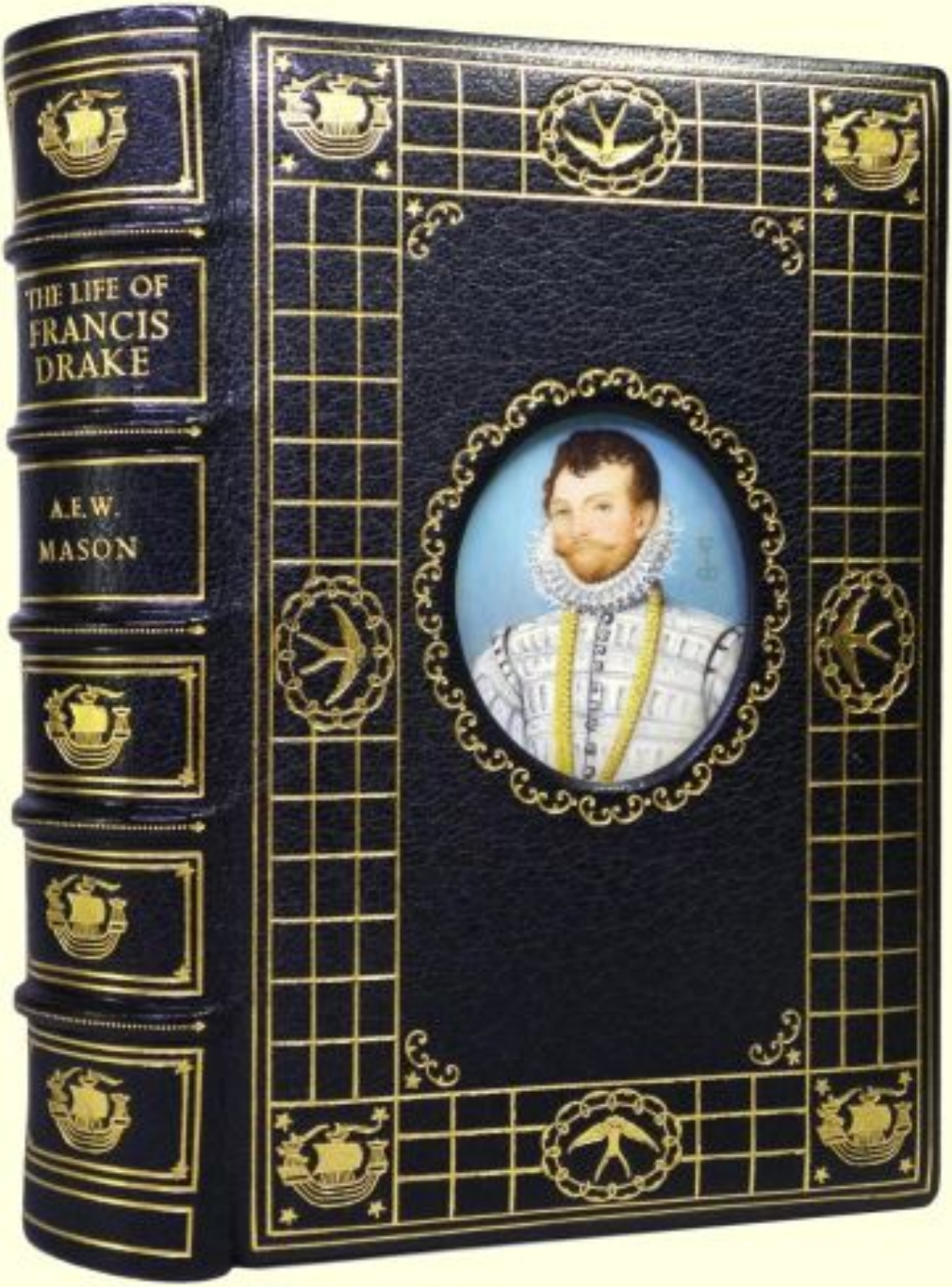

THE LIFE OF
FRANCIS
DRAKE
A.E.W.
MASON

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SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Reproduction of an engraving, by Thomas de Leu, of a portrait, painted from life, by Joseph Rabel. Reproduced for the Hakluyt Society by Donald Macbeth.

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS DRAKE

By

A. E. W. MASON

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This book is dedicated to
Admiral Sir REGINALD HALL, K.C.M.G., C.B.,
his Chief for four years
and friend for the rest of life,
by
A. E. W. MASON
(late Major, R.M.L.I.)

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Sir Francis Drake

Reproduction of an engraving by Thomas de Leu, of a portrait, painted from life, by Joseph Rabel.

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Cartagena

Reproduction from "Drake and the Tudor Navy" by Sir Julian Corbett, taken from "The Summarie and True Discourse."

Chart of Cadiz Harbour

By William Borough.

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[IMAGE IS MISSING]

CHAPTER I

Early Days

FRANCIS DRAKE was born in a cottage on Crowndale farm near Tavistock; but in what month of what year is not known. A miniature of him, painted by Hilliard on the back of a playing-card, the Ace of Hearts, now at Knowsley, puts his birth in the year 1539. The portrait which, in the years of his greatness, hung in his dining-room at Buckland Abbey, gave it to the credit of 1541. Nuño da Silva, the Portuguese pilot, swore before the Tribunal of the Inquisition of Mexico in 1579 that Francis Drake was then a man of thirty-eight years, or within two years of that age. The portraits, indeed, are no more reliable than the statement of the pilot, for they only record the age which he was said to have reached at the time when they were painted. The most likely date of his birth can be inferred from the circumstances of his family.

The farm Crowndale was held on a lease granted by Sir John Russell to John Drake, the uncle. Edmund, John's brother and a sailor, made his home in a cottage on the farm in the year 1544. He was entered as a householder upon the subsidy rolls of Tavistock in that year. Up to then he was a man without a history. But after settling at Crowndale he had twelve children, of whom Francis was the eldest. A man so prolific was likely to have had children before this date if he had been married before it; and Francis Drake was certainly born in wedlock at Crowndale. It is therefore a fair inference that Edmund left the sea in order to marry, settled on his brother's farm, did marry and became the father of Francis in some month of the year 1545.

Of the social condition of the family there would be no doubt, if Francis Drake had not himself raised it. Camden, the historian, relates in his Annals that Francis, after he had returned from his voyage round the world, told him that he was born of mean parentage; and a good many people have been at the pains to argue that by mean he meant middle-class. There is no reason why we should think that he meant anything of the kind. He had made his name great; he was honoured by the friendship of the Queen; he was wealthy; he had lifted himself, the first of all Englishmen, into that small bright constellation where Cabot shone and Magellan and Columbus and Balboa; and he was very human, with his full share of man's vanities and contradictions to counterbalance his greatness. He was not the first man who tried to lengthen the ladder of his achievement by pushing his family down a rung or two lower than the one it ought to occupy. But before he had written

his name in English history he lapsed into the opposite infirmity. What we should call nowadays a County family of the name of Drake had been settled near to Tavistock ever since the reign of Edward III; between it and the farmers at Crowndale there was the most infinitesimal connection, if indeed there was any at all. Yet Francis Drake had the arms of that family stamped upon his cabin furniture in the *Golden Hind*, and engraved upon his cannon a motto of his own devising, *sic parvis magna*. A trifling vanity, surprising in the character of a man with such wide aims, but it will be seen in a host of instances that Francis liked to live magnificently, like some great noble of Florence. And there was sagacity in that particular foible. For a Spanish Don would pay a fine ransom to a gentleman with less displeasure than he would pay it to a vulgarian buccaneer. The days of magnificence were still far off. Francis Drake was of neither the gentry nor the serfs. The son of Sir John Russell, Henry VIII's friend and Lord High Admiral, young Francis Russell, who was to become the second Earl of Bedford, was his godfather at his christening; and he had a really valuable relationship to the great Plymouth family of Hawkins, merchant-adventurers and shipbuilders whose name is for all time associated with the rise of the English Navy. Francis Drake came of yeoman stock.

The link between the great family of Russell and Edmund Drake was their strong Protestantism. Edmund Drake was a lay preacher. He had got religion as so many sailors do, and religion of a violently revivalist kind. You are either saved, in a flash, by an emotional shock, or you are damned for ever and ever; and mostly you are damned. Those who can look back to a childhood sixty years ago will remember too vividly the parsons who, shedding their white surplices, donned black Geneva gowns and, mounting into their pulpits, thundered for three-quarters of an hour about the flames of hell and the wrath of God, and gave five minutes to His loving-kindness. Edmund Drake was of that brotherhood. The first chapter of the Epistle of Saint Paul to the Romans, with its catalogue of sinners deserving death, was his favourite reading, and there were few of his congregation whom he could not bring in under one heading or the other. But rural Devon was for the most part Catholic. There had been more humanity in the rule of the monasteries than in that of the greedy Lords to whom Henry VIII had handed them over. Villagers had seen their common lands enclosed behind palisades, with mutilations or death as a penalty for breaking them down. Cloth was England's most profitable export. To the owner of land, wool was the thing which brought in the fat return. So tillage became pasture. Moreover, great sheep-runs were more economical than ploughed fields.

They needed less labour, and the peasant with his wife and his children was turned out of his tiny homestead to swell the crowd of beggars on the road.

Devonshire was ripe for a rebellion when, in 1547, Edward VI being a boy upon the throne, the Protector Somerset persuaded Parliament to repeal Henry VIII's Act of Six Articles, and it became lawful to disbelieve the doctrine of Transubstantiation and the necessity of auricular confession. Catholics were horrified. But when two years later the same authority insisted on the use of the English Prayer-book, they took action. "It was never merry world since the Bible came forth in English," said the priest of Brentwood Church; and moved by that spirit, they hunted the Protestants, Edmund Drake and his family with them, through the gates of Plymouth. The fugitives camped on the island of St. Nicholas in Plymouth Harbour—tradition ascribes to this event the name of "Drake's Island," by which it is commonly known—and there remained in danger and destitution until Sir Thomas Cotton, with a squadron of King's ships, sailed in to their relief.

Edmund Drake never returned to Crowndale. William Hawkins came to his relative's rescue. Edmund was carried away with his family to the Medway. Gillingham Reach was then the Tudor Navy's home port, and Edmund was made Bible-reader to the ships. He existed, but that was all. He made his home on board of a disused hulk, and from the ages of four to ten Francis grew up with the water tinkling by the planks against which his cot was wedged and the old hulk rising and falling on the tides.

What book-teaching he ever got, he got from his father during these years. He learned to read and to write. But writing never came easily to him. Although he was always learning, always teaching himself, so far as the activity of his life allowed, he never acquired the vivid timely phrase which brought all home, as so many of his lesser contemporaries did. To the end of his life his letters were few, and those laborious. From his father too he learned that hatred of popery, and that strong sense of a personal God protecting him and his faith and his country, which was ever foremost in his thoughts. Even when an adventure failed, and he missed, say, Philip's gold fleet by twelve hours, it was all God's will, although, to be sure, inexplicable and strange. Events co-operated with his father's teaching to plant deep his Protestantism in his mind. He was not so young but that the flight from Crowndale and the miserable refuge upon the island of St. Nicholas must have inspired him with a lively terror of the Catholics. And six years later the Wyatt rebellion reinforced the lesson. It had its beginning at Rochester when Mary Tudor was expecting the arrival in England of her bridegroom, Philip of Spain. It so nearly succeeded, it so completely failed, that the noise and tumult of it must have roused to alternations of enthusiasm and grief

even a boy of ten on a hulk above Gillingham Reach; and the long line of men dangling in chains from gibbets on the banks of the Medway, with which the rebellion ended, may well have turned the early terror into a belief that Catholics were in their very nature cruel.

It may also be that he owed to his father the little gift of oratory which he possessed. If he could not write well, he could speak well. He could even preach a good sermon. The rhythm of the written is a very different thing from that of the spoken sentence. Francis Drake took his part in Parliament in after years, and of those speeches which he made during his voyages to his crews, enough remains to prove that the direct and strong approach, which he lost when he took a pen in his hand, came easily enough when he used his voice. Those early years on the Medway, in spite of the family's poverty, cannot have been unhappy ones for the young Francis. A boy living on a hulk on a busy river, with the navy ships laying up or putting out; his father bustling off upon his duties and coming back with some story of the sea; and the sound of running water to drift him away into his dreams—what boy would not welcome such a life? But it came soon to an end. Edmund apprenticed him to the owner and captain of a small bark which traded between the Medway, the east coast of England and the ports of Zeeland. What age Francis had reached when he was bound apprentice is not exactly known. But he was still a boy, though one can say that on the first day when he sailed down the Medway his boyhood ended.

There were no lightships moored in the estuaries of the Thames, like the Mouse, the Swin and the Outer Gabbard, to blink the sailor safely down his Channel. No lines of buoys marked out for him a fairway. He must find his own way over sandbank and swirling current. In the fogs of winter he must pick his road across the North Sea with no more than a lump of tallow in the hollow of his lead to pilot him into his ports. He must lie to for days and days without sleep when the water was breaking on the Dogger Bank, and at night a flash of white at the level of the cross-spar was the only warning which he got that a wave was crashing down upon his deck. There was no better classroom where a lad could learn how to handle a ship than the deck of a small sailing tramp in the gales of the North Sea. But it was a hard and bitter schooling. Francis Drake was built for it, however. He was short, square-shouldered, deep-chested, with immense strength in his limbs and a fire and spirit in him to hold his powerful body to the hardest strain. But there was much more. His portraits show it, and the fine statue upon Plymouth Hoe. The round head, the genial look, the jaw of iron—others have those features too. But the individual marks of Francis Drake were the

high arch of his eyebrows and the steady eager eyes which seem to be watching with something of surprise an ever-opening door.

When he reached the age of sixteen the family fortunes changed for the better. Elizabeth in 1560 had been for two years Queen of England, and Edmund Drake exchanged the hulk upon the Medway for the Vicarage of Upchurch, a small village upon the river-bank. During the next year the owner of the trading bark died. He was a bachelor, and in recognition of the good service and friendship which his apprentice had given, he bequeathed to him his little bark and its goodwill.

But Drake's thoughts were already set upon wider seas. When he was eighteen, he made a voyage, in what must have been for him the curious position of a purser, across the Bay of Biscay to the north coast of Spain; and the next year he sailed for the first of many times to the Spanish Main.

CHAPTER II

Early Voyages and Disappointments. Rio de la Hacha. The Tragedy of St. John de Ulua. Drake's return to Plymouth and Hawkins' reproach.

FRANCIS DRAKE owed his first acquaintance with tropical waters to his relation John Hawkins. John, like many another reputable person, was engaged in the slave-trade. He captured negroes on the Guinea Coast or obtained them by an agreement with a black chieftain, sailed them across to the Spanish Main and disposed of them to the various towns. Once he had reached the Terra Firma he never had to go far. So sparsely had the land been populated, and so merciless had been its occupation by the Spaniards, that labour was always short. The trade had been forbidden by Philip to any but his own countrymen, but not out of humanity. In that odd, dull, slow, priest-ridden mind, there was hardly a corner free for humanity. Humanity implies width, and that Philip never had. Pope Alexander the Sixth had taken a pencil and divided the world south of the Azores by a line through the forty-second meridian west of Greenwich. West of that line the world was Spain's, east of it Portugal's. There was a certain amount of doubt as to whether the line ran north of the Azores, so much doubt indeed, that whilst Philip was the husband of Mary Tudor the London Muscovy Company had been allowed to carry on its trade. But south of the Azores he was in no perplexity. Only Spaniards must trade slaves to the Spanish Main, and since the trade was profitable, only those Spaniards who paid a heavy licence for the privilege. Hawkins, however, had refused to recognize the ban, and between him and the towns to which he brought his living cargoes a sort of convention had been established. He appeared off the port with his ship or ships and sent a polite message ashore to the Governor that he was prepared to sell. The Governor returned an answer equally polite that by the order of his Master the King he was not allowed to buy. The correspondence was continued, again in the most civil terms. Under these sad circumstances Hawkins must land some men. On the other side, if he did, they would certainly be resisted to the last breath. Accordingly the men were landed and a force marched out of the town. A volley was fired upon one side and answered by another. No one was hurt and the townspeople fled to the hills or woods. Hawkins then occupied the town, and under cover of the darkness the leading merchants returned. The deal was then carried through. The slaves were bought, the money paid. Hawkins sailed away, the town was

undamaged, a glowing report was despatched to King Philip of the great gallantry shown by his subjects against overwhelming odds; and everybody was satisfied—except King Philip, who lost the high price of his licence and had his authority flouted into the bargain.

In the summer of 1566 Hawkins fitted out four ships for this lucrative trade, but the Spanish Ambassador got the wind of him and complained to the Queen. Hawkins, summoned before the Board of Admiralty, gave a bond for £500 that he would not go in person nor send his ships to the Spanish Indies. He did not go, but Captain John Lovell did, on November 9th, with the four ships which had belonged to Hawkins in the summer, and, except in name, still belonged to him.

Such information as exists about this voyage is vague. It is not known, indeed, in what capacity Hawkins' young kinsman sailed or in which ship. Lovell had not the cleverness nor the manners needed for a command of this delicate kind. He captured a few ships laden with wax and ivory and negroes on his way to the Guinea Coast, as Hawkins was accustomed to do. But he killed some Portuguese, either in making these captures or in collecting the complement of his slaves from the land; and this was a mistake which Hawkins never made. From Guinea he sent back one ship to Plymouth, laden with the booty which he had taken, and with the other three he stood across the Atlantic to the Spanish Main. He visited the island of Margarita, Burboroata, Curaçao, where he got rid of some of his slaves, and finally came to Rio de la Hacha. He anchored there at an awkward moment. The Treasurer of the town, Miguel de Castellanos, was being subjected by a new Governor of Venezuela, Pedro Ponce de Leon, to an embarrassing investigation into the irregularity of his accounts. He saw in the arrival of the English trader an opportunity to prove his merits, and Captain Lovell was no match for him. Lovell landed ninety negroes. Miguel de Castellanos seized them as Crown property, sold them to the people of Rio de la Hacha, and refused to pay Lovell a farthing. Lovell was not commissioned to make war and had to go away empty-handed. The loss was serious. For according to the deposition of one W. Fowler of Ratcliffe, merchant, made at another time before the Board of Admiralty, a negro who spoke either Spanish or Portuguese was worth on the Spanish Main from five to six hundred gold pesos. Hawkins accepted the loss philosophically, attributing it to "the simpleness of my deputies who knew not how to handle these matters." Young Francis Drake, however, who lost his share of the profit which otherwise the expedition would have brought to him, looked upon the mishap as a burning wrong and for many years could not hear the name of Rio de la Hacha without indignation.

Hawkins did not employ Captain Lovell again, but a little more than a year after Drake's return he gave him another chance. And this time young Drake at the age of twenty-two sailed in command of his own ship. It was a small bark, the *Judith*, of fifty tons, but he must have sold his little Zeeland ship and added to what that brought in all the small gain he had made from his two earlier voyages, in order to acquire it. In the prospect, however, the risk was well worth while. For the expedition was launched by men of high standing in the City of London, and the Queen herself was concerned in its success. Young Francis Drake at the age of twenty-two was thus already on the edge of great affairs. Sir William Garrard, Knight—it should be understood that Knighthood in the days of Elizabeth was a high honour and charily given—and Roland Heyward, Alderman, were the chief Directors of the Company which promoted it. There were to be six ships, with John Hawkins as their General, and the outlay in stores and merchandise reached a figure of between a hundred and sixty and a hundred and seventy thousand pounds in money at its present value. Da Silva, the Ambassador, once more took alarm. Some evil thing was being planned against his master. He sought an audience of the Queen and was rallied for his distrust. He may have been appeased, he probably was not, but when he learned that two of Her Majesty's great ships of war, the *Jesus of Lubeck* and the *Minion*, were sailing from Chatham to Plymouth for repairs, he became quite certain that dirty work was on foot and that the Queen was in it up to her starched ruff. He obtained a second audience, and was assured categorically that there was no threat of harm to the King of Spain in any expedition which was being planned. He had publicly to accept the reassurance. Privately he wrote to King Philip that he did not believe a word which the Queen said. Yet he was not altogether right.

The Queen was undoubtedly concerned in this voyage. She was lending to John Hawkins two ships of the Royal Navy. There was nothing unusual in this arrangement. The party to whom the ships were lent must repair, man and victual them. If the voyage paid a dividend, then a reduction was made on the amount of the Queen's benefit to cover those expenses. If the venture ended in a loss, the authors of the venture must bear the cost. In this case Queen Elizabeth would have made a singularly good bargain if the venture had been successful. The *Jesus* had been bought from Lubeck by Henry VIII in 1544. She was now thirty years old—a big ship of seven hundred tons, with an armament of twenty-two big guns and forty-two lighter ones, very costly to repair and already condemned as not worth repair. The *Minion*, a smaller ship, but still a great ship, of three hundred and fifty tons, was in hardly a better case. These ships arrived in Plymouth, and under the

experienced eyes of Hawkins what could be done to make them seaworthy was done. The *William and John* of one hundred and fifty tons, the *Swallow* of one hundred tons, Drake's ship, the *Judith*, a bark of fifty tons, and the *Angel* of thirty-two tons, completed an imposing fleet of six ships. Da Silva was right, therefore, in inferring that some considerable adventure was projected and that the Queen herself had a share in it. He was quite wrong, however, in believing that the venture was one directed against the prosperity of Spain. It meant a breach of the Spanish regulations, but if it was successful, Spain would have shared in the benefit. For although on a bigger scale than that which Lovell had commanded, it was an expedition of the same kind.

It is difficult nowadays to accept the fact that the Queen had an investment in the slave-trade and that men of high honour like John Hawkins made it their regular business. Before we can begin, we have to wipe from our consciousness the high value which we put on human life. To the greater part of the race, especially in those early years of Elizabeth's reign, life was not a great thing to lose. The amenities which now make it enjoyable and the drugs which make pain endurable were not known, whereas a belief in a glorious existence beyond the grave was more vivid and real. That was true on land, and still more true on the sea. A hundred men would be crowded into a ship which would not now be allowed to carry twenty. They were young men and boys for the most part, and for the most part they died young men and boys. Disease set in inevitably. Scurvy, typhus, and no doubt meningitis ran through the ship like the black plague. There were no lavatories, no refrigerators, no cold-storage rooms. Their food crawled with worms, their water rotted, they died like flies. For instance, on the first voyage to the Gold Coast in the year 1553, Mr. Thomas Wyndham with a Portuguese pilot, Antonio Pinteado, sailed from Portsmouth with two ships, the *Primrose* and the *Lion*, and a pinnace *Moon* manned by one hundred and forty sailors. Wyndham died, Pinteado died, and of the one hundred and forty men, only forty survivors came back to England, and these with their bodies undermined by fever. But the gold, ivory and pepper with which these forty men returned was held to more than counterbalance the loss of the others.

It was a curious consequence of the Reformation that life became even of less value after it. Before, men were anxious to receive before they died the last ceremonies of the Church and absolution for their sins. The ghost of Hamlet's father made his moan of the centuries of punishment he was to undergo because he had died "unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled." But after the Reformation, men could face their Creator without the interpolation

of a priest and be none the worse for the want of him. To men, themselves inured to a hard life and not affronted by the terror of death, the slave-trade presented no moral difficulty. Many of the slaves died upon the voyage, but so did many of themselves.

So utterly unaware, indeed, were the Elizabethans of any inconsistency between a belief in God and the slave-trade that men engaged in it could consider themselves especially under His care. Thus John Spark, the younger, wrote of an earlier expedition under Hawkins: "If these men had come downe in the evening, they had done us great displeasure, for that wee were on shore filling water: but God, who worketh all things for the best, would not have it so, and by him we escaped without danger, his name be praysed for it"; and a little later: "the calms and ternados happened to us very ill, beeing but reasonably watered, for so great a companie of Negroes, and our selves, which pinched us all, and that which was worst, put us in such feare that many never thought to have reached to the Indies, without great death of Negros, and of ourselves: but the Almightie God, who never suffereth his elect to perish, sent us the sixteenth of Februarie, the ordinary Brise, which never left us, till wee came to an Island called Dominica."

Drake was in advance of his age. Many instances will be noticed of that when he exercised an untrammelled command. He owed much of his success to the friendships which he established with native tribes and negroes; and even when he had nothing to gain by it, he used a gentleness and consideration towards them which was then uncommonly rare.

Hawkins, therefore, and the Queen were engaged in a reputable trade; and the Queen's ships having been repaired, Hawkins hoisted his flag on the *Jesus*. The fleet left Plymouth on October 2nd, 1567—"the third troublesome voyage" Hawkins was to call it. For the first five days the ships sailed in calm weather, closing together at nightfall behind the General and spreading out by day. But off Finisterre they were caught in a gale and scattered. The *Jesus* had her long-boats carried away and sprang so many leaks that Hawkins turned back towards Plymouth, meaning to abandon the expedition. After four days, however, wind and sea abated and he resumed his voyage. A rendezvous had been fixed at the island of Gomera in the Canaries, and there all the ships gathered. They watered there and, departing on the 4th of November, arrived at Cape Verde on the 18th. At Cape Verde, Hawkins landed one hundred and fifty men to capture negroes, but the negroes fought with wicker shields and poisoned arrows and only a hundred and fifty were taken. Hawkins' losses, on the other hand, were heavy, for although the poisoned arrows seemed at the first not to do much harm, after a few days tetanus supervened and hardly a wounded man was saved.

Hawkins himself was one of the few who escaped alive, for, taking the advice of a native, he applied to his wound a clove of garlic which sucked out the poison and left him cured. From Cape Verde he sailed on to Capo Blanco and the Guinea Coast. They saw, according to the sailors' tales, such marvels as a man of this day can hardly account for. They found crocodiles which wept, until they drew sympathetically near you, when they bit you in half; they found oyster-trees and an extraordinary kind of sea-horse which "bulged" their pinnaces and when the men were swimming in the river snatched one or two of them away. They found plantains with their fruit at the top of the tree, which they found very good and dainty to eat. "Sugar is not more delicate in taste then they be," says one of them.

At Sierra Leone, which they reached on the 12th of January, 1568, they again suffered from a scarcity of negroes; on the other hand, they captured a Portuguese caravel commanded by a French captain from Rochelle, of the name of Bland. This caravel was annexed to Hawkins' fleet, renamed the *Grace of God*, and Captain Drake of the *Judith* was transferred to her as Captain.

After searching the rivers about that part for negroes with little result, Hawkins was in doubt, the time of the year being late, whether to sell his negroes for the best price he could get there or thereabouts and make his way home again. But whilst he was in two minds what he should do, a negro, sent from a local King, came to implore his aid. The King offered to Hawkins all the negroes that were taken prisoners as the price of his support. Hawkins consented and sent one hundred and twenty of his men, who, on the 15th of January, delivered an attack upon a negro town of eight thousand inhabitants which was well fenced and well defended. In that attack, six of Hawkins' men were killed and forty wounded; whereupon the next day, Hawkins took over the command in person, burnt the town and captured two hundred and fifty prisoners. His ally, the King, on the other hand, took six hundred prisoners, of whom Hawkins expected, under the agreement, to make his choice. "But the negro," Hawkins wrote, "(in which nation is seldome or never found truth) meant nothing lesse": and during the night the negro removed his camp and his prisoners. Hawkins had, however, by now between four and five hundred blacks whom he could sell with a handsome profit in the West. He had also a seventh ship, the caravel the *Grace of God*. Captain Bland, now linking his fortunes with those of Hawkins, was restored to the command of her, and Francis Drake returned to his own ship the *Judith*.

Hawkins, then, having watered, taken fuel on board and such fruits and provisions as he could, sailed from the coast of Guinea on the 3rd of

February, and meeting storms and heavy seas came after a long voyage of fifty-four days to the island of Dominica on the 27th day of March.

From Dominica, Hawkins made without delay for the Terra Firma and coasted along, selling his slaves, but with more difficulty than before owing to the greater stringency of the local Governors. By conducting his traffic with the Spaniards at night, however, "we had reasonable trade and courteous entertainment." He supplied himself with water, fresh food and turtles with their eggs—a new delicacy to these voyagers—at the island of Margarita, careened and cleaned his ships and repaired their rigging at Burboroata—it sounds less like a South Sea island under its present name of Puerto Cabello—and paid a call upon Curaçao.

So far the voyage, even to the mariners' stories of oyster-trees and vanishing islands and fantastic animals, was conventional enough to need no more than a summary. But it becomes of importance here. For Hawkins sent forward to Rio de la Hacha the *Judith* and the *Angel*, his two smallest ships, under the command of Francis Drake. It was the first time that the young Captain had been entrusted with independent authority, even if it were only to last for a few days. No doubt the shallow waters about the Cabo de la Vela induced Hawkins to send forward his vessels with the least draught; and no doubt Drake's acquaintance with the town persuaded him to put them under his kinsman's control. But dealing with these Spanish Governors who had troops and cannon under their orders was a delicate business; and it is clear that Drake's conduct of his little bark must have inspired Hawkins with confidence in his discretion as well as his ability as a navigator. Hawkins was a prudent merchant-adventurer who wanted as little warfare and impetuosity as possible to interfere with the prosecution of his business. He had older and more experienced men in command of the *Minion*, the *William and John* and the *Swallow*, but he chose young Francis Drake; and it is against common sense to believe that he did it without reason. It has so often been the fashion to represent Drake as the dashing Impresario of the Caribbean Seas, that it is necessary to realize how gradually that great name of his was made, and with what study. He was, certainly up to the date of the Armada battles, always learning—consciously learning. It would be utterly to misread his life not to understand that. And from no text did he learn so much as from the book of his own mistakes.

He made two at Rio de la Hacha. He sailed through the little bay up to the town. The Treasurer, Miguel de Castellanos, who had weathered the breeze over his accounts, had a troop of one hundred arquebusiers and a few pieces of cannon. He shot off two or three of them and did no harm to ship or man. Drake replied with two shots, and one of them popped right through

the Treasurer's house and out at the other side. It was no doubt a consolation to Drake to smash a hole in the house of the man who had jockeyed him out of a small fortune eighteen months before, but it was not the way in which Hawkins conducted his business. Drake, having left his mark upon the town, retired out of range and dropped his anchor.

He was in that position when he made his second blunder. The Spanish Viceroy of the Indies had his headquarters then on the island of San Domingo and sent his orders to his various stations by small fast despatch boats. One of these came in from San Domingo to Rio de la Hacha whilst Drake was at anchor, and Drake at once attacked it. Philip and Elizabeth were, politically, at peace, and this was a Spanish Government ship. Again this was not the way of Hawkins. Drake drove the despatch boat on shore and then, with the audacity which was natural to him, cut it out under the fire of the arquebusiers and brought it back in triumph to his own ships. For five days he waited, keeping guard over the town, and then Hawkins arrived with the rest of the fleet.

Hawkins returned the despatch boat to the Treasurer, who, thinking to repeat the trick he had played upon Lovell, would neither allow him to sell his slaves nor obtain enough water to keep them alive. Castellanos had fortified his town and indeed seemed prepared to put up a serious fight. Hawkins, however, landed two hundred musketeers and broke his way through the defences. The Spaniards fired the one volley which was obligatory on such occasions, and by a mischance killed a certain Thomas Surgeon and another. They then retired unmolested to the woods until nightfall; after which time the friendliest messages passed to and fro not only between Hawkins and the Spaniards who were in need of slaves, but between Hawkins and the Treasurer himself. A good deal of haggling took place—that was usual—and Castellanos put in a claim for a rake-off or, more politely, a tax of thirty ducats a head. He was satisfied with 7½ per cent. of the sale price, and since Hawkins sold here no less than two hundred slaves, he did not do so badly.

Hawkins coasted along, selling as it were parcels of his cargo at different small ports, until he came to Cartagena. This was the last town which he proposed to visit. He had only fifty-seven slaves now to dispose of, and it was high time that he should depart from these waters. The season of the hurricanes, or furicanos as Hawkins called them, is regular, and the sailors of trading ships in those parts have to this day a sort of *memoria tecnica*:

"June—too soon
July—stand by
August—you must
September—remember!
October—all over."

Hawkins was now half-way through July. He had to stand by. Cartagena was a very different town in size, in importance and in strength from any which Hawkins had so far visited. The Governor answered all Hawkins' solicitations with a refusal. He was "so straight," Hawkins said, that "we could by no means obtain to deal with any Spaniard." The *Minion* on the day following Hawkins' arrival drew close to the shore and fired its cannon at the town, but Cartagena was too strong, and the *Minion*, standing away, landed a party of sailors upon an island, where they discovered some great tuns of malmsey wine, which they took, leaving in exchange for them as a sign of their honesty a proportionate amount of linen and cloth.

Hawkins left Cartagena on July 24th, but he had overstayed his time. He made for the Florida Channel and reached the western cape of Cuba without mishap, but here on the 12th day of August a storm of extraordinary violence struck the little fleet, so that it was compelled to seek shelter under the land of Florida. But the water was too shallow along that coast for him to find an anchorage. The storm blew for four days. It was necessary to cut down the cage of the *Jesus of Lubeck* level with the deck, and when the weather abated she was left with her rudder dangerously strained and her planks leaking like a sieve. The calm lasted for one day, and then a second hurricane swept them down to the little harbour of St. John de Ulua in the Gulf of Campeche.

The harbour was small and untidy but important; for it was the only one which served the city of Mexico on the high plateau two hundred miles away. St. John de Ulua was to become more important still. For it was to be the scene of a vile piece of treachery which made Englishmen scoff at the boasted gentility of the Spaniards and did more than any other event to convert English dislike into hatred and contempt. For the moment the treachery prospered. Hawkins lost the fruits of his voyage. Drake too. It was the occasion, besides, on which Drake made the most grave fault in all of his career. Many lives were lost; many sailors endured years of cruel enslavement. But in the end, and chiefly because Drake rose above his faults, Philip of Spain paid for it a thousandfold.

The harbour was a poor one and it faced north. That is to say, the habitual wind of that zone blew straight into it. But it was protected by a flat ledge of rock which stretched nearly across the northern entrance, leaving a

narrow harbour mouth at the western end and a shallow strip of water between it and the mainland on the east. This ledge is described as reaching either way the length of a bow-shot, so that it must have been square, and it was raised about three feet above the water. Along the inner edge a stone quay had been built, and ships making use of it were moored head on so that their bows stretched above the quay and sailors could swing themselves on shore. The violence of the sea, however, pouring through the narrow channel into the pool, caused a swirl of such strength that anchors had to be dropped astern to keep the ships straight.

Hawkins would have avoided it, had it been possible. He was never the man to meet trouble half-way. St. John de Ulua was the port from which the Mexican gold fleet sailed once a year with its treasure to Spain; and the time for its sailing was near. It no longer sailed unprotected. Pero Menendez de Aviles, Captain-General of the Indian trade, and the only sailor Philip had in the class of Santa Cruz, had persuaded his Master to build at Cadiz twelve small and heavily armoured galleons to guard its passage through the Bahama Channel into the Atlantic. This fleet was owned by the Casa de Contractacion at Seville, and its upkeep was a charge upon the treasure which it guarded. It was practically a form of insurance.

From Spanish prisoners and other information, Hawkins knew that it was now on its way across the Atlantic, making for St. John de Ulua. He, however, had no choice. His own ships must be repaired if he was to reach home; and as he sailed into the harbour he saw twelve ships already anchored there. An anxious moment for Hawkins! Were these twelve ships Menendez and the Indian Guard? Enquiry revealed that they were Spanish merchant vessels and that they were carrying, as part of their cargo, a treasure of £200,000.

Hawkins had picked up on the way down from Florida three Spanish ships with one hundred passengers. As a sign of his honest intentions he now let those ships go, keeping only as hostages three men of importance: Don Lorenzo de Alva, Don Pedro de Rivera, and a third Spaniard, Augustin de Villa Nueva, of whom, to his great peril, he made much account, treating him as a friend rather than as a hostage. He informed the Governor that the ships would not be molested nor their treasure touched by him, but that he wanted food and water and was ready to pay for them at the current price. While he was sending his messenger into the town which lay at the back of the harbour, he landed, for prudence' sake, a body of men upon the natural breakwater of rock, and they found there some eleven pieces of brass cannon. These were seized and loaded, and a camp was formed to control them. Hawkins also asked the Governor to send forthwith a couple of

messengers to the Spanish Viceroy in Mexico City, reminding him that his own Queen was the loving sister of the Viceroy's King Philip and asking for his protection should the Indian Guard arrive before he had made good the damage to his ships. All, indeed, seemed to be going as favourably as a man could wish. But on the very next morning, the morning of Friday the 17th of September, a fleet of thirteen great ships hove into sight on the edge of the horizon.

This was not the Indian Guard, but the great gold fleet from Nombre de Dios with its armed escort of an "Admiral" and "Vice-Admiral." Hawkins sent a pinnace immediately to meet it. He had the two advantages: with the guns upon the breakwater and the batteries upon his ships he could so enfilade the harbour mouth that entrance without his consent would be impossible; and there was no anchorage outside. "Unless the ships be very safely moored with their anchors fastened upon the island," he writes, "there is no remedy for these North Winds but Death." His messenger insisted, therefore, that before the fleet took shelter behind the reef, some necessary arrangements must be made which would safeguard his own vessels whilst they were being repaired.

The fleet was on its way to Spain under the command of Don Francisco de Luxan, but had put in to St. John de Ulua to land the new Viceroy of Mexico, Don Martin Enriquez. The Viceroy himself sent back a honeyed message to Hawkins. He asked that the conditions should be sent to him, and declared that for the sake of the amity between the two Princes they should be granted. He added many fair words. He had heard of Hawkins' fair dealings in the harbours of the Spanish Main as well as in this port of Ulua; "the which," said Hawkins, "I let passe." Hawkins had no faith in the honesty of any Spaniard, whether he were officer or no. He drew up his recommendations: he claimed that he should be entitled to buy food on shore and sell enough slaves to cover the cost. In the second place, he must be suffered peaceably to repair his ships. In the third place, the island and the guns upon it must remain in his possession until he left the harbour. No Spaniard must land upon it armed. The last condition demanded that, for the more certain maintenance of peace, the Viceroy and himself should exchange twelve hostages who should be gentlemen of credit.

Against these definite conditions the Viceroy hotly protested. He had given his word and nothing more was needed; he was Viceroy with a thousand men under his command and he would come in. That sort of language meant nothing to John Hawkins. He answered, "If he be a Viceroy I represent my Queen's person and I am a Viceroy as well as he, and if he have a thousand men my powder and shot will take the better place."

For three days—the Friday, the Saturday and the Sunday—the bargaining went on; the treasure fleet lying outside the harbour and Hawkins' ships inside against the parapet of the mole. Hawkins, however, was as uneasy as the Viceroy. He was in a serious quandary. He put not one minute atom of faith in all the fair words of Don Martin Enriquez. Once the Spanish fleet was within that small harbour, if treachery could win the game, treachery would be tried. On the other hand, as long as the fleet remained outside, it was in constant danger. A gale from the north, a hurricane—every ship of that fleet would be driven ashore and its great treasure lost. Hawkins would have committed a real breach of the peace for which he must answer to Queen Elizabeth. He feared, and feared justly, her indignation in so weighty a matter. Up till now, except for the one attack by Drake upon the despatch boat from San Domingo, there had been no incident which could stir Spain even to a protest. Such preliminaries to trade as were made up of a landing in force, a volley which hurt no one, a flight into the hills and a return when darkness had fallen, were well understood. They were a conventional face-saving. But the deliberate wreckage of a great fleet, owing to the refusal of Hawkins to allow it to pass into its own harbour, could not but have been looked upon, whether by Elizabeth and her prudent counsellors like Burghley or by Philip of Spain, as a definite act of war.

On the morning of Monday the 20th, however, the Viceroy agreed to Hawkins' conditions. Hawkins went on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, the conditions were drawn up, signed and sealed, the hostages, reduced to six a side, were exchanged, trumpets were blown, and with much firing and many salutes and courtesies the fleet sailed in.

Their ships were moored alongside the English ships. The captains were very amiable and polite, but the Viceroy had already begun to practise those treacheries which Hawkins expected. He had sent secretly a messenger by a boat to the Governor of the port asking that one thousand soldiers should be gathered secretly about the port and hold themselves ready. And although Hawkins had, according to his word, sent him six gentlemen of credit, Don Martin dressed up six of the basest of his company in the costliest dress and sent them in exchange.

From Monday to Thursday the two fleets lay side by side, but by Thursday the thousand men on land had been gathered together, and Hawkins noticed that a great merchant ship of six hundred tons had been brought up during the night and moored between the two fleets. There was so little space along that quay that the *Minion*, the outermost ship of Hawkins' fleet, actually touched this big hulk. It was noticeable, too, that from the Spanish ships many men were going on board the hulk. Hawkins

sent a protest and an enquiry to the Viceroy. The Viceroy answered that he was sending a command to stop all suspicious arrangements and that he, on his faith as a Viceroy, would be the English defence against all villainies. Yet the men still streamed on board the hulk. There were port-holes being cut and cannon being fitted into them, so that once more Hawkins was minded to make a protest. He was at his dinner in his cabin with his guest and hostage, Augustin de Villa Nueva, when his body-servant, John Chamberlayne, snatched at the Spaniard's sleeve and took from it a poniard with which he had meant to assassinate Hawkins. Hawkins locked him up in the steward's room and sent Robert Barrett, the Master of the *Jesus*, who spoke Spanish very well, with a second protest on board the Viceroy's ship. By this time, however, the Viceroy realized that the secret was out. He clapped Robert Barrett into the bilboes and ran on deck waving a white scarf: a trumpet was sounded, and at once a stream of men poured down over the hulk's side on to the deck of the *Minion*. At the other side of the *Minion* was the *Jesus*, and Hawkins cried out in a loud, fierce voice to the men upon the *Minion*, "God and Saint George, upon those traitorous villains, and rescue the *Minion*! I trust in God the day shall be ours." And with that soldiers and sailors sprang out of the *Jesus* on to the *Minion*, laid a gun upon the Vice-Admiral's ship and fired a shot which pierced her side and set fire to the magazine. The decks of the "Vice-Admiral" exploded and three hundred men were killed.

It is almost as difficult to disentangle the details of this sharp sea-fight in a small and crowded harbour as it must have been for the fighters themselves amidst the flash and smoke of their cannon to know what was happening, except in their immediate neighbourhood. It is clear, however, that had Hawkins been able to retain the island mole a complete victory would have been his, and what was left of the Spanish fleets a lawful prize with all their treasure; but the thousand men whom Martin Enriquez had hidden on land about the harbour were rowed across the narrow strip of water and fell, with the advantage of a complete surprise as well as of their numbers, upon the small crews left about the guns. These, except for a few who managed to climb up on to the bowsprits of the *Minion* and the *Jesus*, were massacred, and the guns were thereupon turned upon the English ships. Captain Hampton of the *Minion* cut his bow cables and hauled himself away on his stern anchors. The *Jesus* set about the same manœuvre, but she was heavier and clumsier to handle. The big hulk swung in upon her before she could free her forward cables, firing from its new port-holes, while the brass ordnance on the island poured out her volleys. Five shots passed through the mainmast of the *Jesus*, and her foremast was cut through with a chain shot.

None the less she managed to haul herself clear alongside the *Minion*, from which position she was able with her heavy battery to set the "Admiral" of the Spaniards on fire.

The General, Hawkins, throughout displayed complete calm. He stood on the deck and called to Samuel, his page, to bring him a flagon of beer. Samuel brought it to him in a silver cup and Hawkins drank it, calling upon his gunners to stand to their cannon lustily like men. As he set down the silver cup upon a chest by the mainmast, a big cannon-ball from a demi-culverin carried it away; upon which the General cried to his men with a ready word: "Feare nothing, for God, who hath preserved me from this shot, will also deliver us from these traitours and Villaines."

Captain Bland on the *Grace of God* had his mainmast shot overboard by a gun on the island; whereupon, seeing that his ship was of no more use now than a hulk, he set fire to it heroically and, letting it drift down upon the Spaniards, embarked with all his men on a pinnace and came aboard the *Jesus of Lubeck*. For a moment John Hawkins mistook his man, under some notion that he had been trying to sail out of the harbour and get away; but Bland answered that he had gotten way upon his ship so that he might go about, lay himself alongside the weathermost of the Spanish fleet and then set fire to the *Grace of God*, by which manœuvre he had hoped to destroy the whole fleet. "If I had done so," he said, "I had done well."

The *Swallow* was sunk; the *Angel* was sunk; and four big ships of the Spanish fleet. Throughout that afternoon the battle was continued at these desperate odds. As night fell, Hawkins commanded the *Minion* to be brought under the lee of the *Jesus of Lubeck*, so that her masts might be saved, and Drake on the *Judith* to lay aboard the *Minion*, take in what men, ammunition and victuals he could from the *Jesus*, and then stand out of the harbour in the darkness. It was at this time that the men engaged upon the work saw two fire ships which the Spaniards had prepared bearing down upon them ablaze.

The day was lost. The *Judith*, as the off-shore wind sprang up, made her way from the harbour. The *Jesus* had no means now of avoiding the fire ships, and the *Minion's* only chance was to hoist her sails and follow the *Judith*. Apparently the men waited for no order from the Captain or Master, but hoisted their sails so quickly that Hawkins had only just time with a few men to jump from the *Jesus* on board before she drew away and made for the entrance. There were thus those two ships only left out of all Hawkins' fleet, and although he had done throughout the day a great execution, he had lost all the profit of his voyage. The *Minion* sailed out of the harbour overloaded with men, and cast anchor for the night under the shelter of a small island called Sacrifice Island.

The battle at St. John de Ulua was a victory won by the grossest treachery, but it was a victory which marked a new stage in the strife between England and Spain for the mastery of the sea. Up till now, the English had claimed the right to trade with the colonies of the New World. They refused to be bound by Pope Alexander VI's division of the world between Portugal and Spain, but they traded fairly. From now on this rivalry took on a new violence. The English waged war, though no war had been declared, and the stories that came home of the cruelties practised by the Spaniards on their prisoners set that flame alight which burnt to its triumph twenty years later.

It would have been pleasant if one could have ended the account of the battle of St. John de Ulua with a statement that the two ships alone left out of that little company which had set sail from Plymouth on the 2nd of October, 1567, foregathered on Friday, September 24th, 1568, and sailed in company across the Atlantic home. But that cannot be said. The *Judith* reached Plymouth on January 20th, 1569, alone. Drake told the story of the disaster to William Hawkins, John's brother and now head of the firm. William at once prepared letters to the Queen in which he asked for permission to recoup himself upon the Spaniards, and sent Drake off posthaste with them to London. But, to everybody's astonishment, five days after Drake had reached Plymouth, John Hawkins with the *Minion* struggled into Mount's Bay. He had dropped his anchor—he had no more than one left—in the lee of the little island of Sacrifice just outside the port of St. John de Ulua, and had managed to ride out the storm. Don Francisco de Luxan's ships were in no condition to come out and attack him. He made such repairs as he could, was forced to land some of his men, and got safely home with the rest.

A month later a third vessel of this little fleet, the *William and John*, put in at a port on the west coast of Ireland. But she had been separated from her consorts by a storm before St. John de Ulua was reached, and was not present at that engagement. She must be left out altogether from the awkward question which now arose.

Miles Philips, a sailor who escaped from the *Jesus* on to the *Minion*, wrote of the *Judith*: "the said barke lost us." But that vague word "lost" is too vague. Miles Philips wrote his account of the events at St. John de Ulua in 1591, when he had returned to England after many years of hardship and suffering as a prisoner of Spain. His memory may have grown dim. In 1591 Drake was a personage of great renown and Philips may well have thought it wise to speak softly when he spoke of him at all. Hawkins, on the other hand, wrote a short account of his voyage immediately upon his arrival

home, and made in a few reproachful words an uncompromising accusation against his young kinsman.

"So with the *Minion* only and the *Judith* (a small barke of fifty tunne) we escaped, which barke the same night forsooke us in our great miserie."

The passage has always been a stumbling-block to those who must paint their hero as a man without a lapse, an inhuman creature, white from his birth to the day of his death. And they bark their shins in the effort to get round it. It was Hawkins' business, we are told, with his ship almost sinking under his feet, and so crowded that he must put men ashore on that inhospitable coast or perish altogether, to search for the *Judith*, rather than for the undamaged *Judith*, which was well enough provisioned to carry her without a stop from September 24th, 1568, to January 20th, 1569, when she reached Plymouth Sound, to wait and seek for the commander of the expedition. Or again, it is argued that the duty of the *Judith's* Captain was, first and last, to bring his own ship home safe, and that Drake behaved as a good sailor should.

There are facts which make any hasty conclusion improper. For instance, Hawkins, once having made his statement, never, so far as is known, repeated, and certainly never embroidered it. In after years he served with Drake and under Drake, without reluctance. Nor at the time did he hold it as a serious reproach against Drake. It is impossible to believe that the remarkable expedition which Drake made to Nombre de Dios in 1572, a private affair, undertaken from Plymouth, very quietly, and the two secret voyages of preparation which preceded it, were made without the backing and approval of the Hawkins family. On the other hand, Drake made no reply to the accusation; and it cannot but have done him, as a record of the conduct of a young sailor in his first position of authority, a very great deal of harm. It was remembered and brought up against him years afterwards by both Frobisher and Borough. At the actual time, in his home town of Plymouth, it is remarkable indeed that he lived it down. Nor can it be without significance in this respect that, although an Admiralty investigation was held into the losses suffered by the Spanish treachery at St. John de Ulua, the Captain of the *Judith*, the first of the two ships to arrive home from that port, was never called as a witness. Captains, supercargoes, stewards, even trumpeters were summoned to make their depositions before the Court of Admiralty in March of 1569, but not Francis Drake. It is possible, of course, to hold that the intention of this Court of Admiralty was solely to make out a schedule of the losses sustained by the treachery of the Spaniards, and that Drake, having returned with his ship undamaged, would

be only regarded as one whose share in any ultimate redress must be determined by independent witnesses.

But the charge remained unanswered, and for two years Drake disappeared from the public view. What he did during those two years is known. He made two voyages to the coast of Darien, voyages of discovery rather than of profit; the first with two tiny barks, the *Swan* and the *Dragon*, and the second with the *Swan* alone. He was seeking harbours along that unknown coast where he could lie *perdu*. He had surely in his mind the great expedition against the gold train from Panama which should redeem all the failure of St. John de Ulua and make at one stroke a great name and a great fortune wherewith to sustain it.

One cannot but repeat that in estimating the life of a man who did great service to his country and earned justly a fame which increases with the years, peremptory judgments are not lightly to be made. Is it not possible to hold that those few words of sharp reproof written by Hawkins, and such disparagement as inevitably followed from them, marked a definite stage in Drake's career—made him sit up and think, to use a colloquial phrase? He had had a rough, hard, penurious life, first on that old Medway hulk, then on the little bark which beat its way to the Zeeland ports and back. That Boanerges of a father, sailor turned revivalist, was hardly the man to introduce his son to the more scrupulous and fastidious lines of conduct. The failure at Rio de la Hacha had undoubtedly embittered him. It is probable that the first gentleman of fine spirit and delicate behaviour whom Drake had ever met was John Hawkins. For many months Drake, an acute observer, had enjoyed the opportunity to study him and his ways, the care with which he avoided open strife, his politeness, his patience. When the *Jesus* was left behind in the harbour of St. John de Ulua, a wreck, the hostages which Hawkins had received from Don Martin Enriquez were found unhurt, although by all the laws of war he had the right to put them to death if he had chosen so to do. Drake's own conduct in seizing the despatch boat of the Viceroy of the Indies at Rio de la Hacha stands in contrast as something useless, violent and unhelpful. But when he sailed to Nombre de Dios, and perhaps still more when he sailed round the world, he had acquired a tact, a fellowship, a kindliness, which made his way smooth. It is likely that Hawkins' words—"which forsooke us in our great miserie"—brought him up sharp and set him to reconsider through the long months of silent effort the way by which great and honourable reputations could be gained as well as great fortunes earned.

CHAPTER III

Odds and Ends. Philips and Hartop. The Admiralty Court on the affair of St. John de Ulua. Drake's marriage and preparation for the expedition to Nombre de Dios.

1

JOHN HAWKINS was forced to put on shore from the overcrowded *Minion* those whom he could not carry without ensuring the loss of all. There were a hundred of them, and, after losing many in attacks by Indians, the survivors fell into Spanish hands. Two of them were able after many years to escape home, Miles Philips and Job Hartop, a powder-maker of Bourne. Both these men told the stories of the enslavement to which they had been condemned, the humiliations to which the Inquisition had subjected them, the cruelties of the galleys. They are interspersed with moments of kindness shown to them by good-natured masters or by charitable nuns. But they are grim reading, and they are to be found in the ninth volume of Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations." They have no place in a book limited to the life of Drake. But they should be read if the temper of England in those days is to be understood. For from time to time men like these two men did come home at last somehow to the West Country, to the Medway, and to the coast towns of England. They told of comrades who had died under the rack or amongst the faggots of the Inquisition. Mothers and wives learnt of the agonies of men dear to them. A very few received back into their homes victims crippled by years in the galleys and the black prisons of Seville. Along the coast of England the hatred of Spain grew. In taverns and wherever poor men gathered, such stories were told and retold, and though the great Catholic overlords might look upon the reign of Elizabeth as an interruption of their authority, another class of men, free from the feudal authority, was growing up with a stern determination to have done once and for all with the enemies of their new and treasured freedom.

2

But for the actual damage which the treachery of that great gentleman Don Martin Enriquez inflicted upon John Hawkins and his partners, Spain began to pay almost on the nail. For by a happy coincidence, within two months of the catastrophe at Ulua, and before a hint of it had reached England, Philip was asking of Queen Elizabeth protection for a rich fleet of his own which had been forced to seek the shelter of English harbours.

It happened thus. Late in November, 1568, a Spanish fleet carrying the pay of Alva's troops to the Netherlands was attacked in the Channel by French privateers. It split into three parts, of which one fled into Falmouth, the second into Plymouth, the third into Southampton. There they were safe. Sir William Winter, it is true, lay in Plymouth Harbour, in command of a formidable squadron. But he was on the point of sailing to the relief of the Huguenots at Rochelle, and his presence was an added protection rather than a menace to the Spanish ships. Don Guerau de Spes, the Spanish Ambassador to London, thereupon applied to the Council for a safe-conduct for the money overland to Dover, at which port his ships could pick it up again. The Council was willing to grant it. The Queen went further. In her most gracious mood she offered to escort the Spanish fleet to the Netherlands with her own navy. It may be that Don Guerau de Spes distrusted so much goodwill and courtesy. At all events, he preferred to be content with the carriage of the money overland to Dover; and the safe-conduct was signed in London on December 2nd.

But during the last week in November, Benedict Spinola, an Italian banker in London, received from his agent in Spain a rumour that the Hawkins expedition to the Indies had ended in overwhelming disaster. It was reported that Hawkins himself, marching up-country to dispose of his stock, had been ambushed and massacred with the whole of his party. Benedict Spinola took the report to heart. He was one of those innumerable bankers to whom Philip owed money. If the report was a true report there would be trouble between England and Spain, and those to whom Spain owed money were not likely to see the colour of their money again. But enough of it was here now in English ports to repair the world for Benedict Spinola. The specie for Alva's troops belonged to the bankers until it was handed over to Alva's agents at Antwerp. There was still time to stop it.

Spinola wrote his news to Sir William Winter at Plymouth and suggested that he should stay his journey. Sir William Winter passed the letter along immediately to William Hawkins, John's brother and Governor of Plymouth. William Hawkins realized at once its importance. He knew that the great sum of £130,000, according to our present reckoning, had been invested in his brother's expedition, and that the Queen herself, by lending two ships of the navy, the *Jesus of Lubeck* and the *Minion*, had a definite interest in its success. He wrote off, therefore, on the following day to Sir William Cecil that he had this news on the authority of Benedict Spinola.

"God forbid it should be true; I hope it is but as the Spaniard would have it."

He implored Sir William Cecil to examine Benedict Spinola at once, so that if Spinola had been truthfully advised, an embargo should be immediately placed upon this Spanish treasure. Before that letter reached London, however, the safe-conduct was in Don Guerau's hands, and on the 8th of that month his messengers delivered notice of it to Sir Edward Horsey, the Governor of the Isle of Wight, and went on to Plymouth. But by the 8th of December Cecil had acted. Horsey seized and landed the pay of Alva's troops, and the same precaution was taken by William Hawkins and Sir Arthur Champernowne, Vice-Admiral of Devon, at Plymouth and Falmouth. The money amounted to £800,000, at the present reckoning.

Don Guerau, who had at his command more passion than diplomacy, wrote off in haste to Alva asking him to put an embargo on the property of all English subjects in the Netherlands. He was in the wrong, since the treaties existing between Spain and England provided that before any reprisals could be taken for an apparent injustice there should be a distinct refusal to repair the injury or an unreasonable delay in making amends. Alva, whose conduct towards the English had been marked by a sagacious prudence, allowed himself on this occasion to be persuaded by his impetuous colleague. He arrested all English property in the Netherlands on the 19th, which happened to be the very day on which Don Guerau made a formal demand to the Council for the restitution of the treasure. This was not the way to deal with Elizabeth, especially when she had not merely right but advantage on her side. The amount of Spanish property in England far exceeded that of English property in the Netherlands, and she replied by laying an embargo upon all Spanish property in England. Philip, who lived on loans, was in a hopeless position. He had been declared insolvent in 1557 and was now working up towards his second bankruptcy in 1575, when he ruined the great house of Anton Fugger at Augsburg by leaving himself in their debt to the tune of four million florins.

The embargo placed upon Spanish property by the Queen was claimed by all English shipowners as an authority to capture all Spanish ships found upon the seas. Philip had no recourse, and Alva sent to England a Dr. d'Assonleville, a member of his Council of State, to treat about the matter. Meanwhile Spanish sailors and merchants had been imprisoned. Every bale of Spanish property in the country was seized; the treasure itself was carried up to the Tower, whence it had little more chance of escape than the traitors who passed through Traitors' Gate, and Don Guerau himself was placed under arrest in his own house.

Alva's deputy was in no better case. He had no credentials to show from the King of Spain, so he too was arrested and examined upon the nature of

his mission. D'Assonleville, however, replied that until he had seen his Ambassador he would say nothing, and at that point matters reached a deadlock.

On the night of the 20th of January, 1569, however, the *Judith*, under the command of Francis Drake, sailed into Plymouth. That same night William Hawkins wrote again to the Privy Council and sent the letter to London in the charge of Francis Drake himself, so that the Queen might, through him, be told the whole story of the voyage. Hawkins explained that, leaving out all question of his brother's return, which was very doubtful, the loss to their firm amounted to £2,000, which would be £16,000 as we reckon it, and he prayed that he might take his share out of the Spaniards' goods arrested in the West Country. He implored, too, that something might be done for Plymouth itself. The town was poor. It could not provide two hundredweight of powder for its defence without a whip-up amongst the small portion of the population which had the means, and already the town had been put to great expense by the fleets which, during that year, had made their use of it. He sent at the same time and by the same hand a letter to Sir William Cecil, praying that if he could not be recompensed out of the Spaniards' goods he might be allowed to meddle with the Spaniards "for that they are God's enemies." If he could have any such warrant from Her Majesty or from Cecil, he would send out four ships of his own immediately.

But a week later, on the 27th of January, he was able to send happier news. His brother John arrived in the *Minion* in Mount's Bay on the 25th. The *Minion* had only one anchor left. John Hawkins had had to put ashore one hundred of his men in Mexico and had lost forty-five more men on the voyage, and the rest had been compelled to live for seven days upon an ox-hide.

William Hawkins explained in conclusion the arrangement which Sir Arthur Champernowne had made for the safe conveyance of the Spanish treasure in those ports. Sir Arthur was to leave Plymouth on the 28th with fifty horse and fifty foot and artillery. He would stay at Exeter for a day or two and then continue to London.

Thus two ships of Hawkins' expedition were safely home, and a third, the *William and John*, which had for long been given up for lost, struggled into some port on the west coast of Ireland a month later.

Thereupon the Council declared that an examination of the whole matter of St. John de Ulua should be made, and it took place on the 23rd of March, 1569. All the proceeds of that voyage were held upon the *Jesus of Lubeck*, which had fallen into the hands of the Spanish Viceroy at St. John de Ulua. It will be remembered that the chief cargo of Hawkins' ships was five

hundred negroes, collected on the coast of Guinea, and that when he left Cartagena he had still fifty-seven negroes whom he meant to sell at Vera Cruz. He had in actual specie on board, 29,743 golden pesos, which amounted to nearly £12,000, as well as £200 sterling and other commodities. In addition, he had the fifty-seven negroes which he had hoped would fetch a much greater price at Vera Cruz than at places on the Spanish Main. He would have sold, he says, each negro at Vera Cruz for four hundred pesos of gold, that is £160 a slave, making a total of £9,120. It was stated that the money invested by the Company in London in the purchase of ships and their preparation was in all £16,500.

Hawkins had already then, when bad weather drove him into St. John de Ulua, in cash a sum amounting to £12,000 and £200 sterling. Add to that at the least thirty bales of good English linen cloth which he could have sold for £2,250; thirty gilt rapiers with their daggers and girdles, which he brought away from Cartagena, and worth from £4 to £4, 16s. each; quintals of wax; butts of sack and malmsey; bales of broad taffeta; three hundred pounds of pewter; four hundred pounds of small pearls from Rio de la Hacha; fifty-seven slaves still unsold—and it can be seen that there would have been a handsome dividend for Sir William Garrard and his shareholders, but for the treachery of the Spaniards.

John Hawkins lost even his clothes, which seemed to be suitable to his high position, for William Clarke, a merchant in the fleet, bore testimony that "he saw Master Hawkins wear divers suits of apparel of velvets and silks, with buttons of gold and pearl"—all worth at the least £250.

In order to understand the value destroyed, it is necessary to multiply by at least eight times the cost of fitting out the expedition, the amount of money held on board, and the sums which the negroes, the English linen cloth, etc., should have realized. This amounted to £40,000 in the money of the day and £320,000 of our currency. In addition, if Hawkins had been able to sell the wax, the sack and malmsey, the bales of broad taffeta, the daggers, the pewter and the pearls, there would have been a profit of more than 80 per cent. on the expedition.

It is curious to note the value of the negro slave. It reached, according to modern estimation, from £1,000 to £2,000 a slave, and if the negro was a 'choice' negro, and, in addition, was taken inland to be sold in Peru, that sum would be more than doubled. At the boom time of slave-dealing in the southern provinces of the United States—that is to say from about 1808 to 1820—the best sort of slave could fetch £220. The difference in the price is a sign of the difficulties with which the Spaniards had to contend. Partly, no doubt, it was their own fault. They were merciless to the Indians. They

massacred them and tyrannized over them to such an extent that they fled from their neighbourhood. The Indian, moreover, was not a patient, hard-working man. His health was poor and he was soon infected with the diseases of the Spaniards. Thus a continual flow of strong, black labour from Africa was essential to Spain if she was to continue to live at all. Without the treasure fleets she was helpless, and without the negroes the holds of the treasure fleets could not be filled.

There are many curious details to be found in the depositions of the various captains, supercargoes, trumpeters and stewards made before the Court of Admiralty in March of the year 1569. But perhaps the most curious detail about the trial is that Francis Drake, captain and owner of the *Judith*, which was the first vessel to return to Plymouth, was not called upon for any evidence—neither he nor any member of his crew.

Herrera, the Spanish historian, declared that Drake was imprisoned for three months to punish him for his conduct at St. John de Ulua. "The English Hero," on the other hand, states that after his return he served in the Queen's navy. There is no truth in Herrera's story, and "The English Hero" was anticipating history.

Drake married Mary Newman at Plymouth on July 4th; and later in the year he sailed with two small ships, the *Dragon* and the *Swan*, to the West Indies. Drake was at this time only twenty-four, but he had learned to hold his tongue. This voyage was planned, and then made, with so profound a secrecy that we do not know even today what merchants backed him or whether Hawkins was amongst them, or what actual design he had in mind.

Some particulars, however, can be inferred. He had not lost his friends in Plymouth through the discredit attaching to him from his desertion of Hawkins. Discredit there was without doubt, and loud enough for Sir William Borough and Martin Frobisher to remember it after the lapse of twenty years. But he could not have undertaken this voyage without the backing of friends. We hear no more of the *Judith*, and since her experiences had shown her to be a stout and seaworthy ship, he must have sold her. He had made no profit out of either the Lovell or the Hawkins expedition, and he must have needed money for his marriage. The values attributed by the depositions before the Admiralty Court to the other ships of John Hawkins' little fleet justify a belief that something like £1,600 of our money would be the purchase price of the *Judith*. Although to the young newly-married Drake of 1569 sixteen hundred pounds would be a good round sum, it would not equip him for an explorer's voyage with two ships, however small. For it was an explorer's voyage. No trade was sought, no town on the Spanish Main and no ship on the high seas was attacked. Drake returned to Plymouth

in 1570, and in the next year he made a second voyage, this time on the *Swan* alone, a little bark of thirty or so tons. Once more he made for the coast of Darien and discovered between Santiago de Tolu and Nombre de Dios a small unknown harbour. Ballantyne or Stevenson might have invented it. It lay twenty-eight leagues to the west of Nombre de Dios. It had two high rock points to serve as gate pillars, and no more than half a cable's length of water for an entrance. Within was a fine round bay sheltered from all winds, with a diameter of ten cables' length and a depth of from ten to twelve fathoms of water. It was full of fish, was surrounded by natural fruit trees and great forests and, to make it a place still more ideal for his purpose, he was able to call it Port Pheasant, from the number of pheasants which bred there. Before he left the spot, he cleared the ground for some distance round the beach, cut drives through the woods and buried provisions for his future use. And the trouble taken to set this harbour in order gives the explanation of these two secret voyages. They were preparations for the great adventure of Nombre de Dios.

Drake's experience had shown him the wisdom of having some secure and unknown anchorage where he could careen and clean his ships and interrupt for his crew the crowded and unhealthy life on board with intervals of freedom on shore for rest, amusement and good fresh food. He had also gained the opportunity, at which he was always sagacious enough to grasp, of entering into friendly relations with the native Indians.

Doubt has been thrown by Mr. Froude upon these expeditions, but it is certain that they took place, as Spanish chronicles refer to them and there is evidence enough that whilst his name was still unknown in England it was already known along the Spanish Main and the coast of Darien. The Spaniards were puzzled by the mystery of his swift appearances and departures, and when he anchored at Santa Marta or Cartagena on his third voyage, the cry of any picket boat which came to meet him was, "Are those Captain Drake's ships?"

Drake, young though he might be, was the last person whom a wise man would set out to cheat. He had a long memory for a wrong. The spirit of such as he was never better expressed than by William Hawkins in the letters which Drake carried up to Sir William Cecil in London when he returned from St. John de Ulua.

"And if it shall not please the Queen's Majesty to meddle in this matter (although Her Majesty shall be the greatest loser therein!) yet that she would give her subjects leave to meddle with them by law; and then, I trust, we should not only have recompense to the uttermost, but also do as good service as is to be devised, with so little cost. And I hope to please God best

therein; for that they are God's enemies!" In a second letter, written on the same night to Sir William Cecil, he prayed: "And if it shall please Her Grace to give me leave to work my own force against them, to the end I may be the better recompensed."

In those sentences of William Hawkins there are the three great motives of the English adventurers—recompense for injuries done; refusal to admit the closing of this vast new country to all but the subjects of Portugal and Spain; conviction that they were fighting God's battle as well as their own. Perhaps we should add a fourth—the new confidence and pride in their race which had been springing up all through these ten years of their new Queen's reign.

It was this spirit which burned in the hearts of these West Country sailors, and in none more brightly than that of Francis Drake. It had inspired him through two years of careful, silent, lonely exploration. But that preliminary work was done now. The keel of the joyous and triumphant expedition against the gold train of Panama was well and truly laid, and on Whit Sunday eve, being the 24th of May of 1572, Captain Francis Drake, with the *Pasha*, a ship of seventy tons, as his "Admiral," and the little *Swan* in company, sailed out of Plymouth Sound.

CHAPTER IV

Expedition to Nombre de Dios. Failure

SEVENTY-THREE men and boys sailed under Drake on this memorable voyage, forty-seven on the *Pasha* and twenty-six upon the *Swan*; and only one of them all had reached the age of thirty. John, a younger brother of Francis Drake, commanded the *Swan*. It was the right sort of company for this expedition. For without the love of adventure, the resilience of youth after disappointment, and youth's whole-hearted devotion to its Captain, it could never have succeeded. As it is, it has the look of some fantastic story of the sea.

The ships were well found. They were stocked with clothes, food, guns, ammunition and tools for a year, on the scale allowed in the Royal Navy. The *Pasha* in addition carried, tucked away somehow in its small bulk, three dainty pinnaces made in parts which could be quickly fitted together. Thus equipped they sailed. Favouring winds wafted them across the Bay. On the twelfth day after they left Plymouth they sighted the Canaries; on the thirty-seventh they reached the channel between Dominica and Guadeloupe, the gateway of the privateers into the Caribbean Sea. Drake dropped his anchors, for the first time since he had hauled them up dripping with the water of Plymouth Sound, under a small islet, white with mountain streams. There he watered his ships and gave his men three days on shore. He left the islet on July 1st, set his course to catch the trade-wind at Cabo de la Vela, and on July 12th saw the great doorposts of Port Pheasant rise out of the sea.

Drake hove-to whilst still in the open sea and ordered a boat to be lowered. He was rowed in between the headlands, and as the harbour widened out before him he gave a sharp command and his men lay upon their oars. A scattered jungle had grown up over the ground which he had cleared. The sea-birds, startled by the plash of the oars, were wheeling and screaming overhead. The place was as lonely as on the day when he had left it behind him. But at the far corner, where the wall of the forest hemmed it in, smoke was rising from a tree. Friday's footprint a hundred and fifty years later could hardly have alarmed Robinson Crusoe more. There was not a weapon in the boat. He returned to the *Pasha*, lowered a second boat and armed both crews. This time he pulled straight to the beach. Still no one was seen, no shout was heard. Only the sea-birds swirling and calling overhead, and the wisps of smoke floating upwards from the burning tree. But as Drake sprang ashore he saw something shining in the sun like a metal plate

on a tree trunk next to the one which was burning. As he approached it, he saw that it *was* a metal plate with words cut into it. He read:

> "Captain Drake. If you fortune to come to this Port, make haste away! For the Spaniards which you had with you here the last year have betrayed this place and taken all that you left here. I depart from hence this present 7th of July, 1572.
>
> Your loving friend,
>
> John Garret."

We get no nearer to John Garret. A Plymouth trader? An old comrade? All we know of him is his kindly warning, and that only five days before Drake's arrival he had nailed it up and made sure that it should not be overlooked.

Certainly Drake's hidden stores had been rifled, and the harbour was dangerous. But he knew of none so convenient for the fitting together of his pinnaces; and he set to work to make it safe. He cleared the land about it again, and bringing pulleys, hawsers and axes on shore, he cut down trees and made a high barricade in the shape of a pentagon. Two of the five sides were built up at the water's edge, leaving a narrow entrance through which the pinnaces could be dragged. One door only was cut in this barricade at the side, close to the beach, and at night the door was barred by the trunk of a tree. This work was hardly finished when by the strangest chance an English privateer belonging to Sir Edward Horsey, Governor of the Isle of Wight, sailed in with a Spanish despatch boat from Seville which had been captured the day before. This ship was captained by one James Rance. Now a James Rance was master of the *William and John* when it sailed in Hawkins' fleet in 1568. As is known, the *William and John* lost touch with that fleet off Cape Antonio in Cuba and reached the coast of Ireland a month after Drake's return in the *Judith*. The Rance who was now captain of Sir Edward Horsey's bark may, for all we know, have been that same Rance. His arrival was an embarrassment, but Drake could do nothing but take him into his confidence. To the north and west of Port Pheasant on the coast of Darien stood the town of Nombre de Dios, small but important, for it was the Atlantic terminus of the Panama gold road. The treasure was brought by ships from the harbours of Peru to Panama. There it was loaded on to the backs of mules, and thence it was carried across the open savanna and the jungle of the isthmus to Nombre de Dios on the Caribbean Sea. At times, if the season was convenient, it was halted at the small station of Venta Cruz on the River Chagres, sixteen miles or so from Panama, and despatched for the rest of its journey in boats. But for months the Chagres River was little more than a brook. Whether it came, however, by water or land, it all

reached the King's Treasure House in Nombre de Dios, where it accumulated until the gold fleet with Menendez' Indian Guard to escort it took it away to Spain. To capture Nombre de Dios by surprise, to hold it long enough to secure the gold, and to be off with half of Philip's income for the year, was the plan which Drake had formed to recoup himself for his misfortunes at Rio de la Hacha and St. John de Ulua. Rance, when it was disclosed to him, asked to be allowed to join, and Drake reluctantly gave his consent. For seven days Drake and his men were busily fitting together their pinnaces and storing them with arms and provisions. Rance contributed besides a long-boat.

Their first need was a harbour more secret than Port Pheasant, and the three ships and the pinnaces set sail on the 20th of July, coasting along Darien until they reached some islands, which they named the Isles of Pines, three days later. These small islands, by the way, are not to be confused with the well-known Isla de Pinos off the south coast of Cuba. There they found two small frigates belonging to Nombre de Dios loading planks and timber. The men engaged upon the work were negro slaves, and from them Drake obtained the information that Nombre de Dios was expecting a garrison of soldiers to protect it.

Against Drake? No, the Spaniards had not an inkling of his presence. But against the Cimaroons. The Spaniards had only themselves to thank for these enemies. The Cimaroons were negro slaves who had run away from the cruelty of their masters and mated with the indigenous Indians of the woods. So many had fled during the eighty years of Spanish misrule that they had now grown into a people. They had split into two tribes with a king for each, but remained united by a common hatred of their oppressors.

Drake in these days possessed a wiser statecraft than most of his contemporaries. He is often described to us as a brave, impetuous man who gambled on his audacity and was saved through his great years by his star. But that is a careless view. No one was more assiduous to prepare success. That he hit hard and quickly and out of the dark is true enough, but not in a bull's rush with his head down. Little unnoticed things are good evidence. When he saw the tree smoking at the forest edge he rowed back to his ship, lowered a second boat, and armed every man. The action was typical of him. He took precautions, he thought out his plans, and when he improvised, the improvisation was not so much a happy-go-lucky adventure as the variation of a stratagem. We shall recognize it again and again; and when his two last expeditions failed, they failed because, in the decline of his powers, he omitted to follow the precedents which he had made.

But he was now in the fullness of his vigour, and it was amongst the first of his rules to make friends with the countrymen and natives, however poor and simple they might be. He took these slaves now and set them ashore upon the mainland, giving them their liberty and their opportunity to rejoin the Cimaroons. There probably was some cunning in his kindness, for if they were disposed to return to Nombre de Dios instead of joining their countrymen, they would find the journey by land so long and so troublesome that in no circumstances could they reach the town before Drake, or send notice of his coming.

At the Isles of Pines, Drake left the three ships under Captain Rance's charge. He manned the three pinnaces with fifty-three of his own men, and Rance's long-boat with twenty from Rance's ship. He chose the arms which would be wanted for his particular attack and placed them under cover in the pinnace which he commanded himself. It was an armament chiefly, of course, of muskets, but there were some curious weapons amongst them, designed by Drake for his particular purpose—six small cannon, sixteen bows, six large shields and six 'fire pikes,' as he called them. These were to have tow steeped in spirit twisted about the pike, so that they could, lighted, help the attack and confuse the enemy.

It was on the 23rd of July that Drake set out from the Isles of Pines, and he arrived at the islands of Cativaas, twenty-five leagues along the coast, on July 28th. There, very early in the morning, he landed with all his men, gave them each his weapon, drilled them and made them a speech. What a great hope there was of good things for them in Nombre de Dios! The town was unwalled. He meant to pay himself for all the wrongs that had been done to him. (Once more Rio de la Hacha!) He had now come with a crew which saw with his own eyes, and he had come at a time when nobody expected him. He explained his plan of attack and re-embarked. It was afternoon and, setting sail, the four boats reached the mouth of the Rio Francisco before sunset. Thence they drew close in under the coast, so that they should not be descried from the watch-house on the cape at the entrance to the bay of Nombre de Dios. When they were within six miles of that point, Drake ordered a halt. The pinnaces dropped their kedges, and, fastening themselves side by side with their grappling-irons, rode until night had fallen. As soon as it was dark they weighed their anchors again, and using both oars and sails they crept as silently as they could until they were at the very point of the harbour's arm under the high land. There once more the small flotilla stopped. Orders were passed round in a whisper that complete silence must be observed. Everyone was to rest as well as his cramped position allowed. The attack would be made at dawn. Sleep, however, was not to be come by.

The crews of these pinnaces were little more than boys. They were on the brink of a strange adventure, with death perhaps at the end of it, before the sun had grown to its strength. Moreover, those negroes whom they had taken from the frigates at the Isles of Pines and released had been talking. They had spoken of the greatness of Nombre de Dios, so that many of Drake's youths imagined it to be as big as Plymouth. They fell to wondering in low whispers whether they were not matched against an enemy too strong for them. To the watchful Drake it was clear that these nerve-straining hours of silent inactivity were spreading a fear which might flare up into a panic.

Fortunately the moon began at that moment to rise behind the trees. It was not visible, but its light spread out above the headland, and Drake, seizing upon the occurrence, cried: "There is the dawn coming! Get under way."

Bending to their oars, the crews drove the pinnaces round the point and into the harbour. One little obstacle for which no one could have been prepared stood in their way. A Spanish ship with a cargo of Canary wine had just dropped her anchor in the bay, but had not yet furled her spritsail. Her captain, startled by the sudden appearance of these four pinnaces racing for the shore, lowered his launch and sent it off to warn the town. Drake, however, cut across its bows and drove it off with threats.

On the western side of the harbour a battery upon high ground commanded the town and the basin. On the eastern heights a similar battery was in the making but not made. The town lay round the water's edge at the bottom of the bay. Drake grounded his pinnaces just below the west battery. Leaving twelve men to guard them, he led the rest up the slope and over the low stonework on to the battery, where he found six great pieces of brass mounted on their carriages, some of them great culverins, but none of less calibre than a demi-culverin, with one gunner alone to look after them. What Nombre de Dios feared was an attack by the Cimaroons. A strong palisade had been built and manned behind the town towards the forest, but the sea-approach was neglected. The solitary gunner very naturally fled at once, screaming, and Drake's men toppled the big cannon off their emplacements on to the beach.

The noise of the guns rumbling and rolling from their parapets and the cries of the frightened gunner startled the town. The great bell in the church tower was rung, and the sound of drums beaten by running men was heard. Drake at once despatched his brother John with John Oxenham and sixteen men to creep along the beach outside the harbour and enter the town at its eastern end. He himself, with the main force, marched down the great street towards the market-place by the palisade. He had his drums too—two of

them; and his trumpeters—two of them. He lit his fire pikes. He set his drums beating, his trumpets sounding; and as he marched down the street he saw the soldiers and the inhabitants under arms and in ordered companies gathered in the market-place. As Drake's party marched down the street they were received with a volley, but the shots were all low and one man only was killed, a trumpeter, though a good many were wounded. Drake's answer was quick and decisive, a volley from the muskets, a flight of arrows and a charge with the pikes. The Spaniards did not expect the sudden charge, and as Drake reached the market-place his brother with his sixteen men entered it from the east and attacked on the flank. The Spaniards waited for no more, they opened the gate and fled, flinging their weapons behind them as they ran. Drake's lads pursued them. They caught two of the Spanish soldiers, but their only other rewards were cut feet and wounded legs from the pikes and swords which the fugitives had thrown aside. They were recalled and stationed in the midst of the market-place, close to the great cross and a big tree which grew beside it. In the meantime the church bell was still sending its alarm across the moonlit night, and Drake sent some men to break in and stop it. The church door, however, was so heavily barred that it must be burnt down, and they had no time for that. Drake's force held the market-place, but it was small and the town was full of people, and there were still soldiers amongst them, free and armed. Drake had to be quick. He ordered the two Spanish prisoners to lead them to the Governor's house.

To the surprise of all of them, they found the great door wide open, a horse saddled at the door and a candle inside on the top of the stairs. The rest of the house was in darkness. The Governor had been on the point of mounting a horse and following his soldiers into the woods, when the approach of Drake's men drove him to seek refuge in the darkness of the upper storey. There was no resistance, indeed there was no one visible to resist; and as Drake and his men crowded into the lobby they saw through the bars of a store-room a huge heap of heavy silver bars piled up against the wall. A cry of delight rose, and an eager movement towards the store. But Drake interfered. No one should touch a bar of silver. The company must stand upon its arms in the market-place. Silver did not count on this expedition. There was gold and there were jewels in the King's Treasure House by the water-side, and enough to sink their four pinnaces. Whilst most of the company kept watch and ward, he would send a party to break into the Treasure House.

His men returned to their stations. But at this point an alarming report was brought to Drake. The pinnaces were in danger of being captured, and if his whole company was not aboard them before daybreak, so great was the

crowd of townspeople and soldiers, they would have little chance of getting away. Drake at once sent his brother and John Oxenham to report, and himself pressed forward to the King's Treasure House. It is noticeable that he needed no guide to lead him to that spot. In his two earlier voyages in the Swan he may not have discovered where the Governor lived, but he had found out where the treasure was kept. As he approached the King's Treasure House with his escort, his brother and John Oxenham returned.

They said that Diego, a Cimaroon slave, had bolted from the town to the pinnaces and implored the men on guard there to save him. Diego had warned them that a week ago one hundred and fifty extra soldiers had been sent into the town to protect it against the Cimaroons. The twelve men on guard on the beach remembered the story that had been told by the negroes at the Isles of Pines. They were frightened too because they saw many soldiers and people with arms and lighted matches for their muskets running up and down the beach. When these people came crowding to the pinnaces, they cried out: "Que gente?" ("Who are you?")—and being told that they were English, they kept discharging their pieces at them and running away.

It was clearly time for Drake to get his work done: but his luck was out, for at this moment a tropical storm burst upon the town. The matches of his muskets were extinguished, the powder spoilt, the bow-strings loosened. Fortunately there was a veranda built about the western side of the King's House, and under it Drake's men crowded. For half an hour the storm lasted, and Drake heard about him once more the repetition of the negroes' stories and the murmurings of fear. He turned upon them, crying:

"I have brought you to the mouth of the Treasure of the World, and if you want it (that is 'go without it') you must henceforth blame nobody but yourselves."

As soon as the storm stopped, Drake ordered his brother and John Oxenham with their sixteen men to break into the Treasure House, whilst he himself returned to the market-place. But as he stepped out of the shelter he stumbled and fell. It was then seen that he was bleeding profusely from a wound in his leg. He had been shot in the first volley in front of the gate, but realizing that there were lads in his company who were new to battle he had concealed his wound. His tracks, however, now betrayed him. It seemed incredible that one man could lose so much blood and live. They gave him a drink, bound up his leg and entreated him—even the boldest amongst them —to go back on board and have his wound dressed. But Drake refused to listen. He would not leave this enterprise unaccomplished. His men, however, insisted. He was their leader. He had inspired them with a great love for him.

He was more than their leader. He had learned enough of medicine and surgery to tend them when they were hurt or ill. He was their navigator besides. It was one thing to find one's way across the North Sea with a tallowed lead. It was quite another to set out from Plymouth and drop an anchor first at Dominica and next at Port Pheasant. Under Lovell and John Hawkins, Drake had learned not merely to handle a ship but to sail her. Without Drake not one of his men could see how they were ever to reach home again. Drake was fainting with pain and exhaustion. He could do no more. And his followers, recalling the main company from the market-place, carried him down to the pinnaces.

By break of day, wounded and sound alike were all embarked. They left but one man behind, the dead trumpeter. And they sailed away to an island which Drake had appointed as their destination after the raid, a league off the town to the west.

Meanwhile, they took with them what they could: that bark, for instance, which had come into the harbour a few minutes before them with its cargo of Canary wine. They set some men aboard with very little resistance and sailed it away in their company.

But here was Drake's third attempt upon the wealth of the Indies foiled on the very edge of success. It would have seemed to any ordinary man that he was meant not to succeed. Rio de la Hacha, St. John de Ulua, and now Nombre de Dios. Drake had been Fortune's football. Happily he was as resilient as a football.

The island off which they moored was the summer retreat for the townspeople of Nombre de Dios—Isla de Bastimentos, the Isle of Good Food. Big gardens spread branches heavy with fruit. Chickens abounded, and other birds new and delicate to the palate. The crews of the pinnaces stanched their wounds in this paradise without any reprisals from the town.

But in a day or two there came an elegant gentleman from the Governor, with words smooth as honey dropping from his lips. It was incredible that Drake should have dared so much with so small a force. In Nombre de Dios they had feared at the first that they had to deal with Frenchmen, but their fears were assuaged when they learned that the raiders were English. They might lose their treasure, but there would be no cruelty. Drake, recovering from his wound, took this officer very correctly to be a spy, and received him with great courtesy. He asked to what reason he owed the honour of the visit. The soldier answered that his affection gave him cause enough to visit those whose virtues he so honoured. But, in addition, the Governor had sent him on the authority of certain inhabitants of the town who knew that a Captain Drake had been often upon this coast during the last two years and

had used everybody whom he captured or came across very well. The Governor wished to know whether this Captain Drake whom he saw was the same Captain Drake of whom they already knew. Drake answered: "I am the same Drake." The officer then desired to know, since many of his men had been wounded with the English arrows, whether those arrows were poisoned or not and by what treatment the wounds might be cured. Thirdly, the Governor wished to be informed whether Drake and his men wanted food or other necessaries; if so, he was prepared to supply them as largely as he could afford.

Drake answered that it was never his manner to poison his arrows and that ordinary surgery was all that was needed to cure the wounds. As for his needs, the island of Bastimentos would furnish them except in one respect. And at this moment his manner changed:

"I advise the Governor to keep his eyes open. For before I depart, if God lend me life and leave, I mean to reap some of your harvest which you get out of the earth and send into Spain to trouble all the earth."

The gracious gentleman was taken aback by this reply and said:

"If I may without offence move such a question, what was the cause then of your departing from the town when there was three hundred and sixty tons of silver in the Governor's store and much more gold in iron chests in the King's Treasure House?"

Drake explained that he had been wounded and that his men had carried him off. The officer replied politely that they had been as wise then as they had been brave before. Nombre de Dios, he added, sought no revenge, but was now provided with a sure defence.

This odd interview, characteristic of its age, was brought then to its natural conclusion. The elegant officer from Nombre de Dios stayed to dinner, and Drake now had his opportunity of playing the fine gentleman. He had a liking for magnificence, and at the end of dinner he made him a handsome present from a prize. The officer was then politely dismissed, and protested on his return to Nombre de Dios that "he was never so much honoured of any in his life."

But Drake held more important interviews at the island of Bastimentos with Diego, the runaway slave. There was already gathering in his mind during these days of his convalescence the first outlines of a new plan which, with the help of the Cimaroons, was to repair the defeat of Nombre de Dios. In a survey made by Baptista Antonio for King Philip in the year 1587, the River Chagres is described. It has its mouth on the North Seas (that is the Caribbean), eighteen leagues from Nombre de Dios and thirteen

from Puerto Bello. Merchandise from Spain intended for Panama was carried up the Chagres in small frigates of sixteen tons as far as Venta Cruz, where the river ceased to be navigable. Venta Cruz was eighteen leagues from the river mouth and five only from Panama. From Venta Cruz "the commodities" were carried on mule-back. The frigates then picked up the treasure from the mines of Peru and brought it down to Nombre de Dios. This operation was only possible in winter when the river was full. During the summer months the treasure must either wait in store at Panama or come all the way by land.

It seemed to Drake that the Chagres River would be well worth exploring, and he sent his brother John, with one Ellis Hixom as his second officer, in one of the pinnaces to explore it. With the other three pinnaces he returned to his ships at the Isles of Pines. The island of Bastimentos was a little too near a reinforced Nombre de Dios to be comfortable to a man who put very little faith in his elegant visitor's assurances.

Captain Rance came aboard upon Drake's return and was told the story of the failure. He was told it with every detail likely to discourage him, and having heard it, Captain Rance dissolved the temporary partnership and departed, as he was meant to do. Drake waited for the return of his brother, who had been making friends with the Cimaroons on the River Chagres, and then he went too. Swift raids and swift disappearances were the heart and kernel of his policy. He would come flaming out of the blue, seize or destroy what he could, and the next day he would be gone, so that all along the Spanish Main the townsfolk lived in alarm, wondering when the topsails of his ships would catch the sun on the horizon's edge. Nombre de Dios must be left now to relapse into its familiar indolence. With the *Pasha* and the *Swan* and his three pinnaces, he streaked straight across the Gulf of Darien to the town of Cartagena.

It is not to be thought that Drake had any intention to attack the town of Cartagena. The capital of the Spanish Main, with its two harbours, its cannon and its garrison, was far too heavy for the *Pasha* and the *Swan*. It must wait for a later expedition, as the description of it may. Drake anchored on the 13th of August off the island of San Barnardo outside the harbour. He then embarked on the first of his three pinnaces and boldly led the way inside through the Boca Grande. A small ship was lying just within the mouth of the harbour. Drake hailed it and found only one old sailor on board, who explained that the crew had all gone into the town to fight about a mistress. He added that a ship lying nearer to the land was from Seville and due to sail to San Domingo the next morning. Drake rowed towards this ship, and being hailed as to whence he had come, replied from Nombre de

Dios. His answer was received with abuse and oaths. The story of that unfortunate attempt was already out. Drake's answer was a swift attack. She was a large bark of two hundred and forty tons, and the sides were, because of her height, difficult to scale. He and his lads reached the deck without loss. The Spaniards took shelter in the hold. Drake cut the cables and towed the big ship right away to the island outside the port.

The town meanwhile took alarm, rang its bells, shot off thirty great guns and, mustering horsemen and footmen, marched down to the point of land at the harbour's mouth and discharged all their rifles. Unmoved by this manifestation, Drake took two more frigates on the following morning—one of them carrying official letters of advice from Nombre de Dios to warn Cartagena that Drake was on the coast. He followed his usual practice of treating everybody with a good-humoured civility, put the crews of the frigates on shore with the bearer of the letter of advice, and retired again to his island anchorage.

That night he came to a bold and remarkable decision. He had worked out roughly his new plan, in which his pinnaces were to play a necessary part. But he could not man both his pinnaces and his ships. He determined, therefore, to sink at once his smaller vessel, the *Swan*, and rely upon capturing a Spaniard for the homeward voyage. It was a ruthless, audacious decision, and he went warily about it. The Swan was a good stout sea-boat and her crew was fond of her, as sailors are fond of a ship which has kept them warm and dry through a long service. The mutterings which he heard in the pinnaces off the point of Nombre de Dios and under the veranda of the King's Treasure House would be renewed, and might even swell to a mutiny. He decided not to take into his confidence even his brother, the Captain, or John Oxenham, the mate. He sent for Thomas Moone, the Swan's carpenter, late at night, and took him privately into his cabin. Moone stared at his General with consternation as his intention was explained, but Drake drove his argument home. He meant to hide the *Pasha* in some new hidden corner like Port Pheasant and use her as a store-ship. The work would be done by the pinnaces. They were the necessity. They must be manned. The *Swan* was in the way. Moone was persuaded in the end to descend into the well of the ship in the middle of the second watch and "with a spike-gimlet to bore three holes, as near the keel as he could," and so to cover them that the force of the water entering might make no great noise. Drake promised Moone that his share in the sinking of the ship should never be known; and on the same night Thomas Moone carried out his orders.

The water around the island of San Barnardo was well known for the good fishing which it offered. So, early the next morning, Drake came

alongside the *Swan* in his pinnace and called to his brother to come and catch some fish with him. John Drake answered that he would follow presently, for he had still to make out the orders of the day.

Drake answered: "Very well." And as his pinnace pulled away he called out on an accent of mere curiosity:

"Why is your ship so low down by the head?"

The question puzzled John Drake, who sent a hand below to ask whether there was any water in the hold. In a few minutes the steward came running up and cried out:

"The ship is full of water."

Young Drake set the company to the pumps and ran below himself. On returning he bawled out to the General that whereas he had never need to pump his ship out twice in six weeks before, she had now six feet of water in the hold. He therefore begged leave from joining his brother in order that he might locate the leak and stop it.

