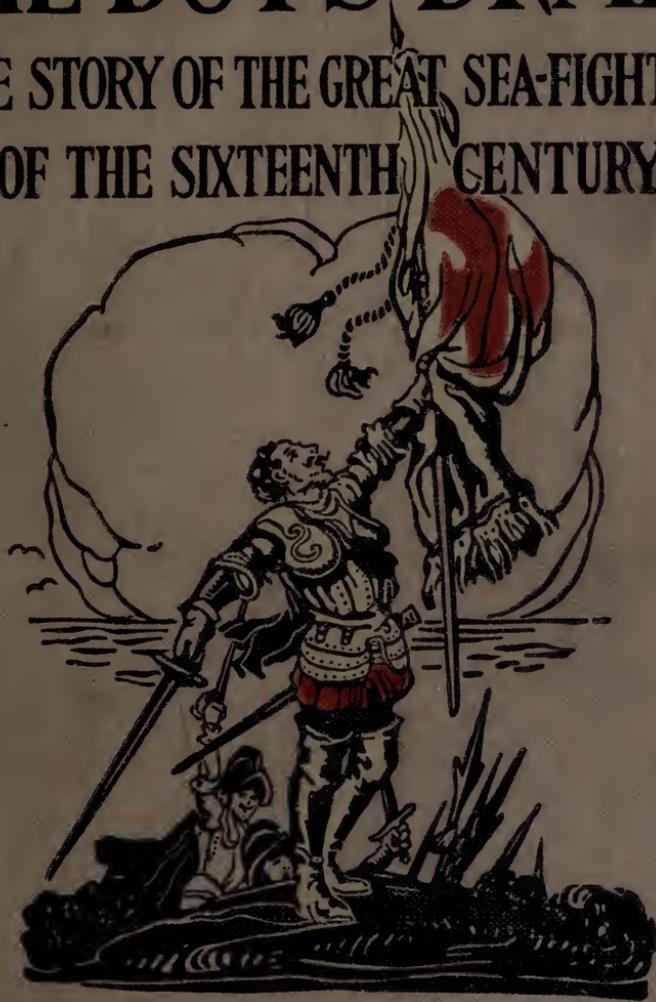


# THE BOY'S DRAKE

THE STORY OF THE GREAT SEA-FIGHTER  
OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY



EDWIN M. BACON



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Le vray portraict du Cappitaine Draeck, lequel a circuit toute la terre, en trois  
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FRANCIS DRAKE.

# THE BOY'S DRAKE

STORY OF THE  
GREAT SEA FIGHTER OF THE  
SIXTEENTH CENTURY

BY

EDWIN M. <sup>unroe</sup> BACON, 1844-1916

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY'S HAKLUYT,"  
"THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AND THE VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT,"  
"HISTORIC PILGRIMAGES IN NEW ENGLAND," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

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1910

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Published October, 1910





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to infuse it with the quaint sixteenth-century flavour. Bits of history are woven in sufficient to give the events of Drake's career the proper setting.

Drake's succession of marvellous exploits are frankly detailed in these pages. Some of them were lawless, some were the acts of the buccaneer, the corsair, the sea rover; others were magnificent in conception and execution, the performance of a great naval statesman; all were dashing and brave. I have endeavoured so to present them that while my young readers are entranced with the story of his wondrous deeds, they will, at the same time, be impressed with the finer qualities of the greatest captain among Queen Elizabeth's great men.

E. M. B.

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## THE BOY'S DRAKE



# THE BOY'S DRAKE

## I

### BORN TO THE SEA

**F**RANCIS DRAKE was a born sailor. His father had been a sailor, and he was kinsman of sailors. His childhood home was the hull of a ship. When yet a boy he was master of his own craft sailing the English Channel. At eighteen he was third officer of a trader to the Biscay coast of Spain. At twenty he was in an adventure to the African coast and across the Atlantic to the West Indies, among the earliest of English mariners to penetrate the Spanish-American preserves. At twenty-two he was made commander of a bark in a squadron bound on a more adventurous expedition to Africa and thence to Spanish America; and he had a hand in a hot naval battle in the Gulf of Mexico. Five years later he was buccaneering on the Spanish Main—the northern coast of South America along the Caribbean Sea—plundering Nombre-de-Dios, then the treasure-house of the West Indies, wherein was stored the precious metals and jewels brought from Peru and Mexico to Panama, for

shipment to Spain; crossing the Isthmus of Panama; getting his first sight of the Pacific from a hill-top on the isthmus, and devoutly beseeching God to give him "life and leave once to sail an English ship in those seas." Five years later he was making that voyage, sailing round the world; the first Englishman and the second explorer to circumnavigate the globe. At middle-age he had become "the first great sailing admiral the world ever saw."

A mariner "more skilful in all points of navigation than any that ever was before his time and in his time," as a contemporary chronicler of his deeds avers; a buccaneer and a privateer of reckless daring and astonishing performance; a naval warrior resourceful and of extraordinary capability—his name became a terror to all enemies of England, open and covert, and to the corsairs of other nations.

With conspicuous faults, with strange ideas of the honour of the seas, a plunderer in times of nominal peace of ships and ports, particularly in Western waters belonging to England's enemies, and hence his own, all with such startling audacity and such high hand as to bring upon him the sobriquet of "The Master Thief of the Unknown World," he became and remained, through varying favour of his sovereign, a popular idol. And so "true to his word" was he, so "merciful to those that were under him," though a strict disciplinarian, "and hating nothing so much as idleness"; so brave, "ever contemning danger," wanting "himself to be one (whoever was second) at

---

every turn where courage, skill, or industry was to be employed"—that he was beloved of his comrades and men and followed eagerly and loyally whithersoever he led.

Among the great naval worthies of his period he rose to rank with the foremost as the Sea King of the Sixteenth Century.

## II

### PARENTAGE AND BIRTHPLACE

**T**HOUGH born to the sea, Drake's birthplace was a farm on an inland river. He was the first-born of twelve sons of yeoman parents. Some of his earlier biographers endeavoured to connect him with a titled family. Others presented him as of lowliest origin. The latter had more ground for their theory than the former. They took their cue from the phrase "mean parentage" for "*mediocre loco natus*" in the first English edition of the *Annales* of Queen Elizabeth's reign, originally in Latin, by William Camden, a learned antiquary and historian of Drake's own time, who had the statement, he says, from Drake himself. But Camden clearly meant "middling"—the middle class. His correct placing is between the two extremes of upper and lower; he was of the higher grade of sturdy, and in his time growing sturdier, middle-class English. His immediate forebears were well-to-do country folk, who had lived on the same farm for generations.

The date of his birth was also a matter of speculation by the early biographers. Some of them held confidently to a date about the year 1540, finding their

authority in legends upon contemporary portraits of Drake, and also in statements of Camden. The sifted evidence, however, amply sustains a date five years later; that is, 1545, as appears in the *Annales* of John Stow, the London antiquary, also contemporary with Drake. The legends on the portraits are shown to be quite untrustworthy, while the particular statement of Camden has proven to be erroneous, or a "slip of memory" on his part. So the year 1545 has come now to be generally accepted as the true date.