Francis Drake shouted: "Shall we come and help you?" And a cheerful answer was returned to him that there were men enough aboard the *Swan*, and that he would be pleased if his brother went on with his fishing and kept a part of his catch for the *Swan*. At the end of this comedy Francis Drake rowed away, and the crew of the *Swan* pumped until three o'clock in the afternoon, when, as the narrative by the Rev. P. Nichols called "Sir Francis Drake Revived" puts it, in spite of their love of the bark, they had, after all those hours of pumping, a less liking of her than before.

Drake, upon his return from his fishing expedition, found them willing to abandon her. He proposed then to transfer himself to one of the pinnaces until such time as he could pick up a handsome frigate, and to make his brother and Oxenham meanwhile Captain and Master of the *Pasha*. As for the *Swan*, he would make sure that she should never be sailed by other hands. During that evening the pinnaces transferred to the *Pasha* the possessions of the *Swan's* crew, and when that was done, Drake set fire to the little ship which had been his home for so much of the last three years.

With the *Pasha* and the pinnaces he left the island of San Barnardo during the night and once more disappeared. He sailed straight back to the Sound of Darien, and within five days had discovered a harbour out of the way of all traffic and well hidden from the sea.

The time had come to reset his pinnaces. He cleared a large plot of ground, and on that plot, with the help of Diego, he built houses sufficient to lodge all his men on shore, and a hall as a club-room. The company was divided into two, so that half worked and half played on alternate days.

Butts were set up so that the men might practise their archery. Drake carried a fletcher to keep the bows and arrows in order. There were bowls, quoits, a harbour teeming with fish, and woods full of fowl, deer, hogs and conies. Drake set up his forges on the shore, and for a fortnight that little corner of the tropics was noisy with anvils and the laughter of the young crews.

Then, on the 5th of September, John Drake with the negro Diego was sent forward in one pinnace to renew his contacts with the Cimaroons. Drake himself with the other two sailed to the east, partly to secure fresh food and partly to suggest that he was on his way home.

It is extraordinary to note the distances covered by these pinnaces. The *Pasha* was, after all, only seventy tons and she carried three of them. It is true that they had been built in sections, but they must have been tiny boats when put together. Yet Drake sailed with them from the coast of Darien, keeping well out of sight of land, to the mouth of the River Magdalena at what is now Puerto Colombia. He rowed up the river for a day and reached a settlement full of provisions for the replenishment of the Spanish fleets on their homeward voyage. Drake filled his pinnaces with rusks, dried bacon, sugar, sweetmeats, conserves and special country cheeses, rather like Dutch cheeses but much more delicate to taste, which were reserved for despatch into Spain as special presents. That season the great men at Seville and Madrid went without their special dainties, and the knowledge that the marauder Drake was enjoying them instead must have sharpened their indignation.

The pinnaces got away on the 10th of September, just in time to escape from an attack from a combined force of Spaniards and Indians. He picked up six frigates laden with live hogs, hens and Guinea wheat on the high sea, and keeping two of the frigates with him, sailed three days after into his new port, which he named very suitably Port Plenty.

John Drake had already returned abrim with good news. The Cimaroons would do everything they could to help them against the Spaniards. He had exchanged hostages with them and had arranged a conference between Francis and Pedro the Cimaroon King at the mouth of a little river which he had named the Rio Diego in honour of the faithful runaway. In addition, he had discovered the perfect harbour. It was nearer than Port Plenty to Nombre de Dios; it was hidden away in an archipelago behind shoals and winding channels; and it was surrounded by fertile country.

Francis led his force off towards the new anchorage on the next day, and received on board the *Pasha* Pedro and his Chiefs. Drake, Pedro said, had shown them such friendship as, between white man and black, passed all understanding. How could they repay it? By helping him to gold, Drake

replied. It was the first time that he had revealed to them his real purpose; and the Cimaroons were disconcerted. They could have understood his need for iron. You made arrowheads out of iron and all sorts of useful utensils. But gold! If only they had known! They often took gold from the Spaniards just to spite them, and buried it deep in river-banks. But the rainy season was beginning, rivers were in flood. Worse still, so long as the rains lasted, no gold train crossed the isthmus from Panama to Nombre de Dios. How long must he wait? Drake asked, and the answer was distressing. Five months.

It was not merely the waste of time which troubled Drake. That was bad enough to be sure. But he had to find five months' employment for his men.

"Our Captain," the narrative relates, "would not, in the meantime, suffer this edge and forwardness of his men to be dulled or rebated by lying still idly unemployed, as knowing right well by continual experience, that no sickness was more noisome to impeach any enterprise than delay and idleness."

Let us see what he did. He brought the *Pasha*, his pinnaces, and his little flotilla of captured frigates into the new harbour, landed the guns and sent John to fetch the planks from a big caravel which had driven ashore, and build up gun emplacements. Meanwhile, taking two of the pinnaces, he sailed away again to Cartagena.

It is interesting to note that he named the pinnace in which he sailed himself the *Minion*. The *Minion* was the name of that ship which, according to John Hawkins, he had forsaken in its extremity. Was his choice of the name a challenge? A piece of bravado? The sort of bold confrontation which he was the very man to set up? Or was it that he had forgotten the terrible sentence in Hawkins' report on the disaster of St. John de Ulua? It may have been that he was insensible. One cannot say more than that it was the oddest choice of a name which he could possibly have made.

He sailed with a fair wind, and five days later anchored once more off the island of San Barnardo. There he cleaned his pinnaces and then sailed right in to the outer harbour of Cartagena by the Boca Grande. For a fortnight he remained there, running in and out to loot ships and then let them go, as if the port belonged to him. He was not attacked, but all sorts of devices were used to lure him and his men on shore—flags of truce, messengers who swam out to him. But Drake was too wary to fall into the traps. He did once jump ashore outside the harbour, although he knew that soldiers were planted in an ambush to take him, but he was back again on his pinnace before they could reach him. "They are like to have little rest if by fair means they will not traffic with me," he told a boy who had swum

out with the Governor's refusal to trade with him. He gave the boy a new shirt, and on November 3rd he was off again—to the Magdalena River, and thence in spite of a head wind to Santa Marta. Here this impudent little expedition almost came to an end. The Spaniards, warned of his coming, had hidden some culverins in the brushwood under the western headland, where was the best anchorage; and as his pinnaces came up into the wind they let him have a salvo. One big shot fell between the two boats, and he had counted forty rounds fired at him before he was out of range.

But he had relied upon Santa Marta. He had rifled no ships since leaving Cartagena. His crews were starving and his pinnaces leaking. He followed his usual practice on these occasions. He called a conference of his officers, meaning to hear patiently everybody's opinion, and then do exactly as he wished. His officers wanted to land further to the east and trust to the countrymen. Drake was for bearing up to Curaçao. The officers of the second pinnace were aghast. They would follow Drake through the world, but how could their pinnaces live in the big seas, or they themselves who had only one gammon of bacon and thirty pounds of biscuit among eighteen men? Drake replied that they were better off than he himself was, for he had but one gammon of bacon and forty pounds of biscuit among twenty-four men. He doubted not that they would take such part as he did, "and willingly depend upon God's Almighty providence, which never faileth them that trust in Him."

Drake thereupon hoisted his foresail and steered for Curaçao, being followed sorrowfully by the second pinnace; and, as if in answer to his prayer, six or seven miles away they sighted a big ship of ninety tons beating up into the wind. She took no notice of Drake's summons to surrender, and indeed fired a cannon at him. The sea was too high for Drake to lay himself alongside, but he kept company with her, and then it pleased God to send a calm, so that he could use his own guns and take her. He found her laden with well-salted food, and they all looked upon that ship as a special example of God's great mercy. He put the crew of that ship ashore the next day, and finding her to be sound and swift, he put a prize crew on board and sailed back to Fort Diego, as he had named his harbour amongst the islands.

Swift and sudden raids, swift and sudden disappearances. He was elusive as a cobra and as swift to strike. You thought you had him, the forked stick about his neck pinning him to the ground. No! The Spaniards thought that they had him at Santa Marta. No! In seventeen days he sailed into Fort Diego with a fine ship of ninety tons flying the flag of St. George.

But at Fort Diego sorrowful news awaited him. His brother, John Drake, returning from the mainland with his pinnace laden with planks, had sighted

a ship. He had no arms except a rusty musket and a broken rapier. But with so much ease had their captures usually been made that they had grown over-confident. They attacked, only to find hides fixed round the bulwarks of the Spanish frigate like hammock nettings and the crew armed with pikes and muskets. John Drake and another, Richard Allen, were killed before the pinnace was able with its oars to get away.

Francis Drake, however, had little time for mourning. At the beginning of January, 1573, thirty of his men were prostrated by fever, and some of them died. Amongst them was another of his brothers, Joseph. This is the first and the last we hear of Joseph Drake, and very likely we should not have heard of him had not Francis, for the benefit of his men and in defiance of all the decencies of his age, made his surgeon perform an autopsy upon the body. The surgeon learnt nothing of value and died himself a few days later, whether from the fever or blood-poisoning there is no evidence.

The epidemic passed away as unexpectedly as it had come; and no sooner were Drake's men restored to health than certain news was received that the Spanish fleet had arrived at Nombre de Dios to take home the gold and jewels of Peru. The five months' wait was at an end. Already the storehouses of Panama were being unbarred, the mules assembled to carry their precious load across the isthmus. It was Drake's new plan to waylay that train between Panama and Venta Cruz and at one swoop repay his men and himself for their long voyage.

He had his plans cut and dried. He left his ships and prisoners in the hands of Ellis Hixom. The prisoners were to be well treated and protected from the vengeance of the Cimaroons. And under no circumstances was Ellis Hixom to trust any messenger that should pretend he came from Francis Drake, unless he brought with him Francis Drake's own handwriting. Then, with eighteen of his own men and twenty-five Cimaroons under Pedro, armed with bows and arrows, to act as carriers, he set out at sunrise on February 3rd on his overland march.

CHAPTER V

The First Attack on the Mule Train. Failure. The Second Attack. Success.

EACH day the force marched from dawn until ten of the forenoon. Then it rested until noon was past and marched again until four. At four the Cimaroons quickly set up six houses made of a few posts and palmito boughs with thatches of plantain leaves. So many rivers intersected the isthmus that the men never suffered from want of water, and what with plantains, potatoes, oranges, pines and lemons they had all the fruit they could want to sweeten their meals.

Three days after they had started, they reached a little Cimaroon town built upon a hillside. It had from fifty to sixty houses and one broad street lying east and west. The houses were clean and the people dressed after the Spanish fashion, though in a cheaper style. A mud wall ten feet high and a broad dyke beyond protected it.

Here Drake stayed for two days and, seeing that the natives had no priests, taught them the Lord's Prayer and instructed them in the true worship. His teaching so affected his congregation that he was promised double the number of men he had if he would only continue his evangelism for another three days. But his business was the gold train, and on the afternoon of the second day he set out again. Four Cimaroons marched ahead in complete silence, twelve of Drake's men followed a mile behind as a vanguard, with a captain, the rest made a rearguard under a second captain. They marched under high trees in a cool and pleasant shade, men inspired. Somewhere on a ridge a great tree would rise from which a man might view in one sweeping glance the Atlantic sea across which they had come and the great unknown ocean of the Spice Islands and Cathay.

The next morning they climbed the ridge, and upon a word from Pedro halted. Pedro took Drake by the hand. In the trunk of the highest tree steps had been cut, and at the top of it an arbour had been built in which twelve men might sit. To this arbour Drake now mounted. A fair breeze kept the day clear, and as he gazed out upon the Pacific Ocean, the first Englishman to see it since the dawn of time, he besought Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship upon that sea. He called up John Oxenham and the rest of his men and repeated his prayer. It is interesting that Oxenham, who died in an attempt to anticipate him, replied

that "unless the Captain did beat him from his company, he would follow him by God's grace." It was a splendid hour in the young adventurer's life. Was he moved by the spirit which led to the conquest of the Matterhorn and the attempts upon Mount Everest? That puts it too high. By the urge to discover the treasure of the Cocos Islands? That puts it too low. But mix the ecstasy of the Crusades with the yearning of the German Field-Marshal on the dome of St. Paul's, and we shall probably get near to understanding his emotions.

Beyond the ridge the character of the country changed. To the cool woods succeeded an open prairie where the pampas grass overtopped the head. For three days they marched with glimpses of Panama and its high church tower, and on the 14th of February they reached a grove close to the road to Venta Cruz and there lay hidden.

Pedro dressed a Cimaroon in the clothes which negroes wore in Panama and sent him then into the city to find out upon what hour of what night the mule train would start upon its journey. The first stage from Panama to Venta Cruz, owing to the heat of the open savanna, was always made at night, the second from Venta Cruz to Nombre de Dios by day, because even if the river was not used the road ran by the river in the cool of woods.

The Cimaroon was sent off into the town an hour before night fell. It was well that he went betimes, for he came running back hours before he was expected. He had fallen in with friends. They had told him that a big government ship of three hundred and fifty tons had arrived at Nombre de Dios and that the Treasurer of Lima, meaning to travel back himself with his wife and family in so fine a ship, was starting that very night with fourteen mules, of which eight were laden with gold and one with jewels and the rest with baggage. There would be following him two mule trains of fifty mules, one laden for the most part with food and a little silver and the second one with gold and jewels.

Upon this Drake struck camp and marched back to the Panama side of Venta Cruz, where the mule train was to be intercepted. First of all he dressed the whole of his company in white shirts so that even in the dark they might not attack one another. Then he stationed half the English under John Oxenham and the Cimaroons under Pedro on one side of the road and fifty paces back from it in the long grass. They were not to move until the leading mule of the last train was level with them. The mules were in a harness one behind the other, and when the first mule was held it would lie down and those behind would do the same. Drake led the second half of his tiny army forward until he judged that he would be level with the leading

mule of the advance train, just when the leader of the last would be abreast of his rearguard.

After these dispositions were taken, not a sound was to be made. Both parties lay silent for an hour. Then from a long way off in the still night they heard the tinkling of bells, but not of the bells they were waiting for. The caravan taking provisions and merchandise from the fleet at Nombre de Dios would cross the caravan from Panama at some point of the track. If it passed first, Drake's men were to let it pass unmolested, and the bells of this caravan were what they were now hearing. They lay in the long grass quiet as cats on the watch; and in a little while, as the bells from Venta Cruz grew louder, they heard them faintly answered from the direction of Panama.

Suddenly something went amiss. Drake, lying with his men fifty paces back from the road, heard the clatter which a horse makes shying across a road, and then the sound of a horse galloping, and a few minutes later the bells of the train from Panama ceased to ring. The caravan from Venta Cruz went by and the music of its bells dwindled away. Then, when Drake had almost given up hope, the caravan from Panama was heard again, grew louder, came abreast, was seized. But never had Drake suffered so cruel a deception. What he had seized was merely the van of the procession—mules carrying the provisions and accoutrement which the Treasurer would need upon his voyage home to Spain. There were just two mules loaded with silver ingots. The Treasurer with half a year's produce of the mines of Peru had turned back to Panama.

For the second time on this expedition Drake had failed. For the fourth time he had been disappointed of his prize—Rio de la Hacha, St. John de Ulua, Nombre de Dios, and now the mule train. Nichols' narrative remarks that since God had willed that this rich booty should not be taken, it had probably been honestly in the Treasurer's charge. But there could have been little consolation in any such reflection for Francis Drake, and less still when he discovered that the failure was due to one man in his own section who was drunk. Robert Pike had crept forward from the ambush, unseen by any but one Cimaroon who followed him. Robert Pike wanted to show what a fine fellow he was by seizing the first mule. But the first mule was a horse ridden by a gentleman of Venta Cruz with his page running at his stirrup. As Robert Pike rose up in his white shirt the Cimaroon leapt upon him and pulled him down, but not in time. The startled gentleman galloping forward to the Treasurer had told him of a white figure rising suddenly at the roadside, and conjectured that Captain Drake was minded to repair the missed occasion of Nombre de Dios.

Drake had the staunchness of the oak beams of his ship, for he set about securing at once the safety of his men. The chief muleteer advised him to shift for himself at once, for he would have the whole forces of the city and the country upon him before the day had dawned. But to lead his men back by the long secret path by which they had come, with their fatigue doubled and redoubled by the bitterness of their disappointment, he hardly dared. The only other way was the high road to Venta Cruz where his enemies would be waiting. He turned to Pedro and asked:

"Pedro, will you give your hand not to forsake me?"

Pedro gave the Captain his hand and vowed: "I would rather die at your feet than leave you to your enemies."

Drake thereupon made all his company rest and eat and then ride the mules towards Venta Cruz. A mile from the town he let the mules go. From this point the road was cut through the forest to a breadth of twelve feet, and a company of soldiers had come out from the town to defend it with a body of friars from the monastery, led by one of them of a military mind. As Drake advanced, the Spanish captain cried:

"Que gente?"

Drake replied: "Englishmen."

Upon which the Spanish commander: "In the name of the King of Spain, my Master, yield yourselves. I promise in the word and faith of a gentleman that if you do so, I will use you with all courtesy."

Drake drew a little nearer and answered: "For the honour of the Queen of England, my Mistress, I must have passage this way," and he discharged his pistol.

The Spaniards then fired their volley. A bullet grazed Drake, lightly wounded some of the men and killed one only, John Harris. Drake blew his whistle and his party advanced, shooting and flighting their arrows. The Spaniards retired towards a spot which they had roughly fortified, but the Cimaroons, running forward with leaps and bounds as if they were performing a country dance, forced them to fly, friars and all. Drake, following upon their heels, entered the town of Venta Cruz.

A pretty story shows that even in this hour of distress Drake had forgotten neither his kindliness nor his manners. Venta Cruz amongst its fifty houses owned what we should now know as a maternity home. Children born in the fever-stricken district of Nombre de Dios had a short life as a rule, and it was the habit of those expectant mothers who could afford it to travel to Venta Cruz for their lying-in. There were three such ladies there on this night, and blazing torches and the cries of the Cimaroons in the street

below their windows frightened them almost out of their lives. Drake, hearing of their fears, sent a message to reassure them. But they were not reassured. Nothing would content them but he must come in person, and setting aside the hundred and one new arrangements which he had to make, in person he went. He told the ladies that he had set a guard on each bridge at the ends of the town and that they might sleep free from any fear of molestation by the men under his command.

He left the town at the approach of dawn and hastened by the long road to the Rio Diego where his pinnaces were waiting for him. His men were hungry, their shoes worn out, their feet bleeding; so Drake himself moaned louder than any of them that his feet were cut to ribbons, and the rest on that account found their troubles more easy to endure. When three leagues from the rendezvous, Drake sent forward a Cimaroon with a gold toothpick of his, upon which he had scratched with a knife the words, "By me, Francis Drake." But Ellis Hixom, mindful of the strict charge that he was to pay no attention to any messenger unless he bore Francis Drake's own handwriting, refused to listen to him. Then the Cimaroon pointed out the scratched message, and as Drake on the afternoon of February 22nd led his men down the bank of the river, he saw his pinnaces and his sailors waiting.

Few words were wanted to make it clear that the attack had been a failure, and fewer still that it would be repeated in greater strength. They all returned to their harbour and their ships, confident that the next time would atone for all.

But Drake must again mark time; again vanish; again find work to keep his company on the plane of high endeavour. Not for so long, however, this time. The gold fleet must sail from Nombre de Dios and the mule train cross the isthmus before the rains began. He arranged that half his company should go eastward in one pinnace named the *Bear*, under John Oxenham, and collect what store of victuals it could, whilst he himself, with the other half, would lie in wait to the west for ships carrying gold from Nicaragua and Veragua to the fleet at Nombre de Dios.

Of the two parties, the *Bear* used her time the more profitably, for whereas Drake returned empty-handed, Oxenham took a frigate, set the crew often ashore and brought the ship along with a great store of maize in her hold, twenty-eight fat hogs and two hundred hens. Of more value even than the cargo was the ship herself. She was new, strong, and built with fine lines by Menendez at Havana for his Indian Guard. Drake was in need of a sound ship for his homeward voyage, and here she was. He careened her, cleaned her, tallowed her: he mounted his guns in her and provisioned her, and then he set sail with her and the *Bear* pinnace towards the Cativaas islands, close

to Nombre de Dios. But, on the way, another unwished-for partner forced himself upon the expedition—a Captain Têtu of Havre in command of a Huguenot privateer. He bore up under Drake's lee with a prayer for water. Drake sent him some water immediately and bade him follow to his anchorage. There Captain Têtu sent Drake as a present a fine gilt scimitar which had belonged to Henry II, King of France, and had been given to Captain Têtu by Admiral Strozzi. Drake gave him in return a chain of gold and a medallion, and then, for the first time, learned of the Massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day of the preceding year.

But the chance meeting was not to end with courtesies and presents. Captain Têtu declared that he had heard so much of Drake that he wished to share Captain Drake's particular enterprise. Drake and his men discovered under this sailor's fine words some signs of jealousy and went into conference. But they found no way out but consent. The French Captain had a ship of eighty tons and a crew of seventy men. Drake could not afford a quarrel with him. He agreed that Têtu should join and receive half of the treasure taken. They then proceeded in company to an anchorage which Drake had chosen as the most convenient at a spot called the Cabeças, or the Headlands. There five days were employed in provisioning the French ship and making the final preparations. The actual force engaged was to consist of twenty Frenchmen, fifteen English and a party of Cimaroons. They were to embark in the new Menendez frigate, the *Bear* pinnace, and a long-boat from the French ship, and make their way to a small river, the Rio Francisco, twenty miles from Nombre de Dios. There was to be this time no long march across the isthmus. The River Chagres was falling, and Drake's Cimaroon spies brought him word that the mule trains were now marching nightly all the way from Panama to Nombre de Dios.

At the mouth of the Rio Francisco it was found that the water was too shallow for the Menendez frigate. The men required were therefore transferred to the pinnace and the long-boat, and the frigate was sent back to the Cabeças. The two boats were rowed up the river, and when the force was landed they too were ordered back to the anchorage, with instructions to return without fail on the fourth day. The men then marched forward through the woods in the same order and the same strict silence which they had observed before. They camped for a night within a mile of the road and close to Nombre de Dios, so close indeed that they could hear the carpenters in the harbour working at their ships to escape the heat of the day. There was another sound, however, for which they were listening, and early in the morning they heard it—such a jangling and chiming of bells as set all their hearts dancing. The whole company moved silently to the side of the road—

there was to be no drunkard spoiling all this time—and three caravans, one of fifty mules and two of seventy, came unsuspectingly forward, carrying, apart from gold, a weight of silver near to thirty tons.

The capture was made exactly as it had been planned. All went as pat as a drill on a parade-ground. They seized the foremost and the hindmost mules of each train, at which the rest stopped and lay down. The three trains had forty-five soldiers to guard them, and for a little time there was some exchange of arrows and bullets. The French Captain was wounded badly and one Cimaroon was slain; but in a very short while the Spanish soldiers had had enough and bolted to seek for reinforcements. The mules were at once unloaded. Drake's men buried about fifteen tons of the silver in the burrows made by great land-crabs under the roots of old trees and in the sand and gravel of a stream, but they charged their own shoulders with the bars and quoits of gold and the boxes of jewels. They spent two hours upon this business and had hardly finished before they heard a great trampling of horses and soldiers. They retreated into the woods, fairly confident that they would not be followed. Slowly as they went, Captain Têtu could not keep up with them. Two of his men volunteered to stay with him and follow after he had rested.

All through that day and the next, the 2nd and 3rd of April, the marauders staggered under their loads towards the Rio Francisco. On the morning of the 4th they saw it gleaming between the trees and for the first time despair mastered them. Seven Spanish pinnaces were patrolling the mouth of the river and of their own there was not a sign. They imagined that these had been captured, the crews tortured, the secret anchorage at the headlands disclosed. The *Pasha*, the frigate, Têtu's ship were taken without a doubt. Their voyage was "made," as the phrase went. The golden fruit of their year's long labours and miseries was strapped upon their shoulders and not one ounce of it was of use to any one of them. The Spanish pinnaces abandoned their watch and with oars and sails beat up against a head-wind towards Nombre de Dios. But to the adventurers their case seemed hardly bettered. They were marooned half-way across the world. For none can the moment have been so bitter as for Drake. For the fifth time he had failed and involved in his failure all these lads who had trusted him. But he was the least downcast of them all.

"It is no time to fear," he cried. "If the enemy has prevailed against our pinnaces, which God forbid! yet they must have time to search them, to examine the sailors, to execute their resolution. Before all these times be taken we may get to our ships, if ye will! though not possibly by land, yet by

water. Let us, therefore, make a raft with the trees that are here in readiness, and put ourselves to sea. I will be one. Who will be the other?"

John Smith offered himself, and two Frenchmen who could swim very well. A raft was quickly put together from trees brought down by the river. A sail was made out of a biscuit sack. An oar was shaped out of a sapling to serve as a rudder, and Drake, with John Smith and the Frenchmen, climbing on to the raft, promised his company that "If it pleases God I should put my foot in safety aboard my frigate, I will, God willing, by one means or another get you all aboard in despite of all the Spaniards in the Indies."

The sea was rough. They were always up to their waists in water, and at every breaking wave to their armpits. The parching heat of the sun and the beating of the salt water upon their bodies fretted their skins; but the wind was at their backs, and after they had travelled nine miles, to their joy they caught sight of their two pinnaces beating up towards them. Night was falling and they had not themselves been seen. The pinnaces ran for shelter behind a point of land, and Drake with a laugh drove the raft on shore. It was the right moment for a joke, however simple. He explained his intention to his companions, and with the others at his heels ran round the point as if he were chased by the enemy. They all tumbled on board the pinnaces, and when they were asked anxiously how all had gone, Drake answered coldly, as he was wont to do at moments of misfortune, "Well." The men in the pinnaces were sure that all had gone ill, and then Drake with a laugh pulled out of his doublet a quoit of gold and, holding it up, thanked God that the voyage was made.

They had suffered all their fears for no reason at all. A head-wind had forced the seven Spanish pinnaces to shelter for the night in the Rio Francisco. The same head-wind had hindered Drake's from keeping to their time-table. But Drake was running now no more risks than he could help. The pinnaces were rowed through the night to the Rio Francisco; the treasure and the men left behind were taken on board, and soon after the dawn of day they were all back at their ships. The General, before he went to sleep, divided the gold and silver into two even portions for the French and the English. He sent John Oxenham with a party of Cimaroons to search for Têtu, but he only found one of the two Frenchmen who had volunteered to stay with him. Within half an hour the Spaniards had overtaken them and captured the Captain and the other Frenchman. One of these must have betrayed the burying of the silver, for they had dug the earth every way within the radius of a mile to find it. Even so, they had not found all, and Oxenham was able to bring back and add to the treasure thirteen bars of silver and some few more quoits of gold.

All now began to look towards home. The Frenchmen said their farewells, as eager to depart as the English were to let them go. Drake took out of the *Pasha* what he needed and gave the ship to his Spanish prisoners as a recompense for their detention. But he still needed another ship to match the sound good frigate which he had taken, and he thought to find it in the Magdalena River. He sailed in his new ship with his single pinnace, and although he knew that a Spanish fleet was in Cartagena harbour he sailed boldly past the town with the Cross of St. George flying at the main-top and silk streamers and ensigns down to the water.

He had a strong wind behind him and, good fortune now turning on his side, at the very mouth of the river crossed the bows of a frigate going out. Drake attacked with his muskets, his arrows and his guns. They answered with their bases. But Drake laid them aboard, took their frigate with a large cargo of maize, hens and hogs, and something specially valuable for his sick —a tub of honey. He set the Spanish sailors ashore, and having now all that he wanted, went about and set his course for the Headlands. There the two frigates were careened and tallowed afresh, retrimmed and reloaded; the pinnaces were burnt and the ironwork given to the Cimaroons.

In an unfortunate moment Drake offered to Pedro, the faithful leader of the negroes, any present that he might like, and Pedro chose that very scimitar which the Huguenot Captain had given to Drake. It was the last thing which Drake wished to lose, but Pedro's heart was set upon it and he was allowed to carry it off.

Perhaps no greater proof could be given of the power with which Drake captured the hearts and the trust of his comrades than the loyalty of these poor negroes and his loyalty to them. He relied upon them as confidently as upon his own men. On his last dash from Rio Francisco to Nombre de Dios he had left his pinnaces with no other guard, to the wonder of the French Captain and his men.

He set sail now for Cabo San Antonio in Cuba, stopped a bark for one necessary thing of which he stood in great need—a pump—and taking this on board let the bark go. At Cabo San Antonio he captured a great store of turtles, and resting there for a little while set sail for home.

There were, as Nichols' narrative relates, belonging to the ports of the Spanish Indies, about two hundred frigates, some of one hundred and twenty tons, others of ten or twelve tons, but the greater number of thirty or forty tons; "the most of which, during our abode in those parts, we took; and some of them, twice or thrice each: yet never burnt nor sunk any, unless they were made out Men-of-war against us, or laid as stales to entrap us. And of all the men taken in these several vessels, we never offered any kind of violence to

any, after they were once come under our power; but either presently dismissed them in safety, or kept them with us some longer time, provided for their sustenance as for ourselves and secured them from the rage of the Cimaroons."

He passed through the Bahama Channel, leaving a great name behind him—a name which had now become the terror of Spain and the worship of the Indians—a name for an audacity which amazed the Spaniards, coupled with a gentleness which they could not understand. A following wind drove them pleasantly across the Atlantic. They were never short of water, for they had from time to time a good fall of rain, and they covered the miles from the Cape of Florida to the islands of Scilly within twenty-three days. Drake dropped anchor in Plymouth Sound on the morning of August 9th, 1573. It was Sunday and sermon-time, but the news spread so quickly throughout the church that hardly a member of the congregation stayed to hear the preacher reach his "fifthly and lastly." They all hastened down to the harbour "to see the evidence of God's love and blessing towards our Gracious Queen and country by the fruit of our Captain's labour and success." He had lost forty of the seventy-three men and lads who had sailed away with him fifteen months before. But it was not above the average loss as the Elizabethans reckoned losses on long sea voyages; and he brought home wealth for all who were left, the English flag unstained by any charge of cruelty, and a reputation which to the end of time was to stand high in the book of fame. Meanwhile Pedro the runaway slave, with the sword of Henri Valois clattering against his thigh, ruled his Cimaroons in the forests of Darien.

CHAPTER VI

Drake in the Irish Seas. The Plan of Menendez. Drake's Friendship with Doughty. Sir Francis Walsingham. Preparations for the Voyage of Circumnavigation.

IT has been asserted that the Queen was herself interested in the expedition to Darien, and that Drake, on his return, sent to her a negro boy who followed in her train at Court; but there is neither evidence of her partnership nor of her black page. It was in the greatest degree unlikely that Drake was, in the summer of 1573, known either to Queen Elizabeth or to any of her statesmen. He had indeed carried a letter from William Hawkins to Cecil after the disaster of St. John de Ulua, but that was so far his nearest approach to the Court. He had certainly come back with a great dividend for himself and his partners; and he had left a great name behind him on the Spanish Main and the Darien coast, but his reputation in England could hardly yet have spread beyond the gates of Plymouth.

Hawkins was in every probability one of the partners who shared in the results of the Nombre de Dios voyage, and it is possible that he dropped a hint into Lord Burghley's ear that the spread of Drake's fame in England might well be deferred and himself sent out of England on some useful but quiet service. For in the early part of the year 1573 Elizabeth, in her fear lest the French should get a footing in Flanders and her eternal enemies, the Guise family, use that point of vantage to set Mary Stuart in her place on the throne of England, had offered a reconciliation to the Duke of Alva. Alva had always respected the English Queen. He had found too many obstacles in his long effort to establish the Spanish power in the Netherlands not to respect her. With victory apparently continually within his reach, it had always eluded him, and as often as not through one of those devious twists in the Queen's own policy which made her Ministers shake their heads over her wilfulness and declare that only a miracle of God could save her. Alva in 1573 turned a deaf ear alike to the Spanish hotheads and the Catholic refugees from England, and during that year he signed a treaty with the Queen. It might well have been thought that as the knowledge of Drake's exploits overseas filtered through to Europe, Drake's presence in England, unchastised, with his new fortune untouched, would endanger her policy of appeasement.

Stow declares that immediately after Drake's return from the Indies he furnished at his own proper charge three frigates with men and munitions and served voluntarily in Ireland under Walter, Earl of Essex, where he did excellent service both by sea and land at the winning of divers strong forts. This is the only plain direct statement which we have to explain Drake's disappearance, and Stow was careful of his facts. It may indeed have been that Drake furnished three frigates, as he could now afford to do, as a fine for his unauthorized voyage.

Thomas Doughty, of whom we shall hear a good deal more, declared at his Court-Martial at Port Saint Julian, according to Francis Fletcher, the chaplain, his advocate and friend, that it was he who gave Drake his introduction to the Earl of Essex. But it is most unlikely that Drake at that time had the slightest acquaintanceship with Doughty. Drake himself declared that it was Hawkins who gave him the introduction, and the probable sequence of events was as follows.

Drake returned to Plymouth suddenly with a considerable fortune got by open war when no war had been declared. His arrival was an embarrassment to the Queen's policy of conciliation, and an offence to Burghley, the Lord Treasurer, whose face was set against the privateers. At the same time, the little company of friends at Plymouth who had backed the voyage were unwilling to lose their share of its profits. Hawkins was one of them. Being a person of importance in the Royal Dockyards, he was in a position to realize the full force of the embarrassment. It may well have been, then, through his agency that Francis Drake was removed for a time from England and engaged in Essex's effort to end the disturbances in Ulster.

Ulster at that time was overrun by savage clans, as adept as Drake himself in sudden and devastating onslaughts and equally sudden disappearances. They attacked the fortified places held by Essex's officers, but melted away when the troops were reinforced. Essex, a young and chivalrous enthusiast, had offered at his own charge to pacify that province. He was allowed to find the means in the province itself, under conditions. He was practically, as Sir Julian Corbett describes, in the position of a chartered company. But his work of pacification was rendered more difficult because the seas about the coast of Ireland were infested by Scottish filibusters who were looting and claiming the right to loot as good Catholics and enemies of the Protestant rule in England.

Drake, known to Hawkins as a courageous warrior and an accomplished sailor, was the very man to guard the coast of Ireland and play havoc with the filibusters. For three years, then, he performed this service, but it was not until the year 1575 that he was borne upon the English accounts as due for

wages. Those wages covered a period between April 30th and October 16th, 1575. It is reasonable, therefore, to infer that until April of 1575 he was upon his own charges with such compensation as he could obtain from the Earl of Essex himself.

There was yet another reason why Drake's presence in the Irish seas was of special value. Menendez of the Indian Guard had devised a scheme worthy of Drake himself in its sagacious audacity. He was building and collecting at Santander a fleet with the object of seizing the Scilly Isles and perhaps a port in Cornwall itself such as Falmouth or Penzance. Had he succeeded in so doing, he would have closed the English Channel to English ships sailing out to the Indies or sailing in to hamper the convoys plying between Flanders and Spain. By the summer of 1574 Pero Menendez had concentrated at Santander twenty-four great ships and one hundred and fifty lighter craft. Up and down the coast of England, in the Netherlands, at Rochelle in France, this concentration was watched with alarm. An officer was sent by Menendez to the coast of Ireland to open communications with the rebels. This officer reported that English privateers were guarding the Irish seas under secret orders of the Queen; and amongst these privateers we may certainly count Drake and his three ships. Early in September, however, whilst Menendez was applying the last polish to his fleet, an epidemic swept through it, seized upon Menendez himself and killed him. Menendez and Santa Cruz were the two great sailors whom Spain possessed—men of vision and strategy. Santa Cruz was growing old and unwieldy! Menendez was the young hope of Spain. His death completed the demoralization already started by the epidemic. The project was abandoned, the fleet demobilized, the Scilly Isles unoccupied. No doubt the Royal Navy would have been equal to ousting him from his naval stations in England, but his death saved it from a difficult and costly task. It is not astonishing that over and over again devout men declared that Elizabeth and her realm were under the special protection of God.

The Essex expedition failed after using barbarities worthy of the pirates of the seventeenth century. A force, for instance, under Sir John Norreys, was landed on the island of Rathlin off the coast of Antrim, whither the Irish Chiefs had sent their women and children for safety. Three frigates escorted Essex's soldiers to Rathlin and, for all we know, these three frigates may have been Drake's command. The only guard upon the island consisted of a garrison of Scots in Bruce's Castle. This garrison repelled the first attack, but guns were thereupon brought ashore from the ships and the garrison surrounded. They were massacred to a man, or rather to a man, woman and

child, for no one was left alive. Whilst this massacre was going on, the three frigates captured and destroyed eleven Scottish galleys.

In the autumn of 1575 Essex had failed, and with the end of his experiment Drake was free to return to Plymouth. But his service with Essex had two consequences which were momentous to his career. One was helpful. It was a letter of introduction written by Essex himself to Sir Francis Walsingham, who in December, 1573, had been appointed one of Her Majesty's two principal Secretaries of State. This for the first time brought Drake into touch not only with Her Majesty's Ministers but with the Queen herself. The other consequence was to cause him the greatest disquietude, endanger his great voyage of circumnavigation and make him the subject of so many intrigues, that he might well cry: "It hathe even bereaved me of my wytts to thinke on it." It was his friendship with Thomas Doughty.

Doughty was a man employed by Essex in some military capacity which brought him close to his master. Essex acquired, by what means we know not, the impression that there were men at Court undermining his favour with the Queen. He sent Doughty to London to find out, and he can hardly have made a worse choice. For Doughty was a man without loyalty and, in spite of his downright English name, subtle as a politician of the Italian Renaissance. He worked by secret ways, seeking his own advantage at the cost even of the Queen's good name. He brought back to Essex news that his friend Leicester was the hidden enemy. Essex allowed himself some unguarded words of indignation which were swiftly brought to Leicester's ears, and it would not be surprising if the agency by which they reached him was this very Doughty. The two men became estranged, and it needed Burghley himself to put an end to the estrangement. It was ended, however, and by a letter of apology from Essex to Leicester in which he stated that he had been misled by the treachery of his own servant.

Unfortunately this episode never came to Drake's knowledge. The two men became and remained friends. Drake confided to Doughty the plan which had been growing in his mind ever since he had got a glimpse of the Pacific Ocean from the tree-top on the Isthmus of Panama. He was going to sail that sea and attack the King of Spain at his weakest joint. The great ships which brought the treasure up from Peru to Panama were built upon that western coast of South America. They were not ships of war; they were not escorted by ships of war. They were without cannon. And Drake saw his way not merely to the amassing of a great fortune for himself—he seldom lost sight of that—but to striking a blow at Philip of Spain which would bring him to his knees. Philip was tottering on the edge of his second bankruptcy, which actually took place in this year of 1575. He could borrow

no more from Genoa or Augsburg, and without the regular arrivals of his treasure fleets from the Indies his soldiers starved in Flanders and his schemes to bring the world under the domination of the Catholic Church broke in his hands.

Doughty professed his eagerness to take a part in the expedition, but it was to Mr. Secretary Walsingham that Drake went for help. Sir Francis Walsingham, the grandson of a vintner, one of the "new gentry," stands out even in that age of remarkable men. Tortured by recurrent attacks of the stone, he had that inclination to war and violence so often found in sickly people. The prudence of Burghley and the shifts of the Queen to keep the peace troubled him like an open wound. To bring Spain to the ordeal of battle was his desire, and no man chafed more under the Queen's wise and fostering procrastination. He was like many in that, whilst a Protestant of fierce belief, he was a gambler in matters of commerce. The great London companies stretching out antennae to Russia and Persia, the Indies and Cathay, always found a friend in Walsingham. Ill-health kept him to his desk. He was the most sedentary adventurer ever known. But, walking in his Italian garden at Sydling Court or at Barn Elms by the silver Thames, he travelled by proxy to strange cities over sunlit seas. No adventurous sailor but had his backing and support. "As you have always been the pillar unto whom I leant," wrote Sir Humphrey Gilbert to him, "so I hope you will always remain."

Drake, the young Francis Drake who had marched through forest and savanna to snatch Philip's gold from the backs of Philip's mules, was the very man to awaken his enthusiasm and enlist his help. He took shares in the scheme to raid the southern seas. He brought Drake into the Queen's presence secretly, in the night, at the moment when he was most like to fire her imagination too.

The Treaty which Alva had made in 1573 was now coming to its end, and although she sent an Ambassador, Sir Henry Cobham, to Madrid to arrange for its renewal, the Ambassador returned with empty hands. Alva had retired from the Netherlands, and his place, after a short interregnum under Don Luis de Requescens, was in 1576 taken by Don John of Austria, Philip's illegitimate brother, the conqueror of Lepanto. Don John of Austria, although sent with definite orders not to meddle in English politics, was secretly aiming to marry Mary Stuart and share with her the throne of England; and through Mary's Catholic supporters in England correspondence was passing between the Scottish Queen and him. Elizabeth was aware of it, and so fine a retort as Drake's expedition would provide

was not to be lost. Philip would learn that he must make his terms with her if he was to know any ease in Spain.

"Drake," she said, "so it is that I would be gladly revenged on the King of Spain for divers injuries that I have received"; and knowing Burghley's objections, she gave Drake the order to breathe no word of the matter to her Treasurer.

Yet almost immediately Drake became aware that Thomas Doughty was visiting Lord Burghley. The natural reason for Burghley's association with a person like Thomas Doughty was that the Minister suspected from Drake's presence in London that some such expedition was on foot, and knowing through his spies that Doughty and Drake were much together, he wished to obtain early news of what was planned, so that, if he might, he could stop it. Somewhere and at some time—nothing more definite is known—Drake met Doughty coming from Lord Burghley's room and was startled. He insisted that not a hint of their plan be dropped into that statesman's ear. Doughty protested that nothing was further from his thoughts, and that his presence with Lord Burghley was due to an offer which Burghley had made to him to become his Private Secretary. It was hardly likely that Burghley would choose a man whom, from his acquaintanceship with the quarrel between Essex and Leicester, he knew to be a knave. But Drake was still under the glamour of this man. He was the more ready to believe him since undoubtedly Christopher Hatton, who was high in the Queen's favour and had the honour of two of her nicknames—Lids, where Leicester was her Eyes, and Mutton—did actually take Doughty as his secretary for a time. Hatton was, with Walsingham and Leicester, of the War Party.

There is no suggestion, of course, that Doughty betrayed the fact or the purpose of Drake's expedition to any Spaniard or any English partisan of the Spanish. There were five ships to be prepared, two of them, the *Elizabeth* and the *Benedict*, in the Thames, and three, the *Pelican*, the *Marigold* and the *Swan*, at Plymouth. And however close Drake kept his secrets, the hammering of the rivets in those ships was heard beyond the dockyards.

De Gueras, as early as 1575, learned that an expedition was on foot, and that Hatton, whom he looked upon as a friend, was interested in it. He wrote to Philip that it was to sail under Hatton's command and was probably intended to trade in the Indies. He was not greatly troubled, for "Hatton was such a good gentleman that they would certainly do no harm with his consent." This confusion still remained in his mind even two years later when Drake was on the eve of starting. He wrote on September 20th of the year 1577 that Drake was to sail to Scotland with some little vessels for the purpose of kidnapping "the Prince of Scotland." Drake himself and his

friends gave out that they were sailing for Alexandria to buy currants, and de Gueras never reached the truth of the matter at all. Even Drake's crews knew no more. De Gueras was at the time communicating with Mary Queen of Scots. A letter revealing his complicity in her plots was discovered, and he was confined under arrest in his own house on October 20th, a month before Drake set out. But de Gueras did not know and now could not learn the object of Drake's expedition. Bernardino de Mendoza, the new Spanish Ambassador, was still in the Netherlands, and no disclosure reached Spain until months after Drake was off upon his historic voyage.

CHAPTER VII

Beginning of the Voyage of Circumnavigation Summary of Events leading up to the Trial of Doughty

AT five o'clock in the afternoon of November 15th, 1577, five ships sailed out of Plymouth Sound into the darkness of the Channel. They were the *Pelican*, Admiral, of a hundred tons burden, Francis Drake Captain and General of the fleet; the *Elizabeth*, Vice-Admiral, eighty tons burden, John Winter Captain; the *Marigold*, thirty tons, John Thomas Captain; the *Swan*, a flyboat or, as we should call it, provision ship of fifty tons, Captain Lydye; the *Benedict*, pinnace, of fifteen tons, Thomas Moone Captain. Drake had not forgotten an old friend. Thomas Moone was the carpenter who under Drake's urgent direction had sunk another *Swan* on the Darien coast five years before.

These five ships were armed and equipped with a care and a sufficiency which made the voyage to Alexandria an obvious pretext. One hundred and sixty-four seamen were distributed amongst them. They carried, moreover, a number of gentlemen adventurers, young men of wealth, ignorant of the sea, contemptuous like the Spaniards of the mere sailors, ready no doubt to shed their blood for their Queen and the wealth of the Indies, necessary at the time as a way of financing expeditions, but as a rule the pests of ships. On this voyage they were to serve a purpose which none of them foresaw. If they had foreseen it, a good number would never have sailed. They were to be made to work with the sailors; and since this voyage was to see the beginning of the change in the social condition of the men who for their livelihood followed the sea, those men owe their tribute of thanks to the body of gentlemen adventurers who meant to have all the fun of fighting the Spaniard and capturing his treasure whilst escaping the drudgery of man-handling the ships in which they sailed.

Special care had been taken in furbishing the *Pelican*. It set out polished and groomed as for a great Lord—the very utensils in its kitchen were of silver; its furniture was finely and curiously carved; it carried four musicians —foreigners, of course, for it was the fashion then as now to hold that no good music could come out of England. Drake took with him even a page to stand behind his chair while he dined, in the shape of a young cousin, John Drake. Mr. Doughty was on board in some ill-defined position. Francis Drake's brother, Thomas, served as a sailor, and if Drake wanted an

argument to compel the gentlemen adventurers to share in the working of the ship, he could point to his brother as his best example.

A narrator of the voyage explained that all this excellent display was made by Drake so that "the civilitie and magnificence of his native contrie might, amongst all nations whithersoever he should come, be the more admired." But it is to be doubted if any such reason persuaded the General. Drake had a taste for magnificence. He liked to cut as fine a figure as a great nobleman. He could, and did whenever there was need, share in the most arduous manual labour and beat his toughest old shell-backs in quickness and strength; but he had grown into an appreciation of the embroideries of life. Here was the first real opportunity for gratifying it, and no one enjoyed it more than he. He has already been described as a man looking with steady eyes at an ever-opening door, and here was the door opening wider than it had ever done.

The *Pelican* carried other evidence that much more than a voyage to the Levant was planned, for there were on board four pinnaces in sections, such as had served him so well on his expedition to Nombre de Dios. In fact, the ships had hardly left Plymouth before the crews were informed that if the fleet was scattered by a storm, the ships were to make their rendezvous at the island of Mogador on the coast of Morocco.

All through the first night they were able to hold their course towards the Lizard, but in the morning when they reached Falmouth Bay they ran into a strong wind from the south-west. It freshened into a gale and they lay hove-to between Pendennis Castle and the Helford River. Lydye, who seems to have been responsible for the masts and spars of the ships, had done his work ill. During the next two days both the *Pelican* and the *Marigold* suffered so much damage from the strength of the gale that they had to cut their mainmasts by the board, and the fleet took refuge in Falmouth Harbour. By December 13th the damage was made good, and the fleet, putting once more to sea, sailed south with a fair wind.

Cape Cantine in latitude 32° north and longitude 10° west on the Barbary coast was sighted on Christmas Day. On the 27th the ships came to an anchor between the island of Mogador and the mainland in six fathoms of water. There they stayed until the 31st, setting up a pinnace and losing one man, John Fry, who was lured into an ambush by the Moors, under the belief that the ships were bringing a military expedition from Portugal. John Fry was carried up-country to the King of Fez, where, on disclaiming any connection with the Portuguese, he was loaded with presents and thereafter sent home to England in an English merchant ship. From the 31st, Drake coasted along to Capo Blanco, taking on the way a Spanish ship here, a

caravel there, and bringing them all into harbour. They reached Capo Blanco on January 16th of the year 1578 at night, and Drake, following his usual plan, stayed there for four days that his men might have leave on shore and fresh fish and food be got to supplement their stores.

The natives in those parts had one great need—water. They flocked to the ships offering ambergris and other gums, and in one case a woman, in exchange for it. At all costs they must have water to quench their thirst. The pious narrator declares: "A very heavie judgement of God upon that coast!" Drake gave water instead of selling it, set free all the ships which he had taken, minus, no doubt, anything from their cargoes which he needed, except one Spanish canter, in return for which he gave his own *Benedict*.

Drake set sail again on the 21st of January, and with the wind constant at east-north-east bowled along the coast to Mayo, one of the Cape Verde islands. He left Mayo on the 30th of January and captured a fine Portuguese ship "laden with singular wines, sackes, and canaryes, with wollens and linen clothes, silkes and velvetts, and many other good commodities which stood us in that stead, that shee was the life of our voyage, the neck whereof otherwise had been broken for the shortness of our provisions."

There was, however, one commodity upon that Portuguese caravel of more value to Drake than all the rest put together—a Portuguese pilot, Nuño da Silva, who had travelled far and wide in Brazil and in the land to the south of Brazil, and this pilot, being told that Drake was voyaging to the South Sea, volunteered eagerly to go with him.

Mr. Doughty was then given by Drake command of the new Portuguese ship, which was rechristened the *Mary*. It is clear, therefore, that at this time Drake had still no suspicion whatever that Doughty was anything but his friend. Drake gave to the Portuguese sailors of the *Mary* the pinnace which he had set up in Mogador, provisioned it for them and dismissed it. Then, setting sail for the torrid zone, the fleet crossed the Equator on February 15th. They were so favoured by Providence that not a day passed without some showers of rain to replenish their water supply. Storms they had; calms they had; but except for one anxious day, March 28th, when they lost the Portuguese prize which was now their water ship, the fleet kept together, and after sixty-three days, on April 14th, sighted Cape St. Mary to the north of the River Plate. The *Christopher*, as they renamed the Spanish ship for which Drake's *Benedict* had been exchanged, had straggled away a week before, but it rejoined them now in the River Plate. The fleet moved up the river until their ships were riding in fresh water, but they found the river full of shoals and hauled down to the anchorage at the mouth. Here a fortnight

was spent, to the great comfort of the whole fleet, and putting to sea again on April 27th the *Swan* lost touch with its leaders.

Drake was now coming to the conclusion that owing to the anxiety and delays caused by the ships losing touch with one another it would be wiser to diminish the size of his fleet. He sailed south looking for a harbour where he could unload and transfer the equipment, until on May 12th he came to a cape which he named the Hope. He fancied that he discerned behind the headland an inlet which promised a commodious harbour. There the expedition almost came to an end through the loss of the General himself. He was rowed ashore, but before he reached it, so dense a fog accompanied by so violent a wind caught him that he could find his way neither hither nor thither. Captain Thomas of the *Marigold*, however, realizing the danger in which his General stood, steered boldly into a harbour which had not been sounded and whereof the rocks were invisible. Once inside the headland, the mist cleared away and Drake was rescued. In the *Marigold* they lay comfortably through the storm, but the rest of the fleet, being on a lee-shore, had to beat out into the weather, and by the morning not one of them was to be seen. On the next day fires were lighted upon the headland and the storm abated. But even so the *Swan* and the *Mary* were missing, and the *Mary* did not appear until some days later. Drake must go in search of them himself. He found the *Swan*, and having discovered a good harbour that day, he emptied her and burnt her. Some days later in a little bay some miles to the south he abandoned the canter *Christopher*.

On June 20th, with his four ships, *Pelican*, *Elizabeth*, *Marigold*, and *Mary* the Portuguese prize, Drake sailed into Port Saint Julian. The anchorage was upon the south side, which was sheltered from the winds by high pinnacles of rock like black towers; and the roll of the sea was broken by small islands with channels so deep between them that ships could almost lie alongside of the banks. A noble, spacious harbour, but evil, dark as its own towers, brooded over the low thunder of the surf. As the ships moved across the bay the crews could see a proof that other men had cast anchor in these tranquil waters. For on the mainland a high gallows made of firwood was still standing. Fifty-eight years before, Magellan, that remote and gloomy man, had hanged upon that gibbet Gaspar Quesada, a mutineer. Members of Drake's expedition who went ashore during the weeks which followed found his bones and those of his confederates, who had been killed in a scuffle or marooned, heaped at the gallows' foot, and the cooper of the *Pelican* made cups from the firwood which he offered for sale amongst his companions. Of what profit his thrifty use of his craftsmanship brought to him we only know that Parson Fletcher preferred to drink his wine from a

less gruesome keepsake. But on that desolate Patagonian headland the first time civilized men took shelter there a man was put to death for mutiny; and what Magellan did, Drake on this second visit was to do, nay, had it in his mind to do on that morning when the keels of his ships first broke the still waters of the bay.

But before that event took place which has so harassed the memory of Drake, misfortune overtook him. So quickly, indeed, that one might believe some elemental and malignant spirit was waiting for its victims. It was the General's practice to allow no one but himself to oversee the well-being of his men. The ships were small and crowded; they were dependent on the winds for every mile of their voyages; they had no ice, no preservatives for their food. Water went rotten, meat stank, flour and biscuit bred worms. Scurvy loosened their teeth and punished them with boils. Fever stalked between the decks. The air of the ship grew noisome. Wherever ship of Drake's touched land, his first care was to seek pure water, fresh fruit and vegetables, and, if he could find it, meat on the hoof.

During the first day and the next, a safe anchorage was sought amongst the islands and, being found, the ships were appointed to their stations. On the 22nd, Drake, taking with him Thomas Drake his brother, John Brewer his young bugler, Robert Winterhey one of the gentlemen adventurers, Oliver his master gunner, and Thomas Flood, John Thomas and Thomas Hood, seamen, was rowed to the mainland. Some Patagonians, tall men, so tall that the Spaniards of Magellan's expedition had called them giants, came from the woods and met them on the beach. They were young and friendly, and they accepted with pleasure the presents which Drake made to them. Winterhey had a particular skill with the bow, and since the Patagonians were also armed with bows, he made a match with them and in the flight of his arrow outdistanced them all. Again, to their pleasure and admiration.

But they were now joined by older men of a quite different disposition. It was thought afterwards that these men when children, or their parents, had suffered at the hands of Magellan's crew the cruelties and outrages which were the cargo of the Spanish adventurers. Whatever the cause, these older men were quarrelsome and violent, and by their angry gestures—for they spoke no language which any of Drake's party understood—ordered the landing party back to their ships. Winterhey thought that once more his skill might be of use in turning away their wrath. He fitted another arrow to his bow, but as he drew the feather to his ear the bow's string broke. No accident could have been more untimely. It led the Patagonians to believe that the white men were badly armed. They drew off, and before Winterhey had time to restring his bow one of them shot an arrow which pierced his

lung. Winterhey's fall was taken as a signal for battle, and had not Drake understood the danger in which his small company stood against so many and rapped out his orders on the instant, neither he nor any of his sailors would have got back to their ships. He commanded his men to spread, those who were without shields taking cover behind those who had them and to break in half every arrow which fell on the ground near to them. Oliver, the gunner, had brought a fowling-piece ashore with him. He levelled it at the ringleader of their enemies, but the powder at the touch-hole was damp and it would not fire. He was killed outright by a shaft which drove its point through his heart and a good foot out beyond his back between the shoulders. The Patagonians, however, had come to the end of their arrows, and Drake, seizing the fowling-piece, shot the leader in the belly and to their astonished eyes seemed to blow the man to bits. The noise of the explosion and the screams of the dying man put an end to the conflict. The natives fled back into their woods. Winterhey was still breathing, and Drake, more concerned to get his wounded follower to a surgeon than to pursue his military advantage, had Winterhey carried on board the boat and returned to the *Pelican*. Within a few hours, however, Winterhey died, and on the next morning he was buried side by side with Oliver on the shore of Port Saint Julian. That was the end of Drake's troubles, so far as the native Patagonians were concerned. He was for the best part of two months lying in that harbour. His men had the run of the coast. They got the cramp out of their limbs and the clean air into their lungs. None of those friendly relationships which Drake as a rule was so quick to establish between his ships and the inhabitants of the various harbours to which he put in were in this case contracted. But he was never molested again.

A more grievous peril, however, awaited the General upon his own ships, and in this Port of Saint Julian it was dealt with and discharged. Nuño da Silva, the Portuguese pilot who was captured off Cape Verde on the prize now called the *Mary* and was taken along to Guatulco in Guatemala, kept a brief log throughout the voyage. On June 30th he entered into it one line:

> On the thirtieth day of this month they passed sentence that he was to die;

and on the 2nd of July another line:

> They cut off his head.

He gave no name to the man whose trial and execution he thus records; nor does he mention the crime for which he was punished. But partly because of some honest doubt, not so much of the justice of the verdict as of the conduct of the trial; and partly because no company of people lacks some

jealous ones eager to bring a great man down to their own level by setting a gloss upon his actions; the trial and death of Thomas Doughty have come to such a notoriety that if Mr. Pelman says "Drake," you say "Doughty."

Thomas Doughty was that subtle Italianate man with the English yeoman-name who in the year 1574 was setting Lord Essex and Lord Leicester by the ears, and thereafter, in the matter of this very expedition, double-dealing with Drake himself. The fruits of that double-dealing were overripe when the General led his ships into Port Saint Julian.

Here are the facts, with such interpretations and corrections as the friends of Thomas Doughty and the enemies of Francis Drake put upon them.

Dissension showed itself even before Drake had left English waters. To Lydye or Stydye—the name is spelt either way in different chronicles—a man living at Plymouth, had been entrusted the fitting out and provisioning of the small fleet. Drake led his five ships out of Plymouth Sound at five o'clock on the afternoon of November 15th, carrying Lydye or Stydye as Master and Captain of the flyboat *Swan*. On the next morning the fleet was abreast of the Lizard and there encountered a south-westerly wind, that most prevalent of all the winds upon the coasts of England. Drake, aware that no progress could be made until the wind abated, ran back into the wide and safe anchorage of Falmouth Harbour. But the wind, so far from abating, strengthened to a gale, and blew with so much fury during the forenoon of the 18th, that on Drake's own ship, the Admiral, the men had to cut the mainmast by the board, whilst the *Marigold* was driven ashore, and to save herself from wreckage must sacrifice her mainmast too. Drake was forced to return to Plymouth as soon as the storm died away. He arrived there on November 28th, and after making good the damage done to his ships, put to sea again on December 13th.

But he had lost a month and he discharged Lydye as incompetent—a natural and indeed a necessary step to take by the leader of a long and hazardous expedition. Incompetents were not tolerable on such a voyage, and ships which could not ride out even the most furious gale in the excellent protection of Falmouth Harbour had been without a doubt incompetently prepared. Lydye, however, had been recommended to Drake by Thomas Doughty, who took great offence at the man's summary discharge. Doughty made no complaint to Drake himself. But privately, and especially to one Ned Bright in Drake's garden in Plymouth where the ships were being repaired, he maintained not merely that James Lydye was a necessary man for the voyage but that Drake had no right thus to dismiss him. He, Thomas Doughty, he declared, had been given by the Queen's

Majesty in person equal authority with Drake in the conduct of the expedition. There was never produced a shred of evidence for this claim beyond Doughty's own word, not a scrap of writing by Sir Christopher Hatton or Lord Leicester, or any of those great courtiers with whose names Doughty tried to dazzle the eyes of Ned Bright on that evening in Drake's garden in Plymouth. He was wise enough not to put that claim directly to the General. Ten years later Drake was willing without a protest to take the second place when achievement and knowledge would have awarded him the first. But that was so that his country might live in its own way and with its own faith and under its own Queen. There was, however, no such compulsion here, and it is safe to say that Drake would never have set out upon his voyage of circumnavigation at all had he been limited to a partial and divided authority. No man was so ready as he to listen to advice, no one ever took less of it. Sitting at dinner in his cabin with his page behind his chair, he would call for it, even upon any of the gentlemen adventurers who might be his guests. But when all of them had spoken he was silent, and the thing to be done was afterwards announced but not debated.

However, nothing more was heard of this claim for a time, nor of many overweening pretensions which Doughty advanced both to Bright and to such as would listen to him on board the *Pelican*. For he sailed with his brother John Doughty on board the *Pelican* so far as the islands of Cape Verde. There, it will be remembered, in the month of January, 1578, Drake captured a Portuguese prize which was renamed *Mary*, and so confident was he of Doughty's loyalty that he gave him the command of it and sent with him on board his own brother Thomas Drake. It was at some time during the long voyage of sixty-three days from the Cape Verde Islands to the coast of Brazil that an accident led to the discovery of how misplaced Drake's confidence had been.

Ned Bright and John Brewer, a lad who was Drake's trumpeter, brought a charge against Doughty that he had purloined some things of value on board the *Mary*. It is to be understood, of course, that all the spoil taken on a voyage of this kind was the joint property of the crews, their officers and the backers who financed the voyage in England; the whole to be divided when the home port was made, according to the arranged proportions. There were few crimes more dangerous to the concord necessary for success than private thefts which would give one man an advantage over his neighbour. It was incumbent upon Drake to take immediate notice of the charge and—we must suppose that it was during one of those calms which so prolonged the fleet's traverse of the South Atlantic to Brazil—he came himself on board the *Mary*. He discovered quickly enough that there was no truth in the

charge at all. All that Doughty was found possessed of amounted to a few pairs of Portuguese gloves, a ring and some foreign coins of small value. And these had been given to him by one of the Portuguese.

Doughty's friends, on the other hand, had a different story. They said that it was Drake's brother Thomas who had stolen these trifles; that Doughty, being in command of the ship, had found himself reluctantly forced to bring the theft before the General; and that the General, coming on board in a great rage, had accused Doughty of trying to discredit him through his brother by trumping up a false accusation.

There is one plain and simple fact which gives the lie to this story. When the charge was disposed of as of no account, Drake transferred Doughty as Captain to the *Pelican* and himself remained with his brother Thomas in command of the *Mary*. Drake's good name, his fortune, were both bound up in the success of the expedition. He had planned and prepared for it through many months; the Queen herself, and no doubt Walsingham, had invested money in it; he schemed not merely to raid King Philip's shipping in the Pacific, but to found there colonies to the glory of his country and the undoing of Spain. To return successful meant wealth and all those circumstances of high prestige and great consideration which he valued as much as any man. To return defeated meant the frowns of those great ones amongst whom he had just begun to move, poverty and, if he was lucky, permission to end his days in the obscurity of his native town. To believe that he would entrust the command of the *Pelican*, his biggest ship, the Admiral of his fleet, to a man who was going about to discredit him is to believe the incredible. He must have looked upon Doughty still as his loyal friend and lieutenant. He must have thought that since some bad blood had been made between Doughty and his brother, it would be wise to separate them and at the same time to prove to the former of the pair that his friendship for him was in no particle diminished.

But see how Doughty was led on by that preferment! He became arbitrary and tyrannical to the mass of the men under his command and, worse, made special favourites of a few—notably Leonard Vicary, one of the gentlemen, and Thomas Cuttill, the boatswain, to whom he promised a hundred pounds at the end of the voyage and to hide him in his own lodging in the Temple from the anger of even the Lord High Admiral of England. A strange and extravagant pledge. Grudges fermenting, jealousies festering, a witches' cauldron of them, until in the smoke there showed a Doughty swollen to such power that he could protect his friends from the highest of the Queen's Officers? Who shall say?

The end of that brief authority on the *Pelican* came with a startling suddenness. From the *Mary*, Drake sent his trumpeter John Brewer upon some errand to the *Pelican*—what errand is a detail unknown even in the story as told by Doughty's friends. A quarrel broke out between the lad and the acting-Captain which was due to an unpleasant familiarity by the older man. John Brewer, thereupon, turned upon Doughty: "God's wounds, Doughty, what dost thou mean to use this familiarity with me, considering thou art not the General's friend?"

Doughty's reply was astonishing, so that one hesitates whether to think it a contemptuous sarcasm or an expression of fear. He said:

"What, fellow John, what moves you to use these words to me that am as good and sure a friend to my good General as any in this fleet, and I defy him that shall say to the contrary? But is the matter thus, why yet, fellow John, I pray thee let me live until I come into England."

John Brewer returned to the Portuguese prize, and after he had talked for a few minutes with the General the boat was sent straight away back to the *Pelican* to fetch Thomas Doughty. Drake was on deck when it came again alongside, and holding a religious service. But he stood up, and as Doughty laid his hands upon the *Mary's* bulwarks, to hoist himself on board, he cried:

"Stay there, Thomas Doughty, for I must send you to another place," and he bade the oarsmen to row him to the provision ship, the *Swan*, as being a ship more fit for him than the *Pelican*.

This account of Thomas Doughty's disgrace is in the handwriting of Stow the historian and is signed by one John Cooke, whose name appears in the list of witnesses at Doughty's trial. We know nothing more of the man than his narrative tells us, and we must assume that he sailed in some capacity upon this voyage. It certainly is not probable that Stow would have taken it down from John Cooke's lips unless he had reason to believe that John Cooke was speaking of things which he had seen and words which he had heard. John Cooke is the complete partisan. There are no shades in his pictures. His heroes are white and his villains are black. Thomas Doughty was the hero, a fine loyal Christian gentleman, a good soldier too, for did he not at Capo Blanco spend the four days of the fleet's stay in training the men in the ways of war so that they might not be unskilful in time of need? Drake, on the other hand, was a false friend, always seeking evidence against Doughty, who "in wisdom and honest government as far passed him, as he in tyranny excelled all men." Drake was a man of violent temper, who spewed out his venom and in the end murdered a better friend than ever Pythias was to Damon. According to John Cooke, Drake already knew that so far back as the evening in the garden at Plymouth Doughty was sapping

Drake's authority and claiming as part of his own contribution the patronage of Sir Christopher Hatton and the share taken by the Queen herself. All through these months Drake had been seeking an occasion to use his knowledge for Doughty's destruction. But the charge will not fit with the fact that Drake did make Doughty the Captain of his Admiral the *Pelican*. If he placed in that high position not merely a man of ill-will but one whom he knew to be questioning his authority and setting up rival claims, he was hazarding, as he had no right to do and no reason for doing, the very safety of his ships and the men in his charge. For out of just those elements mutiny is made. The natural explanation must carry the day. To prove that his friend had lost none of his confidence, Drake gave him the first position under himself in the fleet. He found from complaints that his friend was exceeding his powers. The quarrel with the lad John Brewer set Doughty in a still more unsavoury circumstance; and he was sent away in disgrace upon the *Swan*. And after him went his brother John Doughty; and though Thomas pleaded for an interview with Drake it was not granted.

Thus for many weeks Thomas Doughty sailed upon the flyboat, as the *Swan* was called. The fleet sighted the coast of Brazil upon April 7th, and the River Plate on April 20th, when the ships rode in fresh water and filled their breakers alongside. The fleet sailed from the River Plate on April 27th, and almost at once the *Swan* was lost to view. What with bad weather at one time, foul anchorages at another, light winds at a third, ships were continually straying during this part of the voyage; and much time was lost whilst they were being searched for and recovered. Thus the *Christopher*, the canter of forty tons exchanged for the *Benedict* off the coast of Morocco, was lost on the 7th of April and overhauled again on the 22nd off a headland which Drake named Cape Joy to commemorate her retrieval. She disappeared for a second time in another storm on May 8th and was not sighted again until the 17th. The Portuguese prize was driven out to sea by a tempest from Cape Hope, the name which Drake gave to the point known now as Cabo de Tres Puntas in latitude 47° 6′. A mist separated her altogether from the rest of the fleet and she only got into touch with it again thirty-eight days afterwards off Port Saint Julian. Such dispersals and recoveries were nothing out of the way in those wintry seas of storm and mist, but Drake found an explanation of them which certainly did Master Thomas Doughty no good service. Doughty was a magician and conjurer. He could raise storms, he could bedevil the fleet with mists and fogs. Let a black gale beset them: that, said Drake, comes out of Master Doughty's capcase. There was, of course, no discredit to a man of intelligence in such a

belief. Doctors and ecclesiastics, Dunstan and Michael Scot, Roger Bacon and Paracelsus, all in common repute had dealt with the devil.

"A sound magician is a mighty God," says Faustus, and in the raising of storms such a one was particularly at home.

"I'll give them a wind," the second witch promises in the Tragedy of Macbeth.

"And I another," says the third witch.

"I myself have all the other," the first witch declares comprehensively.

> "And the very ports they blow,
> All the quarters that they know
> I' the shipman's card.
> I will drain him dry as hay:
> Sleep shall neither night nor day
> Hang upon his pent-house lid;
> He shall live a man forbid:
> Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
> Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
> Though his bark cannot be lost,
> Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd."

And the man forbid, upon these lonely and tempestuous seas of the South Atlantic, Drake, might well have set down the constant dispersal of his ships to the machinations of the one whom he now knew to be his jealous enemy. For, if Ned Bright is to be believed, Doughty boasted of his possession of these supernatural powers. "John Doughty told me," he said, speaking of a conversation which had taken place on board the *Pelican*, "that he and his brother could conjure as well as any man, and that they could raise the devil and make him to meet any man in the likeness of a bear, a lion or a man in harness." Also they could poison any man with a diamond in such a way that he should die a year after he had been poisoned. However, whatever storms he could raise, he had the same limitations to his powers as the witches in the Tragedy of Macbeth. "No ship was lost," not even the flyboat.

But there can have been little comfort upon board of her. Thomas Doughty, now that Drake was no longer deceived by the smooth surface of his friendship, strove to make a fine background for himself and undermine the General's authority. He was the first man to secure a good credit for Drake with the Earl of Essex. Drake had fled into Ireland to escape punishment at the hands of the Lord Admiral and the Council for his wrongdoings to the Spaniards on his voyage to Nombre de Dios. Thomas Doughty obtained for him the Queen's pay there, just as afterwards in

London Thomas Doughty put up money of his own and pestered his important friends to secure support for the expedition. Drake would have found himself in sad difficulties but for his staunch support. Drake knew that the Lord Treasurer of England sent for Thomas Doughty two or three times and asked him to be his secretary, but he would not, no, he had promised Drake to come upon this voyage and would keep his promise.

There was an actual element of truth in some of this braggadocio. It was true, for instance, that he had promised to invest some money in the expedition—the amount varies in his talk from one thousand marks to one thousand five hundred pounds. It was true that for a short while he was Sir Christopher Hatton's secretary. It was possible that Drake was sent to patrol the east coast of Ireland so that he might be out of the way of charges against him for his attacks and depredations upon a Power with which England was nominally at peace. But the statements were all mixed up with hints and momentous nods of the head. He knew secrets about the General which the General would be very unwilling to have told. Unwilling? Perhaps ashamed was the better word. Yes, secrets the uttering of which would touch the General very much. At the next harbour they would see that the General would call him back into his own company. His enemies might well be afraid lest he should again have authority enough to plague them, as he certainly would do, let them look to it. Drake knew, none better, that Thomas Doughty could not be accused of stealing even so much as the paring of a nail, but he dared not say so since he had too many lying knaves and traitors about him.

Doughty was talking in this style across the table one day when dinner was over, and John Sarocold, one of the ship's officers, answered:

"The General might do well to deal with traitors as Magellanus did, that is, hang them up to be an example to the rest."

"Nay," replied Doughty, "softly! His authority is none such as Magellanus' was. For I know his authority as well as he himself does. And for hanging, it is for dogs not for men."

It must have been on some such occasion that Gregory, the Master of the *Swan*, according to John Cooke, Doughty's champion, rose up and said that he would mess with the ordinary seamen in the future, since he preferred their company; and this he did, using his position to increase the sailors' bill of fare at the expense of that of the gentlemen and the officers. Food, of course, is always important even to vegetarians and the most rarefied of intellectuals. But it is nowhere so important as on a deep-sea sailing ship bound out upon a long voyage. For there are no amusements and few

distractions. Thomas Doughty made quite a song about his restricted diet. First of all he approached John Chester, the Captain.

"I marvel, Mr. Chester, that you will take it at his hands to be thus used, considering you were here authorized by the General."

John Chester, however, stood apart from the dispute, and Doughty took his complaint to Gregory himself, accusing him of partiality. It was against reason, he said, that he and his mates should be so plentifully fed and others be left at the point of starvation. For since they had lost the rest of the fleet they were likely, for want of victuals, to fall into a dire extremity. Gregory, the Master, replied with unkindness. Villains like Doughty should be glad to eat the thole-pins of the rowing-boats if they could get them. Doughty argued that his share in the adventure entitled him to be used as well as any other man. Gregory scoffed at Doughty's share in the adventure.

"When thou comest home to enjoy any adventure, I'll be hanged," he said, and he added words too impolite even in these frank days for print.

Doughty went back to the Captain.

"Master Chester, let us not be thus used at this knave's hand. . . . If you will, we will put the sword again into your hands and you shall have the government."

Chester had only to let himself be ruled by him, Doughty declared, and he would make the company ready to cut one another's throats.

This, of course, was the very stuff of mutiny, and it is not to be wondered at that the Captain took a note of these words and got Francis Fletcher, the chaplain, John Sarocold and yet another man, Emanuel Wattkyns, to add their names to his as witnesses that the words were spoken.

In that way the *Swan*, an unhappy ship if ever there was one, sailed across the South Atlantic and down the coast of South America. Fortunately for her, her Captain kept her in sight of land, and on the 16th of May she fell in with the *Marigold* and the canter *Christopher*, which ships between them had discovered a safe harbour in 47° 45′. On the 17th they were caught up by the *Pelican* with the General on board, and the *Elizabeth* under Captain Winter. The only ship missing now was the Portuguese prize *Mary*, and Drake, troubled by the constant dispersal of his vessels and the time lost in recovering them, made up his mind to diminish their number. In this safe harbour, to which he gave the name of Port Desire, he began with the flyboat. She was brought alongside the *Pelican*, and her freight discharged. Her ironwork was saved for the future repair of the remaining ships, her crew was partitioned, and Thomas Doughty and his brother found

themselves once more on board the Admiral, but in the position of passengers in disgrace.

His truculence grew with this return to his first ship, and it seemed that he went out of his way to make his condition still more lamentable. At one time he accosted the General as the representative of several of the company. All men are mortal, he declared, and it was desirable to know whom the General proposed to appoint as his successor if God should do His will upon him. There is no record of Drake's reply to a piece of insolence as exasperating as could be imagined. But a swift answer came to a further recrimination. Thomas Doughty actually commissioned one John Martin and Gregory, the Master of the flyboat, to carry his good wishes to the General and to tell him that the time would come when the General would have more need of him than of any reward from this voyage. He supplemented the message by a statement made to Drake's face that the worst word which ever came out of his own mouth was to be believed sooner than three oaths out of the General's.

Doughty's champion, Mr. John Cooke, admits that this was one of a number of "unkind speeches" which Doughty made on the *Pelican* after he had been delivered from the flyboat; and Drake cannot be expected to have found them tolerable. He ordered Doughty to be bound to the mast—a form of disciplinary punishment not uncommon on ships. We shall see, for example, that Francis Fletcher, the chaplain, endured at a later date the same affront to his pride and infringement on his ease. But since in the case of Thomas Doughty the actual manipulation was entrusted to his old enemy Mr. Gregory of the flyboat, there was no more kindness shown to him than he by his speeches had shown to Drake.

The restraint, however, was a temporary matter. The canter *Christopher* was lying alongside the *Pelican*, taking in stores; and to the canter Thomas Doughty and his brother were now consigned. Gregory and other enemies of Doughty—"desperate and unhonest people" he called them—were now serving upon the canter, and so strongly did Doughty resist this new order on the ground that his life would not be safe, that Drake ordered the boat tackle to be rigged to lower him over the side. Then only did Doughty consent to be transferred, and he and his brother climbed over the side on to the deck of the *Christopher*.

From this harbour, having killed a great many seals and birds for the provisioning of his ships, Drake set out on June 3rd, and almost at once parted company with the canter. He sailed southwards in some distress of mind. He was now little more than one degree north of the entrance of the Straits of Magellan, and to enter that channel of swift currents and intricate

passages and rocky banks commanded by cannibals with his ships straggling and many a day's journey apart was to invite disaster. Here was the canter recovered, but the *Marigold* had been missing for many days. Drake made up his mind to get rid of the *Christopher* and the *Mary* as he had already got rid of the *Swan*, run back towards the Line until he found the *Marigold*, and with the three ships alone, *Pelican*, *Elizabeth* and *Marigold*, break for the fourth time in the history of the world into the Pacific Ocean from the East. He found a bay convenient to his purpose, and, gutting there the canter *Christopher* of all that she had of value, distributed her crew between the *Elizabeth* and the *Pelican* and left her to drift whithersoever she would.

But the two Doughtys were on board the *Christopher* and Drake was of no mind to house them on board his Admiral again. Heaven only knew what tornadoes those two might, in the wickedness of their black hearts, concoct to overwhelm him. He went on board the *Elizabeth*, and calling all the crew together into the waist of the ship, told them that he was committing to their charge a couple of very bad men, one Thomas Doughty, a conjurer and a very seditious lewd fellow, and the other his brother John Doughty, a witch and a poisoner and, he must think, the Devil's own offspring. No one was to speak with them, unless he wished Drake to look upon him as his enemy and an enemy of the expedition. They were not to be allowed to write or even to read. And he pronounced that if these orders were carried out there was not a cabin-boy on board who would have to go to sea again for his living at the end of this voyage. There would be as much gold as there was wood in the ship, and the youngest of them would be able to live in England as a gentleman.

It is possible that this speech, since its only reporter was John Cooke, was never made at all. It is probable that if made, it was made in terms less harsh and violent. But the Doughtys were undoubtedly transferred at this point from the canter *Christopher* to the *Elizabeth*; and it is clear that so open and violent had become their quarrel with the General that the whole expedition must have driven upon ruin and catastrophe unless the question had been publicly asked and answered, who led and who rebelled.

Anyone who has sailed on a deep-sea ship knows what infinite harm can be done by one man alone with a jealous and ill-conditioned mind. He poisons the ship. He sets one hand against another. To use the language of the Communists, he creates cancer-cells which shall so corrupt the little world crowded within the little island of planks and beams that the necessary service for the safety of all will be done half-heartedly, if done at all. And the sea has no pity for half-hearted work. A ship with a crew at sixes and sevens is headed for the rocks. I who write this book have known what

injury can be done by one even in a small crew of six, how sailors who have served contentedly for years imagine grievances, cease to bring them to the person who can right them, and live brooding, dissatisfied lives which are each day ripening to rebellion at the moment when rebellion means disaster to the ship. Captains of great cruisers with a thousand hands bear the same testimony. One man, give him time, can split a ship from its yards to its keel so that there are no comrades, but instead little groups of partisans. And here were the two Doughtys, now offering to Thomas Cuttill one hundred pounds at the end of the voyage "if they found him the same man then as they did now," and to Henry Spindelay, the gunner of the flyboat, forty pounds on the same terms, and the same sums to various others with the promise that they would set them to cutting their enemies' throats; and these promises were borne witness to not merely by men like John Chester, Captain of the flyboat, but by Francis Fletcher, the chaplain, who when all was over wrote such an epitome of Thomas Doughty as made him out the sans-pareil Sainted Gentleman of his age. It is not to be believed that Drake sailed away from the bay where he had cast off the canter without the firm intention of bringing this growing trouble to an issue before he turned westward into the dangers of the Straits of Magellan.

He must find the *Marigold* first and gather her under his wing. Then, to use a modern idiom, must come the showdown between Thomas Doughty and himself.

On the 19th day of June he came up, to his great joy, with his missing ship, and on Whit Monday, the 20th, he led the way into Port Saint Julian.

CHAPTER VIII

The Trial of Doughty

A COURT was set up on one of the islands in the harbour, and on the last day of June Drake ordered the company of all the ships, officers, crew and gentlemen to assemble there. Thomas Doughty was brought to it, a prisoner upon his trial, and Drake himself sat in the seat of judgment with John Thomas at his elbow to act as clerk.

It is to be kept in mind that, apart from certain memoranda in the handwriting of the Elizabethan age found in the Harleian manuscripts, the details of the trial are to be read only in the two narratives which are unfavourable to Drake—that of Francis Fletcher and that told by John Cooke and written out by Stow the historian. For the most part, references to the affair are almost as brief as the entries in Nuño da Silva's log. Lopez Vaz, the author of "A Discourse on the West Indies and South Sea," wrote: ". . . and there also (i.e. Port Saint Julian) he put to death a gentleman of his company because he would have returned home," and having thrown this new explanation of Doughty's execution into a debate already confused enough, added not another word. Edward Cliffe, who wrote Captain Winter's account of the voyage of the *Elizabeth*, states that "the last of June Mr. Thomas Doughty was brought to his answer and convicted of certain articles and by Master Drake condemned." John Drake, a cousin of Francis, who sailed on this expedition as his cousin's page, being then a boy of fourteen, made a reference of a like brevity to the trial. He made a declaration six years afterwards when a prisoner in the hands of Captain Alonso da Vera y Aragon at Buenos Aires. "In the said bay (of Saint Julian) because a gentleman Master Doughty wished to mutiny with the men, the said Captain Francis had him beheaded." It is treated, in fact, as just such an incident as might be expected to occur now and then on a crowded ship bound on a long voyage; and but for the smear upon Drake's good name which these two members of his expedition set their pens to make, we should have heard very little about it. One notable difference, though upon a trivial point, between Drake's friends and his accusers warns us to weigh the story, as it is to be now related, very warily. According to Sir Francis Drake, the nephew of the great navigator, who, basing his account on the manuscript of Francis Fletcher, published in 1628 his narrative of the voyage, under the title of "The World Encompassed," the island upon which the trial took place was named, in memory of it, "the Island of True Justice

and Judgement." According to Francis Fletcher, "at our departure we named the Iland, the Iland of blood in respect of us and Magilanus." The difference between those two titles is the difference between the stories—and the difference, too, between the portraits of Drake.

Drake began the trial with a harangue to Doughty. Doughty had sought to discredit him, to the great hindrance and overthrow of the voyage. There were other big matters, too, wherewith he had to charge him. If Doughty could clear himself of them, well and good, "you and I shall be very good friends." But if he could not, he deserved death. Thomas Doughty answered that it could never be proved that he had meditated any villainy towards him.

"By whom," Drake asked, "will you be tried?"

"Why, good General," answered Doughty, "let me live to come into my own country and I will be there tried by Her Majesty's laws."

But that was the one proposal to which the General could not agree. If he were to accept it, he must then and there say finis to the work and plans of years. He must turn back from Port Saint Julian, must never pass through the Straits, must abandon all hope of being the first Englishman to sail the Pacific. He could never expect a second time the high favour which had wafted him on this voyage; and he could not continue it with mutiny whispering behind him in the dark.

"Nay, Thomas Doughty," he said, "I will impanel a jury to enquire into these charges."

"Why, General," quoth Doughty, "I hope you will see your commission be good enough."

The answer came.

"I warrant you my commission is good enough."

"I pray you let us then see it. It is necessary that it should be here shown."

One can see the Italianate gentleman with the yeoman's name smoothly smiling as he put forward his reasonable plea. It was, as we have seen, the half of Doughty's complaint that he and Drake had equal authority. But it is not necessary to accept that unlikely claim unless it could be proved that Drake had a written commission giving him the right of life and death. It is on the whole improbable that he had any such written powers. Sir Francis Drake, the nephew, declared that Her Majesty before the General's departure committed to him her sword to use for his safety with this word:

"We do account that he which striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us."

And he could have expected nothing less. He was the appointed leader and had just those powers which appertain to leadership and always have

since one man led and others followed.

Drake's answer, however—we must admit it, if we admit John Cooke's version—was not one of his best efforts.

"Well, you shall not see it," he said bluntly, "but well, my masters, this fellow is full of prating. Bind me his arms, for I will be safe of my life;" and whilst Thomas Hood and Gregory were binding him, Drake accused him of lying that he had first made him acquainted with the Earl of Essex in Ireland, and then charged him with poisoning that chivalrous but unfortunate nobleman.

However, in a little while he simmered down, a jury of forty jurymen with John Winter, Captain of the *Elizabeth*, as foreman, was appointed, and John Thomas the clerk read aloud the articles of arraignment containing those statements and claims of Doughty and those efforts to suborn members of the crews of the various ships which have been allotted to their time and place on the voyage of the fleet from Cape Verde to the coast of Brazil.

These charges did not seriously disturb the prisoner. They were "words of unkindness" which anger might excuse. He hardly indeed troubled to deny them. But it was another story when "at length came in one Edward Bright."

We know little of Ned Bright, but clearly John Cooke knew less. "Edward Bright whose honestie of life I have not to deal with," he writes. But one can be confident that he would have dealt with it very thoroughly, had he been in possession of the necessary material. Ned Bright, at some time between the end of this trial and the fleet's exodus from the western mouth of the straits, became Master of the *Marigold*, and went down with his ship and its crew of twenty-eight in the great gale of September 1578. Mr. Fletcher, the chaplain, wrote in the margin of his narrative: "Marked judgment against a false witness." But Mr. Fletcher was free with his indications of Divine wrath. For according to him, when that tempest was succeeded by a calm so complete that there was not enough wind to shake a silken thread, John Brewer, sounding his trumpet on the poop, was hurled by the swing of a loose rope into the water; and to so miraculous a distance from the ship that he was only recovered when he had come to the end of all hope. "His judgement worth noteing." So runs Mr. Fletcher's annotation in the margin, and one may speculate whether that devout man did not look upon his own subsequent disgrace and punishment as a similar judgment upon himself. For he too was amongst the witnesses who gave evidence at this trial against Doughty.

The fatal testimony, however, was brought forward by Ned Bright in the account which he gave of the conversation Doughty had had with him,

partly in Drake's garden in Plymouth when the *Pelican* and the *Marigold* were under repair and partly upon the *Pelican*. Ned Bright seems to have stepped forward smartly.

"Nay, Doughty, we have other matter for you yet that will a little nearer touch you. It will, i'faith, bite you to the quick."

Doughty answered with dignity and restraint.

"I pray thee, Ned Bright, charge me with nothing but the truth and spare me not."

And so John Thomas read out the last article of the indictment. It was Thomas Doughty who first brought Francis Drake into a relation with the Earl of Essex and got for him the Queen's pay after he had fled from the Lord Admiral and the Council. It was Thomas Doughty who introduced Francis Drake to Mr. Christopher Hatton, Captain of the Guard and Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, after Essex had died. It was Thomas Doughty who proposed to venture a thousand pounds in this expedition and make it a joint enterprise between the two of them.

This, to be sure, was old talk with which he had made every one of the ships he had sailed in familiar. But now came something new. Thomas Doughty had been thinking, and by the time when Drake came to him in the Temple and claimed the fulfilment of his promise he had changed his mind. He had decided that so important a voyage was more meet for a prince than a subject. He had gone off, therefore, at once to Mr. Secretary Walsingham and Christopher Hatton and, like a true subject, had exposed the matter to them. They in their turn had exposed it to the Queen's Majesty, who took a good liking to it and sent for Drake. To Drake she gave the order that the enterprise should go forward, but she joined Doughty with him in as large a commission as ever went out of England. And because Doughty had served her so faithfully in Ireland under the Earl of Essex, the whole transaction was recorded under the hand and seal of the said Thomas Doughty.

Such a record, of course, never existed, and there is not the least evidence that Doughty was at any time presented to Queen Elizabeth, but no doubt he imagined that this story would serve as well as another for a simple sailorman like Bright. He rode off thereupon on his old brag that he would do a great deal of good to a great many men. Twelve was the number he selected. Yes, twelve "should carry the bell away," and Ned Bright, if he would only be ruled by Doughty—like Chester and Cuttill and the rest of them—would become richer than any of his kindred. This promise Doughty repeated in Bright's cabin on the *Pelican*, and on the Portuguese prize he added a fine new flourish which brought his head closer to the block than it had been before. For he expressed his regret that he had not taken on the

adventure without Drake's assistance. He could have done it very well, and whatever trouble they found when they reached home, he could have settled it. For the whole Council could be corrupted with money—yea, even the Queen's Majesty herself.

This statement, Ned Bright declared, it grieved his conscience to hear, and upon this jury of forty, all sailormen and the most of them from the western seaboard, the effect must have been devastating. This was the year 1578. Queen Elizabeth had been twenty years upon the throne. She had raised her country out of humiliation and penury. She had kept her great nobles in their place. She had created the great middle-class, fostered trade, and thrown her ample cloak over those great privateers like Hawkins and Drake who broke through the barriers set up by Spain and sought their fortunes with their own strong hands. She had put an end to religious persecution, she had made an England which was wooed perhaps, threatened perhaps, but never neglected. And she was known to her subjects. Those great "progresses" which she made through the summer months with a laugh and a ready word for the crowds which lined the roads had lifted her high in the hearts of the common people. She was Gloriana to the poets and the courtiers, an ethereal figure clothed in the embroideries of romance, but to the farmers and shopkeepers and sailors she was the greatest of Englishwomen, at once one of themselves and their great mistress. A slur upon her was a slur upon them.

Doughty had an answer.

"Why, Ned Bright, what should move thee thus to belie me? Thou knowest that such familiarity was never between thee and me," and there he should have been content. Between a ship's carpenter and Thomas Doughty there was, after all, a sufficient distance to make the conversation improbable from beginning to end. But he must go on himself to abolish the distance. For he added:

"But it may be I said if we brought home gold we should be the better welcome, but yet that is more than I do remember."

He admitted the conversation and went on to make his position still more dangerous for himself by declaring that the Lord Treasurer Burghley had a plan of the voyage. It will be remembered that Elizabeth herself had insisted in her interview with Drake that not a hint of their purpose should be given to Burghley, lest he should at once set himself to stop it. The acknowledged aim was trade at Alexandria.

"No, that he has not," cried Drake.

"He has," Doughty insisted.

"How?" asked Drake.

"He had it from me," quoth Doughty, and Drake, according to John Cooke, seized upon the admission. "So this was a special article against him to cut his throat and greatly he (Drake) seemed to rejoice at this advantage."

"Lo, my masters, what this fellow hath done! God will have his treacheries all known, for Her Majesty gave me special commandment that of all men my Lord Treasurer should not know it. His own mouth hath betrayed him."

Thomas, however, stood stiff and straight to this attack. He saw now, even if he had been blind before, on how shaky a pinnacle his foot was placed. But he held to his statement. If he was allowed by Drake to live and answer his accusers in England, he would sign it. But according to Drake, or rather to John Cooke's Drake, that was a matter to be debated later. The first step was to get the verdict of the jury whether Doughty was guilty or no.

At this point, Leonard Vicary, one of the gentlemen and a staunch friend of the Doughtys, interrupted the proceedings. He was a member of the jury and he cried out from his place:

"General, this is not law nor agreeable to justice that you offer."

The General turned upon him. The contempt of sea-captains for the ornaments of the law seems to have been a tradition as conventional then as it is today.

"I have not to do with you crafty lawyers, neither care I for the law. But I know what I will do."

John Thomas thereupon administered the oath to the members of the jury and handed them the articles of indictment. Leonard Vicary, however, was not come to the end of his objections, and there followed a scene which, curiously enough, had a parallel in a murder trial at the Old Bailey a few years ago.

"I know not how we may answer his life," said Vicary, meaning how we may answer and ensure that he may live.

"Well, Master Vicary," came the reply from the judgment seat, "you shall not have to do with his life. Let me alone with that. You are but to see whether he be guilty or no."

"Why, very well," Vicary returned, and there the parallel ends, for Vicary added:

"Then there is, I trust, no matter of death?"

"No, no, Master Vicary," Drake replied, but whether by these words he was agreeing with or contradicting Vicary remains in doubt.

The jury, accordingly, put its separate heads together, and found Doughty guilty upon all the indictments, but not without discussion. It was questioned whether Ned Bright was a sufficient man for another man's life to depend upon his word. If he had been honest, would he not have exposed all the treachery talked to him in the Plymouth garden before he left England? Would he have waited until he had reached a spot where will took the place of law and reason was in exile? That this doubt had been debated was told to Drake when the verdict was handed in, but he swept it aside.

"Why, I dare to swear that what Ned Bright has said is very true," he said, and leaving Thomas Doughty and his brother in custody, he led the rest of his company down to the water's edge, and there showed them letters which he had in a bundle, one from the Earl of Essex to Walsingham commending Drake to his notice, one from Christopher Hatton bidding him take John Thomas and John Brewer upon the voyage and use them well, and one proving Her Majesty's stake in the adventure. He then made a speech arguing that, once his credit had been destroyed, his life would have followed upon his credit, and then what would have become of them? They would have been reduced to drinking each other's blood before they saw their own country again. Whereas now, if such a voyage as this which had never before been made out of England went forward to its end, there wasn't a cabin-boy who wouldn't become a gentleman. But it couldn't possibly go forward if Doughty lived, and the simplest amongst them could understand what a reproach to their country as well as to them failure would be. Thereupon Drake called for a show of hands. Those who thought Doughty's guilt deserved death were to hold them up.

It is not known whether there were any present who voted against the death-sentence. But from John Cooke's silence upon that point it can be inferred reasonably that there were none. The inference is strengthened by the narrator's curious assignment of motives for those who did hold their hands up. Some were inspired by envy of Doughty's high "felicity," some by fear of what Drake would do to them if they did not, and some—can one imagine an author harder put to it to explain the actions of his characters?—some lifted their hands in a mute prayer to the Lord to deliver them from the cruel tyranny of Drake! Not one, apparently, gave a genuine verdict.

Drake, then, returning to the seat of judgment, pronounced sentence of death. Statements differ as to how the sentence was put to the culprit and how it was received. "The World Encompassed" relates that Drake offered to Doughty a choice between three procedures. He could be executed on the island, or he could be put ashore on the mainland, or he could return to England, there to answer for his deeds before the Lords of Her Majesty's

Council. Doughty, after a time for reflection, replied that if he was put ashore to live amongst savage infidels he would imperil his soul, so great was his frailty and so mighty the contagion of lewd custom; that as for returning to England, he had no ship nor crew nor provisions, and, if he had, the shame of the return would be worse than death; that therefore he would die upon the island, if the General would grant him the favour of a gentleman's death and receive the Holy Communion with him before it.

John Cooke sees in this occasion a hypocritical performance by Drake and little else. Drake professed to be anxious to spare Doughty's life. If anybody between then and the next day could find a safe means of doing so, he would gladly hear him. He begged Doughty himself to devise one. Thereupon Doughty proposed that Drake should carry him along to Peru and set him ashore in that country. But Drake shook his head.

"No, truly, Master Doughty, I cannot answer it to Her Majesty if I should do so." . . . And yet if anyone would guarantee his safety from Doughty's hands—and he turned to Winter, the Captain of the *Elizabeth*. Winter answered at once that if Doughty was committed to his custody he would guarantee the General's safety. The answer put the General in a quandary.

"So then, my masters," he said, after a little pausing, "we must nail him close under the hatches and return home without making any voyage."

But the company would have none of such a solution of their difficulty —"a company of desperate bankrupts that could not live in their country without the spoil of that as others had gotten by the sweat of their brows." Thus John Cooke describes his brother sailors. They cried "God forbid," and Drake listened very attentively to that cry, "for there needed no spur to a willing horse." So, willing Doughty to prepare for death after the respite of a day, he rose and closed the court.

Thus ended the famous trial which has caused so much vexation to the admirers of a great agent in England's ascension, and to his detractors so much content. It is possible, no doubt, that in an established Court of Justice, with lively advocates to seize upon a careless word and strict interpretations to exclude all but evidence sharpened to a point, Doughty might have escaped. But the most partial account written by Drake's open enemy, while praising Doughty to the skies, still makes it clear that he was plotting mutiny; and mutiny is the greatest crime committed on the sea. Long ocean passages in the tropics, with a trade-wind astern and for weeks on end hardly a rope to be shifted from its cleat, were the breeding-ground of plots and imagined grievances, and if we coloured our charts to show where murder had destroyed a ship and its crew, the red patches in the Caribbean and the Pacific would come near to rivalling the islands in their number. It was upon

Edward Bright's evidence that Doughty was condemned—Edward Bright "whose honestie of life I have not to deal with," writes John Cooke, and could there be an innuendo more slimy? But Edward Bright's evidence of the conversation in Drake's garden at Plymouth was corroborated over and over again by the witnesses of the fine talk which Doughty gave mouth to in the flyboat and on the *Pelican*.

How should Ned Bright, a ship's carpenter, have all this knowledge of the tug-of-war between Walsingham and Burghley, of the influence of Christopher Hatton with the Queen, of the Lord Admiral and the Council, unless Doughty had given it to him? Drake's enemies, to be sure, had another explanation. Drake, the cunning fellow, had coached him, as he had tried to coach Thomas Cuttill, who had taken himself off to the mainland with his musket to live amongst the cannibals rather than bear false witness. Indeed, the picture and image of the great General which the friends of Doughty must needs set up if their story were to be believed, is perhaps its clearest confutation. He is made out a malicious rampageous tyrant, with a false heartiness; moved by jealousy to spill the honest blood of as good a friend as man could wish for; and so stark a terror to his shipmates that they must bear witness as he bade them whilst they prayed God to deliver them from his cruelty. But that picture is quite irreconcilable with the Drake of Nombre de Dios whose sailors left the Treasure House unrifled rather than risk their General's life, the Drake who insisted upon sharing the dangers of the journey on the raft, and who when failure trod upon failure remained the inspiration which kept up their hearts.

Drake was thirty-four or thereabouts in 1578. For many years he had been learning, and there is no sign but in these doubtful accusations that he ever went back upon his learning. He had been equipping character and mind for the politic conduct of great expeditions. The overweening vanity which destroyed Magellan and the barbarism which besmirched Sir Richard Grenville were alien from him. Severe upon occasions he must be, discipline he must have, if he was to clip the talons of the Spaniard, enrich himself and his sailors, and bring his ships safely home to the Glory of God, of England and his Queen.

CHAPTER IX

The First Charter for the Mariner

THE circumstances of Doughty's death are a mirror of the times. Such a jumble of marvellous things was happening at home that one could hardly sort them out. Great trading corporations like the Levant Company, the flight of Mary Stuart to England and her imprisonment there, the growing power of the Queen, the many expeditions which struck out across the oceans like the spokes of a wheel, the chastisement of this or that great nobleman of the North, the ring of hammers in the shipyards, the introduction of the hot spices from the Moluccas, the plots and intrigues—how should one keep pace with them? Abroad, the curtain was being rolled up on so many fabulous new worlds and so many fantastic creatures, from the giants of Patagonia to the soft-footed men with the slanting eyes of Cathay, that nothing which one could imagine seemed any longer outside nature. To the people of the Elizabethan age, who were at once spectators, scene-shifters and actors of this endless transformation scene, their own violent incongruities must have seemed the merest commonplace. Thus the accounts of Thomas Doughty's execution are written in the simplest tranquil style, as if that was just the sort of way in which one would naturally expect an execution at Port Saint Julian to be conducted.

Kneeling side by side, Francis Drake and Thomas Doughty, accuser and accused, judge and condemned prisoner, received the Holy Sacrament from the hands of Francis Fletcher, the chaplain, with reverence and contrition. One may picture them both with the tears running down their bearded faces, for the men of those days were hardly more reticent of those tokens of emotion than children are today. The service concluded, the two suppliants repaired to a place on the island where a banquet had been made ready. If any others attended this banquet except those two, there is no word to tell us. But it is known that they sat apart at one table, the chairman, as it were, and his guest of honour. They talked cheerfully together as they dined. They had recovered the old friendship which had made pleasant their service to the Earl of Essex in Ireland. They were at pains to cheer one another up like comrades who were separating for a long time. Thomas Doughty drank a glass to the success of the voyage, and Drake to that still longer voyage which Doughty was now to take. For while the dinner was being served, a place of execution was being prepared, the block set out and the crews of the ships marshalled about it.

When dinner was over, Doughty told the General that he was ready as soon as he wished, but he begged for a private word with him first. The two men then walked apart so as to be free of the servants, and perhaps it was then that Doughty asked the General not to hold it against any of the company that they had been his friends. Certainly, either then or a minute or two later by the block, Doughty did make that prayer and Drake granted it. They returned thereupon to the table, where a guard had been assembled, and so "with bills and staves" Doughty was brought to the place of execution by the Provost-Marshal. He wasted no time here, but falling upon his knees prayed aloud for the Queen's Majesty and the safe homecoming of the expedition. As he laid his head upon the block, he quoted the injunction which Sir Thomas More had addressed on Tower Hill to the headsman, that he should cut clean since his neck was short. He may or may not have added that he had never had one thought of treachery to Drake, whom he named his Captain; and then the axe fell.

Doughty met his death with a constancy and a valiant bearing which in the eyes of those who believed him guilty went far to atone for his crime, and of those who held him to be the victim of tyranny were but other proofs of his innocence. Allusion has been made to the panegyric which the chaplain passed upon him in his account of the expedition, although, by the way, the chaplain bore witness at the trial. Here is the man as Chaplain Fletcher says that he saw him:

"He feared God, he loved His word and was always desirous to edify others and confirm himself in the faith of Christ. For his qualities, in a man of his time, they were rare and his gifts very excellent for his age, a sweet orator, a pregnant philosopher, a good gift for the Greek tongue and a reasonable taste of Hebrew; a sufficient secretary to a noble personage of great place and in Ireland an approved soldier and not behind many in the study of law for his time."

It is a character-sketch which fits the last hours of Doughty's life better than the years which went before them. One great thing he did unconsciously. From all the trouble and disturbance which his jealous spirit caused in that small fleet lost out of sight in distant seas sprang the first charter which the common sailor had, his first recognition that he had rights as well as duties, claims for fair dealing as well as obligations in his service. He was given a definite status in the hierarchy of the ship, before Drake led the way out of Port Saint Julian to the Straits of Magellan. Thus it came about.

Some ill-will still breaking out after Thomas Doughty's execution—and indeed John Doughty, though acquitted of all charges on his brother's plea,

was in an invidious position—Drake issued a command that all quarrels should be forgiven and that if he found any man, whosoever he might be, upbraiding any other man over things past, he would make an example of him to the whole fleet. As a beginning and a sign of this new concord, each man was bidden to make his confession on the following Sunday to the chaplain and thereafter to receive the sacrament. This was done. But the unrest continued, and on the 11th of August Drake once more ordered the crews to assemble on shore since he had words of importance to say to them. They gathered in front of a tent which had one side open, and then Drake came ashore himself and took his stance at the opening of the tent where he could be seen and heard by all. A table was set in front of him, and upon the table a big note-book. At this point Parson Fletcher seemed to imagine that his own prerogatives were to be encroached upon, for he offered to preach a sermon.

"Nay, softly, Master Fletcher," answered Drake, "I must preach this day myself though I have small skill in preaching."

He called Captain Winter of the *Elizabeth* to one side of him, and John Thomas, who had acted as his clerk at the trial, to the other. Were all present? Yes, all. Then each ship's company must stand together; and he waited until the crews of the three ships and their officers stood in three groups in front of him. He then repeated that he was a bad orator but everyone must take good notice of his words. For he would speak nothing but what he would answer for in England and before the Queen herself. In earnest of that he had it written down in his book.

Drake may not have been an orator, but he knew the devices by which orators gained the attention of an audience. The ceremony of his entrance, the separation of the crews, the big book in front of him, he had them all upon tiptoe by this time, ready for the message. They were far from their own country, encompassed by enemies, and they must not reckon any man lightly for they could not get another in his place, even if they would give ten thousand pounds for him. Therefore the mutinies which had grown amongst them must be redressed.

"For by the life of God it doth even take my wits from me to think on it. Here is such controversy between the sailors and the gentlemen, and such stomaching between the gentlemen and the sailors, that it doth even make me mad to hear it."

And thereupon he delivered the core and heart of his speech.

"I must have the gentleman to hale and draw with the mariner, and the mariner with the gentleman."

They were both necessary, the gentlemen to keep order and the mariners to work the ship, but they must be all of a company. If there were any who objected, he could spare the *Marigold* to take them home and he would give them letters of recommendation besides. But they must go home, for if he found them in his way he would sink them; and he gave them until tomorrow to think it over. For, and again came that cry of a mind very close to despair, "I have taken that in hand that I know not in the world how to go through with all, it passeth my capacity, it hath even bereaved me of my wits to think on it!"

Never before, not even when he had missed the gold train on the savanna of Panama or lost his ships on the coast of Darien, had he been so near to losing heart. To him, with so many voyages already to his name, mutiny was a new peril; and after a week's silent watchfulness and thought he had devised this new cure for it.

"The gentleman must hale and draw with the mariner, and the mariner with the gentleman."

The provision will seem no such great matter to us of a later day. Plimsoll, one of that choice band of back-bench Members of the House of Commons whose names are cherished when those of cabinet ministers are forgotten, has given the mariner security with his water-line. Sailors' Unions and Societies have improved his food and his wages until each man has assured to him so many cubic feet of air in his fo'c'sle. But the mariner on a Tudor ship was up till this day on the island of Port Saint Julian a creature of the meanest reckoning. On a ship of the Navy the soldier was all in all; on a trading ship, if a third of the crew which set out was alive to bring her home, everyone was well content. The mariner was the sea's beast of burden, its camel to carry its load to the last ounce of its strength and to fall down and die decently in the fewest possible moments. But now the gentlemen were to share his work. They were to hale and draw with him. A new era? Not quite. For Drake himself had practised such a rule on earlier voyages. But now he announced it, and England had her reward of that announcement ten years later when the stately galleons of the Armada sailed up the Channel on the great enterprise.

As one man, the crews gave answer that they would not go home.

"At whose hands," he continued, "look you to receive your wages?"

"At yours," they answered.

"Then will you take wages or stand to my courtesy?"

"To your courtesy," was the reply. For, as some said, they knew not what wages to ask.

Even then the moment had not come for the big book on the table to be closed and the company to be dismissed. Drake had the gift of imagination which no great leaders are without, and he used it now to strike that hour and that pledge home into the breast of each one of his audience. He commanded the steward of the *Elizabeth* to step forward and lay down the key of the store-room on the table. Then he turned to Winter:

"Master Winter, I do here discharge you of your captainship of the *Elizabeth*; and you, John Thomas, of the *Marigold*; and you, Thomas Hood, of your mastership in the *Pelican*; and you, William Markham, of your mastership of the *Elizabeth*; and Nicholas Antony of his mastership in the *Marigold*; and to be brief, I do here discharge every officer of all his offices whatsoever."

Those poor men must have stood aghast. A minute ago they had pledged their loyalty and their obedience, and here they were, taken at their word and stripped of all authority. Winter and John Thomas asked what had moved Drake to displace them. Drake answered with another question. Could they give him a reason why he should not do so? And now the only reply was silence.

Drake took up the tale again. Neither Christopher Hatton nor Sir William Winter, Surveyor of the Navy, nor John Hawkins was the inspirer of this expedition—whatever idle heads might say. They should now have the truth of it. The Earl of Essex wrote to Secretary Walsingham that Drake was a fit man to serve against the Spaniards owing to the experience which he had in that trade. Mr. Secretary Walsingham then conferred with Drake, told him that Her Majesty had received divers injuries at the hands of the King of Spain for which she wished to have some revenge, and showing him a chart, asked him to write down where he thought the King of Spain might be most annoyed. Drake was willing to talk but refused to set hand to paper. Her Majesty was mortal, and if it should please God to take her off, some Prince might reign who was friendly to the King of Spain and there would be Drake's handwriting to bear witness against himself. (I think Mr. Secretary Walsingham must have chuckled over the astuteness and precautions of his new confederate, and very likely held him thereafter in a higher esteem. Not so simple this sailorman from the West Country!) Accordingly, Walsingham brought Drake into the Queen's presence, and she said:

"Drake, so it is that I would be gladly revenged on the King of Spain for divers injuries that I have received."

She added that Drake was the only man who could avenge her. Drake gave his advice that there was little good to be done by an attack on Spain. The only way to annoy him was "by his Indies." Acting upon that advice,

Her Majesty adventured a thousand crowns. It was up to this point that Drake had been working. It was not Francis Drake whom they were serving but the Queen. Then he restored to each man his former office and dismissed the company upon its business.

For six more days Drake lingered in Port Saint Julian watering and provisioning his ships and breaking up the *Mary*, which was leaky and troublesome. On August 17th, after a stay of fifty-eight days, the fleet, diminished now to the handier complement of three ships, set its course south-west for the Straits of Magellan.

CHAPTER X

The Straits of Magellan. The Discovery of Cape Horn. Drake's Consciousness of his Mission. His Life on board the "Golden Hind." His Courtesy to his Prisoners. The More Compassionate Pirate.

1

ON August 20th, Drake sighted the high Cape Virgins, or Cape Virgin Maria as the Spaniards then called it. It was a mass of steep grey cliffs starred with black, the waves surging at its feet like the spouting of whales. It was a solemn moment for the General. Cape Virgins was one of the pillars of the gate through which he was to pass into the ocean of promise which he had seen five and a half years before from the bough of a tall tree in the savanna of Panama. He signalled to all ships that they should "strike their topsails upon the bunt" in honour of their Sovereign Lady the Queen's Majesty, and as a token of their dutiful obedience. Then, in remembrance of his good friend Christopher Hatton, whose crest was a hind *trippant* or, he changed the name of his ship, the Admiral, from the *Pelican* to the *Golden Hind*. Finally, he held a service of thanksgiving with a sermon preached by Parson Fletcher. According to the log of Nuño da Silva, he sailed during the rest of that day and all the next towards the Cape, and rounding it on August 22nd, anchored for the night within the mouth of the Straits. On the following morning he ran through a narrow straight channel on a fair wind. Both "The World Encompassed" and "The Famous Voyage" published by Hakluyt give August 21st as the day on which Drake entered the Straits. But the Portuguese pilot Nuño da Silva records in his log that the day was the 23rd, and that the Indians on the banks lit great fires as Drake's three ships passed. The actual date is of interest rather than of importance. But Nuño da Silva's log is at once brief and unqualified. He elaborated this entry in his sworn deposition before the tribunal of the Inquisition of Mexico in May, 1579. There he swore that the fleet remained at the entrance to the Straits waiting for a favourable wind, which it afterwards got. Upon a small point of this kind it is wiser to accept the statement of an experienced pilot than the less definite narratives of sailors and travellers who had not a pilot's exactitude.

The mistake must not, however, be made of inferring that the safe passage of this channel by Drake's fleet was owed even in the most minute

particular to the skill and knowledge of this pilot. Nuño da Silva's professional life had been confined to the Atlantic. First as man before the mast, next as pilot, and finally as pilot and captain, he had traded between Portugal and Brazil. But he was an utter stranger to this outermost wedge of Patagonia. Drake was his own navigator throughout the expedition. He was armed with three books on navigation, according to the deposition which da Silva swore a year later before the tribunal of the Inquisition of Mexico: one in French, very possibly *l'Art de Naviguer*; one in English, very probably "The Arte of Navigation," a translation from the Spanish of the book by Martin Cortez; and Magellan's "Discovery."

It was not a large equipment for so intricate a voyage. But two Spaniards with nothing better had passed that way into the South Sea since Magellan, the Comendador Garcia Jofre de Loaysa in 1525, though to be sure it took him four months, and Alonzo de Camargo in 1540. What a couple of Spaniards could do, Drake never doubted that with the help of God he could. Of all the deficiencies which frustrate human endeavour, the last of which Drake could be accused was an inferiority complex. He was the best navigator of his day and he did not hesitate to say so. "Francisco Drac," said the Spanish prisoners whom he released at Guatulco, "is so boastful of himself as a mariner and man of learning that he told them there was no one in the whole world who understood the art of navigation better than he." But the report of the Alcalde of Guatulco, before whom their depositions were sworn, adds: "From what the prisoners saw of Drake during their two days' imprisonment, they judge that he must be a good mariner."

Under Drake's pilotage the fleet ran through the narrows with the wind astern. The narrows widened out to the breadth of a great river. On either side rose stupendous mountains, their riven crests lost in swirling mists, their flanks hung with glaciers and masked in snow; and from their high clefts such bitter winds rushed down and spun and clashed that the water was torn into deep hollows and monstrous waves, and the sailors could nowhere find a shelter to protect their shivering bodies from the cold. On the lower slopes of the mountains, out of the wind's reach, the air was temperate as an English summer; and below the tree-level the avalanches and the glacier streams had so bent branch and stem that each little wood and spinney had the look of a village of rude huts; and the grass was green and thick and embroidered with thyme and marjoram and healing plants.

On the 24th the adventurers came to three islands on the north side of the Strait, the home of seals and penguins. There they stayed for two days, killing two thousand seals and many penguins for their larder and refilling their water-casks. But of drinking-water they had never any want throughout

the passage. The streams brought it to their feet. With some of his gentlemen and sailors Drake, as was his custom, went ashore on the biggest of the islands and named it Elizabeth. The other two he named St. Bartholomew and St. George. On the island of Elizabeth he found some natives, "comely and harmless people," some of whom were clothed in skins. But others, and those the greater part, went naked, painting their bodies in stripes, ringing their eyes with red and setting a sort of caste mark on their foreheads. They were nomads, settling in one spot until they had exhausted the natural food which it provided, and then moving on to the next. Indeed, it is difficult to say what else they could have done. For they had no implements wherewith to till the soil and no means of making them. Even their knives, a first necessity of man, were fashioned out of very hard and very big mussel-shells, the edges being ground sharp on stones and the blades fitted into wooden handles. Yet with these makeshift tools they pruned the bent saplings into bowers, hollowed out the simpler utensils of their households, and built rowing-boats with high rounded ends of such excellent size and proportion that the General and all his wanderers were amazed, deeming them more fit for a prince than for so rude and uncultivated a race.

Rude and uncultivated, no doubt, they were, but they were friendly, and that is more than can be said of their descendants four hundred years afterwards. The name of Joshua Slocum is nowadays probably forgotten, but in the last decade of the nineteenth century he made some little stir. An old sailor of the Newfoundland banks, poor and out of work, he built a sloop of nine tons burden in his back garden at Fairhaven, Mass., zigzagged across the Atlantics single-handed and sailed through the Straits of Magellan to Australia. In order to sleep, he tied up his little sloop at night to any convenient rock, and in order to save himself from being murdered whilst he slept, he covered his deck with tin-tacks. The cries of the bare-footed marauders waked him in his cabin, and a double-barrelled shot-gun which he kept loaded by his side sent them leaping back on shore.

Drake stayed for two days at the island of Elizabeth, and on the 26th he set off again. Now began the most dangerous part of the passage. For though the Strait was wider, it twisted and turned so sharply that he had never a true wind, and though it blew amiss, never long from the same quarter. Each icy cleft of the high rocks seemed to be keeping a gust of especial malice against the coming of the English ships; and sometimes, if it smote them from ahead, they lost in an hour the whole advance of yesterday. Their plight was the more grievous because of the depth of the channel. It was very seldom that they could ride to an anchor, and only then in some narrow creek where, if the anchor dragged, the ship must go ashore. Still they sailed

on in those harsh grey solitudes. Once, to the south, they sighted a volcano far away, and now and then fires were lit by the savages on the banks as if to celebrate their passage. From a single strait they sailed into an archipelago of islands where all the broad waterways led to the south. Under the lee of one of these islands they anchored, whilst Drake in a rowing-boat searched for an outlet to the north. He found it. The channel opened, and on the 6th day of September Drake passed through that iron gateway into the South Sea of his dreams, the first of all the English. It had been his intention to land on Cape Deseado, the great headland on the north side of the Straits, hold a service there, preach a sermon, and set up a metal statue of Her Majesty for a perpetual remembrance of the voyage. He had noted with his flair for the dramatic detail that Cape Deseado was 52° south of the Line, whereas England was 52° north of it, and no doubt meant to draw a moral from that fact in his homily. But this was one of the sermons never to be delivered. He had the wind astern and there was no likely anchorage to be observed. He held on into the open sea and set his course north-west.

North-west for Peru! It was an extraordinary mistake. Abraham Ortelius had published his map in Antwerp in the year 1570, and it quickly became the standard map in England. It would seem impossible that Drake, setting out from an English port in November of the year 1577, should not have carried this map with him. Yet Ortelius was almost right in his outline of the western coast of South America. He missed the easterly inclination of the land below the great shoulder of Peru, but no sailor with even a smattering of knowledge and Ortelius' map upon his table could have laid his course north-west. A point or half a point to the west of north perhaps, but to steer north-west was to make for the emptiness of the South Sea. Certainly, then, Drake had not this map, but he had others, for more than one of the prisoners he made along that coast spoke of seeing them, and San Juan de Anton, the Master and owner of *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion*—a ship of which a good deal will later be said—deposed before the Royal Court of Panama ten days after his release that Drake showed him a huge chart of more than eleven yards in length which had been made for him in Lisbon. Parson Fletcher suggests that the Spanish deliberately falsified their maps so that any expedition which succeeded in passing through the Straits might be lured away to those islands where Magellan met his death. But Lisbon was not yet the possession of Spain. The Cardinal-King of Portugal was still alive, and he whose share of the world was the East had no interest in the seaboard of Chile and Peru. The big Portuguese chart which Drake used may have misled him through the error of a geographer rather than through a piece of political cunning. In any case, he was misled, and for seventy

leagues he sailed forth into the emptiness of the South Sea. At that point he met with a gale, "the like whereof its to be supposed no traveller hath felt, neither hath there ever been such a tempest so violent and of such continuance, since Noah's flood; for it lasted from September 7th to October 28th, full fifty-two days."

Thus "The World Encompassed" and Drake's seamanship and endurance were never put to a sterner trial. The storm came up out of the north and drove the fleet far south to degree 57. On the 15th of September occurred an eclipse of the moon which lasted for two hours. When the shadow passed from the moon, the crews, perished with cold and want of sleep and the sting of the sea, hoped that it would pass from them too. "But an eclipse continued still in its full force," and though Drake was able in some abatement of the tempest to bring his ships about and head north-eastwards for the coast, he lost the *Marigold*. That little ship may well have been overwhelmed in the dangerous moment of going about in the enormous sea. We don't know. But Fletcher, the chaplain, had another reason. Ned Bright was on board of her, the accuser of Doughty, her Captain. Fletcher is wrong there. It is definitely stated that when Drake at Port Saint Julian gave back to his officers their commands, he made John Thomas, the clerk of his assize, once more Captain of the *Marigold*. But it is very likely that he promoted Ned Bright from ship's carpenter on the *Pelican*, as the *Golden Hind* still was named, to Master on the *Marigold*. He was certainly on board. The catastrophe happened in the second watch of the night, which John Brewer and Fletcher himself kept on the *Golden Hind*, the storm being outrageous. The *Marigold* was sailing close to the Admiral when "the hand of God came upon them," so close that both Fletcher and Brewer heard above the storm the cries of their drowning comrades. "Twenty-eight souls," apart from Ned Bright, were swallowed up in those mountainous seas, and Chaplain Fletcher was able to write in the margin of his manuscript: "Marked judgement against a false witness." Twenty-eight souls must be sacrificed in the horror of a dark night and a boiling sea, so that Ned Bright might be duly punished for his testimony against Doughty; and who shall deny that Parson Fletcher's pious edification was another man's blasphemy?

The *Marigold* had foundered with all hands, though men of less piety than the chaplain were loth to believe it. She was well provisioned and had a crew large enough and competent enough to handle her. The General had appointed a rendezvous at 30° upon the coast of Chile, should the ships part company. She was waited for at the appointed place, but waited for in vain.

On October 7th, one calendar month after the storm broke upon them, the *Golden Hind* and the *Elizabeth* had thrust their way back within sight of

land. They must find a harbour if they could where they might rest till "God in mercy gave them more safe sailing at the seas." The wind had gone round to the west now, and the ships were driving on to a lee-shore a little north of the big cape at the sally-port of the Straits of Magellan. There, though the winds were pouring down from the mountains "with that horror that they made the bottom of the seas to be dry land" and the billows rose mountain-high, a narrow channel between the rocks was discovered; and through it, as "through the eye of a needle," with darkness falling, the two ships raced into a great bay and dropped their anchors. At last the adventurers hoped to enjoy some freedom and ease till the storm was ended. But the malice of the high mountains was repeated by the foot-hills under which they lay, and a few hours afterwards the storm found them in their shelter. "Our cables broke, our anchors came home, and our spirits fainted as with the last gasp unto death." By some miracle of seamanship, Drake led his ships in the night back through the needle's eye to the open sea. There they parted company, Winter with his ship the *Elizabeth* being forced under the Cape into the Straits, and Drake scudding under bare poles southwards to Cape Horn. The Admiral was persuaded that the Vice-Admiral had perished, the Vice-Admiral had the like opinion of the *Golden Hind*. They were not to meet at the thirtieth degree of latitude off the coast of Chile, and it was not until Drake sailed into Plymouth Sound in an autumn month two years afterwards that he knew what had happened to his consort. For, "the Lord set both our ships from perishing."

2

Whilst the General is running without a strip of canvas on his yards before the mountainous seas to make a great discovery and demolish a great legend, it would be as well to follow Captain Winter and the *Elizabeth*. For Captain Winter, if he did not demolish a legend, gave to one still too lively its *coup de grâce*.

He sailed back through the Straits of Magellan from west to east. An impossible proceeding, said many, and above all the Spanish, so violent a current ran and such strong winds blew from the Atlantic. Once in the Straits of Magellan, you must come out in the South Sea, if you were to come out at all, and seek your roundabout way home by the Moluccas and the Cape of Good Hope. It is possible, no doubt, that the theory owes its origin, with the false map of the Chilean coast, to the deliberate mendacity of the Spaniard nursing his vain dream that he could keep inviolate his rich empire in the Pacific. But it may have sprung from the general belief in a vast continent to the south, that Terra Australis incognita, through which there was no passage or outlet. The Atlantic heaped itself under Cape Virgin Maria and raced

through the narrow channel in front of the east wind with so impetuous a compulsion that, once in, there was no going about or coming back.

The legend was not accepted in England even before this expedition. There is a manuscript of three pages in the British Museum mutilated by fire, which is nothing less than the draft plan of Drake's voyage; and on the third page it is stated that the ships are to go and return by Magellan's Straits. The going proved that they could have returned had they wished. For, in the first place, they encountered the regular change of the tides with a rise-and-fall of five fathoms, and in the second, the ships were from time to time blown back by contrary winds so fierce that they lost a full day's advance in less than a short afternoon. Then the *Elizabeth* did return and scotched the tale altogether.

Winter anchored first of all in an open bay close to the mouth of the Straits and lit great fires upon the shore, in the hope that Drake might rejoin him. When two days had passed and there was still no sign of the General, Winter took his ship deeper in and, finding a sound, anchored there for three weeks. He named the harbour The Port of Health, for his men, who were worn out by long watches, cold and wet and bad feeding, "did here, God be thanked, wonderfully recover their health in short space. Here"—the account is written by Edward Cliffe, a sailor on the *Elizabeth*—"we had very pleasant great muscles, some being twenty inches long, very pleasant meat, and many of them full of seed-pearls."

But Captain John Winter did very much more than recover his health and eat fine mussels. On the day of his return to England he wrote to his father, George Winter, and his uncle, Sir William Winter, an account of how he spent some part of the time. He read to his ship's company the story of Magellan's voyage to prepare them for what lay ahead of them; and, after hearing it, he wrote, the Master refused to steer in the wake of Magellan, whereas head-winds would have prevented them from reaching Chile. So Winter reluctantly turned towards home.

Edward Cliffe, however, says bluntly: "We came out of this harbour the first of November, giving over our voyage by Master Winter's compulsion (full sore against the mariners' minds)." For he despaired of finding a wind which would serve his turn for Chile, just as he despaired also of Drake's safety.

Of these two contradictory reasons for the *Elizabeth's* return to England, Edward Cliffe's is the more probable. For had Winter seriously wished to continue the voyage, he would hardly have regaled his convalescent crew with a recital of Magellan's voyage. There can rarely have been a voyage, even in those days of hard adventuring, on which so much misery was

endured. From Cape Deseado or, as it now is called, Cape Pillar, Magellan sailed for a hundred days without sight of land, under a tropical sun. The food decayed, the water got rotten, scurvy was rife amongst the crew and the ship became one stench from bows to stern. With Drake and the *Golden Hind* sunk, as John Winter had good excuse to believe, he had no stomach to go on with the enterprise.

Before a Court of Admiralty held on June 3rd, 1580, after the *Elizabeth* had reached England, Winter made a deposition which might be held to throw a different light upon his return alone. The Court was held at the instance of the Portuguese owners of the *Mary*, who claimed the return of that portion of the *Mary's* cargo which was stored in the hold of the *Elizabeth*. Winter, on giving a list of the Portuguese property which he was carrying, declared that he was utterly opposed to the capture of the *Mary*, but that he did not dare to open his mouth, lest Drake should put him to death, as indeed in another case he did. "With the said Drake, no justice would be heard": a piece of evidence which, if accepted on its plain meaning, suggests that Winter persuaded or compelled his crew to give up the voyage, not for any of the reasons which he had given them but because he jumped at the opportunity of freeing himself from the tyranny of Drake.

This deposition has to be considered, since it endorses the descriptions of their leader given by Fletcher and Cooke. But its worth is not to be overrated. Winter was the foreman of the jury which passed its verdict upon Doughty, and there is not to be found in any history of the trial a word which suggests that he disagreed with it or that he was too terrified of Drake to speak what was in his mind. Indeed, when Drake, to make it clear to all that his was the supreme authority, dispossessed his officers of their powers, Winter and John Thomas alone stood up to him and asked him why. Winter, on his return to England, must have found himself in an equivocal position: the same position, in fact, as that in which Drake stood when he came back alone from St. John de Ulua. He may well have thought to strengthen his case in the eyes of important people like Burghley if he now expressed a horror of Drake's lawlessness in capturing the Portuguese prize.

3

The *Marigold* was sunk, the *Elizabeth* had disappeared. So that now our Admiral, if she had retained her old name of *Pelican*, writes the author of "The World Encompassed," would have been indeed a Pelican in the wilderness—a wilderness of smothering seas and intolerable winds which no traveller had ever endured. The *Golden Hind* was driven south again, and as low as the fifty-fifth parallel. The storm still blew out of the north-west, but in its first cycle the ship had lain two hundred miles to the west of her

present position. Now she was on a lee-shore, and she ran for shelter amongst those islands to the south of the Straits which they had already recognized as islands rather than promontories of that unknown continent which was supposed to encompass the two hemispheres and hold up the world as an egg-cup holds up an egg. Amongst them they found an anchorage. They found, too, as if to increase their doubts whether the Straits of Magellan were straits at all, that the waters "had their indraught and free passage." The tides ran through, and not by "small guts or narrow channels" but by waterways as wide as the Straits themselves.

Here for a little while the storm took up. The crew went ashore and collected "divers good and wholesome herbs, and especially one not much unlike that which we commonly call Pennyleaf," of which they stood in great need. They found fresh water, and their wearied and sickly bodies began to receive good comfort. But the break in the gale was the mere abatement, not the end of it, and after two days they must put out again and into a greater peril than they had known before. For now the wind blew in fierce sudden gusts, now from one quarter, now from another. The heavy rollers, natural to those seas, curled over like the edges of a parchment in the fire, and the spindrift was blown from them mountain-high like flakes of snow. The sailors "were rather to look for present death than hope of any delivery if God Almighty should not make the way for them." Ship and men were tossed like a ball by a racket. "Notwithstanding," the narrative continues, "the same God of mercy which delivered Jonas out of the whale's belly, beheld our tears and heard our humble petitions." Their General once more with a supreme seamanship brought them in amongst the islands but a few leagues to the south of their former anchorage. And again the storm abated, so much that they found the nomad savages transferring themselves in their canoes from one island to another and held some traffic with them.

This time their respite lasted for three days, and then the hurricane chased them for a third time from their refuge. "Their anchor, as a false friend, gave over its holdfast": they were granted no time for a seemly putting to sea; Drake cut his cable once more and barely succeeded in beating out into the open sea. But he had probably sought his shelter in Londonderry Island where the coast bends towards the east, and would thus have a screen of towering rocks to break the full force of a north-west gale as he emerged. But once out, his ship was hurled along, as it had been for two months, and buffeted incessantly from every quarter. Drake, however, was soon to recognize that God had a special purpose in visiting him with this inexorable gale, for it drove him down to "the uttermost part of land towards the South Pole," and there died altogether away. "The uttermost

cape or headland of all these islands stands near in 56 degrees, without which there is no main or island to be seen to the southwards but that the Atlantic Ocean and the South Sea meet in a most large and free scope."

There were no Straits of Magellan, then, between two continents. There were waterways between the south point of the Americas and an archipelago of islands. There was no Terra Australis nondum cognita stretching round the base of the world. There were Cape Horn and the clash of two oceans.

It was by an accident that Magellan discovered his Straits. For he believed the way through to the South Sea was by the River Plate, and it was only in obstinacy and fear that he went forward thereafter on a blind chance. It was by the accident of this stupendous protracted gale—unless you take Drake's view that accident had nothing whatever to do with it—that Drake discovered Cape Horn and disabused the world of its age-old dream of a vast and unknown territory peopled by monsters.

"We," Parson Fletcher jests—"we taking our farewell from the southernmost part of the world known, or as we think to be known here, we altered the name of those Southernly islands from Terra Incognita (for so it was before our coming thither and so should have remained still with our good wills) to Terra Nunc Bene Cognita, that is, Broken Islands."

Suggestions, of course, have been made that the Spaniards knew the truth all along but concealed it just to hinder privateers and profiteers like Francis Drake from pushing their noses in where they were far from being wanted; and that the gale drove him too far to the west to recover Cape Horn. There never was a swan but someone would strip him of his plumes and cry "Why, it's only a goose after all." But he of "The World Encompassed" and Fletcher the chaplain are precise. There is an error in the latitude given by "The World Encompassed," it is true. 56° says the narrative; 55° 58′ 40″ is the real position of Cape Horn. But it is too slight to discredit the narrative. And if Drake did not sight Cape Horn, why then he invented a true story and swore every man-jack of his company in so binding a conspiracy that no rumour of his duplicity ever reached the world. The map by Ortelius of the year 1570 was superseded by the map of Edward Wright in the year 1599; and in the map itself there was to be read the inscription:

> "By the discoverie of Sr Francis Drake made in the year 1577, the streights of Magellane as they are commonly called seem to be nothing else but broken land and Ilands and the Southwest coast of America called Chili was found not to trend to the north-westwards, as it hath been described but to the eastwards of the north as it is here set down, which is also confirmed by the

voyages and discoveries of Pedro Sarmiento and Mr Thos. Cavendish. Aº 1587."

Parson Fletcher landed with his bag on the southernmost island, where some sort of wild grape was growing, and walked to its southernmost point, where he set up a big stone. He had brought in his bag the necessary tools and he engraved upon the stone Her Majesty's name, her kingdom, the year of Christ and the day of the month. The General had already given to the group the name of Elizabethides. Mr. Fletcher says no more about their stay except that they departed after two days. Nor does the author of "The World Encompassed" add what all must want to hear who hold the memory of Drake deep in their love and would grieve if he had missed a moment of exaltation and delight which was his due. But he did not miss it. He told Sir Richard Hawkins upon his return that he had gone ashore carrying a compass with him to make sure of the thing he was about. He sought out with the help of his compass the "most southernmost part of the island, cast himself down upon the uttermost point of it, grovelling, and so reached out his body over it." When he returned on board, he told the whole company "that he had been upon the southernmost known land in the world and even further to the southward upon it than any of them, yea or any man as yet known." It is pleasant, after all, to know that Drake by so much as the measurement from his waist to the crown of his head had been further south than Parson Fletcher.

The *Golden Hind* rose and dipped in a calm swell for two days, and Drake once more hoisted his anchor. He had a strong hope that the *Elizabeth* had survived the hurricane, and was anxious to reach the rendezvous at 30° south latitude. He set his course north-west, relying still upon his huge Portuguese map, and on the next day put in at two islands which he found to be storehouses of birds and eggs. There were enough to provision not merely the *Golden Hind* but his whole fleet were it still in being.

Drake departed on November 1st, still on his north-west course. The weather was fine, but after sailing for four days over an empty sea, the General altered his course to north-east and kept to it until the 7th of the month, when he set his bows to the north-west once more. These changes of direction may have been due to Drake's hope to pick up his consort by covering a wide tract of ocean, or he may have already become suspicious that his chart was wrong. Whatever his reason, he now sailed steadily north-west until November 14th. Still no land was visible, still no ship was seen, and Drake, now convinced that his maps had misled him, bore away yet again to the north-east and steered on that point of the compass for eleven days. The mountains of Chile at last rose above the rim of the sea, and on

November 25th he dropped his anchor off an island at the height of 39°. La Mocha, or Mocho as some would have it, was the name of the island. It was inhabited by Indians naturally peaceful, who had been driven off the mainland by the abominable cruelty of the Spaniards and here maintained a little kingdom of their own by sheer force of arms. It was Drake's policy always to make friends and keep faith with the natives, whether he found them in Darien or Patagonia; and the policy had stood him in good stead. But it was now utterly to deceive him and so jeopardize the landing party that it was a miracle that any one of them escaped. The whole enterprise was as near to foundering on the island of Mocha as the *Golden Hind* had been off the islands of Tierra del Fuego.

Drake knew nothing whatever of the hatred which the cruelties of the Spaniards had inspired in these once simple and kindly refugees. He followed his usual practice. He went ashore on the evening of his arrival with some of his gentlemen and sailors. The natives came down to meet him with every show of welcome and friendliness. They brought with them fruit and a couple of fat sheep which they presented to the General. The General made them presents in return and stated that his only object was to traffic with them for what they had to spare of their maize, potatoes and cattle. And especially he needed fresh water. The natives, all smiles and good humour, promised to show him the next morning a spring whence he could get all the fresh water he wanted.

Early the next morning, therefore, in a rowing-boat with twelve men, Drake went to a creek which was pointed out to him. Of these, two, Thomas Brewer and Thomas Flood, were put ashore with the water-breakers. They were still in sight on their way to the spring when they were set upon and captured. At the same time, men on the shore seized the boat's painter and made it fast. The creek was lined with tall reeds and rocks, behind which there were many bowmen hidden; the rowing-boat held now ten men and, deceived by the friendliness shown to them the evening before, they had come with no other arms than their shields and swords. They were, moreover, so closely packed that they could make little use even of their shields. In this helpless condition they were assailed by shower upon shower of arrows. The shafts of the arrows were made of cane and the heads of sharpened stones, so loosely fitted into the shafts that they remained in the wounds. "The World Encompassed" sets the number of their assailants as five hundred, and the author of "The Short Abstract of the Present Voyage" as one hundred. One hundred indeed was more than enough for this bloody business, for Drake's men were so crowded together in the boat and so unprovided with any weapon which could reply that they were no better than

"butts to every arrow at the pleasure of the shooter." There was not one man in the boat who was unhurt. John Brewer, Drake's young trumpeter, had seventeen wounds, Great Nele, the Danish gunner, twenty, and the planks of the boat were studded with arrows as though they had been so many nails not driven home. Drake himself was shot in the face, the arrow penetrating just below the right eye and close to his nose. Under the protection of the arrows some of the Indians rushed into the water and snatched all the oars away but two, whilst others, taking hold of the painter, began to pull the boat ashore. But for "one of the simplest of the company," to use the words of Fletcher, they would have been killed to the last man. Simple he may have been, but he was quick-witted enough on that occasion. He drew his sword and cut the painter. A heavy surf was running and the receding wave carried the boat back. They got the two remaining oars at work, and pursued by flights of arrows "as thick as gnats in the sun" they pulled away to their ship.

When they were got on board, covered with blood, a second boat was manned with a crew armed with muskets and hurried off to the rescue of Flood and Thomas Brewer. But there were now two thousand of the natives, and those who had not bows carried spears and long darts which glittered in the sun like silver. In the midst of them on the beach lay the two unhappy sailors bound hand and foot. Some of the savages danced hand in hand in a ring about them, singing as they danced, whilst others, bending over them, cut lumps of flesh away from their bodies "in gobbets" and tossed them into the air. The dancers caught the lumps and devoured them like dogs.

The boat crew fired a volley again and again, but they could not get nearer to the shore than the distance covered by a bow-shot; and after lying on their oars for a little while they returned miserably to their ship. They prayed the General to allow them to clear the beach with a broadside of the big guns, but he would not. The natives had taken them all for their persecutors, the Spaniards, he said, and had bestowed upon them a Spaniard's reward. The Spaniards were the only white race of which they knew, and no doubt Drake's explanation of the attack was right. Certainly more than one of the men who had gone ashore on the previous day had, in spite of strict orders, used the word "agua" when they asked where they could find fresh water. And without firing a shot in revenge the *Golden Hind* raised her anchor and sailed off along the coast.

Drake had enough upon his hands in all conscience. The fleet's surgeon had died; his assistant was upon the *Elizabeth*; and upon the *Golden Hind* there was only an apprentice, a boy of much goodwill but less surgery. However, Drake himself was that master of all arts, trades and professions, a deep-sea Captain. With his knowledge and the ready help of all who were

able to help, the wounded made a good recovery with the exception of two men: Great Nele, the Danish gunner, who came aboard with twenty wounds, and a negro, an old friend of ours, Diego the Cimaroon from Darien. Until this moment of that faithful servant's death there is no mention of him in any history of the voyage. Drake had brought him away from Nombre de Dios and kept him as his body-servant ever since. Readers may remember that there was gossip in England of a blackamoor page whom he had presented to Queen Elizabeth after that tremendous adventure. Gossip in which there was no truth; for at that time the General was small fry, and small fry were not honoured with that great Lady's attention. But the legend may well have grown from Diego's attendance on his heels.

It was on the 26th of November that the *Golden Hind* moved away from Mocha, the Vectis of Valdivia, as Fletcher describes it. The island, mountainous in the centre but surrounded by most fertile plains, lies close to 39°. Drake from now on clung to the coast. He was making for his rendezvous at 30°, and looking out at the same time for the treasure ships which were to pay for the voyage and add handsomely to the coffers of the merchant-adventurers, the noblemen and the Queen's Majesty who had their shares in it. He was come to his fishing-ground, as it were, and he caught the first of his big fish ten days later.

But before the story of this exploit and of those which followed it is told, it would be well to see into what manner of man Francis Drake had grown with increasing years and increased authority; how he looked; how he lived; how he bore himself; and what was the domestic economy of his ship.

4

He was now thirty-four years old, of middling height and sturdy build, and on his ruddy face he wore a small brown beard neatly trimmed. Throughout the expedition to Nombre de Dios he had been the Captain, but a Captain close to the devoted and joyful band of youngsters who made up his officers and crew. He had been *primus inter pares*. But that phase of his life had passed. He was aloof now, as men in high authority at sea needs must be. He carried the Queen's commission and was never for a moment unaware of it. Of the many prisoners whom he held as hostages for a day or two on his voyage up the coasts of Peru and Mexico, there was hardly one who did not bear testimony to his insistence. To one, indeed, who by reason of his high birth stood apart from the ordinary run of his captives, Don Francisco de Zárate, a cousin of the Duke of Medina, "He showed me the commissions that he had received from her and carried."

Drake was on a mission of dignity. He had a higher object than that of despoiling the King of Spain, though despoiling the King of Spain was a part of his errand. He had to obtain restitution for great wrongs done, and he had to force Philip by this drastic form of persuasion to allow the English to trade freely in the Indies and to live there according to their own faith. But his mission was to found settlements on good lands as yet unoccupied by the Spaniards, and to carry through to a successful end a voyage of exploration which would add to the fame of England and its Queen. He carried himself accordingly. He punished his sailors for their least fault, but he respected them, and he made no favourites. Their feelings towards him were summarized notably by Francisco de Zárate. "I managed to ascertain whether the General was well liked, and all said that they adored him." They were not allowed to loot on their own account; they were drilled; each man was taught to take a pride in keeping his arquebus clean, and in saluting his officers and his General. The *Golden Hind*, since it had left the unfriendly harbour of Saint Julian, had the discipline of a ship of the Royal Navy.

Drake's responsibility weighed heavily upon him. Those despairing cries at Port Saint Julian, "I have taken that in hand that I know not in the world how to go through with all, it passeth my capacity, it hath even bereaved me of my wits to think on it," did not so much spring from the bitter treachery of a friend whom he loved, as from the wider fear that "mutinies and discords" would bring all the high purposes of this voyage to nothing. But in the interval he had re-established his authority. No doubt his brilliant handling of the *Golden Hind* through those fifty-two days of appalling storm off the coast of Patagonia helped him. The *Marigold* was at the bottom of the sea, the *Elizabeth* had vanished, the *Golden Hind* alone, with a pleasant south-west wind astern, was running over summer seas on her appointed way. He was unquestioned now, and he lived in the state which consorted with his pre-eminence. Trumpets announced his dinner and his supper hour. He ate with his gentlemen, and Nuño da Silva, his pilot, and perhaps one or two of his prisoners were his guests. Viols made music for him; he had his young cousin, John Drake, to stand behind his chair as his page; no one, not even of the gentlemen, wore his hat until Drake bid him to cover himself. He was served on silver dishes with gold borders and gilded garlands, within which his arms were engraved. Delicate accessories such as perfumed waters graced the meal. He was wont to say that the Queen herself had given them to him with his arms. Those arms were engraved, too, upon his cannon, the globe of the world with a North Star upon it. That the Queen had given him either the one or the other is unlikely. She had seen him but the once, and she was not so lavish of her gifts as to make them before they were

earned. His arms were granted to him when he received a knighthood on his return to England. Drake's passion for magnificence, the good cheer, the flattery of his viols, the pleasure of playing host on his own ship to some Spanish gentleman of race, and perhaps the recollection of old days when he had been the deckhand of a little tramp on the Dogger Bank—all carried him, no doubt, away beyond the truth. He was a very human person. Indeed, these little vapourings might lead to a doubt whether, after all, he did hold the Queen's commission, but for the sobriety of Don Francisco de Zárate's letter to the Viceroy of New Spain. That is the work of an observant and truthful man set down in language carefully free from hysteria or spite.

At dinner Drake would talk openly of his plans, asking the gentlemen for their advice. The question was not a mere politeness. He listened without impatience, giving to their answers their due weight in his thoughts. But not in his speech. After they had spoken, he was silent. He came privately to his own decisions.

Twice every day, before dinner and before supper, he himself conducted a religious service. A table was set out upon the deck at the poop, and on the floor in front of it an embroidered cushion. Drake struck the table twice with the palm of his hand, and at once those of the crew who were off duty took their places on seats about the table. He kneeled, he read the psalms for the day, and the crew spoke the responses; and at times he read from a book with pictures. On such an occasion, the vicar Miranda of Guatulco and Rengifo, the factor in that port, asked him unwisely what the book was. It was Fox's "Book of Martyrs." "It is a very good book," Drake told them. "Look at it. You can see here those who were martyred in Castille"; and he showed them a picture of a man burning at the stake. He turned over some more pages and stopped at another picture—probably that which portrayed the Emperors kissing the Pope's feet. "Conjecturing," the Dean of the Cathedral of Guatulco continues naïvely, "from what Rengifo the witness understood and from Drake's tone and mien, it seemed to him that Francis Drake did not think rightly about all this."

On Sundays Drake dressed his ship with flags and himself in fine clothes, and Chaplain Fletcher preached a sermon. At the end of the service, when the ship was anchored at Guatulco, the boy John Drake danced a hornpipe or some specially English dance. The Spaniard who describes this, thought that the dance was an item of the religious service; and the mistake was natural enough. For it was Holy Week, and the visitor to Seville can to this day see boys dance before the altar in the Cathedral during that week. It is worthy of notice that Drake was careful to arrange that his prisoners should not be present at these ceremonies unless they wished to be. They

would have incurred the gravest risks had they been compelled either by the General's order or their own curiosity to offer this disloyalty to their own Church; and in all the examinations to which the Inquisition subjected them on their release no question was more consistently pressed than this: Had they taken any part in the Lutheran services whilst they were on board? The machines of torture were ready for any whose replies admitted a shadow of doubt, as the luckless Nuño da Silva had discovered to his cost. But no one had been compelled. The prisoners had been ordered to go forward into the bows or aft on the poop until the service was ended. They were at liberty to tell their beads if they wanted to. All that was demanded of them was silence whilst Drake prayed or Fletcher preached. They had but one complaint; they were given meat to eat although it was Lent. For the rest, they were well treated.

Nevertheless, up and down the coast, from Chile to the last Spanish settlement in Mexico, there was but one name for Drake. He was the corsair, the pirate, a man of the lowest birth. Don Miguel de Eraso y Aguilar, General of the land army of the Indies, wrote to King Philip in Spain:

"It is a thing that terrifies one, this voyage and the boldness of this low man, the son of vile parents, for it is said that his father was a shoemaker. Yet it is a positive and accomplished fact that he undertook that navigation. . . ."

The outraged General tried to console himself and Philip by the reflection that it was a Portuguese pilot who carried Drake through the swirling currents of the Straits of Magellan. But he made a poor job of it and relapsed upon lamentations.

"There is nothing more for him to plunder, since he has made such a good haul. . . . It appears that the two vessels which were despatched by the Viceroy to chase him, overtook him but made no attempt to attack him," and then comes an unwilling cry of admiration: "I am confident that if these had been English ships, they would not have turned back without first reconnoitring and seizing an opportunity to attack him."

It was natural enough that no one but Drake's prisoners should have a good word for him in that part of the world. The safe treasure vault at the back of beyond, so safe that no one had given a thought to its protection, had been reached and then rifled without the exchange of a cannon-shot. And what Drake had now done, others would follow and do again. There was no swift-sailing "Indian Guard" on the waters of the Pacific. Messengers rode up and down the coast from Viceroy of Peru to Viceroy of New Spain, from Licentiate of Panama to Lieutenant-Governor of Costa Rica, all of them with warnings, and all of them too late. The pirate had come and gone. Drake had

another point of view which he expounded with a pleasant humour to San Juan de Anton, the owner of his greatest prize. He served first his Queen, who had a long unpaid bill against King Philip for injuries received. Secondly, Philip's Viceroy at St. John de Ulua had broken his pledged word, by which John Hawkins and himself had lost a great fortune and three hundred Englishmen their lives. He was sorry if he took the money of private people, but he had to get every stiver of that fortune back. In fact, he looked upon King Philip as one who had for ten years been his Treasurer, and now King Philip must look upon Drake as his. And at the back of all the jesting there remained the demand: if Philip wanted these attacks to cease, let him give English people the right to trade with the people of his possessions and cease from his tortures and imprisonments.

A year after this year of 1579, Philip flung without any warning an army into Ireland. At another date he had seized without warning every English ship in a Spanish harbour. It was warfare undeclared—a practice which seems to have revived in the present day. But this is clear. If there was one pirate, there were two, and Drake was infinitely the more compassionate of the pair.

"He killed no one," Domingo de Lizarza, clerk on San Juan de Anton's ship *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion*, deposed before the Royal Court of Panama. "On the sixth day of March he released them, giving them San Juan de Anton's said ship so that they could go their way. He killed no one." Nicolas Jorge, a Fleming who was Drake's prisoner for a month, tells the same story. "He did not kill anyone whatsoever. On the contrary, he treated them well and kept the said ship with him for five days and then released her with all the persons he had seized, and deponent came with them." Throughout this section of Drake's voyage only two men were killed, and both were of Drake's crew: Richard Minivy on land close to Coquimbo by Spanish soldiers, and an unnamed sailor of a boarding party in the harbour of Callao. A few were wounded on both sides from time to time; and perhaps one man could bring a true charge of ill-treatment, Francisco Jacome, clerk of the ship of Benito Diaz Bravo which was captured off the Quiximies on the last day of February. Jacome was taken on board the *Golden Hind* and charged with hiding gold in a secret part of the ship. When he continued to declare that he could reveal nothing, since he had hidden nothing, "they hanged him by the neck with a rope, as though to hang him outright and let him drop from high into the sea, from which they fetched him out with the launch and took him back to the ship on which he had come." He was not much hurt by this experience and, regarded as a piece of brutality, it pales into insignificance when it is compared with the

punishments inflicted upon British seamen of the Royal Navy at a much later date.

On the other hand, Drake's deeds of kindness were manifold. The presents which he made to the owners of the ships he took are not, however, to be counted amongst them. A silver box to San Juan de Anton, an ornamental sword to Don Francisco de Zárate, an embroidered cloak to another—these were no more than gestures of politeness, goods of so much greater value he had already lifted from their ships. "I can assure your Excellency that he lost nothing by the bargain," Don Francisco wrote ruefully to the Viceroy, after Drake had taken four chests full of fine China dishes and a good store of taffeta and linen and silk. "Trifles," Drake called them, "for his wife." But to the sailors he gave handfuls of money and, what was of more value in those distant provinces, agricultural instruments. He was easily approached and by genuine needs easily moved.

Here are two instances. Drake took from the ship of Rodrigo Tello at the island of Caño to the south of Nicaragua two pilots in the service of Spain. They were on their way to Panama with their charts, there to take charge of an expedition to China. Drake had not at that time made up his mind by which route he would strike for home. There was the lure in the north of the fabled north-east passage of Anian. There was the obvious way by China and the Philippines. He told, therefore, one of these pilots, Alonzo Sanchez Colchero, a native of Seville, that he must keep him, for though he himself could navigate his ship in the open seas, he knew nothing of the coastline of China or the islands, where there were harbours, where fresh water was to be found. Colchero protested first that he was no pilot—this statement, with good reason, was disallowed; secondly, that he had a wife who would not know what had become of him; thirdly, that she had no money. Drake promised to land him on the Philippines with a thousand ducats in his pocket (about three hundred and fifty pounds of our money), gave him fifty pesos now to send off to his wife, and allowed him besides to write to the Viceroy of New Spain and the Licentiate Palacios a statement that he was detained on the *Golden Hind* by force. And a few days later, when this was done, he put him back on Francisco de Zárate's ship and let him go.

Again, from the ship of Gregorio Alvarez off Paita he took a negro. This negro was a Cimaroon, and of those inhabitants of Vallano Drake had the liveliest memories; so well had they served him on Darien and at Nombre de Dios. A sailor on the *Golden Hind* told San Juan de Anton that the Cimaroons were "brothers of Captain Francis, and that they had much affection for him." Now Drake had lost at La Mocha the Cimaroon Diego who had been his servant, and it is probable that he intended to put this new

negro in his place. The man, however, did not want to stay. His master was old, too old to be left. Accordingly, when San Juan de Anton was standing on the deck, waiting for the launch which was to put him back, the negro flung himself upon his knees in front of Drake and begged him to have mercy upon him and send him away with Anton. Drake replied:

"Since thou wishest to go, thou canst go with God's blessing, for I do not wish to take anyone with me against his will"; and he handed the negro over to Anton with a request that he would send the man back to his master.

These were not odd moments of kindness, such as may happen in the lives of the sourest of men. For the numerous records which have been brought to light in Spain and Mexico of men who were for a few days captives on the *Golden Hind* again and again bear testimony to the kindliness of the General's disposition. Drake was almost as far removed from the morose acerbity of Magellan as he was from the burnt-cork of Captain Teach. He had a hobby, too, to keep him sweet. He painted—he and young John Drake. They made charts of the coast in colours, they illustrated their books with pictures. The day's work being over, the pair of them would shut themselves away in their cabin under the poop; and they painted well. It is a pleasant picture for us to paint, however badly, with such brushes as our imagination can provide us. This morning they had left Callao behind them. In two days, three days, they would overhaul *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion*. Forward in the bows the crew, with the exception of the watch, sprawled upon the deck asleep. It was afternoon and all was very quiet. Even the ship snored as she ran over summer seas before a steady breeze, the great stem turning over the water to right and left and leaving behind her a silver wake. In the cabin the big stern windows stand open, the south-west wind plays about the walls; and the boy and the man sit painting. The boy with the delight in a ship at his heart and not a foreboding of the dark fate which in a few years was to hide him away for ever from his friends; the man stopping from time to time with a smile upon his lips to see the future like an obsequious valet opening door after door upon wider and more glittering worlds.

CHAPTER XI

Adventures along the Coast of Peru. Capture of the "Cacafuego." Drake's Plan to settle Colonies and return by the North-East Passage.

THE *Golden Hind* left the island of Mocha on the afternoon of November 27th. With so many of her crew wounded, her need of fresh food and fresh water was greater than ever. She laid her course, therefore, towards the coast, keeping a look-out for her consort, the *Elizabeth*, and for any likely watering-place on the Main. On the 30th she dropped her anchor in Philip's Bay in 32° south latitude. Philip's Bay is now the Bay of Quintero, lying about fifteen miles north of Valparaiso. Drake sent a boat to the shore, but it found after a long search neither the water nor the vegetables which were wanted. Herds of wild buffalo, however, were seen, and in a corner of the bay an Indian in a canoe fishing. The Indian was towed to the ship's side, given presents, informed by signs what the ship's needs were, and shown more presents in the case that he could fulfil them. The Indian was a tall gentle creature clad in one white short cloth, very grateful for the gifts made to him and very curious about the devices of the ship. He was then towed back to the land and by gestures asked the boat's captain to await his return. In a few hours he came aboard again with the chief of his tribe and a load of hens, eggs, a fat hog and other provisions.

There was nothing more to be got from that spot, but the Indian indicated that the ship had overrun a port where all Drake's requirements could be satisfied, and that he himself would willingly come as pilot. Drake gladly accepted the offer. A round-up of the buffaloes, planned whilst the boat's crew waited ashore, was abandoned, and on December 4th the *Golden Hind* turned back towards the south. On the 5th she stood in to the harbour of Valparaiso, and Valparaiso, the port of Santiago the capital of Chile, lay as completely at Drake's mercy as a rabbit at the mercy of a python.

It was noon. Ahead of the *Golden Hind* lay a ship of a hundred and twenty tons, the property of the Licentiate Torres. She was named *La Capitana de Moriel*, for she had been the leader of the first expedition to the Solomon Islands with Pedro Sarmiento, a famous pilot, in command. She was on a commercial voyage now to Peru with a mixed cargo of wine and gold and a crew of fifteen or sixteen hands. No suspicion was aroused by the appearance of Drake's ship. What else could she be but a Spanish ship from

Callao or Panama? On *La Capitana* a drum was beaten to welcome her. Drake manned a boat with eighteen men armed with arquebuses, bows and shields—he was falling into no ambush this time. As the boat put off, a cask of wine was brought up on to the deck of *La Capitana* and broached; and the first knowledge they had that the entertainment was one in which they were to take no part reached them when Thomas Moone climbed over the bulwark, cried "Abajo, perro!" ("Down, dog!") to the first sailor who greeted him, and cracked him over the pate with a stick. The crew was driven below and locked up. Then Drake himself was sent for. He placed a guard upon *La Capitana* and sent a force on shore to take possession of what gold there was.

Valparaiso then was a mere settlement of nine cottages and a few storehouses. The inhabitants to a man had followed the honoured policy of bolting to the hills. There was no resistance, but on the other hand there was no gold. Cask upon cask of wine, yes, and salt pork, and flour and lard and suet, and plank upon plank of cedar-wood. Drake's crew took all that was wanted for a long voyage, and the cedar-wood for their fires. Drake himself went on shore, and finding a small chapel, despoiled it of a silver chalice, two cruets and an altar-cloth; which he presented as gifts to the chaplain, Fletcher. He removed the pilot Juan Griego with his charts and two other members of the crew from *La Capitana* to the *Golden Hind*, and the rest he sent on shore. He replaced them with a prize crew of twenty-five from his own ship, and at noon on Saturday, December 6th, just twenty-four hours after he had sailed into Valparaiso, he sailed out again with *La Capitana* beside him. Drake had invented a prudent method of dealing with his prizes. He avoided the risk of an unexpected attack whilst he was transferring their cargoes in a harbour. He sailed straight out into the open sea, and only when he was far from land and safe from molestation set about this work. From *La Capitana* he took seventeen hundred jars of wine—all the witnesses agree upon that generous contribution to the amenities of the *Golden Hind*. But accounts of the treasure taken vary. Don Luis de Toledo, the Viceroy and Captain-General of Peru, put it at fourteen hundred thousand pesos of gold, which would give more than four and a half million pounds as its value today. But as the Spanish judges and deponents exaggerated Drake's iniquities, so they magnified the profits which those iniquities brought to him. Pedro Sarmiento is the safer guide, and he declares that the gold upon *La Capitana* amounted to twenty-four thousand pesos and was so entered in the register of its Master, Hernando Lamero. Even then, eleven thousand pounds or so in the finest Valdivian gold was a satisfactory haul as a beginning; and to this must be added a large crucifix of gold studded with

emeralds, on which was nailed a gold effigy of Christ. Drake carried the Spanish ship along with him until he was off Lima, when he cast her adrift with her sails set.

Drake's first care was to carry back his Indian fisherman to the bay where he had picked him up. He put on land a very happy Indian loaded with presents, and continued northwards, sailing with Juan Griego's help close inshore and expecting at any moment to see in some secluded creek the masts of the *Elizabeth* towering above a rock.

He was now by two and a half degrees nearer to the Line than the appointed rendezvous, and on this unknown coast he might easily have overshot his consort. He carried, however, a pinnace in parts on board the *Golden Hind*, and this pinnace would be able at once to make a more thorough search of the creeks and estuaries than the big ship itself could do, and to protect the men who sailed it from an attack from the shore. Moreover, the *Golden Hind* had been long at sea without an overhaul; the fifty-two days of ferocious storm had strained her; and she was now leaking. Drake carried with him carpenters and caulkers and all the requisites for repairing his ship. He needed a secluded harbour where he could put his pinnace together, depart in her in search of the *Elizabeth*, and leave the *Golden Hind* to be careened and freshly caulked in his absence.

Drake thought that he had found such a spot at La Herradura. He sailed into the bay with *La Capitana* behind him, and anchored in six fathoms of water. He sent a man up into the crow's nest to keep a watch on the land, and then despatched a boat on shore to find water and provisions. The boat was moored to a rock close to the land, and its crew had already taken a couple of pigs and six pipes of fresh water when a shot was heard and the man in the crow's nest saw a large body of Spanish horsemen with Indians running behind them. They were coming over the crest of a low hill. A signal was made from the ship. The water-party saw it and raced for the rock to which their boat was moored. One man, however, Richard Minivy, loitered behind, some said in a spirit of bravado, others in a spirit of sacrifice to cover the retreat of his friends. The Spaniards and the Indians together numbered at the smallest computation two hundred and fifty armed men. Richard Minivy was killed by a bullet from an arquebus; and as the boat's crew rowed away into safety it was given the opportunity of witnessing one more example of their enemy's brutality. The Spaniards decapitated Minivy, then cut his heart out and finally left his trunk upon the sand, pierced through and through with arrows. It was not left, however, to provide a meal for the carrion birds. Later on that day, when there was no sound but the

cries of the gulls to break the silence, Drake sent the boat back again and gave to their comrade a decent burial.

"This being not the place we looked for, nor the entertainment such as we desired," wrote Parson Fletcher, "we speedily got hence again." And ninety miles to the north, on December 22nd, near to the Island of Birds, Drake discovered the place of which he was in search, Bahia Salada, a pleasant wide bay with a sandy beach, with no habitations for miles around but a few Indian huts. It was so stocked with fish that the gentlemen with four or five lines could catch as many as four hundred in three hours. Since, however, the gentlemen had now to hale and draw with the mariners, they had not so much time upon their hands. The pinnace was put together on the deck of *La Capitana de Moriel*, and she was launched into the water on January 9th. One of the smaller cannons was mounted upon her, and with a picked crew Drake sailed southwards again on the evening of January 10th, in a last endeavour to find the lost adventurers. But the wind still blew from the south-west, and after beating into it for a day and a night Drake abandoned the search and returned to the anchorage.

Meanwhile certain new adjustments were being made in the equipment of the *Golden Hind*. Up till now she had carried her big guns in her hold, partly no doubt for concealment and partly for ballast in the heavy weather to be expected in the South Seas. Drake was approaching the rich province of Peru, where, if anywhere, a bold resistance might be feared. He was alone of all his fleet, and his guns must be under his hand. They were removed for the moment to the deck of *La Capitana*, and his ship careened. It was at this moment that he returned from his unavailing search.

The eternal trouble of wooden ships in tropical waters is worm. As long as the ship is sailing, she is not wounded. But once she has dropped her anchor, the worm attacks her. It eats its way into the planks, the size of a pea, and on that strange nourishment it grows with extraordinary vigour, until the ship is riddled like a sieve. Nowadays anti-fouling solutions of which arsenic is a principal ingredient are painted over all the planks below the water-line; but even so, once in three months the hull must be hoisted out of the sea and the composition renewed. In Drake's time this safeguard was unknown. A lead sheath had been tried and discarded on account of its weight. The day of copper had not come. But old John Hawkins had devised a protection which was cumbersome and diminished the ship's speed, but did protect it from the ravages of worm. The *Golden Hind* had this protection—a layer of felt and tar covering all the vulnerable part, and outside that a sheath of wood. It is a tribute to the fine design and the good workmanship of the *Golden Hind* that, though hampered with this added

bulk, she was still faster than any vessel which she was likely to meet. The swift galleons of Menendez' Indian Guard were barred from her by the Isthmus of Panama.

In this quiet bay of Salada the bottom of the ship was cleaned of the molluscs which had settled upon it and the long streamers of seaweed; the interstices between her planks were caulked and her sides greased. Then she was hauled off the shore into deep water, her rigging renewed and her guns set up in their appointed places. How many she carried no one can now be sure. There is not one witness, whether mariner or prisoner, who agrees with another. She carried eleven heavy pieces, says one; sixteen, says another; many, says Pedro Sarmiento, who might well have been more explicit. San Juan de Anton, an observant man, was more particular. The *Golden Hind* had seven cast-iron pieces of artillery on each side of her lower deck, six heavy pieces upon the upper deck, of which two were made of bronze, and two especially large cannon on the poop near the helm; twenty-two pieces in all, and spare cannons in the hold. Nuño da Silva, who from his long residence in the ship should be worthiest of credence, says very much the same: "She has seven armed port-holes on each side, and inside she carries eighteen pieces of artillery, thirteen being of bronze and the rest of cast-iron, also an abundance of all sorts of ammunitions of war, for none had been expended." Besides the artillery and the arquebuses, Drake had an armoury of fire-bombs and javelins tipped with tow such as he had used years before in his attack on Nombre de Dios.

By January 18th the *Golden Hind* was once more ready, and on the following day the tiny squadron put to sea. It sailed northwards, the *Golden Hind* and *La Capitana* in the offing, the pinnace, with Drake in command and Juan Griego pilot, following the windings of the broken coast and thrusting its nose into the creeks. Drake still hoped to find the *Elizabeth*, but he must find water. It was a forlorn and arid country. Springs were scarce, difficult to find, and when they were found they yielded no more than would take the raw out of the wine. Throughout the last two months, nothing had so hampered his movements as the lack of water. It had to be sought inland, and only here and there an Indian was met with who could point out the way.

It was on a search for a stream that the men of the pinnace came upon an odd circumstance which showed at once how complete was the authority of the Spaniard and how little the marauder was expected. They found a Spaniard lying asleep on the ground, and by the side of him thirteen bars of silver which were worth four thousand Spanish ducats or, in our money of today, fourteen hundred pounds. They had no wish to wake the man from his

nap, Fletcher relates, but against their will they did, and "seeing that we had done him that injury, we freed him of his charge which otherwise perhaps would have kept him waking, and so left him to take out (if it pleased him) the other part of his sleep in more security."

It was Parson Fletcher's lucky day. For on landing again a few miles further on, and again in search of water, he was given another opportunity of exercising his simple wit. The party met a second Spaniard, this time a boy who was driving eight llamas in front of him. The chaplain was much taken by these animals. In height and length they resembled "a pretty cow"; they had necks like camels; they were good to eat; their wool was exceeding fine; and as beasts of burden there was nothing to equal them in all that country. Each of the sheep which Parson Fletcher met was carrying two leather bags, and each bag carried fifty pounds or so of refined silver; a hundredweight all told. "We could not endure to see a gentleman Spaniard turned carrier so, and therefore without entreaty we offered our service and became drovers. Only his directions were not so perfect that we could keep the way which he intended; for almost as soon as he was parted from us we with our new kind of carriages were come unto our boats."

For a fortnight the ships and the pinnace sailed along this empty land, Drake shifting his quarters from the pinnace to the *Golden Hind* and back again as each served his turn best. On February 4th from the high poop of the ship he spied a little settlement of small houses in a ravine, and transferring himself to the pinnace went on shore at the head of a party. He found two men, of whom one was a Corsican, three thousand silver pesos, seven llamas and hens. He took the livestock, the money and the Corsican on board with him, the Corsican, no doubt, lest he should hurry northwards to the towns and give warning of Drake's approach. On February 6th, after eighteen days, Drake came at last to the harbour of Arica standing in 18°. In its recess a small white town lay embosomed at the mouth of a valley rich with orchards and plantations. It had a continual trade with Lima and Guayaquil, and wore a pleasant look of prosperity which gladdened the eyes and flattered the hopes of men weary of the sight of parched foreshore in front of a screen of bare brown rock.

Luckily for Arica, there were only two small ships at anchor in the bay. Drake sent a launch full of armed men and seized them both. The crews were ashore, there was only a single watchman left on each, and no resistance was offered. One of them belonged to Jorge Diaz of Lima, from which town it had come with a cargo of wine and Spanish goods. A negro was now in charge of it. The other, however, carried thirty-five bars of silver, each of them of the size of a brickbat and of the weight of twenty pounds. It

was the property of one Felipe Corço, and a Flemish sailor, Nicolas Jorge, was keeping the watch. Meanwhile the church bells were ringing out wildly over the town. The inhabitants assembled on the water-front with what arms they could snatch up, and a magistrate on a horse showed himself at their head. Drake wanted no more trouble than in the course of this voyage he must needs encounter. Were he to force a landing, lives would be lost, perhaps for nothing, certainly for very little. He remained quietly upon his own ship and let the bells ring.

But during that evening—his informant must have been the negro on the bark of Jorge Diaz—he got wind of a ship which was making for Lima heavily laden with gold and silver. He transferred the wine and the silver bars to the *Golden Hind* and, early the next morning, sailed out of Arica bay, taking Corço's ship with the negro and the Flemish sailor along with him. He was, nevertheless, disgruntled that morning. Arica was the port where the silver from the famed Potosi mines was loaded for Panama, and so poor a congregation of cargo ships was a deplorable stroke of fortune. One wonders whether, as he conned his ship out of the bay, he glanced sideways at John Doughty, who was still a free man on the *Golden Hind* but not allowed to land, and speculated whether his magic had anything to do with his ill-luck.

However, he sent for Nicolas Jorge instead, and reproaching him for his silence about the treasure ship, threatened to put him to death. "And many times," Jorge deposed, "as is well known to others." One can see the angry General on his poop deck with respectful sailors waiting for the order and the unhappy Nicolas shivering in his shoes.

"I'll hang you"—six steps across the deck to leeward and back again —"Yes, you'll have to be hanged"—six steps to windward and back again —"I'll hang you up to the yard arm"—six more steps—"You'd better say your prayers——"

In the end he put himself into his pinnace, and using oars and sails hurried in pursuit. He had a special incentive to overhaul this galleon of Bernal Bueno, for his informant had told him that besides eight hundred bars of silver she carried five hundred bars of gold—and all, gold and silver alike, belonged to the King of Spain. He proceeded thus for a hundred and twenty miles, the *Golden Hind* and her two prizes a league to seaward and he himself close inshore. They reached a small haven, Chule in the province of Arequipa, and there swinging at her anchor was the vessel which he sought. But he was to be again disappointed. It was empty but for three pipes of water. The crew, with many others, horsemen and Indians, were mustered on shore, and as Drake was rowed alongside the ship they shouted and jeered at him. "Go, you thief! You are two hours too late."

News of the "Corsair's" visit had been sent forward from Arica, and two hours before his arrival at Chule the treasure had been taken on shore and buried in a secret place.

The actual loss was serious enough. But it was still more serious that news of his presence on the coast was beginning to precede him. He wanted his name to follow behind him like the steady south-west wind now filling his sails, not to send him tacking to circumvent it. He was still on the outskirts of Eldorado. He cut the cable of Bernal Bueno's ship and towed her behind him until he had rejoined the *Golden Hind*. Then he stood out to sea for another three miles, put all his captives, with the exception of Nicolas Jorge and Juan Griego and a negro, on board *La Capitana*, set her sails and those of Corço's ship and those of Bueno's, and let them all go whithersoever the wind would carry them. He moved more swiftly and more secretly without them.

Nuño da Silva, who had so many months in which to observe her, spoke with high praise of the sailing qualities of the *Golden Hind*. "She is very stout and strong. She has two sheathings, one as perfectly finished as the other. She is fit for warfare and is a ship of the French pattern." It is a curious circumstance in so maritime a nation as the English that French models so often served it best. Even in Nelson's day no men-of-war were so swift as those captured from the French or those we built upon their plan at Buckler's Hard and our naval ports.

"She is well fitted out and finished with very good masts, tackle and double sails. She is a good sailor and the rudder governs her well. The vessel is water-fast when she is navigated with the wind astern and this is not violent, but when the sea is high she labours. She leaks not a little whether sailing before the wind or with the bowlines hauled out. Taking it all in all, she is a ship which is in a fit condition to make a couple of voyages from Portugal to Brazil."

Since da Silva's experience was limited to this same passage from Portugal to Brazil, we can infer that a ship which he judged fit to make four voyages, as she stood, across the Southern Atlantic was in his view a ship of considerable merit.

The *Golden Hind* pushed on alone with the pinnace. Ahead of Drake lay Callao, the port of Lima. Lima was the capital of Peru; behind it stood Los Reyes, the palace and offices of the Viceroy. Up till now Drake had certainly captured prizes of some value. But they were all chicken-food compared with what lay ahead. Let him fall suddenly upon the port of Callao and he would have made good his expedition.

So he thought throughout the next five days, but on the morning of the 15th of February he intercepted about twenty miles off Callao a small trading ship belonging to Francisco de Truxillo, a resident of Lima. Drake took nothing from the ship but some quite startling information from Gaspar Martin its Captain. For, when asked how much gold and silver was lying in the ships in the harbour, Martin replied that some was expected but much had gone. The bark of Miguel Angelo was due, bringing silver from Panama, and the ship of San Juan de Anton, *Nao Rica*, the great rich ship, the treasure ship of treasure ships, *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion*, had left for Panama on February 2nd. She was already thirteen days ahead, but Gaspar Martin added the pleasant mitigation to his disappointing news that she was expected to put into several ports on the way for small cargoes of flour. Drake might still have time to catch her.

Drake, in fact, was so confident of catching her that he did not alter his plan to enter Callao. He hung off the island until nightfall, and then used Juan Griego to pilot him between the shoals. He grazed one, but escaped without hurt. There were thirty ships within that harbour, their sails furled, their lanterns burning, their crews for the most part ashore. Into the very middle of them the *Golden Hind* sailed under cover of the darkness and dropped her anchor. Drake put out his launch, and rowing quietly from ship to ship discovered that every ounce of silver they had carried was safe in the storehouses on land. At the same time he was provided with a farrago of false news about affairs in Europe. The Pope was dead, for instance, so was the King of France. But Pope Gregory XIII had been elected in 1572 and at this date of February 1579 had still six years to live. Henry III had been King of France since 1574 and had still ten years to rule. One piece of true and saddening information he did obtain, however, that his old comrade John Oxenham with three other Englishmen were now in the hands of the Inquisition at Lima. Drake had no power to set them at liberty; he had but the one ship and less than a hundred men all told. Lima was not Nombre de Dios, nor was it Valparaiso. He could only put the news away for future thought and carry on with the job he had in hand.

He cut the cables of each ship as he left it. Although the night was calm, they would drift here and there with the tide; their crews returning from the shore would not find them in the darkness; there would be so much confusion and delay that the *Golden Hind* would be out of reach before any pursuit could be organized. He returned to his own ship, and he had hardly got on board before a ship from Panama—the *San Cristobal*, owned and captained by Bautista Patagalana—sailed into the harbour and with all confidence dropped her anchor alongside the *Golden Hind*. Sailors are

sociable people. The men on the *San Cristobal* hailed their neighbour and asked them who they were. Drake ordered one of his prisoners who spoke Spanish like a Spaniard to answer, and told him what to say. The ship was the ship of Miguel Angelo and had come up the coast from Chile. For the moment his identity was still unknown, and since this harbour was without profit and might possibly prove not without danger, it was better that it should remain unknown. He could slip away to sea in the darkness and be out of sight before morning.

But one of those small accidents happened against which no man can guard. Although it was close upon midnight, the arrival of Bautista Patagalana's bark had been remarked. A boat from the Customs House put off to her, and coming alongside enquired her name and said that the Customs Officer would come aboard in the morning. But close by the *San Cristobal* lay the *Golden Hind*. She had managed to slip in without attracting attention. Amongst so many ships at ten o'clock of the night it was easy. Now, however, her presence was revealed. Her size alone must have aroused curiosity in the captain of the harbour boat. He sang out for her name as the crew pulled towards her. He was given the answer which had contented the *San Cristobal*. But the officer of the harbour boat was now alongside. He put his hands on the rail and drew himself up, to find himself looking into the muzzle of a big gun. He uttered a yell: "Frenchmen! Frenchmen!" dropped back into his boat and scurried away as fast as oars could row him to the shore.

The truth was out now. Drake sent off a skiff in pursuit of the harbour boat but could not catch her. Bautista's crew was already busy winding up the anchor with every intention of putting as wide a distance as possible between the privateer and themselves. Drake despatched a second boat of men armed with arquebuses and bows to capture her before she could get away. Bautista himself was wounded by an arrow, but an English sailor was killed and the attack repulsed. When Drake's boat got back to the *Golden Hind*, the Spaniard was already under way. Drake manned his pinnace, which was riding astern, and sent her in pursuit. The wind was light, the pinnace equipped with oars as well as sails. She overhauled the *San Cristobal* whilst she was still within the island at the mouth of the harbour. On this second attempt there was not even a scuffle. Eleven of the *San Cristobal's* crew tumbled into their boat—they had probably not had time to hoist it on board—and rowed away to the shore, leaving two Spaniards and a negro to the mercy of the assailants. A wicked lie was later interpolated into the deposition of San Juan de Anton at Panama to the effect that Drake murdered the whole crew of the *San Cristobal*. But it disappeared when

Anton made his second deposition, and indeed it was so at odds with the rest of his evidence and with Drake's record along the coast that even the judges of Panama could not persist in it. The *San Cristobal* was mastered without a blow.

Meanwhile Drake raised his anchor and set his prow to the sea. The alarm had been given on shore. Church bells rang, drums were beating and the lights of torches tossing in the streets as the soldiers and inhabitants assembled to protect their storehouses and homes. The news that a Corsair was harrying the port reached the Viceroy in his palace six miles away at one o'clock in the morning. Don Luis de Toledo sent for his horse, put on his armour, and carrying the Royal Standard of Spain rode to the market-place. He mustered then the population of Lima, threw open the armoury and sent General Diego de Frias Trejo with his soldiers hot-foot to Callao.

The people of Lima were afraid that the Chileans, exasperated by the cruelty and extortions of their rulers, had risen in rebellion, but before the General marched off to the port the truth was published. It was an English ship from the south which was making all this pother. When he reached Callao General Diego could see the lights of the *Golden Hind* already beyond the island in the open sea, with Bautista's galleon in her company. A council of war was held and a resolution passed that pursuit should be made and the *San Cristobal* recovered. A despatch was sent off to Lima calling for more troops, and two ships were chosen for the chase, *Nuestra Señora del Valle* and the *Nao de Muriles*. As soon as the troops arrived they embarked, three hundred of them in all, with General Diego on *Nuestra Señora del Valle*, which thus became the flagship. It was a part of the Spanish system, and the part which nine years afterwards did so much to wreck the Great Armada, that the man in command should be the General of the troops. Pedro de Arana, who sailed as Admiral in the *Nao de Muriles*, sailed as his subordinate. The dawn was breaking as the two ships put out, and Drake was seen in the offing becalmed twelve miles away. There was a chance to overhaul the *Golden Hind* and her captive ship. Each man in the pursuit was as eager to bring the Corsair to judgment as though it were his private affair. At the island the flagship came under its lee and lost what little wind there was. The Almirante, however, gave the island a wide berth and passed ahead.

It was then that Drake noticed the two ships. He had put a prize crew on board the *San Cristobal*. She was laden with silks and linen and doublets, and he was transferring what he wanted of her cargo to his own galleon. He asked of the Spaniards he had with him what those two ships could be, and was answered that they were after him. At the moment he did not disturb the

work of his crew, but he kept his eyes open; and by the time the goods were transferred he saw that the two ships were free of the island and making directly towards him. He now put Juan Griego and Nicolas Jorge and all the foreigners he had with him, except of course Nuño da Silva, into the ship's boat and sent it off to the *San Cristobal*. The foreigners were to go free. Drake made them the present of a ship. His own prize crew must return to the *Golden Hind*. The English sailors, however, were in no hurry, and Drake himself in a rage jumped down into his pinnace and went for them. If he had to fight with twenty of his men away in an unarmed ship, he would be at too heavy a disadvantage. As soon as they were on board, the wind strengthened, and hoisting his topsails he set his course to the north-west, and between himself and his pursuers the distance rapidly widened.

But, indeed, he had little to fear. The equipment of the Spaniards did not match their eagerness. They had no cannon. There were no big guns on the Pacific coast at all. At this very time the most urgent questions were being put to John Oxenham and his English companions by order of the Viceroy as to whether they understood the casting of cannon and the manufacture of ammunition. Diego had embarked with such haste that he had brought no food. But he held on all through that day, until the white sails of the *Golden Hind* became one with the summer clouds. The Spanish ships had no ballast and therefore no speed; and many of the gentlemen were sick. During the night a long consultation was held upon the flagship, and it was decided to abandon a hopeless chase and return to Callao. The Viceroy was in a rage; he degraded General Diego; he despatched a small frigate to warn each port between Lima and Panama of the Corsair's proximity; and he set about equipping with the proper armaments a fleet which would follow and destroy him. With the recovery of Bautista Patagalana's galleon, something had been gained of more importance than the galleon; and that was the name of the English Captain who had had the insolence to disturb Peru. There were bitter memories attached already to that name. Drake! Memories of blows sharp and swift and harsh as the sound of it. Memories of Nombre de Dios, of Cartagena, of Puerto Cabello. Drake! He swept suddenly out of the clear blue, struck like lightning and was gone, leaving King Philip and his merchants so much the poorer. He was a visitation from the Devil.

The visitation meanwhile was hurrying northwards as fast as all his spread canvas could drive him. He picked up a small bark a few leagues out of Callao and learned that *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion* had passed a little time before. He ran into the small harbour of Paita where the ship of Custodio Rodriguez was lying. From Custodio he got more definite information. *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion*, known more briefly and

more impolitely as *Cacafuego*, had left that port a little more than two days before. Drake took Custodio Rodriguez to guide him through the shoals along the coast, and was away from Paita before six hours had elapsed. He stopped a ship belonging to Gregorio Alvarez with passengers and a cargo of clothes. Drake took some clothes and a Cimaroon negro who was on board, and after three hours cast her off. The date of this hold-up was February 21st. He pushed his nose into St. Ellen's. The harbour was empty and within the hour he was off again. He swept by the port of Guayaquil without entering it. His quarry was ahead. On the 28th she was still ahead, and nearing the point of San Francisco, where she would strike straight across the bay for Panama. On the 28th, Drake crossed the Line and overhauled the bark of Diaz Bravo.

Bravo was carrying tackle and provisions for the galleons which were to escort Gonzalo Ronquillo de Peñalosa, the new General of the Philippines, to Manila; and brand-new tackle for his rigging and cables for his moorings were things which no marauding captain who had had his ship for two years in commission could possibly leave behind, however desperate his hurry. Besides the tackle, he found on board two friars, a gentleman and twenty thousand pesos of gold. The friars and the gentleman he placed in a rowing-boat, and, since the shore was near, let them go. The tackle and the gold he took into the *Golden Hind*, and placed a prize crew with some pieces of artillery on board Bravo's ship, since she sailed well and could indeed, with a wind full-and-bye, outstrip the *Golden Hind*. But upon a second thought he doubted whether he could spare the men, and taking back his artillery and his prize crew he must needs make sure that Bravo's ship did not pass him in the night and warn the great treasure ship. So he wrapped Bravo's big sails about Bravo's anchor and dropped them to the bottom of the sea and sheered off upon his way.

But whilst all these movements backwards and forwards between the ships were happening, a good deal of conversation was happening too. The negro sailors of the Bravo ship gossiped that there were still golden pesos hidden on board. Drake rounded his galleon into the wind and once more the pinnace came alongside the dismantled galleon. Francisco Jacome, Bravo's clerk, was ordered aboard the *Golden Hind*. Drake had no doubt now that he would overhaul the *Cacafuego*, even though she was famous as the Glory of the South Seas. But meanwhile here was gold concealed from him. Drake was outraged. He stormed at Jacome, a youth half negro half Spaniard, who brought to the deck of the *Golden Hind* a finer dignity than its Captain did. Drake threatened to hang the youth. Jacome replied that he had told the truth, that he could not point out places where there was gold when there

wasn't any there. Drake's reply was the noose of a rope about the clerk's neck. Still the lad had nothing to say. He was swung up towards the yardarm, but as soon as his body was clear of the bulwark, by some pre-arranged order which Drake had given, the rope was let go and Francisco Jacome dropped into the sea. A boat, already manned, put out from the ship's side quickly, and there was need it should be quick. The sea was infested with sharks; Francisco Jacome might have fainted. The boat reached him in time and then put him on board his own ship unharmed, and let it go. But it was, even for those rough days, a shameful occurrence. Drake's was the action of a German bully. Nothing excuses it, neither his impatience at the delay nor the Queen's commission; nor the wrongs he had suffered at Rio de la Hacha and St. John de Ulua, nor the tortures his fellow-sailormen were subjected to by the Spanish Inquisition. It was a blot upon Drake's record, and nothing can be gained by pretending to erase it.

Drake crossed the Line that day, the pinnace sailing inshore, the big ship three miles out to sea, and a close watch kept on both vessels. Drake offered the prize of a gold chain to the man whose eyes first picked up the *Cacafuego*. But it was not until one o'clock on the following afternoon that a boy's voice claimed it from the mast-head and John Drake the page came sliding down the stays. He had seen the glint of the sun on the galleon's topsail nine miles ahead.

The *Golden Hind* was gaining upon her fast—too fast to avoid rousing suspicion. Drake called in his pinnace and hid her on the off-side of his ship. He dragged behind him some of his wine jars filled with water, and slowed down his speed to only a little more than that of the merchant ships which he had encountered. But it was greater, and by sunset Drake was level with *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion*. He drew up his wine jars and went immediately ahead. A little further on, the wind still in the south-west, he bore away and crossed the Spanish galleon's bows. On board the *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion* curiosity was certainly aroused. The *Golden Hind* was hailed. "What ship is that?" Drake returned an answer which had already served him twice. "Miguel Angelo's ship from Chile." There must have been a moment of consternation on *Our Lady of the Conception* when that answer was given. For all this while Miguel Angelo's ship had been lying at Callao, and none knew it better than the sailors of *Our Lady of the Conception*. "It is not," they cried. "We left her empty at Callao"; and San Juan de Anton, the owner and Master, sure of his supremacy in this unquestioned sea of Spain, shouted an order: "Strike your sails in the name of the King."

Drake's reply was swift and unexpected. He let fly with a chain-shot from one of his big guns which cut through the mizzen-mast of his opponent close to the deck and tumbled it with a crash over the side. He put up his helm, slid alongside the lee of *Our Lady of the Conception* and grappled her with his irons. All through the day his pinnace had been sailing on the weather side of his ship, unseen by the Spaniards. She now slipped out and came up, still unseen, on the port side of the enemy. "You strike your sails in the name of the Queen of England," cried Drake from his ship, and upon his word the armed men from his pinnace scrambled up the channels of the shrouds over the opposite quarter. They let fly a volley with their arquebuses and bows. An arrow wounded San Juan de Anton, and the crew, taken at so great a disadvantage, fled. San Juan de Anton was left alone on deck. To a rather superfluous demand that he should surrender, he made no reply. He was seized and carried on board the *Golden Hind*. There he was brought before Francis Drake, who was taking off his helmet and coat of mail. Drake embraced him, saying: "Be patient! This is the usage of war." San Juan de Anton was wounded in the face by the arrow which had struck him, much as Drake had been hurt at La Mocha; and his hurt was tended in the same way. Then he was locked up in a cabin in the poop, a prize crew was put on board *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion*, and, following Drake's usual practice, the two ships steered away to the west beyond the trade route, where in some lonely stretch of ocean the treasure captured could at leisure be computed and transferred. A fair wind was blowing, and Drake set only his mizzen and foresails, so that the ships moved easily side by side first to the north-west and then by gradual alterations to the north.