Drake was native of the county of Devonshire, that nursery of brave and daring British seamen of Queen Elizabeth's expansive time. Several Devon boys of his period became world famous. There was John Davis, born in 1530, who became Captain John, searcher of the elusive north-west passage to India, and discoverer of Davis Strait, between Greenland and Baffin Land. There were the brothers Hawkins, William and John (the latter born 1532), kinsmen of Drake, who became important ship-masters and merchants; the younger, Sir John, at the head of the English mercantile marine in his prime, bold as a navigator and able as a developer of the English navy. From Devon, too, came Humphrey Gilbert (born 1539), half-brother of Walter Raleigh, afterward Sir Humphrey, soldier, navigator, statesman, establisher of the first English colony in North America, at Newfoundland; and Richard Grenville (born 1541), Raleigh's cousin, afterward Sir Richard, of the "fighting Grenvilles," a naval hero of extraordinary type,

and Sir Walter Raleigh himself, courtier, soldier, adventurer, American colonizer, historian, poet, looming large among Queen Elizabeth's men, and at last brought to the block, wantonly sacrificed through the cowardice of her successor, King James, the first of the Stuarts.

Francis's birthplace was a cottage on his grandfather's farm called Crowndale, near by the ancient Devon town of Tavistock. The farm lay in a serene valley with pastoral surroundings, and so sequestered that it "seemed shut out from all the world." In front of the cottage meandered the river Tavy, one of the exquisitely picturesque English streams. The cottage was permitted to remain, a decaying landmark, through three centuries, or till the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when its then owner, unmindful of its memories of the great sailor, pulled it down to make way for an ox-shed. Fortunately, a little before its demolition a drawing was made of it, and this was afterward reproduced in an etching.

Crowndale had originally belonged to Tavistock Abbey, a Catholic monastery, which early in King Henry VIII's time was leased from the Abbot of Tavistock by Simon Drake. This Simon was an uncle of Francis's grandfather. There may have been other Drakes leasing it before Simon. At the dissolution of the monasteries (1536 and 1539) with the beginnings of the English Reformation, it passed into the hands of Sir John Russell, afterward Lord High Admiral of England (1540-42), and later first

Earl of Bedford (1550), a great Devonshire magnate; and thereafter the Drakes held it from him. Francis's grandfather, John Drake, succeeded Simon in its occupancy, and when Francis was born had it under a lease holding through the lives of himself and his wife Margery, and their eldest son John, Jr.

Francis's father was Edmund, a younger son of John and Margery. He became early a sailor by trade, while his father and elder brother carried on the farm. When he left the sea and married he returned to the old home and settled down with his bride in the cottage which it may be his father built for him. Of Francis's mother there is no record.

This quiet dwelling in the vale beside the Tavy, however, remained Francis's home only through his earliest years. He was given a good start in life with the advantage, counted high in those days, of a titled godfather. This was Lord Russell's eldest son, Sir Francis, the future Earl of Bedford, then a youth of seventeen. According to the custom of the time, young Sir Francis gave the boy his baptismal name. He was also favoured by his relation to the Hawkinses. Captain William Hawkins, the father of William and John, mariner, ship-owner, and merchant, was then a citizen of standing and wealth in the neighbouring port of Plymouth. He had been several times mayor of the city. He was that "Olde M. William Hawkins of Plimoth" whom, so the fascinating chronicler of English voyages of adventure and discovery, Richard Hakluyt, tells us, King Henry VIII highly esteemed

for his "wisdom, valour, and skill in sea causes." His father before him had served in Henry VIII's navy. Just what the relation was between the Drakes and the Hawkinses is not clear. By some of Francis's biographers, Edmund Drake is set down as first cousin to old Captain William. One ventures the guess that Edmund was his brother-in-law. Whatever the relation, the old captain's sons, boys of some thirteen and fourteen when Francis was born, called him cousin. Like the Drakes, the Hawkinses had been of Tavistock for some generations, but they had resided in Plymouth at least since the birth of William, Jr., and John.

With such patrons as the Russells, and such associations, Francis's start would seem indeed to have been most auspicious. But he was born in troublous times. His advent was in the midst of the English revolt against the Church of Rome, and those closest to him—his patrons, his father, and his uncle Hawkins—all were aggressive Protestants, open advocates of the new religion against the old. At the very time of the boy's birth Edmund Drake is represented as a lay preacher "hot for the new opinion." Soon after, his people became involved in trouble and at length in persecution, for those were the days of the martyrs, when religious zeal was fanaticism. Protestants and Catholics alike then held those of the opposite faith as infidels, to be converted by force or through torture or destroyed by the sword or at the stake. Matters came to a crisis that overwhelmed Edmund Drake and the others in

1549, during the reign of the boy king, Edward VI, when an order went forth for the adoption of the new Protestant prayer-book on Whit-Sunday. On Whitsuntide a Catholic insurrection broke out in the west part of England and the Protestant gentry and yeomen alike were fleeing for their lives, seeking hiding-places, some in woods and caves. Edmund Drake fled with the rest.

He hastened with his little family first to Plymouth, apparently to get under the protection of Captain Hawkins and to join the Protestant groups which were considerable in that part. In the height of the tumult the mayor opened the city's gates to the insurrectionists. Some of the bolder Protestants, presumably Captain Hawkins and Edmund Drake among them, took ground and held it for a time on the Island of St. Nicholas, afterward called Drake's island. From this shelter Edmund Drake next fled into Kent. And there, perhaps at Chatham, or below at Gillingham, which became the eastern head-quarters of the English navy, he found a permanent asylum for his family on a navy hulk which Lord Russell, or Captain Hawkins, or other friends, were able to procure for him.

Thus it was, as the chronicler relates, he came to "inhabit in the hull of a ship"; and that in this floating home "many of his younger sons were born." Of Francis's eleven brothers nearly all grew up, and following his example took to the sea.

Edmund Drake never returned to Tavistock, and

with the passing of his father and brother John the family disappeared from that place. Thereafter, Francis Drake, except for the time that the family home was on the river Medway, was associated with Plymouth.

While the home was in the ship's hull Edmund Drake was employed as reader of prayers to the seamen of the navy. In the Catholic Queen Mary's reign he was under the ban in common with other aggressive Protestants. Perhaps he was secretly concerned in the Protestant rising in Kent under Sir Thomas Wyatt, in 1554, upon the queen's announcement of her design to marry young Philip II of Spain, who cried that the Spaniards were coming "to conquer the realm." But if so he saved his head. Though at this time he was wretchedly poor, he still managed to struggle along with his up-growing parcel of boys, but upon the accession of Elizabeth to the throne (1558) his fortune mended, and he was promoted from a reader of prayers to sailors to the vicarage of a lonely parish on the Medway, a few miles above Chatham comprising the ancient village of Upchurch—not Upnor, as Camden, with a slip of his quill, wrote, thus giving ground for speculation by after writers as to whether Edmund Drake was really a vicar, for there was no church at Upnor.