Drake did not himself go on board his prize until the next morning, March 2nd, and when he did, he left word that San Juan de Anton was to be served in his own cabin with the same liberality which he used himself. It took the crew of the *Golden Hind* three days to transfer the cargo. The treasure alone amounted to more than four hundred thousand pesos in gold and silver. Taking the peso, as it stood then, at a little more than nine shillings, it reached a value of two hundred and forty thousand pounds. Translate that into the money of today, and it will be seen that Drake's haul amounted to nearly two and a half millions of gold. Apart from the money, the *Cacafuego* contained a great deal of porcelain, many jewels fashioned of gold, many precious stones and pearls. There were silks besides and clothes. All were shifted over to the *Golden Hind*, with what was needed of the ship's stores, flour, sugar, preserves, salt pork. It is no wonder that a wit amongst the ship-boys of *Nuestra Señora* cried out that they must change her name. She wasn't the *Cacafuego* at all, she was the *Cacaplata*. It is no

wonder that Drake had a place laid for San Juan de Anton at his own table and showered upon him the civilities reserved for an honoured guest. He made him presents, too, a gilt corselet, a firelock which had been sent to him from Germany and upon which he set a great value. Well, he could afford them, and Anton can have received them with no more than a rueful gratitude. However, whilst Drake was supervising the shifting of the treasure, Anton had the run of the *Golden Hind* and used his eyes. He noticed that there were twelve of the gentlemen on board and a crew of eighty. He reckoned that fifty of the crew were good fighting men, and the rest, boys and the like, the ship's servants. They were short of water—two casks, indeed, were taken from the *Cacafuego*—and the ship's sides were very dirty, seaweed streaming from her as she sailed. He was much intrigued, too, by the number of the agricultural implements which were carried, such as pickaxes, hoes, sickles and pruning-knives. And in truth they were a queer appanage for a pirate ship, as the *Golden Hind* must have appeared to him, howsoever polite and well-mannered the pirate-chief might be. But for us now, the mere presence on board this crowded ship of these intractable instruments of husbandry is a proof that at the inception of the voyage and during a great portion of it the founding of a colony was definitely contemplated. Why else should they have found a place in a hold of which every inch of space was valuable? For trading? They were never traded, although on a rare occasion some trifles were given away as presents. There can be no other reason than an intention to colonize one or two unfrequented spots along the coast of South America. Colonies would be perpetually irritating thorns in the flesh of King Philip, and a symbol and an opportunity at the same time of the expansion of England which was going to increase through the world in spite of all the Popes and all the Kings embattled against it. But, of course, the sinking of the *Marigold* and the defection of the *Elizabeth* had turned these plans into dreams. Drake had eighty good men all told, and twenty or thirty boys and futilities. There were none to spare for settlements.

So Drake did not talk of them to San Juan de Anton in the evenings when he returned from *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion* and sat down to supper in his own cabin, with John Drake, now proudly decorated with a gold chain, behind his chair and the viols discoursing sweet music outside the door.

But he talked of many things and with a good deal of bumptious swagger. The long passage from England through the Straits of Magellan lost none of its difficulties in the telling, nor the Captain who had made it, any of his resource. Others would follow him, he boasted, now the way was

known. There would be as many English mariners in the Pacific Ocean as there were on the other side of Panama. Then let King Philip look to his gold or give Englishmen the right to trade where they willed. But Drake's face would flush with anger as he urged Anton if he knew any who had the ear of the Viceroy of Peru to see to it that a word from him, Drake, reached it. If he killed John Oxenham or the other three whom the Inquisition held in Lima, he, Drake, would hang two thousand Spaniards—not Spaniards far away in Europe, but Spaniards here and in Don Luis's presence. San Juan replied soothingly that since the Englishmen had not been killed already, the Viceroy was little likely to kill them now.

"Well, what will he do with them?" asked Drake.

Anton replied that they would probably be sent as soldiers to fight with other soldiers against the Indians in Chile. And then Drake's mood would change. Supper perhaps was finished and the gentlemen gone about their business. Drake would fetch out his great chart two rods long and discuss with Anton as with an old friend how he should go home. There were three ways from which he could choose—the Straits of Magellan by which he had come; the route by the Islands and the Cape of Good Hope; or north-eastwards by the North-West Passage. Anton wouldn't have it that there was any such way. "You'll find yourself in a bag," he argued. "You'll be no nearer home in a year."

They would fall to wrangling, but to a pleasant wrangling. The Straits of the Bacallao. It is interesting to find that word in use so far back as Elizabeth's day. Bacallao! You can hear it in Lisbon, you can hear it in Spain, you used to hear it in Italy before the policy of "sanctions" enraged that country. The dried cod of the Newfoundland fisheries was then as now the staple food of the Southern peasant of Europe. This writer can picture to himself a little brig of eighty tons lying against the sea-wall of Malaga twenty years ago. Three to four times a year for forty years she put into Malaga harbour with her cargo of salt cod, until one winter passage overtaxed her and she was lost with all hands. Just in the same way in Drake's day the fishing fleets crossed from the Mediterranean to Newfoundland and back again. It is not to be wondered at if Drake sought to open to traffic the legendary Strait by Cape Mendocino and Anian and break out into the Atlantic. Pedro de Sarmiento believed in its existence. "This would be the shortest and quickest route for getting from this sea to his country, and while this route is not familiar to the pilots here, it is not unknown to the cosmographers and particularly to the English," he wrote in his narrative in the year 1579.

To sail home for the first time in England's history by this "shortest and quickest route" would cap this voyage with a glory which not even his wealth of Philip's gold could give. There are many who deny that he had ever a serious intention to risk all that he had gained in so perilous an adventure. They must explain as best they can his constant enquiries of all the pilots who might have knowledge which would help him. We shall meet them from now on. Meanwhile he discussed the project with Anton and tried it out on his clerk Domingo de Lizarza, and when they would not agree, locked his great map away in dudgeon. Probably he went off in a tirade against Don Martin Enriquez, the Viceroy of Mexico—for all of them knew of the wrongs he had suffered at St. John de Ulua and how the Viceroy's treachery rankled in his memories.

After five days, however, *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion* was an empty ship. Drake made his presents to San Juan de Anton and gave him that Cimaroon negro to hand over to his master, of which act a word has already been written. To each of his crew he gave thirty or forty pesos in cash, and some stuff wherewith to make clothes. Others received agricultural implements or trimmed cloaks or weapons. To Domingo de Lizarza fell a steel shield and a sword, "so that you are now quite a man-at-arms." A merchant from Cuevas who was travelling on the Spanish ship had been held a prisoner with the rest. Drake gave him some fans into which little mirrors had been inserted, telling him that they were for his lady. There was certainly no recipient for them on the *Golden Hind*. And he topped his gifts to San Juan de Anton with two barrels of tar and a silver-gilt bowl with Drake's name engraved on the inside. Thus laden with gifts and civilities they were all returned to their looted but undamaged ship. Drake hoisted his great sails. It was the 6th day of March. One has a picture of Drake upon his high poop watching the *Cacafuego* dwindle in the distance, and counting up all the presents he had made to the owner and the crew, he, Drake, the gentleman.

CHAPTER XII

Across the Pacific. The Spice Islands. The Beginning of the East India Company. The "Golden Hind" runs on a Reef. End of the Voyage of Circumnavigation.

IT was fortunate for Drake now, as it was fortunate for England nine years later, that in the Spanish conception of naval warfare the soldier overrode the sailor. For the Viceroy of Peru, angered by the escape of the corsair and the futility of the two ill-equipped ships which he had sent after him, now manned another two ships with soldiers as well as sailors, provisioned them for a voyage, and even mounted a piece or two of artillery upon their decks. There were on board besides the sailors a hundred and twenty soldiers with Pedro Sarmiento in a high position—a formidable force. This squadron followed in the track of the *Golden Hind* until it fell in with the bark of Benito Diaz Bravo off the Quiximies River. Arguing from his report, the weather, Drake's need to return home, and the seasonable changes of the winds, Pedro Sarmiento proposed to set a course straight across the bay of Panama to Nicaragua. The soldiers would not hear of the proposition. They had no orders of so wide a latitude from the Viceroy. Besides, Drake would make for Panama. That's where the pirate would meet his doom. Sarmiento objected. But what did charts and weather knowledge amount to? The Generals knew better. Pedro was overruled. The squadron went off to Perico and Panama, and thence in due course returned to Lima to make what explanations its leaders could. But had Pedro Sarmiento's advice been taken, Drake when he reached the island of Caño, where he prepared his ship for her homeward voyage, would have found these galleons waiting for him and would have been hard put to it to reach home uncrippled.

For it was precisely to Nicaragua that he set his course after he had dismissed *Our Lady of the Conception*. Enquiries of the ship masters and pilots whom he had captured had led him to believe that he could find a quiet creek in those waters, where he could get fresh water, set his men ashore for a spell and prepare his ship for her long voyage home. For she was leaking again and, as Anton had noticed, her bottom was foul with seaweed. As for Panama and the gulf of San Miguel, he could well afford to give it a miss. The *Golden Hind* was crammed with gold and silver, jewels, rare china and bales of silk. He had made his voyage, as the saying went.

So he ran north-west and on March 16th found an island six miles from the main where he could anchor in five fathoms of water close to the shore —the island of Caño. He took the precaution to keep his pinnace on patrol about the fairway, and on the 20th she captured the bark of Rodrigo Tello, which was on her way from Nicoya to Panama with a mixed cargo of sarsaparilla and maize, thirteen or fourteen passengers, and amongst those passengers two men who were more important to Drake than all the rest of the passengers and the cargo together. Nicoya was the depot and the shipyard of the China trade, and these two men, Martin de Aguirre and Alonzo Sanchez Colchero, were Government navigators on their way with their instruments, their books and their charts to the Royal Audiencia of Panama. They were sent by the Viceroy of New Spain and they were to carry letters to Gonzalo Ronquillo, the General of China, and to Judge Sandea, the Governor of the Philippines. For Drake they were especially important people. For he could not be sure that the Strait of the Bacallaos would let him through; and if it did not, the charts and the knowledge of a navigator accustomed to these seas would be invaluable. Tello's bark with its passengers were taken into the creek at Caño and moored alongside the *Golden Hind*. Of the proposals which Drake made to Colchero, an account has been already given which does credit to Drake's sense of justice. But the discussion began on the wrong lines. Colchero denied that he was a pilot at all. He was just a simple old shellback—nothing more—a statement which his charts and astrolabes made ridiculous. Drake replied sharply that Colchero was not to plague him by talking such nonsense, that he would take him whether he would or wouldn't, and that he would hang him if he talked such rubbish again; and he does seem to have clapped the unfortunate navigator into a cage under the poop which he used as a guard-room, with irons on his legs.

Meanwhile he took the maize and landed the sarsaparilla and put on to the deck of the bark his guns and his booty. He was thus able to careen his galleon properly, clean her and caulk her seams. On the 24th of the month, the work was all done and the guns and treasure brought back on board. The ships then sailed away together to the west along the coast. But the passengers of Tello's bark, with the exception of Colchero, and its crew, Drake turned off into the bark's launch when it was close to land, gave them a keg of water and some flour and told them to make off.

This was on the 27th, and for the next week he continued on the same course without event. If Colchero is to be believed, Drake behaved to him throughout these days now with cajolery, now with truculence. But Colchero was telling his story to the Chief Constable of the Supreme Court at Panama

and was unlikely to exhibit himself as a man of a tame spirit. He declared that as his ship drew near to Realejo, Drake tempted him with promises of gold and silver to become a Lutheran and go on the ship to England where great mercies would be conferred upon him. But Colchero was too stout a patriot to yield to such blandishments, and, beaten in argument, Drake cried: "You! you must be a devoted subject of your King Don Felipe and a great Captain!" This admiring cry is obviously creditable only to Colchero's invention. Then Drake ordered him to pilot the ship into the harbour where a galleon bound for China was lying which he wanted to burn, as well as the town itself. He might, besides, find the Lord Judge in the town, whom he would certainly hang as a friend of the Viceroy. Colchero, however, replied that he dared not take a ship into that port, for he had never been into it at all. Neither promises nor threats could bring him into a different mind, so Drake had a noose put round his neck and his body lifted off the ground. Twice he was treated in this way and the treatment tired him very much, and Drake, seeing that he could not break down Colchero's will, abandoned his evil design upon the town of Realejo and left it on his starboard side.

On the 4th of April, off the volcanoes of Guatemala, Drake seized another prize, the galleon of Don Francisco de Zárate. It was the last capture which Drake was to make upon this voyage, and although he himself made little profit out of it, we of this generation would sacrifice for it the gold pesos of the *Cacafuego*. Francisco de Zárate belonged to one of the most illustrious families of Spain and had nothing to fear from any panel of judges in Panama. He had a keen eye, a philosophic mind and a precise pen; so that he was able in a letter which he wrote to the Viceroy of New Spain to give a clear account of the fifty-five hours which he spent upon the *Golden Hind*.

There was a moon in the early morning of the 4th of April. By the light of it, the watch upon Zárate's ship noticed about half an hour before dawn the approach of a big galleon and a bark. The galleon was too close for safety and the helmsman shouted to it to bear away. No voice replied from the galleon. It seemed that they were all asleep, and the galleon edged nearer. The helmsman shouted again and louder, asking what ship that was. This time a voice, a Spanish voice, in fact Colchero's, answered with what seems to have become a formula on the *Golden Hind*. It was the ship of Miguel Angelo bound for the port of Guatulco. The watch on Zárate's ship was satisfied. For once the formula had worked. It was not even disturbed when, the ships having passed one another, the *Golden Hind* bore up and sailed across Zárate's stern. An order to strike their sails emphasized by the discharge of half a dozen arquebuses was considered a joke. The arrival,

however, of a launch full of armed sailors disillusioned them. There were only six men awake on Zárate's ship, including Zárate himself. They were disarmed without a struggle and Zárate was packed off on the launch to the *Golden Hind*. He was glad to go, for although no one had been wounded, he had little doubt that he was to be killed, and the short passage to the galleon would give him time to recommend his soul to God.

Drake, however, received him in person on his deck and told him that he had nothing to fear and led him to his cabin. Having politely seated him there, Drake came to the point.

"I am a friend of those who tell me the truth, but with those who don't tell it to me I lose my temper. Your best way to my favour is to tell me how much gold and silver you are carrying."

"None," replied Zárate, "beyond some small plates and cups which I use."

Drake was silent for a moment but accepted the statement, and turned to another subject near to his heart. He asked—Zárate is writing to the Viceroy —"whether I knew your Excellency, and I answered: 'Yes.'"

"Is any relative of his, or anything belonging to him, on your ship?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it would give me a greater joy to come across him than all the gold and silver in the Indies," Drake answered grimly. "You would see how the words of gentlemen should be kept."

Zárate prudently made no answer and Drake led him down the companion to a prison below decks where an old man was sitting.

"You will have to remain here," he said.

Don Francisco made no complaint, and Drake, mollified by his good humour, changed his mind.

"I don't want you to try this just yet," he said, and he released the old man, who was Colchero the pilot. Zárate recognized his voice as that of the man who had shouted that the *Golden Hind* was the ship of Miguel Angelo. They all three went on deck and talked till dinner-time. Then, as has indeed already been told, Drake placed Zárate next to him and told him that his life and property were safe.

Drake's one trouble now was fresh water. In all other respects he was provisioned for a long voyage, but fresh water and a convenient harbour wherein to take it, as private as possible, were his greatest recurrent needs. He sought information from Zárate himself and from his crew. But no one could help him. A heavy surf broke upon the coast; sudden calms alternating with violent local winds added to its unattractiveness. Drake must make for

a built, protected port before his want could be satisfied. He went aboard Zárate's ship the next morning. It had a cargo of silk, linen, clothes and fine china. Drake was tempted to break his promise to Zárate. No doubt his own best suits were by now showing signs of wear and he had a liking for fine clothes. He took what he wanted besides some of the china, for which upon his return to the *Golden Hind* he made his apologies. The china was for his wife, he said, and in recompense he made to Zárate a present of a silver falchion and a cup by which, says Zárate ruefully, he was not the loser. Then he replaced Zárate and his crew upon his ship, took his pilot and gave him Colchero in exchange, and so sailed away north-westwards to the port of Guatulco.

He arrived on the morning of Monday in Holy Week with his two ships. He sent a launch full of armed men ashore and caught the small town in the exercise of its affairs, the court of justice sitting, the vicar at his church, Rengifo, the factor of the many Spanish companies which traded with the town, at work in his office. The bosun, a big pock-marked, red-headed fellow and a most militant Lutheran into the bargain, led the raid upon the church. Chalices, cups, embroidered altar-cloths were stolen, sacred images were torn from their places and smashed, the wafers of the Sacrament were crushed under the heels of their boots; the ruin of the church was complete. In the house of the factor they found a great pot full of silver reals, but there was no other treasure in the town. The pot they brought on board with the vicar, the judge and the factor. Drake took the pot containing one bushel of reals, but he had entered the port for water and he made the judge write a letter ordering all the inhabitants out of the town whilst he supplied his need. Thus the launch landed its crew for the second time into an empty town—or rather almost empty, for a sailor named Thomas Moone, but not Drake's old boatswain of Nombre de Dios who had been drowned in the *Marigold*, caught a dilatory Spanish gentleman with a gold chain about his neck, and relieved him of it. Water was obtained, the ship's barrels were filled, and Drake remained until the end of the week in the harbour, embarrassing his hostages by offering them meat at his dinner-table through these days of Lent and still more by his discourses on the Pope. There was nothing in the Bible to warrant the kissing of the Pope's toe, and the procedure was ridiculous. But Rengifo the factor declared that he was easy to talk with, and it was more in banter than in anger that he argued.

Drake was by now fluent in the Spanish tongue, and his mastery of the language seems so curiously to have perplexed the Spanish authorities that they have discovered the oddest reason for it. It is the historian Duro, to whom we owe so much of our knowledge of the Spanish side of the Armada

enterprise, who gave currency to the story. He suggested that on the occasion of the marriage of Jane Dormer with the Count of Feria at Toledo, Drake was one of the hundred pages whom she brought from England to grace the ceremony. There is just one point at which the story might be said to fit the facts, and that a point of small importance. Jane Dormer was married to the Count of Feria on December 29th, 1558, when Francis Drake was thirteen years old and at the right age for this particular duty. But the marriage took place in England, not at Toledo. It was a Catholic marriage between a highly placed officer on the staff of Philip II and the favourite maid of honour of Mary Tudor. How in the world could the son of a little Protestant lay-reader on the Medway, befriended by the great Protestant family of Russell, come to figure in so papal a celebration? Even if he had been in birth and manner and appearance a match for so magnificent and glittering a company! But he was not. He was at this time a grubby little deckhand on a small North Sea tramp, his face reddened and roughened with the gales of the Dogger Bank, his hands seamed black with tar and dirt, and his walk on shore probably a seaman's roll. He had nothing in common with the pretty boy, all velvet and satin and a flutter of ribbons, who would be needed to pace daintily up the aisle of a cathedral behind a bride.

There is no mystery in Drake's mastery of the Spanish tongue. He was learning always. On this voyage he was plying every trained pilot he came across with questions about currents and winds. He was studying maps, learning to make maps. Twelve or thirteen years had passed since he had made his first unfortunate voyage with Captain Lovell to Rio de la Hacha and the Spanish Main. His second had taken him to St. John de Ulua. Then had come two lonely expeditions on the *Swan*. His fifth was to Nombre de Dios, and this voyage of circumnavigation was the sixth, in which he must examine and negotiate with men who knew no other language than the language of Spain. It was inevitable that, being the man he was, he should by now have fitted himself to speak it with fluency and ease. One would like to believe the fable, for Drake, his religion apart, would have revelled in the fine clothes, the show, the princely environment. But such stately parades were beyond his dreams in the year when Elizabeth ascended the throne. It was only now, in 1579, that he could have his page to stand behind him at the dinner-table and gentlemen to doff their hats at his approach and keep them doffed until he had bidden them twice to cover their heads.

He let all his prisoners go at Guatulco—except two negroes and, some say, a negress whom he took off the ship of Francisco de Zárate and put ashore a long time afterwards in the Philippines. If she was taken, why she was taken remains to this day a riddle. There have been few great men

whose domestic affairs are so little known as Drake's. He married Mary Newman of Plymouth in July 1569. She died, and he married Elizabeth Sydenham, also of Plymouth, in 1585. The rest is silence—except for one ill-natured gossip who many years later put it about that Drake had seized this negress to be his mistress. There is not a word in the various narratives of Drake's many voyages which gives the least support to this slander; and it is to be remembered that those who wrote these narratives were not all Drake's friends. Would the Chaplain Fletcher who discovered so much nobility in Doughty and so harsh a tyranny in Drake, for instance, have hesitated to embroider the lustfulness of his character, had he been offered the opportunity? All of Drake's policy, as we read in the deposition of San Juan de Anton and the letter of Don Francisco de Zárate, gives the lie to the story. Drake was careful to sustain his authority on board his ship. He would talk with anyone and everyone, but he remained aloof, the General of the expedition, and he was little likely to undermine the respect which he had established by a sordid amour with a negress. He might, more probably, have taken her to wash his fine linen and goffer his ruff with less damage to them than would be wreaked by the clumsier hands of one of his crew.

At Guatulco one object of the expedition was achieved. He had definitely annoyed Philip of Spain, as Queen Elizabeth had wished, and he was bringing back to her as rich a cargo of that annoyance as his ship would hold. His voyage was "made." But this was only part of his mission. It was fairly certain now that Philip would fortify the entrance to the Straits of Magellan so as to make the Pacific Ocean once more invulnerable to the English marauder or the French privateer who was sure to follow since the way had been shown. It was, therefore, all the more important to discover and chart that northern passage upon which so many hearts were broken and so many lives lost. He had finished for the moment with Spain; and all that had to do with Spain, except its treasure, was unshipped from his galleon at Guatulco. He let the bark of Rodrigo Tello go, and even that Portuguese pilot who had for so many months sat at his table, Nuño da Silva. Da Silva remains a very enigmatic figure, a small man dressed soberly in black with a big black beard, who seldom spoke but sometimes smiled. What use he served, why Drake kept him so continually on the *Golden Hind*, it is impossible even to conjecture. He was far from any waters of which he had expert knowledge. There is not a hint to be found that Drake ever made the slightest call upon his services. Yet Drake carried him from Cape Verde round South America to Guatemala and—let us be honest about it—treated him scurvily. He stole his ship, took from it what he wanted, let it drift onto the rocks at Port Saint Julian and, at the end, did not even put him decently

ashore. He set him without a penny on an empty ship, and the last sound which the *Golden Hind* heard as she put out to sea was the voice of Nuño da Silva bawling for a dinghy to take him to the land. He had found his voice at last. It is true that owing to the insistence of the Portuguese Ambassador in London, da Silva was awarded compensation for his lost galleon by the Admiralty Court. But Drake had no hand in it. It was a rare streak of good fortune for the pilot that just at that time Queen Elizabeth was dancing one of her elusive fandangoes with the Pretender to the Crown of Portugal. She wanted to keep in with Portugal for the moment, and Nuño da Silva profited.

But Drake was not the only man who treated Nuño da Silva scurvily. The Viceroy of New Spain, he already infamous for his treachery at St. John de Ulua, would not believe but that the pilot had been hand in glove with the corsair. Surely it was the pilot who had guided the *Golden Hind* through the windings of the Straits. Had he not also taken part in those services when Drake had kneeled upon a cushion and read from a book in which there were pictures of heretics burning at the stake? Juan Pascual, pilot of Zárate's galleon, said yes. Well then! If Nuño would not confess to his heresies out of his own repentance, there were other ways. A little torture was suggested, and at Panama torture was duly applied. Nuño da Silva lived through four unhappy years of prison, and after making an abjuration of his heresy at an auto-da-fé, was exiled for ever from the Indies and sent in the Indian Guard to Spain. There at last good fortune found him out. He achieved the happiness of Prince Charming of the fairy stories. According to one story, King Philip received him at his Court, and took him into his service. According to another, he escaped from Spain to Plymouth and there settled down with a wife.

Drake sailed out of Guatulco on April 16th and set a course straight out into the deep sea in order to pick up a wind which should drive him northwards to the mouth of his Strait. Nuño da Silva did not believe that it existed. "There are neither maps nor descriptions of it," he wrote. "This Englishman is hunting for it in a pure spirit of boastfulness of his cleverness."

That other famous pilot, Pedro Sarmiento, believed that it did. In describing a conversation which he had held with Nuño da Silva, Pedro wrote:

"To this I added, what is more for the safety of the navigation, that from the month of March in which we now are, to September, it is summer and the hot season up to Cape Mendocino in 43° north latitude by which he has a short and easy route to return to his country from this sea. This route, although it is not known by the pilots around here, because they do not as a

rule sail in that region, is known to the cosmographers, especially to the English who sail to Iceland, the Bacallaos, Labrador, Totilan and Norway. To these it is well known that a high latitude does not frighten them. As this corsair is a navigator of the countries above referred to and well-versed in all navigations, it may be suspected and believed that he knows it, and one who has the spirit which he has shown will not shrink from undertaking this route, especially as the summer season of the Arctic pole and gain from what he may steal are in prospect."

This is a pleasing tribute from an enemy himself of courage and experience which is worthy of special record. For Pedro Sarmiento goes very near to inferring the existence of the Straits from the probability that Drake would seek by that way his outlet into the Atlantic. Between the two pilots stands Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the early advocate of the North-West Passage. If there were such a passage, it could not be used. He was arguing from that old legend which the *Elizabeth* had now disproved, of an eastward current which no ship could stem. However, in the end Sir Humphrey is inclined to suspend his judgment.

"It must be Peregrinationis historia, that is true reports of skilful travellers, as Ptolemy writeth, that in such controversies of Geography must put us out of doubt."

Drake, wedding practice to imagination, sailed west to pick up a wind and then north to 42° north latitude, where the cold weather caught him. Two degrees further on, and "though seamen lack not good stomachs, yet it seemed a question to many amongst us whether their hands should feed their mouths, or rather keep themselves within their coverts." So stiff and frozen grew the ropes that six men putting forth their best strength were hardly able to handle them as well as three men without much effort had done before. However, Drake, partly by sermons from the Scriptures on God's loving care of His children and partly by his own sturdy example, persuaded them to endure this short trial and extremity for the greater glory which awaited them. But there were no maps drawn with knowledge of these regions, and the General's, as we have seen, were incorrect of even the coast of Chile; and before the first days of June were reached, they found the coast of America still stretching out beyond them to the west and they were so beset with foul weather that they could make no head against it.

They were forced in on the land by violent gales, and these alternated with thick fogs, and whether the gales drove them towards a lee-shore or the fogs kept them becalmed in canopies of cloud, the cold gnawed at them without remission. For fourteen days they could not take the height of the sun or any star.

They were now as high as 48° north latitude. Drake, with a quite modern touch, had prepared his men to endure the cold, "so that even after our departure from the heat, we always found our bodies not as sponges but strong and hardened." But even so the bitter cold and the unfriendly coast overbore him. All were anxious to reach home and there was no swift journey by the north. Drake went about and sailed southwards until on June 17th he could drop his anchor in a convenient harbour in 38° 30′. Climates change no doubt in the course of centuries, but it seems odd that at a spot less than two hundred miles north of San Francisco the adventurers in mid-June were still so nipped by the cold that they would have preferred to stay in bed rather than get up and face it, had there been work to do. The *Golden Hind* stayed in that harbour until July 23rd, making ready for the long voyage which lay ahead of it.

It was a country inhabited by a friendly and tractable sort of heathen who mistook Drake and his companions for gods. Drake, warned by his experiences at Port Saint Julian and La Mocha, entrenched himself in a camp and received them warily. They were a people more inured to the making of long speeches than the crew of the *Golden Hind* were to cold. They made speeches from canoes when he arrived, offering him little baskets of tobacco and bunches of feathers, but would accept no presents in return except a hat. This fell into the water but was retrieved. A long essay could be written on the passion for a hat which burns in every primitive breast. A shining silk hat or a busby wakes the liveliest fires, but any hat will be welcome, and by a hat wet from the sea the stoic independence of this remarkable tribe was undermined.

It came down in a body to the seashore on the following day with more baskets of tobacco and more bunches of feathers. The women came down with it, and tearing their faces and their breasts with their nails, they flung themselves on their faces on the stony ground. Drake, shocked by these heathen signs of worship, and stationed in a place of vantage, read from his prayer-book and led the singing of the psalms appointed for the day. This afforded them great pleasure, and the General, understanding that there was no harm in them, admitted them within his enclosure. Whereupon the ladies were still more anxious to burn sacrifices and tear their flesh to ribbons before these new gods, especially the young ones, and were with difficulty brought to realize that they were human like themselves. Three days later, their king, the Hioh, came in person surrounded by his tall young warriors and preceded by his sceptre. More speeches were made, more psalms were sung, the ladies once more repeated their disfiguring prostrations, and now presents were interchanged. In a little while they began to bring their

maimed and sick to be cured by the royal touch of the General. Drake replied with plasters and unguents from his medicine chest, and finally the Hioh in a paroxysm of devotion offered his sceptre to the General. The General, however, was true blue. He would only become Vice-Hioh as representative of his great mistress Gloriana. She would be the real Hioh, and in her name he accepted their fealty. Drake gave to the country the name of "New Albion," partly because of the whiteness of the seaward cliffs and partly because the countryside had to his eyes a look of England. He set up a great post, and to it nailed a great brass plate on which were engraved first the Queen's name, then the date on which the *Golden Hind* had arrived upon this coast, and next a record of the concession of the country by its king and people to Her Majesty. A hole was cut in the plate to frame a silver sixpence of English currency carrying the Queen's picture and her arms. Under all was engraved the name of Francis Drake.

When this ceremony was completed and all leaks in the galleon caulked, the General departed amidst universal lamentations. He stopped for two days at the Farallones Islands for the seals and birds which filled so large a space of the ship's larder, and on July 25th set out on the first stage of his journey home. He sailed for sixty-eight days across the Pacific Ocean, and reached some islands which may have been the Carolines and may have been the islands of Pelew. There has been inevitably a good deal of guess-work about this part of the voyage of circumnavigation. It is a catastrophe that Drake's own log has disappeared. It was illustrated by the pictures which he and John Drake had painted of the coasts along which they passed —pictures so well painted that they made Zárate exclaim, "No one who guides himself according to these paintings can possibly go astray." They were all given, according to the Spanish Ambassador Mendoza, by Drake to Queen Elizabeth, and if they were finished with the same care as his maps of his last voyage, to be seen in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, the loss of them is still more grievous. All the more grievous since there is nothing in the feeblest way to take their place. Fletcher's notes had come to an end, and the rough sailors upon whose accounts we must rely had neither a smattering of navigation nor even an accurate ear for names. The reader who looks on the map at the crowded constellation of the islands in the oblong between 110° and 130° east longitude and 10° north and south latitude will see how impossible it is to plot the course of the *Golden Hind* from vague descriptions and ill-remembered names. The marvel is, indeed, how Drake, himself a stranger in these narrow waters, managed, even with all his skill as navigator and sailor, to find his way through the maze. No doubt that big map made for him at Lisbon helped. The Portuguese were familiar with the

East Indian Archipelago. The Moluccas and the spice trade had long been their prerogative; and the chart which had shown nothing of the eastward trend of the Chilean coast, north of Magellan's Straits, might well have been an excellent guide to the Celebes Sea and the Straits of Sundra.

Whatever islands they were, their inhabitants were unpleasant people. You could find no greater contrast than the contrast between them and Gloriana's new subjects on the opposite side of the Pacific, whose wailing had followed Drake out to sea. They would give what they had and were reluctant to take anything in return. These snatched rather than took what they could and paid for it with showers of stones. The crew of the *Golden Hind* dubbed one island the Island of Thieves, and John Drake not unnaturally confused it with the Ladrones which lay about ten degrees to the north. On the 3rd of October Drake sailed away, and on the 21st stopped for a day at Mindanao in the Philippines and watered his ship there.

He lost a day thereafter by stopping a ship, stating that he was English and proposing to buy provisions. Those in command of the ship—it seems to have been a galleon belonging to the King of Portugal—refused on the ground that Drake's people were Lutherans and took to flight. Drake fired two of his great pieces of ordnance at the fugitive without doing any damage and set off in pursuit. For a day and a night he kept it up, until the King's galleon ran deliberately upon a shoal. Drake dared not follow her. He went about, sailed southwards past the island of Sangi, picked up two Indians in a fishing-boat off Siauw to pilot him to the Moluccas, and then steered eastwards through the Siauw passage. On the 22nd day of October they saw at last the peaks of the four islands of the Moluccas, Ternate, Tidore, Motir and Makyan.

Drake's intention was to make for Tidore which was held in strength by the Portuguese, and indeed he had picked up from Mindanao or another of the islands one of that race. But whilst he was still off a small island at the north end of Ternate, the northernmost of the Moluccas, a boat came alongside with "a Moorish gentleman in his native dress with a chain which seemed of gold about his neck and some keys hanging to a small silver chain." So John Drake described the Sultan of Ternate's official, and this man coming on board warned Drake against Tidore. There was a Portuguese galley there, and besides the galley a galleon, and both would give him trouble. On the other hand, the Sultan of Ternate, one Barber, a man of Malay and a Mohammedan, would give him a good welcome. Drake, who at this stage of his voyage could have wanted nothing more than a swift and easy passage home, agreed to run with Ternate instead of Tidore. He needed provisions, for which he had goods to exchange. A good deal of flowery talk

was exchanged between this Viceroy, as he was termed, and the General. The Sultan had driven the Portuguese out of Ternate, Motir and Makyan. He had the bulk of the clove trade in his hands. On the other hand, the Portuguese would not trade with him, and a big ship from a new country might open up to him a new market. Drake would find the King of Ternate a man of his word. The official, however highly he extolled his King, was no match for Drake at what one may call noble talk. His Queen, the might of her Kingdom, the fine benefits which would flow from friendship with her—Drake talked from that text with a sincerity and enthusiasm which swept the Viceroy off his feet. He gave him a velvet cloak to present to the King, and after coming to an anchorage for the night, sent him off with it.

This Viceroy that night so impressed the King with the story of what he had seen and heard on the *Golden Hind* that the King the next morning sent out four great boats with men-at-arms and guns mounted in the bows and important people clad in white standing under awnings to tow the ship to the good anchorage on the east side of the island. The King himself followed in a state barge and his brother after him in another. Drake was not left behind in such courtesies. He fired off a salute with his big guns and set his band of sweet musicians at their work. The King was so delighted with the music that Drake sent the band out in a boat to play behind the King's barge which was now towed by the *Golden Hind*; and behind the King's barge and the music-boat the King's brother tied on; and in that pompous procession, with the King in "a musical paradise," the *Golden Hind* was brought to its anchorage. Thereupon the King took his leave, promising to send provisions on board and to come on board himself the next morning. The provisions did come that night, rice, hens, sugar, plantains, coconuts and sago, but the King did not. He sent instead an invitation to Drake to come on shore. But the mariners of the *Golden Hind* had learnt to be wary. The invitation smelt like treachery, the treachery for instance of La Mocha. Moreover, somebody had heard or said he had heard the King's brother who had come on board the day before use words to Drake which were suspicious. A small deputation was sent as a substitute and received with great ceremony in a Durbar Hall outside the Palace gates, the King appearing in embroideries of gold and attended by a page who fanned him with a huge jewelled fan. The reception passed off with every appearance of cordiality on both sides, and according to the chronicles of "The World Encompassed," Barber went so far as to offer his realm and the monopoly of his trade in cloves to Drake's great Prince.

One or two historians have shown themselves a little pernickety over this statement, averring that even if Barber ever bowed so low before the

stranger Drake, it could not have been so early in their acquaintanceship. But the probabilities are entirely against them. It would be at his first levee that Barber in a fit of Oriental imagery would offer all that he had to his guest, without meaning it any more than the Spaniard who offers you his luncheon in a railway carriage means that you should take it. When the brass tacks of bargaining were reached, he would be as stiff as another.

No doubt Drake went on shore and himself saw this King during the few days which he spent at Ternate. Dumas, a Portuguese spy whom Gonzalo Ronquillo de Peñalosa, Governor of the Philippines, sent dressed as a Chinaman to Ternate afterwards, declared that trouble did arise between Drake and Barber because Barber wished to enforce his law that over and above the price agreed for what spices were bought, an extra ten per cent. should be paid to him. It will be remembered that Hawkins, on the expedition which ended so tragically at St. John de Ulua, had resisted a similar demand at Rio de la Hacha. It is not likely that Drake, his voyage "made" and little cargo room to spare, would have conceded so high a rake-off to the King of Ternate. Dumas suggested, too, that Barber tried to persuade Drake to join him in an attack on Tidore. Barber had driven the Portuguese out from the other three islands of the Moluccas. It would be only natural that he should try to use Drake's English sailors and Drake's heavy artillery to dislodge them from Tidore. But even if Drake's heart had not been set towards home, there was the useless and foolish tragedy of Magellan to warn him of what came of meddling in the politics of these island kings.

But he did trade with Barber. He bought six tons of cloves for which he paid with silks and linen taken from the ships between Lima and Guatulco, and he made a treaty with him for the furtherance of trade with England. It is probable that the building of a factory in Ternate by some future expedition such as Fenton's was agreed upon. Drake brought home no written covenant, but the Drake family possess a cup on which the *Golden Hind* is seen towed by Barber's four big canoes, and tradition reports that this cup was given to Drake by Queen Elizabeth in the year 1580. If tradition is correct, the gift must have commemorated some service to the realm of a special importance. The East India Company certainly founded claims upon a treaty made by Drake; and it may well have provided a greater impulse towards the creation of the British Empire than the submission of the Hioh and the setting up of the big brass plate on the shore of San Francisco.

It was quick work. For though he arrived on the 4th of November, he was off again on the 9th. He was in search of a secluded isle where he could clean and repair his ship for the last long stage of his voyage; and on

November 14th he found it. By general consent it has been located in the Bangaya Peninsula, but since John Drake places it at 4° north latitude and "The World Encompassed" at 1° 40′ south latitude, and the Bangaya Archipelago is at neither, there is no certainty whatever. It was the very island for his purpose—deep-wooded, uninhabited, with a good harbour. Water was got at another island quite near, and from a third Indians paddled over in their canoes and bartered provisions for pieces of linen and silk. For neither here nor at Ternate was a hint whispered of the gold and silver hidden away in the hold. Provisions also were at hand's reach, great robber-crabs, each one of them a meal for four sailors, were caught on the beach or dug out of their sand-warrens. We are told that in their efforts to escape they climbed the trees. A fable of the South Seas? Perhaps. But any reasonable crab might be expected at all events to try, if he had a batch of Drake's hungry mariners after him. At night the fireflies danced in the air and went out like sparks and flashed again in crescents of greenish light, or swarmed upon the boughs, "as if every twig on every tree had become a lighted candle." It was an island such as Ballantyne and Stevenson would have loved, and the life lived upon it for twenty-six days just the life with which they would have blessed the characters in the tale.

The crew was put on shore, a fort built and entrenched, the artillery mounted to protect it. Then the precious cargo was stowed in the fort. Drake carried a forge, and this was set up on the beach and charcoal burnt since all the ship's coal had long since been consumed. Meanwhile stocks and legs were set up at a convenient spot and the *Golden Hind* was hauled out of the water. The barnacles were scrubbed off her bottom and her seams were caulked and her tender spots made sound. Afterwards, with the help of the forge, new iron bands were hooped about the casks. The crew were divided into watches, so that whilst some worked others rested, and for the inside of a month the woods rang with the noise of hammers and the cheerful cries of men at play. In twenty-six days the work was done and the *Golden Hind* riding the water again, spruce and trim as a painted ship upon a painted ocean. The crew came on board, their wearied bodies refreshed, the sickly grown lusty and all conscious of "a rare experience of God's wonderful wisdom in many rare and admirable creatures which here we saw." They called the island Crab Island, and the two negroes brought from Nicaragua with the negress Maria who, according to a "Short Abstract of the Present Voyage" by an anonymous writer, was great with child, were left behind on it with rice and seeds for planting and the means of making fire. It is to this "Short Abstract" that we owe the accusation that Drake took Maria from Zárate's galleon; and yet the statement is so vague and so obviously written

by an enemy of Drake that it is astonishing that a charge so definite and audacious should have been built upon it. Here is the statement. "Drake took out of the ship a pilot to carry him into the haven of Guatulco and also a proper negro wench called Maria which was afterwards gotten with child between the Captain and his men pirates and set on a small island to take her adventure as shall be hereafter shewed."

The passage is hostile, as the word "pirates" discloses. Drake's ill-wishers adopted the phrases of Spain to describe him. It is sly too. For the writer could always protest that he brought no actual charge against Drake himself. He defames safely; he slanders by equivocation.

There the matter must be left. Camden, in his short summary of Drake's life, seems inclined to accept the charge, and he was of Drake's friends. On the other hand, nothing else in the conduct of his life bears it out. That he left the negress with the two negroes on Crab Island is true, but why is a matter of mere guess-work. To save his food on the voyage home, says one; to free the negroes from captivity, says another; to found a settlement, says a third. You can make your choice of these reasons or invent another, as you will. Nobody will gainsay you. But he did leave them behind on an uninhabited island, and the fact that he had left them behind did him more than a little harm when he returned to England.

The north-east monsoon began now to blow, and on December 12th the General sailed away to the west. He proposed to round the north of Celebes and come south by the Macassar Strait, but he drove by mistake into the Bay of Tomori and took three days to escape from it. It was evident now that with the wind in this quarter he could not make the Northern passage; so he went about and ran to the South. This change of direction was made on December 19th, and from that day until January 9th the *Golden Hind* must pick her way between islands and shoals as daintily as a fastidious lady in a muddy street. But on the 9th it seemed that their danger was over. The islands bent away to the westward, the sea was open in front and the monsoon astern freshened to a strong breeze. Drake clapped on full sail, and the galleon went roaring on her course until at the beginning of the first watch of the night, without a warning, she ran hard upon a reef and stuck. It may have been the Masepi reef hard by the Greyhound Strait. It was in any case a long reef lying in the line of the ship's course and not athwart it. Fortunately for the *Golden Hind*, for had she struck in crossing the ridge nothing could have saved her. As it was, such was the violence of the shock that the crew gave itself up for lost. They lowered the sails and then, falling upon their knees, commended their souls to God.

This was just the occasion to show Drake at his full stature and to explain the adoration for him of his crew. Of the grief and disappointment which beset him he betrayed no sign. Five minutes ago he, the deckhand on the little Zeeland tramp, was rich, was sure of the enjoyment of high fame, and saw with his expectant eyes the doors opening upon a world of great affairs, and the Queen's favour. Now all that was lost, and besides, death stood at his elbow. But he went amongst his crew, led them in their prayers, made them comforting speeches, and then whilst assuring them that their first thought must be of their immortal souls, still bade them not tempt God by leaving untried those means for their earthly salvation which he had provided. The pumps, for instance. He ordered the pumps to be manned, and according to his custom in a crisis where total energy was demanded, he set the example by joining in the manual work. They pumped the ship dry and found that they had opened no new seams. For a little while all hopes were raised. A boat was lowered, and the General went in it himself to discover whether by dropping an anchor on the seaward side of the reef they could warp the galleon off the ledge. But even as near to her side as a boat's length, the lead on their longest sounding-line could not reach the bottom. Drake managed to conceal from his men the full meaning of this calamity. But as the night wore on despair laid hold of them again. A storm, and the ship would break up where she lay. The nearest land was eighteen miles away. The long voyage across the Pacific and the three subsequent months in the archipelago had taken a heavy toll of the crew. There were no more than fifty-eight men now on board the *Golden Hind*, but the single large cutter which was carried could hold only twenty of them; and those twenty would have a strong head-wind to meet. Moreover, if they reached land, what prospect of security or comfort was before them? They would be used as slaves if they escaped the sword and imperil their souls amongst the idolatries of the heathen.

As soon as day broke a second attempt was made to find holding ground for an anchor, but it failed in the daylight as the first had failed in the darkness. A general demand was made that their case should be commended to God alone, "leaving ourselves wholly in His hand, to spill or save us as seemed best to His gracious wisdom." So in that lonely ship, lifted high on a reef in a lonely southern sea beneath a tropic sky, a communion service was held in which all partook of the Sacrament and a sermon was preached. We have to mark that a sermon was preached. It would be the chaplain, Fletcher, who preached it; and when the sermon was ended, Drake took, and no doubt with the deepest reluctance, the last measure and remedy which remained. He began to jettison his cargo, his provisions and his guns. Three tons of

cloves went overboard onto the reef, a small fortune, for the spices which were in great demand in Europe and England fetched high prices in those days. As a rule they were taken in ships up the Red Sea, carried overland and embarked again in the Mediterranean. The cargoes passed next to Venice, where the Venetian merchants had the handling of them, and thence they were distributed to the richer amongst the communities of the civilized world. These embarkations and discharges, to say nothing of the sums levied by the Venetians, added enormously to the price of them; and here there were six tons of them being brought home by Drake at no higher cost than the silks and the linens which he had bartered for them at Ternate. Three tons, then, went overboard, and a great bronze cannon and seven other pieces of ordnance and bags of meal and beans—whatever, in fact, was near to hand. But the galleon remained upon its shelf, held upright against the reef by the wind blowing from the north-east on its starboard quarter. It was four o'clock in the afternoon and low water. A lead swung on the port side showed a depth of six feet only and the *Golden Hind* drew thirteen, so high was she perched at the mercy of the winds. But it was the wind which saved her. It swung suddenly round half the compass. It had been blowing from the right or starboard side. Now with a swift inconstancy it blew from the left. But there was no rock ridge on the right-hand side to prop the galleon up. Under the force of the sudden gust she heeled over and downwards to the deep waters. That she must capsize seemed certain—without a miracle. But the miracle occurred. Her keel slid off the ledge and in a second she was riding free. The ordeal had endured for twenty desperate hours. Drake got some sail set and drew off to a safe distance from the reef. Seldom had a prayer been answered with a mercy so complete. It is no wonder that the mariners of the *Golden Hind* looked upon themselves as men protected by the special favour of God.

The salvage of the ship was followed on the next day by an incident as fantastic as any recorded in that fantastic age. After the night of suspense the crew, led by Drake, had partaken of the Sacrament, and the chaplain, Fletcher, had preached a sermon. Of the character of that sermon there is no evidence. He preached, and his congregation listened and went about its business of lightening the galleon. But a writer two hundred years afterwards gave an account of this sermon. Whether he had some private document or whether he drew a bow at a venture, no one can say. But it was after all easy enough to guess. Long before, when the *Marigold* went down off the western end of the Straits of Magellan, carrying Ned Bright with it, Fletcher had written in the margin of his manuscript: "Marked judgement against a false witness." And again when John Brewer, Drake's trumpeter,

was suddenly tossed overboard by a sudden gust of wind on a windless day and only with difficulty recovered, Fletcher annotated his manuscript again, "His judgement worth noteing." John Brewer's complaint had started the trouble with Doughty. Ned Bright had been the chief witness against Doughty. And Fletcher was Doughty's champion—that sweet orator and Christian gentleman whom Drake the tyrant had condemned to death. It was perhaps inevitable that Fletcher should find in this shipwreck of their lives and fortunes another judgment and thunder it out like some prophet of old. Or, to put it on a lower plane, it was no more than natural that Fletcher, being Drake's enemy, and having been forced throughout more than a year to conceal his dislike and keep a strong curb upon his tongue, should seize this safe occasion to get a little of his own back. But the *Golden Hind* did not break up and all on board of it were freed from their peril. Drake had made no protest when the sermon was ended. There was too much work to be done. But he had time now, and on the very next morning his protest took the shape of an excommunication.

It was the oddest form of excommunication that ever was known. First he had a staple knocked into the hatches in the forecastle and Fletcher made fast to it by a chain and a fetter round his leg. Then the crew was mustered and Drake, sitting cross-legged on a chest with a pair of pantouffles on his hands, pronounced the sentence.

"Francis Fletcher, I do here excommunicate thee out of the Church of God and from all the benefits and graces thereof, and I denounce thee to the devil and all his angels."

Next he forbade him to come ever before the mast under pain of a hanging if he disobeyed. Finally he had a "posy" bound about Fletcher's arm with this description of him written upon it, "Francis Fletcher, the falsest knave that liveth." And if he took that off he would be hanged.

Imagination boggles over the meaning to be given to this scene. Was Drake mimicking one of those island kings, like the King of Ternate? Was he giving a ludicrous parody of the Pope? Who shall say? The one thing clear in the performance is that Drake, by making Fletcher ridiculous and the whole ceremony a pantomime, was in a rather subtle way destroying any influence which the sermon might have exercised upon his crew. Fletcher might have denounced the General for murder and lust, as the writer of two hundred years afterwards declared, in the tones of Luther himself, but the denunciation must have been smothered in laughter when the prophet was seen hopping about on a chain with the absurd posy on his arm. Across the centuries one can hear the guffaws and the jests of the mariners of the *Golden Hind*.

There was still a month of baffling winds and dangerous shoals to be coped with before Drake passed through the Ombay channel and shook himself clear of the islands. It was on September 30th of the year 1579 that Drake sighted the first of the islands after his long run across the Pacific. It was on March 11th, 1580, that he dropped his anchor at Java. He had been more than five months on this intricate section of his voyage. Gradually the currents, the seasons of the winds, the positions of the shoals and the geography of the islands were made known and charted, chiefly by the surveys of the British Navy. Three hundred years after Drake's voyage of circumnavigation, in the great days of sail, the fast tea-clippers like the *Thermopylae* and the *Cutty Sark* could make the passage from China through the Straits of Sundra to the Port of London in ninety-eight days.

Drake passed a pleasant fortnight amongst the Rajahs of Java, and, departing on March 26th, rounded the Cape of Good Hope on June 15th and stopped for two days on July 22nd at Sierra Leone. This was the first time that the *Golden Hind* anchored after she left Java, and the reason was the old one—the need of fresh water; and this was the last time that she anchored until an autumn day came when, a ship full of "joyful minds and thankful hearts," she sailed into Plymouth, having spent "two years and ten months and some few odd days beside in passing round about the world."

CHAPTER XIII

Difficulties on his Return. The Queen knights him at Deptford. Drake buys Buckland Abbey and becomes Mayor of Plymouth. The Proposed Expedition to the Azores. Questions of Naval Strategy. Drake in Government Service. Becomes Member of Parliament. His Second Marriage.

THE actual day upon which Drake sailed into Plymouth Sound at the end of his voyage round the world is as doubtful as the year of his birth. John Drake, four years afterwards in the month of March, declared that it was on a day of October. The compiler of "The World Encompassed" makes it the 26th of September. "The Famous Voyage of Sir Francis Drake into the South Sea," which is attributed to Francis Pretty, puts it as late as the 3rd day of November. But that must be wrong, for the Queen wrote to Edmund Tremayne, a magistrate of Plymouth and a former Member of Parliament for the Borough, on October 22nd to arrange for the disposition of the *Golden Hind's* treasure. There is no exactitude where it would be pleasant to be exact. For the return of the *Golden Hind*, ballasted with the treasure of Peru, was a matter of great importance to the realm. News of Drake's progress had been twittered through to England by the English merchants in Seville a year before. They were nervous of reprisals and demanded that he should be disavowed. But reprisals had not been made, and of Drake there was no further word. The vast spaces of the South Seas enshrouded him. He might have been lost with his ship and all his fellow-adventurers, and many hoped that he had been. Then, on a day of autumn in the year 1580, he came up out of the sea into Plymouth Sound.

As she rounded Rame Head the *Golden Hind* passed a fishing-boat, and a voice from her deck cried out:

"Is the Queen alive?"

The astonished fishermen replied that she was very much alive; and the answer relieved the General of a great anxiety. Three years before, he had refused Walsingham's request that he should mark upon a chart the spots where the King of Spain might be best annoyed. The Queen being mortal, a prince friendly to Spain might come to the throne and there would be Drake's figures to testify against Drake. He had avoided that peril but had charged himself with one far graver, since his ship was loaded down with the King of Spain's gold.

The fishermen added to their reply a warning that a pestilence was raging in the town, and Drake allowed no one to land. But the Mayor and Drake's wife came off to him in a rowing-boat. Of what news and what messages they brought to men so long absent from their homes we know nothing. But we may guess that he was told in how equivocal a light his name and voyage were seen, for he sent off John Brewer, the young trumpeter whom he had got from Sir Christopher Hatton, posthaste to London with letters to the Queen and his friends. John Brewer returned with sad news. Drake was written large in the Queen's black books. The more sober merchants of the city were frightened out of their wits by his piracies. Don Bernardino de Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador, a soldier who used the bluff language of his calling, demanded the restoration of the plunder and the punishment of the thief. Burghley, Clinton and Sussex agreed with, at all events, the first of these demands. Whilst the advice of Drake's friends who counted on the frugal and unstable disposition of the Queen was all upon one note: "Lie close until she changes her mind."

Drake lay close. The island which had sheltered him in his childhood from the anger of the Catholics befriended him again. He anchored on the seaward side of it and lay hidden from the town. In a little while came better news. Drake was to fear nothing, for the Queen would protect him. He was to travel at once to London and bring with him some samples of the curiosities which he had collected on his voyage. Drake had no doubts, in his selection, of the sort of sea-shell and native idol which would give most pleasure to his Royal mistress. He loaded five pack-horses with gold and jewels and brought them all to Sion House, where for six hours the Queen talked to him with no other people present. She, though fitful and irresolute herself, had, like so many others, a passionate admiration for the qualities which she did not possess, audacity, the power to plan far ahead and the resolution to keep to the plan in spite of desertions and treacheries and unexpected calamities.

The unusual favour of this long audience, and no doubt some rumour of those samples which Drake had brought to Sion House, fairly set the town of London by the ears. "The Company of Merchants trading to Spain and Portugal"—a corporation of great importance—was to a director opposed to Drake. The cruelties of the Inquisition practised on the seafaring Protestants of England, the preposterous claims of Philip to the monopoly of the Western World, no doubt there was a word or so to be said about them at the proper time and in the proper manner, but their property, their business, were imperilled by a pirate. And the Queen took the pirate's money and talked to him privately for six hours at a stretch. The City felt that the world was

upside down. On the other hand, Drake was the hero of the people, the theme of the broadsheets and the ballads. People crowded to the windows to cheer him as he passed. In the nave of St. Paul's Church, the fashionable promenade of the day, Drake in his fine clothes was the only cynosure. The staid and prosperous drew their robes aside; the adventurous, the romantics, the young in mind or body who were aflame with the glory of this renascent England, crowded about him; and he, after his three years of endeavour, took his sunbath of their flattery. On the other hand, again, Mendoza indignantly clamoured for an audience with the Queen, full of the threats he was going to fire at her, but did not get it so easily. Mendoza had put a weapon in Elizabeth's hand which she was quick to use. He had accused Drake of cruelty towards his enemies in the South Sea—the kind of cruelty quite alien from his character. He declared that he had cut off their hands and feet.

Elizabeth had another advantage. An expedition to relieve the Catholics in Ireland had been undertaken at the instigation of the Pope in 1579, and Spaniards were amongst the invaders. In the autumn of 1580, and about three weeks before Drake's homecoming to Plymouth, a second detachment, of which Spanish contingents were a part, had been landed at Smerwick. The Queen refused to see Mendoza as the Ambassador of Spain until the Spanish troops had been withdrawn from her realm. But she sent a secretary to him with a message. She was quite certain, she said, that Drake had practised no cruelties, but the matter would be investigated. She was sure that he had done no injury whatever to any of the subjects of her brother and friend King Philip, but meanwhile King Philip was undoubtedly doing a great deal of harm to her. Until, then, King Philip had withdrawn the help and sustenance he was giving to her Irish insurgents, she could not possibly receive Don Bernardino as an Ambassador. But as a private person she had always found him charming, and if he would pay her a visit as plain Don Bernardino she would be happy to receive him.

"I have thought it my duty," Mendoza wrote to King Philip, "to answer their large talk with some choler." He could not strip himself of his office in order to have the pleasure of kissing Her Majesty's hands, and unless complete restitution of Drake's plunder was made there would be war with Spain, and war without respite. These were brave words enough, but Don Bernardino could not have made them good. He had orders not to press the quarrel at this moment to the point from which there could be no withdrawal. King Philip had seized Portugal in July of this year, and with Portugal eleven fine galleons. He had no navy at present beyond the Indian Guard, and would be enormously strengthened once he had commissioned

and armed the eleven Portuguese ships. But he had no money wherewith to provide them, and the bankers of Genoa and Frankfort and Augsburg were shy of adding to their loans to the Royal bankrupt. Moreover, by his capture of Lisbon and his threat to the Azores, he had aroused the hostility of France. His crops had been poor, and as he had relied upon England for textiles, so now he must look to her for food. He was not in a position to force England to an open defiance.

Mendoza found, however, in England itself support from higher sources than the great Spanish company. The Council met whilst Drake was in London and resolved that the treasure which he had brought home should be fetched up to the Tower and registered with a view to its return to its Spanish owners. The session was attended by few, and those councillors of the deliberate and formal school, Burghley, Clinton, Sussex. Wrongs had been done by Spain to England, by Spaniards to Englishmen? No doubt. Even at this moment Spanish soldiers were at Smerwick in Ireland taking their part in a Papal invasion. That also was true. But redress and reprisal were the prerogative of the Queen and her Ministers, not of a buccaneer, however supreme his knowledge of the sea. The order was made that Drake's booty should be registered and deposited in the Tower with a view to its return to its proper owners. The order was presented to the remaining councillors that they might add their signature. Amongst them were Walsingham, Leicester and Hatton, all of whom believed in a more frank and aggressive policy. All of them were shareholders in Drake's adventure. They refused to sign and took the order to the Queen, who was herself their partner. She suspended it, to the fury of Mendoza. "The Spanish Ambassador doth burn with passion against Drake."

The Queen still refused to see him, but she conceded the registration of the treasure—and carried it out in her own style. First of all she granted Drake permission to take from it ten thousand pounds for himself and what he considered to be a fair return to his crew for their hardships and bravery. Was anything more to be deducted? No one knows. But she confided the registration to her friend the magistrate at Plymouth, Mr. Edmund Tremayne, who was already investigating the charges of cruelty brought against Drake. And a letter written in November by Tremayne to Walsingham indicates that the form of registration which she required was one more satisfactory to her own furtive disposition than to an honest registrar.

"To give you some understanding how I in particular proceeded with Mr. Drake, I have at no time entered into the account to know more of the very value of the treasure than he made me acquainted with. And to say truth, I

persuaded him to impart to me no more than need, for so I commanded him in Her Majesty's behalf that he should reveal the certainty to no man living. I have only taken notice of so much as he has revealed and the same I have seen to be weighed, registered and packed. . . . And to observe Her Majesty's command for the secret delivery on leaving of the ten thousand pounds to remain in his hands, we agreed that he should take it to himself out of the portion that was landed secretly and to remove the same out of the place before my son Henry and I should come to the weighing and registering of that which was left; and so it was done and no creature living by me made privy to it but himself and myself no privier to it than as you perceive by this."

The registration took place at Saltash Castle, whither upon Drake's return from London the treasure, after his deductions, was transferred from the hold of the *Golden Hind*. From Saltash Castle it was carried to Sion House before it passed on to the Tower. One is inclined to wonder why; and whether, like the *Golden Hind* itself, it didn't leak a little and wanted caulking. However, in due course twenty tons of silver bullion, five blocks of gold each eighteen inches long, and a quantity of pearls and other jewels were deposited there.

The total value of the treasure which Drake brought back from his voyage is no more accurately known than are the details of its disposition. Mendoza put it at a million and a half of ducats, that is a little less than half a million pounds sterling; and half a million pounds sterling in Elizabeth's day would be equal to five million in ours. It was thus an enormous fortune, and in addition we must reckon the pearls, the emeralds, the jewelled crosses and cups. The bold spirits who had ventured their money were well repaid for their boldness. They received a dividend of four thousand seven hundred pounds per cent. Drake received a second sum of ten thousand pounds. But this leaves still three hundred thousand pounds to be accounted for.

A mysterious Basque, Pedro de Zubiaur, claimed it on behalf of the Spanish merchants of Seville, who declared that the losses in Peru fell upon their shoulders. Zubiaur—he is generally called Sebure by the authors of the day, an easier and more euphonious name—was a spy employed by Mendoza. But after a visit to Seville he returned to England and set himself forward as the agent and attorney of the Seville Guild, though, according to Camden, he could show no authority to be so accepted. Whether he succeeded in extracting any of the prize shining behind those gloomy doors on Tower Hill is as doubtful as whether he was genuine agent or impostor. But, even if he did, the Spanish merchants had no good of him, for—so the story runs—he handed it over for the sustenance of the Spanish army in

Flanders. It is, happily, more probable that the Queen's Majesty, who knew as well as anyone how to tire out an importunate creditor, slipped the whole sum into her treasury on the excuse that the destruction of the foreign troops in Smerwick had put her to great expense.

Mr. Tremayne's duties did not end with the departure of the precious cargo from Saltash. It fell to him to investigate the charges of cruelty which Mendoza had brought against Drake. He administered an interrogatory to forty-nine members of Drake's company, including Francis Fletcher. All of them agreed that ships had been taken but none sunk, and that none of King Philip's subjects had had their hands and feet cut off or been mishandled in any way. To his answers each one set his name, and Tremayne sent the deposition off to Walsingham with the comment: "By which you may soon see how much things be inferred beyond the truth."

The deposition was perhaps a stronger proof of the devotion of Drake's company to its General than a disproof of Mendoza's calumny. But it was very valuable on that account. For amongst the evil rumours with which his enemies or his envious friends strove to cloud his name was one that he was avaricious and had meanly recompensed those adventurers who had sailed with him. The warmth of the letter with which Tremayne covered the despatch of the deposition can be accepted as a sufficient refutation of that particular slander.

". . . and withal, I must say, as I find by apparent demonstration, he (Drake) is so inclined to advance the value to be delivered to Her Majesty, and seeking in general to recompense all men that have been in this case dealers with him, as I dare take an oath with him he will rather diminish his own portion than leave any of them unsatisfied. And for his mariners and followers, I have been an eye witness, and have heard with mine ears upon the shutting up of these matters, such certain show of good will as I cannot yet see that many of them will leave his company wheresoever. His whole course of his voyage hath showed him to be of great valour, but my hap has been to see some particularities, and namely in this discharge of his company as doth assure me that he is a man of great government and that by the rules of God and his Book. So as proceeding upon such a foundation, his doings cannot but prosper."

Drake sailed his ship round the coast and up the Thames as far as Deptford, where for some months she lay at anchor. He himself set to work to strengthen the goodwill of his friends and appease the hostility of his enemies. In such a campaign gifts are the first line of attack, and gifts were forthcoming. My Lord Chancellor Bromley, for instance, received a wagon-load of engraved plate, and the Queen's Majesty a diamond cross and an

emerald crown. But all whom he thus sought to propitiate were not so complacent. And there was still a good deal for Drake to learn. It was forgivable, perhaps, to tempt Mendoza with an offer of fifty thousand ducats if he would drop his tirades and demands, even though the offer brought the fierce reply that he would give more than fifty thousand ducats if he had them to secure the punishment of such a pestilent thief as Drake. Indeed, Leicester and others of the syndicate were at the back of that manœuvre. But to imagine that Burghley and Sussex would accept bars of gold and chased goblets from the man whom they believed to have gained his entire fortune by piracy, implied a deficiency in discretion and the knowledge of men which one would hardly have expected in the Drake of the last ten years.

But Drake the student took second place to Drake the conquering hero during these hectic days. It is no wonder that he lost his head a little when the crowd swarmed after him in the streets and Her Majesty received him nine times in one day. There was good sound reason for his popularity in both cases.

"The treasure," wrote Stow, "would fully defray the charge of seven years wars, prevent and save the common subject from Taxes, Loans, Privy Seals, Subsidies and Fifteens and give them good advantage against a daring adversary."

Stow was not so far out in his reckoning, for the defeat of the Armada cost Elizabeth £161,000; and throughout her life she was as anxious to avoid imposing taxes upon her subjects as they were to escape them. Charges of parsimony and avarice are often levelled against this great Queen, but she was avaricious and parsimonious for her people. She watched with an ever-increasing pride a young and splendid nation growing to its proper stature, and she would not bow its shoulders under the burden of heavy taxes if by any means she could avoid it. Drake's booty from the South Sea was a real and instant help. It was natural that she should pet him and that the crowd should flatter him.

But the high favour of a Queen and the wonder of the people make a potent brew for a man flashing suddenly out of obscurity. Drake in London was boastful, arrogant. He was moving daily amongst people of a station and quality far different from those to which he was used; and the nervousness of anyone not quite sure of his footing leads more often than not to bombast. Mendoza quotes such an instance. Drake was at supper with the Earl of Sussex, Lord Arundel and other gentlemen of high rank. He was boasting of his exploits, when Sussex interrupted him with the comment that there was nothing marvellous in an armed galleon capturing a treasure ship which had only eight armed men to protect her. Drake replied that he was

quite able to make war on the King of Spain himself, and was sharply rebuked by Sussex for his impudence.

Indeed, his footing was not secure. Winter, the Captain of the *Elizabeth*, had returned to England a year before Drake and had explained, in the best manner of a sixteenth-century Mr. Pecksniff, that he had been horrified by the capture of the Portuguese prize *Mary*, and that when an opportunity occurred in the gale on the western opening of the Straits of Magellan he had abandoned so lawless an expedition. It was true that he had sails and that his crew wore clothes made from the stuff carried in the cargo of the *Mary*, but he pleaded that this circumstance was due to the necessities of his condition. His intention was to anticipate any charge of desertion which might be made against him by Drake, if he were subsequently to return; and there was no sincerity in his statement of his disgust at the capture of the *Mary*. But circumstances in England were inclining the Government to treat gently Portuguese things and Portuguese men. Philip had seized Portugal in July of that year, but the Azores held out against him and recognized Don Antonio the Pretender. Antonio had come to England, seeking a fleet; and there was much from the political point of view to be said for helping him. The Azores bestrode the seaway from the West Indies to Spain. Who held the Azores had the Spanish Treasure Fleet at his mercy. Elizabeth was cooing softly to the Portuguese, and the Portuguese owners of Nuño da Silva's ship took their benefit accordingly. Winter's story had a larger audience than it would have gained at another time. He was, moreover, nephew to Sir William Winter, the Surveyor of the Navy, and his wings were the stronger by a feather or two on account of that relationship. So that even before Drake's return there was a party against him as a meddler in great matters for the sake of his private gain. Add the clamour raised by the English merchants of the Spanish company when he did return, and it is easy to understand Stow's statement: "there were others that devised and divulged all possible disgraces against Drake and his followers terming him the Master Thief of the unknown world."

There were, besides, two charges of inhumanity and misconduct which kept him, again in Stow's words, "doubtful of the event." The unattractive story of the negro-woman far gone with child who was left behind on an uninhabited islet off Celebes was exploited to do him harm. One can hear it going the rounds from the arbours where country gentlemen gossiped after their dinner to the drawing-rooms where ladies chattered over their samplers, ingenuity devising a fresh nastiness here, a new cruelty there. The trial of Doughty came to the fore again, and this time by another voice than that of Parson Fletcher.

It will be remembered that Zárate, when a captive on the *Golden Hind*, saw John Doughty dining with himself at the General's table. During all the time which Zárate spent on board, this youth alone was not allowed to leave the ship. He was to all intents a prisoner, and he brought home a mind black with rage and fury. "The arrantest knave, the vilest villain, the falsest thief and the cruellest murderer that ever was born." Thus he described the General in writing and in speech. He was not content with either writing or speech. He prosecuted Drake in the Earl Marshal's Court for the murder of his brother. Drake appealed to the Queen's Bench to quash the proceedings for want of jurisdiction. The case came before the Lord Chief Justice and other Judges, and it was held that Doughty had a right to proceed—and this was the last that was heard of it. For Doughty was himself arrested for connivance with Zubiaur in a plot to kidnap or assassinate Drake at the instance of the King of Spain, and lay thereafter untried in the Marshalsea prison. But there was talk. Rumour was abroad doing its poisonous work, and the hero of the hour was less quick in his own defence than were his enemies in their attack.

But the Queen was staunch. Drake was a great sailor. Not even the greatest of his disparagers could touch him there. Stow, who was careful to observe the critical aloofness of an historian, wrote:

"He was more skilful in all points of navigation than any that ever was before his time, in his time, or since his death. He was also of a perfect memory, great observation by nature, skilful in artillery, expert and apt to let blood and give physic unto his people according to the climates"—readers will remember how quickly the many wounded at the island of La Mocha recovered of their wounds under his care. "His name was a terror to the French, Spaniard, Portugal and Indians; many Princes of Italy, Germany and others as well enemies as friends in his life time desired his picture." One quality Stow forgot in this sketch—his loyalty. Loyalty to his Queen, to his fellow-sailormen of the Western Ports, to his Protestant religion, to his country. "Mere English!" That had been the Queen's boast. She had a man at her feet who was mere English too, a sharp sword for her to use and an eager heart which outleapt her desire to use him. She stood by him during this winter, walked with him in her garden, distinguished him amongst all her courtiers. On New Year's Day she wore the emerald crown which he had given her, and announced that on a day in the spring she would herself visit the *Golden Hind* and make its General a Knight. And let it be remembered, a knighthood was no small honour in those days. Queen Elizabeth was chary of her titles. Sir Francis Drake, Knight. Walsingham, the great Secretary, was no more to the end of his days.

On the 4th of April she led a stately procession of Royal barges down the river and went on board Drake's "weatherbeaten bark." A banquet was served—the finest that had been seen in England since the days of King Henry, Mendoza wrote indignantly—and after it was finished, she knighted Francis Drake with some very odd circumstances in the ceremony. It may have been that she was in a merry humour that day, for she loved a joke, but at the back of her mind there must have been the knowledge that Mendoza's report of the affair would make unpalatable reading for King Philip. In the course of her long courtship of the Duke of Alençon, the French King's brother, Elizabeth shifted from position to position with all the latitude and speed allowed to the Queen upon a chess-board. Now she was a poor old creature more fit to be his sister than his wife; now she wouldn't marry him to be the Empress of the whole wide world; now he was her well-beloved frog and she gave him a ring and a kiss. She was in the last mood on the day when she dined on board the *Golden Hind*. She would marry him, he should be King of the Netherlands, and there should be an alliance between France and England which would give Portugal and her possessions to Don Antonio, and—to use a phrase which she so often used to her statesmen and courtiers when they had angered her—she would set King Philip by the feet.

Monsieur de Marchaumont, the Duke of Alençon's agent, was at her side. She flourished the sword. Mendoza had demanded Drake's head as well as the treasure which he had confiscated. Now, she said, she had a gilded sword with which to strike it off. Then she handed the sword to de Marchaumont. It should be he who actually gave the accolade; and whilst Drake knelt, the Frenchman laid the sword across his shoulder. It was not the only amenity at the disposal of Gloriana which Monsieur de Marchaumont enjoyed on that notable afternoon. She dropped on the deck a garter of purple and gold with a faulty clasp. Monsieur de Marchaumont stooped and picked it up, and being a gallant man would have kept it. But Gloriana was short of a garter and claimed it. But, being gallant woman as he was gallant man, she rewarded him doubly. First she lifted her skirt and fixed the garter round her knee before his eyes, and secondly she sent it to him afterwards.

But it was Drake's afternoon. There was a great concourse of people. The Queen "consecrated the ship with great ceremony, pomp and magnificence, eternally to be remembered." She decreed that the ship should be placed in a dock and a house built over it so that more than the memory of it should live to hearten and inspire other daring men. A wooden bridge between shore and ship was broken during the ceremonies by the multitude which pressed upon it, and a hundred people fell with it. They nevertheless

received no harm at all, Camden writes, insomuch that the ship seemed to have been built in a happy conjunction of the planets. It was, in fact, Drake's day. He had John Drake with him in London throughout these months—the boy who painted charts and pictures of the coast during the long afternoons in the cabin of the *Golden Hind* and won the gold chain for being the first to catch sight of the *Cacafuego*. He was now a lad of seventeen, and just a year later was to sail as Captain of a ship with Fenton on his ill-fated expedition to the Moluccas. He never came back. He was captured on the River Plate, received good treatment as a prisoner until he was discovered to be his famous cousin's relative. From that moment he lived the sort of miserable life of which Miles Philips and Job Hartop have given us an account, and passed out of all men's ken, so that whether he died young or dragged out a cheerless and pitiable age remains a secret. It is a pleasant consolation to know that he had at all events this one year for wonder and enjoyment—the pride of walking with his glorious cousin, "the people swarming daily in the streets to behold him and vowing hatred to all that durst mislike him."

> "It was roses, roses, all the way,
> With myrtle mixed in my path like mad.
> The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
> The church spires flamed, such flags they had."

The sight of the great Queen, the sound of her voice, the ballads, the tournays in the tilt-yard of the Palace, the gardens and the shining river and all the sparkle of London—just a glimpse of fairyland for the boy before the darkness swallowed him up.

There is a story that Sir Francis Drake, needing a coat of arms to match his title, laid his hands, accustomed to take what he wanted without overmuch questioning, upon the armorial bearings of a west-country family named Drake with which he had the most distant connection—if any at all. Sir Bernard Drake, the story runs, indignant at this impudence, boxed the upstart's ears in the precincts, if not in the presence, of the Court; and the Queen thereupon granted to her new favourite a brand-new coat of arms of everlasting honour to himself. The legend is held to be absurd in that Drake was not the man to take a blow lying down; and indeed it is a difficult point which no admirer of the great sailor would take lying down without much better evidence than exists. But the Elizabethans, like Bernard Drake, were high-mettled violent fellows who were quite capable of boxing an enemy's ears one moment and bursting into tears on their knees before the Queen afterwards. And most Englishmen, like Francis Drake—even the noblest of them—have some touch of the snob in their natures. It is certain, at all events, that Elizabeth did grant him a coat of arms which has something of a

sneer at the family of Sir Bernard Drake. The shield was sable, a fess wavy between two stars argent, the arctic and antarctic. The crest was a globe terrestrial on which rode a ship under sail held by a golden cable in a hand appearing out of clouds. In the rigging was caught a wyvern upside down, and a wyvern was the arms of Sir Bernard's family. Above the globe were the words "Divino Auxilio," and below, "Sic parvis magna."

As the summer drew on, Drake, thus made a complete gentleman, returned to his wife in Plymouth. In the autumn, he bought from his friends Christopher Harris and John Hale, Buckland Abbey. These two friends had bought it from Sir Richard Grenville for £3,400 at the end of 1580; and possibly on Drake's account. Buckland Abbey was—for within the last few years it has been burnt out—a large house on the upper ground at the back of the town. Within view of his park gates rose the wild Tor, from which at a later date he was to bring the water to the town, with so much care and skill that to this day Plymouth draws part of its supply from his source and channel. In the autumn of this year he was elected Mayor and took up for the time the life of a provincial magnate.

But he was not forgotten in London. On the day before the Queen knighted Francis Drake at Deptford, Mr. Secretary Walsingham drafted two plans for the consideration of Her Majesty's Council. Both aimed at snatching Portugal out of Philip's hand. The first of them, as it was the more audacious, so it held the greater promise, and the Council accepted it. A fleet of eight ships and six pinnaces was to be mobilized. Drake was to be the General, Captain Richard Bingham the second in command. Martin Frobisher, Gilbert York and Edward Fenton were to have ships; and as many of the practised mariners of the *Golden Hind* as could be collected were to serve as warrant officers. A thousand men would be carried; the fleet would fly the standard of Don Antonio, and Don Antonio would be on board. It was, in the jargon of today, a super expedition, and it was to sail openly out to the islands of the Azores. Terceira, the largest of the group, refused to acknowledge the accession of Philip to the throne of Portugal, though his claim was stronger than Antonio's. It stood firm for the bastard nephew against the husband of the daughter. At Terceira, Don Antonio's standard was to be raised, and Drake, sitting like a great spider in the shining web of the seas, was to swallow the treasure fleets from the Indies and the River Plate as they converged upon the Port of Lisbon. Drake and his eight great ships and his thousand mariners across the gold road of the Atlantic, and Philip might whistle for his money. That is, if men do whistle on their way to the Bankruptcy Court.

It was an astute plan, based upon Walsingham's lifelong formula: "The best way to bridle their malice is the interrupting of the Indian fleets." Spain, a giant, had in that day a giant's rickety legs. She had no industries and a miserable agriculture; she paid but she did not make; she bought her commodities from England and Holland, even her clothes, even her salt fish and her grain. England bought her vineyards and worked them. She had no merchant fleet, for she did not trade. The great middle-class was growing fast in England, fostered by Elizabeth as a barrier against the power of her nobles. The Cecils and the Walsinghams sprang from it. There was nothing corresponding to them in the synthesis of Spain. Spain lived on American gold, and because she made nothing which she could sell, she never had enough of it. She was the great purchaser and always in debt; and the bankers of Genoa and Augsburg were buttoning up their pockets when Philip's agents with many bows and more promises forced their way into their parlours. A few small ships carrying treasure—that was the spinal cord of Spain; and Drake and the fine sailors under him were the right men in the right place to snap it. It is not extravagant to say that if this expedition had been faithfully carried out as it was planned, the Armada would never have sailed out of Lisbon Harbour.

The plan was put into practice at the first auspiciously enough. Leicester, Drake, Hawkins and the Queen contributed the bulk of the capital. Walsingham, who was poor, invested two hundred pounds, and Burghley was so far won over to the idea of War as a Joint-Stock enterprise that he, too, put in the same amount. But Don Antonio crept across the Channel from some hiding-place in France, and running to ground in Stepney, began to call for a larger fleet. Money, he pleaded, was coming to him from Terceira. He had jewels, he said. He certainly had a fine diamond ring, and that was passed on as a guarantee to Walsingham, who, zealous as ever to come to grips with Philip, had rashly underwritten the whole enterprise. Walsingham handed it to his wife and she wore it on her finger.

Meanwhile nothing was proceeding smoothly among the active leaders. Drake suspected Gilbert York of being in secret communication with Mendoza. Frobisher, a fine sailor, was an uncouth and difficult man. His three expeditions in search of the North-West Passage to Cathay had brought nothing but ruin and disappointment to his supporters; and here was Drake at his elbow, rich, magnificent, and a trifle overbearing. Jealousies and squabbles took the place of co-operation. Fenton, moreover, who had the backing of the Muscovy Company, was an incompetent. So there, plain to view amidst their councils, were the three elements which Drake had learnt most of all to dread—treachery, jealousy, incompetence. It was not to be

wondered at that when he was asked to subscribe more towards that larger fleet which Don Antonio demanded, he refused.

The preparations which should have been completed in June dragged on throughout the year. Queen Elizabeth sent Walsingham to Paris as her Ambassador to enlist the help of France, and no man had a more thankless task. He might well say that he had rather she had sent him to the Tower. It is not suitable in a Life of Drake to describe the amazing shifts and expedients of Elizabeth at this time. She filled her Ministers with dismay. As Froude relates, her policy was the web of Penelope, woven in the day and unravelled during the night. She wanted everything both ways, and if there was a third way she wanted that too. France, with Alençon as its Prince, was to take the field openly against Spain in the Netherlands. She herself would help—oh, very surely—with money and underhand. France was to declare war with Spain, and again she would help—with money and underhand. France was to send ships to join in the Terceira expedition, but it would sail under Don Antonio's flag, so it would not be an English expedition. The French King had been persuaded to send a small squadron of ships to the Azores, but if she wanted him to declare war with Spain she must come out into the open and stand at his side. He, or rather his mother, Catherine de Medici, knew his sister of England well. She would slip out of the collar and look on, unless they saw to it in France. Don Antonio's demand for a larger fleet gave her an excuse to slip out. She would advance no more money, and Drake and Leicester between them made up the amount. Finally, she stopped Drake and Frobisher from sailing and would only allow a few small frigates of insufficient importance to embroil her with Philip. Don Antonio with the ships which he had bought sailed down the Thames in a rage, flying his own flag, and was detained at the Isle of Wight by Elizabeth's order. He was allowed to slip away and, joining a second French squadron at Belle Isle under Philip Strozzi, made the island of St. Michael in the Azores. There Don Antonio went ashore and hoisted his flag in the citadel, and there, too, old Santa Cruz, the Admiral of Lepanto, caught Strozzi on a lee-shore and utterly destroyed him. Thus a fine plan came to the ignominious end which waits upon hesitations and weak armaments. Pressed forward with determination, the enterprise of Terceira must have been a successful example of the supreme function of sea-power; a blockade cutting off from the enemy the one material without which she could not live, gold. It was really just the same scheme which Menendez had set on foot in the year 1574; the seizure of the Scilly Isles and the blockade of England. The scheme was abandoned after Menendez' death and an outbreak of disease in the troops assembling at Vigo. Santa Cruz let it lie. The truth is that the

theory and practice of sea-power were not yet understood even by the great sailors. Menendez probably had the shrewdest insight. Santa Cruz was a great tactician, but of a school which the English were in 1588 to destroy. Sea-power to him, as to all the sailors before the day of Menendez and Drake, meant the reproduction upon the water of a battle on the land. To close and grapple and board; to fight with musket and pike on the deck; these were the aims of Admirals. The guns were rather to disable ships than to sink them, and they were aimed, therefore, at masts and sails rather than at hulls. Hence, too, the height of the warship above the water-line. The soldier had the advantage of dropping down on to the deck of his enemy, rather than the disadvantage of climbing up to it. Hence, too, the greater importance and care given to the soldier over the sailor. The commander was the General and took precedence of the Admiral. He might be both General and Admiral, as was the case with Santa Cruz at Terceira and Drake in the expeditions which he commanded. But it was as General that he held the command. Drake was learning always, but at this time he had not developed the knowledge of sea-power which he was afterwards to use. Otherwise he would have pressed with all the great influence which he now possessed for the enterprise of the Azores.

And since it failed, it made it certain, as nothing else in that changing world was certain, that within a few years watchmen on Dennis Head would see the topsails of the Invincible Armada rising over the rim of the sea. Santa Cruz had opposed the idea of an invasion of England, and since the death of Menendez, the founder of the Indian Guard, there had been no admiral in Spain to match him in authority. For, outside the small swift galleons of the Indian Guard, Spain had no navy. But his opposition had weakened with the capture of Portugal. For in the harbour of Lisbon eleven great ships had been taken, and eleven great ships were the pith and marrow of a real navy. After his defeat of Strozzi, he swung over to the other side. The enterprise of England was no longer a dream for an idle afternoon. It was a possibility to be made fact by long days of work. The shipyards of Italy and Spain began to ring with hammers, the foundries of cannon began to glow, the enterprise was on foot.

In England, Walsingham's second plan was taken in hand. Drake had made a vague treaty with the King of Ternate. That treaty was to be enacted and enlarged. The flag of Don Antonio was to be carried into the Moluccas. The Muscovy Company promoted the expedition and insisted unwisely that Edward Fenton should be its General. Drake contributed a frigate of forty tons which was named after him *Francis*, and sent his young cousin John Drake as its Captain and young William Hawkins as the Lieutenant-General.

The expedition left Southampton on May 1st of the year 1582, and carried on to Sierra Leone, meeting the baffling winds of the Equator. Fenton lost the heart to proceed. John Drake, however, refused to turn back. He gave Fenton the slip, sailed the *Francis* across the Atlantic to the River Plate, and by a mistake ran his frigate on a rock. All on board were taken prisoners. John Drake was carried to Buenos Aires, where he was lodged in the Governor's house and by him pleasantly entertained. But gradually the word spread that he was the cousin of that accursed marauder who had ravaged the coast of Peru; and he was thrown into prison. He only emerged from it to enter upon a life of servitude.

Francis Drake had hardly moved into Buckland Abbey when his wife Mary died. She had married him twelve years before, on July 4th, 1569, in the bad days after his return from St. John de Ulua. She had seen him go twice on his secret voyages in his little frigate the *Swan*; she had welcomed him back with a fortune gained and a name redeemed after his triumphant expedition to Nombre de Dios. She had known him as an Officer of the Government on the patrol of the Irish coast. She had watched his leap into fame as the first Englishman to sail round the world, and into great wealth as the first raider of the Pacific Ocean; and all we know of her is that she married Francis Drake on July 4th, 1569, was rowed out with the Mayor to greet him when he returned to Plymouth on the *Golden Hind*, and died in January of the year 1583. Of her friends, of her life with her husband or alone in his long absences, of her station, her parents—not a word has come down. Even the cause of her death is—not a mystery, for mystery implies enquiry—unknown. She is a blank with a date at either end.

Early in 1582 Queen Elizabeth granted to Drake and his heirs the manor of Sherford, and in the summer of that year he added to his possessions by buying the manor of Yarcombe. He was "mere English," like the Queen, and during these few years on shore he walked the traditional path of the ambitious Englishman. He had made a colossal fortune whilst still in the middle thirties. He received the honour of a knighthood. He bought land. And now he was brought back to London to sit upon a special Committee appointed by a Royal Commission.

The importance of that Commission and of its subordinate Committee can hardly be overrated. For some years complaints of incompetence and corruption in the Royal dockyards had been rife. Ships had been built of green instead of seasoned wood. The cost had been the double of the estimates. Stores had been paid for, but not provided. In spite of the clink of hammers which was growing louder and louder in the ports of Biscay, of Lisbon, of Cadiz and the two Sicilies, the complaints might have gone on

swelling unheeded in the English way. But the Paris Plot exploded like a bombshell. The great family of Guise, which wielded authority in France more papistical and violent and hardly weaker than that of the King himself, was planning a swift and immediate invasion of Scotland and England. The Duc de Guise was to have under his command a French army and the support of King Philip of Spain. The great Catholic families in the north of England were to rise in sympathy. Mary Queen of Scots was to be released from her prison in Staffordshire and set upon the throne of Elizabeth. Protestant England was to cease to be. Under the cloud of this immediate threat a Royal Commission was appointed from the highest officers of the State. Lord Burghley, Walsingham and the Lord Chancellor served upon it. The Commission had the widest reference. It was to report generally on the condition of the Navy, to suppress abuses, to supervise the construction of new ships and to estimate the cost and the quantity of the stores which should be kept in readiness against a sudden attack.

This Commission appointed a subsidiary Committee of practical and famous sailors to help it. Drake was appointed to the Sub-Commission, and with him Frobisher, Carew, Raleigh and other captains less known to after-days. The whole theory of sea-power was now in debate. According to the English strategy, the fleet in war should be divided into three great squadrons, one to guard the Narrow Seas, one stationed off the Isle of Wight, one pivoted upon the Scillies. It was a strategy of defence and based upon the belief that the defending fleet, even if smaller than the challenger's, could still do so much damage to the enemy that he dare not risk attempting an invasion. Was this strategy, if strategy it can be called, still to prevail? Or was the newer policy which Drake had used with so much success to take its place? To muster as many ships as he could, and strike first and unexpectedly with the full weight of the body behind the blow. The great campaign in the year 1940 has given a decisive answer to that question as a general principle of war. Was it true of the sea?

There was another question which vexed the minds of naval pundits in Elizabeth's day. The big ship with its straight towering sides and its lofty castles, or the little ship built for speed and gunnery? The ship which was built to cripple and board, or the ship built to stand off and sink by the lower trajectory of its guns? Something has already been written upon this subject in this chapter. The choice to be made would settle that other difficult problem. Who were the men you relied upon to win your battle—the soldiers or the sailors? The structure of the ships depended upon it. Those towering sides and bullet-proof castles were excellent for boarding, excellent too for a land battle on the deck, in the waist of the ship. On the

other hand, such ships rolled—rolled abominably in the lightest wind, and soldiers were not half or even a quarter soldiers when they were sea-sick. We know Drake's answer to this question as clearly as we know that he put attack above defence. He had made it at Port Saint Julian. The gentlemen must hale and draw with the mariners. There must be no division of a warship's complement into superior people who fought and lower people who sailed. All must fight and all must sail. Sir Richard Hawkins took the same view. He wrote of the Spanish ships:

"The mariners are but as slaves to the rest, to moil and toil day and night, and those but few and bad and not suffered to sleep or harbour themselves under the decks. For in fair or foul weather, in storms, sun, or rain they must pass void of covert or succour."

We may be very sure that the other sea-captains, like Frobisher and Raleigh, from their experience agreed, and to the recommendations of that subordinate Committee we must attribute the change of thought in naval strategy which four years later dispersed the Armada over the coasts of Ireland and Scotland.

Whilst this Commission was sitting, the enterprise of the Duc de Guise came to nothing. There were money troubles, Philip of the leaden foot was slower than ever to come to the scratch, the Duc d'Alva, a famous soldier, opposed it. As the scare lessened, Queen Elizabeth and her Council resolved that the time had arrived to establish by yet another armed expedition to the Indies the right of English commerce to trade with the New World, and to stop Philip's naval preparations by cutting off his gold. Even the cautious Burghley was in favour of the scheme. The expedition was to be the usual Joint-Stock affair, with Queen Elizabeth amongst the chief contributors, and some ships of the Royal Navy to form its backbone. Drake was chosen to be its General and he would fly his ensign as an officer of flag-rank.

The preparations were on foot when the Queen began once more to hesitate. Philip was an old friend. Philip had nothing to gain by putting Mary Queen of Scots, the friend of France, upon the English throne. Elizabeth might, after all, make a permanent peace with Philip. Whilst the Queen was hesitating, Drake took another step on the traditional road. He was returned to the House of Commons as Member for the borough of Bossiney in November of 1584, and during the six months' session he made a few speeches and sat on a few committees like a proper dutiful Member. For instance, he was on the committee which considered the clauses of a Bill "for the better and more reverent observing of the Sabbath Day." No one could have been more at home with this Bill than Drake who had read prayers twice a day on the *Golden Hind* and preached a sermon when he had

a mind to. He sat on another Bill for bringing in staple fish and ling, and yet on a third which was Walter Raleigh's Bill for the planting of Virginia. Meanwhile the preparations for the voyage to the Indies went slowly forward, and on Christmas Eve he received Her Majesty's signed Commission to organize and command a fleet.

But he had not got far with his organization when the Queen withdrew his Commission. She shut her ears to the clang of the tools in the Spanish shipyards. Old grievances were to be forgotten. Philip and she were going to be real friends. She prorogued Parliament on April 7th and left Drake free to take yet a further step in the traditional progress. He married again, and this time into an aristocratic landed family. Elizabeth Sydenham was the beautiful young daughter of Sir George Sydenham. She belonged to the Sydenhams of Coombe Sydenham in Somersetshire, but the romance, the daring and the wealth of the great sailor annulled for her the difference in their ages. It is said that Elizabeth Sydenham had been one of the Queen's Maids of Honour when Drake brought his treasure-laden horses to Sion House and the *Golden Hind* to Deptford; and that thus they met. It was rumoured that the Sydenhams of Coombe Sydenham were opposed to the match on the ground that millionaire and knight he might be, but he was not of an origin which permitted him to mate with a Sydenham of Coombe Sydenham in Somersetshire. Amongst all these rumours one thing only is certain. The Sydenhams of Coombe Sydenham knew about marriage settlements, and on the marriage day Drake handed over to trustees his manors of Yarcombe and Sherford, Samford Spinney and Buckland Abbey, to hold for the use of "the aforesaid Francis Drake and the Lady Elizabeth his wife, and the heirs and assigns of the aforesaid Francis for ever."

Thus it looked as if Francis Drake, like so many good sailors after him, was going to settle down to the life of a country gentleman with a lodging in London for the session of Parliament. But on June 8th of the year 1585 a ship named the *Primrose* sailed up the river to the Port of London; and the sea claimed her own again.

CHAPTER XIV

The Case of the Bark "Primrose." Philip's Treachery. Drake's Fourth Expedition to the West Indies. Destruction of Santiago. Capture of San Domingo.

THE crops had failed that year in Spain. Galicia and Andalusia were faced with starvation. Ships must put to sea without biscuit. Labour would be wanting on the galleons laid down for the Enterprise of England. To forestall these calamities, Philip invited English ships to bring their English wheat to Spain. Privileges would be conceded to them. Above all, they would go free when they had discharged their cargoes. There was a vile treachery hidden behind this invitation, but the English merchants did not so much as suspect it. They knew that the distress in Spain was real and a golden mist blinded them. Their barks, big and little, loaded deep with grain, put out across the Bay, but they did not come back. They were seized, their cargoes confiscated and their crews clapped in gaol. One escaped, the *Primrose*, a bark of a hundred and fifty tons, and she brought with her a story which set all England in a flame. The Queen discarded her hesitations; even the cautious Burghley cried for reprisals.

The *Primrose* with a crew of twenty-seven and a Master named Foster reached the Bay of Bilbao on the 24th of May and lay there for two days waiting her turn. On the 26th a pinnace from the shore came alongside bringing the Corregidor of Biscay and six others who gave themselves out to be merchants of the province. They were very friendly and brought cherries with them as a token of their goodwill. Foster the Master was not to be left behind in such courtesies. His ship was very well found, and he entertained his guests in his cabin in true English style, with beer, beef and biscuit. But whilst this solid meal was still in progress, the Corregidor and three of his companions made their excuses and returned in the pinnace to Bilbao. Whether it was that the idea of four hungry Spaniards leaving so stout a meal half-eaten was incomprehensible to Foster, or whether some enlightening words were carelessly dropped by one of the seven, is not known. But the Master became suspicious of their intentions, and having politely seen off the Corregidor and his companions at the gangway, he passed a warning to his crew before he returned to his cabin. There he set himself to play the confiding host until it was announced that the Corregidor was returning in a large ship's cutter with seventy men dressed as merchants and that the pinnace was following him with twenty-four men in addition.

The Master allowed the Corregidor and four others to come on board and asked that the rest should stay in their boats. To this the Corregidor agreed, but whilst he was still speaking, the merchants who were soldiers in disguise seized their rapiers, which had been lying ready to their hands in the bottom of the boats, and swarmed over the bulwarks. They rushed the deck and invaded the cabin with a drum beating the attack, and some threatened the Master by holding daggers to his breast. The Corregidor had arrived on this second visit with an officer bearing a white wand, and he spoke with the authority of his position to Foster.

"Yield yourself, for you are the King's prisoner."

But the crew had been warned. They had set muskets, lances, javelins, and whatever arms they possessed in secret places about the deck, and they had five calivers already charged with small shot.

"We are betrayed," cried the Master, and the sailors taking the words as a signal so leapt to their weapons and so faithfully used them that, as the chronicler describes, "they dismayed at every stroke two or three Spaniards." They indeed who had planned to surprise were themselves surprised instead. Their plight was the worse in that some of the English were stationed with the calivers below the deck and they shot upwards through grates and hatches at their enemies crowded overhead. Blood flowed about the deck and "they came not so fast in on the one side but now they tumbled as fast overboard on both sides with their weapons in their hands, some falling into the sea and some getting into their boats, making haste towards the City . . . although they came very thick thither, there returned but a small company of them. Only one Englishman was slain, whose name was John Tristram, and six other hurt."

There were twenty-seven of them, the Master making twenty-eight, and ninety-eight Spaniards with the Corregidor on the other side. It was the sort of hurly-burly English sailors went into with a happy confidence and came out of with a compassion for the poor devils who had tried such tricks on them. "It was great pity to behold how the Spaniards lay swimming in the sea and were not able to save their lives." Four of them who managed to cling to some port-hole or the bobstay were hauled on board, their bosoms, oddly enough, stuffed with paper to protect them from bullets, and amongst the four was the Corregidor himself, Governor of a hundred towns with an income of six hundred pounds a year. Brought to book for his treachery, that distinguished official replied that he acted under the direct orders of the King, and feeling in the pocket of his soaking breeches he plucked forth the King's Commission given under Philip's hand at Barcelona on May 29th, 1585. Here it is in full.

"Licentiate de Escober, my Corregidor of my Signoria of Biscay, I have caused a great fleet to be put in readiness in the haven of Lisbon and the river of Seville. There is required for the soldiers, armour, victual and munition that are to be employed in the same great store of shipping of all sorts against the time of service and to the end there may be choice made of the best upon knowledge of their burden and goodness; *I therefore do require you that presently upon the arrival of this carrier, and with as much dissimulation as may be (that the matter may not be known until it be put in execution), you take order for the staying and arresting (with great foresight) of all the shipping that may be found upon the coast, and in the ports of the said Signoria*, excepting none of Holland, Zeeland, Easterland, Germany, England and other provinces that are in rebellion against me, saving those of France which being little and of small burden and weak, are thought unfit to serve the turn. And the stay being thus made you shall have a special care that such merchandise as the said ships or hulks have brought, whether they be all or part unladen, may be taken out and that the armour, munition, tackle, sails and victuals may be safely bestowed, as also that it may be well foreseen that none of the ships or men may escape away. Which things being thus executed, you shall advertise me by an express messenger of your proceeding therein: and send me a plain and distinct declaration of the number of ships that you shall have so stayed in that coast and parts, whence everyone of them is, which belong to my rebels, what burthen and goods they are and what number of men is in every of them and what quantity they have of armour, ordnance, munition, tacklings and other necessaries *to the end that on sight thereof, having made choice of such as shall be fit for the service*, we may further direct you what you shall do. In the meantime you shall presently see this my commandment put into execution, and if there come thither any more ships you shall also cause them to be stayed and arrested after the same order, using therein such care and diligence as may answer the trust that I repose in you wherein you shall do me great service."

The italics are mine, but indeed italics are hardly needed. The deceit of this the Master of Chivalry, the Lord of the daintiful who would not soil their fingers with commerce, is stamped upon the order like the brand upon the forehead of a criminal. Using the sore need of his country as the lure, he

set out to steal the ships of England, their arms against privateers, their cargoes destined for the relief of his starving people, so that he might swell the numbers and resources of his Armada. Their crews, of course, did not cost him one scruple of remorse. They might rot in the dungeons of the Holy-house. For a frank and shameless confession of deliberate treachery there are few documents in all the royal records of the world which can hold a candle to it. Philip set his forth as plain as a pikestaff. He wanted stores and weapons, rigging and sails and big ships for the Enterprise of England, and since here they were in Spanish ports, innocent of suspicion and protected by his pledged word, his Corregidors must show the same crafty dissimulation in seizing them as the King had shown in luring them within reach. The King's word was dirt, and he did not bother to conceal it.

The reaction of England was immediate. No doubt there were nobles in the North who welcomed in their hearts a stroke which brought "the beast which troubled the world" nearer to her punishment. But they kept their tongues silent. Philip had possessed another band of friends in the merchants of the City who had the trade with Seville in their hands, and the City was powerful then as it is today. Philip lost them the day that the *Primrose* anchored in the Pool. They too cried for reprisals. Even the cautious Burghley trod his scruples underfoot. And the Queen spoke for them all. With a declaration of war? War was made in those days, as in ours, without this decent preliminary. She had a swifter answer—Drake. The Commission cancelled in May was renewed and a greater authority was conceded. He was to release the confiscated ships, their cargoes and their crews, and the month of June which saw the arrival of the *Primrose* in the Thames was not yet over when Drake was given power to requisition what vessels he needed. On July 1st his Commission was signed. All was fervour and enthusiasm. London offered to fit out seven-score ships. An embargo was placed on Spanish goods. Drake hurried off to Plymouth and gathered about him his old comrades of the voyage round the world, Thomas Moone, his brother Thomas Drake and young Richard Hawkins. Fortunately the officers chosen for the expedition to the Azores were still available. Walsingham had sent for his son-in-law in Ireland, Captain Christopher Carleill, in November. He was now appointed Captain-General of the land forces and given the command of a ship. Martin Frobisher was once more Vice-Admiral. Edward Winter, brother to the Captain of the *Elizabeth*, became Captain of the second of the Queen's ships, H.M.S. *Aid*, and Thomas Fenner, a fine experienced sailor, commanded the Admiral's big man-of-war H.M.S. *Bonaventure*. Such a fleet was to teach Philip the penalties of treachery as had never set out from English ports before; and the lesson was not to end

with the release of Philip's confiscated plunder. Walsingham's policy to support the resistance of the Netherlands and interrupt Philip's communications with the West Indies was to be pressed home. When he had released the English ships, Drake was to cross the Atlantic and strike with the full force of his fleet at Philip's possessions. Leicester would be sent openly with money and troops to Flushing. The boasted Enterprise of England would have to wait.

In the month of August, Drake had mustered in Plymouth Sound twenty-one ships and eight pinnaces. Here is a list of the ships, their captains and their tonnage:

Ships.	Tons.	Commanders.
H.M.S. *Bonaventure*	600	Admiral and General Sir Francis Drake.
		Flag-Capt. Thomas Fenner.
Primrose	200	Vice-Admiral Martin Frobisher.
Galleon Leicester	400	Rear-Admiral Francis Knollys.
H.M.S. *Aid*	250	Captain Ed. Winter.
Tiger	200	Lieut.-General Christ. Carleill.
Sea Dragon	—	Captain Henry White.
Thomas	200	„ Thomas Drake.
Minion	200	„ Thomas Seely.
Bark Talbot	200	„ Baily.
Bark Bond	150	„ Robert Crosse.
Bark Bonner	150	„ George Fortescue.
Hope	—	„ Edward Careless.
White Lion	140	„ James Erizo.
Francis	70	„ Thomas Moone.
Vantage	—	„ John Rivers.
Drake	—	„ John Vaughan.
George	—	„ John Varney.
Benjamin	—	„ John Martin.
Scout	—	„ Edward Gilman.
Galliot Duck	—	„ Richard Hawkins.
Swallow	—	„ Bitfield.

An imposing flotilla. Francis Knollys was a cousin of the Queen. The three Admirals flew their flags with the authority of the Queen and under the rights and privileges of the City of London. The Queen herself had contributed men-of-war of the Royal Navy. Drake had given the *Thomas*, and with it the command to his young brother. Richard Hawkins, another youthful veteran, had his first ship, the *Galliot Duck*. It was a fleet which must fill with pride and confidence any sea-captain, but none so high as the man who already knew what the name of England meant on the high seas and how audacity overreached prestige.

But there was need for hurry. Spain must be found unprepared, and above all the Queen must not be given time to fall from her high mood upon compromise and hopes of peace. Walsingham was in a fever. "Upon Drake's

voyage," he wrote to Leicester, "dependeth the life and death of the cause according to man's judgement." And Burghley, on receiving a letter from Drake, replied in words of disappointment that he had rather that the letter had come from Cape Finisterre. Twenty-one ships, however, could not be quickly armed, new-rigged, equipped and provisioned with the thoroughness upon which Drake insisted no less firmly than Magellan had done before him. The voyage was not to end with the release of the ships held in the ports of Biscay. The Enterprise of England was to be interrupted by a more serious attack upon the great towns of the Spanish Main than had ever been made before. The expedition was not merely a reprisal.

It was organized on the familiar lines. The Queen lent two ships of her navy, and accorded flag rank to the leaders, but she did not pay them, or the crews under them. It was a Joint-Stock business speculation. It must pay its own way and bring home as handsome a profit as it could to the men who had invested their money in it—Drake, Walsingham, Burghley—yes, even Burghley had put up two hundred pounds as a sign of his goodwill—and the merchants of the City. Drake hurried, not slowly but carefully, and the quays of Plymouth were still piled high with stores when the most inconvenient obtrusion imaginable descended upon him. There arrived from London posthaste, as unexpected and almost as alarming as the first parachutist soldier that ever floated down from an aeroplane, Sir Philip Sidney. The poet, the darling of the Court, the synonym of chivalry, and at the moment the Queen's special favourite, had run secretly away from London to sail with Drake as a volunteer. It is not to be wondered at that Fulke Greville, "his loving and beloved Achates," noticed the discountenance of "this gallant mariner." The astonishing thing is that Sir Philip Sidney himself was blind to it. For no greater embarrassment could have befallen Drake. Philip Sidney one of his gentlemen who must hale and draw with the mariners! But Philip Sidney was Master of the Ordnance—C.I.G.S.—no less and recently appointed. How could he be bidden to hale and draw with the mariners? He might propose to come as a volunteer, but he was a paragon, a nonpareil. No doubt Drake saw that ugly scene at Port Saint Julian renewing the vividness of its colours. The presence of the Master of the Ordnance on board the *Bonaventure* would be a perpetual challenge to Drake's authority. The Queen knew nothing of her favourite's escapade. She would be in a raging fury when she did. She would never believe but that Drake was in a conspiracy to steal him away. She might forbid the expedition altogether, and Drake might have his only look on London for many a long year from a window in the Tower. He acted quickly. A messenger was despatched that same night to Burghley and to Walsingham. Sidney was married to

Walsingham's daughter Frances and, as that statesman wrote to Leicester, his "chief worldly comfort."

There is little doubt that Sidney had posted from London under a sense of grievance. He had been chosen to go with Leicester to the Netherlands and have Flushing under his command. But the Queen had changed her mind. He was not to go. He was to dance attendance in the silken fetters of the Court; and burning with resentment, he had packed his saddle-bags and ridden off to Plymouth. Leicester was his uncle, and Leicester was one of the Adventurers who had put money into the expedition. He had little doubt that he would be welcome to Drake and share with him the glory and romance of this great adventure.

He was quickly undeceived. The moment the Queen heard of his flight, she despatched an express messenger with three letters, one for Sidney commanding him to return, one for Drake forbidding him to sail with Sidney, and one for the Mayor of Plymouth ordering him to arrest the flower of chivalry if he did not instantly obey her. Drake drew a breath of relief when his unwanted guest was safely on the Barbican. He tumbled his stores in a most unseamanlike disorder on to his ships, took his water-casks half-filled, and on September 14th pushed out with a fair wind for Ushant.

The fair wind, however, did not hold. Drake's fleet drifted across the Bay, picking up a cargo of salt fish from a Spanish ship on the way, and falling in off Cape Finisterre with a flotilla of French rovers who had just burnt Vianna and were willing to help Drake to treat Vigo to the same fate. On September 27th he anchored off the islands of Bayona on the northern edge of Vigo Bay. He filled his pinnaces with soldiers, and taking their commander, Carleill, in his own galley, led them towards the town of Bayona. On the way he was met by an English merchant who, at the instance of Don Pedro Romero, the Governor of the town, had come out in his boat to discover what was the intent and character of this great swoop of unknown ships. The merchant was sent back with Captain John Sampson, one of the Corporals of the Field. Captain Sampson, on reaching the Governor's residence, wanted two plain answers to two plain questions. First, were England and Spain at war, or were they not? Secondly, if they were not, why had English ships been arrested? It is believed that the questions lost nothing of their acerbity by the manner of their presentation, and Don Pedro was hard put to it to answer them. The arrival of so warlike a fleet had spread a panic along the coast, before the name of Drake was linked with it; and indeed, as Carleill wrote to his father-in-law, "it was a great matter and a royal sight to see them." Don Pedro Romero returned conciliatory answers. He knew nothing of any war and it lay not in him to

make any, "he being so mean a subject as he was." As for the ships which had been stayed, it was the King's pleasure, but without any intent to harm any man. Moreover, a week ago all had been released, and those that stayed now stayed at their own good pleasure and for their profit. English merchants who trafficked in those waters were sent out to Drake to convince him, but he was not satisfied and landed a force upon an island close to the town. The Governor was tactful. He offered such honest courtesies as one Captain might offer to another, and sent to the soldiers who were making themselves comfortable for the night, bread, wine, oil, grapes, marmalade and such like refreshments.

The weather, however, had been falling for some days, and as the night shut down the outlook became so bad that the soldiers were all fetched on board in a hurry. And they were not too soon. For at midnight a gale broke which scattered the ships and lasted for three days. The pinnace *Speedwell* was driven right back to England. When the gale abated, Carleill in the *Tiger* and three other of the smaller ships were sent up the river to Vigo. He found the inhabitants taking to the hills. Boats and caravels were being loaded with household furniture, money, many trumpery things of no value, and rowed away to the upper waters of the Vigo river. Carleill rounded them up and found that one contained the sacred vessels of the Church of Vigo, and amongst them a great cross of silver of "fair embossed work and double gilt all over" which, according to all reports, must have cost a mint of money. Property to the value of thirty thousand ducats was gathered in by Carleill. On the next day, the anchorage at the Bayona islands being poor, Drake led his great fleet to a better harbour on the river above Vigo town. He had need of a quiet anchorage in which properly to distribute the stores thrust anyhow on board the nearest ships at Plymouth; and above all other needs stood the need of filling his water-barrels. For those small crowded ships water to drink was the prime necessity. On the voyage of circumnavigation nothing caused so much hindrance or distress as the want of water. At Vigo, Drake could replenish to the brim the half-filled casks he had carried away in his haste to put to sea.

On the other side the Governor of the province of Galicia got busy, and he arrived within sight of Drake's fleet with a force estimated at two thousand infantry and three hundred horse. There he halted and sent an officer with a flag of truce on board the *Bonaventure* to know what Drake wanted. Drake demanded an interview on the water, with hostages exchanged to make sure that there was no trickery. The Vice-Admiral's pinnace was sent for the Governor, Drake put off in his galley, and on the bosom of Vigo Harbour the dignitary and the sailor met. Drake had learnt

that there were still English sailors imprisoned on shore and English ships still detained. He secured their release, the right to fill his water-barrels and to buy what provisions he needed. In return he gave back the property seized and the great silver-gilt cross. For eight days thereafter Drake remained unmolested, his pinnaces plying between his ships and the shore. He filled his water-barrels, he stocked his ships with green vegetables, he received the English merchants and guaranteed them a safe departure should they wish to collect their debts and go. For eight days he was the acknowledged master of Galicia. Philip had no more than two squadrons of fighting ships at the time, and they were cruising within the Straits of Gibraltar under Giannandrea Doria on the look-out for the English merchant fleet from the Levant; by which they were ignominiously defeated off the island of Pantellaria in the following year. Philip raged in the Escorial. It was the daring of the exploit rather than any damage done which scandalized him. But he was helpless. His council sat for three days distracted between the enormity of the insult and an inability to believe that it could possibly have been inflicted. It blustered, it frothed, but it could not challenge the man sitting snugly in Vigo Harbour. The Queen of England only existed through the long-suffering of Philip, didn't she? Well then! Santa Cruz took a longer and a wider view. A fleet so large, so well-appointed—for news had been sent that the materials for fortifications on land were carried in Drake's ships—had another object than the release of the merchant ships in Vigo. It was surely bound for the West Indies and for more than a swift raid upon Philip's possessions there. And whilst these debates were continued, Drake disappeared. His stores were distributed, his water-casks filled. On October 11th the wind blew from the north-north-west and he led his fleet down the river and vanished over the rim of the sea.

He was next seen at Las Palmas, where he attempted to land, with the intention of "taking his pleasure at that place" and furnishing his ships with "such several good things as it affordeth abundantly." The shore batteries opened fire upon him with round shot which here and there found their mark, but what deterred him was the violence of the surf. There was no good landing-ground, and too many of his boats and pinnaces would be upset in the attempt. He held on to Gomera, and after putting a thousand men on shore for an afternoon, sailed at night for the Cape Verde Islands and the coast of Barbary. It has been said that his aim was to intercept here the Spanish gold fleet, and that he missed it by twelve hours. But it is difficult to believe. He would hardly have stayed so long at Vigo and he certainly would not have tarried at the Canaries if he had suspected that that ripe fruit had been so near to his mouth. He was making his voyage without haste, like a

man sure that his object could not escape him. He followed the usual practice of ships in those waters of putting into Capo Blanco to buy fish and then, running on to the Cape Verde Islands, he brought his fleet to anchor in the Bay of Santiago on the evening of November 16th.

The town of Santiago lies in a deep cutting between high cliffs. The cutting starts in the hills at the back of the town as a narrow gully and winds like a great serpent down to the sea, widening as it winds. Late upon the night of his arrival, Carleill, with a thousand soldiers, was landed on a promontory some miles to the east of the town. This force broken into small companies marched up into a difficult country of hills and reached a plateau at a point two miles from the town, whilst it was yet dark. Here Carleill halted and rested his troops until the day began to dawn. Then, forming them in three divisions, he advanced upon the flank of the town.

The high walls of the valley were crowned with strong forts, and Carleill expected a strong resistance. But he advanced in silence. Not a salvo checked him, not a sentry challenged him. The forts were empty. Still more strange, the guns were loaded. From the edge of the steep cliff, Carleill looked down into the town. It lay with its open market-place, its great church, its fine white stone houses, shadowless and clear in the pure light of the morning; and not a figure moved in the streets or at any window. Carleill feared an ambuscade and sent Captain Barton and Captain Sampson, each with thirty men, by different paths to make a reconnaissance. They were visible from the top of the cliff as they passed along the streets; and no one came out from any house to greet or oppose them. Finally, Carleill sent forward the great ensign "which had nothing in it but the plain English Cross," and this too was neither questioned nor hailed. When he had quartered the town and found it empty as the forts upon the cliffs, Carleill hoisted the great flag of St. George where it blew out visible to all the fleet; and it being November 17th, the birthday of the Queen, he fired a salute from all the guns in the deserted city. The fleet responded with a roar of its artillery, and the thunder of the tribute to its mistress broke against the hills and rolled back again to the sea. But nothing else that was inspiring or profitable came of this attack, if attack it can be called, on Santiago.

A supply of wine and provisions was secured, but gold was as scarce as inhabitants, more scarce indeed. For one man was discovered. He said that five years before the city had been looted and destroyed by French privateers, and that on the approach of Drake's fleet the Governor and the Bishop and the citizens, fearing a repetition of the disaster, had withdrawn up the hills to the small inland town of San Domingo. Drake sent the man off with a message that there would indeed be a repetition unless the

authorities and the people returned and treated with him. Drake waited for an answer, but the days slipped by and no answer came. Drake marched with a force of two hundred men up to San Domingo, twelve miles away—only to find that place deserted now. The Bishop and his flock had decamped again. Drake waited until the evening, but since no envoy appeared, he gave San Domingo to the flames and marched back to Santiago. He was followed at a great distance by horsemen, but he was not attacked. But a ship's boy straggled away in the darkness and was brutally mutilated and murdered. The discovery of the boy's disfigured body sealed the fate of Santiago. Drake burnt it to the ground, leaving the hospital the only house standing. But before he departed he held a muster of the troops. Whether the failure to find any treasure, or the abundance of wine which was found, was the cause, some disorder had broken out amongst them. An oath was now administered to them company by company, by which they swore to acknowledge Her Majesty as their supreme Governor, to do their utmost, each man in his station, to forward the voyage and to yield obedience to the General and his officers.

Drake had not quite done with the island. Six days after his arrival, one of the inhabitants of Santiago had come down into the town and been captured. This man, being subjected to the question, thought to ease his own position by a statement agreeable to his captors. He declared that a great store of gold was hidden in Porto Praya, a small town on the promontory to the east of Santiago, and that he knew where it was. Captain Sampson, accordingly, with a couple of companies, was sent forward in Richard Hawkins' ship the *Galliot Duck* to find it, whilst Drake shipped the guns from the forts of Santiago and his men. Captain Sampson found no gold in Porto Praya, and Drake, bringing up his fleet to the town in the evening in a rage, put that town to the flames too. On the morning of November 26th he stood away at last for the West Indies.

The whole episode of this attack upon Santiago is deplorable. It was not in the original plot of the voyage, and Burghley probably knew nothing about it whatever until it was all over. It was a piece of private revenge. Four or five years before, the Bishop of Santiago had made and broken some such promise as the Viceroy of Mexico had made at St. John de Ulua to John Hawkins, and men, Plymouth men, had been murdered. John Hawkins was a relation of Drake, and Drake was a strong Plymouth man; and he had a long memory for injuries and wrongs. Rio de la Hacha, St. John de Ulua, the names were obstinate on his lips and obstinate in his mind. His resentment was increased by what he would consider to be the insolence of the Bishop in refusing to come down from the hinterland and treat with him for the

ransom of his city; and then inflamed by the mutilation and murder of his ship's boy. He allowed no outrage of that kind to go unpunished if he could help it, he might plead. But none the less, he had allowed just such outrages to go unpunished, as in the case of the island of Mocha.

He had left three towns three heaps of ashes; he had lost a fortnight when engaged upon an expedition in which secrecy and speed were conditions of success; he had met circumstances which had provoked insubordination amongst his troops; and he came out no richer than when he went in. Some small advantage no doubt he gained. He had no further trouble with his soldiers after the parade. "By this provident counsel and laying down this good foundation beforehand," wrote Walter Biggs, the Captain of a company, "all things went forward in a due course to the achieving of our happy enterprise." He obtained, too, the benefit of a full-strength rehearsal in Carleill's night-march to the city.

The experiences of Cartagena, of Nombre de Dios, of Valparaiso and half a dozen cities on the Pacific coast had taught him that ships alone could raid, blockade and destroy a town, but could not capture and hold it. For this latter achievement land forces were essential working in combination with the ships. The principle still holds good. It was forgotten in the first attack upon Gallipoli in 1915, and we paid dearly for our forgetfulness. At Santiago, Drake was able to use this tactical combination of an unexpected onslaught from the land and an open bombardment from the sea for the first time. He used it again and again with unfailing success during the months which followed, and no doubt the experience which the troops gained during that first expedition in the Cape Verde Islands stood him in good stead. The assault upon Santiago was a blunder with compensations.

Santiago none the less took a heavy toll of its destroyers. They carried away an evil deadly to small and crowded ships. For seven days the fleet sped to the west through the green and gold of tropic seas, the crews eager, light-hearted and confident. Hardly a rope needed to be touched from dawn to dawn. The wake was a path of snow by day and of white fire by night. And then on the eighth day a man fell and died. Yellow Jack had come out of its hiding-place and stalked through the fleet. Had it been sailing with a head-wind blowing clean and sweet between the decks, the infection might have been stayed. But the north-east trades drove steadily on the starboard quarter. Two hundred men died of the fever and many more were left pale fibreless creatures with wandering wits. Eighteen days after he had departed from Santiago, Drake reached Dominica, the nearest point in the curved rim of the Leeward Islands to a traveller from Europe. Savages with painted bodies occupied it. They had a few Spanish prisoners, by whom they were

able to communicate with Drake's officers, and were strong handsome people willing to help. They gave the sailors white bread of the cassava root and tobacco, which was held by sailors to counteract infection, and cheerfully helped to fill the water-barrels from the river. Drake requited them with trinkets and glass beads which had been collected at Santiago. But he did not trust them, and though they prayed him to stay, he sailed on northwards to St. Kitts before the day was out.

This island was more to his liking, for it was quite uninhabited. He could give his crews, cramped and sickened by their close quarters, the run of it; and whether it was this new freedom or the fresh wild fruits which could be gathered, or the healing qualities of the tobacco, the contagion passed as quickly as it had appeared. Christmas was celebrated upon St. Kitts, and the ships cleaned and aired. The sick recovered their strength; the soldiers were drilled; games were played; expectation was in the air; and Drake called a council in his cabin. Martin Frobisher, Francis Knollys, the two Flag-Officers, Carleill the Lieutenant-General, and all the ships' Captains attended it. Drake announced to them his plan. The men were now at their best. It was the moment to strike. The richest island of the West Indies was at hand, Hispaniola, and on that island stood the capital city of Philip's Empire in the West, San Domingo.

It was a city of splendour, built of marble and white stone. In the centre of it a great church, magnificently appointed, housed the bones of Christopher Columbus. It had an inner and an outer harbour and a castle which commanded both. It was a place of gardens and spacious houses panelled with polished wood. It had a large population, for it was the hub of West Indian commerce, and behind it stretched a land of inexhaustible wealth. It was the pearl of the Antilles. No marauder had ever attacked it. To its inhabitants no marauder had ever dared to dream of attacking it; and they were right, until Drake did on New Year's Day of the year 1586 to the glory of God and the high honour of his Queen.

Drake was always learning and combining his new knowledge with his old; so that each campaign was in its design and performance a progress and extension of the one which had gone before. He began with his old plan of making friends with the Maroons who inhabited the woods and the jungles on the heights beyond the town. He had Captains of ships now who had been simple mariners on the Nombre de Dios expedition. These men knew how he worked, and he sent them forward with a section of his fleet under Frobisher to get into touch with the Maroons and secure their friendship. On the way a small trading frigate bound for the harbour was caught up and arrested. It had a Greek pilot on board who was able to give valuable

information about the approach from the sea. A long spit of sand and scrub, on which the surf broke with a roar, ran out at the east end of the town and curved so as to make a mole. On the west the land made a curve, and between the point of the spit and the promontory of the land there was a bar. Once the bar was crossed, the city front was visible, but it was enclosed behind a limestone wall and the only place of landing was straight ahead at a corner where the inner harbour was recessed; and this corner could not be used since it was directly commanded by the fifty guns mounted in the castle. On the promontory to the west, however, a shallow bay ten miles from the city and within the bar offered an easy disembarkation. But this beach was guarded by watch-houses which were occupied each night by a company from the garrison of the castle.

Frobisher then landed secretly some men who were to seek an alliance with the Maroons, and, himself, made a demonstration before the town. Fires were lighted in the Spanish country houses on the uplands, as a warning, but Frobisher was not hiding his demonstration. On the contrary. "He played with the Spaniards for three days," says the Spanish Chronicle, "making many feints and so tired them out." After three days his messengers had returned from the Maroons. The Spaniards had one great disadvantage in a conflict with a man like Drake. They learned nothing ever. As in Darien, so in Hispaniola. They were amongst gentle, kindly natives, but they killed and went short of service. They tortured and made bitter enemies. They never condescended to make a friend. They were the Lords of the world. For their captives there were the iron rule and the booted heel. The Maroons assured the English that they need not worry. None of the castle garrison would be on guard in the watch-houses on the night when Drake landed. Nor would there be an outcry. They would see to that.

Drake was lying out of sight with the greater number of his ships, and on this first day of the year 1586 he led his fleet over the bar and took up his anchorage in full view of the town, but outside the reach of the castle guns. It was afternoon when he crossed the bar and he was apparently busy with his ships until darkness fell. Across the water lights flashed and went out in the houses on the water-front and in the castle. Away on the dark promontory to his left there was not the glimmer of a match or the ring of a musket against a stone. Silently a thousand soldiers were embarked in the ships' long-boats and the pinnaces. Drake himself and Carleill, who was to command the troops, sat in the stern of the leading boat, and without a light showing and with little more noise than the dripping of the water from the blades of the oars, the flotilla moved across the lagoon to the appointed landing-place. They were not challenged from the watch-house. The

Maroons had done their work silently and completely. As soon as the troops were landed they bivouacked for the night, and Drake, having with his own eyes satisfied himself of their safety, returned to his ship: Carleill was to march at eight in the morning and reach the city gates at noon.

The night passed quietly. But in the morning Drake moved his ships forward and began with his heavy guns to bombard the castle. The attack had as its first and chief object to distract the attention of the defenders from the approach of Carleill. But he pressed it none the less, and when the hour drew towards noon, he made a great pretence of hoisting out his boats as if he proposed to attempt a landing. The ruse succeeded. That he would strike for the barbican at the junction of the harbours was out of the question. None but madmen would dream of it, and though the English were mad, as all the world knew, they were not quite so daft as that. But to the west, just beyond the two gates of the town, the land curved down to the water. There was no limestone wall there, there was no castle, there were no cannon. A body of horsemen, a troop of muskets hurried out from the city, turned southwards from the gates and formed up on the edge of the lagoon.

They had hardly taken up their position when the beating of drums and the ringing challenge of trumpets from the jungle behind them on their right flank took them by surprise. Carleill was coming up punctual to his appointment. With the troop of muskets were a hundred and fifty horsemen and some gentlemen of the town. They turned and charged. But Carleill was ready and they were received with such a hail of small shot and so fierce a play of the pikes that they broke. They re-formed a little way off and tried again but with no better success. They rounded up a herd of oxen and drove them against the invaders in the hopes of throwing their ranks into confusion, but the cattle in their turn broke before the serried pikes and the blaze of muskets. Meanwhile the foot-soldiers of the garrison had taken what cover they could among the bushes along the road to the gate. There were two gates, both facing to the west and parallel to one another. Carleill pressed on towards them. For they were mounted with heavy ordnance, and about them clustered in continually increasing numbers fresh soldiers from the castle, the muskets from the ambuscade, what horsemen were left—any that could run or ride and had a weapon in their hands.

Carleill divided his force. He gave one-half of it to Captain Powell with the order to attack the northern gate. He cried out that with God's good favour he would not rest until the twain met in the market-place, and he led the other half against the gate nearest to the sea. The guns were fired and some execution was done by them. A man fell dead by the General's side. He gave the command to charge, and before the guns could be reloaded he

was through, invaders and defenders tumbling through the entrance pell-mell. But the defenders had had enough. "We gave them," wrote Captain Biggs, "more care every man to save himself by flight than reason to stand any longer to their broken fight."

The Fugger News-Letter gives a more detailed and a more humorous story, but does not make a better fight out of it. The correspondent of that famous house of merchants relates that the populace bolted in such numbers that only one hundred and twenty men could be mustered to defend the city. They had four Captains, the Licentiate Juan Fernandez de Mercado, the Licentiate Balthasar de Villa Fane, local Auditor of the Royal Council, the Fiscal Licentiate Aliago and the Licentiate Arero, of the Council; and over them all was the President-General. This pompously commanded troupe marched out to meet Carleill, accompanied by Don Diego Orsinio the Captain of the Flagship. As they drew near, the President and his horse unfortunately sank into a bog in the presence of his men and were both retrieved covered with mud. This was held to be of ill omen, and the aged President with the equally venerable Arero were persuaded to go home. A little later, the defenders saw the attacking force and were filled with fear. The Licentiate Balthasar, however, who was not to be daunted, gave the soldiers a Christian admonition, and the Licentiate Mercado showed himself no less ardent and brave. These two took up their positions in front of the troops and called on the soldiers to follow. But they, heedless of all admonitions and threats which followed on the admonitions, broke into flight. The Licentiate Balthasar shouted to them to turn back and face at least two discharges of bullets, so that God and the whole world might see that they had done their duty. But the appeal was of no avail. From the gate three cannon were fired at the enemy and thereafter all resistance ceased.

Carleill reached the market-place first, and in a little while Captain Powell joined him. The day was theirs, and from the top of a tower the great ensign of St. George waved "victory" to the fleet.

The day was theirs but the city as yet was not. It was too big for Carleill to occupy. He pushed out on each side his troops as far as he dared and closed the streets with barricades. There remained the castle with its heavy artillery. Carleill dared not leave it till the morning. He led his men against it, weary as they were, a little after midnight. But, said Biggs, "they who had the guard of the castle, hearing us busy about the gates of the said castle, abandoned the same; some being taken prisoners and some fleeing away by the help of boats to the other side of the haven and so into the country." The Governor of San Domingo, a civilian, had preceded them. For he ran away from the town as soon as Drake's ships crossed the bar into the lagoon.

Drake himself landed the next day, bringing with him heavy artillery—probably the guns taken away from Santiago. He took under his control a wider portion of the city and fortified it with his new cannon and stronger barricades. He had the inner harbour at his back quite under his control. The Spaniards had sunk three hulks in the mouth of the inner harbour, and the ships imprisoned behind them fell without a shot fired into his hands. Amongst them was the Flagship of the station, some coasting barks and a big new French-built galleon of six hundred tons, the like of which there was none in all Spain. It had the admirable name of *The Grand Guy*, and Drake took it away with him loaded with his booty when he departed from San Domingo.

But there was to be the reckoning before he departed; and for the second time in this voyage the Spaniards learned that those who harmed one of Drake's men except in fair fight must be prepared to pay a heavy penalty for their cowardice. "Messages" were already passing between the authorities of the city and the General for an armistice, and in the course of these Drake sent out a black boy with a letter under a flag of truce. Unfortunately the boy, once outside the barricade, fell in with a group of officers from the Flagship. One of these, furious at the unseemliness of the choice of a black boy for an envoy, seized the lance of a trooper and ran the boy through. The boy was just able to stumble back into the General's presence, and there fell dead at his feet. Drake took two friars from amongst his prisoners, sent them out with the Provost-Marshal and a sufficient guard, and hanged them then and there on the spot where the boy had been struck. He sent out another prisoner immediately afterwards to explain why he had hanged the friars and to add that until the murderer was delivered for punishment into his hands no day should pass but he would hang two more in just the same way, until he had not a single prisoner left. The officer was delivered up the next day, but Drake was no longer content. He made the Spaniards hang the officer themselves in his presence and before the eyes of his men.

Meanwhile negotiations for the ransom of the city tarried. Drake took to quicken them those drastic measures which the Germans were said to have prepared for Paris in 1915 if France did not surrender. He burnt it quarter by quarter. A ruthless procedure, no doubt. But Drake had no reason to be gentle with Philip of Spain. Drake only burnt houses. Philip burnt men, and men of the West Country too, and all because they preferred their church service in their native tongue and recognized no apostolic succession in the Papacy. The houses, however, "being built very magnificently of stone gave us no small travail to ruin them. And albeit for divers days together we ordained each morning by daybreak until the heat began at nine of the clock

that two hundred Mariners did nought else but labour to fire and burn the said houses without our trenches, whilst the soldiers in a like proportion stood forth for their guard: yet did we not or could not in this time (that is, a month) consume so much as one third part of the town."

The work was hard, and not as profitable as had been expected. There was not so much silver and plate as had been the pride and glory of the towns of Peru. Many of the householders had used the one night of reprieve when Drake was landing his soldiers, to decamp to villas in the hills with the best of their treasures. Moreover, in towns as hot as San Domingo, porcelain was superseding silver for the dishes, and glass the chased and valuable goblets. At the same time, these demolishers of houses had no reason to complain. Sometimes a well was discovered in which pearls were hidden, or a chest heavy with money; and there were always the churches. These, of course, were sacked as a religious duty. Their images were destroyed as idolatrous, and the rich vessels of their ceremonies carried off to decorate in due course the sideboard of a gentleman in England.

The great ransom, however, was not obtained, was not indeed obtainable. San Domingo, like so much of Philip's Empire, was a glittering façade and emptiness behind. It should have been more opulent than any city on this side of Panama. Hispaniola was an island of gold and silver, and San Domingo was its only port. But the Spaniard was an ignorant fellow. His first act when he founded a colony was to kill the natives off and deprive himself of that manual labour which it was beyond his strength and beneath his dignity to do. The mines of San Domingo were wholly given over, and the splendid town must do its buying and selling with the cumbrous help of a copper coinage. The city lived actually upon its export of sugar, ginger and hides—especially hides. For it held large herds of oxen which attained on the good pasture of the island a quite unusual size.

It became clear to Drake that a great ransom in gold was not to be secured either by negotiation or destruction. His men were tired with their exertions, and his ships well supplied with provisions brought out of Spain, wine, cloth, vinegar, oil and wheat-meal. He accepted, then, a sum of twenty-five thousand ducats, which at the present rate of money amounts to nearly sixty-nine thousand pounds, and packing away the heavy guns of the castle in the Flagship, the *Grand Guy* and one or two smaller galleons, he put out with them over the bar on the next stage of his journey.

He had been a month at San Domingo and he brought away from it less than the Lords and merchants at his back would expect. On the other hand, he had struck the hardest blow so far delivered at the prestige and might of Spain. The capital city of the West Indies had lain helpless in his hands.

After one short battle he had been its unmolested master. He had taken what there was to take, he had burnt a third of its fine buildings and only ceased because he and his crew were tired of the labour which it involved. And he had sailed away in his own good time.

In a gallery of the King's House at the head of the great staircase there hung a scutcheon with the arms of Spain painted upon it. It was so hung that as you entered the hall through the main door you could not but see it. It was right over against you. Below the arms was painted the globe of the earth with its lands and seas; and inside the globe stood a horse rampant on its hind legs. The forelegs had broken through the globe as though it was an egg and the horse was about to spring out of the shell altogether. And the horse held between its teeth a scroll on which was written: *Non sufficit orbis*. This arrogant claim that the whole world was not large enough to contain the might and reach of Spain was a great joy to Drake, Frobisher and their officers. For the negotiations over the ransom took place in the King's House, and now one, now another would detain a Spanish Councillor and ask him politely to explain the meaning of the strange emblem. Did the horse really represent Spain? And did the scroll mean that the world was not large enough to content it? The Councillor would "turn aside his countenance in some smiling sort, without answering anything, as greatly ashamed thereof." But he wouldn't escape as easily as all that. His tormentor used to continue with a puzzled forehead, and still politely, that if the Queen of England continued to make war upon him he had better—had he not?—erase that boast from the scutcheon. For one could see by merely looking at San Domingo that Spain had more than enough to do to keep what it had already.

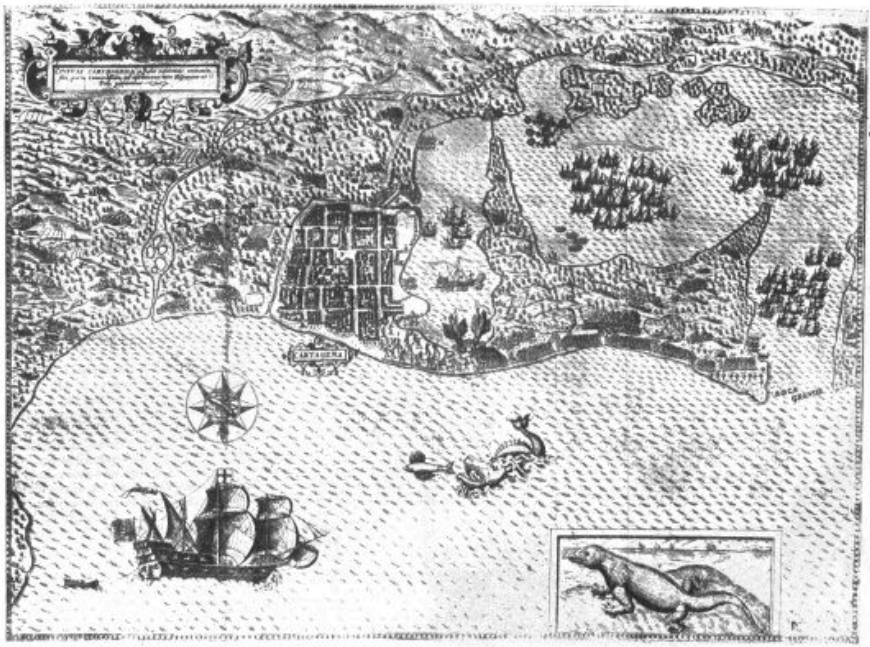
Philip read, with the application natural in that laborious man, the reports sent to him by the vicegerents of his dominions; and the margins are inscribed in his handwriting with exclamations like little cries of pain. "Ojo Achines!" for instance, when one of the Hawkins family was unpleasantly busy in the waters of which he claimed the monopoly. I think that when he read the story of the disrespect shown by the English officers to his scutcheon on the landing of the King's House in San Domingo he cannot have been content to "turn aside his countenance in some smiling sort." I see him dipping his pen in the ink and writing in a tiny hand a little squeal of anguish—"Ojo el Draque!"

CHAPTER XV

The Attack upon Cartagena. Its Surrender. The Financial Failure of the Expedition. Should Drake have kept Cartagena? The Value to England of his Name.

"WE heard," Burghley wrote to Leicester on March 31st of this year, "that Sir Francis Drake is a fearful man to the King of Spain and that the King could have been content that Sir Francis had taken the last year's fleet so as he had not gone forward to the Indies." It was not only to the King of Spain that Drake was now a fearful man. Agitated correspondents of the Fugger House at Augsburg sent letter after letter recording the havoc and destruction which he was supposed to be dealing out through the Indies and along the Main. Already he had marched across the Isthmus to Panama and given it to the flames. He had left a rubble of stones where once Havana had stood. It is curious to note that these exaggerations, related as things done in the News-Letters, were actually intentions set out in the plot of the voyage before it began. But they were not carried out.

Drake on sailing out of San Domingo struck across the Caribbean Sea to the Main. He meant to destroy Santa Marta and loot the pearl island of Margarita. No doubt, too, since he had an enduring memory of past injuries, he proposed to exact from Rio de la Hacha a full recompense for the misfortune which befell him when he made his first voyage to these waters under Captain Lovell. But the trade-wind and the Caribbean Sea between them prevented him. He could only make the land to the west of those two places, and since the hot weather was close upon him he pressed on to the next item in his plot, the capture of Cartagena.



CARTAGENA

Reproduction from "Drake and the Tudor Navy" by Sir Julian Corbett, taken from "The Summarie and True Discourse."

It is said in one account of the expedition that he sent Frobisher inshore to pick up if he could a local pilot; and it may have been so. For, as his voyage of circumnavigation proved again and again, no navigator was ever more careful to secure the particular knowledge of coastal waters which only a resident could have. Audacious in his designs and intrepid in fulfilling them, he pared the cost to the last man. In a day when the wastage of life at sea was enormous, Drake stood quite apart in his care for his crews. Camden notes his skill as a doctor. We have had good proof of it in the rapid recovery of the sailors who were wounded at La Mocha. Santiago and San Domingo both had learned the unwisdom of killing even a boy, even a negro who was carried on the books of a ship under his command. He has been upbraided as a braggart and an upstart, and no doubt he boasted, no doubt he revelled in his title and his high favour with the Queen and her great Lords. But he never forgot that he himself had served before the mast and that the mariners were his kith and kin. He would work by their sides with his hands if there were need, and woe betide the people who thought that they could maltreat

with impunity even the meanest straggler from his company. He had sailed up and down this coastline of the Spanish Main in his small pinnace during the two years of his expedition to Nombre de Dios and knew from his experience the dangers of its currents and its "sinkers," as the West Country names the rocks just hidden in the wash of the seas. But he sought for a pilot none the less, so that a ship might not be needlessly lost or a life thrown away. The old gaiety and camaraderie of the Nombre de Dios days had gone. He was the Queen's Admiral with a fleet under his orders, he was aloof as such men must be, but thought for his mariners' safety and well-being remained with him constantly.

Frobisher found no one who could be of service, and Drake in consequence did his own pilotage. He arrived off Cartagena, the capital city of the Main, early in February and at four in the afternoon.

Cartagena, though second in official importance to San Domingo, far surpassed that island town in commercial prosperity. Baptista Antonio, King Philip's surveyor, thus describes it in a report made in the year 1587. "This city hath great trade out of Spain and out of the new kingdom of Granada and out of the islands there adjoining, from Peru and from all the coast of this firm land and of the fishing of the pearls of Rio de la Hacha and of Margarita: it is a very sound country."

San Domingo was the city of "lawyers and brave gentlemen," to quote the words of Captain Biggs, the seat of justice and government, set decently apart from the roar and traffic of the markets. Cartagena, with its admirable harbour, was the centre of the Indian trade. Moreover, it was so protected by the barricades of nature that to the armaments of that day it was almost impregnable. Almost but not quite.

The end of the town faced the sea to the west, and there was no access on this side. A great marsh just to the north of it and a high sea wall made it secure. From this butt of the town, a long broad sandy and wooded spit ran for eight miles to the south, leaving a narrow and dangerous channel between the end of the spit and the mainland, the Boca Chica. One other entrance, five miles nearer to the city, was made by a wide break in the spit —the Boca Grande, and this was the harbour mouth in general use. The harbour itself was a great lagoon with anchorage for many ships, and from the spit and at a right angle to it an arm of land stretched out across the south front of the city and reached so near to the mainland that a great chain could be slung across the interval. This chain was guarded by a strong fort on the mainland.

There were thus two harbours, the outer where the visiting ships anchored, and the inner, within the barrier of the chain, where two galleys

and a big galleasse of the naval command and a few pinnaces belonging to the citizens had their stations. From this inner harbour a broad inlet ran back at the eastern end of Cartagena, and curving round the buildings poured into the marsh which bordered the sea. Thus the city stood behind its harbours on an island, and the only path to it was a broad stone causeway of three hundred yards in length and twelve yards in breadth. This causeway had the additional safety of a drawbridge at the mainland end of it, and a fort with heavy ordnance to command it.

Past the marsh and the west end and the long spit, Drake, with his twenty-one ships, sailed in full view on the afternoon of February 9th, drawing a salvo from the guns on the town wall and not deigning to reply. His capture of San Domingo and the destruction he had wrought there were, of course, known in every corner of the Main, and many a sigh of relief must have been breathed in Cartagena when his great fleet streamed past the Boca Grande and never altered its course. He was bound then for Nombre de Dios? He would go about and steer for Mexico? Or for Havana? Cartagena was too big a nut for him to crack. He was leaving it alone. The fleet disappeared from the sight of the town. But at four o'clock in the afternoon Drake was abreast of the Boca Chica, and through that difficult channel of no greater width than two hundred yards, with the land doubling in and out and sunken rocks on either side, he piloted his ships. An act of bravado? No. Drake kept bravado for the supper-table. It has been suggested that he hoped to deceive the Cartagenians to a belief that he meant to make his attack by a march over the mainland on his right hand and a rush over the stone causeway into the town. It may be so, but a simpler explanation is offered. He had suffered before when he sailed into the harbour with his pinnaces from fire directed from the point of the spit at the mouth of the Boca Grande. He could not doubt that the news of his capture of San Domingo and of his presence in those waters was known throughout the Indies. There had been ample time to mount some heavy ordnance on the same spot which could rake his ships from stem to stern at close range if he hauled in his sails and beat up against the wind through that passage.

Once he had cleared the channel he deployed his fleet across the surface of the lagoon and anchored facing the inner harbour, but before he had reached the line of the Boca Grande. There he waited until darkness fell. Then he lowered quietly into the water his pinnaces and boats, and landed without mishap on the sandy spit at a point near to the sea what was thought a sufficient force. This long arm of scrub and wood was the weak joint in the armour of the town. It ran straight and level for three miles to the openings of the streets. There were no natural obstacles beyond a couple of lakes

which were easy to avoid, and for the greater part of the way it had a width of not less than five hundred yards. Close to the town, however, it narrowed to something like a hundred and thirty yards, and across the neck a high barrier of stone had been built and armed with six great cannon, demi-culverins and sakers. To make the defence still more formidable, a deep trench had been made in front of it from the sea to the lagoon.

Properly manned, this barrier would have been impregnable except at an enormous cost of life. But at the western end of it between the sea and the edge of the wall an open space had been left by which horsemen could ride out and goods unloaded on the beach of the lagoon pass in. This space had been blocked up with great wine-barrels packed full of earth and set on end side by side. To strengthen this defect, the two galleys had been moored in the lagoon in a position whence they could sweep the necks of land with canister. Nearer to the spit where Carleill's soldiers were landed, a troop of horse patrolled the scrub ready to sound the alarm; and close to the landing-point itself, stakes sharpened and smeared with a deadly poison had been driven into the ground. Carleill's troops had thus a very different task from that which they had performed at San Domingo. But on the night before, the plan of attack had been worked out in Drake's cabin and every possibility which could be foreseen taken into account.

The soldiers marched with a vanguard of musketeers and pikemen. Captain Sampson commanded the pikemen, Captain Goring the musketeers, and the Lieutenant-General Carleill took his station with them. Behind the vanguard, Captain Powell, the Sergeant-Major, commanded the four companies which were the striking force; and behind them followed the rearguard under Captain Morgan, who had led the vanguard at San Domingo.

The march began at midnight, but time was wasted since the guide whom they had brought with them lost his way. There was perhaps something of good fortune in this error, for they escaped the poisoned stakes which had been prepared for them. Whilst they were still two miles from the town they fell in with the mounted patrol and discharged a volley. The ground was too thick with scrub and trees for the horsemen to manœuvre with any success, and they made off without further parley. The volley, however, had been plainly heard on the ships, and Drake, practising the same tactics which he had used at San Domingo, sent Martin Frobisher forward to bombard the fort at the boom between the two harbours. It was a feint to distract the attention of the garrison from the real attack, but it was a feint pressed home and Frobisher had the rudder of the pinnace from which he was directing it shot away.

Meanwhile, Carleill's small army had reached the edge of the sea. Carleill was not merely a gallant fighting Captain, he was clever. He had a trick now up his sleeve for which his enemy was quite unprepared. The rise-and-fall of the tides in the Caribbean Sea is small compared with the rise-and-fall about the coast of England; but it is appreciable and at this hour it was low water. Moreover, the bank of the spit was cut sharp on the side of the sea. By an order given before the march began, the men dropped now from the top of the bank and moved forward in the actual wash of the sea. There were Indians armed with bows and poisoned arrows posted here and there across the five hundred yards of land who were passed in the darkness without the flight of a shaft. As the spit narrowed to the hundred and thirty yards of the neck, the soldiers advancing in the sea were protected by the bank from the cross-fire of the galleys in the lagoon, which carried not only eleven guns but four hundred musketeers. Guns too had been mounted in the trench in the dip of the ground in front of the wall which would have mowed down a force advancing in close order over the skyline. All these dangers were avoided and little hurt was suffered until they had come within the distance where it was possible to rush the barricade at the end of the wall. The musketeers fired a volley and then the rush was made. It was an affair of hammer and tongs. There were no old gentlemen this time imploring the defenders to fire at least a couple of volleys to save their faces. The Spaniards fought manfully. But the English had some advantages. They wore corselets of steel, whereas their opponents had only quilted jackets, and their pikes were longer. "Down went the butts of earth and pell mell came our swords and pikes together, after our shot had first given their volley even at the enemies' nose," writes Captain Biggs. Goring took Alonso Bravo, the General of Cartagena, prisoner at the point of the sword. Captain Sampson was wounded; and Winter, who had given up the command of the Queen's ship *Aid* so that he might fight in the vanguard, did his full share of cut and thrust at the side of the Lieutenant-General. "Every man as well of one part as another came so willingly on to the service as the enemy were not able to endure the fury of such hot assault." They piled through the gap, foe and friend together, Carleill slaying with his own sword the Spanish ensign-bearer. The Spaniards gave, but behind the wall there were barricades erected in the streets. "But we gave them no leisure to breathe," says Captain Biggs, and they rushed the barricades. It was not until the invaders had reached the market-place that the defence slackened. But there the battle came to an end and the Spaniards, who had already sent their wives and households into the country, streamed across the stone causeway in full retreat. The battle was won, but at some cost. Carleill had twenty-eight of the soldiers under his command killed, without counting the wounded.

However, Cartagena had fallen even as San Domingo. The Capital city of the Spanish Main like the Capital city of all the Indies. Drake advanced his fleet the next morning, and the forts on the mainland guarding the boom and the great causeway fell without a shot into his hands.

What should Drake ask to ransom the city from destruction? He thought a million ducats would be the proper sum, but thinking it over, decided to be generous. He asked for a simple contribution of a hundred thousand pounds. Near to a million of pounds at the rate of our present reckoning. But even the most clear-sighted men have their lapses of wishful thinking. There had been ample warning to Cartagena that Drake was in the neighbourhood. The Bishop and the substantial members of his flock had taken to the hills with their gold and the silver equipment of their houses. Drake might whistle for a ransom. He sat down before the town as he had sat down before San Domingo. He entertained the officials to elaborate parties, he burnt a few suburbs, he looted what there was to loot—and indeed there was much in fine clothes and linen and silk, and brass cannon. But there was no money though much bargaining; and after five weeks of it, the fever appeared again in the fleet. It was not so virulent as on the passage from Santiago to Dominica. Few if any died, but the desperate weakness and the delirium incapacitated the crews and it was clear that the fleet must put to sea and seek their health elsewhere than amongst the languors of a lagoon.

A sum of one hundred and ten thousand ducats was offered as the price of Drake's departure. At five shillings and sixpence the ducat the ransom amounted to thirty-seven thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. To this was added a thousand crowns for the monastery of St. Francis which stood outside the city walls, three hundred pounds more. Two councils were called, one of the sea-captains under Drake's president-ship, and another of the land forces under Carleill to offer their advice. Although the ransom money, counted at the present value, or, to speak more exactly, at the value, say, of May 1914, must be reckoned at between a quarter and half a million pounds, the expenses of the voyage had been heavy. "Piracy on the Grand Scale," Cesareo F. Duro, the Spanish authority entitled it. There was a wide disappointment, especially amongst the soldiers, that they should receive so small a recompense for their "tedious travails." They were volunteers without any regular wage from Her Majesty or anybody else, and had looked forward to "a bountiful mass of treasure." They were, however, loyally quick to recognize the special difficulties which beset them; and their loyalty was made the easier for them by the decision of Carleill and the land-captains to forego their share of the Cartagena ransom in favour of the "poor men as well the sailor as the soldier, wishing with all our hearts it

were such or so much as might seem a sufficient reward for their painful endeavour."

The results of these discussions were the acceptance of the ransom and a decision to abandon the further prosecution of the voyage. At the end of March, after a stay of six weeks at Cartagena, Drake sailed out by the Boca Grande and headed north for the Yucatan channel. The voyage home was delayed. Three days later the *Grand Guy*, the big French ship which Drake had brought away from San Domingo and renamed the *New Year's Gift*, sprang a leak and during the night lost touch with the fleet. She had a valuable cargo of hides, heavy guns, furniture from the great houses, silks and linen. Drake had no wish to lose her, and he spread out his ships in search of her the next morning. The *Bark Talbot* under Captain Baily had stood by her in case she should sink and the two ships were found together. Cartagena was the nearest port, and Drake put back to it. He stayed there for another eight days whilst he unloaded the French ship and distributed her cargo and crew amongst his other ships. Then he put to sea again and reached Cabo San Antonio, the western point of Cuba, on April 27th. He was by that time in the usual distress for the want of water, and not finding it as he had hoped to do, here, he made for Matanzas on the bay eastward of Havana. He met with head-winds and in fourteen days was back at Cabo San Antonio. The want had now become a necessity. A more careful search was made, and in a marshy stretch of ground three hundred paces from the shore some shallow wells were dug and enough rain-water collected to satisfy their needs. Drake took a spell with the spade himself and culled in consequence a glowing tribute in the narrative of Captain Biggs. This was the first time that Captain Biggs had served under Francis Drake, and an act which was familiar enough to the old comrades of Darien and Nombre de Dios filled the soldier with admiration.

"I do wrong if I should forget the good example of the General at this place, who to encourage others and to hasten the getting of fresh water aboard the ships took no less pain himself than the meanest; as also at S. Domingo, Cartagena, and all other places, having always so vigilant a care and foresight in the good ordering of his fleet, accompanying them, as it is said, with such wonderful travail of body, as doubtless had he been the meanest person as he was the chiefest, he had yet deserved the first place of honour."

No officer could speak of his General in fairer terms, though he might, perhaps, with a smaller tortuosity of clauses.

Drake sailed from Cabo San Antonio at last on May 23rd, but he was not yet set for England. It was one of the minor purposes of his voyage that on

his way home he should make a call at the new colony of Virginia and give it what help was needed.

The lamentable story of that foundation has no place in a Life of Sir Francis Drake. It was the enterprise of Sir Walter Raleigh but lacked his personal supervision. In April of 1584 he sent at his own charge two small ships with Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlow as their Captains to choose a starting-point for a colony which, with Her Majesty's permission, was to be called Virginia. These two Captains sent home so glowing an account of the convenience of the harbour, the fertility of the soil, the abundance of game and the friendliness of the Indians, that it seemed as if an Earthly Paradise were appealing to be tenanted. In April of the next year, accordingly, Sir Richard Grenville led a fleet of seven ships, again at the charge of Raleigh, in a leisurely fashion and reached the harbour of Wococon on July 3rd. Grenville fell out with the natives, burnt a village and destroyed the standing corn. He left a few more than a hundred men under Ralph Lane to found the colony, and promising to return with supplies in April of the next year, departed for England, where he arrived on October 6th.

It was this colony which Drake headed for after leaving Cabo San Antonio. He sailed north by the Bahama channel, and stopped off the coast of Florida to destroy the Spanish settlement of St. Augustin. It was a place of neither commercial nor military importance. A small body of Huguenots had taken refuge in Florida before the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. But they had only avoided one massacre to suffer another. The Florida channel was the way home for Philip's gold fleet, and a French colony settled upon its flank with the French taste for privateering was not to be endured. In the summer of 1565, Menendez de Aviles, the creator of the Indian Guard, destroyed it, and two Spanish settlements, St. Augustin and St. Helena, were established just to warn other nations that Philip's flag flew over Florida.

From Captain Biggs' account, Drake's ships came upon St. Augustin unexpectedly. They were sailing with the coast in sight when, early in the morning of the 28th of May, the look-out descried a little way back from the shore a sort of primitive watch-tower—a platform supported on four tall masts. None amongst them had any knowledge of it at all. Drake landed troops at a point where a river ran into the sea and marched up the river-bank to see. The river curved, and in front of him on the opposite bank stood a fort flying the Spanish ensign, and a mile away a small township. A pinnace was sent back to the fleet to fetch a couple of guns. By the time when these were in position the dusk was gathering, but two shots were fired. Carleill laid the gun and fired the first shot himself. He had the delight—it could not have been less than delight—of smashing the flagstaff and

seeing the ensign soaring away over the trees. The second shot struck low the massive palisade.

During the night Carleill with Morgan and Sampson and some half a dozen others crossed the river in a small rowing-boat to study the ground and discover what sort of guard the enemy kept. The party returned unmolested, and in the morning a man was seen rowing to the camp alone from the fort. When he got within hailing distance, he played upon a pipe the march of the Prince of Orange as a sign that he came as a friend. He was a French prisoner, Nicholas Borgoignon, and he brought news that the scouting party had been heard last night in the fort and that the garrison in the fashion of Santiago and San Domingo had incontinently bolted for the woods. The fort and the village were destroyed, but unfortunately Captain Powell, the Sergeant-Major of the troops, or, as we should say, the Second-in-Command, was ambushed and shot through the head.

Acting on the information of the French prisoner, Drake proceeded now along the coast to the second settlement, St. Helena. But the approach to it lay through so wide a stretch of shoal water and rocks that Drake decided to leave it unattacked. He sailed on to Virginia.

On the 9th of June he arrived at the roads near the island of Roanoke where Ralph Lane was established, and found the would-be colonists in the direst distress. The excellent harbour had turned out to be a place of storms; the friendly Indians had shown themselves implacable in their enmity; there were neither craftsmen nor farmers amongst the emigrants; and Sir Richard Grenville's promised relief ship was already two months overdue. Drake offered them the choice of two alternatives. He would take them all back to England, or he would leave with them a ship full of food and such implements as he could spare, and a couple of pinnaces. With much gratitude to Drake for his "honourable courtesy," the colonists elected to accept the second offer. Drake accordingly prepared the *Francis*, his own bark of seventy tons, put enough provisions on board of her to last a hundred men for four months, and handed her over to Ralph Lane's Master of the Victuals, Keeper of the Store and Vice-Treasurer, with two Master-Mariners from his own fleet. During the night, however, a gale sprang up which scattered the fleet and drove the *Francis* out to sea. The gale blew from the 13th to the 16th of the month; and when it abated, the *Francis* did not return. Drake thereupon offered to Ralph Lane a second ship of larger size, the *Bark Bonner* of a hundred and fifty tons, but refused to bring her into the harbour. Ralph Lane must take her over in the roads. By that time, however, the colonists had changed their minds. It seemed to them that the hand of God was lifted against their purpose and they asked a passage home. Drake sent

in his pinnaces to Roanoke, took them all on board with such of their gear as he could manage to embark, and weighed anchor on June 19th. He had suffered more danger of being wrecked on this treacherous coast than in all his actions against the Spaniards. But "with praises unto God for all" he arrived in Portsmouth Harbour on the 28th day of July.

Financially the cruise had been a failure. The Adventurers lost five shillings in the pound, Drake much more, for the officers gave what should have been their share of the goods and money taken to swell the remuneration of the private soldiers and the men before the mast. Nor was the half of its objects achieved. In the plot, as it was submitted to and accepted by Burghley, the cruise was to be grandiose, so keen a stroke as would postpone the Enterprise of England for many a year, if not for ever. After Cartagena the fleet was to sail to Nombre de Dios. Thence Carleill and his soldiers would march across the savanna to Panama, destroy it and return with every ingot of gold stored in its Treasury. From Nombre de Dios, Drake was to head for Havana, burn it to the ground and build upon its blackened ruins a strong fortress which should bar the homeward passage of the gold fleet and the Indian Guard, like a chain across a harbour. But the time lost at Santiago and the infection which from that town crept into the ships had spoilt the ambitious plan—Santiago and Drake's long memory for wrongs endured. The expedition had splintered on the eastern side of the Atlantic. Even when the fever and the loss of time were accepted in London as good reasons for the comparative failure of the voyage, there were still some who criticized Drake for not doing at Cartagena what it was planned that he should do at Havana. He was master of the strongest city on the Spanish Main, the centre of its commerce, with a harbour safe against all storms. It was true that Cartagena did not stand on the edge of the home run of the gold fleet like Havana. But it was well within striking distance of Nombre de Dios, and held by a strong garrison with a sufficiency of ships it could prevent the loading of the gold altogether. The yes-or-no of the retention of the town was indeed one of the matters which Drake submitted to the land-captains when he called them together in Cartagena Harbour on the 27th of February. They were to advise him upon three points.

"The first touching the keeping of the town against the force of the enemy, either that which is present or that which may come out of Spain."

Their answer was that it could be done.

"We hold opinion that with this troop of men which we have presently with us in land-service, being victualled and munitioned, we may well keep the town, albeit that of men able to answer present service we have not above seven hundred."

They left the competence of the ships to deal with any Spanish fleet to the council of the sea-captains; and although we have no record of what the sea-captains replied, their reply must have coincided with that of the soldiers. There was no Spanish fleet in existence at that time which could have stood against Drake and Frobisher. Why then did Drake hesitate?

We have no certain answer. It was obviously not due to any failure to estimate properly the importance of the question. Whatever faults Drake may be charged with, lack of audacity and want of courage are not amongst them. We must look to some other quarter for the reason.

It may be found in the conditions stipulated by the land-captains, the men being "victualled and munitioned"—yes, and relieved in due course and their pay paid. But such conditions could not be guaranteed, even by the great Ministers of State. Drake had probably talked as man to man with Burghley. He certainly had with Walsingham. He must have been well aware of that poor man's distress at the political inconstancy of his mistress. Never was such a quadrille as Elizabeth was dancing during those years. Now she set to partners with France, all smiles and courtesy, and five minutes later with Spain and with no fewer graces and compliments. To keep her young and splendid people out of war—at all events it had grown quite out of its old poverty—for that she would have sacrificed her new town of Cartagena, its garrison and ships, and Drake into the bargain, without a qualm. She could not be convinced that war was not to be avoided, or that men could not be eternally hoodwinked. So long as she was clever, and avoided laying her people under heavy taxes, England, her England, would grow to its full stature; and to that end everything must be bent, men and promises and policy. Drake must have known very surely the risk he would have run if he had claimed Cartagena as a permanent possession of the Queen, and have thought it too heavy for his shoulders.

In estimating how far the actual expedition fell short of its purpose, it must be recognized that Spain knew nothing of that purpose at all. It was the domestic concern of England. All that Spain knew was that its pride had been flouted and its power most disdainfully trampled underfoot. The garrisons of its cities had been outwitted, the inhabitants driven out to the hills, the houses ransacked and burnt, ransoms exacted and the cities stripped of all means of defence. Two hundred and forty heavy guns were brought to England in the holds of Drake's ships, and more than two hundred of them were of brass: fifty-three from Santiago, eighty from San Domingo, sixty-three from Cartagena, and fourteen from the fort of St. Augustin.

But these are the small change in the third column of the balance-sheet. In the final audit the greatest good which came out of this expedition to England and the greatest hurt which it did to Spain was the swelling fame of Drake. In England, wherever the seas broke, that strong square figure with the round head, the hands of an artist and the expectant eager eyes watching the opening of a door, became an inspiration to effort and a token of victory to come. In Spain a dark lustre shone henceforth about his name. It emptied the seas as the roar of a tiger empties a forest. Terror ran before him. Silence was only broken by the distant roll of his drum. "Just look at Drake," cried Pope Sixtus. "Who is he? What forces has he? And yet he burned twenty-five of the King's ships." To the sailors of Italy and Spain he was a wizard with a magic mirror in his cabin in which he could see the movements of ships even when they were beyond the horizon's rim. Crews abandoned their galleons rather than put to sea if a rumour reached them that he was near; and owners and masters had to spread the story that he was dead before the capstans could be manned. Philip could not borrow money for his Armada. "The enterprise of Sir Francis Drake," Walsingham wrote to Leicester, "layeth open the present weakness of the King of Spain, for of late he hath solicited the Pope and the Dukes of Florence and Savoy for a loan of 500,000 crowns but cannot obtain neither the whole nor part of the said sum. The Genoese merchants begin to draw back." Burghley might well write, "Truly Sir Francis Drake is a fearful man to the King of Spain." For truly the crack of his name was worth many victories.

CHAPTER XVI

Drake's Mission to the Netherlands. The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots. Its Consequences. The Incomparable Expedition to Cadiz.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE had returned to a country in distress. There was to be no holiday for him with his young wife in his fine big house at the back of Plymouth, and enough municipal work thrown in to appease his zest for new things and new achievements. He had become a national asset; his name was a sort of foreign investment to be realized and used for the better security of the realm. And it wanted in this summer of 1586 every help which it could get.

The people were troubled—not afraid, but uncomfortable. The Queen was more elusive and variable than she had ever been, and her statesmen were definitely frightened. The people were troubled by the exposure of the Babington conspiracy to murder Elizabeth, whilst as yet the succession to the Crown was unsettled and Mary Queen of Scots, the natural heir, still lived. The plot, devised by Savage, a renegade officer of Parma's army in the Netherlands, and blessed by the Pope and Cardinal Allen of the Jesuit seminary at Douai, had been taken in hand by young Mr. Anthony Babington of Yorkshire. He, with the help of Ballard, an unseemly and disreputable priest, and five others was to slay "this beast which troubleth the world," as Cardinal Allen called Elizabeth, as she walked in her garden. It was known that she disliked a personal escort even more than statesmen and judges today dislike to have detectives treading upon their heels. She was, as the people hated to know, an easy mark for murderers. Walsingham, through the eyes of his secret service, had watched the development of the conspiracy. Queen Elizabeth had stood square to it with the indomitable courage which never failed her when her life was at stake. Taking the air with one or two of her maids of honour in Richmond Park, she came upon one of the conspirators when he was actually selecting a bush behind which the murderer could be concealed. She said to him, "Am I not well guarded today? I have not one man wearing a sword at his side near me," and the conspirator fled. But the more courageous she was, the more her people trembled for her safety. And when it became known that Walsingham through Gifford the go-between, and Phelippes the decipherer of codes, had sure evidence that Mary Queen of Scots knew of and approved the murder, the low long-drawn growl of resentment against her rose to a roar. They had rung the church bells till the steeples rocked when the conspirators were

arrested. Now they clamoured to have done with her in the only sure way, the way of death, even if her execution brought all Spain and all France together in an attack upon the realm. The Queen stood out against the clamour so long as she could. She revolted from the idea that another woman of Royal blood like herself, a Queen, though a Queen in prison, must suffer the ignominy of a criminal's trial and execution. To Keith, who had been sent by James of Scotland with a plea for his mother's life, she said: "I swear by the living God that I would give one of my own arms to be cut off so that any means could be found for us both to live in assurance." But there were no such means, and Mary was transferred from Chartley to Fotheringay, there to stand her trial by the laws of England. Then, and then only, were the people eased of their discomfort.

The Queen herself was more difficult to her statesmen, more variable in her policy during these months. She had refused to accept the Crown of the Netherlands, but she had sent Leicester as Lieutenant-General with four thousand soldiers to raise the siege of Antwerp, she claiming as a guarantee of her repayment by the States the five coast towns of Flushing, Brill, Rammekins, Sluys and Ostend, and promising that she would make no peace with Philip's Viceroy the Prince of Parma without the States' consent. Antwerp fell, but even so the day was not lost. Parma had eight thousand men. England could have sent an army as large, with a real soldier like Lord Hunsdon to command them. The Dutch and English fleets could have closed the Narrow Seas to Spanish money and Spanish transports. Within a few months victory could have been won, and Parma driven from the Low Countries. But Elizabeth left her troops unpaid, to starve in their rags, and began secretly to treat for peace with Parma. Parma was all humanity and moderation. He wanted so little, just the suppression of the chapels and the celebration of the Mass. He jockeyed the Queen along with hopes and friendliness whilst Santa Cruz in Spain laid the keels of the ships of war in Lisbon and Biscay and the Sicilies. It is no wonder that her Ministers were distracted and despairing. She was stripping herself of her only friends, she was giving herself to an enemy set upon her destruction.

In this confusion and failure, what part had been assigned to Drake? On July 9th, nineteen days before Drake's return, Walsingham wrote to Leicester at The Hague that Her Majesty would be advised by her Council that "it shall in no sort be fit for Her Majesty to take any resolution in the cause until Sir Francis Drake's return, at least until the success of his voyage be seen, whereupon in very truth dependeth the life and death of the cause according to man's judgment." The profits of Drake's voyage were to pay the wages and buy the clothes for the tattered troops under Leicester's

command. But Drake had brought no profits home. He wrote to Burghley immediately after his return: "So let me assure your good Lordship that I will make it apparent to your honour that it scaped but twelve hours, the whole treasure which the King of Spain had out of the Indies this last year—the cause best known to God—and we had in that instant very foul weather." During the fourteen days when Drake's ships were being driven back from Matanzas to Cabo San Antonio, the gold fleet had slipped behind him up the Bahama channel and got safely away to Spain. Philip could go on building ships for the Enterprise of England; Elizabeth was short of the money necessary to pay, feed and reclothe her troops in the Netherlands. Twenty-four thousand pounds were scraped together and sent across the North Sea to Leicester in March, and thirty-two thousand half-way through June: but it was not enough, and Leicester must put his hand into his private purse, sell his cattle and burden his estates to make up the rest. Drake had come home with his pockets empty.

This fact has to be noticed. The air has been so thick with accusations against and reprimands of Elizabeth. A great Queen? Maybe. But flighty, but unreliable and weak. Deceitful too, a trimmer. Luckily two or three sound statesmen were at her elbow to cover up her wilfulness. God came to her rescue, or chance. She hesitated when she should have been forthright. She procrastinated when she should have hastened. A baffling woman, now with the heart of a lion and clothed in panoply, now shifty and timorous, a little animal bleating in a trap. With what key shall we unriddle her? Her expectation of Drake's return laden with the gold of the Indies gives it to us. She was poor compared with the ruling princes who beset her, and she was averse from laying charges upon her people. When she came to the throne she found herself the mistress of an indigent ruined nation. For close upon thirty years by the thrifty husbandry of her resources she had nursed it into prosperity, she had introduced such modern amenities as public bath-houses, she had enforced a poor-law, she had seen public spirit grow, her adventurers break down the barriers which bigotry raised about it, its merchants claim and exact, to use the modern phrase, its place in the sun. And her revenue was two hundred and twenty thousand pounds a year. With this she had to pay the expenses of her household, her Court and the government of the realm. For other charges as they became inevitable she must tax her people. For many of those thirty years the taxes amounted to less than thirty thousand pounds, they never exceeded an average of fifty thousand. She was parsimonious, no doubt. Her ships were well found, but the crews of them were not always paid, their victuals not always sufficient, not always good. After the Armada she left them to die starving and untended in the streets of

Deal. She carried to an extreme her hatred of taxation. Every now and then through some big coup made by Hawkins or Drake she received a large bonus. But she could not afford a war, and by her startling shifts she set her enemies against one another rather than against her, she promised to throw her manpower and her ship-power now on the side of France, now on the side of Spain, but the ally to be must pay the cost. The States of the Netherlands were to pay ultimately the cost of the help she gave to them. She had their five seaboard towns in her possession as a guarantee that they would. Meanwhile she lacked the ready cash properly to equip and pay her soldiers. For that she had looked to Drake, and Drake had failed her. In consequence she made secret advances to the Prince of Parma with a view to patching up a peace. But that escape failed. Spain did not relax her preparations for the Enterprise of England.

The Queen harked back to an older scheme. Don Antonio was living obscurely in London upon a small pension. She thought of fetching him out again and sending him off with Drake on a second attempt to win the crown of Portugal. Drake of course was willing, and Don Antonio stayed with him at Plymouth to discuss the procedure of the expedition. Action, however, was delayed whilst Walsingham endeavoured to combine with it a plan which he had been fostering for the last three years.

In the autumn of 1582, William Harborne had been sent to Constantinople to push the trade of English merchants in Turkey which was suffering from the energy of the agents of Venice and France. In 1584 Harborne took a wider view of his duties and reported that if England would attack Spain from the Atlantic, Turkey would do the same from the Mediterranean. Turkey had a large fleet. The Grand Seigneur could put a hundred ships into the battle—and he had Lepanto to avenge. The seed of this proposal fell upon very fallow ground. The Queen would have the sort of war which most appealed to her. Someone else would be bearing the greater part of the expense. Walsingham saw "the limbs of the Devil" set one against the other and "the true Church and doctrine of the gospel" growing to such strength through their contention that in the end it would suppress them both. Elizabeth's part was to be Drake's expedition to oust Philip from Portugal and set Don Antonio on the throne.

Harborne was instructed by Walsingham, first through one of his secret agents, James Manucci, and then in a written letter, to press this policy upon the Vizier, and was supplied with a number of casuistic persuasions. Drake was brought along to help. His was the name of might. As the late Sir Walter Raleigh wrote in his introduction to Hakluyt's Principal Navigations, it cleared the seas in front of him like a wind. The Commander-in-Chief of the

Turkish Navy, the Capitan Pacha, was no friend to England; and Murad, the Sultan, had been preparing for some time to make war upon Persia. Drake accordingly sent a number of silver vases as a present to the Capitan Pacha, and the Capitan Pacha was greatly flattered to receive them from the greatest sailor of the age, and all the more flattered because the two men were unacquainted. However, neither the silver vases nor the arguments of Walsingham availed to divert the Capitan Pacha from his hostility to England, nor the Grand Seigneur from his invasion of Persia.

The English expedition to Lisbon and the Azores was not abandoned, but help was now sought in another quarter. Leicester, whose incompetence was demonstrated alike by his administration as by his generalship, was clamouring always for money and stores and men. He was the most flamboyant nincompoop of the Elizabethan age, and the Queen's tenderness for him is to be sought in some personal attraction rather than in any qualities of mind. He backed Drake both with his purse and his mouth, and perhaps that is the highest tribute which can properly be paid to him. In the first week of October Drake was commissioned to carry the reinforcements to the Netherlands. He was at the same time to solicit from the Dutch Government a contribution of ships towards his expedition. Drake sailed with eight ships and was received with the warmth to be expected from a great seafaring people. The Government, however, refused his proposal as it stood. Individual merchants and companies might, if they wished, speculate by sending ships, but not the States officially. As a Governing body they were not confident enough that England would stand by them, and they insisted that as a preliminary the Queen should accept the sovereignty of the Netherlands. Drake, however, had no authority to deal with matters of high policy, and in December he returned with his eight ships, bringing envoys from the States to put their proposition before the Queen and Leicester himself in addition.

Drake, upon his return, sought permission at once to carry on with his expedition, but it was not granted. Walsingham was absent from the Court, distressed by one of his recurring attacks of the stone. Burghley was preoccupied by a decision as grave as any which her Ministers had persuaded the Queen to take.

On the 14th of October 1586, Mary Queen of Scots had been put upon her trial at Fotheringay Castle for her complicity in the Babington plot. There was not a shadow of doubt about her guilt; and on the 15th the Commissioners who tried her were prepared to find her guilty and proceed to sentence. But a letter arrived from Davison, Queen Elizabeth's secretary, bidding the Commission adjourn until the 25th day of the month and then

meet in Westminster. The Commissioners did meet on that day in the Star Chamber, and after hearing the Queen of Scots' secretaries affirm in speech what they had already deposed in writing, one after another gave their sentence against her as a conspirator who had plotted the murder of the Queen. But Elizabeth would not sign the warrant for Mary Stuart's execution. And even the fact that sentence had been passed was still an official secret. The Privy Council forced her hand by advising the convocation of Parliament. On October 29th Parliament assembled, and Burghley before the Lords and Hatton in the Commons stated the case against Mary Stuart. A joint-petition from the two houses praying for the speedy execution of Mary, late Queen of Scots, was presented to Elizabeth on November 12th. But still she would not sign the warrant. She would not even promise to sign it. She replied:

"If I should say unto you that I mean not to grant your petition, by my faith I should say unto you more than perhaps I mean. And if I should say unto you that I mean to grant your petition, I should then tell you more than it is fit for you to know. And thus I must deliver you an answer, answerless."

The French Ambassador, Châteauneuf, pleaded that the secret should still be kept from public knowledge. Elizabeth consented throughout ten days. Then the common sense of Burghley prevailed. Parliament had been convoked for the special purpose of dealing with the Scottish Queen. It had passed no other laws. If it were prorogued now without a reason for its convocation given, it would be known as a Parliament of words; and if there were no publication of the sentence, the sentence would be known as a dumb sentence. Elizabeth consented to the publication on December 1st, and two days later it was publicly proclaimed.

But still the Queen would not sign the warrant. Bernardino de Mendoza, then Ambassador at Paris, said she never would sign it. Special Embassies arrived from Scotland and from France to persuade her not to sign it. But that sort of interference with her domestic affairs was never to the liking of Queen Elizabeth, and she was forthright enough in her answers to please the staunchest ranter in her realm. But, even with this provocation, she would not sign the warrant. It was never easy to persuade her to count her personal danger as an affair of State, the possible loss of her life as a motive for State action. She was the least bloodthirsty of women and she was class-conscious. By signing the warrant, she, a Queen, would be killing a Queen. Above all, she was intolerant of intolerance whether it came from Papist or Protestant. Walsingham was almost at the end of his wits. He drew up a Discourse on "The Dangerous Alteration likely to ensue both in England and Scotland in case the execution of the Scot. Q. be stayed." He produced a list

of other plots against the Queen's life devised abroad. It is just possible that he invented one. It is also possible that he pestered her, she treated him with so much unkindness. He retired to his house of Barn Elms in such grief that it brought on an attack of the stone so violent that he was laid aside for months.

In the end, however, she gave way to the arguments of her Privy Council and the joint-petition of her Parliament. She had a final interview with Lord Admiral Howard, a Catholic of unblemished loyalty, on February 1st. When it was ended, she sent word to William Davison, her secretary, to bring her the death-warrant, and in his presence she signed it. She commanded him, then, to take it to the Lord Chancellor to be stamped with the Great Seal, and on his way to stop at Barn Elms and give the news to Walsingham. "The grief thereof," she explained with a grim smile, "will go near to kill him outright."

But even so she made a shift to avoid the responsibility of her signature. Walsingham was not merely to be shown the warrant. He was to join with Davison in writing a letter to Sir Amyas Paulet, who had charge of the Royal prisoner at Fotheringay Castle, urging him to find some way "to shorten the life of that Queen." To the modern ear the invitation sounds un-queenly. But it asked him to do no more than all the loyal gentlemen of England had pledged themselves to do when they bound themselves by the Oath of Association. Less, indeed.

The Bond of Association was in no way the work of Queen Elizabeth. It came into being after the Throgmorton conspiracy in 1584. Assassination had become in the eyes of Continental rulers an item of foreign policy. Cardinals plotted it, Popes blessed it, and the Prince of Orange had already met his death by it. So far Elizabeth had escaped by the watchfulness of her Ministers rather than by prudence of her own. "We and every of us," so the Bond ran, "calling first to witness the name of Almighty God, do voluntarily and willingly bind ourselves, every one of us to the other, jointly and severally in the band of one firm and loyal society."

They bound themselves not merely to serve and obey their sovereign but to pursue, "as well by force of arms as by all other means of revenge all manner of persons of whatsoever estate they be" that aimed at Her Majesty's life. They pledged themselves to the utter extermination of them. They devoted a special paragraph to the case of Mary Stuart. If an attempt at murder were made by any that have, may or shall pretend title to the Crown by the untimely death of Her Majesty, they would not merely disallow their succession but would prosecute such person or persons to their death. The declaration flamed through the land like a comet. Town and countryside

stumbled in their haste to acknowledge their debt to the great woman who for twenty-seven years had paced about her throne and never found a peaceful moment in which to rest upon it. The surly, disloyal Lords of the North sat apart in their great castles, the Dacres, the Percies, and the Westmorlands, hatching new murders, new treasons. For them, in the word of the Priest, England would never be merry England again so long as the Bible was read in English. But the new England which she had fostered was on fire to guard her, the new England which was familiar with comfort and prosperity and revelled in great undertakings; the England with the spirit of the sea; the England which was feared. It is the fashion nowadays to decry her as a creature of vanities and deceits and paltry shifts; to assign the triumph of her reign to the wisdom of her counsellors. But her own age knew her better. "Look at Elizabeth," cried Pope Sixtus V. "She is surely a great Queen. Were she only a Catholic we should love her dearly. See how well she governs! She is only a woman, only mistress of half an island, and yet she makes herself feared by Spain, by France, by the Empire, by all." So far from owing everything to her statesmen, she steered a wise course between the over-prudent diplomacy of Burghley and the aggressive pugnacity of Walsingham. As the result she held the hearts of her people in her hands, and she held them close to her own breast. There was never a happier name for a Queen of England than Elizabeth.

The Bond of Association was embodied within a few months in a legal Act by Parliament. But Elizabeth herself had modified it first. The right to kill must be preceded by a trial and, even after sentence was delivered, could only be used on Her Majesty's declaration.

Thus, when Davison called upon Walsingham with the death-warrant every condition of the Statute had been filled. Mary Stuart had plotted the Queen's death; she had been tried; the Queen gave her direction. Rough justice—lynch law made State Law, the hand of every man instead of the axe of the executioner and the formalities of the scaffold! No doubt, but murder is not a gentle thing, even when planned in a seminary and blessed by Christ's Vicar; and the Queen had the right in deciding the manner of Mary's death to consider what consequences might befall her realm. Mary was the widow of Francis II of France. The ignominy of a public execution might bring France and Spain together in an alliance to avenge her. Her private taking off might be slurred over, even as Drake's outrages in Spain had been.

So the letter was written to Sir Amyas. But Sir Amyas, though he had signed the Bond of Association, was too shocked to honour his signature. "It was an unhappy day for him," he wrote, "when he was required by his

Sovereign to do an act which God and the law forbade." It was a little late in the day for Sir Amyas to think of the shipwreck of his conscience.

"A precise and dainty fellow," said Elizabeth.

Whether even now she would have stayed the warrant, who can say? She was furious after it was acted on. She sent Davison to the Tower, where he remained until after the defeat of the Armada; and perhaps it was lucky for Walsingham that he had suffered this timely attack of the stone. He was "her Moor" when she was in the mood of affection, but she had threatened before now to "set him by the feet," and this time she might have done it. But the warrant was out of her hands. On February 1st she had signed the warrant. On February 2nd she asked for it back again unsealed. Davison told her that the Lord Chancellor had already sealed it. He sought the advice of Hatton, who took him to Burghley. Burghley summoned those of the Council who were near to his bedroom, where he lay chained by the gout. They met on the 3rd, and hearing from him that he would execute the warrant if he had their support, they supported him; and early on the Saturday morning of the 4th, Mr. Secretary Beale rode with it out of London. Mr. Beale rode fast—under orders—lest he should be overtaken and his mission be countermanded by the Queen, through the night, through the next day. He was wise to ride fast. But he should have ridden even faster and taken more time before he started. In the small company which rode with Secretary Beale northwards through the counties of Bedford and Huntingdon there was missing one grim necessary figure, the executioner from the Tower. In the fluster and hurry of departure he had been overlooked. Late on the Sunday night in the darkness the little cavalcade clattered through the village street at the gates of Fotheringay Castle and halted at the butcher's shop. Whether he served well or ill, the man who kept the shop must serve on the morrow. He served—not well; yet there had been worse bunglings on Tower Hill; and the sight of that lady as her maids took her black cloak from her shoulders on the scaffold in the great hall with the blazing fire and set her forth robed in scarlet from head to foot was terrifying enough to daunt the most practised hand. By the morning of Wednesday, February 8th, all was ready for the last scene of that tortuous unhappy life. Before noon she had played out her part with an unwavering dignity. Before nightfall every scrap of her clothing on which a drop of blood had fallen had been burnt in the great fire so that no relics might keep alive the legend of a martyrdom; the hearth was black, the hall dismantled, the butcher back in his shop; and all Europe waited in the stunning silence, as it waits now between the air-raid warning and the thunder of the raid.

Drake had no hand in these great matters. They were not within his province. He was the sword, not the hand which drew it from the scabbard. He remained at Plymouth, forbidden to continue his preparations with Don Antonio, and chafing, no doubt, at his inaction. Meanwhile the threatened storm did not break over England. Philip of Spain was squabbling with Pope Sixtus over the Papal contribution to the Enterprise. The Pope was probably the richest of the Continental Princes and he wanted security for his money. He would pay, but on the day when the Spanish troops set foot on the land of England. In France, Mary's champion was the Duc de Guise, and between the Duke and Henri de Valois there raged so great an enmity that a common understanding could hardly be achieved. The Duc de Guise proposed to avenge Mary Stuart's death by putting James of Scotland on the English throne. Henri de Valois and his mother Catherine were no partisans of that cold unlikeable King, who was prepared to do a deal with Elizabeth over his mother's execution and had not yet made a public subscription to the Catholic Faith. Moreover, in the south-west of France another Henri, the Bourbon King of Navarre, whose agent was high in favour at Elizabeth's Court, was complicating the web of French policy by his growing strength.

Philip's case, on the other hand, was clear enough. So long as Mary Stuart was alive the Enterprise of England was a vast and costly expedition to set upon the throne a woman to whom France was more dear than Spain. Moreover, he did not dislike Elizabeth. But for his priest-ridden bigoted conscience and the continual pressure of Santa Cruz, he might, for all we can know, have been more than glad to conclude a real peace with England. The death of Mary Stuart, however, altered entirely his point of view. A successful invasion would no longer mean the setting up upon the throne one who, in spite of being a Papist, might be his enemy the day after she had mounted it. It meant the possession of the throne purely and simply. Mary Stuart had bequeathed it to him in her Will. He could trace his descent from John of Gaunt. By Mary's testament, by his own lineage, by the force of his arms, England might become not that island kingdom which had so harried him and so extorted his admiration, but a mere province of the great Empire of Spain. It is not to be wondered at that reports reached not merely Walsingham through his spies, but the London merchants through their correspondents, of preparations quickened, soldiers assembled, and stores purchased from the ports of Biscay down to Naples. At some time during the summer of this year, 1587, Philip's Armada was to sail.

Unless its sailing could be delayed. The Queen and her Council turned to Drake at last. The English ports were closed so that no whisper of what was going forward might be heard abroad. Until half-way through March, even

London was in the dark. Walsingham in his despatches never breathed a word of it, so that even Mendoza in Paris could send no warning to his master. At Plymouth, all through the month of March, Drake was mobilizing a squadron; four men-of-war from the Royal dockyards, the *Lion*, the *Dreadnought*, the *Rainbow*, with the *Elizabeth Bonaventure* once more to fly the Admiral's pennant, and two pinnaces as their hand-maids; four tall ships contributed by the City of London; the Lord Admiral's vessel the *White Lion* with the little *Cygnet* pinnace to keep her company; and enough craft belonging to private merchants to bring the number up to thirty. William Borough, Clerk of the Ships, a great authority upon naval warfare, hoisted his Vice-Admiral's flag on the *Lion*; and in accordance with one of the many privileges of the City of London, Captain Robert Flick, Admiral of the London Squadron on the *Merchant Royal*, became Vice-Admiral of the whole fleet. Thomas Fenner, who had sailed as Drake's Flag-Captain to San Domingo and Cartagena in 1585, now commanded the *Dreadnought*, and the fourth of the Queen's ships sailed under Henry Bellingham. Of them only one, the *Dreadnought*, had a tonnage of less than five hundred, and the London ships were in equipment, seaworthiness and the quality of their officers up to the standard of the Royal Navy. Drake himself brought three ships and a frigate of seventy tons. With a fleet of this efficiency one would have thought that the General in the port to which he had given so bright a lustre would have found little or no difficulty in fitting it out for sea. He had his old shipmates to draw upon, his reputation for generosity to guarantee their good treatment, the splendour of his name to promise a triumph for the voyage. Yet some malicious influence was at work. As he enrolled his mariners they deserted, and not by twos and threes but in great bodies. Ten companies of soldiers were enlisted with Captain Anthony Platt as Lieutenant-General and Captain John Marchant as his Sergeant-Major; and no doubt Drake insisted upon the observance of the rule which he had first put in force at Port Saint Julian, that the soldiers must hale and draw with the mariners.