In this gentle occupation the "honest mariner," now turned preacher, spent tranquilly the last five years of his kindly life. He died at the close of the year 1566, when Francis was twenty-one and at sea. He was fairly educated for his time, and devout. He

was his boys' only school-master. His chief text-book was the Bible—the book of all books he adjured his youngest son, whom he made his heir, to “keep in bosom and feed upon.” “Make much of it,” he wrote. “This I do send thee with all the rest of my godly books.”

### III

#### THE BOY SKIPPER

**F**RANCIS DRAKE'S first playground was the river, and early he was employed upon it. At nine he was apprenticed by his father, "by reason of his poverty," to the master of a bark, and then his real sailor life began. The master was a veteran skipper engaged in coasting about the English Channel, and sometimes in carrying merchandise across to France and north to Zeeland.

It was a rough school of seamanship, this of a Channel coaster in those rude days. But the hardy boy was equal to it. He had acquired in his playtime a fair knowledge of river life with something of navigation, and he fell cleverly into the larger life of the sea. Such handiness did he display in his new calling, such spirit and diligence, that he quite won his master's heart. And it was not long before substantial reward came to him unexpectedly. In the midst of his apprenticeship the old skipper died, and it appeared that, "being a bachelor," he had bequeathed the bark to the boy. Thus it was that Francis became a shipmaster in his early teens, and sailed his own ship.

Young Skipper Drake coasted and traded about the "narrow seas" for some time longer with profit. He had varied experiences and some adventure.

For now English adventure on the seas was reviving under the impulse of renewed efforts to expand English commerce, which hitherto, with only occasional breaks, had been confined to short voyages to the known coasts of Europe in the then little Old World of trade. Now English mariners backed by English merchants were bent upon expanding their commerce with the search for larger and richer markets, north, east, and west, in competition with their foreign rivals. Begun in young Edward's reign (1547-53), extended north-westward in the grim days of Mary (1553-58), the new movement received its real impetus with the incoming of Elizabeth. Soon after the start of her awakening reign broad-visioned statesmen and merchants of London, Bristol, and other large ports—"merchant adventurers" they were called—were boldly scheming to break into the monopoly of the "ocean-sea" east and west, which Portugal and Spain were maintaining. To be sure those nations yet held themselves to be protected in their monopoly by old papal acts, assuming jurisdiction over all the kingdoms of the earth. These acts were a bull of 1444, which declared Portugal in possession of all the lands her mariners had then visited on the coast of Africa and as far east as the Indies; and the greater "Bulls of Partition" of 1493, issued after the discovery of America by Columbus, by which the world discov-

ered and to be discovered was arbitrarily divided between these two powers, all on the east of an imaginary line traced on a map from pole to pole a hundred degrees west of the Azores being assigned to Portugal and all on the west of this line to Spain. But such protection the Protestant merchant adventurers and the Protestant mariners ignored or defied. Already they had penetrated Portugal's preserves and their eyes were turning toward those of Spain.

Hearing, perhaps, of such projects as well as stories of adventures accomplished, the "narrow seas" soon became too confined for Skipper Drake, and he longed for wider scope.

Opportunity first appeared in the service, it is supposed, of Cousin John Hawkins. This was the offer of the place of purser, or third officer, of a ship voyaging to the Biscay coast of Spain, in all likelihood one of the Hawkins brothers' fleet of trading vessels. Doubtless Drake gladly accepted the position, and doubtless, too, he satisfactorily performed its duties, but we are only told that it was "in the year 1564," when he was eighteen.

The next two years it was his good fortune to be engaged in a larger enterprise and probably as a higher ship's officer. This was a venture or ventures with a certain Captain Lovell to Guinea, on the African coast, and across the Atlantic to the West Indies. Of Captain Lovell or of this enterprise there is but scant record. Slight as this record is, it is significant as disclosing the first source of Drake's particular en-

mity to all Spaniards. It is found only in a line or two of the preface of an account of a famous later voyage of his own published by his nephew and revised by himself, simply mentioning, with no details, "wrongs received at Rio de [la] Hacha with Captain John Lovell in the years [15]65 and [15]66." The naval historian Corbett, in his *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, suggests that Lovell was one of John Hawkins's captains. If so, Drake was still in Hawkins's service.

Be this as it may, in the next year, 1567, or perhaps immediately upon his return after experiencing those unnamed wrongs on the Spanish Main, he sold his coaster and gave himself fully to a new enterprise of Hawkins's, as an investor as well as a sailor, embarking in it all of his little property. This was a venture also to the African coast and thence, as it happened, to the Spanish American possessions, though originally planned, at least ostensibly, for Africa alone—to obtain certain great treasure on the Portuguese gold coast, of which word had secretly come from some refugees who were to pilot the adventurers to it. In this enterprise he was to have command of one of the ships of the fleet assembled for it, for, no doubt, as the chronicles say, the knowledge that he had acquired in the Lovell voyages enabled him to be of especial aid to Hawkins in this greater venture.

Now, at twenty-two, he is to have a taste of sea life at its fullest, and to engage in his first naval battle.

## IV

### FIRST IN AMERICAN WATERS

**T**HE Hawkins expedition of 1567 was really a negro-kidnapping and slave-trading affair. It was ostensibly first planned only for the Portuguese gold coast of Africa, but when certain Portuguese refugee pilots who were to lead the voyagers to the treasure on the gold coast had deserted the enterprise, Hawkins had got formal leave of the queen to "load negroes in Guinea and sell them to the West Indies."

Thus at the start it was definitely a slave-catching and trafficking venture with the sanction of the highest authority of England. It must be understood, however, that in those days the slave-trade was by no means regarded by Christian folk in general as wicked. On the contrary, the capturing of infidel human beings and selling them for money was then almost universally held to be as honourable as barter and trade in ordinary commodities. The African slave-trade had been pursued for more than a hundred years by other peoples before the English took a hand in it. It was begun by the Portuguese before the middle of the fifteenth century, soon after the discoveries by their

navigators along the African coast. Their first market was found in Spain. The trade was extended to Spanish America in a little more than a decade following Columbus's discoveries. By the year 1511 Ferdinand was permitting the importation of slaves from Spain to Hispaniola (Santo Domingo) in considerable numbers. By 1517 the trade direct with the Portuguese settlements on the African coast had begun under license of Ferdinand's successor, the Emperor Charles V. That year this young monarch, who had come to the Spanish throne from the Netherlands, issued a patent to one of his Flemish favourites giving exclusive right to export four thousand negroes annually to Hispaniola, Cuba, Jamaica, and Porto Rico. The favourite sold his license to some Genoese merchants for twenty-five thousand ducats, and these merchants started the business. So it is upon the Genoese, not the English, that rests the bad fame of having first established in regular form the commerce in slaves between Africa and America.