Drake's ships were ready on the 1st of April and his instructions in his hands. The swift march of events had given to the expedition quite a new complexion. Don Antonio was no longer even so much as an excuse for it. That unfortunate man, as he saw his throne of Portugal for the second time swept out of his reach, sulked in his dingy lodging at Stepney and threatened, under his breath to be sure, to ask for his passport. Sir Francis Drake's Commission, as set forth in a despatch by Walsingham to the English Ambassador at Paris, was "to impeach the joining together of the King of Spain's fleet out of their several ports, to keep victuals from them, to

follow them in case they should come forward towards England or Ireland and to cut off as many of them as he could and impeach their landing, as also to set upon such as should either come out of the West or East Indies unto Spain or go out of Spain thither."

This was a Commission wide enough to satisfy even so tempestuous a venturer as Sir Francis Drake. He could choose his moment of attack and his object, and he could seek them in whatever seas he would. To help him he was given authority to commandeer any English ship with which he fell in upon the voyage. Was this the limit of his powers? He would hardly have shipped a thousand soldiers if it had been. There was a final direction upon which Walsingham set great store. "He was particularly directed to distress the ships within the havens themselves." San Domingo and Cartagena had taught Drake the value of a small well-trained land-force which could be secretly thrown ashore and take the haven by the flank.

Towards the end of March the fleet already assembled was ready. Drake waited only for the four tall ships from the City of London; and he waited in a fever. Messengers were still going backwards and forwards between Parma and Elizabeth. The Queen still hoped somehow out of these untimely dealings to force an authentic peace. At any moment up there on the Hoe there might appear a rider on a horse white with foam bearing an order countermanding all. But the London ships sailed into the Sound on the last day of March, and early on the morning of the 2nd of April the anchors rattled up to the bows, and with a fair wind, at the head of his twenty-three ships, Drake put out to sea on the most memorable of his expeditions. His ships were well found; he had the freest hand that a leader could wish for; he sat in his cabin, and as the great bay widened out wrote a letter to Walsingham, a paean of anxieties ended and victories to come: "Let me beseech your honour to hold a good opinion not of myself only, but of all those servitors in this action, as we stand nothing doubtful of your honour. The wind commands me away. Our ship is under sail. . . . Let me beseech your Honour to pray unto God for us that He will direct us the right way, then we shall not doubt our enemies, for they are the sons of men. Haste! From aboard Her Majesty's good ship *Elizabeth Bonaventure*, by him that will always be commanded by you and never leave to pray to God for you and all yours."

He sent the letter ashore in a pinnace belonging to the Port and set his course south-west for Ushant. His departure was just in time. The rider on the foam-flecked horse galloped into Plymouth on the same day. Drake was allowed to go, but his powers were shorn. The provision on which Walsingham set such great store was struck out.

"You shall forbear," ran the new order, "to enter forcibly into any of the said King's ports or havens; or to offer any violence to any of his towns or shipping within harbouring, or to do any act of hostility upon the land."

A pinnace was despatched with dutiful speed to overtake Drake. But, fortunately for England, the pinnace belonged to Hawkins. Though Drake sailed with a fair wind, the pinnace following on the same course met with an adverse gale. There were blind eyes before Nelson's day. The pinnace never caught Drake's squadron, but as a solace it picked up a prize "worth five thousand pounds and better."

Drake, unaware of any new restriction upon his freedom of action, held his course, and before the day was out had added to his squadron two ships of war from Lyme. On April 5th he was abreast of Cape Finisterre, but there the weather broke. A gale scattered his fleet, and ten days passed before it reassembled at the given rendezvous of Cabo Roca, a promontory to the north of the Tagus. Drake had the good fortune whilst waiting at this cape to intercept two ships on their way home from Cadiz to Middelburg. He learnt from them of a great concentration of big ships and supplies in the harbour of Cadiz. All the galleons and galleasses which Philip could build in his States of Italy or buy or borrow from his reigning neighbours then put into Cadiz on their way to Lisbon. There they took in their food and guns, their ammunition and ropes and tools, all that they were wanted to contribute to the Enterprise. When they were ready, or as ready as Spanish things were wont to be, they were grouped in convoys and sent off round Cape St. Vincent to Lisbon. But meanwhile Cadiz was choked with them.

An attack on Cadiz, the destruction of the galleons and their stores gathered there, "the impeachment in fact of the joining together of the King of Spain's fleet out of their several ports," lay thus in the very front of Drake's first instructions. He set every sail that his ships could carry and, leaving the slower and smaller vessels to follow as their speed served them, approached that harbour on the morning of the 19th. Whilst he was still out of sight of land, as in duty bound by the regulations of the Navy, he called on board the *Elizabeth Bonaventure* a council of the ships' Captains. It will be remembered that such had been his practice when he was sailing round the world, before he was a Queen's officer. But his councils were not of the kind customary in the Royal Navy. His habit was to listen without argument to each counsellor's advice and then to announce his decision. Unless time pressed; when that happened he announced his decision straight away without the preliminary courtesy of listening to everyone else. In neither case was there any debate.

But this was not a council as William Borough, a veteran sailor, cradled in red tape, understood the word. He was shocked when Drake announced at once his intention to attack Cadiz that afternoon. Cadiz was a fortified town. It had besides a squadron of guardships to protect it. To decide to attack it without the proper criss-cross of debate and a vote taken was contrary to wisdom and to custom. Besides, no rules for the action had been drawn up. You could not fight a naval action until you had drawn up rules for its conduct. Drake had one rule and thought it sufficient. The other ships were to follow his, and do as he did. They would get their orders from his signals in a particular emergency. Admiral Borough returned to the *Lion* fearing the worst. There is no reason to charge him with disloyalty to his chief. It was a case of the age-old antagonism between tradition and novelty, the Royal Academician and the Impressionist, the champions of the wooden ship and the inventors of the steel ship, the cavalry diehards and the tank school, the old sailors who wanted to grapple and fight a land battle at sea and the new sailors who put their faith in the weather-gauge. Borough defended his point of view afterwards in London, but had the honesty to admit, "albeit things happened reasonably well."

There was certainly a good deal to be said for a plan of action more formulated than Drake's. But neither he nor Borough had personal knowledge of the Port of Cadiz, and the overwhelming victory which was won could not have been won without the swift improvisation which was the secret of Drake's success. "Something must be left to chance," Lord Nelson wrote on board H.M.S. *Victory* off this same port of Cadiz, two hundred and twenty years afterwards, "nothing is sure in a sea fight beyond all others."

At four o'clock on the afternoon of April 19th, Drake on the *Elizabeth Bonaventure* led his ships into the harbour of Cadiz. He had behind him the four great galleons of the Queen's Navy, the four London vessels and such others of his fleet as had managed to keep up with him.

An examination of the admirable chart which Borough made of the Port and of the positions of the ships engaged will enable the lay man to follow the battle with ease. The entrance to the harbour faces west, the seaward arm consists of a great spit of land of varying widths and height which bends to the south towards its end. At the very end by the column of Hercules a battery was placed. The old town of Cadiz stood up on the top of a cliff at the joint where the tongue of land begins to bend to the south. It was protected by an inefficient castle, the Matagorda, and a more efficient battery on the harbour front. Two great shoals guarded the entrance to the harbour—Las Puercas on the Cadiz and El Diaman on the northern side—opposite to an inlet, Port St. Mary, where stood the house of the Duke of Medina-

Sidonia, the Governor of Cadiz and afterwards the Commander-in-Chief of the Armada. Between these two shoals the entrance into the harbour lay, and ships sailing in must pass to their anchorage within range of the guns of the second battery. Beyond the city, the spit of land at that point called Puntales bellied out towards the mainland and made a narrow neck to a second inner harbour, shallow, strewn with rocks, and dangerous to any ship without a local pilot. In the north-west corner of this inner harbour there was yet another inlet and another small basin, Port Royal.

As Drake sailed in he could see in front of him a mass of sixty ships, ships of war, troopships, Dutch hulks to be used as victualling ships. Some were already loaded with biscuit, wine, oil and dried fruit, some were in the process of being loaded, many were without sails—their sails had been taken on shore to keep the sailors from deserting—and nearly all were waiting for their guns. A little to the south-east of this mass of ships, and therefore closer under the batteries of Cadiz, lay a cluster of small barks and caravels. Amidst the big ships and the small the appearance of this unexpected squadron from nowhere created a natural anxiety. They waited whilst two oared galleys, the small guardships of St. Mary's Port, put off to enquire who the newcomers were and what was their business. They did not have to go alongside to get their answers. They received a salvo from Drake's guns which sent them scurrying back as fast as the damage done to their masts and hulls allowed. At once dismay spread through the anchored ships. The dismay increased to a panic as a great ship of a thousand tons from Ragusa already loaded and armed with forty brass guns was caught under Drake's broadside and sunk. Cables were cut, some of the smaller barks made away through the Puntal passage into the inner harbour and the protection of Port Royal; a few escaped to Port St. Mary; but the mass of them, ships with sails entangled with ships without sails, drifted helplessly, sheep rather than ships, and sheep at the mercy of the big bad wolf.

There were, however, ten galleys under the command of Don Pedro de Acuña lying close under Cadiz; and these put out to intercept Drake's fleet. They put out in line abreast. Drake left the four ships from the City of London to deal with the sheep, and forming the four Queen's ships in line ahead led them across the bows of the galleys. This manœuvre became famous in nautical tactics as crossing the T. As each ship in line ahead crossed the bows of the enemy in line abreast, it poured the full weight of its broadside upon an opponent who had only its bow guns with which to reply. Acuña's galleys endured the onslaught once, but once was enough. Seven of them fled behind the Puercas reef, two escaped through the Puntal passage to Port Royal, and one was driven on shore in flames. Drake was left master

of the outer roads. He brought his main fleet to anchor amongst the Spanish ships, the *Bonaventure*, the *Lion* and the *Rainbow* in a position to ward off any attack from the galleys. He sent forward the *Merchant Royal* with the smaller vessels and pinnaces to anchor outside the range of the Cadiz batteries and guard the Puntal entrance into the inner harbour. He had taken thirty vessels, five of them great ships from the ports of Biscay. Of these, four were already filled with provisions for the fleet at Lisbon, and the fifth, a galleon of a thousand tons, had a cargo of horse-shoes, iron bands for water-casks, nails, marlinspikes. All these five he looted and fired. Ships fitted out with sails he kept, amongst them three flyboats of three hundred tons apiece and a bark of two hundred and fifty tons. That night he destroyed more than ten thousand tons of shipping, all destined either to supply the Armada or to fight as part of it. The ships in flames drifted on to the shoals and made the harbour light as day. According to the Spanish account, Drake cost the King of Spain twenty-four ships and three-quarters of a million pounds; and the Spanish accounts underestimated the Spanish losses with the enthusiasm of a Dr. Goebbels.

Vice-Admiral Borough was anxious to call it a day and be off. He was not lightly to be blamed. Although in the harbour of Cadiz the sea is smooth, the winds blow from the north across the flat land with a bitter violence. The space is small, and for a fleet of big ships manœuvring is dangerous and difficult. On the other hand, for small galleys it is admirable, and there were seven of them safe from Drake's attack behind the Puercas reef. Moreover, the main body of the fleet was within the range of the city's batteries.

Drake, however, had not done. In the inner harbour, and not very far from the mouth of it, a great warship of twelve hundred tons lay at anchor. She belonged to Santa Cruz himself, and no doubt was to fly his pennant on that proud day when the might of Spain sailed out from the Tagus. Amongst the crews of the captured ships there had been talk of her magnificence, of the calibre of her guns and the splendour of her equipment. Drake would hardly have been Drake had he found this lure one which he could resist. He gave orders that the fleet should lie quiet with its lanterns darkened throughout the night and expect his orders in the morning.

But at the very break of the morning he got the *Bonaventure* under way, and sailing past his fleet dropped his anchor just astern of the *Merchant Royal*. There were two of the galleys from Cadiz anchored off Port Royal at the bottom of the harbour, but an attack from them had to be risked; and from his knowledge of the dilatory Spanish could be safely risked. He transferred his flag to the *Merchant Royal*, and with his pinnaces following

him dashed through the Puntal passage and made for Santa Cruz's great ship upon his port beam.

How quickly he worked may be understood from the behaviour of the outraged Vice-Admiral Borough. This was not the way in which battles were fought by the Queen's Navy. No consultation of Captains, no orders drawn up; the Flagship sliding past the fleet in the early morning on a private adventure. Such irregularities had never been heard of before. Vice-Admiral Borough ordered out his pinnace and followed Drake, ordering each ship as he passed it to get under way and make for the open Roads. He went alongside the *Bonaventure*. There was no Drake there. He carried on to the *Merchant Royal*, which was lying again at her old anchorage with the pinnaces about her and in the midst of them Santa Cruz's great ship, a splendid prize. But Drake was already gone from the *Merchant Royal*. The unhappy Vice-Admiral returned to the *Bonaventure* and then found that Drake had come aboard.

Of the interview between the two, each has given his account; and to such extremes did the natural antagonism grow between these two representatives of different traditions that neither can be accepted without hesitation. Borough, said Drake, "in some trembling sort," exposed to Drake the perilous position of the fleet, and demanded that it should set sail without delay. Borough, who was on his defence, declared that he was in a hurry to consult his Commander-in-Chief about the transference of stores from the Spanish ships. Although the ships provided by the London Companies were all completely found for six months, the Queen's ships were only victualled for three. We should take the edge off that scornful phrase "in trembling sort," and we should add a great anxiety that the work of transference should be quickly done to Borough's request about the stores.

Drake, however, had not yet gutted the galleon of Santa Cruz, and that good work must be complete and the ship herself blazing before he saw the last of the Puntal passage. Borough returned accordingly to the *Lion*, and to Drake's surprise, drawing out of line, made for the harbour mouth. He gave as his reason that a gun had been moved down from the Cadiz battery to a point whence it commanded his ship and that he had already received one shot on the water-line and had a gunner wounded. As the distance between the Lion and the other Navy ships widened, Don Pedro de Acuña took heart behind the Puercas reef and led out his seven galleys to cut the isolated vessel off. Drake at once sent the *Rainbow* and five of his merchant ships to the rescue. With these reinforcements Borough drove the galleys away and then anchored them all close to the mouth of the harbour. It is not to be denied that this position was well chosen. For it was impossible now for

Pedro de Acuña to attack either division without having the other on his back; and Drake was content to leave Borough's manœuvre without a comment.

By midday the galleon of Santa Cruz was drifting where it would, an empty hulk in flames. Drake formed his remaining ships in line ahead behind him and gave the order to sail. The order had hardly been given before the wind died away and the whole squadron was left becalmed. It was the Spaniards' opportunity. Through the night soldiers who should have been marching overland to Lisbon had been diverted to Cadiz. They moved the guns of forts down to sandhills and beaches which gave them clearer objectives and a closer range. They seized upon their own barks sheltering under the town, converted them into fire ships and sent them drifting with the tide upon the motionless enemy. "We were not a little troubled," an unidentified combatant wrote, "to defend us from their terrible fire, which, nevertheless, was a pleasant sight for us to behold because we were thereby eased of a great labour which lay upon us day and night in discharging the victuals and other provisions of the enemy." The galleys advanced once more, but were once more forced to retire by the broadside fire of the English ships. In spite of all these difficulties, Drake continued his work of destruction as long as the tide was flooding and the ships he set fire to would drop away from his own on to the shores of Puntales or the shoals of the inner harbour. At two o'clock in the morning the north wind began to blow again over the flats. Drake set sail, and joining Borough's division swept out of Cadiz Roads. "Thus by the assistance of the Almighty and the invincible courage and industry of our General, this strange and happy enterprise was achieved in one day and two nights," the same enthusiastic combatant wrote, "to the great astonishment of the King of Spain, which bred such a corrosive in the heart of the Marquess of Santa Cruz, high Admiral of Spain, that he never enjoyed good day after but within few months (as may justly be supposed) died of extreme grief and sorrow."

One can hardly accept the naïve supposition that Santa Cruz died of a heart broken by the loss of his fine galleon. It is safer to believe that this swift and brilliant dash upon Cadiz did actually put off the sailing of the Armada for a year and gave to England, so invariably unready, an invaluable year of preparation. It was not only that fighting ships and provision hulks and the provisions with which they were loaded were destroyed. But Philip's whole time-table was disarranged. Soldiers who should have sailed on transports from Cartagena and Cadiz must now march overland to Lisbon. Ships from Genoa or the Sicilies, which were to pick up their stores at Cadiz, must now wait in their home ports until at some harbour fresh

supplies were accumulated and a guard provided which could cope with the devil-man Drake.

The breeze failed again as soon as Drake was clear of the harbour, and what were left of the galleys came out "as it were in disdain of us to make some pastime with their ordinance," but a slant of wind enabled Drake to turn back towards the harbour and thereafter he was left in peace. He rode for the rest of that day in sight of the town, completing the revictualling of his ships from the half-dozen prizes he had taken out with him and giving his crews a rest after their hard work. He sent in under a flag of truce to the Commander a proposal for the interchange of such English prisoners as he had rowing in his galleys for the Spanish prisoners which he had taken. The Spanish Commander replied, with presents of sweetmeats and many compliments on Drake's seamanship and bravery, that he had no English prisoners at all; and Drake, after setting fire to the flyboats and hulks which he had taken out, sailed away to the west.

Spain is a country of long memories. I who am writing this book was cruising in the Mediterranean in the year 1915 as an officer under Admiral Sir Reginald Hall of the Naval Intelligence Division; and I could not but be aware of a special unfriendliness to the English shown in many quiet ways by the Governor of Cadiz. In the end he was asked with the due courtesies, why. The Governor received the question with profound astonishment that anything so inevitable should not have been understood; and he exclaimed with an incredulity which his good manners could not quite conceal, "Have you forgotten Drake?"

So strong was the hold which in that year before the Armada Sir Francis had established upon the imagination of Spain that his vanishings caused as much dismay as his irruptions. He had disappeared from Cadiz. Whither? On what business of Satan's? Philip at Madrid thought that he could answer that question. In a few weeks the gold fleet would be due at the Azores, and unless it came safely home, even next year there would be no Armada sailing up the Channel. The Pope was obdurate, the bankers of Lombardy and Augsburg and Frankfurt had already too much of Philip's paper unredeemed upon their hands, the gold fleet was a necessity and Drake was after it. Santa Cruz at Lisbon was bidden to interrupt his labours, man what ships of war were ready and hurry off to reach Terceira before Drake arrived. Santa Cruz replied that he had no ships ready. Ships which should have concentrated on Cadiz and moved together to Lisbon were now held up at Cartagena, at Genoa, at Naples. Those already at Cadiz were either burnt-out shells or cowering off Port Royal. Stores were destroyed, sailors were lacking, soldiers who should have sailed round Cape St. Vincent to Lisbon

must now march overland. But Philip was wrong. Drake had learnt at Cadiz that Recalde, a veteran sailor of conspicuous worth, was cruising with eight ships off Cape St. Vincent to keep the sea-road to Lisbon safe, whether from the Levant, the Moluccas or the West Indies. Drake hoped to fall upon him by surprise. Santa Cruz, aware of Recalde's danger, sent a frigate to call him back to Lisbon, and by the time Drake reached his cruising-ground, Recalde had gone.

The commanding position of Cape St. Vincent was quickly apparent to the Englishman. Supplies from many ports in the Mediterranean were streaming past it to the Tagus. There was no spot whence he could better fulfil his Commission and impeach the joining together of the King of Spain's fleets out of their several ports. But he must have a base on land where he could land his crews and clean out his ships. For already disease had begun to cripple his crowded fleet. He sought it first of all in the Bay of Lagos.

On the very point of Cape St. Vincent stands, and stood, a great monastery. It was built on the edge of a high precipitous cliff, it was fortified, and for further protection was neighboured by the Fortress of Valliera. Just to the east of the point and between it and Cape Sagres lay a small bay. On Sagres, where now stands a signal-station, there rose a strongly built and well-armed castle. East of Sagres again curved the Bay of Lagos with a small seaport in the recess to the south-east. The key to this position was the castle of Sagres. It was in appearance almost impregnable. For on three sides the cliffs fell sheer from its walls a hundred feet to the sea. Only by the small neck of land on the north side could it be approached; and here high battlements and towers barred the way. The likelihood of a successful onslaught on this stronghold might well have seemed too slight even to Drake. To Borough it was midsummer madness.

A little more mad than otherwise, no doubt, because he learned of it first not from the mouth of the General but from the talk of the officers of the *Bonaventure*. On April 29th the fleet was hove-to sixteen miles to the north of Cape St. Vincent in the Atlantic. Recalde, answering without delay the summons of Santa Cruz, had slipped away with his eight ships into the safety of the Tagus. The pursuit of him had failed. Borough, accordingly, went aboard the Flagship to consult and advise on the next movement, and there overheard the officers discussing an assault upon Sagres. It must have sounded to Borough's ears a sudden and desperate shift to compensate for the escape of Recalde. But, as was generally the case with Drake, if the idea was an inspiration, the plan was prepared with a thoughtful accounting of his resources. In this instance he had indeed made provision for a rebuff.

Like many masterful people, Drake kept his schemes to himself until it was too late to dispute them. But they were not improvised. His error lay not in the scheme but in the leaving of his Vice-Admiral out of his confidence. Rear-Admiral Flick, who commanded the London squadron, might no doubt have nursed a grievance too. But there is no sign that he did. For one sufficient reason, he was a soldier. But Borough was in a different category. He was by career an officer of the Royal Navy and had reached high rank. "I have served in place as I do now—" he wrote in his protest to Drake "Admiral of the Sea unto the now Lord Admiral of England." He should have been given his voice, even if the advice he gave was refused. But Drake had lost something of the comradeship which had distinguished him in the days of the Nombre de Dios expedition. He was still ready to draw and hale with the mariners, but with greater responsibilities and resounding success had come an arrogance of mind which was inclined to disregard some of the useful amenities. He told Borough what he was going to do, and Borough, after returning to the *Lion*, drew up a protest and sent it to the Flagship. It was long; it covered the whole expedition. There were no councils; the enemy was approached in a haphazard disarray; Her Majesty's ships exposed to the swift manœuvres of galleys—Borough set too much stress both on the offensive capacity of these small vessels and on the valour of the Spaniards who manned them. As for the attack upon Sagres, his own land-officers had warned him that with a couple of guns and a hundred men the castle could be held against all comers. He ended with a prayer that his protest should be taken in good part as the discharge of his duty towards Her Majesty and the Navy.

The respect with which the protest was written did nothing to allay Drake's anger on receiving it. He sent for Borough, and in the presence of his Flag-Captain complained first that he, Borough, accused him of negligence, and secondly that he instructed him like a tutor. He took his command away from him, ordered Captain Marchant the Sergeant-Major to take over the *Lion*, and sent Borough back on board his ship under arrest. It is an unsatisfactory passage in Drake's career. He could have sent Borough home in one of the smaller ships and the Vice-Admiral would not have had much ground for complaint. But to put him to the shame of an arrest was unjust.

The truth is that the shadow of Doughty overhung the dispute. Borough was afraid that he would be executed as Doughty had been. Drake on his return to London expressed a regret that he had not used Borough in just that way. The dread of mutiny, the natural opposition of the two characters—the one prudent, timid, moored to rules and regulations, the other eager,

resourceful, a maker of new strategies—and the recollection of the danger which had brooded over Port Saint Julian, drove Drake into a delusion that treachery was again on foot.

Drake returned immediately, and doubling Cape St. Vincent and the point of Sagres landed a thousand soldiers at the dawn of May 4th on the beach to the west of Lagos, meaning to make that small seaport the base of his attack. But, as Borough had argued in his protest, there could now be no hope of a surprise; and the troops, after marching a few miles to take the port from the rear, came up against new fortifications so strongly built that without artillery there was no prospect of overpassing them except at a loss which Drake could not afford. He re-embarked his men without loss, and the next day landed them again, but in the Bay of Belixe. A quick scramble from the shore brought them to the Fort of Avilera, from which the garrison fled to the stronger castle of Sagres as he approached. It was not entirely a drawback that Drake's presence on the coast was known. He was the devil's magician and his name cleared the land before him as it emptied the seas. But at the castle gates he was brought to a halt. He had on this day eight hundred men and again no artillery. In front of him rose the castle, a place of turrets and towering walls, of cannon and loopholes for the musketeers; and the only approach to it was by a neck of land no more than two hundred yards wide. Drake sent forward a small platoon of his best marksmen. They were received with an erratic volley of cannon-shot which did little harm but pegged them to the places where they stood. The difficulties, however, had been foreseen, and whilst his musketeers kept up a continued fire on the loopholes and embrasures, Drake himself with a picked company hurried forward to the massive wooden gates, carrying faggots and pitch wherewith to fire them. This was one of the occasions by which Drake grappled to himself the hearts of the men he led and gave them stories to tell in later days by their firesides or in the alehouse, which lit them with a share of his splendour. He might be a braggart amongst his fine friends at Whitehall, a tower of intolerance to those who disputed his authority. There was even a touch of meanness in the resentment with which he pursued them. But he asked none to undergo great danger whilst he shirked it, none to break their backs and crack their sinews in an extremity of physical effort without himself excelling them. He had the strength of a man at a fair, an undaunted spirit and a deep sincere trust in the protection of God. For two hours he laboured with the rank and file against the gate, building up the great faggots, pouring on the pitch, lighting it and lighting it again. All the craft of his musketeers could not mask every loophole. Two men were killed outright at his side and many wounded; and then from the castle a trumpet

rang out and the firing ceased. The garrison requested a parley. A lucky shot had killed their Governor and they were prepared to surrender on honourable terms. The terms were granted, the garrison marched out, the castle of Sagres had fallen, and with the castle the monastery on Cape St. Vincent and the Fort of Valliera which adjoined it. For both surrendered without a blow. He burned the monastery and Fort Valliera, and razed to the ground the Fort of Avilera. He toppled the cannon over the cliffs into the sea, and all that were left unbroken after that rough experience he took up into his own ships.

Drake was master of the Cape, and whilst his ships in turn took in fresh water and gave the crews their ease, the rest swept the seas far and wide. There was a tunny-ground beyond Lagos on which Philip was depending to stock his Armada with salt fish. Fifty fishing-boats worked the ground, and Drake destroyed them all with their nets. A like number of caravels, laden with tools, iron bars, staves for making casks and iron hoops to bind the staves, all bound for the great Armada, were captured and burned. For a week the work went on; and then, at one o'clock in the afternoon of May 9th, Drake set sail again, rounded the Cape and made for Lisbon. Whether he intended a swift raid on the galleons against its quays, or a reconnaissance for future use, or merely an act of bravado, he confided to no one. But he appeared at the mouth of the Tagus on the 10th and, passing within, anchored his fleet in the bay of Cascaes. There he rode in full view of St. Julian's Castle where Santa Cruz had established his headquarters and sent out his pinnaces to stop and destroy every little coasting bark which was bringing its cargo of supplies. He had, as he said, singed the King of Spain's beard at Cadiz; he was now tweaking Santa Cruz's nose. But he tweaked it prudently. All along the Quay beyond St. Julian's Castle rose the forest of tall masts—the eleven big galleons of Portugal, others from Guipuscoa whence the Captain-General Don Miguel de Oquendo, a brave and vigorous sailor, had sent them, Recalde's squadron, a galleasse belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, twenty-seven ships of war in all. A temptation, no doubt, but a prize beyond his reach.

A few miles inland from Cascaes the Tagus has a bar, and there are now, as then, no more than two narrow channels across it. On the south side the Torre Viejo guarded one, and that one the most difficult. The main passage ran along the northern side and directly under the guns of St. Julian's Tower. From its roof you could, as the saying goes, toss a biscuit on to a passing ship. If the bar was safely crossed, the entering ship was in the river, but straight ahead of it rose the strong Fort of Bethlehem. It is known as Belem now, and the river sand has so silted that one can walk dry-shod from the shore to its terrace. But it stood then in the centre of the fairway, a solid

tower of stone mounted with heavy guns; and beyond Belem ranged the shore batteries. The Port of Lisbon was no place for Drake's fleet, even if his crews were newly come fresh and strong from the fields of Devon. He stayed at his anchorage and waited through a calm for an attack by the harbour galleys. But no attack came. Santa Cruz knew his business as well as Drake knew his. His big ships were without guns and crews and sails, his galleys were no match for the Queen's ships or the merchant vessels from the Port of London. "Twelve of Her Majesty's ships," wrote the Flag-Captain Fenner, "will make account of all the King of Spain's galleys in Spain, Portugal and all his dominions within the Straits, although they are a hundred and fifty in number."

So Santa Cruz remained quiet in his high tower whilst Drake chased his cargo boats ashore and burnt them up in Cascaes Bay. Tiring of this pastime, Drake sent in a proposal to exchange prisoners for the English galley-slaves. It was the same proposal which he had made to the Captain of the galleys at Cadiz, and he received the same answer. Santa Cruz had no English galley-slaves. Drake had put a further question. Did King Philip intend that year to make war on England? Santa Cruz replied gravely to that question. The King of Spain did not; he was not provided for war. At this point in the exchange of courtesies Drake's good manners went by the board. In effect, he said that he had heard that one before and that he would now sell his Spanish prisoners to the Moors and buy back the English out of the galleys with the purchase money. In addition, he dared Santa Cruz to come out and fight him if he was a man, and behaved very much like a schoolboy in a rage. By this time ship-captains on the coast were avoiding the mouth of the Tagus as if it were the mouth of the Acheron. There was little more that he could do at Lisbon "to impeach the joining together of the King of Spain's fleet and to keep victuals from them," and since a fresh breeze blew out of the north that evening, he called in his pinnaces and put out to sea.

Philip, when he heard of Drake's disappearance, had but the one explanation in his mind—the one agitating, alarming explanation. Somewhere out on the high seas between the West Indies and Seville the gold fleet was sailing with a cargo of sixteen million gold ducats, of which four million were consigned directly to the King. Drake, without a doubt, was off to the Azores to intercept it. The galleasses from Naples should by now have reached Cadiz. Medina-Sidonia was instructed to send them on with the galleys under the orders of the Count of Santa Gadea to join hands with Santa Cruz at Cape St. Vincent. Santa Cruz was ordered to embark the troops which had marched overland from Cadiz and Cartagena on the Portuguese galleons and, taking them and Recalde's squadron, to link up

with Santa Gadea's ships. The whole fleet should then follow Drake to the Azores. But a few days later Philip was able to draw a breath of relief and countermand all these hurried instructions. For Drake himself was back at Cape St. Vincent. The visit to Lisbon had even more completely persuaded him of the strategic importance of that strong point. Whether to swell the Armada to its necessary numbers or to equip it, ships from the Levant, Spain's possessions in Italy, from Venice, from Cartagena, and Cadiz must round those high steep cliffs; and on the top of them sat Drake, Spain's nightmare, the monarch of all he surveyed. "We lie between home and the rest of the King of Spain's ships," Fenner, his Flag-Captain wrote, "so as the body is without the members and they cannot come together." Nor was that particular impeachment the whole of the advantage. The rich galleons from the Portuguese colonies in the East, Java, the Moluccas, Goa, the Cape of Good Hope, must all pass Cape St. Vincent on their way to their home port; and the eyes at Madrid which were always strained towards the Azores would never lose their anxiety so long as Drake could suddenly vanish from his fastness in the black of the night.

There is no doubt that he planned to hold it in permanence, as he had once dreamed of holding that other Cartagena on the Spanish Main. It was the better device, being by so much the nearer to England, and he wrote to Walsingham pleading for reinforcements and supplies so that he might retain it.

"As long as it shall please God to give us provisions to eat and drink and that our ships and wind and weather will permit us, you shall surely hear of us near the Cape St. Vincent, where we do and will expect daily what Her Majesty's and your honours will further command. God make us all thankful that Her Majesty sent out these few ships in time. If there were here six more of Her Majesty's good ships of the second sort, we should be the better able to keep the forces from joining and haply take or impeach his fleets from all places in the next month and so after, which is the chiefest times of their returns home; which I judge in my poor opinion will bring this great monarchy to those conditions which are meet."

This letter he wrote on May 17th. He had not, of course, the secure harbour of Cartagena in the West Indies, but he was better off than he would have been in Lagos Bay. He was sufficiently protected by the Cape from westerly winds, and if it blew hard from the south-east he had but to pass round the Cape to find smooth water under its lee.

Ever since his return to Lisbon he had been busy putting his crews ashore by relays, emptying and cleaning his ships, and tending the victims of scurvy and the wounded. He prepared, too, certain ships to carry the worst

cases home, varying his preparations with an attack by his vessels of lighter draught on a squadron of galleys at Lagos, and the destruction of a fishery base in that neighbourhood by a landed force of his soldiers. He was making good the promise in his letter, "You shall surely hear of us at Cape St. Vincent," and then suddenly—things did happen suddenly with Drake—he was heard of no more at Cape St. Vincent. On the 22nd of May he despatched homewards the ships detailed for that purpose, with the casualties and his letters; and himself sailed off into the blue.

To the Azores, cried King Philip, and this time King Philip was right. But it was not the gold fleet of which Drake was in search; or so the story runs. The greatest ship in all Portugal was King Philip's own. Her name was the *San Felipe* and she ran for her owner's profit on the lucrative East Indies trade. Laden with a heavy cargo, she had wintered at Mozambique on her homeward voyage. But information had reached Drake that she was now high up the west coast of Africa and heading for the Azores. Her home port was Lisbon, but that she should lay her course so far to the west of it was no more than natural prudence in her Master. Drake's presence at Cape St. Vincent was widely known and the *San Felipe* would be certain to give him a wide berth. In this present year of 1940, ships sailing from the Straits of Gibraltar to England have raised the islands of the Azores above the skyline before they have borne away for the Channel to avoid hostile submarines in waiting off the seaboard of Spain. The story has the further persuasion that Drake, like his good friend Walsingham, took a good deal of trouble to be well informed. Whether it was the strength of Nombre de Dios, or the best landing-place at San Domingo, or the presence in the inner harbour of Cadiz of Santa Cruz's galleon, Drake knew of it in time to make his profit of his knowledge; though by what means the whisper of the approach of the *San Felipe* came to his ears it is difficult to understand. The fishermen of Cascaes may have been expecting the great carrack, may even have mistaken the *Elizabeth Bonaventure* for it. One can only guess. But, if he was in search of the *San Felipe* and nothing more, why should he take with him his whole fleet, why should he leave Sagres unguarded to fall again into Spanish hands? And at the very moment when he was sending to Walsingham a prayer for reinforcements? It is more probable that he was misled into a belief that the gold fleet was nearing the Azores a month before she actually did, and hoped to secure that and the *San Felipe* in the same swoop.

Within a month, however, the problem of the retention of his base at Sagres was taken out of his hands. For on the day after he left the Cape a storm of unusual ferocity smote him and dispersed his ships. It raged for

three days, and when the wind abated, the *Elizabeth Bonaventure* herself was so damaged that but for that abatement she must have sunk, and there were only nine others in her company. Of the rest, some were lost, and the most running northwards before the gale reached the harbours of England, but none rejoined him, not even the vessels from the Port of London. He was left, however, with the fighting backbone of his fleet, the three remaining Queen's ships, the two pinnaces attached to them, the *Spy* and the *Makeshift*, and four big galleons belonging to private owners. With these he held on his course, repairing the *Elizabeth Bonaventure* as he sailed. He had fortunately all his masts standing. But he was to lose another of his squadron before the day was past, and one of the best. The wind was blowing from the south and the sails of a big ship were sighted to leeward. Drake ordered the *Lion* and the *Spy* pinnace which were on his leeward bow to bear away and intercept her. But the stranger was beating southwards, and as her hull was raised she was seen to be an English ship. Drake thereupon signalled to the *Lion* to rejoin him, but the order was not obeyed. The *Lion* lay hove-to and the *Spy* drew alongside of her. After a little while, one man jumped down from the big ship on to the pinnace, which then stood up towards the squadron. The *Lion* bore away, and spreading her sails to the south wind disappeared over the horizon. The one man who had sprung down on to the deck of the pinnace was the Sergeant-Major Captain John Marchant, who had superseded Borough as Captain of the *Lion*.

For a month now Borough had been kept under arrest upon the *Lion*, dreading each day that he would suffer the shameful death of Doughty. He had used the time, according to Marchant, in seducing the officers and men from their allegiance. But whether that was true or not, when Drake's signal to rejoin the fleet was made, all on board the *Lion*, from the Master downwards, with the exception of Marchant, refused to obey it. They pleaded that they were short-handed, that those who remained to man the ship were crippled with disease, and that they were without water or food. Water they might be lacking—it was the constant deficiency—but food, no! The Queen's ships were provisioned for three months only, it is true, but at Cadiz, during the last week of April, Drake had so replenished the stores of all the ships under his command that they could keep the seas for six months. Marchant had endeavoured to keep the men to their duty, but they answered him that they would rather stand to the Queen's mercy in England than lose their lives under Drake abroad; and he, seeing that all argument was useless, had preferred to abandon his ship to deserting his Admiral.

Mutiny was to Drake the crime of crimes. He summoned a council of his Captains, empanelled a jury and tried the deserters in their absence. It is

needless to add that they were all found guilty and that Borough and his principal officers were formally sentenced to death. Drake had now only nine ships, but they were as formidable as the Muses and he held on with them. On the morning of June 8th, sixteen days after he had left Cape St. Vincent, he sighted the highlands of St. Michael, and towards evening was near enough to distinguish a large ship from the shadow of the land. With no knowledge whether she was merchantman or ship of war, Drake ordered the *Rainbow* to fall behind and cover the two pinnaces which had dropped astern. During the night he went forward in the *Elizabeth Bonaventure*, but made little headway since the wind dropped. At dawn, however, it blew again from the south, and sailing bye and full towards St. Michael's Island, he saw the big stranger coming away to meet him. He had not covered more than three miles, when he knew from her build and her sails that she was a great Portuguese carrack. It was without a doubt the *San Felipe*. The two ships, sailing on a soldier's breeze, quickly closed the distance between them, the carrack without a suspicion that she was approaching an enemy. She flew her ensign in friendly innocence, dipping it again and again. "But we," as an eyewitness on the *Bonaventure* described the scene, "knowing what she was, would put out no flag until we were within shot of her." Then the *Bonaventure's* men dressed their ship with streamers and pennants and the red Cross of St. George over all, that there might be no doubt to what nation she belonged. "Which done, we hailed her with cannon-shot," the eyewitness continued; "and having shot her through divers times, she shot at us." By this time the rest of Drake's squadron was coming up fast, and a flyboat on one side and a pinnace on the other manœuvred so as to lie across the *San Felipe's* bows. The carrack shot at them, but her guns were too high and the shot passed harmlessly over their heads. The Spaniards were to suffer heavily the next year from that same high emplacement of their batteries. The *Bonaventure* now closed in to lay the carrack aboard, whilst the other ships "plied her hotly," and she having had six men killed and many badly wounded, hauled down her flag and surrendered.

No mistake had been made. She was the *San Felipe*, "richly laden to our happy joy and great gladness." Indeed, of all the prizes which Drake had captured there was none to compare with this. She carried many hundreds of tons of spices and gums from the Moluccas. Chests of rare china and porcelain were piled in her holds; with bales of velvet and silk and such a store of bullion and jewels that she was valued for her cargo alone at just fifty pounds less than a hundred and fourteen thousand pounds sterling. By this one capture, the expedition to Cadiz had been made not merely a crippling stroke to Philip's power and ambitions, but a most profitable

adventure. For the loan of her four warships and her two pinnaces, Queen Elizabeth received forty thousand pounds. Multiply by ten, add that she paid not a farthing towards the wages of the officers and crews or their food, and it will be seen that she came very well out of the business. It is said that, like Oliver, she asked for more but with less reason, using as her argument that it was her ship, the *Elizabeth Bonaventure*, which actually took the prize. Drake's share was seventeen thousand pounds, and for three months' work that cannot be said to be a bad return. A portion of her cargo showed for the twentieth time how far in one respect Drake was ahead of his century. His tenderness with the blacks and humbler races had no doubt, in Darien, at San Domingo and other places in the West, brought him profit by the hundredfold. But it was a natural tenderness, not an item of policy. Diego of the Cimaroons he kept with him as his servant till he died. There was an aged negro brought on board the *Golden Hind* from the ship of Gregorio Alvarez off Paita whom Drake insisted upon manumitting, until the old fellow dropped upon his knees and implored to be sent back to a dying master as old as himself. On the *San Felipe* four hundred negroes were prisoners, bound for the slave-markets of Spain and Portugal. Drake not merely set them free. He dealt most favourably with them "and gave them one of his flyboats to go whither they wished."

But on board the *San Felipe* there was found treasure of greater worth than spices or rare china or bullion or negroes. In his voyage round the world, Drake had secured for England certain trading rights and privileges from the King of Ternate; and soon after his return a beginning had been made towards establishing an East Indian trade by the Muscovy Company. Now the papers on board the *San Felipe* revealed for the first time the details of the vast monopoly exercised by the Portuguese, its organisation and its profits. From these papers sprang the East India Company of London, and those who are accustomed to traduce Drake as a mere freebooter on a great scale might think again and wonder whether without him the Imperial Crown of India would ever have rested on the head of Queen Victoria.

The *San Felipe* was captured upon June 9th. A return to Cape St. Vincent was now out of the question. Drake had no longer the necessary ships nor sufficient men in good health properly to handle what he had. He had written for reinforcements to Walsingham. But it was not Walsingham who would decide whether they should be sent or not. It was obviously wise that Drake should return home himself, add his personal prayers, more persuasive by reason of the *San Felipe's* treasure, to those of Walsingham, and lead a new and revitalized fleet back to the Peninsula. He set sail accordingly for the

Channel and anchored in Plymouth Sound on the 26th of June, three months after he had sailed out from it.

Mr. Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister of England, speaking of the Royal Air Force in the last days of August, 1940, said: "Never was so much owed by so many to so few." There are no words like monosyllables to drive home a truth as a hammer drives home a nail; and no Englishman will gainsay him. But the expedition of Drake to Cadiz comes very close to earning the same gratitude from the same countrymen. It was brilliant in the swiftness of its improvisations, startling in its success, and, if it did not save England, it gave her an absolutely necessary year in which to prepare her own salvation. It required military genius to discern the value of Cape Sagres, military courage to make the hazardous onslaught and to carry the day. Never were general instructions given by a statesman to a commander more completely fulfilled. At no point can we say with Borough that Drake was rash and took risks with Her Majesty's ships of war which he had no right to take. Drake had learnt his enemy and was justified of his learning. His swift appearances and disappearances increased the terror of his name. When he appeared, the battle was already more than three-quarters won. When he disappeared, the hush of suspense took his place and did his work. Policy, not bravado, led him up the coast to flaunt his flag and destroy the shipping at the very mouth of Lisbon. Here was Santa Cruz, the great Admiral, in his castle of St. Julian! Here were twenty-seven ships of the Invincible Armada which was to burn Elizabeth at the stake in the front of St. Paul's and endow England with the blessings of the Holy Inquisition. Yet here too was Drake, burning ships instead of heretics and daring Santa Cruz to come out and fight him like a man. Ships stayed in their ports for fear of him. Soldiers who should have sailed in convoys tramped in long slow marches overland. It is not to be wondered at that in Spanish eyes he was an incarnation of the Devil with a familiar and magic mirrors and all the paraphernalia of the witches to assist him. But he was just an Englishman with a great trust in himself and a greater trust in God, who, by the path of drudgery and mistakes recognized and corrected, and his own native skill polished to an edge, had raised himself to greatness. When he set out from Plymouth on April 2nd, the Armada was to sail for the invasion of England during that summer. Off Lisbon, Drake had stopped a Portuguese bark carrying letters from Santa Cruz to his friends abroad. In one of them that fierce old fire-eating Don wrote that the King had made proclamation that he would to England this year, and would not leave one alive of mankind above the age of seven. But when Drake dropped his anchor in Plymouth on June 26th, there was no talk in Spain of the invasion of England. Santa Cruz,

under the orders of King Philip, was tumbling the soldiers as they arrived from their long marches into his galleons and setting out on a wild-goose chase to save the gold fleet at the Azores.

A sentence written by an enemy as generous as he was expert, and quoted in the notes to the Naval Tracts of Sir William Monson, may well conclude this chapter. Captain C. Fernandez Duro wrote in his "Armada Española" of Drake's campaign: "With reason do historians maintain that there is not in the annals of England an expedition comparable to it."

CHAPTER XVII

The Cadiz Expedition disapproved in London. Preparations for the Armada. Naval Strategy. Drake's Command.

ROBERT LENG, of whom nothing is known beyond his name, served under Drake in this voyage to the coasts of Spain and wrote a short narrative of the proceedings. Something of a Euphuist, he ends with a high-flown passage from which one phrase may for a moment be rescued from oblivion. He coined an alternative to envious courtiers. They were "boasting salivators"; and amongst boasting salivators Sir Francis Drake found himself upon his return to England.

It was galling. If ever he had deserved recognition for swift and invaluable service to his country, it was now. But he was received coldly. The party of Spain was uppermost in the Queen's favour. A Commission was on the point of sailing for Flanders, there to arrange an armistice as a preliminary to a treaty of peace with Parma, who, for his part, only thought of peace as a silence brooding over the ashes of England. But a belief that a real give-and-take peace was possible was at this time strong in the Court and the Council. There was wishful thinking in those days as in ours. Burghley himself probably shared it. No doubt the news of the havoc and destruction which Drake had wreaked on Spanish preparations and Spanish ships had confirmed the belief. "The truth is," a Venetian Ambassador declared, "that he has done so much damage on these coasts alone that though the King were to obtain a most signal victory against him, he would not recover one-half the loss he has suffered." Therefore, so the argument ran, Philip, through his Viceroy Parma, would be the more eager for a treaty. Only, Drake and his exploits must not be mentioned, must not be supposed to have had any influence in persuading Philip. Therefore the cold shoulder for Drake.

But there was another difficulty. Whilst the expedition to Cadiz might well be the great persuasion, it was also the great obstacle. Owing to the reluctance which Elizabeth always, and Philip up to the date of the death of Mary Stuart, had felt to enter upon an open state of war, a curious interpretation of the grounds for war had grown up in both countries. It was not a cause for war if Philip seized English sailors and travellers and burnt them as heretics or sent them to the galleys and confiscated English ships. On the other side, it was not a cause for war if English privateers retaliated

by capturing Philip's galleons and the fine cargoes they carried. They might raid the gold fleet or even hold to ransom Spanish towns, and it would not mean war, so long as those towns were in the Indies or in one of Philip's colonies. It would not mean war, again, if Philip connived at the assassination of Elizabeth or strove to provoke a rebellion by the Catholics; as it would not mean war if Elizabeth by secret payments kept the Netherlands in a flame, or by the same means prompted France to attack Spain or financed and lent ships of war to Don Antonio to establish his claim to the throne of Portugal. But there must be a sort of decency about it, an admission of grievances and an excuse. Philip could plead that the Holy Office was independent of his control, as Stalin nowadays asserts that he is not responsible for the Comintern, and with just as much truth. Elizabeth, on the other side, could maintain that it was natural that her sailors should exact a return for the wrongs done to them without taking her into their confidence.

But there were none the less things which must not be done. Elizabeth could not accept the crown of the Netherlands without open war, and she had refused it. She could not enter the ports by force or occupy the land of Spain proper without open war following, and that is just what Drake had done.

At once the partisans of Spain were loud in their censures. Sir James Croft, the Comptroller of the Royal Household and the chief of the Commissioners who were to negotiate the peace, went so far as to accuse Drake of defrauding the Queen of her proper share of the profits and of using the stolen money to suborn the officers of her Navy. Most were content to say that he had overstepped his authority and that the landing on Spanish soil must be officially disallowed.

There is some doubt about the extent of Drake's authority. It is an odd circumstance that the actual Commission and the instructions given to Drake under the Queen's hand have disappeared. Borough, in the protest which he sent to Drake before the attack upon Sagres, had asserted that the Lord High Admiral had forbidden any landing. Certainly Drake had Walsingham's authority. But it is not impossible that Walsingham, who had some touch of the Jesuit in his nature, had added that instruction that Drake should distress the King of Spain in his own havens, knowing that the seed would fall on ground very likely to produce a harvest, and hoping to bring the Queen's hesitation to an end by a flagrant act of war which could not be gainsaid.

But, if not gainsaid, it could be officially disallowed; and this is what happened. In July of that year, Burghley wrote to Andreas de Loo in Flanders:

"I bethought myself that you would think I had not answered one great scruple mentioned in your letter, by the Duke of Parma remembered, which was that he misliked greatly the actions of Sir Fr. Drake, doubting that they might alienate the King's mind from the inclining to peace; whereunto this answer ought to satisfy you to be delivered if hereafter the Duke shall reiterate that scruple. True it is, and I avow it upon my faith, Her Majesty did send a ship expressly with a message by letters, charging him not to show any act of hostility before he went to Cales: which messenger could never come to the place where he was. . . . And so unwitting, yea, unwilling to Her Majesty those actions were committed by Sir Fr. Drake for the which Her Majesty is as yet greatly offended with him."

There was never a genuine sympathy between these two great figures of a great reign, Burghley and Drake. For each lacked what the other had, and was the worse for the want. Burghley had the true Foreign-Office spirit, as alive today as it was in him; that over-finical respect for the letter which insisted on allowing Italy, the self-declared enemy to be, to secure a year's invaluable stock of oil because she had not yet gone through the form of recalling her Ambassador and making an open declaration of war. Just in the same way, Burghley disapproved of the attack upon Cadiz and the capture of Capes Sagres and St. Vincent. Though those two actions broke down Spain's preparations for a twelvemonth and put off for that incomputable period the attempted invasion of England, they were not correct, they were unmannerly, they must be disavowed. For a little time there had been, it is true, some show of cordiality between the two men. But it had not lasted. Nothing was more offensive to Burghley than braggadocio, and Drake's taunts and challenges to Santa Cruz, as he cruised unmolested at the mouth of the Tagus, were mere indiscreet brags and opprobrious words, "whereby the King of Spain's indignation hath been aggravated without the especial benefit of Her Majesty or any diminution to the Spanish greatness." "Treat 'em rough," was not to be found in any Spanish phrase-book in Burghley's library.

For Drake, then, in this summer of the year before the Armada, there was in Spain terror, respect, a deep admiration; in England there was the cold shoulder. His ships were to be paid off. He was to lead no reinforcements back to Cape St. Vincent. He was to be explained away with apologies. He was not even to have, what he dearly wanted, the execution of Borough.

Whether his exasperation at the treatment which he was receiving drove him to an unusual bitterness in this affair, as it has been suggested, we have no clue to resolve. It may be. He was never a bloodthirsty man. His gentle consideration of the ladies expecting babies at Venta Cruz, his conduct at the

island of Mocha, and indeed the whole voyage of the circumnavigation of the world, are ample proofs. It may also be that the recollection of Doughty and all that happened in that grim, desolate harbour of Saint Julian, lay ever like a cloud on his brain, warping his nature, diminishing him so that any occurrence which bore the least likeness to it stung him to a fury. Certainly he pursued Borough with the animosity of a man avenging a personal affront rather than punishing an infringement of duty.

On July 25th he presented himself at Burghley's house, "Theobalds," where the Queen was paying a visit. He took down with him a casket of jewels from the *San Felipe* as a present for the Queen, and particulars of his charge against Borough. It was the day after Burghley had written the letter from which a quotation has been made to Andreas de Loo. It is not surprising, therefore, that his accusations were not immediately accepted. It is doubtful, indeed, whether Drake was by Naval Law entitled to take the high action which he had taken. He could supersede Borough and send him home to face such proceedings as the Crown in Council should decide. But to try an officer of Borough's rank in his absence by summary court-martial and to sentence him to death was to make a precedent which was not covered by naval tradition or naval article. Burghley took the matter in hand himself. A good many accusations were bandied backwards and forwards. Drake charged Borough with cowardice, mutiny and desertion. Borough brought up the execution of Doughty and Drake's flight from St. John de Ulua. It helped Borough's case, no doubt, that the immediate cause of his arrest was his written protest against the attack on the castle of Sagres, which had been disallowed on Burghley's advice. But it was an unedifying quarrel between the old traditional official and the bustling new Elizabethan, with neither of them at his best. In the end the trial was disallowed, as the capture of the four forts on the Cape St. Vincent had been. Borough went back to his old office chair as Clerk of the Ships, and was subsequently promoted to be Controller of the Navy. Neither he nor Drake was satisfied, Borough because his acquittal was not made public. But Burghley was wise. Drake would be needed again. Borough got back the job which he could do very well, and the less said the better.

Drake went home to Plymouth and paid off his ships. But a grain of hope was left to him. The Queen's ships went back to their moorings in Gillingham Reach, but the thirteen which he still had under his command were not to be dispersed. He was to keep them together ready for service if the negotiations with Parma should come to nothing. So the summer dragged through. In Spain the preparations for the invasion went with a more leaden foot than even Philip's. Santa Cruz was still away, searching for

Drake in the Azores. Corruption and incompetence ruled at Lisbon; soldiers died of starvation on the quays. And anxiety died down in England—anxiety, but not vigilance. The Queen's ships swung to their moorings in Gillingham Reach, but they were good ships, and Hawkins, the Hawkins of St. John de Ulua, now Treasurer of the Navy, saw to it that they were kept good. When, a few months later, the fleet was mobilized, Lord Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral, could write to Burghley:

"I have been aboard of every ship that goeth out with me, and in every place where any may creep, and I do thank God that they be in the estate they be in; and there is never a one of them that knows what a leak means. . . . There is none that goeth out now but I durst go to the Rio de la Plata in her."

Apart from the seaworthiness of the ships, mobilization was now a swift and orderly procedure. It was known, of course, that Parma had assembled a great number of flat-bottomed boats in which to ferry across his soldiers to Harwich, or some convenient port; and if there was fear in England at all, it was of those Veterans, who had learned their trade on the battlefields of the Netherlands and compared with whom the English troops, train-bands and feudal levies were little better than amateurs. Sir Henry Palmer, however, at the head of a compact squadron of nine small ships, kept watch and guard in the Narrow Seas, and was thought a sufficient protection. In the west lay Drake with his thirteen ships—a problem for Elizabeth almost as great as he was for Philip. How was he to be used? Drake himself had never a doubt how best he could be used, but for the moment he was the bad boy in the corner. And he was left there until the autumn, partly because it was known that the corner was just at that angle in the west which made him a constant and disturbing threat to Philip in Spain.

This state of affairs suffered a sea-change at the end of September. Santa Cruz, after chasing the wraith of Drake round the Azores and losing ships to no purpose in the chase, reappeared battered and tempest-worn off Cape St. Vincent. At Lisbon he made his report to King Philip. Nothing was ready. His galleons needed a great deal of refitting before they could go to sea again. The squadron of Biscay was still at San Lucar, whither it had gone to pick up its stores. The Enterprise of England must be deferred.

The ear of the King, however, was held at that moment by Alonzo de Leyva, an impetuous soldier with little knowledge of the sea. Santa Cruz was ordered sharply not to make unnecessary difficulties and to get to sea as quickly as energy and goodwill could manage it. Elizabeth countered by once more bringing Don Antonio out of his retirement. The revival of Don Antonio was not to interfere with the negotiations for an armistice with

Parma. A private venture was to be organized by Drake and his friends with the support of the Queen behind the scenes. Reports from the coast of Portugal spoke of the discontent prevailing there. Lisbon was to be taken, Don Antonio to be enthroned, and Drake was to raid the West Indies again to pay for it all. The scheme, though approved by Leicester and Sir Walter Raleigh, was still no more than a skeleton when it became known that the Armada was definitely to sail, ready or unready, before the end of December; and at some date not exactly known in the month of November the Queen gave the order for the mobilization of the fleet. On December 21st, Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham, whose father had been Lord High Admiral before him, was assigned, made, constituted, ordained and deputed to be "our Lieutenant-General, Commander-in-Chief and Governor of our whole fleet and army at sea now fitted forth against the Spaniards and their allies." The next day Howard went on board the *Bear* and wrote to Burghley that he had that day begun to take in the four weeks' victuals which the ships were allowed. The weather had been so tempestuous that no lighters could lie alongside, but "in two or three days all things will be in readiness." He was delighted with the look of his crew. "Here is a very sufficient and able company of sailors as ever were seen," but since they were short of clothes —there were no uniforms in those days—he asked that they should be paid a month's wages in advance. It is well to emphasize Howard's contentment, so much blame has been spilt over Queen Elizabeth on the ground of her parsimony and delays. Between some date in November and December 21st the fleet, which had not been on a war footing before, had been so completely mobilized that there was nothing left to get on board but the victuals. As the victuals were only supplied for a period of four weeks, they were the last stores to be hoisted in, and but for the bad weather that work would already have been done before Howard took up his Commission. A comparison between this quick mobilization and the tardy preparations at Lisbon becomes a high tribute to the efficiency of the Queen's dockyards and the excellence of the Naval Administration.

Let us see what the ships were on that date. Sixteen were stationed at Queenborough, with the *Bear* flying the Lord Admiral's pennant. Three of them, the *Bear*, the *Triumph* and *Elizabeth Jonas*, carried crews of five hundred men. The *Victory* and the *Ark Raleigh* carried four hundred each. The *Mary Rose*, *Lion*, *Elizabeth Bonaventure*, *Vanguard*, *Dreadnought* and *Rainbow* were complete with two hundred and fifty men apiece. All these were great ships carrying cannon, culverins, demi-culverins, long eighteen-pounders, probably the most useful guns in the fleet, and small quick-firing batteries of minions and sakers. Besides these eleven, the *Foresight*,

commanded by Frobisher, had a crew of one hundred and sixty, whilst the *Merlin*, *Sun*, *Brigandine* and *George* needed no more than thirty men each.

Patrolling the Narrow Seas under Sir Henry Palmer, there were nine warships, of which two, the *Charles* and the *Moon*, were pinnaces. The other seven, the *Antelope*, *Swallow*, *Bull*, *Tiger*, *Tramontana*, *Scout* and *Achates*, carried crews varying in number from a hundred and sixty to sixty.

But, in addition, there were lying at Portsmouth the *Hope*, the *Nonpareil*, the *Advice*, and at Queenborough, but set apart from Lord Howard's fleet, the *Revenge*, *Swiftsure* and *Aid*. These six ships, carrying a thousand and eighty-five men between them, were to proceed to Plymouth with the pinnace *Makeshift* and become the spear-head of a second fleet under Drake. Drake was to have, besides, six London galleons, the *Edward Bonaventure*, *Roebuck*, *Hopewell*, *Galleon Fenner*, *Golden Noble* and the *Merchant Royal*, and experience had shown that the London ships were in fighting capacity and equipment on a par with the great ships of the Royal Navy. Behind these, in a second line, were the *Griffin*, *Minion*, *Thomas*, *Bark Talbot*, *Spark*, *Hope*, *Bark Bond*, *Bark Bonner*, *Elizabeth Founes*, *Unity*, *Elizabeth Drake* and *Bark Hawkins*. As their names show, these barks and frigates were the property of private owners which had been lent or requisitioned for the Queen's service. Five hulks to carry his surplus stores brought Drake's independent command up to thirty sail, with a total paysheet of two thousand nine hundred men.

And what was he to do with them? Set Don Antonio on his throne? That unfortunate gentleman was once more moved to the back row. It began to look as if the *pas seul* were never to be executed by him. Drake was given, two days after Lord Howard had been appointed Commander-in-Chief, a Commission upon much the same lines as the last one. He was to impeach the junction of Philip's fleets and distress him in his havens. There was no ambiguity about his authority this time. If the Armada had sailed when he reached the coast, he was to send a swift vessel home with the news and delay it by any possible action which would not endanger his fleet. Drake at once sent off the *Makeshift* pinnace to spy out the Spanish coast, and got to work "by torch and cresset" at night, as well as by day, to fit out his ships. He had been given unusual powers to detain what ships he needed, if they carried contraband for the enemy; and on January 20th, 1588, he did so detain five hulks belonging to the King of Sweden which were carrying stores from Lisbon for Parma's men. Meanwhile the Queen's ships from the Chatham yard and Portsmouth had not arrived at Plymouth, and, before they did arrive, once more the kaleidoscope was shaken and visions of peace took shape distinctly enough to half-persuade the Court. Sir Edward Stafford,

Elizabeth's Ambassador in Paris, sent home a despatch that disease and desertion had between them so ravaged the Armada that the Enterprise of England was to be abandoned. Drake had quite other news from the Swedish ships, but he could make no headway against the Spanish party. And even Drake could not pretend that Philip's orders to sail before the end of January had any likelihood of fulfilment.

Within a fortnight of the end of the mobilization, half the crews of the ships were ordered their discharge, and by January 18th they were paid off. This measure, too, has formed the text of how many sermons on Elizabeth's meanness and instability. All of them are unjust. The letters of the Lord Admiral to Burghley upon the subject of this order are in themselves enough to give her detractors pause. He does not accept Stafford's statement. He thinks that it may be a device of the King of Spain to make the English careless. "But if it is true, it is the preparation which Her Majesty has made, that is the cause." He wishes that Her Majesty had spent a thousand crowns to get herself good intelligence. But there is nothing of alarm, nothing even of surprise. He asks for good notice when the time comes to furnish the fleet again with men as they were—"I do not look to see it ever bettered"—and he suggests that if three or four ships are added to Sir Henry Palmer's squadron they will be sufficient to stop any attempt that the Duke of Parma might make, independently of Philip, upon Scotland. For the rest, it grieves him to see Her Majesty "at more charges than is needful."

It was not indeed so much a question of expense as of the well-being of the men. A ship of a thousand tons, like the *Bear* or the *Triumph*, carried a full complement of five hundred men. Even granting that the thousand tons of those days might be reckoned at twelve or thirteen hundred, she would still be heavily overcrowded. Add the absence of sanitary appliances or any form of cold storage or canned vegetables and fruit, and the necessity of reducing the number of the crew at the first possible moment is obvious. It was bad enough when the ship was out on the high sea and a steady wind was blowing through the port-holes. Even with all the care Drake took to set his men on shore and sweeten his vessels, disease took a heavy toll of his men. Moreover, beer, which formed a recognized ration in the feeding of a man-of-war's crew, had a way of going sour. The remedy was to re-brew it, but it seldom got a second brewage, and was drunk sour. Assume, then, that the ships were not upon the high seas, but stretched out in a line along a sheltered anchorage like Gillingham Reach, without leave given or fresh food taken on board until the four weeks were up, there could be but one result. The food rotted and the men rotted with it.

But though the crews of the ships were halved, the ships themselves were kept on a war footing. Drake was ordered to let the King of Sweden's hulks go, but to keep the rest of his squadron together. The six Navy ships joined him early in February, and again, by day and by night, he docked and tallowed them and got them ready for the fight. It was whilst he was thus engaged that news came that Santa Cruz, worn out with overwork and disheartened by his long and useless cruise to the Azores, had died at Lisbon in the castle of St. Julian. Philip had had two great Admirals, Pero Menendez, who invented the Indian Guard and once planned to make a base on the Scilly Isles, as Drake had done at Cape St. Vincent; and next old Santa Cruz who had saved the day at Lepanto.

"*Flavit Deus et dissipati sunt*." Thus ran the legend on the medal struck to commemorate the defeat of the Armada. "God sent a wind and they are scattered." The words are true, but only literally true. No greater error could be made than to read into them an explanation. The wind blew and the ships were scattered, but they had been defeated first. And they were defeated by English seamanship. This incontestable fact makes it interesting, if idle, to speculate how the Grand Fleet, as in its own country the Armada was called, would have fared if either Menendez or Santa Cruz had lived to command it. Would it have passed up the Solent, left a rearguard to hold the Needles passage, flung its nineteen thousand trained soldiers on shore at Southampton, and then, with the main body of its ships, made a screen from the Nab towards the French coast against the English ships, whilst Parma sent his veterans across in his flat-bottomed boats? Some such stroke and the Catholic rebels might have risen, the Fifth Column of those days, and England have been put to a harder ordeal than she suffered. That she would have won is not to be doubted. The spirit of victory was a steady flame in every town and village, every homestead, every heart. But the battle would have been more arduous than it was. As it happened, a man quite ignorant of the sea led the Grand Fleet to Calais sands and threw away the only chance of invading England. It cannot recur, so long as England retains her courage and her competence.

For whilst the defeat of Spain established in England its most invaluable claims—freedom of creed, freedom of trade, freedom to occupy unoccupied lands beyond the seas and to impart to them her just and honourable code—the long process of defeating Spain brought with it the knowledge how to keep those rights. Naval strategy, as we understand it now, had its beginnings during these pregnant years. Its foundations were well and truly laid by one man, Sir Francis Drake, in these early winter months of 1588 eating his heart out in idleness at Plymouth. Naval strategy, in times of

peace, seeks to secure positions which will be an advantage in times of war. It has for its end, as that great authority Captain Mahon wrote, to found, support and increase the sea-power of the country. Drake understood it at Cartagena. He proved it at Cape St. Vincent. Time and again, he and Tom Fenner, his Captain, wrote home, stressing the advantage of that station and imploring reinforcements that they might keep it. They were before their time, that is all. Cape St. Vincent was the forerunner of all the posts from Gibraltar to Shanghai which make the oceans a pathway for British ships. Of naval strategy in war, the first principle is to seek out the enemy's fleet at the first moment on his own coasts and destroy it. It was the principle which Nelson established in the eighteenth century, but Drake asserted it in this year of 1588.

Let us see! Through the month of January, Lord Howard of Effingham lay off Queenborough, without orders and without information. Towards the end of the month, whilst his pride in his ships and the crews which had manned them was as high as ever, he was so sick of heart at his idleness that he asked for himself and his brother-in-law, Henry Seymour, and Lord Sheffield, Captains respectively of the *Triumph* and the *Victory*, that they should be relieved of their command. At their moorings they would be a jest to many. With their forces diminished they were as much good for service as the hoys which lay at Lion Quay below London Bridge. Hawkins emphasized Howard's prayer in a letter which might have been written a few months ago:

"If we stand at this point in a mammering and at a stay, we consume and our Commonwealth doth utterly decay. . . . We have to choose either a dishonourable and uncertain peace, or to put on virtuous and valiant minds, to make a way through with such a settled war as may bring forth and command a quiet peace."

Did anybody but the Queen, and perhaps Burghley, believe that any good could come out of negotiations with Parma? On February 14th, Howard was writing to Walsingham: "I hear for certain that the Duke of Parma hath now gotten a great number of mariners together and his ships full-rigged and victuals and all in, so it is like the next wind that is fit for them they will attempt something."

His protests and those of his colleagues had not been spoken to ears altogether deaf. Lord Howard was not relieved, nor were his friends, but a proposal which he had made on January 24th was adopted. The squadron of Sir Henry Palmer patrolling the Narrow Seas was strengthened and Lord Howard was put in charge of it. His duty was to escort the Peace Commissioners to Flushing, to keep an eye on the Duke of Parma's

collection of transport boats and hoys at Dunkirk, and by a naval demonstration of England's sea-power to persuade him to the genuine acceptance of a treaty.

At noon, accordingly, on February 21st, Howard, flying his pennon on the *Ark*—a fine ship which Sir Walter Raleigh had built and sold to the Queen—led out the *Elizabeth Bonaventure*, the *Golden Lion*, the *Vanguard*, the *Mary Rose*, the *Dreadnought*, the *Swallow*, the *Foresight* and Howard's own galleon the *White Lion*. His enthusiasm and confidence returned with the wind in the sails and the open sea. He wrote lyrically home to Burghley: "I protest before God and as my soul shall answer for it, that I think there were never in any place in the world worthier ships than these, for so many. And as few as we are, if the King of Spain's forces be not hundred, we will make good sport with them." But he is certain that the Armada is coming. For he had fallen in with two French ships from Spain which reported wonders of the Spanish army and that upon pain of death every man must be ready to sail by March 25th. Four other great ships had been promised to him, and if he could only have them in time, he would make the King of Spain wish his galleys at home again. Sir William Winter, who commanded the *Vanguard*, wrote in the same strain to the Officers of the Queen's Majesty's Admiralty: "Our ships doth show themselves like gallants here. I assure you it will do a man's heart good to behold them; and would to God the Prince of Parma were upon the seas with all his forces and we in view of them; then I doubt not but that you should hear that we would make his enterprise very unpleasant to him." Did Winter feel a twinge of the gout as he wrote these lines "in the Downs, the wind at East by North"? For he adds with a sudden lapse into sorrow that Parma is going to keep him from the baths of Bath, where he had meant to seek his health at the beginning of May.

At the end of February the Peace Commission passed over to the Netherlands and began its vain negotiations. But report after report was sent on to London, showing that they were the merest screen for hiding Philip's preparations. Thomas Fenner, for instance, now Captain of the *Nonpareil*, returned to Drake at Plymouth from a cruise along the French coast, and had got from a Portuguese living at Nantes an exaggerated account of the number of ships and soldiers and the amount of provisions assembled at Lisbon for the Enterprise. Of more value was the statement he quoted of Captain Coxe, who had taken a pinnace to the coast of Spain and sighted there a great number of flyboats. For Drake sent forward his explanation to Walsingham with Fenner's letter. The flyboats were Parma's, and they

carried not merely provisions to Lisbon but the Dunkirk pilots who were to guide the Armada up the English Channel.

In that note, Drake uttered the first hint of the new strategic plan for the conduct of the Navy. It was a mistake to send "the smaller sort of our shipping daily upon acts of reprisal." They did little good and only fell victims to big men-of-war or little fleets of flyboats. Fenner, for his part, was wishing that all Drake's fleet was down upon the coast of Spain. "We rest here, a great number of valiant men," and even when they were bidden to go, they would want a month to get their ships victualled.

On the 9th of March, Howard learned at Flushing that Santa Cruz was dead, but that the work on the Armada had not been stayed. He left Flushing the same day to cross to Margate, and there met Frobisher of the *Foresight*, who had spoken with two ships out of Lisbon. They had reported that March 15th was the day appointed for the Spanish fleet's departure for Coruña. "Sir," he wrote to Walsingham, "there is none that comes from Spain but brings this advertisement," and complains that the refusal to let Drake move would breed grave trouble.

Messages of this kind, coming hot one upon the other, did at last arouse the Queen and her Ministers to look the facts squarely in the face. A plan of campaign had been provisionally drawn up by the Council, and it was proposed that this should now be put in action. Sir Henry Palmer was, as before, to patrol the Narrow Seas, and the Lord High Admiral was to take the main fleet to Plymouth. This station he was to keep until the Armada passed him. Then he was to follow her up-channel whilst Drake sailed with a squadron to raid the coasts of Spain and a further squadron attacked the Azores. The plan was inevitably, to a man of Drake's eager nature, as bad as inexperience and tradition could make it. Its basic principle was defence, not attack, and it split the fleet into four separate divisions instead of welding it into one tremendous weapon. Some time in March, Drake was informed of the plan. He was ordered to organize and lead the raiding squadron which should ravage the coasts of Spain and make a landing in Portugal, after the Armada had left its harbour and whilst it was fighting to land its troops and Parma's troops on the shore of England. Not by such a frittering away of power had San Domingo or Cartagena been won, or would England be saved.

Drake had been given little consideration during the last months. Burghley was no admirer of either his manners or his methods, and though Walsingham remained his staunch friend, Walsingham was out of favour. Thus Drake had not been called upon for his advice. But he was the greatest navigator of his age, and if he claimed to be heard, he could not be denied.

He did so claim. On March 30th he wrote from Plymouth to the Lords-in-council very modestly, begging them to hear his poor opinion with favour and to judge of it according to their great wisdoms. Then quite simply and logically he put his argument:

"If Her Majesty and your Lordships think that the King of Spain meaneth any invasion of England, then doubtless his force is and will be great in Spain." The more solidly that force is built up in Spain, the easier will it be for the Prince of Parma to invade England with his troops. "But if there may be such a stay or stop made by any means of this fleet in Spain, that they may not come through the seas as conquerors—which I assure myself, they think to do—then shall the Prince of Parma have such a check thereby as were meet."

Attack, in other words, was the best defence—a familiar idea to us who live after Nelson's day, but brand-new then, minted new from the brain of a man who all his life had been learning, not from books, but from his own triumphs and rebuffs.

"To prevent this (i.e. the Spaniards coming through the seas as conquerors) I think it good that these forces here should be made as strong as to your Honours' wisdoms shall be thought convenient, and that for two special reasons. First for they are like to strike the first blow, and secondly it will put great and good hearts into Her Majesty's loving subjects . . . for that they will be persuaded in conscience that the Lord of all strength will put into Her Majesty and her people courage and boldness not to fear any invasion in her own country but to seek God's enemies and Her Majesty's where they may be found."

Concentrate, seek the enemy on its own coasts, and strike the first blow! Not one section of the fleet waiting for the passage of Parma's soldiers, and a second section waiting until the enemy had sailed triumphantly past, and a third section waiting merely to raid an unprotected coast, and a fourth waiting to attack his outlying islands. Here was the first real comprehension of sea-power expressed in the roundabout phraseology of the day, a little cumbersomely no doubt, for Drake had a heavy pen—and a good deal more devoutly than we should expect in an appeal to a Cabinet now, but clear as can be in its premisses and its conclusions.

It was too new for complete acceptance. But it stirred the Council to some profitable doubts as to the wisdom of their plan—doubts which showed themselves in orders to the corporations of the sea-coast towns, such as Poole, Weymouth, Lyme Regis and Exmouth, to provide ships and pinnaces, armed and manned and victualled for two months, and despatch them to Sir Francis Drake at Plymouth. It moved the Queen also to send to

Drake by her Secretary a couple of questions to which she commanded his answer. How could the forces in Lisbon best be distressed, and to what strength should her fleet be raised in order to defeat the enemy? It would, no doubt, have helped to the triumph of his ideas if Drake could have answered exactly these two very practical questions. But he could not. The immediate "*how*," the tactics of the battle, must be left to the man on the spot. He had not "intelligences" certain enough whilst he remained at Plymouth. It was a reasonable answer, though not very useful as a persuasion. But even so, he must go out of his way to lessen its force by adding that a good deal depended upon the presence or absence of another Borough in his fleet. Borough was actually commanding the *Golden Lion* in Lord Howard's big squadron. Was it necessary to drag his faults up again? But it is extraordinary how much of a great man's greatness his littleness will undo!

"The last insample at Cadiz is not of divers yet forgotten; for one such flying now, as Borough did then, will put the whole in peril. . . ." Doughty and Borough were his two red rags. But it was not a diplomatic preliminary for a man anxious to secure the command of a great fleet from a reluctant Queen to allow the supposition to be made that he could not quite trust his Captains.

Then followed his actual proposal, which was sound enough to persuade anyone who read it with a clear picture in the mind of the man who made it and what he had done. Let him have the ships which were already assembled in Plymouth—some seventeen—and four more of Her Majesty's ships of the line, and the sixteen sail with their pinnaces which were being equipped and manned in London, a fleet of more than forty good ships of war; then, if they were properly victualled and Philip's Armada came out of Lisbon, it would be fought "through the goodness of our merciful God in such sort as shall hinder his quiet passage into England."

The prudence which always went hand in hand with audacity in Drake's schemes was evident here. The two narrow channels of the Tagus, with the Old Fort and the Fort of Saint Julian commanding them and the castle of Belem in the middle of the fairway beyond, made a direct assault upon Lisbon, without a land force to march upon it simultaneously as at Cartagena and San Domingo, too hazardous an experiment. And he ends that part of his letter with the prayer to be found in the letter of every sea-captain at that moment, for a proper supply of victuals. Provision for two months would not do for a fleet which must wait upon its opportunity. "Here may the whole service and honour be lost for the sparing of a few crowns."

Drake could answer the Queen's second question with no more precision than he could her first. There was probably no one in England, with the

exception of Walsingham, who had any exact idea of how many ships Philip had now at his command. He, through friends like Figleazzi, the Ambassador in Spain of the Grand Duke, and his own private spies, probably did know. But the wildest exaggerations were current. Fenner, for instance, had reported on March 3rd, upon the authority of a Portuguese victualler at Lisbon, that four hundred ships and fifty galleys would sail out of Lisbon on the Enterprise of England; and that they would carry forty-nine thousand infantry, twelve hundred gunners, two thousand six hundred horses and nine thousand mariners. These were to be joined by twenty-five thousand foot-soldiers from Parma's army in Flanders. Drake received information of the same kind from two other sources. But he could not know, and he could only reply to the Queen's "How many ships do I need?" with the same answer which the Sea Lords would give today if they were asked exactly how many destroyers they needed. As many as we can get, would be the only answer; as it was Drake's to Elizabeth, though not so bluntly put.

His letter, however, did bring about an important alteration in the plan of campaign. For, before April 17th, Howard was ordered to leave fourteen of the smaller vessels under Lord Henry Seymour to guard the Narrow Seas and, with the greater part of his fleet, join Drake at Plymouth. Howard was engaged in selecting the ships which should reinforce Seymour's squadron when, from three separate sources, Drake received fresh information of the mighty preparations in Spain, which clashed altogether with Parma's suave words to the Peace Commissioners. He made bold to write another letter to the Queen, urging her once more to meet those preparations off the Spanish coast, and sent Fenner to deliver it to the Queen. It was indeed no longer possible, even for the blindest, to believe in Parma's sincerity, and upon receipt of Drake's letter she summoned him to the Court. Face to face with her, he got most of his way. They were good friends; he had served her with devotion, to her profit, and she had stood between him and the many who would have sacrificed him in a vain dream of appeasement. She took his side now. On May 10th, the Council resolved that the ships under the Lord Admiral should be provisioned for three months, and that he should use them as he thought meet upon such intelligence as he received, having care to prevent an invasion of England, Scotland or Ireland. Howard was given a free hand to fight the Spaniard where he would, and Drake was by the Queen made his Vice-Admiral and Second-in-Command.

On the morning of May 23rd the citizens of Plymouth, who happened to be walking on the Hoe, were rewarded with a glorious sight. For at eight o'clock with, to quote the Lord Howard, "a pleasant gale" blowing from the

east, a procession of great ships of war, all sails set and the sea combing backwards from their bows, swept in majesty past the Mewstone. Half-way across the Sound the yards were swung and the ships headed into the Bay: eleven great ships of the Royal Navy with eight attendant pinnaces, and sixteen great ships of the Port of London with four, and seven ships which belonged to the Lord Admiral, and eight ships and a dozen barks from the Channel ports; fifty-four ships in all with their pinnaces, cloud upon cloud of towering white canvas hollowed by the wind and glinting in the sun. In the van rode the *Ark Royal*, once the *Ark Raleigh*, with the Royal Standard streaming from her main and at the first view incongruously a Vice-Admiral's pennon flying at the fore. A sight to stir the blood and bring a sob into the throat! But Plymouth was to be regaled that morning. To meet his Commander-in-Chief in worthy deference, Drake, flying his flag as Admiral on the Queen's great ship *Revenge*, stood out of the harbour at the head of his thirty vessels. The little frigates and pinnaces preceded them like dainty pages. Three abreast they sailed, keeping their distance one from the other, captained and manned by Drake's old comrades, and making a pretty boast of seamanship and discipline. As the *Revenge* came abreast of the *Ark Royal*, Drake struck his Admiral's pennon. A second later the Vice-Admiral's flag fluttered down on to the deck of the *Ark Royal*. A small pinnace was cast loose and rowed to the *Revenge*. It carried, with Lord Howard's compliments, that Vice-Admiral's flag which a few minutes ago had been streaming from his foremast top; and as Drake's fleet manœuvring into line ahead fell in behind Lord Howard's, it rose in a ball and fluttered out on the *Revenge*. The ships flowed into Plymouth Sound, a stately river of foaming white cutting through the blue of the sea, and from the Cattewater to the Tamar, one by one they anchored before the town. Drake's heart must have swelled as he watched the scene, until it threatened to burst even his strong breast. There was a Grand Fleet now in England and, in two days' time, it was to sail for the Spanish coast.

There were men of bad blood in that age as in this. Eyes were watching with malicious expectation for jealousies and quarrels between the great sailor who was second and the great nobleman who was first. They were disappointed. After all the danger was over, Howard may have taken too much of the credit to himself, Drake may have been too quick to count himself slighted. But this was 1588, the year of destiny for England. The see-ers of visions, the tellers of the stars, the queer students who find the keys of the future hidden in the passages of books, had for months and months been crying that 1588 was marked in the calendar of history for England's doom or England's triumph. Throughout the land the belief was

spread. Men waited for it in suspense, like men in a ship before the burst of a tornado. But they were equal to it when the storm broke. Howard had been opposed to Drake's strategy, but had sufficient greatness to change his mind. "Sir," he wrote to Walsingham on June 15th, "you know it hath been the opinion both of Her Majesty and others that it was the surest course to lie on the coast of Spain. I confess my error at that time, which was otherwise; but I did and will yield unto them of greater experience." And that loyalty he continued. Nor did Drake complain that though the knowledge and the authority were his, the outward emblems of it were not. It was an age of swift transitions. The new gentry, sprung from the merchants and traders, was fostered by Elizabeth and daily growing more powerful. But enough of the feudal tradition still reigned to make it fit and comely in men's eyes that a great nobleman with an hereditary claim upon the office of Lord Admiral should command the fleet as Her Majesty's deputy, at a time of great peril for the realm. Drake rose to his greatest. Could a finer tribute have been paid by a Commander to his Chief of Staff than was paid by Howard after they had been a fortnight in each other's company?

"Sir," he wrote to Walsingham, "I must not omit to let you know how lovingly and kindly Sir Francis Drake beareth himself; and also how dutifully to Her Majesty's service and unto me, being in the place I am in; which I pray you, he may receive thanks for by some private letter from you."

Of each of the two men, great Lord and great sailor, one may justly quote from a poem of later date:

> "He nothing common did or mean,
> Upon that memorable scene."

Great seamanship and driving power on the one side, great tact and natural authority on the other, made a perfect combination. In fact, two hundred years later they made Nelson.

CHAPTER XVIII

Attempts to anticipate the Armada. Howard and Drake get their way. The Famous Game of Bowls.

THE contrariness of man and nature plays havoc with the best-laid plans. James Quarles, the Surveyor of the victuals for the Navy, had promised Howard that ten provision ships should follow him from Chatham within the week. Lord Howard watered his fleet in readiness, but on June 28th he received notice that the provisions would not be assembled until a fortnight had passed, and that even then the ten ships would not be fit to sail nor would there be crews to man them. Lord Howard had food for eighteen days, no more. But he was of the same mind as Drake now, and he had the right touch with his officers and his men. "God send us a wind to put us out; for we will go though we starve," he wrote to Burghley, and again, on the same day, "My good Lord, there is here the gallantest company of captains, soldiers and mariners that I think ever was seen in England. It is a pity they should lack meat when they are so desirous to spend their lives in Her Majesty's service."

His consolation was that the seas were so high and the wind so adverse that he could never beat out against it. His officers ransacked Plymouth for food, and news came in. A bark from Cape St. Vincent had taken two or three fishermen, who said that the Spanish fleet was to come out with the first wind; and a ship belonging to Sir George Carey, on its way from Spain to the Isle of Wight, reported that it had come out. The wind which penned the English fleet in the Sound helped the Spanish fleet out of the Tagus, and if it held still in that quarter for six days, cried Howard, "we shall have them knocking at our door."

But towards the end of the month the storm abated, and Howard led his fleet out past Rame Head into the Channel. He was hardly clear of the land before the wind blew up again hard from the south-west. Howard beat into it. He had news from a merchantman homeward bound that he had seen the Spaniards coming from Lisbon on May 14th. A hundred and fifty, two hundred sail, so many that he could not see the last of them. Howard could not resist that evidence. The wind had changed from south-west to due west. Although the English ships were lower in the water than the Spanish and carried a fore-and-aft sail at the mizzen, he could not hold his position. He was driving astern, might indeed be pushed to leeward of the Sound and

forced to leave Plymouth at the mercy of invading Spain. Howard wisely made the harbour whilst he could. But even then his victualling ships had not arrived. Once more he sought provisions through the countryside, whilst he waited for the storm to die and expected each moment the topsails of the Armada as it drove up-channel before the wind.

But nothing was seen. It was the end of the first week of June. If the Armada had left Lisbon half-way through May, some watchman by a bonfire on the Lizard, or Dennis Head, or the Dodman, should have sighted it before now. Drake had an explanation. The Spanish ports nearest to England were Vigo and the Groyne, as Coruña was called. One of these would be the final rendezvous, before the great fleet started on the Enterprise. Drake's facts were right but his argument wrong. The Armada was at the Groyne, but the final rendezvous had been fixed at the Scilly Islands. It straggled, however; the provision hulks were clumsy and lost touch; though it had started on May 18th it was still not clear of Finisterre on June 9th; and by this time the food had turned bad and the water-casks were leaking like sieves. It was the unfortunate custom in Spanish ships that when a water-cask was empty its hoops were removed and its staves taken apart, and the custom did not increase their serviceability. Medina-Sidonia accordingly put into Coruña. Some of the ships nearest to him followed him in; others, in sight of him, stood hove-to outside; whilst a third section of not less than twenty ships, including the provision hulks, carried on, unaware of any change in the orders, towards the Scillies. That night a gale sprang up and scattered over the coast the galleons which had not dropped anchor within the harbour. So much damage was done that Medina-Sidonia proposed to Philip the entire abandonment of the Enterprise. But Philip would not listen. The dispersed ships must be collected and refitted; a pinnace was sent northwards to bring back the score of vessels which had gathered at the Scilly Islands; and for a month the Armada lay helpless as a rabbit in front of a snake.

This was not known in Plymouth. None the less, the hope of bringing the Armada to battle in its rightful place off the Spanish coast exhilarated officers and men in Howard's ships; and no one more than Drake, to whom the Isles of Bayona were an old playground. If only the wind would change, they would all hurry thither hungry and replenish their stores till the beams burst with the provisions of the defeated fleet. If only the wind would change!

But, before it did, an unexpected blow threw them into despair. A letter arrived by a pursuivant and written in the hand of Walsingham—of Walsingham of all men. One can picture the grief upon his long and melancholy face as under stress he wrote it. The Queen had gone back upon

her policy and word. Who was at her ear, one wonders? Not Sir James Croft, the traitor. He was still talking terms of peace with Parma's Commissioners in Flanders. Probably it was Burghley with his Foreign-Office reluctance to strike the first blow, however advantageous the blow might be to his country. There was no ingenious misinterpretation of the letter possible. It was too short and too precise.

The Queen had perceived that Lord Howard was minded to repair to the Isles of Bayona, there to abide the Spanish fleet, and feared that it might escape him by sailing west and north as far as the fiftieth degree of latitude, whence it could "shoot across to this realm." She thought it, therefore, not convenient that he should go so far to the south as the said Isles of Bayona, but he should ply up and down between the coast of Spain and this realm, so that he might be able to answer any attempt made against England, Ireland or Scotland.

For some reason this letter, written upon the 9th of June, took a week to reach Plymouth, and with what consternation and anger it was received can be read in Howard's reply. He did not a little marvel at it. The plan of going on the coast of Spain had been deeply debated by the men whom the world held the most experienced in England, Sir Francis Drake, Hawkins, who now commanded the *Bonaventure*, Frobisher and Thomas Fenner. The King of Spain was merely dragging out the pretended negotiations, first to perfect his arrangements, secondly to bring the French King in through the influence of the Duke of Guise, and thirdly to give the English fleet time to eat up its victuals. That must have been a nasty gibe at the Queen, and Walsingham must have found one of his few sad pleasures in repeating it to her. "I pray you, when our victuals be consumed in gazing for them, what will become of us?" Whether this would not breed great danger and dishonour, Lord Howard must leave to Her Majesty's wisdom, but on the whole, he would rather never have been born, and there were many in Plymouth with the same wish. He then proceeded to demolish the Queen's argument. To lie on and off between England and Spain with the wind in the south-west would simply mean that the English fleet would lie to leeward. Even if he cruised as far north as Cape Clear, he could not prevent them invading Ireland or Scotland and would open for them a clear way to the Isle of Wight. The fact is that, except by the practical navigators, the importance of retaining the weather-gauge was only vaguely beginning to be understood. Howard repeated Drake's unanswered argument: "the seas are broad, but if we had been on their coast, they durst not have put off to have left us on their backs." Howard ends his letter in a fine rage: "But I must and will obey; and am glad there be such there as are able to judge what is fitter for us to do,

than we here." As for his earlier instructions, he will put them up in a bag, and he will certainly do as he is told—only, God send that the wind did not force him on to the coast of Spain.

Howard must have felt a good deal better after he had sent off this obedient-disobedient letter, and in a week's time, after one more abortive attempt to get clear of the Channel, he obtained real contentment. For on the morning of Saturday, June 22nd, a reply reached him from the Court restoring to him full authority to act as seemed to him best, so long, and so long only, as his war-council agreed. During the day of Saturday another letter was delivered to him, this time from Sir Francis Godolphin, the Member of Parliament for Cornwall; and it contained astonishing news. A bark belonging to Mousehole, a little cove in Cornwall, set out to France on Thursday for a cargo of salt. Early in the morning its skipper was hailed by a flyboat and warned, as he loved his life, not to proceed upon his errand, for the Spanish were on the coast. The Mousehole skipper, half inclined to think a joke was being played on him, and wholly inclined to see whatever there was to be seen, continued on his course, and between Ushant and the Scillies sighted nine great ships bearing north-east towards the coast of England. They were ships of from five to eight hundred tons and two of them were flying flags, but what flags they were, it was impossible to see. The skipper, having the wind of the nine ships, could afford to drop down nearer upon them. At once the two flags were hauled down and the squadron gave chase. The Mousehole bark only just managed to escape, and would not have done so had not each of the nine big ships dragged a small pinnace or a ship's boat astern. The skipper noticed that the sails of these ships were painted with red crosses.

Information so circumstantial, however improbable—and it did seem improbable to Howard—was not to be neglected. The weather was changing, and to make that Saturday one to be marked by a white stone, at six o'clock in the evening the ten victualling ships swept round the Mewstone and anchored in the Sound. All through that night of Saturday the torches flickered over the water as the provisions were transferred to the ships of war. "No man shall sleep nor eat till it be dispatched," said Lord Howard. All through Sunday the work went on. On Saturday another English ship from the west of Cornwall had been chased and fired upon by a strange squadron; and on Sunday as Howard, in the midst of his work, was writing a hurried letter to the Queen, a man of his, one Simons of Exeter, whom he had sent forward in a pinnace to lie between the Land's End and Ushant, had seen two squadrons of Spanish ships and had been chased by one. Some of his mariners had been hurt with shot. The one squadron was

made up of seven ships of eight to nine hundred tons. The other was of Biscay galleons of three hundred tons. This confirmation of the skipper of the Mousehole bark increased the ardour and the energy of the English sailors; and all the more because Simons of Exeter was known to Lord Howard as a wise man and of good credit. To Lord Howard, his Admirals and Captains, the truth was as clear as glass. In the storm the Armada had been scattered. There were two separate squadrons off the Scillies just waiting to be devoured. Howard finished his letter to the Queen with an ardent prayer that she should guard her own life—no one could persuade her to do that!—and gather an army of soldiers about her. The fear of Parma's troops on the one hand, and of assassination on the other, was ever present in his mind. "For the love of Jesus Christ, Madam," he writes passionately, "awake thoroughly and see the villainous treasons round about you." Howard wrote a second letter to Walsingham who had applied for the names of the towns which had refused or failed to provide ships in this great danger. He could not answer, being overcharged with work. Drake had the names, but he was too busy to send them. "I mean to weigh presently and set sail." And he adds a prayer to Walsingham to his prayer to the Queen that she should trust no more to Judas kisses. "Let her defend herself like a noble and mighty Prince and trust to her sword and not to their word and then she need not fear, for the good God will defend her." He ends with a postscript, and it must have been past midnight on the Monday morning when he wrote it:

"Sir, God willing, I will cut sail within this three hours."

The work went on through Sunday night and was not ended when the morning broke. But Howard could wait no longer. He had sent a pinnace forward on the day before to watch the enemy. The wind had veered round into the north-east, the very quarter for him. He ordered the provision ships to follow him, and with his fleet about him went bowling down the Channel towards the Scillies. But the north-east wind played him false. He was still in the Sleeve when it swung back again into the south-west and the fleet was brought to a standstill. Howard's pinnace fell back. It had seen nothing of the enemy. Drake, who was on the left wing, was sufficiently forward to edge round Ushant and try out his luck along the coast of Brittany. But his luck was out. He beat back with the help of the tide, without having seen so much as a topsail on the horizon. The wind which had brought the English out from Plymouth had helped the Spaniards home to Coruña. But Howard knew now that the Armada had set sail upon the Enterprise. Sooner or later it would be encountered.

A council of war was held, and by a majority vote it was decided to stand on and off until the Spanish fleet was seen. It was Drake who protested against the decision. Between Ushant and Falmouth lie no more than a hundred miles of sea. With a fleet of this size, sea-room was needed for manœuvring. On going back to his ship, he wrote to Howard a formal protest. Did Borough, now guarding Thames' mouth with a squadron of galleys, ever hear of that protest? But Howard, more sure of himself than Drake, was less than Drake inclined to suspect rebellion when he was pressed with advice. Howard accepted the protest from the most brilliant and the soundest sailor under his command. The fleet was flung forward on a wide front to the north-west of Ushant with a pinnace on the right wing in touch with the Scillies.

This station was taken on July 6th. On July 7th the wind veered again into the north. A second council of war was held. The wind stood fair for Spain, and Drake urged that they should make their profit of it. Lord Howard was doubtful. His provision ships were far behind. He had stores enough to reach Coruña, but very little more. Drake argued that they could replenish them at Coruña and put forward his calculation of the time which it must take Medina-Sidonia to get his fleet again into fighting trim. By three in the afternoon he had won, and the order was given to sail.

Throughout the night and the next day the greatest fleet which had ever put to sea from England ran bravely across the Bay to Spain. Another twenty-four hours and its guns would have been in action. But on the 9th the wind swept round into the south, and on the 10th it was blowing a full south-westerly gale. "My Lord was in a good way, if God had not sent a contrary wind," Cely, Captain of the *Elizabeth Drake*, wrote to Burghley. A day was to come when the wind would be friendlier to the English cause, but the elements seem seldom to favour it at the first. Almost within view of Cape Ortegal the wonderful opportunity must be foregone. There was nothing to be added to Thomas Fenner's laconic sentence. "Thereby bear up for England again."

On July 12th the fleet was anchored again in the Sound. No one was disheartened. Sailors are patient, contemplative people, or were in the days of sail. Some time there would come a spell of fine weather with a northerly breeze, and they would run southwards across the Bay before it and make sport with the Spaniards. Meanwhile sails and rigging wanted attention, stores must be transferred from the victualling ships, more powder and more shot must be found for the guns. A week given over to these labours went quickly by, but on Friday the 19th, so the story runs, when the Lord Admiral and his chief officers were playing a game of bowls after dinner upon the

Hoe, the captain of a pinnace which had been keeping watch in the west burst suddenly in upon the players with the news that the Armada was off the Lizard. A silence followed upon the cry, and all turned towards Drake, who was stooping with his wood in his hand and his eyes on the jack. He, quite unruffled, said, "We have time enough to finish the game and beat the Spaniards afterwards."

The story is circumstantial in that the name of the Captain is given, Fleming, and the name of his pinnace, the *Golden Hind*. But it is none the less difficult to find contemporary authority for it. However, it would be as useless to argue about its truth as it would have been for a latter-day Spartan to argue about the Spartan boy and the fox, or for a latter-day Athenian to doubt the death of Pheidippides. As long as the English language is spoken, this tale of how Drake heard that the Armada had been sighted, and the answer which he made, will be told and believed. It is too racial to be forgotten. The Englishman's confidence in himself as against the foreigner, his trust in his improvisation, his instinct that the men who can pull a game out of the fire are the men who can do the same for a war, are all expressed in it. And the story very probably is true. The fleet, with this week of respite, was no doubt as ready as it could be made. For whatever it lacked, the Council in London and the officials at Chatham were to blame. But the wind had fallen. In Lord Howard's words it was very scant—and the fleet was not warped out of harbour until after nightfall. Now, if this game of bowls took place after dinner it took place soon after midday, and there must have been some other reason than the game of bowls why so many hours passed before the fleet was under way. There is only one explanation. The tide was running hard up-channel, and it would have been impossible to have warped these big ships out with no wind until the tide slackened. No man would have known this better than Drake. He lost no time by finishing his game, and seized the opportunity to inspire his comrades with his own confidence. But let no one confuse this story of the game of bowls with that foolish saying, "It'll be all right on the night." Drake's whole history reveals that in all his audacity he was prudent, and that all the precautions which it was possible to take in order to ensure success had been thought over and taken before he went into action.

CHAPTER XIX

Progress of the Armada. The Skirmish off Plymouth. The Battle of Portland. The Battle of the Isle of Wight.

THE divine irony which waits upon presumptuous men had taken the English defenders into its chastening hands. The Lizard crawls down into the sea only forty-five miles to the west of Plymouth; the wind was in the west; the tide on the flow. The fleet off the Lizard had thus the supreme advantages of the sea-room and the weather-gauge. Howard's ships, on the other hand, were in a crowded harbour on a lee-shore. They were in a trap. Moreover, they were short of food again, short of ammunition—that they always were—and disease was making havoc of the crews. They were in the same predicament at Plymouth as Philip's Armada had been in a fortnight before at the Groyne. A change of weather saved Philip's Armada. Spanish incompetence and English seamanship saved Howard, and with him the English people.

Medina-Sidonia, in spite of his Dunkirk pilots, had mistaken Land's End for the Lizard. He was there with the bulk of his fighting ships, fifty miles still further to the west. What Thomas Fleming of the *Golden Hind* pinnace had sighted off the Lizard was the Andalusian squadron of fifteen galleons commanded by Pedro de Valdes. One of the best of the Spanish sailors, he had sailed straight to the appointed spot where the order of battle was to be taken. All that day he hung on and off. A pinnace from the *San Martin*, Medina-Sidonia's flagship, found him in the afternoon, but it was not until the morning of the 20th that the Duke himself arrived and the united force moved on to the bold cliff of the Dodman on the western side of Fowey. There the Armada hove-to four leagues from the shore. There, too, from some high neighbouring point, probably Rame Head, the Mayor of Plymouth saw it and set to work to recruit from town and country men to fill up the muster of Howard's crews. There, too, Medina-Sidonia broke out his consecrated banner at the main with the picture of Christ crucified upon the one side and the Virgin Mary upon the other. But neither he nor the Mayor of Plymouth saw anything but the Spanish fleet and an empty sea.

Medina-Sidonia called a council of war upon his flagship as it lay off the Dodman. There was no need for hurry. The information which they had was based upon the English Council's plan of campaign before Drake forced his new strategy into acceptance. Drake with some thirty ships of war would be

lying hidden in Plymouth, waiting for the Armada to pass. He would sally out as soon as the Armada had passed. The main fleet would be lying forward in the Narrow Seas, the design being to catch the Spaniards between the two fleets before he could make a junction with Parma and his soldiers at Dunkirk. The Spaniards, confident that this was the plan which they had to meet, could take their time to debate the way to defeat it. They were still to the west of Plymouth; they had still both the hostile fleets ahead of them; and the wind, such as there was of it—for it had fallen and the weather was becoming thick—still sighed rather than blew out of the west. The Spaniards had, in fact, the weather-gauge.

So in the Commander-in-Chief's cabin they debated at their ease: Recalde, the Second-in-Command; Don Miguel de Oquendo, a brilliant young sailor in command of the squadron of Guipuscoa; Don Pedro de Valdes; no doubt also Hugo de Moncada, Lieutenant-General of the Galleys and a veteran from Flanders. With them would be Medina-Sidonia himself and his right hand, Diego Flores de Valdes. The Duke of Medina-Sidonia had no qualifications for his command. When old Santa Cruz died, he was pitchforked by Philip into a position for which he had neither ambition nor experience. He did his best to escape from it; he was much happier just being a Duke in his lemon groves at Port St. Mary. But he was an honest, undistinguished nobleman with a strong sense of duty towards his monarch. His expostulations on the ground of his inexperience were answered by the appointment of Diego Flores de Valdes, General of the Fleet in the West Indies and the Indian Guard, as his Chief of Staff. He was supplied with definite instructions by Philip, and in the end accepted his uncongenial office.

The main question which this council had to decide was whether they should attack Drake's fleet in Plymouth or leave it to windward of them as they passed up the Channel. Most of the Admirals, led by Alonzo de Leyva, plumped for the attack. Medina-Sidonia, on the other side, produced the King's instructions that he should enter no port until he had joined forces with Parma. Some latitude, however, must have been allowed in these instructions for the question to have come up for consideration at all. In the end, the council decided, if decision is the word to use—for it appears to have been engaged in the practice of passing the buck rather than of coming to a decision—that the port should be attacked, if it could be done with advantage.

The Armada was then formed in battle order. The formation was described by Camden as a crescent, the convex side being the front, and charts made to illustrate the battles at the time clustered the ships together in

the shape of a half-moon, so closely that they look as helpless as a flock of sheep rounded up by a sheep-dog. As far as can be gathered, two of the four Italian galleasses led the way. They were followed by the Portuguese squadron of ten galleons and the Castilian, which was made up of the ten galleons of the Indian Guard and four of the fleet of New Spain. Each of these squadrons was accompanied by two pinnaces; they sailed in line abreast, and between them the *San Martin*, the eleventh of the Portuguese great ships, flew Medina-Sidonia's flag. This long barrier of men-of-war would be the main battle. The four pinnaces followed, and behind them went the hulks and the victualling ships in the very middle of the fleet. The rear division consisted of five squadrons; the Andalusian, led by Pedro de Valdes, of fifteen galleons; and the Guipuscoan of seven with four pinnaces under Miguel de Oquendo, "the pride of the navy," whose manœuvring of his ship at Terceira was held to have saved the General, Santa Cruz himself. These two squadrons were also formed line abreast, the Andalusian on the left, Oquendo on the right. Echeloned behind them were the two last squadrons. The Biscayan, commanded by Recalde, who was Medina-Sidonia's Vice-Admiral, consisted of seven great ships and five pinnaces. But the Vice-Admiral, who kept his position on the left of the rear line, was given, in addition to his squadron, a big Portuguese galleon, the *Santa Ana*, as a flagship. On the right of the Biscayan squadron, but separated from it by almost the width of the two squadrons ahead, was the squadron of the Levant, commanded by Martin de Bertendona, Santa Cruz's deputy at Lisbon. At the rear of each of these two last squadrons one of the two remaining galleasses closed the procession. Alonzo de Leyva, who had been appointed to succeed Medina-Sidonia should he be disabled, commanded the two right-hand rear squadrons as Recalde did the left. To reinforce the rear division, a light squadron of one small galleon and eighteen pinnaces was attached to it and occupied no fixed position in the plan of battle. Including the hulks, the fleet counted between a hundred and thirty and a hundred and fifty ships. But they were not all men-of-war. The galleons of Portugal, the Indian Guard, the fleet of New Spain and those built since the Enterprise had been seriously undertaken, that is during the last three years, were ships built to fight, varying from eleven hundred tons to four hundred at the lowest and heavily armed. But the others were converted merchantmen, as indeed was the case with the English fleet. It was believed by Medina-Sidonia that Howard would have Elizabeth's men-of-war further east in the Narrow Seas. Therefore the bulk of his fighting ships sailed with him in the first division. The converted merchantmen, strengthened by a few first-class men-of-war, were placed in the second or rear division. It is to be remembered that the formation was designed to meet two fleets, the Queen's

Navy under Howard in front of it, and Drake's Plymouth division in its rear. For that, too, it was thought, would be made up of big merchant ships fortified with a few ships of war.

In this shape, then, its greatest width at its rear, the Armada was formed up over against the Dodman. The wind had fallen and a thoroughly English drizzle of rain flattened the sea and obscured the air. Medina-Sidonia sailed along slowly as darkness fell, and then struck his sails. Pedro de Valdes, after the event, had a good deal to say to King Philip about Medina-Sidonia's mismanagement of his fleet, and all that he says was sharpened by the bitterness of his own special misfortunes. He complains that Medina-Sidonia "spent all that day and night bearing but little sail." But the Dodman is no more than twenty-five miles west of Plymouth, and it was still in doubt whether the fleet supposed to be in Plymouth was to be attacked. If it was to be attacked, certainly the Commander-in-Chief would rather hope to surprise it at dawn than to enter in the dark of night a harbour of which he knew nothing except that it was heavily fortified. All through the night of the 20th of July he drifted eastwards. Such wind as there was had shifted to west-north-west, and when morning broke he was still, as he meant to be, on the weather side of Rame Head and the Sound. But something had happened, something quite startling and unbelievable. Two leagues astern of him and to seaward, with the weather of him, was the English fleet, and, heeling well over on the port tack in a strengthening breeze, it was swooping down upon his rear. To make his position still more incredible, ships of war were beating out of Plymouth, and, tacking inshore, were making towards their comrades. This, no doubt, was Drake's squadron, Medina-Sidonia inferred, and he was not surprised by its appearance; but whence the great fleet behind him had sprung, he was at a loss to imagine.

This is what had happened. During the night of the 19th, Howard had succeeded in warping out of the harbour fifty-four ships, and with these he had tacked into the wind right across the front of the Armada. By daybreak of the 20th he was abreast of the Eddystone and clear of the land. The wind died away, the rain fell, and partly to escape detection, partly not to drift astern, he lowered his sails. All through the day he lay unseen, but there were times when the clouds lightened and objects against the western sky were shown up in a dark silhouette. He saw the Armada hove-to twelve miles or so out from the Dodman while the war-council was in progress. With the fall of night, the south-westerly wind swung over a little to the north of west. That was all to the English advantage. He had room, he could make a long board out to the south and a short board in to the land, and before dawn he was astern of the Armada and ready to bear down upon it in

line ahead. The ships beating out of Plymouth inshore were not, of course, Drake's squadron at all. Drake was with Howard, and the ships which the Spaniards saw beating out of the Sound were that considerable portion of Howard's fleet which had not finished victualling on the night of the 19th and had been detained throughout the day of the 20th by the failure of the wind.

Medina-Sidonia hoisted the Royal Standard at the fore as the signal to engage, and altered his course. From standing up the Channel, he now hauled in his sheets and beat towards the land. He meant either to intercept the ships emerging from the Sound whilst he had the weather of them, or by a series of tacks to get the weather of Howard's fleet. But he had nothing like the necessary speed for that manœuvre. His high sea-citadels in a beat to windward were out-classed by the snug, low-lying craft built by John Hawkins. He was hampered, moreover, by the hulks, the slow-moving provision and hospital ships stationed between his two divisions. He was under the same restrictions as destroyers escorting a convoy. Their pace must be no swifter than the slowest of the ships convoyed. So, whilst he lumbered across towards the Cornish coast, the English fleet swept across the starboard wing of the rear division, firing volleys at it at long range, and closed in upon Recalde's port or left-hand wing. Still in line ahead, they fired with a rapidity and a precision of aim startling to the enemy. Recalde in his Portuguese flagship, the *Santa Ana*, and the *Gran-Grin*, a galleon of eleven hundred tons and the biggest of his Biscayan squadron, stood gallantly up to the broadsides. But the ships following them fell away in a huddle towards the main battle fleet. The *Santa Ana* and the *Gran-Grin* were the weathermost ships of the left wing, and upon them the English concentrated their fire. Recalde's galleon suffered the most, her forestay was cut through, her rigging damaged and two round shot lodged in her foremast. She was rescued by Medina-Sidonia, who bore up beside her and came right into the wind. He was attacked by two of the Queen's ships, but the Andalusian squadron with Pedro de Valdes and the main battle formed up again behind him. The engagement, which had begun at nine o'clock in the morning, had now lasted for two hours, and Howard hoisted the signal to break off. The forty ships which had been left behind in Plymouth Harbour had now worked their way to him, and the Spaniards were too far to leeward of the Mewstone to have any chance of entering the Sound. Plymouth was safe.

At the same time a change was noticeable in the spirit of the English. They were no less sure of the good account they were going to give, but they had tasted of their adversary. They had found him of a greater valour than

they had expected. A new note of respect is evident in their letters. Drake makes light of the engagement itself. To him it was little more than a skirmish, but on the day on which it had taken place he wrote off at Howard's order a letter of warning to Lord Henry Seymour in the Narrow Seas. "The 21st we had them in chase, and so coming up unto them, there hath passed some cannon-shot between some of our fleet and some of them, and as far as we perceive, they are determined to sell their lives with blows." The ships serving under Seymour are to be, therefore, "put into the best and strongest manner you may." He took a little of the sharpness off the warning by an assurance that the fleet would do everything possible, but adds a postscript in which confidence and anxiety are at odds.

"This letter, my honourable good Lord, is sent in haste. The fleet of Spaniards is somewhat above a hundred sails, many great ships; but truly I think not half of them men-of-war. Haste." The letter was "written aboard Her Majesty's good ship the *Revenge*, off of Start, the 21st, late in the evening 1588," and the superscription has the same urgency:

"To the Right Honourable, the Lord Henry Seymour, Admiral of H.M.'s Navy in the Narrow Seas; or in absence to Sir Wm. Winter Knt. give these with speed. Haste, post haste."

The *Revenge*, on which Drake flew his pennon of Vice-Admiral, was a vessel of five hundred tons. It carried that day as a privileged visitor one of Walsingham's best spies in Spain, Nicholas Ouseley, who wrote two days later to his Chief a remarkable tribute to the naval skill shown by the Armada's disposition and manœuvres. "They have reported to me they are now left a hundred and fifty sail divided, as I do see, twelve in a squadron and do keep such excellent good order in their fight that if God do not miraculously work, we shall have wherein to employ ourselves for many days."

Howard wrote in the same strain to Walsingham whilst he was still in sight of Plymouth and immediately after he had broken off the engagement. "In this fight we made some of them to bear room to stop their leaks; notwithstanding we durst not adventure to put in among them, their fleet being so strong;" and more significant still is the appeal he sent the next day to the Earl of Sussex, Captain of Portsmouth, that all the ships which were ready, even if they had only food for two days on board, should be sent to join him. They would find him bearing east-north-east and following the Spanish fleet.

Howard broke off the engagement, not through any doubt in his ships or his men, but because he was still without his full complement. He had beaten out to the Eddystone Rock with fifty-four ships. The squadron which

Medina-Sidonia had sought to intercept added eight or nine to him; he had still, therefore, less than half the number at his disposal which the Spanish Admiral commanded. He hove-to, accordingly, off Plymouth and waited for the rest. There is no certainty possible about the exact numbers of the ships on either side, but it is probable that when Howard set sail again in the afternoon he had nearly a hundred ships of varying tonnage and fighting power against Medina-Sidonia's hundred and thirty. But the English ships had the valuable advantage of a much heavier artillery and infinitely better gunnery. Three shots to one was the difference in the rate of fire between the two fleets, and this was not due so much to incompetence in the Spanish gunners as to the Spanish theory of sea-warfare. The object of heavy guns on Medina-Sidonia's galleons was to destroy the sails and masts of the enemy so that his vessels could be grappled and boarded; on the English ships it was simply to sink the adversaries' craft or so to cripple them that, unable to defend themselves, they fell astern and became prizes.

Medina-Sidonia did not stay to put the two theories to the proof. His orders were to reach Dunkirk; and he wanted as little fighting as possible on the way. Recalde's flagship, the *Santa Ana*, was in a precarious state. Pedro de Valdes sent a pinnace to Recalde asking him what help he needed. The *Santa Ana* had been hulled, and the big shot buried in her foremast made it impossible for her to keep up with the other ships of that left rear wing. She was taken in tow and brought into the safety of the main battle, where Recalde set his crew to repair her injuries. The Armada moved slowly onwards. From every headland the flowing columns of black smoke rose into the air as she passed. The long green ridge of the Bolt passed on the message to Prawle Point, and Prawle Point to the cliffs above the Start.

But the afternoon did not pass without a couple of those happy accidents which today seem to be the monopoly of our enemies. At four o'clock the *San Salvador*, a ship of nine hundred and fifty tons by her Spanish register, spoiled herself with her powder, to use the phrase of Nicholas Ouseley. She carried the Paymaster-General of the Armada, and some, if not all, of the King's treasure. She was thus the last ship in the fleet of which the loss would be tolerable. It is said that a Flemish gunner had suffered an injustice at the hands of a Spanish soldier and set fire to a couple of powder-barrels in revenge. If the story is true, the Flemish gunner certainly had his revenge in overflowing measure. The *San Salvador* exploded. The two upper decks of her high poop were blown into the air and her stern flung out into the sea. Howard with his leading ships pressed forward, but Medina-Sidonia went about in his flagship, fired a gun to his main battle to follow his example, and sent his big-oared galleasses to the rescue. Howard did not press the

attack. The galleasses reached the *San Salvador* indeed before any of the English could get near. She was brought up into the main battle, and the fire on board of her was extinguished.

But later on in the evening, as the Armada approached the Start, the second disaster befell her. Pedro de Valdes' ship, *Nuestra Señora del Rosario*, fell foul of two of the ships from Biscay. The first broke his foreyard, and before he could lower it the second carried away his bowsprit. Don Pedro put up his tiller, but *Our Lady of the Rosary*, like many another lady, was stubborn to her steersman, and she had not yet come into the wind when her foremast broke clean off at the level of the deck and fell across her mainyard. Pedro sent off a pinnace immediately to the *San Martin*, praying his General to stand by him. The flagship was near enough for a hawser to be carried to *Nuestra Señora del Rosario*, but when the strain came upon it, it parted. Pedro de Valdes then fired four pieces of ordnance to emphasize his distress; and at this point Diego Flores de Valdes, a kinsman of Don Pedro and the naval adviser of Medina-Sidonia, interfered. The Spanish fleet was already in some confusion. The proper position of the *San Martin* was nowhere near *Nuestra Señora del Rosario*. Diego urged upon his Chief that unless he resumed the lead, half of his ships would be missing in the morning. Medina-Sidonia listened to this advice, as he was bound to do. He ordered two galleons, the *San Cristobal* and the *San Francisco*, with a pinnace to escort the damaged vessel and a galleasse to take her in tow. He himself sailed on. Don Pedro made a great tale to King Philip afterwards about his Chief's inhumanity and cowardice, but it is a little difficult to understand what more the Duke should have done. His place was at the head of the Armada. If fault is to be found, it is with the Captains of the ships left behind to succour the *Señora del Rosario*. Their story is that they were unable to approach her. The wind and the sea were rising, and if Don Pedro's ship had drifted into the troubled waters off Start Point, for their own safety they would have been forced to hold aloof. But they stayed by her until nine o'clock, when the night was falling and the columns of smoke upon the headlands were changing into pyramids of fire. Then a small converted merchant ship belonging to the Levant Company of London, the *Margaret and John*, of two hundred and ten tons, appeared upon the scene; and the protecting craft, no doubt taking her for one of the vanguard of the English fleet, left *Our Lady of the Rosary* to the orchard of the sea.

The English fleet, in fact, was hove-to between Salcombe and Prawle Point, six miles to the west, whilst a council of war was held. Plymouth was safe; so too were Ireland and Scotland. What now was the intention of the Armada? Amongst the experienced sailors who took part in this council

there was, and could be, but one verdict, the Isle of Wight. With the Isle of Wight in his possession, the Spaniard would be master of the safe waters of the Solent for his ships, a base easily defended for his supplies from France and Spain, and an excellent starting-point for his army of invasion. It was agreed, therefore, to bring the Armada to battle before it reached the Needles. The council separated; Howard and Drake sent their letters ashore. Was it then that Howard added his passionate appeal?—"Sir, for the love of God and our country, let us have with some speed some great shot sent us of all bigness; for this service will continue long; and some powder with it." It was a prayer repeated day after day until the danger of invasion ceased. Equipment, please! For God's mercy, equipment!

At midnight Howard sounded the order to make sail; to Drake was entrusted the honour of keeping the watch; and for a time the great lantern burned on the poop of the *Revenge* at the head of the fleet. But only for a time. The *Revenge* led the way past Start Point and the Skerries Rock, and then at some point in Start Bay his light was seen no more. The *Revenge*, with Drake on board of her, had disappeared. In the fleet strung out behind her there was perplexity, dismay, confusion. The line lost its order; some ships hove-to, some changed their direction. Only Howard in the *Ark Royal*, the *Bear* and the *Mary Rose* held on their course; and when the short night of July ended these three galleons found themselves alone, with the Spanish fleet off Berry Head just a culverin's shot in front of them, and no more than the topsails of any of their own company to be seen astern. Now, the range of a culverin at its furthest was eight hundred yards, and on the flat surface of the sea a ship eight hundred yards away is no more than your next-door neighbour. The trio of English craft was at the mercy of the Armada; and no lapse more clearly proves the unfitness of Medina-Sidonia for his great command than his failure to bear up and take his advantage when he could. He let his opportunity slip. He was too busy reshaping his formation. He divided his fleet into two squadrons only, with the victualling and hospital ships in between. The first he commanded himself, with Diego Flores de Valdes at his elbow to prompt the orders. The second, now that Recalde on the *San Juan* was occupied with repairing his shot-holes and keeping the *Santa Ana* afloat, he handed over to that dashing cavalry officer Alonzo de Leyva. He drew up the order which the ships were to keep, the space to be allowed between each; and, as if to show in what little estimation the seafaring members of a Spanish war-fleet were held, he appointed soldier officers and provost-marshals with full power to hang the Captains who failed to keep their positions.

Meanwhile, Howard's missing navy began to collect about him. There was only a light wind blowing across West Bay, that bay of storms, and during the morning the *Margaret and John* drew alongside the flagship, and its Captain, John Fisher of Cley, came aboard with a petition.

It was the *Margaret and John* which on the evening before had caused the assisting ships to fly from *Nuestra Señora del Rosario* and leave her helpless with her foremast gone by the board and her mainyards wrecked. Captain Fisher declared that at nine o'clock he had come hard under the side of Don Pedro's great galleon, but that it was too steep and too towering for a vessel less than a fifth of its size to grapple and board. There was no light burning on the deck and no man's head showed above the bulwark against the skyline. Captain John Fisher argued that she was derelict, but to make sure he fired a volley with thirty muskets into her upper works. He was surprised to hear two great shots from a heavy gun fired harmlessly over his head. He replied with a broadside which holed *Our Lady of the Rosary* above the water-line, and then drew off and lay to. He was on the weather side of the Spanish ship, the waves high, the wind screaming through his rigging—and he heard voices calling to him in the darkness from the sea. If ever a sea-story carried in the telling its convincing evidence, here was one. For who on a sailing ship on black and stormy nights has not heard voices calling to him from the sea? The *Margaret and John* lowered an eight-oared galley to rescue this imagined Spaniard battling with the waves, but found no one. Still Fisher remained near to Don Pedro's ship, drifting with the tide astern of Howard's fleet which was hove-to for the council of war. When at midnight Howard gave the signal to sail—we must assume that by then the moon was shining out in a rift of clouds—Captain Fisher, who was now three miles astern, fearing the displeasure of the Lord Admiral if he disobeyed, abandoned his hope of a fine fat prize and made all sail to overtake him. Now, however, he asked permission, seeing the distressed state in which *Our Lady of the Rosary* was left, to return and take her.

Fisher was still making his plea when a pinnace brought up alongside and a Captain Cely climbing on board announced that Sir Francis Drake had during the night captured Don Pedro's ship, with four hundred and sixty men, a great many guns, ammunition and treasure, and had sent her in to Dartmouth.

Towards nightfall of this day, Monday July 22nd, Drake in the *Revenge* caught up the fleet. He was rowed to the flagship in his galley with a stranger at his side, and he presented the stranger to the Lord Admiral. He was Don Pedro de Valdes, who was thereafter loud in his admiration for the

courtesy which he received at the hands of both Drake and Howard, and contrasted it bitterly with the ingratitude and inhumanity of Medina-Sidonia.

We have seen Drake often enough behaving to a noble captive with an extremity of good breeding, seating him at his own table and playing the perfect host. There was nothing out of the way in that. But in all his fantastic career there is no action of his so difficult to account for as his absence during the best part of the last eighteen hours. He was the Vice-Admiral of the Queen's fleet, and he was bound to her by his interests no less than by his duty. He had come fresh from a war-council which had decided to bring the Spaniard to battle at the earliest possible moment. He was actually leading the fleet through the night; and he had suddenly, without sending a message, disappeared from his post, and returned at the end of the next day with an intimation that he had taken a prisoner.

This was his explanation. Just before morning he had seen some big ships stealing by him to the west. There was a touch of east in the north wind now. He believed that they were ships of the Spanish fleet which had gone about and were trying in the darkness to get the weather of Howard. He followed them, thinking that his own fleet would come about behind him. He caught up the doubtful vessels and discovered them to be simple German merchantmen with whom the English had no quarrel. He left them, and was on the point of returning to his position when he sighted *Nuestra Señora del Rosario*, which had been all night repairing her injuries. She was a prize not to be missed. He made for her, having now in his company the bark *Roebuck*, and coming near enough sent a boat to summon her to surrender. Don Pedro wished to argue about terms. Drake replied that he would make no terms. Safety and comfort for everybody he would promise, but they must take the word of Sir Francis Drake and surrender, or he would blow them out of the water. The name of Sir Francis Drake was enough. The noblest Don of them all could extend the hilt of his sword to him without staining his escutcheon. Drake brought Don Pedro and some of his gentlemen on board the *Revenge* and sent *Nuestra Señora del Rosario* into Dartmouth under the escort of the *Roebuck*. The subsequent history of Don Pedro may be related here, and he can then disappear from this record. With some of his army captains he remained a prisoner on the *Revenge* for ten days. He was then sent to London, where the Queen, at Drake's request, consigned him to the care of a relation, Richard Drake, from whom he received, according to his own account, "the best usage and entertainment that may be." He was imprisoned once for trying to escape, but Francis Drake procured his release and he lived for three years five miles from London, hunting and enjoying other pleasure parties. At the end of three

years he paid a ransom of three thousand pounds, and after returning to Spain was appointed to the Governorship of Cuba. This, however, is mere parenthesis.

Drake's story of his night's adventure was received by Howard without question or censure. No doubt the capture of a great ship like *Our Lady of the Rosary*, flying an Admiral's flag, with twenty-eight battery guns and ammunition to match, modified any indignation he may have felt. He had something to show to Queen Elizabeth for his first day's encounter with the Armada. But there were others who were not disposed to pass over the incident so lightly—Frobisher, for instance. Frobisher was an uncouth, illiterate Yorkshireman and a fine sailor, but his expeditions, whether to Africa or in search of the North-West Passage, had brought nothing but loss to the merchants who had sent him out; and his violent abuse of Drake as either a coward or a traitor and probably both was quite discounted by his unconcealed fear that he was, owing to Drake's desertion of his post, likely to lose his share of the prize-money.

"He thinketh to cozen us of our shares of fifteen thousand ducats; but we will have our shares or I will make him spend the best blood in his belly; for he hath had enough of those cozening cheats already."

Some small attention to Drake's conduct was given when the Armada had dispersed, for at Harwich, on August 11th, Lord Sheffield, one of Howard's Captains, and Sir John Hawkins questioned a sailor, Matthew Starke, who had kept a watch on the *Revenge* that night. And the Captain, Master and Lieutenant of the *Margaret and John*, whilst admitting that *Our Lady of the Rosary* was Drake's prize, put in a gentle little petition that, if anyone else was claiming a share in it, they of the *Margaret and John* should not be excluded. No action, however, was taken, and indeed no harm had been done. For not a shot on either side was fired during the third day of the pursuit. But there are questions which make one wonder a little whether, during the evening of the 21st, Drake had noticed the great Spanish galleon falling astern and some old urge from his privateering days had so mastered him that he had to obey it. Why, for instance, did the watch on no other of the hundred ships of Howard's fleet see those German merchantmen passing to the west? And why did not Drake, if he meant the fleet to take order behind him, send a pinnace back to the next ship, expressing his intention? And why—the most difficult question of them all—why did he extinguish his lantern when he did go about?

Another event took place on the afternoon of the 22nd which stilled any cry of indignation but Frobisher's. At eleven in the morning the Captain of the *San Salvador* sent word to Medina-Sidonia that his ship was sinking.

The treasure-chests, the Paymaster-General, the officers and those members of the crew who were not too badly wounded, were removed from the galleon, and the galleasses were bidden to sink her. The *San Salvador* fell astern too quickly for the galleasses to do their work, and on the approach of the English vanguard they left her to drop away to leeward. Howard sent Lord Thomas Howard, his cousin, and Sir John Hawkins of the *Victory* to take possession of her, and they on boarding her were met with a very pitiful sight. The explosion had burst the main deck, the rudder was broken, the after-part blown away, and amidst this wreckage fifty men were lying horribly burnt. The stench and the ugliness of the spectacle drove Lord Thomas and Hawkins off the ship, and she was given into the charge of that Captain Thomas Fleming who, four days before, had interrupted the game of bowls. He kept her afloat and on the next day brought her into Weymouth with a cargo on board of more value to England at that moment than all the treasure-chests of Spain. For Medina-Sidonia's officers had left in her fourteen brass cannon and four of iron, one hundred and thirty-two barrels of powder, two thousand two hundred and forty-six big cannon-balls and six firkins of musket shot.

As the Armada lumbered across the forty miles of West Bay, the Spanish General completed his new formation. Forty-three of his best galleons, including the whole of the Indian Guard, now made up in his opinion a rearguard sufficient to keep off the English attack; and he sent forward Juan Gil, his ensign-bearer, in a pinnace to advertise the Duke of Parma at Dunkirk of his approach. As evening fell the light wind died away altogether, and the two fleets lay idle, separated by little more than the range of their heaviest guns; the Spaniards off the Bill of Portland, the English astern. But with daylight the wind sprang up in the north-east and gave to Medina-Sidonia the advantage of the weather-gauge. He hoisted once more his great standard at the main, whilst Howard led his fleet on a long board to the north-west, meaning to go about at the end of it when he could fetch to the east between the land and the Armada and recover the wind. But Medina-Sidonia followed him upon the same tack with his galleasses ahead of him and the fleet streaming astern. Howard, seeing his manœuvre anticipated, went about and beat to the east close-hauled on the port tack. He was followed by Hawkins in the *Victory* and some ten other ships, of which the last was Thomas Fenner's *Nonpareil*. The rest of the English craft seem to have held on their first board to the north-west longer than Howard, so that the Admiral with his eleven vessels in line ahead became for the time a separate squadron. His course led him across Medina-Sidonia's rearguard, of which Recalde, who had changed his flag from the battered *Santa Ana* to the

San Juan, now shared the command with Alonzo de Leyva. Whether Howard hoped to weather this squadron he never told. But it is certain that the Spaniards now saw at last the opportunity of grappling and boarding and fighting with their soldiers a land battle on the sea, "wherein," Medina-Sidonia wrote to King Philip, "was the only way to victory." They came bowling along in line abreast with the wind behind them, Oquendo's seven Guipuscoans and the nine Levanters with Don Martin de Bertendona in command on the *Ragazzona*, the biggest ship of both fleets. Once more the Spaniards were surprised by the accuracy and deadliness of the English gunnery. Their decks raked and their hulls shot through at close range, they bore up and passed astern of the *Nonpareil*, all except Martin de Bertendona. His was the outside ship of the rearguard squadron, a towering castle of twelve hundred tons with three hundred soldiers on board of her ready with pikes and muskets, and he held straight on to the *Ark Royal*. The *Ark Royal* could not weather him, and for a little while it was touch and go whether the battle would not be continued on the *Ark Royal's* deck. But the *Ark Royal* was the handier ship and the better sailed. Howard checked the Levanter with a final broadside and bore away out of his reach. Howard had got away, but the English fleet was broken. During the night of dead calm Frobisher, who was on the left or shoreward wing, caught by some inshore current, had with five other ships drifted to the east; and Medina-Sidonia's tactics in following Howard's board to the north-west had cut Frobisher's little squadron completely off from their friends. Frobisher lay opposite the Bill of Portland, to windward of the Armada, and therefore much more to windward of the English. There was no way by which Howard could come to his relief. On the other hand, Medina-Sidonia had his four great Neapolitan galleasses leading him. The galleasses with their powerful sweeps were the only vessels present which could drive into the wind and approach him. Medina-Sidonia drew abreast of Hugo de Moncada's flagship —there seems to have been some trouble on a point of dignity already between these extremely blue-blooded Hidalgos—and let fly his orders to attack Frobisher in round and homely terms. The galleasses obeyed. Frobisher on the *Triumph* had none but converted merchant ships with him, the *Merchant Royal*, the *Centurion*, the *Margaret and John*, the *Mary Rose* and the *Golden Lion*, and for an hour and a half he was hard put to it to hold the Spaniards off. He had no speed of manœuvring which could compete in this limited space with the oared galleasses, and their weight of artillery greatly exceeded his. It was always understood that his defence was the most distinguished episode in the whole action.

Medina-Sidonia, leaving the galleasses to their work, then went about with his sixteen ships and joined in the pursuit of the *Ark Royal* and the rest of the English fleet. But in the smoke which was throwing a black and confusing screen about the battle he did not notice that Drake's hybrid squadron of fifty ships which made Howard's right wing was edging round Recalde's and Bertendona's rearguard squadrons. Whether Drake would have succeeded without the help of nature, no one can say. But nature did help. The wind from north-east switched to south-west. Drake could have asked for nothing better. He weathered the rearguard, and then something better did happen. From south-west the wind shifted 22½ degrees to south-south-west. The change enabled him to attack from the rear to the westward. The sudden appearance of his ships out of the black cloud of smoke was startling to his enemy, and the salvos of his guns forced them hurriedly to bear away and run eastward to form up on their leeward ships. They had lost the weather-gauge, and with it, as it seemed, the possibility of a victory. Worse still, Recalde was once more in trouble on the *San Juan*, as he had been two days before on the *Santa Ana*. Crippled by the broadsides of Drake's ships, he was fighting a lone battle. But Frobisher, far away at the other end of the battle line, was still being harried by the four galleasses, and still to the east of the English fleet. However, with the change in the direction of the wind it was easier to help him. Howard collected the *Elizabeth Jonas*, the *Galleon Leicester*, the *Victory*, the *Dreadnought* and the *Swallow*, and with the wind dead astern of him charged down towards the cluster of friends and enemies. Medina-Sidonia, with sixteen of his big galleons, lay in the centre of his fleet, and he too bore down towards the Bill to intercept the rescue party. But he dared not leave Recalde to his destruction. It was better to let the *Triumph* and her consorts escape, if he must, than to lose Recalde as he had lost Pedro de Valdes. Still it might be possible in both cases to succeed. Medina-Sidonia might be a poor sailor and a reluctant and unimaginative leader, but he was of a stout heart. He sent off his galleons to succour Recalde, and alone continued on his course.

Here was an opportunity for Howard which a blind man could not have missed. He bore up until he had the wind on his starboard quarter and the *San Martin* in front of him. The *San Martin* ran up into the wind and awaited his attack. It was not merely braggadocio, it was not merely a call upon the Spanish pride which prompted Medina-Sidonia to this quixotic proceeding. He had sent his sixteen galleons away, it is true, but his vanguard was fifty ships strong at the least computation. They should have been gathering behind him. But such was the confusion of this day, so many little engagements making up the one big battle, such a violent

bombardment breaking out now here, now there, and so dense a pall of smoke creased and writhed and floated over all, that many of the Spanish ships were huddled together like sheep. The *San Martin* suffered terribly. Howard's ship passed her giving her three broadsides, went about, repassed her and gave her the other broadside. The *San Martin* replied with her bow guns, but they were of little avail. She lost fifty killed and sixty wounded in this one phase of the battle. As the sixteen galleons reached seawards towards Recalde, Howard passed on to Frobisher and the galleasses, and Drake swept down to take Howard's place. He too gave to the *San Martin* the full attention of his broadsides. The sacred banner at the main was ripped and torn, her hull was shot through and she was making water fast. The galleasses at last fled from Frobisher's ships at Howard's approach—and suddenly the battle ceased and the noise of it died away. Why? Howard had fired all his ammunition away, and the Spaniards, glad of this unexpected respite, gathered their crippled galleons in their midst and with a fair wind, but to leeward again of their enemy, sailed on past Weymouth Bay to St. Alban's Head.

An inconclusive, unsatisfactory battle. Towards the end Howard undoubtedly had the advantage, and if only he had been able to command sufficient powder and shot he might then and there have shattered the Armada. But the Armada went on, a fleet in being. New tactics were being used by the English, and they did not know enough of them to use them to their full value. To stand off and win by so manœuvring that the whole weight of the broadside could be thrown again and again at the enemy's ships: that was the new theory; but in practice it involved such an expenditure of powder and shot as the purveyor of the Queen's Navy had never foreseen, and would only have foreseen with horror at the cost. Howard, in his Relation, generally and probably with justice attributed to him, after a handsome reference to himself, dwells upon this point. "The fight was very nobly continued from morning until evening, the Lord Admiral being always in the hottest of the encounter, and it may well be said that for the time, there was never seen a more terrible value of great shot, nor more hot fight than this was; for although the musketeers and arquebusiers of crock were then infinite, yet could they not be discerned nor heard, for that the great ordnance came so thick that a man would have judged it to have been a hot skirmish of small shot, being all the fight long within half musket shot of the enemy."

Thus, then, ended Tuesday, the 23rd of July, and the fourth day of the Armada battle; and there are two matters in connection with it which require some reflection.

The first is more particular to the place of Drake in the country's history than to this engagement. Never once does Howard in his account of it mention his Vice-Admiral. That it was he who, by weathering the seaward wing of the Spaniards at a critical moment, altered the complexion of the engagement, there is not a word of acknowledgment. It was he, but the fact has to be dug out of the various Relations, Spanish as well as English. Nor did Howard mention him again with praise—not even in his account of the battle of Gravelines. It is impossible not to wonder whether that extinguished lantern on the poop of the *Revenge* did, after all, pass without the silent censure of the Lord High Admiral; or whether some sharp jealousy made his pen niggardly of praise.

The other surprising circumstance is that with all this smoke of war staining the seas, all this swift artillery, men half-naked sweating at their guns and the enemy less than a pistol shot away, not a ship was sunk. The *San Martin* raked by the broadsides of the *Ark Royal* and the *Revenge*, Frobisher's *Triumph* and his merchantmen for an hour and a half bearing the swiftly moving batteries of the galleasses, Recalde's *San Juan* exposed alone to the fire of Drake's squadron—all of them remained afloat. Two of them could be repaired and the next day fight again. There were, of course, no shells to explode within the very vitals of a ship. A round shot might pass through the planks of both sides, and as long as it passed through above the water-line the holes could be plugged. Moreover, the round shot as often as not did not fit the cannon, it wobbled before it left the cannon's mouth, it was deflected, and the bore of the cannon was smooth. Eight hundred yards a culverin was supposed to carry, but at eight hundred yards it was unlikely to hit its object, and if it did, it had so little velocity in its flight and such small striking power behind it, that it could be dodged before it struck. It was very difficult in 1588 to sink a battleship. Taking all in all, it was even more difficult than it is today.

Wednesday, July 24th, began with a skirmish between a few ships of the English van and the Spanish rearguard under Recalde. The four galleasses were engaged and the Spanish claimed to have shot away the mainyard of the Admiral's ship and damaged his rigging. The English are silent about this affair, so that it is impossible to state which of the Admirals suffered this hurt. Indeed, but for the Spanish admission that the chief ship of the hulks was riddled with shot and had seventy men killed and as many wounded, one would not be sure that a musket had been let off on that day. Certainly none was afterwards. There was little or no wind. Howard, moreover, was engaged in refurnishing himself from the shore with powder and shot and reorganizing his fleet. By the energies of the Mayor of Weymouth he secured

the ammunition of the *San Salvador* and of *Nuestra Señora del Rosario* now in Dartmouth Harbour. Lord Sussex at Portsmouth stripped himself of his last quintal of powder and must needs send to the Tower for the small portion which still remained there. Sir George Carey, Governor of the Isle of Wight, sent him four ships and a couple of pinnaces in reply to the appeal which Howard had made. One of these pinnaces, indeed, manned with a hundred sailors, Howard sent back. He had men enough now and of little ships too many. For during the last two days from Dartmouth, from Lyme, from Bridport and Weymouth and Poole the little ships had been tumbling out to join in the great battle to decide whether England would still be English. They were captained by young gentlemen glowing with adoration of the Queen, by old sailors who had sons labouring in the Spanish galleys, by Protestants who abominated the Pope, by country men with the smell of their land in their nostrils. Whoever owned or could buy or borrow a little craft with a little gun, and could scrape together a handful of powder and shot, was off to sink the Armada. And behind all the motives of which they were conscious there was one which welded them together like a flame, the need to retain their Englishry, to continue to be what God and their soil and their independence of mind and their love of adventure had made them. They were going to be partakers in a victory or to win an honourable death, every one of them, but beyond crowding in upon Howard's fleet they were for the most part not very clear how they were going to set about it. Their undisciplined ardour, indeed, made them an embarrassing addition to Howard's muster and no doubt speeded up the remodelling of the battle plan, which was the invaluable work done by the war-council on that day.

It was imperative that the tactical plot should be changed. For four days the Spaniards had been sailing up the Channel with the English on their heels, and though they had lost a couple of big ships, a good many men, and had suffered other injuries to hulls and rigging, they were still as an engine of war no less formidable at St. Alban's Head than they had been off the Dodman Rock. The *felicissima Armada* was still the *felicissima Armada*. It had indeed, on the day before, turned and split the English line. It had reduced an attack in full strength to a series of isolated and indecisive engagements. The English Admirals had been surprised by the skill of the Spanish Commanders, and they were able enough and modest enough to snatch a leaf out of the Spanish book.

Howard had now more than a hundred ships under his command. Fourteen had joined him on this day alone. The Spanish plan of squadrons was adopted, and the fleet was divided into four of them. Frobisher, who had earned promotion by his gallant defence against the galleasses, was given

the command of one; and, as before, he was stationed on the port wing. On his right hand, Sir John Hawkins in the *Victory* commanded the second. The Lord Admiral led the strongest squadron next; and the seaward wing was in the charge of the Vice-Admiral, Sir Francis Drake.

With the new formation, a new method of attack. Six of the merchant ships from each squadron were to attack simultaneously during the night —"should set upon the Spanish fleet in sundry places at one instant in the night time, to keep the enemy waking," as Howard described the plan. But the wind fell away altogether with the evening, and once more the two fleets lay idle, the Armada a few miles south of the Isle of Wight—six leagues is the figure given, but as the battle which took place on the following morning was clearly visible from the island, that figure is an exaggeration—and the English fleet astern. Medina-Sidonia had now reached the spot where he expected an answer from the Duke of Parma to the information of his whereabouts, which he had sent by his flag-bearer Juan Gil on July 22nd. He was content, therefore, to stay where he was.

But it was not to be allowed. To the English his position had never been more dangerous. Although he had not taken the narrow Needles passage into the Solent, he could round the island at St. Helen's, or attack Portsmouth, or fly on to a junction with Parma at Dover. The general belief amongst both the statesmen and the sailors of England was that he would seek to occupy the Island as a prelude to the invasion of England. They had no knowledge of Philip's secret instructions to Medina-Sidonia to halt nowhere until he had joined forces with the Duke of Parma, and the capture of the Island seemed the first step which a force engaged upon the Enterprise of England would naturally take.

During the still night no attack was possible, but when the morning of July 25th broke, two big galleons, the *Santa Ana*, Recalde's wounded flagship, and the *San Luis*, a warship of Lisbon, were lying becalmed astern of the Armada and ahead of Hawkins's squadron. There was only one way of coming to grips with them. Hawkins ordered out the long-boats of his leading ships and had them towed into close range; and so at five o'clock began a battle which was the first phase of the defeat of the Armada. "*Deus flavit*," said the legend on the Armada medal. It is an ironic commentary on the legend that not a flaw of wind blurred on that morning the shining mirror of the sea.

Sir George Carey saw the battle from the Island, so close was it fought to the cliffs of Dunnose. It continued, he wrote to the Earl of Sussex, "from five of the clock until ten with so great expense of powder and bullet that during the said time the shot continued so thick together that it might rather

have been judged a skirmish with small shot on land than a fight with great shot on sea."

It was a tempting but a dangerous move which Hawkins made. For Medina-Sidonia had his four big-oared galleasses still in fighting trim. He sent three of them with Alonzo de Leyva's great Levanter *Rata* to the rescue. Hawkins, however, did not as yet get into a position where he could use his broadside. His long-boats were driven off by musket fire. Howard, whose squadron was next to that of Hawkins, now brought his own *Ark Royal* and Lord Thomas Howard's *Golden Lion* by means of his long-boats into the engagement, and between them they did some excellent shooting. A shot from the *Ark Royal* carried away the lantern of one of the galleasses—it came bobbing by Howard's ship. Another shot carried away the nose of the second galleasse; and the third drifted away from the bombardment with a heavy list. "After which time," said Howard with very justifiable pride, "the galleasses were never seen in fight any more, so bad was their entertainment in this encounter." As for the *Santa Ana*, from which ship Recalde, two days before, had removed his flag, she had so much additional damage done to her battered sides that she fell away from the Armada altogether and drifted ashore the next day, a total wreck, in the bay of Havre. The galleasses, indeed, were only saved from complete destruction by the rising of the wind, which enabled Medina-Sidonia in the *San Martin* and the fourth galleasse to draw away. The English squadrons lay a little inshore of the Spaniards, and the wind for the moment blew straight from the south. The *San Martin* and the fourth galleasse, being in the Spanish van, were able to pass through the rearguard and, having now the weather-gauge, to face the attack. The battered galleasses under the cover of this reinforcement drew away. But Medina-Sidonia's vanguard did not, as he expected, conform to his movement, and he found himself in considerable danger. Luckily for him, the *Ark Royal* and the *Golden Lion* had in their turn suffered some mauling; for they appear no more in the engagement. It was Frobisher's squadron on the left of Howard which took up the attack. A current had carried the cluster of ships shorewards, so that Frobisher was quite close to the *San Martin*, and the wind was so light that he was able to open his lower ports and fire his lower tier of guns. He did so much damage to the enemy's flagship, killing her soldiers and bringing down her mizzen-yard, that it was only a second change of wind which saved her. It shifted into the south-west, and ships of the Spanish rearguard found it possible to butt in between Frobisher's squadron and the flagship. This shift of wind threatened to change the fortunes of the day. For it put Frobisher's squadron to leeward, Frobisher's own flagship, the *Triumph*, being on the squadron's seaward edge.

Whether or no the Spanish Admiral knowingly profited by the English methods, he used them. He concentrated his attack upon the *Triumph* and cut it off whilst the rest of the English fleet went about and sailed close-hauled to recover the weather-gauge. Frobisher's rudder was injured and she would not steer, she was badly damaged by shot, and she fired three guns and lowered her ensign as signals of her distress. Eleven launches were sent hurriedly to tow her off, and the *Bear* and the *Elizabeth Jonas* of Howard's squadron bore away to her relief. But Recalde with the *San Juan de Sicilia*, the *Gran-Grin* and the squadron of Castille were swinging down on a reach between the reinforcement and the *Triumph*. It looked as if Frobisher and his great ship were doomed. But at this moment, Medina-Sidonia declared ruefully, the wind freshened in favour of the enemy's Admiral. In other words, it shifted a little to the south. Frobisher had managed to repair his steering gear. He cast off the launches and slipped away on a reach to the west and beat up to his own fleet. Meanwhile, to seaward the squadrons of Hawkins and Drake were claiming Medina-Sidonia's attention. Using every flaw and shift of the light wind, they worked round the weathermost ships of the Spanish wing, and with the *Mary Rose* under Fenton's command and the *Nonpareil* under Thomas Fenner's leading, fell upon the *San Mateo*. The *San Mateo* was driven in amongst the leeward galleons, causing a confusion in their ranks, and a general attack was begun. A decisive victory seemed at last within the grasp of the English fleet. It was to windward, the Spanish galleons were being huddled and driven together with the sandbanks of the Owers not so far away under their lee. Frobisher's *Triumph* and Howard's *Ark Royal* were alike out of danger; and suddenly, as if by mutual consent, the battle came to an end.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, the sea calm, the wind light, yet not so light that ships could not manœuvre. The *Mary Rose* and the *Nonpareil*, for instance, having weathered the seaward Spanish wing, had lowered their topsails and were standing boldly in upon the crowded enemy. Yet the battle ceased. The English ships were called off, the Spaniards re-formed and sailed on unmolested towards the Straits of Dover.

There have been many conjectures to explain the abrupt cessation of this battle. The real explanation is to be found in that letter of Sir George Carey to Sussex from which a quotation has been already made. "It might rather have been judged a skirmish with small shot on land than a fight with great shot on sea." Both sides at the end of the five hours were too short of ammunition to continue. All that Howard had been able to collect from the *San Salvador* and *Nuestra Señora del Rosario*, all that Carey had been able to send him, had been blazed away. The Duke of Medina-Sidonia was not in

much better case. He sent the pilot Domingo Ochoa in a pinnace the next day to the Duke of Parma to obtain from him "shot of four, six and ten lbs. because much of his munition had been wasted in the several fights."

But though the battle was broken off, the advantage was with the English. Medina-Sidonia himself admits it in his Relation to King Philip. "The Duke seeing that in the proposed assault the advantage was no longer with us and that we were now near to the Isle of Wight, discharged a piece and proceeded on his course, the rest of the Armada following in very good order, the enemy remaining a long way astern." Indeed, had Howard been sufficiently provided with powder and shot, the great decision which was reached at Gravelines might have been obtained that day. Medina-Sidonia had the cliffs of Shanklin and the sandbanks of the Owers under his lee. He was being crowded towards them by the squadrons of Hawkins and Drake. It was very doubtful if he could have escaped. As things were, he had lost three of his four galleasses and the *Santa Ana* from his fighting strength. As Howard wrote four days later to Walsingham, "Their force is wonderful great and strong; and yet we pluck their feathers by little and by little;" the occupation of the Isle of Wight was prevented; Portsmouth was saved from an attack; and ahead in the Narrow Seas Seymour was awaiting them. As the war rolled eastwards, English heads slept more easily on their pillows. But there were still Parma and his soldiers at Dunkirk. There was still the Thames open to invasion. The Armada was still a fleet of mighty ships and great strength; and on land there were still the delays, the confusion of orders, the shortage of victuals and ammunition, which Howard and his Admirals had been forced to contend with at sea.

CHAPTER XX

The Issue, Slavery or Freedom. The Fire Ships at Calais. The Battle of Gravelines. A Change of Wind saves the Armada from Complete Destruction. England's Victory.

IT was against the establishment of a world of slaves that England was fighting. A few men of more conceit than competence, fanatical, austere, untroubled by doubts, were to rule and order the lives of men as they chose. Below these few, Philip and his Council, the Pope, the Director of the Inquisition, buzzed the swarm of administrators and Governors and their staffs and departments, some clever, some only cunning, some only inadequate, many corrupt, many cruel, and all arrogant: below them a few, merchants, scholars, and such like, were to enjoy a shadowy independence, but even for them the prison doors were always ajar. Lower still was the great mass of men and women who were to work as they were bidden, the slaves. That was to be the future of England, as it was the present of every dominion which fell into the Spaniards' hands. And the methods of establishing this hierarchy were the same, mass-murder, savage tortures, years of imprisonment for little faults, the suppression of reason and the right to think, the reduction of man to beast.

One wonders how widely the knowledge of what a Spanish victory would mean was spread throughout England when the Armada was sailing up the Channel. The men of the coastline knew it, and the sailors, Drake above all. He had seen the Spanish system at its work, had suffered from its treachery, had made friends with its victims and had smitten it so often and so hard that he had lost all respect for it. The sailors knew. No doubt, too, the traitors who looked across the water to Cardinal Allen at Douai as their adviser, the nobles who hated this new middle-class which "the whore of Babylon" was creating, the Fifth Columnists and Quislings of the North of England. But did the inland peasant who took up arms joyously for the Queen who threw him a laugh and a jest as she rode through the countryside? Was he doing more than fight the foreigner who attacked the soil on which he was born and adore the Queen who reigned over it? The Queen Elizabeth, both in her actions and her words, repeats the riddle. Her ships went out from her harbours to fight the battle of England short of food, powder, and shot. On this morning of Friday, July 26th, when both fleets were lying becalmed within sight of one another off the Isle of Wight, Howard was sending ashore to collect the plough-chains to serve him

instead of cannon-balls. On the same day, when Lord Seymour was ordered to carry his fleet to Dunkirk and impeach the passage of Parma's boats he was forced to reply that he had been promised seventy-eight sail, that he once had thirty-six and that now he had twenty. Of these, eight were Queen's ships, and Queen's ships were the only ships which with the wind west-south-west could ride over against Gravelines and Dunkirk. In addition, he mentioned that he had just four days' provisions.

Could Burghley, the Lord Treasurer, have understood the incomparable peril? A week before, on the 19th of July, he wrote to Walsingham that his mind was as unwilling to write down what the defence was costing as his stomach to accept a purge. And the defence, even so, was not provided. Seymour was promised eight more ships of the Navy to be brought out to him by Nicholas Gorges. Nicholas never arrived, nor any one of his eight fine ships. Ten more galleons belonging to the Merchant Adventurers and victualled for twenty days were ordered to join Seymour at Dunkirk; and they remained on order. A Dutch fleet of a hundred vessels would take their places in his line before the day of battle. But the defeated Armada flying up the coast of Zeeland from the disaster of Gravelines never caught sight of them.

Preparations on land were in no better state. On this Friday of the 26th July, Leicester marched four thousand men of Essex for twenty miles to a prepared camp at West Tilbury; and when they reached the camp there was not a loaf of bread nor a barrel of beer to refresh them. "But all with one voice, finding it to be the speediness of their coming, said they would abide more hunger than this to serve Her Majesty and the country." Leicester did not take the neglect so lightly. A thousand men were to march to the camp that night from London. He sent off a messenger to stop them, and he wrote sharply to Walsingham:

"And because I see and find many causes now to increase my former opinion of the dilatory wants you shall find upon all sudden hurley-burleys, for which respect I am in duty bound to move Her Majesty and humbly to beseech her that as the cases that touch her honour, life and state, that there may be such due regard had for all provisions as in times past hath been. But in no former time was ever so great a cause as at this time."

Did the Queen herself understand the deadly peril to her realm? Pages have been written blaming her avarice and parsimony for the defects of her services. Pages more to acquit her. The supplies of ammunition, the victualling of the ships, the provisioning of the camps were dockyard matters of which she had neither knowledge nor control. A third excuse has been found in the rapidity of fire which the English gunners developed; and

no doubt there is justice in that plea. So fast a service of the guns had never been heard of in the world before. The Spanish historians bear tribute to it. The few casualties in the English fleet attest it. For, while giving full value to the bad gunnery of the Spaniards, the smaller calibre and number of their guns and their higher elevation, it is still clear that the English fire had a paralysing effect upon the enemy; in so little a space could the Queen's ships go about and deliver the other broadside. But men like John Hawkins, James Quarles the Surveyor to the Navy, and his assistant Marmaduke Darell, were all aware of this quality in the English ships, and indeed had been striving for it; so that adequate preparation to make full use of it should have been made.

The Queen held the purse-strings; that is true enough. But it was a very small purse which those strings closed. Burghley was at his wits' end to raise money on July 19th. "I have had conference with Palavicino and with Saltonstall how £40,000 or £50,000 might be had for ten per cent.; but I find no probability how to get money here in specie which is our lack, but by exchange to have it out of the parts beyond sea which will not be done but in a long time." Yet, though the Queen's poverty may be fairly taken as a truer explanation of the deficiencies than her parsimony, she was surprised by the actual arrival of the Armada. Her Commission for the making of a permanent peace with Philip's Viceroy, Parma, was still sitting in Flanders when Captain Fleming broke in upon the famous game of bowls. She clung to her dream of peace even when she had waked from it; and it is likely that her very nature hindered her from a true vision of what a Spanish triumph meant. She was of too tolerant a mind, she had such a whole-hearted hatred of bigotry of all kinds, that she may have been unable to understand that the complete and eternal nullification of the English people was what her cousin Philip intended.

Fortunately for England, its mariners did; and they brought to a sublime trust in their cause a glorious confidence in their ability to make it prevail. The letters of Howard, Seymour, William Winter, John Hawkins and Drake, even when they are charged with pleas and demands and complaints, ring with the trumpets of victory. They were violent, jealous, quarrelsome men, tenacious of their rights and prerogatives, but when they fought the Spaniard they fought like brothers. They took up the tale of their quarrels as soon as the battle was over. One man had not the post of honour he should have had. Another should not have had to take his orders from a coward. But whilst the battle raged, the one fought as if his station was the very heart of the engagement, and the other took his orders from "the coward" without a growl and carried them out to the last twirl of the letter.

Lord Howard, seizing the opportunity of this idle day, summoned his chief Captains on board the *Ark Royal*, and in reward of their good services, as well as for the encouragement of the rest, conferred on them the honour of knighthood. Lord Thomas Howard, the Lord Sheffield, Roger Townshend, John Hawkins, Martin Frobisher and George Beeston, a veteran of the Navy who was now Captain of the *Victory*, returned to their ships dignified by a title which was rarely accorded. That good work done with due ceremony, Howard sent off a messenger to Seymour, who was lying with his squadron off Dover, to join him with all his ships as quickly as he could, and since he had now become a real sailor from top to toe, we must suppose that for the rest of the day he whistled for a wind.

Medina-Sidonia also spent a portion of that day in rewarding merit. He transferred the command of the Andalusian squadron, Don Pedro de Valdes being now a prisoner on the *Revenge*, to Don Diego Enriquez, the Captain of the *San Juan de Sicilia*, and the son of that Viceroy of Mexico who in Drake's earlier days had done him so much hurt at St. John de Ulua. Then, in some surprise that Parma had neither answered his message nor come out with his flat-bottomed boats to join hands with him, he despatched his pilot, Domingo Ochoa, to repeat his request. Parma, of course, had never contemplated anything so foolish as trailing out twenty thousand soldiers in barges from Dunkirk to the Isle of Wight whilst the English fleets were in the Channel. To satisfy him, an important preliminary was needed, a great naval battle, ending in a great Spanish victory which would clear the Narrow Seas. So while Howard whistled for a wind, Medina-Sidonia scanned the horizon for Parma's barges.

Howard's prayer was gratified as the sun sank. A wind sprang up in the west, and both fleets sailed on before it through the night and the next day, past Selsey Bill and Dungeness towards Dover and the Downs. Howard was in no hurry. All along the coast as he went he was collecting powder and shot and men with a good name for gunnery; and ahead, Seymour with his squadron was beating towards him. Just out of gunshot Howard followed, shortening his sails to keep the pace of the Armada. But it was not Dover and the Downs that the Spaniards were making for. Medina-Sidonia had recognized that his towering fortresses could not cope with the handy, nimble ships of the Queen's Navy; and, hopeful once more, he had asked Parma to despatch to him at the same time as the shot, forty flyboats with which, since they were easier to handle, he might grapple and board. He was in search of those forty flyboats, and he bore up towards the coast of France to meet them. In the afternoon he saw the sunlight strike upon the white cliffs of Calais.

The Admirals of the English fleet must have observed that change of course with astonishment and delight. The threat to England dwindled as the size of the great galleons dwindled before the eyes of the coast-watch men of the Cinque Ports. Let but the wind hold in the same quarter, and Medina-Sidonia had delivered the Armada into their hands. He had learnt enough of wind and sea since he had left the Groyne on July 12th to understand that he must stop to windward of Dunkirk if he and Parma were to join forces at all. So he dropped his anchor in Calais Roads, and Howard, a culverin's shot behind him, joyfully followed his example.

Medina-Sidonia could hardly have made a mistake more deadly. There was no harbour; the tides ran swiftly; to windward of him sat the English squadrons, their wounded replaced and, to some extent, their ammunition restored; to leeward of him spread the great sandbanks from the Sandettie and the Outer Ruytingen to the Wandelaar. To make his position still more dangerous, at eight o'clock on that Saturday night he sighted a new fleet of thirty-six ships led by five great galleons beating up from the coast of England. "Juan Achines!" The name went round the Armada, a name of terror only second to the name of Drake. But John Hawkins had already been justifying his name under Howard's command during the last week. The newcomers were the ships of the Channel squadron, Seymour having received fresh orders from the Council to join Howard at the same time as he received Howard's summons. Medina-Sidonia never so much as moved a pinnace to prevent the junction of the two English fleets. He was possessed by one dominant purpose: to make a connection with the Duke of Parma. After that, all would be well. Whether he had any nebulous plan in his mind by which he hoped to hold off the English attack whilst Parma's little hoys and boats crowded with soldiers and cannon crossed to the Isle of Thanet or the Thames; whether he proposed to concert one with Parma; or whether he trusted to find one on Parma's desk ready-made; there is no knowing. His own Relation is silent. He kept his fleet at anchor "in the form of a roundel," and one of Seymour's ships, as he swept up to take his position on Howard's left wing, drew near enough to the Armada to rake the rearguard with a broadside and got no answer but a couple of culverin shots from the stern-guns of the rear galleasses. Except for the eight ships with which Nicholas Gorges should have reinforced Seymour, there was now gathered on the weather side of the Spanish fleet the entire Navy which England could put upon the sea. From a hundred and thirty-six to a hundred and forty sail they numbered, of which twenty-four were the Queen's galleons and as many those formidable merchantmen which were wont to fight their way to and from the markets of the world.

Seymour had done little more than arrange the position of his ships for the night when a pinnace from the Lord Admiral drew alongside the *Vanguard* and summoned Sir William Winter to a private conference.

Sir William Winter hurried on board. He had a proposal to make. He made it at nine o'clock of the night, "and his Lordship did like very well of it and said the next day, his Lordship would call a council and put the same in practice," which was all very tactful of his Lordship and altogether in keeping with that modest deference he was accustomed to use towards the veterans of the sea. The subject of his discourse was the use of fire ships and their particular application to the Spanish fleet. But it was a familiar story which Sir William Winter was telling. Already nineteen small hoys had been collected at Dover for this very purpose and laden with faggots and one barrel of tar apiece. In addition, Walsingham had sent down seventy-two barrels from London, and these were put into one of the small barks and all were ready and waiting for some officer of Howard's fleet to come and fetch them.

Camden, the historian, attributes the fire ships to the insight and wisdom of Queen Elizabeth. But it was a common device of naval warfare in those times. The Spaniards themselves had tried it out on Drake in the harbour of Cadiz, and it is not necessary to account for its use now by looking beyond the combined intelligence of Howard's war-council. Calais Roads, with their fierce tides and currents, were obviously the ideal spot for their employment; the English fleet had besides the advantage of the weather-gauge; and those hard-bitten mariners who gathered from time to time in Howard's cabin on the *Ark Royal* would have been a set of ninnies if the scheme had not occurred to them.

Howard, however, sent the old sailor back to the *Vanguard* without relieving him of the credit of his originality. He summoned a council on the next morning, Sunday the 28th. No one could tell how long Medina-Sidonia would remain at his unfavourable anchorage. The opportunity was not to be missed. It was decided to man the fire ships with crews and send them down before the wind on to the Armada at midnight when the tide would be running at its full strength up-channel. The ships would tow rowing-boats in which at the last moment the crews were to escape. As soon as these orders were drawn up, Sir Henry Palmer was hurried off in a pinnace to fetch the prepared vessels from Dover. He had hardly got under way, however, when it occurred to some bright spirit at the council that by no possibility could Sir Henry return with them before the following morning. The English could not afford to wait that time. Some negotiations must be going on between the Prince of Parma and Medina-Sidonia. At any moment a decision might

be reached. The council resolved to make a little fleet of fire ships by sacrificing some of the many craft they had with them which were not fit for the battle line. Drake supplied a ship belonging to him, the *Thomas*, of two hundred tons. Captain Yonge, the *Bear Yonge* of a hundred and forty. In all, eight ships were secretly made ready under the command of Captains Yonge and Prouse. The guns were left on board loaded with powder and shot. Whether this was an oversight due to lack of time, or an accident from the need of complete secrecy, or done of set purpose, there is no record. But if it was an accident or an oversight, it turned out to be one of the most profitable kind.

Meanwhile Medina-Sidonia was sending off his messages to Parma without result, but with every help from Monsieur Gourdan, the French Governor of Calais. Monsieur Gourdan construed the laws of neutrality in a way very unfavourable to the English. We are perhaps more accustomed to that treatment from the Powers of the Continent now than we were then. We hit back in those days quick and hard, having men like Drake to take these matters in hand. Monsieur Gourdan was polite to Howard, helpful to Medina-Sidonia. He facilitated the journeys of his messengers to Dunkirk. He supplied him with what information he had; he warned him of the peril of his anchorage; he sent him flowers and fruit and encouraging sentiments. And indeed the unhappy Duke needed all the encouragement he could get.

Vicente Alvarez, the Captain of *Nuestra Señora del Rosario*, when questioned in the Bridewell on August 2nd, declared that the Prince of Parma was understood to be the Commander-in-Chief of the Enterprise and that the Duke of Medina-Sidonia's mission was merely to hand over his forces to the Prince and thenceforth act under his directions. If this declaration were true and Medina-Sidonia a mere subordinate, much that is puzzling in his conduct of the expedition becomes clear. His determination to avoid a battle, his neglect to attack the ports of Plymouth and Portsmouth, even his anchorage in Calais Roads, must be attributed not so much to lack of seamanship as to the loyalty of a Second-in-Command to his Chief. On the other hand, it would make absolutely inexplicable the absence of the Prince of Parma from Dunkirk at this particular moment. For absent he was. On Saturday night Medina-Sidonia had sent his secretary Arceo to warn Parma that he could not linger where he was. On Sunday he despatched Don Jorge Manrique with the still more urgent summons to sally out at once. But Parma was away at Bruges. Neither soldiers nor munition had been embarked and, according to the message which the Secretary Arceo sent back to his Admiral on the Sunday evening, it would take at least a fortnight before the expedition could start.

Why was Parma absent? Meteren, the Dutch historian, gives an explanation so odd that one cannot but wish it to be true. He says that Parma had persuaded himself that as soon as London had been captured he was to be crowned King of England by Cardinal Allen. For this reason he had resigned the Government of the Low Countries to Count Mansfeld and had gone off to make his vows to St. Mary of Hall in Hainault. Thus the first news of the presence of the Armada in the Channel reached him on his way back at Bruges from the mouth of Roderigo Tello, whom Medina-Sidonia had despatched to him in a pinnace on the day before the battle of the Isle of Wight. And the first evidence of its arrival in French waters he got the next day from the thundering of its guns as he travelled on the Monday towards Dunkirk. When he reached that town on Tuesday, July 30th, the Spanish fleet was scattered along the shallow seas of Zeeland and his chance of a crown was gone.

However enheartening to himself the Prince's devotions at the shrine of St. Mary of Hall may have been, they inflicted a day of grave disquiet upon his co-religionists in the Roads of Calais. The whisper grew that Parma could not be found. The rumour was officially denied but not killed. For a time hopes grew and spirits rose, but as the long day wore on and no orders were issued and no bustle of activity was observed on the Duke's galleon, a foreboding of disaster spread from ship to ship. In the English fleet, less than two miles astern, quiet though it looked, something was surely being prepared. Drake was there with his magic mirror. Achines too—"Ojo Achines!" How often had Philip himself scrawled that phrase on the margin of the despatches he read! The English were a devilish people with black and subtle arts. The haunting presentiment grew as the darkness fell. It reached and troubled Medina-Sidonia and his staff on board the flagship. He sent a warning to his fleet to watch well throughout the night and have their boats alongside lest fire ships should be sent against them. He despatched the soldier he most trusted, Antonio Serrano, Captain of the forecastle of the *San Martin*, in a pinnace to patrol the water between the fleets.

The tide turned; the wind blew steadily from the south-south-west; the lanterns burned brightly on the English ships half a league astern; the night was very dark but clear. A little after midnight, when the tide at the full was racing past the Spanish ships, something was seen, perhaps a blot here and there of a deeper darkness, perhaps the sway of some great wing across the light of a lantern. Eyes were strained, questions asked in bated voices, and in a little while it was seen that eight ships with their sails set, but not a light burning on one of them, were coming down on the tide towards them. But they were not gybing and yawing and running up into the wind, as they

would have been had they been derelict. These kept their course with their sails full. They were being sailed. They had their crews on board. And then suddenly lights shone on two of them, flames roared upwards from the decks, so that the rigging stood out against them, black lines on a sheet of red. By the blaze the crew was seen to be tumbling into their long-boats and pulling back to the English fleet. What had happened on two of the ships was repeated on the other six. They burst into flames, and only when they were too near to the Armada to be intercepted and towed out of range did the crews desert them. All the uneasiness and the forebodings which had been gaining on the Spaniards throughout the day now culminated in sheer panic. The panic increased as one after another the loaded guns upon the fire ships exploded. No one aimed them; they flung their round shot wildly into the air, but the thunder of them and the smoke joined with the roar of the flames to throw the Spaniards into a frenzy. Down they came on the swirling tide, the sails now on fire and streaming out before the wind like the devil's pennants, eight tall ships, ablaze now from stem to stern. What wonder if the soldiers and sailors, and even the throng of priests on the Spanish galleons, believed that demons conjured up out of the sea by the abominable arts of Drake were working those red-hot cannon and holding the tillers? They cut their cables, they smashed into one another, some hoisted a few sails; and here huddled together in a cluster, there straggling in separate lines, without order or plan, they drove away north-eastwards on the tide. Medina-Sidonia, however, kept his head. He was held up by a group of entangled galleons. He was urged to abandon his *San Martin*. There might be others in the Armada who had a sounder knowledge of navigation, there was none with a heart more brave. He refused. The entangled galleons drifted away from across his bows. He got clear from them, clear from the fire ships too; and going about he dropped his spare anchors and fired a gun for the Armada to form up again about him. From the point of seamanship, as from that of courage, he was right. He had a hope that with the turn of the tide the whole fleet might beat up to its old anchorage. But it was a forlorn hope. Only a few ships led by the *San Marcos*, one of the big Portuguese men-of-war, heard or obeyed his signal. Panic was the Armada's Admiral that night, and the grey of the morning showed this tiny cluster of ships lying head to wind in the face of the English, and the mass of the fleet adrift behind him six miles off Gravelines. The wind was still in the south-south-west. By no possibility could it rejoin him in time to save him from destruction. Medina-Sidonia took the only measure open to him. He raised his anchors, bore away, and wore his few vessels, meaning to pass his fleet and form a new battle line on the galleons furthest to leeward. He can be left for the moment with the *San*

Marcos and her few companions running with all sails set to catch up his scattered "roundel."

In the English plan, the fire ships were to be the prelude of a full-dress naval engagement at break of day. The Armada was to be caught in a confusion and its wings driven in upon its centre, and the whole mass of crowded ships battered to destruction. Howard's formation of the fleet into squadrons remained, with the addition of Seymour's fine fleet as an extra squadron on the left wing and outside the squadron of Frobisher. Howard thus occupied a true centre, with Seymour and Frobisher on his port side, Hawkins and Drake upon his starboard.

But he did not keep it. For as the English ships advanced and the light broadened, a huge galleasse was seen inshore. It was the flagship of the galleasses and the only one which, up to now, had escaped serious hurt. Her rudder had been torn off her by a collision in the hurly-burly of the night before, and her Admiral, Hugo de Moncada, was striving with all the strength of his galley-slaves to save her from capture by driving her on shore. According to the Spaniards, she was the bravest ship which ever sailed the seas, a Titan, a great whale, the Behemoth of ships. And even as *Nuestra Señora del Rosario* had proved too irresistible a lure for Drake, now the flagship of the galleasses tempted Lord Howard of Effingham and he fell. He hauled in his sheets, he drew out of the line, and followed by the Queen's ships belonging to his squadron, the *Golden Lion* under Lord Thomas Howard's command and the *White Bear* under Lord Sheffield, he reached shorewards to capture the prize.

It is the oddest circumstance of all that day. Yet no one thought a penny the worse of Lord Howard. As soon as he was near enough, he sent off a hundred men under Captain Amyas Preston to seize her. It became a race between Howard's pinnaces and the galley-slaves at the oars of Hugo de Moncada's huge vessel. Hugo de Moncada won. He grounded his galleasse on the sand before the long-boats and pinnaces could reach her, and when summoned to surrender, claimed to be on the land of France. The hundred men from Howard's ships swarmed by the ports, by the tiers of oars, on each other's shoulders up the high bulwarks of the galleasse, arquebusiers and pikemen and sailors. For an hour the battle raged along the broad decks. Finally Hugo de Moncada was killed by a bullet which entered his head between the eyes, and the survivors of his company clambered and jumped overboard on to the beach. Order came from Lord Howard to tow her off, but the men in the pinnaces, strive as they might, could not make her move.

Hugo de Moncada had succeeded in beaching his great ship just under the guns of Calais Castle, and Monsieur Gourdan, the Governor, observing

the efforts made to tow the galleasse away, thought that the time had come for him to take a hand in the affair. He sent a polite message to the captors of the galleasse, that looting was permitted unquestionably, but that the ship, having run ashore at Calais, was as unquestionably his. The captors had not waited for Monsieur Gourdan's permission, they took the treasure chest of twenty-two thousand golden scudi and everything else of value upon which they could lay their hands. They then made a final effort to drag the galleasse into deep water and were driven away by the castle guns. For some time Lord Howard and his comrades watched the proceedings—for well over an hour certainly—and then sailed on to resume their proper positions in the battle of Gravelines.

From a modern point of view, such an episode seems a frank impossibility. Drake deserting the fleet, which his lantern was guiding, to secure a prize is a shock; but a Commander-in-Chief dropping out with his best ships from what was meant to be a decisive battle, just before the engagement began, in order to pick up and make certain of another prize, is hard to believe. Yet he relates the incident quite simply. The veteran Sir William Winter mentions it to Walsingham, with such details as that William Coxe, Master of Winter's bark, the *Delight*, was the first to board the galleasse and was subsequently killed; and that the pinnaces did very valiantly behave themselves; but without a word of censure for the Admiral. Henry White, Captain of the *Bark Talbot*, writes in the same spirit:

"Part of our fleet made haste to overtake the enemy; my Lord Admiral with another part lingered a space to see what would become of those he sent to attempt the galleon."

But naval tactics were new; they were due to the experience and imagination of great sailors like Drake and Hawkins; up till now fleets did not so much fight fleets as a number of ships fought a number of ships; and it was natural enough that an hereditary Admiral and even an old sailor like Sir William Winter with fifty years' service in the Navy should follow the old style. In addition, the enormous value of a rich prize is not to be forgotten. The haste with which Queen Elizabeth sent to Dover for strict details of the taking of the galleasse is evidence enough. England was short of specie and ammunition. Both were to be got in large quantities from a huge ship like the *San Lorenzo*. Besides, there would be young gentlemen on board, seeking honour and the favour of the Saints and the possession of great seignories in England. "Scarce was there any family," Emanuel van Meteren wrote, "of account or any one principal man throughout all Spain that had not a brother, son, or kinsman in that fleet." All these young gentlemen were worth their weight in gold to the captors. Captain Amyas

Preston was unlucky in the case of the *San Lorenzo*. For those who were not killed outright in the bloody hand-to-hand fight jumped overboard and escaped to the kindly ministrations of Monsieur Gourdan.

Whilst this curious side-issue was being decided, Drake was leading the attack. The defection of Lord Howard had brought about a change in the English plan. All the squadrons swung to their right to intervene between Dunkirk and the Armada and drive Medina-Sidonia's left wing so violently into his centre that he would be forced with all his fleet on to the shoals.

Medina-Sidonia was still astern of his drifting ships, though he was catching them up, but the water was shoaling under his keel and he was warned by his pilots that if he held on with his original intention of re-forming on the most leewardly of his galleons they would all be on the sands before the manœuvre could be completed. Desperate measures were needed if the Armada were to be saved, and once more the Duke did not fail his King. Drake with the three Fenners on the *Nonpareil*, the *Swiftsure* and the *Aid*, and Robert Crosse on the Hope, were coming up swiftly behind him. He had only the *San Marcos* and the *San Juan* to support him. A couple of days afterwards, Drake promised so to handle the matter with the Duke of Medina-Sidonia "as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange-trees." The Duke must indeed have been anticipating that wish at this moment. But he did not hesitate. He sent off a pinnace ordering the fleet to turn and form up about him; he threw his own three ships up into the wind, and going about on to the port tack, with his bows to the west, awaited the charge. Not a shot was fired until the *San Martin* and the *Revenge* were within musket range—so short were both the antagonists of ammunition. Drake's bows were pointing towards the port bow of the *San Martin*. He fired his bow guns, luffed, poured in his full broadside as he passed her and swept on to the mass of the Spanish ships, which were now, under the Duke's order, beginning to turn and beat back to him.

By this action of Drake, Martin Frobisher, already exasperated by the capture of Pedro de Valdes and *Nuestra Señora del Rosario*, was driven into a fury, and expressed his feelings in unbridled terms. "He came bragging up at the first, indeed, and gave them his prow and his broadside and then kept his luff and was glad that he was gone again like a cowardly knave or traitor, but the one I will swear."

Frobisher was no doubt honest in his belief. But, apart from his undoubted skill as a navigator, he seems to have been a heavy, unintelligent man. In the running fights from the Lizard to the Wight it was Frobisher on the left wing who got cut off from his fellows and must be extricated. He

had the moribund idea of a naval battle fixed in his head. A ship chose a ship to fight and bombarded it until it was sunk.

Drake, however, wanted more than a ship. Hawkins was behind him with the *Victory* and his squadron. Behind Hawkins again were Frobisher and Winter and Lord Seymour. Enough to deal with the Spanish flagship. His business was to hinder if he could the re-forming of the Armada upon its Admiral. The process had indeed already begun. The fifty best fighting ships under Recalde and Oquendo and Alonzo de Leyva had turned into the wind and were diminishing rapidly the distance between themselves and their Chief. Medina-Sidonia stood up to the battering, shrouding the *San Martin* in the smoke of her guns. She was pierced through and through by a fifty-pound shot upon her water-line, and her yards and rigging were damaged with her hull. But none the less he succeeded. His great fighting galleons, the Guipuscoans, the Andalusians, the Portuguese, gathered about him in the form of a half-moon, the convex side towards the enemy, with Oquendo and de Leyva in command of his right and Recalde responsible for his left and weatherly wing. It was not a battle formation. The fleet had not opened out so that supporting vessels could pass between them. Medina-Sidonia did not mean to fight a battle if he could help it. He was thinking of Parma, hoping that he would sally out, and he was beating out to the north-west so as not to overrun Dunkirk. But he was not allowed a passage out of danger that way. Whilst Hawkins attacked in the centre, the main strength of the English fleet was thrown against Recalde's wing. Owing to Howard's absence, Oquendo and de Leyva were left unharmed, and even the *San Martin* had a respite in which to stop her leaks with lead. But on the weather flank the attack fell with the greatest violence. Two great galleons, the *San Felipe* and the *San Mateo*, were cut off and surrounded, but Recalde came to their rescue and they were recovered into the body of the fleet. They had short relief; they were so crippled in rigging and hull that they could not keep their place and dropped away again astern. They came now under the fire of Winter's squadron, the *San Mateo*, as a friar on board of her described her, a thing of pity to see, riddled with shot like a sieve. The *San Felipe*, commanded by an old soldier, Francisco de Toledo, was hardly in better case. Both of them were forced into a collision with a Castilian galleon, *Nuestra Señora de Begoña*, and the *San Juan de Cecilia* of the Levantine squadron. The *Nuestra Señora* was able to cut herself free from the entanglement, but the *San Juan*, a ship of eight hundred tons, crowded with soldiers, was so roughly handled that through her port-holes she was seen to be full of blood.

A dense cloud of smoke hung over the battle, but Medina-Sidonia learnt of the distress of his two great ships, and though he had managed to stop

only the most dangerous of his bullet-holes, he went about to the rescue. The English galleons had never been so brilliantly and gallantly handled as on that morning. Their nimbleness was a miracle to the Spaniards. They charged down upon the enemy, fired a broadside, went about like ships setting to partners in a coranto, fired the other broadside and were off again.

Not that they escaped. The *Revenge* had forty shot pass into her at the one side and out at the other; and one of the officers who lay down in his cabin for a moment's rest had his bed carried away from under him by a round shot and himself remained unhurt. For the Spanish ships, hampered by their crowded soldiery, slow and stubborn to their helms, and equipped with fewer cannon and those of smaller calibre than their enemy possessed, were valiantly fought. No one sustained the fame of the Spanish army more nobly than Diego Pimentel. He commanded the crack regiment of Sicily and the galleon *San Mateo*. He was twice cut off and set upon like a bear amongst the mastiffs in the bear-pit of Southwark. Few were left alive of his soldiers, many of his sailors were killed. His sails were torn to ribbons, his castles shot away, his spars tumbling about his ears and his guns dismounted. The sea was pouring through the holes in his planks. He had nothing left to fight with but his muskets, and he fought with them. Warned that his ship was sinking under him, he tried to grapple and board the nearest of the enemy, first one, then another. But he was no match for the nimble ships of the Queen. One after the other eluded him, yet by so little that in one case an English officer leaped across into the top of the *San Mateo* and, poised there with his flashing sword above the smoke, cried: "Soldiers so heroic should surrender to the Queen. That's honest war." The only reply was a musket shot, and as the ships swung apart the officer fell dead.

Medina-Sidonia's flagship, supported by the *San Marcos* and one or two others of his fleet, was now near enough to attract away Hawkins and Drake to himself. The *San Felipe* and the *San Mateo* were left to the care of Seymour and Winter. The flagship and her consorts were surrounded. The enemy ships "placed themselves athwart her bows, at her side and under her stern, and for four hours made her suffer the tempest of their shot."

Leyva and Oquendo with the starboard wing of the Armada strove to beat up to the help of their Commander-in-Chief. But the wind was veering more into the west, and then suddenly, to their amazement and dismay, through the smoke there swung into view a new squadron, fresh as paint, banners streaming, music playing, led by a great ship with the Lord High Admiral's pennant flying at the main. Howard, with the *Ark Royal*, the *Bear*, the *Bonaventure* and the *Lion* and the rest of his squadron, sailed into the

battle, but he sailed into it four hours after Drake had begun it, and those lost hours were of very great importance.

Medina-Sidonia was now forced to abandon his plan of escaping battle by a flight to the north. There had been dissensions already amongst his staff, violent words had been exchanged, the Duke had been accused of cowardice to his face. But there was now no option for him. He must stand and fight. Upon his left wing the fury of the attack increased. Winter, writing home to Walsingham on August 1st, declared: "I deliver it unto your Honour upon the credit of a poor gentleman that out of my ship there was shot five hundred shot of demi-cannon, culverin, and demi-culverin; and when I was farthest off in discharging any of the pieces, I was not out of shot of their harquebus, and most times within speech of one another." The *Maria Juan*, a Biscayan galleon of six hundred and sixty-five tons, twenty-four guns, manned by a hundred and seventy soldiers and a hundred sailors, was sunk outright by Crosse of the *Hope*, and only eighty of her men were saved. The *San Mateo* and the *San Felipe* drifted away and were driven ashore between Nieuport and Ostend. The *San Marcos* followed their unhappy example. The English Admirals wasted no time now in taking prizes. Whilst Howard bombarded the centre of the Armada, Drake and his squadrons sheared off galleon after galleon from the left wing and left them spinning away to the sandbanks and the shoals. The *San Martin* itself had no more than eight fathoms under keel. Of the fifty great ships which eight hours before, the crown and flower of those three years' work in Lisbon Harbour, had formed up about Medina-Sidonia, fifteen were cut away altogether from the main body, and waited in a helpless isolation for the moment when the English would be free to round them up. The complete destruction of the Armada was certain, was at hand when—suddenly—*Deus flavit*. But it was not, as the inscription recorded, in favour of the English. Never did the inconstancies of wind and sea so rob a fleet of victory. It was close upon six o'clock of the evening when a sudden squall accompanied by torrents of rain swept out of the south-west upon the battle. The English, as they saw its black approach, threw up their ships into the wind. The men, who a minute before had been serving the guns, were now strung out upon the yards taking in the topsails. The battle was broken off. A greater commander than Drake or Howard or Hawkins so willed it. And for twenty minutes not a shot was fired. For the Spaniards necessity and policy agreed. Crippled and torn, they were forced to scud away to leeward. When the squall ceased, they were in shoal water. The English, it seemed, had but to wait for a few more hours than they would have done. The wind was strong, the sea was rising. It was breaking on the banks. The Armada was still their prize. They were all the

more willing to wait, since once more they had come to their last quintals of powder, their last pyramids of shot.

The Spanish "army," as Winter calls it, was making a brave show. It was bearing north-north-east or north by east as closely as it could—"I assure your Honour, in very good order." But it was making leeway all the time. Hardly a man slept on any ship even after that exhausting day. Darkness caught them wondering when they would strike. But as the big lanterns began to cluster on the English ships a greater terror still assailed them. Better the sandbanks than the smoke and thunder of the English guns. A friar upon one of the galleons paints a vivid picture of the panic which through that night prevailed in all except the flagship and a few galleons which stood by her. Medina-Sidonia stood as close to the wind as his torn sails and shattered yards enabled him, and when morning broke he was still facing his enemy, whilst six miles to leeward the bulk of his panic-stricken fleet was flying with all possible sails set upon its certain destruction. Medina-Sidonia was urged to surrender, to seek flight in a pinnace. He would not. He hoisted a signal, ordering the Armada once more to form up about him. Not a ship went about to obey him. He confessed himself with his officers, and companioned by the faithful three or four, Oquendo, de Leyva, Recalde—all that was left of the vaunted chivalry of Spain—waited for the *coup de grâce*.

But the English were in no hurry. The weather and the shoals were going to finish their work. Why waste the trifle of ammunition they had left? Even under their keels the water was growing dangerously shallow. And then once more *Deus flavit*, and once more to the discomfiture of the English. The wind veered into the south and the Armada had only to gybe and run away clear into the North Sea. "The reason best known to God" had been Drake's comment when, a few years before, he had missed the Plate fleet by twelve hours.

Howard went after them. Drake was to lead the chase. Seymour and Winter and his squadron of the Narrow Seas were to stay behind and make sure that Parma did not seize his chance and attempt the invasion when there were no ships to hinder him. Seymour hated the great duty assigned to him. He wrote to Walsingham "from on board the *Rainbow*, this 1st of August, 1588, at anchor at Harwich at three in the afternoon."

". . . . so having done the uttermost of my goodwill (to the venture of my life) in prosecuting the distressing of the Spaniards, which was thoroughly followed the 29th of July, I find my Lord jealous and loth to have me take part of the honour of the rest that is to win, using his authority to command me to look to our English coasts that have been so long threatened by the

Duke of Parma." And so strongly did his disappointment oppress him, he must needs add in a postscript:

"I pray God, my Lord Admiral do not find the lack of the *Rainbow* and that company; for I protest before God and have witness for the same, I vowed I would be as near or nearer with my little ship to encounter our enemies as any of the greatest ships in both armies; which I have performed to the distress of one of their greatest ships sunk, if I have my due."

There is no doubt that Seymour was jealous of the authority which Drake had established in Howard's mind, and it is seen rankling in him through many of his letters.

He returned none the less to Dover and the Channel Ports, whilst Drake pursued the Armada in a spirit which is clearly reflected in the letter he wrote to Walsingham on board his ship on the morning of July 31st.

"We have the army of Spain before us and mind with the grace of God to wrestle a pull with him. There was never anything pleased me better than the seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northwards. God grant you have a good eye to the Duke of Parma," and it was then that he expressed his confidence that he would make Medina-Sidonia wish himself back amongst his orange-trees at St. Mary Port.

Parma, however, had now abandoned hope of the Enterprise of England, and as the noise and smoke of the battle rolled away out of his hearing, he dismantled his flotilla at Dunkirk and withdrew with his army to Bruges.

For a little while an expectation was held by Howard's war-council that the Armada might be hoping to rouse Scotland to avenge the death of Mary Stuart. With the wind as it blew, the Spaniards might very well make the Firth of Forth. It was perhaps more of a hope than an expectation. For "a stratagem"—doubtless the fire ships again—had been arranged which would place the Armada at their mercy. But when the two fleets had reached the latitude of Newcastle, with the Armada still holding a course north-west by north, it was evident that if Scotland were her goal, she was seeking a harbour in a higher latitude.

A council was held upon the *Ark Royal*. Food was short, ammunition shorter, and disease was spreading through the ships with the rapidity and the deadliness of a plague. It was decided, therefore, that they should make for the Firth of Forth. The *Advice*, a pinnace of the Navy, and a caravel belonging to Drake were left behind to keep the Armada in sight, and Howard's fleet swung over to the west. But the next morning the wind shifted into the north-west and all their plans must be reconsidered. The Armada could no longer reach any part of Scotland. She might bear away

for Denmark or Norway—and this was Drake's own opinion—or she might go about and with the breeze on her quarter run boldly back to make her junction at Dunkirk with Parma after all. It was not probable. Prisoners had told Drake that not a ship in the Spanish fleet was free from sickness. Many of them had left behind their only anchors at Calais. All were riddled with shot, their spars broken, their sails torn, their rigging decayed. But this was Friday, the 2nd of August. There had been three days of unmolested flight in which to make repairs. It was possible, and so great a risk could not be taken. A last council of war was held in the familiar cabin of Lord Howard, and as a consequence a course was set for the North Foreland.