John Hawkins was the first English navigator to engage in this nefarious business. After the death of their father, old Captain William, which occurred in 1555, he and his brother William had continued the trade of the house to the Atlantic coast of Africa. In several voyages that John made to the Canary Islands he had observed the prosperous slave traffic between Africa and the West Indies; and being assured by the islanders "that negroes were very good merchandise in Hispaniola and that store of negroes might

easily be had upon the coast of Guinea," he "resolved with himself to make a trial thereof."

The expedition of 1567 was his third slave-trading venture. The first was made in 1562-63 with three ships and one hundred men, and was astonishingly profitable to those who had invested in it, a notable band of the captain's "worshipful friends of London." The second voyage, made in 1564-65, was planned on a bolder scale. Now noblemen of prominence joined the investors in the first one. The queen lent one of her ships to head the fleet, which comprised four vessels. The company numbered one hundred and seventy men—"gentlemen adventurers," sailors, soldiers. A written code for the government of the fleet was prepared by Hawkins, which included these injunctions: "Serve God daily, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keep good company." Considering the unholy object of the enterprise—the capture of human beings and their sale into slavery—the admonitions to "serve God daily" and to "love one another" sound like a mockery to twentieth-century ears. But here again we must remember that those were benighted times. It is difficult to believe that these slavers of three hundred and fifty years ago could have been honestly devout men. But so they surely felt themselves to be. While the holds of their ships were packed thick with their wretched human freight, morning and evening prayers were held upon the decks above. For every success of whatever nature God was praised.

When the slave-ships were long becalmed at sea and at length a breeze came up in the nick of time to save them from misery, thanksgivings were offered the Heavenly Father. "Almighty God," wrote Hawkins on one such occasion, "who never suffereth His elect to perish, sent us the ordinary breeze." Although more diplomacy and show of force were required in bartering the "freight" in the West Indies (for after the first voyage Spain had promulgated stricter orders to the colonial governors to permit no English vessel to trade there in future), this second venture was as prosperous as the first one.

These successes brought Hawkins into such high favour that he was enabled easily to plan on a yet larger scale his third voyage, in which young Drake was enlisted. Meanwhile his accomplishments had been recognised, and the slave-trade practically endorsed, by the grant to him of a coat of arms: a black shield displaying a golden lion walking on waves, and above the lion golden coins, and for a crest a little black bust of a Moor in chains, "bound and captive," with golden amulets on his ears and arms.

The fleet assembled for this expedition at Plymouth. Two ships were provided from the royal navy: the "Jesus of Lubec," which had been employed in the second voyage, and the "Minion"; the others were the "William and John," owned by the Hawkins brothers and named for them; the "Swallow"; the "Judith," described as a "bark," fifty tons, owned by John Hawkins; and the "Angel," the smallest

craft, of only thirty-two tons. Drake had the command of the "Judith." The complement carried was five hundred men. The "Jesus of Lubec" was the flag-ship. Hawkins was denominated "general and captain" of the expedition. The investment in it was large. The Hawkins brothers alone put in a sum equal to sixteen thousand pounds in English money of to-day, while John Hawkins's personal effects and "furniture" on the "Jesus" were valued at four thousand. And Drake, as we have seen, embarked all that he possessed.

The six gallant ships, practically a naval squadron, sailed out of Plymouth harbour on the second day of October, 1567, in fine array, with Hawkins's promise to Queen Elizabeth to bring back home "a profit (with God's help) of forty thousand marks without offence to her friends and allies"; and with Drake, now twenty-two, ambitious for adventure, and "burning," incidentally, "to win compensation for the wrongs," whatever they were, "that he had suffered with Captain Lovell at Rio de la Hacha" on the Spanish Main in America.

## V

### STORMING RIO DE LA HACHA

ONCE off the Guinea coast Drake's adventures began. Whenever a Portuguese ship was sighted she was given chase and overhauled. Somewhere between the Canaries and Cape Blanco the "Minion" captured a "caravel," which, being a "smart" new vessel, was added to the squadron, and Drake was transferred from the little "Judith" to her command. She was the "Grace of God" by name and a good specimen of her class of ship. The caravel of that day is described as a fast-sailing, weathery vessel for ocean navigation. It had a single deck and half-deck, a square stern and forecastle, and was usually rigged with four masts and bowsprit, the foremast carrying two square sails and each of the others a lateen. When taken, the "Grace of God" was found in the hands of a French Protestant privateer or pirate, one Captain Bland, who had himself captured her from her Portuguese master. He surrendered her philosophically, and joined his fortunes to the expedition.

More Portuguese caravels, and all having human freight, were taken in the negro hunt on the rivers along the coast from Rio Grande to Sierra Leone, and their negroes shifted to the ships of the fleet. Yet by mid-January the whole number of slaves collected in one way and another amounted to scarcely one hundred and fifty, while the fleet's forces had become reduced by the loss of not a few men by sickness and poisoned arrows in fights in the slave hunts. In this situation, and since the season was advancing, it was seriously proposed to end the voyage at Elmina and there force the sale of their cargoes, both negroes and merchandise, that they had brought out. But while the matter was debating a native "king" at war with another chief sought the Englishmen's assistance in an assault upon a town of the rival chief. This village, he told them, contained some eight thousand inhabitants, and he promised to turn over to them all of the natives his fighters might capture. The offer was accepted and a successful assault ensued by land and sea. Hawkins himself headed a force of two hundred of his men in the land attack, and Drake may have had a part in the assault from the water. The result of the affair was the addition of some three hundred men, women, and children to the fleet's stock. The native "king" and his men had captured some six hundred, but of these none was received by the English, for the wily monarch, like those Arabs of whom we have read, quietly broke camp in the night after the assault and stole away, taking all his captives with him.

However, with their own captives they now had a sufficient number to warrant the continuation of the voyage as projected. In the Rio Grande, where the fleet rendezvoused for the western voyage, the French Captain Bland was given charge of the "Grace of God," and Drake returned to the command of the "Judith."

About two months—fifty-five days really—were consumed in the toilsome passage across to the West Indies. The island of Dominica was first made, and here the trading began. Thence the fleet coasted from place to place, the Englishmen pursuing their traffic, but "somewhat hardly" in the face of the orders against all trading of English ships in Spanish America, which the colonial governors dared not disobey without at least a show of resistance. At Burburata, on the coast of Venezuela, they tarried two months, trimming and dressing the ships. In those days, before the coppering of ships' bottoms and "anti-fouling" compositions were known, vessels after six months of sailing in tropical waters became so clogged that careening—bringing a ship to lie on one side for cleansing, calking, or repairing—was absolutely necessary. Another stop of some days was made at the island of Curaçao, where fresh provisions were taken on. While tarrying here the general commissioned Drake to go forward with his "Judith" and the "Angel" to Rio de la Hacha, probably to make a reconnoissance.

This was Drake's opportunity and he grasped it

with alacrity. And with what reckless audacity he executed this commission the story of his performance at the outset discloses.

Arriving before the little town, then a sprawling place of scattered, hut-like houses, he found that it had been re-enforced since his previous visit with Captain Lovell. Every approach was guarded by new works, and a hundred "harquebusiers"—soldiers armed with a form of gun known as a harquebus—had been added to the garrison.