During that run, once more *Deus flavit*. But this time England was favoured. The wind strengthened into a westerly gale so violent that the English fleet itself was scattered and must seek a refuge in roadsteads and harbours from Harwich to the Downs. The Armada might make for Norway, it could not reach back again into the Channel. Parma was the only danger. "The Prince of Parma, I take him to be as a bear robbed of her whelps; and no doubt but, being so great a soldier as he is, that he will presently, if he may, undertake some great matter."

But the Queen had had enough. Her expenses had been for her impoverished Exchequer enormous, and although many galleons had drifted on the Flanders coast, the Dutch had seized them. She summoned the Lord High Admiral to take his place in the Council on August 11th, and at midnight of that day Drake wrote in his cabin on the *Revenge* a letter to Walsingham, which proves how close and cordial had been the relations between the Vice-Admiral and his Chief throughout these weeks of stress. To anyone who has followed the development of Drake's character and seen how his independence upon others grew with his success; and how the boy who had been the deckhand of a little bark trading with the ports of Zeeland slowly became a great Captain listening to all but deciding for himself; and how a not unnatural arrogance had been worn by him as a sort of breastplate against his feudal superiors; this letter cannot fail to be acceptable as a very moving and very graceful statement:

"Most Honourable: The sudden sending for of my very good Lord, my Lord Admiral, hath caused me to scribble these few lines. First most humbly beseeching your Honour to deliver this letter unto Her Majesty as a testification of my Lord Admiral's most honourable using of me in this action, where it hath pleased his good Lordship to accept of that which I have sometimes spoken, and commended that little service which I was able, much better than in either of them both I was able to deserve. Wherein if I

have not performed as much as was looked for, yet I persuade myself his good Lordship will confess I have been dutiful."

Howard, however, did not attend that Council. The demands made upon him by the ravages of disease in his fleet, the want of new clothes, of food, of pay, all of which were lacking, kept him busy. On August 15th, however, he took Drake and Hawkins with him, and by their advice it was agreed that the fleet should be at once reduced to a hundred sail. Howard and his two Vice-Admirals returned hurriedly to Sheerness; and whilst they were engaged upon a plan to divide the fleet between the Downs and Margate, so that the sick men could be brought ashore over a wider area, Sir Edward Norreys brought news that the Armada was on its way back to the Channel. It seems that a younger Norreys was on board the pinnace *Advice* which had been left behind to shadow the Armada; and some confusion may have occurred through the identity of the two names. The rumour certainly stayed for a day the paying-off of any ships, although Drake from the first refused it any credence; and the next day his "poor opinion" was confirmed by the sure news that the Armada had been sighted in full flight westward of the Orkneys. She was making north-about for home through the stormy waters of Cape Wrath.

Of its dreadful voyage home, as of the no less dreadful mortality and starvation which ravaged the English sailors, one may read in other histories. Sixty-three ships, according to the Spanish, were lost; some fifty or sixty straggled home. From the first to reach Spain news of a great victory was spread. Church bells were rung joyously, and Figleazzi, the Ambassador to Spain of the Grand Duke, wrote sadly to Walsingham his friend that the Queen was to be burned at St. Paul's Cross—a fitting inauguration of the enslavement of England. As the remaining ships with their riddled hulls and woebegone crews crept into Coruña and Vigo and Lisbon, a more modest opinion began to prevail. Leyva was shipwrecked on the Irish coast. Diego Flores de Valdes was thrown into prison. Recalde and Oquendo died of broken hearts; and Medina-Sidonia returned to those orange groves at Port St. Mary which he had never wished to leave. Of the men who were lost there was no roll made. Sir Horatio Palavicino, a Genoese banker settled in England and a financial agent of the Government, saw the battle of Gravelines from the deck of the *Ark Royal* and put the Spanish casualties as five thousand in that battle alone. On the English side less than two hundred were killed from the moment when Recalde was sighted off the Lizard to that when the last shot was fired.

Thus the dark cloud passed away from England. It was the fashion for both sides to claim the intervention of God on their behalf and to ascribe to

His favour each variation of wind and sea which helped them. Thus to the Spaniards the two shifts of the breeze which saved them at Gravelines were the special benediction and providence of God. Whereas the English, whom those two changes robbed of victory, are careful never to mention them at all, and discovered their favour and approval in the storms of the North Sea and the savage waters of Cape Wrath. It is better to find the hand of God in the long process and the steady growth than in the manipulation of the laws of nature. A race that looked out upon a wondrous world from which an arbitrary line drawn upon a map debarred it, a great Queen, a passionate belief in the Protestant religion, and the growing habit of the sea: here were the seeds which flowered red in the famous summer of 1588. No changes of weather gave the victory. The better men under better leaders, Howard and Hawkins and Winter and the Fenners and Fenton and, above all, Francis Drake, gained it. On Plymouth Hoe Drake stands, looking expectantly at an ever-opening door. He saw it at its widest as he sat in the cabin of the *Revenge* in the Downs and wrote his letters to the Queen and Walsingham. Afterwards, alas! it began to close.

CHAPTER XXI

Reforms in the Fleet. The Cadiz Expedition. Its Importance and its Failure. The Causes of its Failure.

BEFORE the church bells had stopped ringing and the ashes of the bonfires were cold, uneasiness had returned, at all events to thoughtful people. The victory had been very incomplete. Few prizes had been taken, few ships sunk in battle. England had to thank the skill of her sea-captains, the sandbanks of Flanders, the gale in August and the rock-bound coast of Ireland rather than the fighting qualities of her fleet. Moreover, the order which the Spaniards had kept and the gallantry which they had shown had surprised and alarmed many who had slept peacefully on the pot-house stories of the privateers. The might of Spain had been crippled. It had not been destroyed. It had received no mortal hurt.

Committees examined the whole fabric of the Navy and, guided by men of the calibre of Drake, made useful reports. The English gunnery had been disappointing after all. More gunners, and they better trained, were recommended. Drake when training his squadron at Plymouth with target-practice had been urged, if not ordered, not to waste his powder in such exercises. That was to be changed. The ships were to have the longer line of the galleasse and a higher free board. It had been found that the lower tier of cannon could only be run out through the ports and fired when the sea was as smooth as a pond. Although the Admirals and Captains had made much in their reports of how they fought at the range of musket and pistol shot, it was clear nevertheless that there had been a great deal of banging away at long distances when there was no possibility of doing any harm. Many useful lessons were learnt and applied.

But the urgent immediate question remained: how to benefit by the incomplete victory and roll up for ever the threat of Spain? The Queen, proud of her diplomacy and conscious of her poverty, persuaded herself that another successful capture of the Indian fleet would suffice. Hawkins took a longer view. He asked for the permanent establishment of a squadron of "six principal good ships of Her Majesty's, with six smaller ships," all victualled for four months, which should haunt the coasts of Spain and the Azores. He had made the proposal originally on board the *Bonaventure* on February 1st of 1587. He renewed it now on September 5th, 1588, on board the *Victory* in the Downs.

But the plan which carried the day was of a more drastic kind. It was the work of Drake and of an old comrade of his Irish days who had won upon land a reputation comparable to that which Drake had won upon the sea—Sir John Norreys, who after a long apprenticeship with Coligny and William of Orange was now Marshal-of-the-Field of all the Queen's armies. They proposed a sudden and secret descent upon Lisbon by land and sea, the seizure of the country, the enthronement of Don Antonio and the transfer back to Portugal of the lucrative East Indian trade. The adherence of the Azores would inevitably follow, with or without a struggle—probably without. Spain, stripped of the Portuguese possessions, would be more than ever dependent upon her Indian fleet. The gold from Peru was her life-blood. But with the Azores in English hands, the artery through which that life-blood passed would be cut and the Spanish Empire would dwindle into so many pages of a history-book.

It was a plan after Drake's heart: adventurous, sweeping and, with a few implications, feasible. It implied that the enterprise should be undertaken on a national scale. Drake alone could probably never have secured as much. He had made too many enemies among the envious on the one hand and the humdrum on the other. But Drake and Norreys made a combination against which it was difficult to argue. The first soldier and the first sailor of the age were agreed that—to use the phrase of Hawkins—there is no other way to avoid the misery that daily groweth among our peoples. Between them they had their way.

But there were two other conditions of success—nay three. The first, that the secret should not leak out; and Don Antonio had a confidant, Manuel de Andrada, who even when his master was debating his plans in Drake's house was revealing them in letters to Philip. The second condition was that Don Antonio should himself be welcome to the people of Portugal, should have the *panache*—I know no other word—to rouse and bring them to his side; and he had not. The third was that the plan should be prosecuted as it was planned. But none of these conditions was fulfilled, and an enterprise more promising than Philip's Enterprise of England ended in as complete a fiasco.

Let us look at it as it was planned. It was to be a joint-stock undertaking. Elizabeth, Drake and Norreys were each to contribute twenty thousand pounds, the City of London ten, and wealthy subscribers an indeterminate sum. The Queen, moreover, should lend six of her battleships and two pinnaces and four months' victuals for them and wheat for three months more. She should contribute besides a siege-train, and, if the fleet were detained in an English harbour beyond its date of sailing, either by contrary

winds or Her Majesty's countermands—here spoke the experience of Drake—she should pay the cost.

The Dutch Government promised six ships of war; and an army was to be raised from the veteran English soldiers in Holland and the Walloons. Norreys crossed at once to the States and returned towards the end of the year triumphant. He had secured—on paper—an English cavalry regiment of six hundred sabres, thirteen companies of English veterans and ten companies of Walloons, a force of twenty thousand men. Drake meanwhile set about the collection and the organization of his fleet—one hundred and twenty ships to be divided into five squadrons, each with one of the Queen's ships for its Admiral, or rather for its Squadron-Colonel. For it was perhaps significant of where the real authority was in this expedition that military rather than naval nomenclature was adopted. Five of the Queen's ships were the *Revenge* with Drake for its Colonel, the *Nonpareil* with Sir John Norreys, the *Swiftsure* under Sir Roger Williams, a Welsh soldier, conceited, pedantic, valorous, with whom Shakespeare surely must have spent an analytic hour, the *Foresight* under John's brother, Sir Edward Norreys, and the *Dreadnought* under Thomas Fenner. Each of these ships had again a staff with military titles consisting of a Lieutenant, a Corporal, a Captain of the Watch and a Chief Master, who was in ordinary naval parlance the Captain of the ship. The sixth of the Queen's vessels was the *Aid*, commanded by William Fenner, the Rear-Admiral of the Fleet. Her business was to control the squadrons and make sure that each carried out its orders. This odd medley of naval and military titles, due no doubt to a desire on Drake's part as much as on that of Norreys to graft on to the Navy the stricter discipline of the soldiers, was accompanied by a much more questionable circumstance. Three of the squadrons were commanded by soldiers who had no naval experience whatever. That these officers would look to Norreys rather than to Drake as their chief, even when engaged in the special tactics of the sea, and practise, if not claim, an unusual independence of naval control, is obvious. And, indeed, the action of Sir Roger Williams on the *Swiftsure* did, as will be seen, cause an embarrassment to Drake and do him an injury with the Queen, which he would certainly have avoided but for this duality of control.

These, however, were the arrangements made; and at once began those dilatory wants which Leicester had found to wait upon all sudden hurly-burlys. The expedition was to start on February 1st, and on February 1st there was just one man ready, and he the man who had only to pack his trunks. Neither the siege-train nor the cavalry ever put in an appearance. Only half of the English soldiers were furnished by the counties, and only

six companies of the Walloons were brought over from the Netherlands. Important subscribers like the Earl of Northumberland withdrew their subscriptions; and when Drake went in March to Dover to hoist his flag on the *Revenge*, he found the six Dutch men-of-war lacking and little more than half the number of ships present which he required for the transport of the troops. He was, however, trained in such emergencies. He set out for Plymouth with what he had got, and had the singular good fortune to catch up sixty Dutch flyboats sailing in ballast with Spanish passes, "most of them new and strong, twenty of them, as I think, built within these three months. Whereupon," he adds laconically, "we thought meet by consent to stay them."

It is probable that they might have found it difficult not to consent to be stayed. But Drake made his terms with the Masters and carried them all along to Plymouth. There his name brought volunteers by the score. But the victuals were still short. Drake was not greatly distressed by the deficiency, since the harvest both in Spain and Portugal would begin at the end of the month of April. "Upon my credit with your Lordship," he wrote on the eve of his departure, "there was never any army in better order than this, nor greater hope of good, if God grant relief of victual, which I distrust not."

More serious, indeed, was the action of the Queen and her Council. No doubt they were alarmed by the greatness of the force which they had authorized and the wide authority which they had granted to its Generals. They began to pare it away with Instructions. Before it attempted the port of Lisbon, it was to distress the King of Spain's ships in the harbours of Guipuscoa, Biscay and Galicia. To this Instruction the Queen firmly clung. Obeyed, it destroyed all hope of a swift, unexpected dash for Lisbon. And it had to be obeyed. Elizabeth was under the delusion that the galleons of the Armada which had struggled home could be and were being refitted for a renewal of the Enterprise of England. No arguments dissuaded her. The most of them were at Santander, and the first duty of Norreys and Drake was to destroy them. Whether the exact harbour which sheltered them was at this time conveyed to Drake is doubtful. Certainly she was in a rage with him afterwards for not seeking them in Santander and he had nothing better than a lame excuse to offer her in reply. He took them to be in Coruña, backed his judgment by his action, and was wrong. What is odd in this affair is not that he was wrong, but that he accepted with so easy a compliance the Queen's shattering amendment to his plan.

There had been an occasion not a year old when the Queen and the Council had interfered with his design to carry the war to the coast of Spain. He had not acquiesced then. He had appealed to Walsingham, he had

secured the help of Leicester, he had written to the Queen herself, he had stamped the corridors of Whitehall, and in the end the amendments had been rescinded. He had had his way. How was it that now, with his plan whittled down, he made no fight? And how was it that the *Swiftsure* was allowed to slip out of Plymouth Harbour, one of the Queen's ships, the leader of one of his five squadrons, to sail away by itself and disappear?

There are puzzling circumstances in Drake's conduct of his life at this time, acquiescences, cloudy judgments, which one is at a loss to reconcile with the clear direct vision of just what he wanted to do and just how to set about it which had distinguished him through the great years which preceded the Armada. He had trodden reverentially with the Queen, loyally with Walsingham, deferentially with Burghley, comradely with Leicester, but otherwise he had been no great respecter of great persons and high titles. He had shouldered his way a little too roughly for the liking of a great many people, but results had borne him out. And his acceptance of the departure of the *Swiftsure* is all the more difficult to understand in that he had a precedent in his own life to guide him. Once before, a favourite of Elizabeth, eager for fame and adventure and tired of—again the French phrase must stand—the *amitié amoureuse* of the Queen, Sir Philip Sidney, had bolted from the Court, galloped down to Plymouth and sought a respite with Drake in a voyage to those magic seas with which Drake's name was linked. But Drake had seen the danger in those days, not merely of the Queen's wrath but of a claim to a division of authority. He had acted immediately, diplomatically, and he had disembarrassed himself of his ardent but inconvenient volunteer. Now it was Essex. He, too, ran away down the same long road to the sea, and was taken on board the *Swiftsure*, commanded by his friend, Sir Roger Williams, at Falmouth. The Queen's messengers—Sir Francis Knollys, and after him Lord Huntingdon—came thundering after him, with orders for Sir Roger Williams' execution. But the *Swiftsure* was out of reach. Both Norreys and Drake pleaded that it had all happened without their knowledge; and they accepted Sir Roger Williams' defection. The very thing which Drake had dreaded in the case of Sidney happened in the case of Essex. Essex interfered. "But though I had no charge, I made my brother general of the horse, and my faithful friend, Sir Roger Williams, colonel general of the infantry, seven or eight of my fast friends colonels and twenty at least of my domestics captains, so as I might have authority and party enough when I would."

Essex stole a march on Drake, and very much to the hurt and hampering of the expedition. And one is forced to wonder. Drake was only forty-four years old. But men aged more quickly then, and he had lived hard with few

intervals of leisure. Had he passed his great climacteric? Had he found some savour in acquiescence which he had never known before? Had that iron nerve weakened? The question recurs again and again throughout the faltering, unhappy course of the Lisbon expedition.

On April 7th, 1589, it set sail from Plymouth, a fleet of eighty-three English and sixty Dutch ships, with a muster-roll of seventeen thousand three hundred and ninety soldiers, fifteen hundred volunteers, two hundred and ninety pioneers, three thousand two hundred English and nine hundred Dutch seamen. But the first ships had not weathered Rame Head—how often has this prelude to an Elizabethan enterprise to be recited?—so often indeed that it might almost be taken for a promise of success—when the wind swerved round into the south and all must put back into the Sound. For eleven days the embargo lasted. The surrounding country had already been ransacked for provisions. The great force was compelled to live upon the ships' stores. The masters of the Dutch ships entered a further complaint that the soldiers whom they were transporting were treating them and their crews as enemies rather than friends, and that they would rather sacrifice their ships and go than put to sea and starve. The two Generals were forced to notify the Council that unless victuals for a month were immediately provided in accordance with the promises made, they must turn twenty thousand hungry men loose upon the country to feed themselves as best they could. Elizabeth, already furious at the expense which had been incurred and the equivocal denials of the Generals that they were parties to the flight of Essex, was not mollified by the peremptory message. But she could not face the alternative. She sent an order that the fleet was to be fed at her cost until it sailed, and that victualling ships with a month's provisions would follow it when it did sail.

On April 18th, Drake, leaving an old friend, Captain Robert Crosse, who had commanded the *Hope* at Gravelines, to follow him with the victualling ships, put out with the fleet. The weather was still so unpropitious that some ships carrying two thousand soldiers never rounded Ushant—either because they couldn't or they wouldn't—and returned. But after two days the wind shifted into the north and the fleet was off Coruña on the 24th. By the Queen's Instructions, the first port visited should have been Santander, and Coruña should have been omitted. The disobedience of the two Generals received the severest rebukes from the Queen and has been the occasion of a good deal of hostile criticism ever since. But both Norreys and Drake when called to account explained that the wind had backed into the east and they could not make the north coast of Spain. Neither of them could have been anxious to incur more of the Queen's wrath than they were already booked

for. The Tower had an ever-open door, and once within it, residence was apt to be prolonged. Their statement was not contradicted and there is no reason why it should be disbelieved.

The great mistake was made when it was determined to make a full-dress attack upon Coruña. There was only a single ship of the Armada fleet anchored there, the *San Juan*, with four smaller ships of war and two galleys, and the place itself was formidable. But the soldiers had their way, and the folly of that divided authority, against which Drake's life had been one long and successful protest, was never more clearly proved.

Coruña stands much like Cadiz, on a promontory curving round the south-west side of a bay and joined to the mainland by a narrow neck. There was a high town on the seaward end of the promontory, protected by battlements and heavily fortified, and a base town on the flat, cut off from the mainland by a wall which crossed the isthmus from sea to sea. Beyond the promontory to the east lay the fortified island of San Antonio narrowing the entrance to the harbour, but it made no contribution to the defence. The English fleet anchored in the outer roads at three in the afternoon, and according to a report of the evidence given by Norreys and Drake to the Council, seven thousand men were landed on the eastern side of the harbour within three hours. So rapid a disembarkation, however, is out of the question, nor was anything like that number of troops employed until some days had elapsed. But certainly a strong party was landed, and in spite of gunfire from the *San Juan* and a couple of galleys, it advanced over the rocks and sand round the bay and drove a screen of skirmishers back behind their wall. Then the evening turned to rain and storm. Outside the wall, however, stood a suburb of mills and villas, and here the force bivouacked for the night. In the morning Norreys, who was leading the attack, sent off to Drake for a couple of heavy cannon to answer the fire from the ships. These were landed safely, mounted in a commanding position and so well served that the two galleys hoisted their anchors and made for Ferrol and the guns of the *San Juan* were silenced.

Meanwhile Norreys reconnoitred the defences and concerted with Drake a plan to storm the lower town from three different points. A force of fifteen hundred men in ships' galleys, armed with cannon, were to force a landing on the water-front. At the same time, five hundred were by escalading the wall to enter the town at its eastern end; and a like number under Colonel Sampson, who had used the same stratagem at Cartagena in 1585, were to wade in the sea round the western edge. Thomas Fenner, who had led the boat attack at Cartagena, was to lead it again against Coruña. The attack was carried out that night, and only at one point met with a serious resistance.

The beach shelved too quickly at the western end of the wall for Sampson to march round the wall. He was forced to attempt an escalade and was held up until the soldiers from the boats charged down upon the rear of the defenders. Then they broke, and for a little while the narrow streets climbing towards the high town were filled with a jostling, yelling crowd of fugitives and their hunters. Five hundred were put to the sword, and a few prisoners who might be worth a good ransom taken; amongst them Don Juan de Luna, the Governor of the town. The slaughter would no doubt have been greater had there not been more persuasive attractions. But the stores were bursting with provisions, collected, it was said, by Philip with a view to another Enterprise. Beef, wheat, salt, oil, beans and peas at the elbows of the English soldiers, and barrels of wine to wash them down. So the night which began with a battle ended in an orgy.

In the morning the crews of the Spanish ships set fire to them and took refuge in the upper town. The ships had been riddled by the English fire. One who was present declared, "We might stand upon the land and see through the ships as through glass windows, we did so tear them with our pieces." Still, sixteen guns were saved from the *San Juan*; the *San Bernardo* ran ashore and the hull fell into English hands; and altogether a hundred and fifty brass guns with a shipload of small arms were added to the armoury of Drake's fleet.

The wind was still in the north, and sufficient provisions could have been shipped quickly from the lower town and partitioned out at sea, as Drake had done often enough before, to last the fleet until the victualling squadron caught them up. To reach Lisbon before troops could be gathered and weak places fortified was clearly the wise policy. A resounding triumph there might even avert the Queen's wrath from them on their return. But some curse lay heavy on their deliberations, and it was determined to send out foraging parties far and wide, drive in the cattle, collect the corn and wheat, fill their ships with what they wanted and burn the rest. But in another day the wind was blowing hard from the south-west, and, whereas yesterday they could have sailed, today they must remain. The Generals decided to use the delay in the destruction of the higher city and the devastation of the surrounding country. By the 29th a battery of two demi-cannon (thirty-pounders) and two culverins (long eighteens) had been based on a suitable foundation, and a tower on the ramparts close to the spot where the ramparts were to be breached was mined. It took the besiegers four days to open a breach. On the fifth day the mine was fired, and though part of the tower crashed in ruins, some of the walls stood tottering. The attack was sounded, and as Norreys' soldiers scrambled up the rocks, the rest of the

tower collapsed and buried them under its ruins. The companies advancing on the breach had little better fortune. They came to pike-thrust on the breach, but the rubble and debris up which they had climbed gave way beneath their weight and they were flung back down the slope. The soldiers who had survived the fall of the tower had run away already. There was nothing left for the party which had set out to storm the breach except to retire in what good order they could. This unsuccessful assault was made on the 4th of May, and whilst it was proceeding, Drake, to set the balance level, destroyed the castle on the island of San Antonio.

It was the intention to renew the assault the next day, but a prisoner was brought in with a story to tell which caused a revision of the plan. The prisoner said that five or six miles up the River Mero, which falls into the sea to the east of Coruña Bay, stood a village, Puente de Burgos. Behind that village a bridge crossed the river. And in the village and in the country on the further side of the bridge a large army had been assembled under the Count of Altamira to relieve Coruña and drive the invaders into the sea. Arrangements were made at once to deal with this menace. Drake with five thousand men was left to invest the upper town of Coruña whilst the brothers Norreys with seven thousand marched up the river to Puente de Burgos.

The village had the advantage of stone walls and a body of veteran soldiers to defend it. But the prisoner's story of the army assembled was a gross exaggeration. Norreys sent forward a vanguard of two thousand men in three divisions, a main body and two outflanking wings, but the right wing was not called upon, and the Spaniards were driven out of the village and across the bridge. At the end of the bridge, however, they made a stand. The width of it allowed no more than three men to walk abreast, and its length was two hundred yards. A strong barricade was raised, and an altogether formidable barrier stayed the advancing troops. The battle which followed was the battle of the heroes on the beaches before Troy. The younger Norreys ran forward with a pike at the head of his men. Braving the musket bullets, he leaped upon the barricade, thrust his pike into the first enemy with so much violence that he tottered and received a sabre cut on the head. Colonel Sidney at his side ran his assailant through and dragged Norreys back. Then the elder Norreys, not panoplied for war, but a plain, unarmoured gentleman, snatched another pike from a soldier and rushed to his brother's side. Of such a battle the reader must find his account in the Iliad. In prose it is enough to say that the enemy fled, that twelve hundred of their soldiers bit the dust, and of the English some say seven, others five, and yet others one officer and two men.

The victors spread over the country, destroying, spoiling, burning, "so as you might have seen the country more than three miles compass on fire." They returned to Coruña in the evening, laden with spoil and carrying before Sir John Norreys, their General, a Royal standard of Spain.

This was the end of the Coruña diversion. The lower town was reduced to ashes, and on the 7th and 8th days of May the troops were re-embarked and the guns which they had taken brought on board with their own. Fourteen days had been thus occupied at a time when every hour was of importance if a blow was to be struck at the heart of Spain. Four ships had been destroyed, a district ravaged of its harvest, a town burned. On the other hand, the port's real defence, the upper town, remained erect, the English troops by their intemperance had prepared themselves for the sickness and disease which was always hovering over crowded ships, and the news of their presence on the coast was known wherever two Spaniards drank in a *posada*.

A council was called to decide upon the next move. There were two possible objectives, Santander and Lisbon. The wind, though less boisterous and less charged with torrents of rain, still blew from the west, and Santander offered the easier passage. It was known that some forty of the Armada ships were harboured there. Moreover, the Queen had expressly named Santander as a port not to be omitted from the attentions of the force. Yet the vote went against Santander. Drake argued that it was impossible to distress the shipping, if it were protected by shore batteries, unless the shore batteries were first taken from the land. Norreys supported him. If the siege-train, which Her Majesty had promised to contribute, had only been contributed, they would have been in a very different case. They had felt the want of it at Coruña. At Santander they would be helpless without it. Both men had made up their minds that they must lose no more time if they were to carry to success the chief object of the expedition, and they laid all the stress possible upon the danger they were put to by Her Majesty's failure to keep her promise. Just look at Coruña! A siege-train, and the higher town would have come tumbling down like a house of cards. Ship-masters were called in to give their opinions, as if they were needed when the man presiding at the Council was he who had taken San Domingo and Cartagena and Santiago, and had dashed past the batteries of Cadiz. It had been Drake's custom to listen to all and to decide alone. He followed the first part of his custom now, but he gave enough weight to their advice to include it in the written account of the proceedings. And again one wonders. Were these Masters and Captains brought into that council to bolster up the decision to which Drake and Norreys had already come? Or is it true that Drake had lost

some touch of his old self-confidence, that his great masterful character was burning with such diminished fire that he was willing to leave so great a matter as the safety of his fleet to lesser men? They were called in, these experts—Thomas West, Master of the *Revenge*, Robert Wignoll, Master of the *Nonpareil*, Captain Saville and Thomas Drake; and one and all, holding that there was no safe harbour on that coast where such a fleet might ride in safety before the army should be landed, the wind being in the west, refused utterly to undertake its conduct to Santander.

On May 9th, then, the fleet sailed southwards from Coruña. Owing to the strength of the westerly winds, transports carrying two thousand men were unable to keep up and fell away to French ports in the Bay. But on the 15th the *Swiftsure* hove in sight with six prizes astern of her, three hulks laden with corn and wine and three pinnaces. The *Swiftsure*, after her flight from Falmouth with Essex and Sir Roger Williams on board, had made straight for Lisbon in accordance with Drake's original plan. Obviously the *Swiftsure* had sailed from Falmouth before Norreys and Drake had been diverted to Coruña. She had cruised as far west as Cadiz and as far north again as the Isles of Bayona, picking up her six prizes as she went along. The wind hung still in the south-west and west, and it was not until the 15th of the month that the fleet passed through the Burlings channel and made Cape Carvoeiro.

At that point a council was held. South of the Cape lay Consolation Bay, with the town and fortress of Peniche upon its seaward point. It was determined to capture the fortress and march thence to Lisbon whilst Drake sailed on to the Tagus with the fleet. The distance from Peniche to Lisbon was forty-five miles. But there was one other suitable spot for the disembarkation of troops, the village of Cascaes at the mouth of the Tagus and only a day's march from the city. A great deal of blame was subsequently laid upon the council for its decision. But it was not a hurried decision. Manuel de Andrada, the traitor, sent word to Philip before the expedition started, that he was at Drake's house in Plymouth when the contract with Don Antonio was arranged, and that Peniche was settled upon there as the base from which the army would direct its march. There were definite good reasons for the choice of Peniche rather than Cascaes. The Governor of Peniche was an adherent of Don Antonio. If the fleet landed the army at Cascaes, it would be done in the face and to the knowledge of all Lisbon. On the other hand, if the army advanced by a forced swift march whilst the fleet was occupying the attention of the defenders in the Tagus, it might carry the town by storm from the landward side. No doubt, too, Don Antonio managed to persuade his allies that the Portuguese would flock to his standard the moment it was raised. There was no reason why they should

disbelieve it. For neither Burghley nor Walsingham, each the possessor of a separate secret service, had given them a warning. The only hint, indeed, that the rose of Don Antonio's dreams came not from the palette of truth was given to them by the Queen herself, who ordered that no force should be landed until they had made sure that it would be received with open arms. They had no means of making sure, however, except by trial; and on the 16th the trial was made.

The fleet stood into the bay, receiving a few harmless salvos from the guns of the fort as it passed. Below the fort was the only landing-place in the bay, and there the Spanish troops were stationed. But Norreys repeated the manœuvre he had successfully used at Coruña. Suddenly from the ships' sides a flotilla of long-boats and galleys dashed to the opposite side of the bay, where the surf broke with so much violence over so many big rocks that no landing there had been thought possible at all. As it was, many English soldiers were drowned, many boats capsized, many dashed to pieces. But Essex and Williams were in command of this vanguard, and once more we must look to the Iliad for the way victory was won. Essex was himself the first to leap from the first boat into the surf. With the water up to his shoulders he struggled up on to dry sand. Cheered on by his example, others and then others followed him. They climbed a cliff on to a plateau of sandhills, and before the Spaniards could reach it, there were enough men landed to check them. And more men were landing every minute. The rapidity, indeed, with which both at Coruña and here large forces of armed and armoured men were disembarked from boats on unlikely shores was astonishing. They must have been well exercised in this difficult practice in the Sound of Plymouth. Williams now dashed forward with a pike, his vanguard at his back. There were some minutes of hard hand-to-hand fighting. On both sides men fell, and then the Spaniards gave. Peniche was an open town and no attempt was made to defend it. The English entered it unmolested that night, and on the 17th, Don Aranjo, the Governor and Captain, surrendered the fort—not to Norreys nor to Drake, but to Don Antonio, his King. No time was lost now. In truth, an unfortunate haste was shown. Too much reliance was placed on Don Antonio's promises. Captain Bertie with two hundred men was left to garrison the fort; six companies of foot remained in the fleet with Drake; and the rest, nine thousand strong under Norreys, Williams and Essex, set off blithely the next morning, without artillery, without sufficient provisions, and with no more cavalry than the General's escort, on the forty-five miles march to Lisbon. When the soldiers had departed, Drake left one ship and a couple of flyboats for the

service of the garrison at Peniche and led his great fleet in the face of obstinate bad weather towards the mouth of the Tagus.

Meanwhile, what of Lisbon? An expedition from England was expected at some time, and it was known that there had been delays in fitting it out. Andrada and other good friends of Philip in England had seen to it that so much knowledge was conveyed to Philip; and by his orders Don Fernando de Toledo was commissioned to whip up an army for the defence of Lisbon. But that army was not yet collected. Until it should be the defence was left to his Viceroy in Portugal, the Cardinal Archduke Albert of Austria. He was an able and ruthless man, and he needed all his ability and all his ruthlessness to keep Lisbon under his heel. It was not that Don Antonio was esteemed—little more than his name was known—but Philip was hated, and people and nobles alike longed for their liberation from his control. It was the Archduke's good fortune that the feudal tradition was strong throughout the land. The nobles must lead if the populace was to rise, and the Cardinal Archduke was quick to deal with the nobles before they had an opportunity of leading. Some he beheaded, some he clapped into dungeons, some he deported to Spain; and with the help of a small body of Spanish soldiers he trod the populace down under an iron despotism of which only this twentieth century of culture has shown the like. News of the attack upon Coruña no doubt had reached him. So much time had elapsed since the beginning of that unfortunate attack—it could not have been otherwise. But he had not heard of the landing at Peniche. He was not expecting the appearance of a huge fleet at the mouth of the Tagus. He had no more troops than could man a section of the walls. And had Drake sailed in on the morning of his arrival past the Castle of St. Julian and the Fort of Belem with the favourable wind which was filling his sails, Lisbon must have fallen. It was suspected in London at the time. It was known there afterwards. The people were waiting as the earth waits before a storm. It needed the flash of lightning and the clouds would have clashed and the gutters of Lisbon would have run not with rain but blood.

Drake arrived at Cascaes on May 23rd with the wind fair for a straight rush up either the north or south channel of the Tagus into the harbour of Lisbon. He had definitely promised "to meet with" Sir John Norreys at Lisbon if the wind was favourable. The wind was favourable. Yet he stayed at Cascaes outside the river bar. And upon that delay such an edifice of censure was built, so many accusations of cowardice and incompetence were piled up one upon the other, as affected gravely his good name at the time, and have not died away even to this day. Much of it, of course, was due to the disappointment which arose from the knowledge that the city would

have fallen if he had. But that knowledge was in nobody's possession at the time when Drake anchored at Cascaes. Nobody was aware that the city was seething with revolt. The Queen herself had sent instructions that before any attempt was made upon Lisbon beyond the destruction of shipping "we would have you very carefully and substantially to inform yourselves whether the people stand to him (Don Antonio) as he pretendeth."

The first step which Drake took was to occupy the village of Cascaes—not the fort; that held out until the 6th of June. He met with no resistance. His second step was to put on shore some Portuguese spies to discover what support Don Antonio was likely to receive, and secondly to get into touch with Norreys and his army. For he had heard nothing of the progress of the army. It had always been Drake's belief, based upon his early experiences of Cartagena and Nombre de Dios, that a concerted attack by land and sea was necessary for the capture of a fortified town. He had tested his belief in the West Indies. That in this one case his ships alone could have brought about a surrender does not disprove the soundness of his belief. And his object was, while discovering the state of feeling in Lisbon, to secure a junction with Norreys. But there was no sign of Norreys, no news of his advance. Norreys had left Peniche on the 18th with forty-five miles to cover. It was now the 23rd. Drake must have expected to find him close at hand. The next day the wind had moved into the east and Drake could not have entered the harbour. He must beat up a narrow channel past the great forts of St. Julian and Belem if he tried the northern entrance, or past the redoubtable Torre Vieja if he tried the southern. The rate of the inflowing tide was three miles an hour. It could not be done. The opportunity had been lost, but the loss was due not so much to a failure of initiative in Drake as to bad staff-work and the inefficiency of the Intelligence services.

Norreys' march from Peniche was a slow uninspiring business. There was hardly any fighting. A mixture of Spanish and Portuguese troops fell back as he advanced. Some sort of a poor stand was made at Torres Vedras. The name certainly did not win its eternal place in English history in the year 1589. Yet there were many casualties in the English army. Disease caused some, hunger more. On that stretch of forty-five miles, Norreys lost two thousand of his nine thousand men. He had started with a reckless lack of provisions, counting on the enthusiasm of the inhabitants and the plenitude of the harvest. But the country had been stripped for miles around. Forewarned by Andrada, the Cardinal Archduke had seen to that. Nor did the Portuguese line the road with thank-offerings for their liberators. Between Peniche and Lisbon only two hundred of them joined Norreys' colours. Don Antonio protested that their abstention was due to the absence of the siege-

train which Elizabeth had promised and not given. As if the poor peasants of that district knew a siege-train when they saw it! What they were looking for were some Portuguese nobles glittering with bright armour and gorgeous standards. But to that too the Cardinal Archduke had seen. Famished, the heart gone out of them and, according to Don Antonio, "more fit to die than to fight," the army reached the western suburbs of Lisbon on May 25th. One wise measure Norreys had taken which had its repercussion in after years. He had strictly forbidden all looting. Everything down to the smallest quantity of food which was taken was only taken if willingly given, and then must be paid for. Even the houses in the suburbs were unmolested.

But he was in no condition to besiege a town. The Cardinal Archduke had blown up the houses adjacent to the city wall, so that there was no cover to assist an attack. One monastery, the monastery of the Trinity, had been allowed to stand, but the Prior was Philip's man and there was no help to be got from him. On the night of the 26th the Spaniards made a sortie into the English lines. They were repulsed but no counter-attack was made, and the next day Norreys, now short of ammunition as well as food, held a council of war to consider a retreat to Cascaes. Don Antonio pleaded for another day. Just one more day and three thousand Portuguese would have thrown in their lot with him! Norreys conceded the day, but once more Don Antonio's hopes came to nothing whatever.

Drake at Cascaes knew nothing of Norreys' appearance before the walls of Lisbon until the 26th. It is impossible to find the name of any liaison officer or to trace any system of communication between the army and the navy. But the moment he did get the news he prepared to act according to the plan. Disease was spreading through the ships as rapidly as through the troops. Nevertheless he made up, with the best men he could lay his hands on, the crews of the best two-thirds of his ships, and sent them to anchor at the mouth of the south channel, with instructions to sail on past the Torre Vieja into the harbour as soon as the first good wind made it possible. The remaining third should stay behind at Cascaes and hinder any movement from the fort. The next morning the wind did change. It blew straight into the harbour. He might suffer some damage from the battery on the Torre Vieja, and again from the Tower of Belem. He would be too far from the Castle of St. Julian for that seriously to hurt him. But that he could get through with the greater part of his fleet intact he did not doubt. He was, indeed, just getting in his anchor chains short, when a message was brought to him that Norreys' army was in full retreat to Cascaes. He had challenged the Count of Fuentes to an open battle, but the Count, with four companies of Spaniards and four thousand Portuguese, was wise enough to refuse it. It

is a sign of the lamentable condition into which Norreys' army had fallen that on this short march from a camp outside the town to Cascaes four hundred of his men were killed or taken prisoners by a small Spanish force which hung upon its heels. A small compensation, "some comfortable little dew of Heaven" as Drake had once said, fell upon them the next day. For a Hanseatic fleet of sixty ships, laden with corn, masts, cables and other supplies of war for Philip which had gone all round the North of Scotland to evade capture, sailed innocently into the Tagus and were seized. The ships were new and well-found. The Dutch vessels which Drake had requisitioned were now allowed to go and were offered corn in payment of their use. But they would not wait. The wind stood fair for England, and with the sick and wounded disposed on board they set out gladly for the Channel. They had hardly departed when still more drops of comfortable dew fell upon Drake's ships. Two of the victualling vessels hove in sight. Others had gone searching along to Cadiz, others as far as the Canaries.

But they brought, less welcome than the victuals, a bitter and ominous letter from the Queen. She thought that the Generals' request for heavy guns and ammunition was "most strange." Their first and principal action was to destroy the King's navy and ships in ports where they lay, "which if you did not, you affirmed you were content to be reputed as traitors." They had passed by Santander for Coruña, a place "of little importance and very dangerous." She expected them still to destroy the Spanish fleet, restore Don Antonio and proceed to the Azores. Finally, Essex was to be sent home at once and Sir Roger Williams lie under arrest unless he had been already executed. "If you do not, ye shall look to answer for the same at your smart. For these be no childish actions," she wrote, and again, "For as we have authority to rule, so we look to be obeyed!" The Generals must have been glad to realize how many leagues of water lay between them and that angry lady. Essex, who had been on the march from Peniche, was not unwilling to return home. He had no fears. He was sent home on June 6th, but though Williams professed himself ready to keep him company, the Generals were bold enough to assure Her Majesty with every deference that the *Swiftsure* and Sir Roger Williams were both of them necessary for the expedition to the Azores.

Having sent Essex and their letters off, Drake and Norreys put to sea in search of Robert Crosse and the main body of the victualling ships. But off Cape Espichel they were becalmed; and lying scattered they were attacked by twelve galleys which had been lurking under the protection of the guns of St. Julian's Castle, reinforced by nine more from Andalusia. By putting out boats, Drake was able to tow most of his merchant ships to the

neighbourhood of the Queen's ships. He lost, however, four, and so yet another item was added to the list of charges against him. On June 11th the fleet was able to sail, and before it reached Cape St. Vincent it fell in with Crosse's food ships as they returned from Cadiz. Orders were now issued that if the wind blew from the north, all ships would sail for the Azores; if from the south, for the Bayona Isles. It blew from the south and, swelling to a gale, dispersed twenty-five ships, including the Queen's ship, the *Aid*. By June 19th, however, the fleet was reunited in Vigo Bay. Of the army, two thousand men were all that remained fit for active service, but they were landed. They met with no resistance, and having ravaged the country for miles, burnt Vigo to the ground. It was then decided that for the expedition to the Azores Drake should man and victual the best twenty ships and that Norreys should conduct the others home.

Throughout this voyage, at Plymouth, at Coruña, at Cascaes, the one relentless enemy had been the weather. It was now to strike its hardest blow. As Drake led his twenty ships out of the Vigo River to the Bayona islands, a gale more furious than any which they had endured, smote them and scattered them. Crosse and Fenner were driven as far south as the Madeiras; some managed to creep back into the Vigo River; Drake found himself out in the Atlantic on a sinking ship. The *Revenge*, which had seen so much wild work in the Armada battles and was to see still more before she gloriously ended her career, sprang a leak, and it needed all the manpower on board to keep her afloat. There was no course for him but to make for Plymouth, where he dropped his anchor on one of the last days of June. Norreys arrived on the 28th, and the rest of that great fleet during the days which followed. Probably not more than two thousand men of all who had set out on April 7th returned in health. On board the *Gregory*, only eight men were fit for deck work; on Thomas Fenner's *Dreadnought*, out of a crew of three hundred men, a hundred and fourteen were dead, three had escaped all sickness, and just eighteen had strength enough to man the capstan and furl the sails.

Thus miserably ended the greatest armed expedition which England had ever sent out against an enemy abroad. A fleet as large as the Armada, an army which on the muster rolls numbered twenty thousand soldiers, and not even its worst critic reckoned as less than seventeen thousand. That there was nothing presumptuous in the plan was proved by the small resistance which the army encountered. If it had succeeded, England would have been spared years of war and the ever-recurring threat of another invasion. But it failed. There were multitudinous reasons offered for the failure. The fleet left Plymouth without its proper provisions. There was no siege-train. Time

was wasted at Coruña, and food too. The army should have marched upon Lisbon from Cascaes, not from Peniche. Drake should have sailed up the Tagus on that morning of his arrival when the wind was fair.

That last argument is very much on a par with the argument that Jellicoe should not have turned aside at the battle of Jutland. It is an *ex post facto* argument. There might have been submarines. There might have been a city in which revolt was not seething. Both Admirals observed the rules of war which experience had taught them to observe. A chance taken would have given one Lisbon and the disruption of the Spanish Empire, the other the destruction of the German High Sea Fleet. But you cannot sit in judgment on a man who refuses a chance which, if it turned out unhappily, would have meant utter defeat and his just condemnation by all his country. The real reasons for the failure of the expedition are rather to be found in the divided command, the want of co-ordination between army and navy—an old story in English history. But Drake acquiesced. That is the astonishing factor in this melancholy story. He who had hitherto taken such forethought in his preparations that, when the moment of action came, he could improvise like lightning with little risk, he acquiesced in a slow, slovenly hand-to-mouth campaign in which the strategy was bad and the tactics worse. Had the long years, the hard strenuous life of the sea, worn down the fine edge of his clear incisive spirit? Let who will decide!

Those who had taken part in the adventure began quickly to lift their voices in high praise of what they had done. The sailors raised riots in the streets of London on the ground that they had not been paid enough for their great services. Camden himself wrote, "Most certain it is that England was so far a gainer by this expedition as from that time to apprehend no incursions from Spain."

But Drake said nothing at all.

CHAPTER XXII

Drake on Land. His last Expedition. The Death of John Hawkins. The Death of Drake.

FRANCIS DRAKE did as wise men do when truth and talk are both against them. He went away to his own place and his own people. The Queen and the London merchants had lost their faith in his star. Of his staunch friends, Leicester was dead and Walsingham, overborne with poverty, work, the Queen's rebuffs and his grievous malady, was dying. Frobisher was in high favour; Lord Howard in still higher; new men were following with success the trails which Drake had laid. Thomas Cavendish, between 1586 and 1588, had sailed round the world and come home with an immense treasure; Watt, a London merchant, lay in wait with a private squadron of his own in the Yucatan channel and captured two of the richest galleons of the Mexican gold fleet; the Earl of Cumberland, who had commanded a ship in the battles against the Armada, went off to the Azores in the *Victory* with some privateers, held Fayal to ransom and returned with many prizes; Philip of Spain, upon the assassination of Henri III, the last of the Valois Kings, made war upon Henri of Navarre, and so relieved the anxieties of England. Most men of real value have made enemies by the time when they reach the age of forty. Drake was forty-four, and he had by his self-confidence made perhaps more than his due share. There was a feeling at the Court, pleasurable to many, that they could carry on without Drake in the future. And, indeed, he would have been spared his last humiliating voyage if that view had prevailed to the end and the greatness of his service only been recognized after his death.

But during the years of his retirement he was not idle. In 1590, Philip landed troops in Brittany and set about fortifying the port of Blavet, in the neighbourhood of Lorient. The Queen was delighted that Spain should have switched its "Enterprise" from her to Huguenot France, but a fortified Blavet was too near the Channel for her comfort. Drake was sent to the Brittany coast on a voyage of reconnaissance and brought back an earnest prayer from Henri de Bourbon, the King's agent, that he would use his favour with Elizabeth to get help from her. But Drake had little favour in those days with Queen Elizabeth, and though help was sent in the form of two squadrons of twenty ships each, the command of them was divided between Hawkins and Frobisher. Drake was dismissed to Plymouth to supervise the fortification of that city and harbour against a possible attempt at invasion.

It had been for years Drake's aim to make Plymouth a fine naval station; and he seized this opportunity to carry through, by a contract with the corporation, his scheme for giving the town an ample and steady supply of fresh water from the River Leat. Meanwhile, upon the sea, Drake's successors had achieved little. Hawkins and Frobisher were succeeded by Lord Thomas Howard and Sir Richard Grenville. The loss of the *Revenge* and the death of Sir Richard Grenville off Flores stirred all England with a story of a rather braggart kind of heroism. It increased a well-grounded fear that Philip had profited by the lessons which Drake and Cavendish and Hawkins had taught him, and was building up a navy of greater strength on more efficient lines. A swift postal service to the West Indies by new fast frigates named "avisos" had been introduced. A young Menendez at Havana, son of that Menendez who had planned to seize the Scilly Isles and control the Channel, had improved upon the convoy system of the Indian Guard. The gold ships were now to disembark their precious cargoes at Havana. There they were to be taken on board small fast cruisers, each armed with twenty guns, their sailing speed increased by sweeps. Whilst once more a fleet of invasion was being collected, but this time at Passages.

The naval policy of England had fallen back into the old rut from which Drake had lifted it: a squadron in the Narrow Seas, the most of the fleet at anchor in Gillingham Reach, but ready to resist an invasion, and an occasional expedition to disintegrate Philip's West Indian trade. It was Hawkins' policy, not Drake's, and it failed.

In 1592, however, certain events took place which began the restoration of Drake to the Queen's favour. Early in the year, Raleigh was entrusted with the command of a fleet of sixteen ships and a complement of soldiers. Two of the ships, the *Garland* and the *Foresight*, were Queen's ships, the rest merchantmen and privateers. With Raleigh, Robert Crosse was to sail as Vice-Admiral and Sir John Borough as the Captain-General of the land forces. Before, however, the fleet could get away, Raleigh changed the plan of the expedition. Its aim was to have been the West Indies and a march on Panama. Raleigh proposed to wait for the treasure fleets, which were not expected to reach Spain until the first week of August. Raleigh's intention leaked out and he was recalled, and Frobisher appointed in his place. The appointment was fatal. Neither Crosse nor Borough would serve under him. They took the *Foresight* and some of the fleet off with them to the Azores. Frobisher, with what was left, sailed for Cape St. Vincent. But the days when Drake had held that station, daring all the might of Spain to dislodge him, had gone. Frobisher returned almost empty-handed. On the other hand, Borough and Crosse fell in with a squadron of the Earl of Cumberland off

the Azores, and between them they captured a Portuguese East Indiaman which was not merely the biggest ship afloat but carried such a treasure of jewels, plate, silks and spices as had never been taken in any carrack before. Nor had there ever been such mad looting. During the night which followed her capture, the *Madre de Dios* was four times set on fire by the candles of the sailors despoiling her. It was Crosse on the *Foresight* who seized and boarded her after a stern fight. It was said that he took ten thousand pounds from her to begin with, and he confessed to two thousand. A sailor with the engaging name of Whiskynges was contented with a mere half a peck of pearls; and Sir Robert Cecil, when he travelled down to Dartmouth to assess the cargo, wrote to his father, Lord Burghley, that he could almost smell the sailors as far off as Exeter, so laden were they with musk and amber. Long before the *Madre de Dios* was brought into Dartmouth, the news of her vast treasure and the wild looting of it was rife.

The Queen appointed Drake, John Hawkins' son and Sir Robert Cecil to recover the loot and apportion the cargo. For the recovery of the loot they were late in the day. The *Foresight* had sailed on to Portsmouth, and the *Dainty*, which had a share in the capture, to Harwich; and both towns made the Caledonian market on a Friday look like a Fair at an Esquimaux settlement. One man bought eighteen hundred diamonds and a number of rubies—between two and three hundred—from a mariner for one hundred and sixty pounds and sold them again for two hundred. Bargains were bought backwards and forwards in the course of a day, until the price reached five times what the sailor had originally sold them for. But even when the jewels had gone, the bulk of the cargo, cinnamon, pepper, cochineal, silks, carpets, ebony, drugs, was valued at more than a hundred and forty thousand pounds. Of this sum, Cumberland, Raleigh and Hawkins all got their portions, but the Queen by far the biggest. She had put in three thousand pounds, of which twelve hundred was spent on fitting out the *Garland* and the *Foresight*, but she received close upon ninety thousand for her share in the expedition, and no doubt was inclined to look upon her Commissioners with kindly eyes. There began to be talk of sending Francis Drake to sea again. Drake had, besides, made a friend of his fellow-Commissioner, Robert Cecil. And he was in London on view, Member of Parliament for Plymouth.

"Sir Francis Drake is at the Court," a certain Philip Gawdy wrote to his brother, "and all the speech is that he goeth very shortly to sea. My Lord Thomas Howard is now there, but he stayed but ten days, and Sir Martin Frobisher, but Sir Francis Drake carryeth it away from them all."

The Spanish menace was growing larger with every month which passed. Blavet being insufficient as a base, Philip had seized a position closer to Brest and was planning the occupation of that port. In February, therefore, a Subsidy Bill was presented to the House of Commons to provide the means to thwart him. Sir Robert Cecil dwelt powerfully on the peril to England if Brittany fell under the King of Spain's control. "He would there have his Navy ready to annoy us," he said, "which he could not otherwise so easily do unless he had the winds in a bag." Drake and Raleigh supported him, and Sir George Carey announced that Her Majesty intended if the Bill were passed to send Drake against the Spaniards at the head of a great navy. After a long debate of eleven days the Bill was passed as it was drawn; and there the matter rested.

Drake remained in London. He served on a Committee of the House which dealt with the Ecclesiastical Court Bills; and on another which considered a Bill of Liberties and Privileges; and on a third which had for its object the relief of wounded soldiers and sailors; and on a fourth which drew up the Preamble to the Subsidy Bill; and on many other Committees. It was all, no doubt, very valuable work, but meanwhile Philip laid his hands on Quimper and Morlaix and occupied a promontory of the Crozon Peninsula opposite to Brest. Henri IV, as wily as any Bourbon who followed him on the throne of France, sat easy and did nothing. Elizabeth was forced to move. Brest a naval base in the hands of Spain was a peril which must be faced and averted. Norreys with an army and Frobisher with a fleet were despatched in October to relieve it. Drake was kept in reserve against a sudden aggression by the new Armada gathered at Passages. In the month of November, after some weeks of desperate fighting, Morlaix and Quimper surrendered and Brest was relieved. The English losses were heavy and included Martin Frobisher, who died from the mortification of his leg after a bullet had struck him in the thigh. He reached Plymouth and lingered long enough to receive a letter of gratitude from the Queen. He was a valiant man, a great sailor, but never a good Admiral. He was harsh and overbearing; he succeeded so little in securing the goodwill of his officers that those who had sailed with him once did not wish to sail with him again; he was the captain of a ship rather than the commander of a fleet; and he was —that fatal attribute at sea—unlucky.

With the relief of Brest and all Brittany, except the small place of Hennabon, the immediate danger to England was past. Philip had troubles of his own to cope with in Arragon and Lisbon. He was short of money, and the bankers of Augsburg and Genoa had so much of his dishonoured paper already in their hands that they were unwilling to accept any more of it. In

these circumstances, Drake proposed that he should be allowed to sail to Nombre de Dios with an army, march across the isthmus and destroy Panama. No doubt Drake was thinking with the memories of a time twenty years ago burning brightly within him and persuading him after these six years of sea-starvation that he could do the like again. He had been just under thirty in those joyous days, with an adoring company of lads under his command. Hardships, dangers, wounds, the ups and downs of adventure had all been not so much in the day's work as in the day's pleasure. It is the perennial delusion of the man of fifty that he can recapture himself at the age of thirty, meet the shifts of fortune with the same quick invention and endure fatigues with the same resilience. Drake was fifty years of age, and the last expedition to Lisbon should have warned him that his flair was not so precise, nor his authority so incisive and so welcome to his subordinates, as it had been in those days when they all had nothing to lose and the world to gain.

But the idea was sound enough. Carried through swiftly and secretly, the destruction of Panama, and the seizure of its treasure awaiting transportation, might have been for Philip's Empire just that two-handed engine at the door which stands ready to smite once and smite no more. But the plan needed to be taken as it was devised. The curse of these later Elizabethan expeditions, when the men propounding them had become famous people with dependencies upon the Royal favour, was that the Queen herself and timid counsellors like Burghley began at once to diminish their audacity, to add this or that desirable preliminary, and above all to tie leading-strings about the leaders. Thus, Drake was first of all given an associate: his old chief in the days of the disaster of St. John de Ulua, his squadron leader in the Armada battles; the Treasurer of the Navy through many years, Sir John Hawkins. No doubt the reason for this provision was that given by Thomas Maynarde, a soldier well-disposed to Drake, who sailed with him on the expedition. "But entering into them (i.e. the Spanish Indies) as the child of fortune, it may be his self-willed and peremptory command was doubted and that caused Her Majestie, as should seem, to join Sir John Hawkins in equal commission; a man old and wary entering into matters with so laden a foot that the other's meat would be eaten before his spit could come to the fire."

Hawkins was not merely wary, he was weary. As far back as September of the Armada year he had written to Walsingham the letter of a dispirited man crying for a rest from his labours. "My pain and misery in this service is infinite," and "Every man must have his turn served though very unreasonable; yet if it be refused, then adieu friendship"; and "God I trust

will deliver me of it ere it be long for there is no other hell"; "and so being ever fatigated with a number of troubles I humbly take my leave."

Are not these the words of a man the bright edge of whose service has been turned by age and the stress of work? Yet they were written seven years before, and he was still in service, a man of sixty-three years. He had been a good friend to Drake, and one of his earliest chiefs, but in fame and wealth and power the pupil had outstripped the teacher. On naval policy the two men were disagreed, and to send them out with equal authority was to invite disaster. Their Commission was signed on January 25th of the year 1595. The Queen provided six men-of-war, the *Garland* and the *Defiance*, sister ships of the *Revenge*, but new, the *Bonaventure*, *Hope*, *Foresight* and the *Adventure*, an old galleon of two hundred and fifty tons rebuilt. With them were to sail sufficient hulks and merchantmen to supply the fleet and transport the army for the march to Panama. Sir Thomas Baskerville, who had already shown his mettle in the fighting about Brest, was chosen as Colonel-General, and with him on his staff were to go his two brothers Nicholas and Arnold and the young Sir Nicholas Clifford. Young Clifford was no doubt anxious for work which would take him afield. He had been presented with an order for conspicuous bravery by Henri IV, and had indulged either his temerity or his carelessness by wearing it at Court without having first obtained Her Majesty's consent. He was promptly ordered to return it, and a tradition hands down that the reprimand was given by the angry lady in as humiliating and as memorable a phrase as she ever uttered: "My dogs wear my collars."

The six years which Drake had spent on land had increased rather than belittled his fame; and no sooner was it known that an expedition under his command was on foot than volunteers by the thousand hurried to enlist. The rumour spread to Spain, and nine thousand soldiers deserted their colours. It reached Lisbon, and the inhabitants fled. The expedition should have sailed at this moment of terror, but that was not the way in which things were done in England. However well designed expeditions were, the sending of them out was not expeditious when the Queen and her Ministers had the fixing of their departure. Philip was planning an attack from Blavet, the new Armada was sailing from Passages; Drake and Hawkins must remain on guard. When those rumours passed, June was at hand. Baskerville's commission was signed; Drake and Hawkins were bidden to complete their mobilization; and suddenly four Spanish galleons with six hundred soldiers on board which had been planning a raid on the Channel Islands missed their way and landed at Mousehole in Cornwall. No one expected them; no one opposed them. They burned up Mousehole, Newlyn and Penzance, and celebrated

Mass upon a hill behind the town. Then, hearing that Drake was still with his ships in Plymouth, and that the wind was blowing from the north, they got back into their ships and scuttled away. On the top of this impudent raid came the news of Tyrone's rebellion in Ireland and rumour that Philip was sending a flotilla to assist it. Therefore Drake and Hawkins must first take a cast about the south coast of Ireland, and if they found no flotilla, take a cast about the coast of Spain; if the coast of Spain were quiet, cruise for a month in the Atlantic and pick up the gold fleet on its way from Havana. They might then proceed upon their voyage, under the binding condition that they must pledge their words to return not later than May of the following year.

It is difficult to understand how such directions could ever have been framed for an expedition manned as this was. The utmost levity or the utmost ignorance, or some unconfessed wish to quash the affair altogether, seem the only explanations from which to choose. But levity there certainly was not. In the face of Spain's increased and increasing strength upon the sea, and the threat of thraldom and slavery which overhung England, levity there could not be. Nor can ignorance be assigned. Burghley was on the Council still, and although his objection to this kind of enterprise had always been strong, he had knowledge of Philip's plans. Lord Howard of Effingham was also amongst the Queen's advisers, and although he had no friendliness nowadays for Francis Drake, he must needs, from his experience of the Armada, be aware to what straits of disease and misery both a fleet and an army were to be exposed. The two Admirals returned the only answer possible. They had an army to transport. It was impossible to contemplate, with a force organized like theirs, a cast round the St. George's Channel, then a cast round the coast of Spain, then a month's cruise in the Atlantic, before setting forward to the goal for which it had been prepared. And as to pledging themselves to be back in England by May of 1596, they would do their best to carry out Her Majesty's wishes, but they could not bind themselves to a date.

The Queen flew into a rage when she received their answer, and probably the expedition would have been cancelled and the force dispersed had not news arrived in Plymouth that the Capitana of the Mexican gold fleet had been dismasted in a storm off Havana and had crept into Puerto Rico with a treasure of two million and a half on board. The news was despatched at once to the Queen. The Capitana had missed her convoy; she was waiting in Puerto Rico now, a prize, a fruit ready to be gathered. The lure was irresistible. The Queen's frowns melted into smiles. The embargo was raised, and on August 28th the fleet of twenty-seven ships, carrying two thousand and five hundred men, at last put out to sea.

But it had not cleared the Channel before trouble began. Drake sailed in the *Defiance*, and a flag was hoisted on that ship summoning a council of war, to which all the Captains, Masters and the Chief Army Officers repaired. Drake had complaints to make. The fleet had been divided into two squadrons, for the manning and provisioning of one of which each Admiral had charge. Drake protested that more than his due share of the force had been thrust upon him. He had three hundred men more than he should have had, and his flagship was overcrowded. Hawkins did not so much argue against the fact as declare that he ought to be "entreated" to take the surplus off Drake's hands. Silly? But silly arguments are the excuses not the reasons for quarrels, and in that council hot and choleric speeches were exchanged. Drake, with his "stout heart," refused to stoop so low as to entreat. Eventually they were for the moment appeased, but the proceedings can hardly have been an edifying spectacle for men holding minor commands. And worse was to come. For after a smaller war-council had been selected, consisting of Sir Thomas Baskerville, Sir Nicholas Clifford and those Captains, naval and military, who owed their appointments directly to the Queen, Sir John Hawkins disclosed to all present the purposes of their journey. They were first to capture a rich prize at Puerto Rico, and next to despoil and destroy Panama. The prospect of so golden a reward for their labours which this unwise declaration exposed was unlikely long to remain a secret, and there is little doubt that before night set in their destination was common talk throughout the fleet.

This general conclave took place on September 2nd, and a week later, when the fleet must have been in the latitude of Lisbon, Drake called a meeting of the war-council proper on board the *Defiance*. He, like Hawkins, had certain set ideas. It had always been his way when on a voyage to the Indies to seek first "some comfortable dew of Heaven" at one of the Spanish or Portuguese ports in the South Atlantic. He now proposed that before setting their course for the West Indies they should attack the Grand Canary or Madeira. At once Hawkins revolted. If Drake's squadron was short of water or other supplies he would provide it, but their first port of call should be Puerto Rico. Once more, as Maynarde puts it, "the fire which lay hid in their stomachs began to break forth," and it required all of Baskerville's tact to pacify them. He got the council adjourned until the following evening, when it dined with Sir John Hawkins on board of his flagship the *Garland*. There the discussion was resumed and Drake carried the day. It was decided to make for the Grand Canary. But though Hawkins reluctantly consented, the speeches to which he had listened rankled and the ill-feeling between the two men deepened.

On the 25th, being now a month out of Plymouth, they sighted the Grand Canary, and on the 26th came to anchor within cannon-shot of a fort at the end of a long promontory to the west-north-west of the harbour. It was Maynarde's belief that had Drake attacked at once he would have captured the town. A fairer criticism perhaps would be that if he had crept up to the fort under cover of darkness, discovered a landing-place and landed his troops before daylight, as he had done at Santiago and San Domingo and Cartagena, he would assuredly have succeeded. But he showed neither the guile which had served him on those three occasions, nor the incomparable improvisation which had inspired him at Cadiz. In full view of the fort and in the broad day he set out in his barge to select a suitable beach whereon he could disembark his troops. A heavy surf was beating upon the rocks and an hour or so passed before he was satisfied. He then returned to his ship and brought up near to the chosen spot his vessels of light draught with the soldiers on board. They were thereupon crowded into the long-boats and pinnaces and rowed towards the beach. But the weather was worsening during these last hours. Moreover, ten years had passed since Drake had stormed triumphantly over these waters; and if he had not abated his contempt for Spanish valour and efficiency, Philip on the other hand had learnt to strengthen his defences. There was arrayed upon the beach a force too formidable for Drake to attempt a landing through a heavy sea; and he gave the order to retreat. When the landing-force was back upon its ships, Baskerville implored Drake to give him four days and he would guarantee to occupy the town. But the Admiral would not. Whether he had realized or not that Hawkins had been right, no one can tell. But he argued now that the treasure ship in Puerto Rico Harbour was the first object of the expedition and that he must precede any news of his coming. The fleet accordingly weighed anchor and sailed round to the south-west of the island, where it watered and met with yet another mischance. For a troop-captain Grimstone, his batman, and a surgeon, landing and wandering afield, were all three killed by the mountaineers. Drake left the island behind him the next day and set the course for Guadeloupe, confident that he could outsail any post boat which might be despatched from Grand Canary.

But he had been repulsed, and on the waters which he had made his own. Small rebuffs he had encountered, at the island of Mocha for instance, but he had never brought up his ships in battle order, manned his galleys and his pinnaces, and then refused the engagement without a shot fired. His crews were discouraged. They had shown their backs to the Spaniards. The soldiers had been given no chance to use their valour. One can hear that

ready whisper going round the fleet, insidious, sapping the heart out of it: "He's not the man he was."

After a three weeks' run, Drake on the 27th of October made his usual landfall at Dominica. But since that island was populated by savage Indians, it had been arranged that both squadrons should hold on to Guadeloupe, which had no inhabitants at all. There they were to hoist their cannon out of the holds, set up their pinnaces, water, and make all ready for a sudden and unexpected descent upon Puerto Rico. But the stars in their courses fought against the expedition. Drake led his squadron northwards past the eastern coast of Dominica and reached his anchorage on the 28th. Hawkins took his through the Dominica channel and turned northwards along the western side. He happened to have in his squadron two small ships of slower speed than the rest. These two were the *Francis* and the *Delight*; and as Hawkins sailed northwards to Guadeloupe they fell behind. It was only upon some rare and improbable circumstance that this could have mattered. Normally they would have reached the rendezvous a day later than the rest of the squadron and without interference. But now the rare and improbable circumstance happened. Philip had sent five of his new fast frigates to bring home from Puerto Rico the treasure of the dismasted galleon; and these five frigates under the command of Don Pedro Tello de Guzman were sailing serenely up the western coast of Dominica towards their destination when two small ships were sighted ahead of them. They overhauled them and, finding them to be English, attacked. The *Francis* and the *Delight* were no match for the Spanish ships. The *Francis* was quickly captured, the men taken out of her and the ship scuttled. The *Delight* managed to escape and made with all the speed she had towards her consorts. Tello's frigates pursued and were gaining rapidly upon her when at the south end of Guadeloupe they were amazed to see the topmasts of a fleet at anchor. They saw the *Delight* sail into the midst of it. They counted six big ships of war, and that was enough for them. As far back as the middle of April, Pedro Suarez, the Governor of Puerto Rico, had received a message from Philip, telling him of a great fleet which was being mobilized at Plymouth and bidding him beware of it. So quite early in the year rumours of a new project against the West Indies had been sent out of England by Philip's spies to Spain. Tello must have been aware of them, and now with his own eyes he saw them confirmed. His five frigates crowded on all sail for Puerto Rico, and meanwhile they had the prisoners of the *Francis* and all the means necessary to persuade them to talk. Drake arrived at the Guadeloupe anchorage on the 28th day of October; Hawkins on the 29th; and the *Delight*

on the 30th; and upon that day Josias, the *Delight's* Captain, told to the war-council the story of his escape and of the capture of the *Francis*.

To those who heard it the news was appalling. Whilst they were yet in the Channel, Hawkins had explained to many more than the war-council, as it was now composed, that Puerto Rico and the treasure ship were their first objective. By now, not only the officers but every seaman on the *Francis* was aware of it. The secret was out. There could be no surprise, no swift entrance of a fleet with her cannon shining on her decks and her landing-boats trailing in the water into a harbour occupied with the peaceful services of commerce. To Drake there was but the one way of retrieval. They must set off at once, if not both squadrons, one at all events. The final preparations must be made, as best they could, whilst they were under sail. They would have a chance, at all events, of attacking Puerto Rico before the Governor of the town had completed the defences. But Hawkins would have nothing of such rough-and-ready measures. The ships must be watered, their batteries properly set up, their pinnaces carefully put together, before he would consent to departure. He was very ill, and disputing with an old friend in so lamentable a condition was a sorry business. Moreover, Hawkins' argument found a friend in Sir Nicholas Clifford, and Drake gave way. The concession was fatal.

They remained three days more at Guadeloupe and sailed on the 4th of November. But even so, they put in to one of the smaller islands of the Virgin group, partly to marshal and redistribute the soldiers in their companies and perhaps partly to encourage a hope in Puerto Rico that he meant to leave that island unmolested. The harbour which Drake had chosen at Virgin Gorda was land-locked and no more than a short day's sail from Puerto Rico. Whatever he may have lost of his insight and confidence, his skill and enterprise as a navigator remained undiminished. He led his fleet out from the Virgin Islands on the night of the 11th, by a channel which had never been used before, and for what it was worth appeared unexpectedly before the town of San Juan on the morning of the 12th. The wind was light, the fleet, which had now been reduced to twenty-four sail, advanced slowly, the six Queen's ships of eight hundred tons in the van, and ahead of them and upon their flanks pinnaces with white signal flags sounding the depths. An alarming spectacle for Don Pedro Tello and the island's Governor, it was brought up in a sandy bay eastwards of the town by the old Cabron fort, and there dropped its anchors in twenty fathoms of water. To alarm was now added surprise. For no ship had ever anchored in that bay and no soundings of it had ever been taken.

But trouble was heavy upon the ships as well as upon the town. For at some time between the departure from Virgin Gorda and the arrival at the anchorage Sir John Hawkins died. There can be no doubt that his quarrels with his fellow-leader hastened his end. For on November 8th he had called Captain Troughton of the *Bonaventure* to his bedside and made a codicil to his Will bequeathing to the Queen two thousand pounds to make up some portion of what she was to lose by the failure of the expedition. They were bitter words which Troughton had to report:

"Sir John Hawkins upon his death-bed willed me to use the best means I could to acquaint your Highness with his loyal service and good meaning towards your Majesty, even to his last breathing. And forasmuch through the perverse and cross-dealings of some in that journey who preferring their own fancy before his skill would never yield but rather overrule him, whereby he was so discouraged, and as himself then said, his heart even broken that he saw no other but danger of ruin likely to ensue of the whole voyage, wherein in some sort he had been a persuader of your Majesty to hazard as well some of your good ships as also a great quantity of treasure; in regard of the good opinion he thought to be held of his sufficiency, judgment and experience in such actions, willing to make your Majesty the best amends his poor ability would then stretch into, in a codicil as a piece of his last will and testament, did bequeath to your Highness 2,000l. if your Majesty will take it."

It is not an engaging picture of Francis Drake which these harsh words spoken on a death-bed suggest. But they cannot be taken as the distortions of a man of a wandering mind. Maynarde speaks of Drake at this time as one of self-willed and peremptory command and "better able to conduct forces and discreetly to govern in conducting them to places where service was to be done than to command in the execution thereof." Hawkins was assuredly appointed as a restraining influence; and no greater proof of the tact which Howard of Effingham used or of the command which Drake exercised over himself during the Armada battles could be given than the fact that none of these disputes took place between them. Hawkins in his youth had been as bold as any of the privateersmen of his age, but years of service in the dockyards and a good deal of aspersion on his honesty and some amount of personal misfortune had made him cautious. In this expedition he was as right in objecting to Drake's attack upon Grand Canary as he was wrong in blurting out its intention. But Hawkins' fame does not rest upon it. The debt of England to him—and it is a vast debt—is that in her great struggle for the right to live in her own way and by her own rules, the ships by which she established that right were better designed, better built, easier to handle and

swifter in manœuvre than any others which sailed the seas. No man was more responsible for that immeasurable service than this old sailor who died so distressfully off distant Puerto Rico.

Drake had now no one to gainsay him. He still hoped to surprise the town of San Juan and take it with little opposition; and he prepared to land a force that evening. But as he sat at supper, when all the preparations were made, in his cabin on the *Defiance* with Sir Nicholas Clifford, Brute Brown, a friend of his who had served on the *Rainbow* during the last week of the Armada battles, Captain Strafford and some others, the Cabron battery opened fire. Drake had arrived too late. A fortnight before, he would have found only one fort, the Morillo, at the entrance to the harbour equipped with guns, and the town would have fallen into his hands as easily as he had hoped. But the attack upon Grand Canary had spoilt all his chances. Although Philip had sent word as early as April that an English fleet might be expected, Pedro Suarez, the Governor, had done little more than bring the treasure from the dismasted galleon on shore and sink the ship itself in the fairway of the harbour. The arrival of a post boat from Grand Canary and, a few days afterwards, of Pedro Tello with his five frigates and the prisoners from the *Francis*, had wakened him to the greatness of his peril. A conference had been held at the house of General Sanchez Pardo, who commanded the garrison. The people of the island were mustered, armed, and appointed to their places, and guns and gunners were taken from the frigates and distributed in old forts and advantageous positions. Two of these guns were planted in the curtain of the Cabron fort, and they now opened fire upon Drake's flagship. A cannon-ball dropped plump into the cabin and struck down Clifford, Strafford and Brown as they sat at table. Clifford was so badly wounded that he died that night, and Brute Brown only lingered for five days. "Ah, dear Brute," Drake said, "I could grieve for thee, but now is no time for me to let down my spirits."

Had he some presage of the doom which waited upon this expedition? It may well have been. All the devices which used to fit together and make a swift triumph—secret landings, night marches, ships sailing unexpected into unprotected harbours—were failing one after the other. Drake turned from his ruined cabin and wounded comrades to countermand the landing and get the fleet under way and out of range. He sailed westwards along the coast past the Boqueron and Morillo batteries, across the harbour mouth, and sought a refuge behind the Cabras and Cabrita islands. There no cannon-shot could reach him, and he waited for the morning.

San Juan de Puerto Rico, like so many towns which Drake had visited, was built on a bulge of land only connected with the main territory by a

narrow neck or, as in this case and that of Cartagena, by a made causeway. The harbour mouth, which was narrow and difficult by reason of the shoals, faced the north. Behind the headlands the water widened out into a great lagoon, that too made difficult by shallows. The town was at the north-east entrance; the castle and battery of El Morillo faced the ocean where the surf beat upon its walls; the wharfs were just within the harbour mouth overlooked by the fort of Santa Helena; and the greater part of the buildings looked southwards over the lagoon. In the morning Drake was seen from the Governor's house to be on the water in his barge with the awning, taking soundings. There was a stockade where it was thought that he might try to force a landing, and a guard was sent to hold it. In addition, the frigates were anchored under the guns of Santa Helena, so that if an attack looked at all likely to be successful, the treasure could be quickly re-embarked and the frigates slip away with it to sea. To Pedro Tello, and indeed to all concerned with the defence of the town, the very name of Drake had a terrifying sound, and they divined behind each movement of simple reconnaissance some devilish and mysterious wile.

Drake's plan, however, was simple. The surprise by his army having been foreseen and prevented, he must take his fleet into the harbour and land his troops under the cover of his guns. But what with the shoals, the sinking of the treasure ship, and a merchant vessel which had now been added, there was but the narrowest passage, and that close by the anchored frigates. He proposed, therefore, to deal with those frigates during the night. Unfortunately he chose the wrong way to deal with them. He might have cut them out, he determined to burn them, and after darkness had set in on that Thursday the 13th, he manned twenty-five pinnaces and long-boats with his soldiers and in his own barge led the way. But so keen a watch was kept by the garrison that although the night was dark the boats were detected. In those phosphorescent seas the blades of so many oars turned the water into a sheet of white flame. The batteries of the Rock fort and the fort of Santa Helena began to fire, but upon an enemy they rather guessed at than discerned. The attack was pressed with fire-balls and musketry. The frigate *Texedo*, the flagship, was set on fire in the bows, but the fire was got under. The same thing happened with the *Santa Isabel*, the *Santa Clara* and the *Santa Magdalena*. Fires began to burn and were extinguished whilst the guns of the forts thundered and the men on the frigates used any weapon they could find, even to stones. After an hour of wild fighting, the *Santa Magdalena* was set on fire again, this time at the stern; and this time the fire took hold. But although twelve men on the ship were burnt and another twelve killed by musketry, the conflagration was more fatal to the assailants.

It lit the scene to the brightness of day. The crowded boats now clustered about this frigate, now about that, were exposed to the gunners in the batteries, and so heavy a fire was poured upon them at so short a range that they were forced to retreat with a very serious loss.

But Drake did not quit. The next morning as the land breeze sprang up, his fleet was seen to sail out from behind the islands. To many in the town the hope came that he had abandoned the attack, but Pedro Tello had gauged his enemy better. Drake meant to get to windward of the harbour and reach down through the channel and past the forts. Tello sought out the General, Sanchez Pardo. One of the frigates and two merchantmen, as they were, laden with all their merchandise, were sunk in the narrow fairway which was still open. And when, as Tello had suspected, Drake's whole fleet went about in the afternoon and came bowling down to the entrance, it was found to be completely closed. Drake called a council when he had returned to his anchorage behind the Goat and the Little Goat islands, and asked what should now be done. Most gave it as their opinion that the place was too strong and that to continue the attack was to hazard the whole voyage. But some of the younger officers held a bolder view. "How could they," they asked, and especially one Captain Rush, "give an opinion when they had merely looked at the forts from the outside? Let them look a little closer!" and Thomas Maynarde protested that "no town in the Indies could yield us more honour or profit."

But Drake had made up his mind. He sat in silence for a while and then said to Maynarde, "I will bring thee to twenty places far more wealthy and easier to be gotten." And Sir Thomas Baskerville agreed.

The fleet sailed that night, and in the morning San Juan de Puerto Rico looked out over an empty sea. Drake moved on to the west, and rounding the corner of the island came to anchor on the 19th of the month in the Bay of San German. There he put five companies of musketeers and pikemen on shore, watered his ships, repaired his pinnaces, hunted and collected fresh meat and fish and fruit. A week later he sailed again, and southwards across the Caribbean Sea to the Spanish Main.

It was the right course. He could pick up the trade-wind off Cape de la Vela and bowl along with all sails set to Nombre de Dios. But he did nothing of the kind. His failure at Puerto Rico might have warned him, should have warned him, that time was a great ally or a fatal enemy according to whether he prized it or wasted it. He did not know that as the topsails of his ships caught the morning sun on the edge of the horizon, Pedro Tello had sent forward a swift post boat to San Domingo and to Menendez at Havana with the news that Drake was there. But he might have foreseen that just this one

thing must happen; and that if he was to find the road to Panama open to his troops, he must hurry with every inch of canvas stretched which his masts could carry. It is difficult to understand the mood which swayed him. Had he slipped back into the old days when, so poor was the defence and so incredible the appearance of an enemy, that every harbour was at his mercy? Was he remembering his first voyage to the Indies with Captain Lovell and his defeat at Rio de la Hacha? He had a long and brooding memory for his adversities, counting them as personal wrongs some time to be avenged. It is more likely that he had in his mind the words he had used to his reluctant officers at Puerto Rico: "I will bring thee to twenty places far more wealthy and easier to be gotten." A failure at Grand Canary; another at San Juan. He may well have believed that his comrades had lost their faith in his star and that some striking and profitable success must be won before he sent them out on the march to Panama. Panama would make up for all his rebuffs and discomfitures. But his men must advance to it with their confidence restored and some promise of the fortune which awaited them already in their pockets.

Whatever the motive, the strange fact is certain. Off Cabo de la Vela he hauled up into the wind and sent Sir Thomas Baskerville with his main force in the ships' boats down the west face of the cape to Rio de la Hacha.

Baskerville occupied the town without meeting any resistance on the night of December 1st. The inhabitants fled to the woods, hiding what property they had of value in secret places in the neighbouring country. Drake brought his fleet to the roadstead on the following morning, and Baskerville's soldiers were spread wide over the district searching out the spots where the treasure was cached. Runaway negro slaves helped them, and a certain amount of plunder was obtained. But it did not add up to much. Drake himself meanwhile led a small force in boats to the village of Lancheria, sixteen miles away. A pearl fishery was established there and a certain amount of pearls was seized. He returned to Rio de la Hacha with a few Spaniards as hostages and some more negro slaves. When he returned, the town's Governor, from his retreat in the forest, began to negotiate with him for the ransom of the town. The negotiations were spun out day after day, and then, behind the Governor's back, some citizens brought pearls to the value, as they said, of twenty-four thousand pesos. Drake, however, refused them because they were of inferior quality, and then received a jeering message from the Governor. Drake was never meant to receive a ransom. The negotiations for a ransom were begun and extended just to keep him anchored in this corner of Terra Firma whilst warnings of his appearance were sent along the coast. Those warnings had now been given

and received, and Drake was at liberty to burn the town, if it pleased him to do so.

Smarting under this insult, Drake did burn the town. He sailed along the coast to Santa Marta, now the headquarters of the American Fruit Company. There he found that the Governor of Rio de la Hacha had spoken the truth. There were no resistance, no plunder, and no inhabitants. Drake burned Santa Marta, and then, having spent nineteen unprofitable days in this region, he sailed to Nombre de Dios on Darien and arrived before it on December 27th.

Troops were landed at once. Again there was a mere show of defence. From seventy to a hundred soldiers held that fort with the escarpment which had been half-built when Drake had raided the town before. The defenders fired one shot from a cannon which burst with the discharge, and then fled. Some were captured, and they had the story to tell with which Drake was now becoming unhappily familiar. First, in the spring of the year a warning had come straight from Philip in Spain that a great fleet was fitting out in England with Drake in command; then from Puerto Rico a message that he was actually before that island; lastly, a word from Rio de la Hacha that in a week they might expect him at their door. A few caches were discovered and ransacked. But now Drake did not waste time.

Nombre de Dios was no longer the important harbour where the gold and jewels of Peru were embarked for Spain. Its deadly climate had enforced its lesson on the Spaniards. They had built a new and healthier base some twenty miles to the west at Puerto Bello, and in this month of December, 1595, Nombre de Dios was no more than the skeleton of a port.

No doubt Drake had it in mind to pay a visit of some considerable consequence to Puerto Bello, but meanwhile he was at Nombre de Dios, whence he had set out on the gold road to Panama. There was another choice in the Chagres River, which was navigable by boats for some leagues across the isthmus. A council of war was called and a decision was made to follow the old mule trail. Baskerville was landed with seven hundred and fifty picked men, and he began his march on December 29th. But the country had changed during the last twenty years. The jungle had grown; the Cimaroons had disappeared; Baskerville covered nine miles on the first day. On the second he reached the half-way house where the relays of horses and mules for the gold train were stabled. But the half-way house was burnt. The force bivouacked on the ground, and after advancing for three miles on the next morning reached the foot of a steep hill along the top of which a strong abattis had been built. Cast about as they might, there was no way round. All was impenetrable jungle, except for this one cleared path. The site had been

chosen a year before by Baptista Antonelli, the engineer, and fortified by Alonzo de Sotomayor, a veteran of the Flanders wars. Maynarde declares that he found a way between the palisades which was used for fetching water and that he called upon some of his men to mount by it, but the rise was too steep and they were shot down. Three assaults were made by Baskerville and repulsed; and he then took counsel with his captains. For most of the two days they had marched in the rain and their matches and powder were spoilt. Baskerville was convinced that even if he drove a breach through this stockade he would be faced with others of a like kind all the way to Panama. His men were carrying their rations on their backs and were already hungry. Many had been killed or wounded, chiefly by arrows; and the rest were exhausted by the difficulties of the march. Baskerville reasoned that even if he could by a miracle force a way to Panama, he would arrive before that city with his numbers so depleted and worn out that, so far from capturing the city, he would be left without the strength to retreat. He gave the order to do so whilst he could; and so from this spot in the Sierra de Capira, close to and perhaps in sight of that high tree from which in more glorious days Drake had first seen the wide Pacific and prayed God that he might sail on it, the defeated troops marched back, broken in spirit and resentful of their leaders. Their shoes worn out, their bodies starved, they stumbled back to Nombre de Dios, swearing that they would never make adventures to buy gold at such a price again. Drake was still at Nombre de Dios when Baskerville returned on January 2nd. He was preparing to move on to Puerto Bello, without any apprehension that the land attack would fail. Yet it is impossible to deny the truth of Maynarde's bitter words: "I am persuaded that never army great or small undertook a march through to unknown places, so weakly provided and with so small means to help themselves, unless it might be some few going covertly to do some sudden exploit before it were thought of by the enemy and so return unspied."

Drake's conduct of the whole expedition is a riddle explicable only on the theory that the arduous labours of his life had taken their toll of him, mind and body. When he should have hurried, he tarried. When he should have taken his time, he acted as though he had not a second to lose. He could go needlessly out of his way to make an attack on Grand Canary; he could waste nineteen days on Rio de la Hacha and Santa Marta; but at Nombre de Dios he made not one effort to renew his friendship with the Cimaroons and receive at once their information and support. The march across the isthmus! How it was planned and how it failed, and how it was tried again and succeeded, that story is told in the earlier pages of this book. It looked as if Drake had only remembered the triumphs which had crowned

his early plans and not the cautious enquiries and the careful preparations which had preceded and made them possible. There was another aspect of his leadership today which is difficult to reconcile with the Drake of the older voyages. He had accepted serious defeats with little attempt to retrieve them, almost indeed with complacency, almost as though a sort of callousness had grown over his high pride and his disdain.

He was awake, however, now. "Since our return from Panama," Maynarde wrote, "he never carried mirth nor joy in his face." For six years he had been out of the favour of his Royal Mistress. Then once more he had secured her goodwill by promising her honourable service and a profitable adventure. How was he to face her when he returned? She had spent seventy thousand pounds, and all that was brought back to set against that great sum did not amount to five thousand.

But he was not giving in. If his face was joyless and grave, it was not discouraged. On the 4th of January he summoned a council on the *Defiance* to decide what else they should attempt. From prisoners and runaway slaves it was now known that all the famous ports of Philip's West Indies were informed of Drake's presence and well prepared to withstand him. New ground must be tried if any good were to come of this long voyage. Drake sat at the head of the table in his cabin with maps and books spread out in front of him; watching, no doubt, with his lifelong expectancy for the opening door to open on a new and shining world. He spoke of a great city of Honduras and of the dwellings about the Lake of Nicaragua, where legend described the streets as paved with gold. He knew nothing of these places but what he read in his books. None the less, his words carried his audience with him.

"Which will you have?" he asked, and Baskerville cried out: "Both! One after the other! And all too little to content us if we took them."

They set fire to Nombre de Dios, sank fourteen small frigates which were anchored in the roads, and took on board twenty bars of silver and a little gold—all that they stopped to find of the cached treasure. On the 5th they sailed away, and on the 10th they anchored behind the island of Escudo de Veragua, where they captured one of Philip's swift postal frigates. They got little joy from the capture, for they learned from its officers and crew that the famous towns upon the lake were poor and the way to them seamed with shoals and reefs. But they had no chance to discover the truth for themselves, for the winds held them prisoners. Their food ran short. Beyond a few turtles that bare island gave them nothing for the pot. If the story of the streets paved with gold was untrue, the bay of Nicaragua had one reputation which was well and truly deserved. It was the unhealthiest spot

between Darien and Mexico. For twelve days the fleet beat up and down in those waters, praying for a change of wind. But the wind stood in the same quarter and men and officers died. They buried Captain Plott and Captain Egerton, and Drake himself sickened with dysentery. After twelve days he resolved to go and take the wind as God sent it. It carried the ships back towards Puerto Bello, and as each day passed Drake's sickness increased. He kept his cabin now, conversing much with Captain Maynarde, who chose this moment to reproach him for luring him out of England with such fair promises. Drake answered him sadly:

"I know no more of the Indies than you do. I never thought a place could be so changed, as it were from a delicious and pleasant arbour into a vast and desert wilderness."

He had never known winds so variable and blusterous, but most of all he wondered that since leaving England he had never seen a sail worthy of pursuit. But he would rouse himself in the end, to cry out undaunted in the greatness of his mind:

"It matters not, man. God hath many things in store for us; and I know many means to do Her Majesty good service, and to make us rich. For we must have gold before we return to England."

But there was to be no return for Francis Drake either with gold or without. His sickness increased, he became delirious, and as the *Defiance* came abreast of Puerto Bello at seven o'clock on the morning of January 28th, 1596, he died raving.

Sir Thomas Baskerville, in virtue of his Commission, took command of the fleet. He led it out to sea on the following day, and a league off the shore buried his great Admiral in the waters of which the surge and thunder still seem to reverberate with the terror of his name. That sacred duty done, Baskerville returned to Puerto Bello and burned that half-finished city to the ground to make a funeral pyre. News had reached him that a fleet sent by Philip was waiting for him off the Cabo San Antonio of Cuba, and he set off homewards by way of Jamaica. But a storm separated his ships, and in the end they forced their way out by the Florida passage into the Atlantic, after a running battle in which they had the best of it.

But Francis Drake was dead. It is recorded in the Venetian State Papers that upon hearing of it His Majesty King Philip showed the keenest delight and declared that the good news would help him rapidly to get well of his sickness. In England it needed a lapse of years for men to recognize the debt under which he had laid them. His genius as a navigator and his audacity as a combatant—these qualities were ungrudgingly acknowledged. But the failure of his last two expeditions inclined even responsible minds to look

upon him as the child of fortune, a man born under a capricious star, greatly to be blamed when disaster overtook him and lightly to be praised when he sailed home with the long tale of his enemy's ships sunk and his own hold bursting with their treasure.

But the world knows now that the individual prowess, the name which emptied the seas like a tornado in the Caribbean and made Philip in the far Escorial sleep restlessly as a sick man in a fever, were amongst the smallest of his services. The two most outstanding voyages were the circumnavigation of the world and the attack upon Cadiz. This last one, flawless in its execution, marked the beginning of naval strategy as practised in England. Up to then we hugged our own coasts. He first of sailors said: "Seek out the enemy on his coasts, bring him to action there and there destroy him." It took time for the creed to sink into the minds of Admiralty and Government. But before his death it was making its way. The meaning of sea-power was beginning to be understood. Even as Baskerville was entering Plymouth Harbour with the ships which had sailed out under Drake and Hawkins, Lord Howard was setting forth with the greatest fleet which had ever put out of England to carry the Spanish war into Spanish waters. Drake's principle of naval strategy had won the day, and down the great line of English Admirals it prevailed henceforth and so prevails today. The voyage round the world was of a wider consequence. It had certain practical results. It began, for instance, the social recognition of the sailor. "I must have the gentleman to hale and draw with the mariner." Drake's famous utterance after the execution of Doughty at Port Saint Julian is a white stone in the history of England. He proved, moreover, that the Spaniard, in spite of his name for gallantry and martial spirit, was very vulnerable in his own house; and he was the first, or amongst the first, to demonstrate that the English way of making friends of the less forward races is better than the foreign way of converting them by massacre and cruelty into slaves. But quite apart from these definite benefits, that voyage turned the thoughts of this island people to the sea and made of it, not a road, but a second home.

We talk loosely of the heritage of the sea. But it was wrested from the Spaniards and the Portuguese, and the man who wrested it and bequeathed it was Francis Drake. Up to his day, a man like Hawkins ran slaves from Africa and sold them in the West Indies. A few men like John Lok and Martin Frobisher made expeditions to the Guinea Coast with great profit and at an appalling cost of life. Henry VII proposed to send Christopher Columbus on his first voyage to the Bahamas and did send the Venetian John Cabot, who discovered Newfoundland. In both cases the goal was the same, the fabled wealth of Cathay, to be reached by some North-West Passage

between the chain of islands which North America was supposed to be. But the English effort was in the main North-Eastwards, round the North Cape to Archangel and the White Sea; and in the long years of poverty which Henry VIII bequeathed to England, the great voyages, the great discoveries, the great empires were made by others than the English. In October, 1492, Columbus landed at San Salvador. In 1486, Bartholomew Diaz of Portugal doubled the Cape of Good Hope. In 1500, Pinzon, a Spaniard, and Cabral, a Portuguese, discovered Brazil. In 1505, the Portuguese found Mauritius, and two years later Madagascar, and after another two years Malacca. In 1513, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa first saw the Pacific Ocean from a hill in Darien. In 1520, Magellan broke through the Magellan Straits into it and, though he ran upon a foolish death in the Philippines, his ship *Victoria* circumnavigated the world. Between 1520 and 1530, Cortez conquered Mexico and Pizarro plundered the treasure houses of the Incas. Not an English name anywhere. But Drake's voyage round the world and the wealth he brought back from it fired the manhood of England. England took over, as it were, the exploration of the world, and took it from the hands of Francis Drake.

Let some imperishable lines of English poetry end the tale:

"Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest North-east distance dawn'd Gibraltar grand and gray;
'Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?'—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa."

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