He anchored his miniature squadron in easy reach of the port, and was at once challenged by a fire from the shore batteries. As promptly he retorted in kind, opening fire point-blank on the town. Thus, without a word of explanation of his presence his reconnoissance had become an assault. His first shot went straight through the government house. Afterward he withdrew his ships out of range of the batteries, and there they rode for five days "despite the Spaniards and their shot." Thus they blockaded the town. While they were so riding a "caravel of advice" from Domingo—a governmental despatch-boat—hove in sight, approaching the port. Instantly anchors were hauled in and both ships gave her chase. Soon she was driven ashore and then triumphantly "fetcht from thence in spite of two hundred Spanish harquebus shot." This high-handed proceeding ended, they returned to their anchorage as before and continued the blockade till Hawkins came up with the other ships of the fleet, to open his trade with the town.

It was all a lawless performance in a time of peace, rightly called by Drake's critics an act of piracy. None the less, such was the blunted morality of the seafarers of those rough days, his comrades saw nothing to condemn in it. Rather they held it a thing joyously to applaud, and gayly to boast of. Though he must have exceeded his orders, there is nothing to show that he received any censure from Hawkins.

The performance, however, embarrassed the general. It shut the town tight against him as a hostile intruder. The governor—or treasurer, as the head officer here was termed—refused not only to permit trade, but even a landing of his men to obtain fresh water for the ships. Neither diplomacy nor protests of good intention could move the irate official. It was apparent that nothing could be accomplished here through peaceful negotiations. The way, if opened at all, must be opened by force. So the general proceeded to apply the lever of force and with his customary vigour.

Two hundred men were landed with "field ordnance," which they planted on the shore for their protection. The bulwarks were assaulted and quickly broken through. Then the Spanish forces were driven "about two leagues up into the country." Thus the invaders "valiantly took the town." Only two of the English force were lost, and no hurt was done the Spaniards, because after they had discharged one volley they all fled. Once in possession of the place the Englishmen fostered friendly relations with

its people, and trade was soon under way briskly, but conducted, however, only in the night-time with a show of secrecy, to save, perhaps, the governor's standing with the home government in Spain.

From this port the fleet continued along the coast westward, visiting various small settlements, where Hawkins in his own account says "the Spanish inhabitants were glad of us and traded willingly." At length Cartagena, the capital of the Spanish Main, was reached. Here they were again repulsed. The governor was "so straight" that no traffic whatsoever could be had without force. Since now much of their "merchandise" had been bartered, and the season of hurricanes in these parts was at hand, it was determined to press the issue no further, but to steer for safer waters, and thence turn homeward. Before leaving, however, a side "demonstration" was made by the "Minion," which bombarded the "castle," or fort, while some of her men landed. These discovering in a cave a quantity of Malmsey wine and sack, took off as much of the stock as they could carry. But there was honour among these thieves, for they left in exchange some woollen and linen cloth which they assumed to be of equivalent value.

From Cartagena the course was directed north. But the hurricanes were not escaped. Leaving Cuba to the eastward and thence sailing toward Florida, the fleet were caught in an "extreme tempest" which raged fiercely for four days. The ships were "most dangerously tossed and beaten hither and thither."

Working into the Bahia de Ponce behind the grim Tortugas, a fortnight or more was spent in searching for a haven on the Florida coast where repairs could be made. But in vain, for everywhere the water was found to be too shoal. Meanwhile a second storm struck them, this one lasting three days. At length the limping fleet were forced to cross the Gulf of Mexico, and for their succor boldly make for the haven of Vera Cruz—San Juan d'Ulloa, which then served the City of Mexico.

Thus they sailed into new and unexpected adventures, which ended in disaster.

## VI

### FIRST NAVAL BATTLE

**T**HE adventurers knew they were taking great hazards in crossing this bay of Mexico and attempting a probably inhospitable port in their crippled state. It was not shipwreck they feared so much as encounter with enemies on the way. They would strike the path of Spanish armed ships in the voyage between Spain and Mexico, the capital of New Spain, and they were well aware that the commanders of such craft if met would treat them as corsairs or pirates. They might be overhauled by one of those new Spanish galleons built for service as an India guard, to be employed by Pedro Menendez, captain-general of the West India trade, in clearing Spanish America of all foreign intruders. But there was no alternative. There was no nearer port than San Juan d'Ulloa where they could provision and repair before taking the open sea for England. There was, indeed, no other port on the Mexican coast.

So they sailed, taking every precaution to guard against surprise. They did, indeed, fall in with Spanish ships, but these were small and harmless.

One had on board a Spaniard of some note, Don Augustin de Villa Nueva, and was bound for Santo Domingo. Another was a wine ship with a full cargo. A third was a passenger ship bound for San Juan d'Ulloa. All carried passengers, the three having a total of one hundred. All were quietly captured by Hawkins, and taken along with him in order that they might be useful as hostages in negotiations he might have to force upon arrival at the port. Of Villa Nueva he made "great account," using him "like a nobleman." This consideration was in the end basely repaid by the treacherous don, as we shall see.

San Juan d'Ulloa, reached without mishap, appeared to be, as it then was, an uninviting little haven, protected by a low island but a "bow shot" in length, about half a mile from the main-land. The town of Vera Cruz was not then opposite this islet, but lay some fifteen miles northward. The islet was the haven's one protection from the furious "northers"—the northerly gales prevalent along this coast, between October and March—and all ships had to be moored with their anchors made fast to it. The quay was on the landward side of the island, where it was artificially scarped.

As the fleet came up and rode outside, a boat was seen approaching from the shore. This boat contained the representatives of the royal officers of Vera Cruz. They were making a mistake. When sighted from Vera Cruz the squadron were supposed to be the annual *flota* which had been daily expected from

Spain under the escort of royal galleons, and they had been sent down to receive the letters and despatches of the king brought out by the Spanish commander. They found out their mistake only when their boat was in the midst of the English fleet and was suddenly seized and they were led before Hawkins on the "Jesus." Great was their dismay. Hawkins's assurance that he had been forced hither by stress of weather, and that his company's only demand was "victuals for their money" and opportunity to make repairs, somewhat "recomforted" them; still they were uneasy. But, since in the face of the superior English force they were powerless, they offered the hospitality requested with what grace they could summon. And, for the same reason, they gave their enforced guests leave to take possession of the island and set up some guns that were there. This privilege must have been reluctantly granted, for its advantage was obvious. Hawkins exacted it that he might cover his squadron and command the entrance to the port. Had he not the island in his custody the Spaniards might at their pleasure cut the cables of his ships, and with the first norther send them ashore and to destruction. Hearing of the expected Spanish fleet, he was bound to guard his own.

So the English ships entered the Spanish haven and moored at the quay, while the English soldiers mounted the Spanish guns—seven pieces of brass—on the island. All of the hostages were released except two—one of these being Don Augustin de Villa Nueva. Then the

despatch of a messenger to the viceroy at Mexico city, two hundred miles off, was procured to explain how the English fleet came to be here as Hawkins had explained to the Vera Cruz officials. The messenger was further to ask that such orders be given as would prevent any conflict between his fleet and the expected Spanish squadron. Meanwhile repairs on the ships were begun and diligently pursued. There were found in the haven twelve ships, all freighted with silver and gold, the year's produce of Mexico, awaiting the *flota*. All these vessels, while the English held the island, were in Hawkins's grasp, and he prided himself on not taking them.

It was on a Thursday, the 16th of September, that the fleet were moored. The very next morning the Spanish squadron hove in sight. There were "thirteen great ships," two of them armed galleons: an admiral (flag-ship) and a vice-admiral. Don Francisco de Luxan was the commander, or general, and on board of the flag-ship was Don Martin Enriques, a new viceroy of Mexico.

As they came to ride off the port, some three leagues seaward, Hawkins sent out an officer to advise their commander of the circumstances of his being here, and to desire the Spaniard to understand that before he would suffer his squadron to enter the port some order should pass between them for their mutual safety and the maintenance of peace. Luxan politely replied that with him was a viceroy having authority both in "all this Province of Mexico," and "in the sea," and at this

chief man's request he would ask Hawkins to forward his conditions. Meanwhile Enriques had sent a messenger, who apparently crossed Hawkins's, with a haughty request to be informed "of what country those ships were that rode there in the King of Spain's port?" Hawkins made courteous reply that they were "the Queen of England's ships," and were there for "victuals for their money, and for repairs." If the Spanish general would agree peacefully to give them their desires they would go out on the one side of the port and the Spaniards should come in on the other side.

The viceroy's answer was still haughty. He was a viceroy and had a thousand men, he announced, and therefore would come in.

Hawkins's retort was tart: "If you be a viceroy I represent the queen's person and I am a viceroy as well as you. If you have a thousand men my powder and shot will take the better place!"

With this preliminary skirmishing the viceroy came down from his lofty attitude. He would consider Hawkins's conditions—and with quite amiable assurances of the faithful performances of any or all that might be accepted.

Yet the English were embarrassed. Hawkins was between two horns of a dilemma. Either he must keep the Spaniards out and subject them to wreck on the coast with the first norther, or suffer them to come in and perform some treachery, as he verily believed they would attempt, for he had little or no faith in Spanish promises. If he left them out and they were

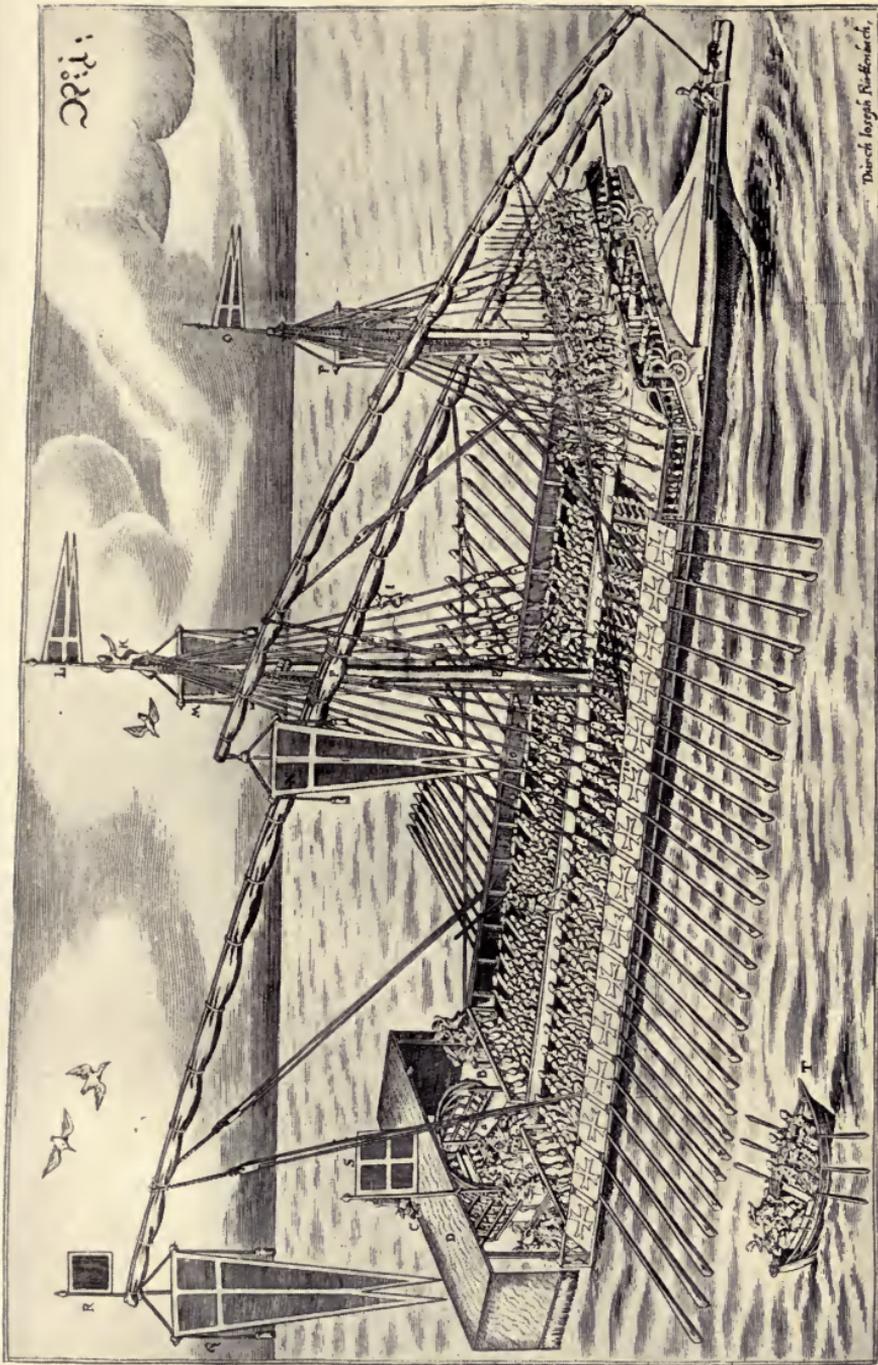
wrecked, the loss by such disaster would be so great that he feared his queen's censure of his act. It was this reflection finally that brought him to his decision. He would let them in, and trust by good policy or stratagem to checkmate them if they played false. So he named his conditions, in five articles: victuals for his company's money; license to sell as much of their "wares" (they had fifty negroes yet unsold and a considerable quantity of merchandise) as would suffice to supply their wants; to be suffered peaceably to repair their ships; the island to remain in their possession while they stayed in the port, with the seven guns they had planted there; the delivery of "twelve gentlemen of credit" on either part as hostages. The viceroy demurred particularly at the condition of leaving the island in the Englishmen's hands. But to this Hawkins held firm. Nor would he consider any change in the other articles, save a reduction of the hostages to ten in number. With this single amendment, therefore, the viceroy was obliged to content himself.

Then the articles were signed, and sealed with the viceroy's official seal; proclamation was made with the blare of trumpets; commandment was given that none on either side should violate or break the peace upon pain of death; the required number of hostages passed from fleet to fleet; the English and Spanish commanders came together and gave each to the other the word of honour to abide by the agreement; the viceroy gave his pledge. Then the English opened the port.

Four days had been occupied in these negotiations

and ceremonies. On Monday evening the Spanish fleet came up and anchored just outside the port. The next morning they entered, exchanging salutes with the English fleet, "as the manner of the sea doth require." All of Tuesday and of Wednesday were spent in berthing the ships. At first the Spaniards proceeded to take up berths among the English. But this Hawkins would not have. The fleets must be apart, "the English by themselves, and the Spanish by themselves." Thus they were finally berthed. Such was the smallness of the space available, however, that the interval between the two groups was only about twenty yards. So close ashore were the ships that their "beaknoses" overhung the quay; and those of each group lay "hard aboard" one another. Of the English group the "Minion" lay nearest the Spanish group. Next to her was the "Jesus." Drake's "Judith" was probably at or near the end of the English line. In the labor of placing the ships the captains and the "inferior men" of both fleets worked amicably side by side, and all seemed to promise well.

But while all these demonstrations of "great courtesy" were making, the viceroy and the Spanish commander were perfecting a plot for "chastising the corsairs," as the viceroy put it. While the conditions were under consideration, and the Spanish fleet were at their first anchorage seaward, the viceroy had ordered a considerable force of soldiers from Vera Cruz; and on Monday night, as his fleet were lying just outside the port, he had managed secretly to get these troops



A GALLEY.



aboard his ships. When the Spaniards were finally moored in the port a "great hulk"—a cargo vessel—of some six or nine hundred tons was placed as the outermost vessel, next the English fleet. During the night of Wednesday the English found that this hulk had been connected with the head cable of the "Jesus" by a hawser.

On Thursday morning a suspicious activity was observed on the Spanish side. There was a shifting of weapons from ship to ship; a cutting of ports in their ships to command the English vessels; the bending of guns toward the island; the passing to and fro of companies of men more than were seemingly required for the ordinary business of the fleet. Hawkins immediately sent a messenger to the viceroy to inquire what all this meant. The viceroy as promptly replied that he "in the faith of a viceroy" would be "their defence for all villanies," and would order the suspicious movements stopped. But they did not stop. Meanwhile, on shore some of the Spaniards were fraternizing with English seamen and supplying them with liquor. It was seen that the "great hulk" was filled with men. Hawkins despatched another messenger to demand of the viceroy that these men be instantly removed from the hulk. For this mission the master of the "Jesus," Robert Barrett, was chosen because he could speak Spanish. He never returned.

The moment had arrived for the plot to be sprung.

It was the time for dinner on the English fleet, late forenoon, as was the custom in those days. On board

the "Jesus," Hawkins with his officers and the principal hostages had taken their seats at the table. Beside Hawkins sat Don Augustin de Villa Neuva, still honoured like a guest. As the repast was to begin a trusty attendant, one John Chamberlayne, suddenly espied a poniard in this gentleman's sleeve, and snatched it from its hiding-place. Hawkins sprang to his feet and ordered Villa Neuva to be imprisoned in the steward's room, under guard. Almost immediately from the Spanish flag-ship's deck a white napkin was seen to flutter in Luxan's hand. It was the signal to the treacherous Nueva to perform his act in the plot—to stab Hawkins with his dagger. Another moment and a trumpet rang out from the Spanish flag-ship the call, "To arms!"

Instantly the Spaniards were upon the English in a fierce assault from all sides. The soldiers from Vera Cruz, who had been in ambush on the main-land, were rushed in the Spaniards' long-boats to the island and there began cutting down the English guard like grass beneath the scythe to gain the batteries. The Spanish seamen ashore drew daggers upon the English sailors as their erstwhile boon companions ran to the cover of the English ships. The "great hulk" with three hundred men in her was hauled by the hawser alongside the "Minion," and the three hundred swarmed over her sides.

In the first onslaught all the English on the island were slain save three, who escaped by swimming to the "Jesus." One of these is said to have been Drake.

A Spanish account says that he saved himself only by "swarming" aboard ship by a hawser.

On the "Minion" the resistance was more effective. At the first suspicion of treachery that fateful morning Hawkins had warned her captain to be on the alert. As the men poured out of the Spanish hulk upon her, Hawkins—shouting, "God and St. George upon those treacherous villains, and rescue the 'Minion'! I trust in God the day shall be ours!"—sent his force of the "Jesus" with a gallant rush to her defence. At the same time a perrier-ball shot from her set the Spanish vice-admiral afire before she could get off a shot. The "Minion's" first shot had hit her on her broadside in such wise that she began to take in water, while the perrier-shot, setting fire to a barrel of powder, finished her. Before the attack on the "Minion" could be renewed she had leaved her headfasts, in other words, slipped her shore moorings, and hauled clear of the Spanish hulk by her sternfasts, and now opened a heavy fire upon the burning vice-admiral. As she drew away from the hulk the latter swung aboard the "Jesus" and attempted to take her by boarding. But the attempt was defeated. Simultaneously two other of the enemy's ships assaulted the "Jesus," and there was hard hand-to-hand fighting on both sides. At length Hawkins managed to cut his headfasts and get out by his sternfasts. This brought him to a position again beside the "Minion," and about two ships' lengths from the Spanish fleet. Now the battle waged hotter. Within an hour the Spanish flag-ship was apparently sunk, the

vice-admiral was consumed, and one other of the Spanish vessels was in a sinking condition. The vice-admiral finally blew up.

In the engagement between the ships, therefore, the day was with the English. But now the batteries on the island in the enemy's hands opened a deadly fire upon them. It seemed as though the English fleet must soon be annihilated. Still the English fought stubbornly in the face of this fire. The "Jesus" soon became "sore spoiled." The little "Angel" was sunk. The "Swallow" was disabled. The "Grace of God" had her main-mast struck overboard when her captain, the Frenchman Bland, was making a courageous attempt to get her to the windward of the Spanish, then to set her afire and send her flaming into the midst of them. With her main-mast gone he fired her where she lay, and taking to his pinnace with all his men came aboard the "Jesus."

Night now approaching, and the "Jesus," her hull "wonderfully pierced with shot," being mortally hurt, with her rigging cut, it was determined to transfer her provisions and treasure to the "Minion" after dark, and abandon her. Thereupon the "Minion" was ordered, "for safeguard of her masts," to be brought under the "Jesus'" lee. Drake also was ordered to bring his "Judith" up to the "Minion," and take aboard his ship what men and provisions he could out of the port. All of this Drake did. But before the transfer from the "Jesus" to the "Minion" was well under way, it was suddenly seen that the

Spanish had set two of their ships afire, and that these all aflame were bearing directly against them. At this awful sight the English seamen were thrown into a panic. The "Minion" now had her sails up, and without waiting for orders from captain or master her men started her off to flee the port. So quick was their action that Hawkins had barely time to swing aboard her from the "Jesus" as her sails began to draw. Those of the "Jesus'" men who could scramble into a small boat managed to follow and board her. The others, left to their fate on the abandoned ship, were "most cruelly slain by the Spaniards." Drake, having speedily warped his "Judith" clear, had got outside. Both had escaped the fire-ships, and once outside, beyond shot of the island, they were no further molested.

So the furious battle ended. Of the aggressors, all the fighting-ships were gone with more than five hundred of the thousand men of whom the viceroy had boasted. On the English side only the maimed "Minion" and the little "Judith" survived, with less than half of the force that had entered the port.

For that night the two battered and overloaded English ships rode at anchor only two bow-shots from what were left of the enemy's ships. A brisk wind was blowing, threatening a gale. When morning came the "Judith" had disappeared. The "Minion," thus alone, recovered an island a mile from the port, supposed to have been Sacrifice Island. Here she was struck by the dreaded norther. She rode through that

night under the island's shelter "greatly distressed," for she had but two cables and two anchors left, and was "sore beaten" by the enemy's shot and strained from working her own guns. Fortunately, the next morning the storm was over and the weather fair, so that she might venture to take the sea. Then the wretched ship, overloaded, scant of provisions, unseaworthy, again set sail, bound indefinitely for some place where repairs could be made, then for home.

The details of her progress: how after fourteen days of wandering they were forced by hunger to land at a point near the bottom of the bay; how here the two hundred men crowding her were "indifferently parted, one hundred on the one side and one hundred on the other," and one of these lots left ashore with what provisions could be spared and Hawkins's promise, if the ship ever reached home, to come or send for them or their survivors; the record of the adventures of the survivors, their wanderings, sufferings, miseries; the narrative of the further voyage of the forlorn "Minion," its hardships and trials, and her final bringing up in an English haven nearly four months after the departure for Sacrifice Island—all this is another and a thrilling story, in which our hero does not figure.

Drake with his "Judith," reaching home only five days before the "Minion," appeared in Plymouth Sound on the evening of January 20, 1569. Ignorant of the fate of the "Minion" after he had parted from her on the night following the battle, he believed that she was lost. He was severely blamed for what was

called his desertion of her that night. Hawkins, in his official report, remarked upon it in a terse sentence disclosing his feeling—"which bark [the "Judith"] the same night forsook us in our great misery,"—and refrained from further mention of this ship or Drake. Accusations against him were pending when an official inquiry into the San Juan d'Ulloa affair was opened by the lord admiral; but he did not appear, if summoned, for he was then conveniently, as his critics would say, away at sea again. The evidence of history, however, is that he was blameless. Instead of deliberately leaving his comrade ship in the lurch, he was evidently parted from her by the gale and obliged immediately to put to sea for the safety of his overtaxed vessel, crowded with the men he had taken off the "Minion." Since home was now the only safe port, he made for England as direct and as speedily as he could. Indeed, his bravery and loyalty should not be questioned; while his skilful seamanship in navigating his overloaded ship across the seas and at last bringing her safely to port at Plymouth is deserving of high praise.

Drake came out of this adventure, as has been said, with the loss of all that he had embarked. Hawkins's losses were heavier only because his interests were larger. Much of the treasure of the "Jesus of Lubec" must have been transferred to the "Minion" in the hurried work before the Spanish fire-ships bore down upon them, for, according to the Spanish reports, the only things of value found upon the derelict "Jesus" after the battle were the general's silver cabin service,

some bales of cloth, and fifty negroes. Doubtless the negroes were at once taken into slavery by the Spaniards. On the abandoned "Jesus" were also found the Spanish hostages. "Not a hair of their heads had been touched, and they had nothing but praises of their gentle treatment" by the English. In marked contrast was the treatment that the English hostages received at the hands of the Spaniards. They were held prisoners by the viceroy in Mexico for four months. Then they were sent to Spain, and there one of the English narrators had "heard it credibly reported, many of them died with the cruel handling of the Spanish in the Inquisition house." The survivors were finally delivered to their homes in England.

The viceroy's explanation of his treachery at San Juan d'Ulloa was lamentably weak. He believed, he said, that Hawkins meant to break his word and fire the Spanish fleet. There appeared no ground whatever for such belief, if he honestly entertained it. All accounts agree as to Hawkins's faithfulness to the agreement.

The battle was one of the bravest fought. In all the naval annals of England, as the historian Corbett testifies, it has been "rarely surpassed as an heroic and successful defence against a treacherous surprise." The Spaniards fought as bravely; their discomfiture came through the greater weight of metal that the English ships possessed.

Their experience in this affair of San Juan d'Ulloa made both Hawkins and Drake ever after the implac-

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able enemies of Spain and of all Spaniards. Drake was the more impatient for revenge and reprisal, and his active mind shortly became busied with the concoction of a new venture of his own.

## VII

### RECONNOITRING AND BUCCANEERING

UPON his landing at Plymouth Drake was met by Hawkins's brother William, eager for news. When the "Judith" was seen coming into Plymouth Sound alone William Hawkins was prepared for ill-tidings, for a rumour of disaster to the expedition had preceded Drake by some days. This rumour was conveyed by way of Spain in a letter from one of the correspondents there of Bernardino Spinola, a great Italian banker, then of London, supposed to have been a private investor in the Hawkins enterprise. It was a report current in Seville that Hawkins, having landed somewhere in Spanish America and gone into the interior to make his trade, had been led into ambush and he and all his men massacred. Drake gave the true story in a hurried account of the San Juan d'Ulloa affair, while the men who had crowded the little "Judith" held the welcoming folk ashore spellbound with their stories. Immediately upon receiving Drake's report William Hawkins sat down and wrote a statement to William Cecil, the Secretary of State, and to the Privy Council, ending with an earnest appeal to the govern-

ment for the grant of a commission of reprisals upon Spain for his brother's and his own wrongs, as a partner with him. And before that first night had passed Drake was speeding off with these letters for London.

Thus he was brought to the attention of Cecil, then the foremost minister of the crown. With the execution of his mission he doubtless repeated his story and put in a stout word for himself. England was now on the verge of open war with Spain, and the news of the San Juan d'Ulloa affair served to fan the flame against Philip. But neither sovereign was ready to cast the gauntlet. Each was "willing to wound," and secretly to injure the other, and was doing so; but neither was prepared, though each may have dared, to strike. So the petitions of the Hawkinses, John joining that of his brother upon his arrival home, for redress through reprisals, if compensation for their losses could not otherwise be promptly obtained, were held up.

Meanwhile Drake took temporary service in the queen's navy. Early in the spring (1569) following his return he seems to have become master of one of the queen's ships. The naval historian Corbett suggests that in this service he may have sought refuge from the accusations against him of desertion of Hawkins and the "Minion." As to this, however, his other biographers are silent. They generally glide over this year. One remarks vaguely on naval service by him as covering "some time" and as being to his "great advantage." As to the accusations of desertion of Hawkins and the "Minion," they were not repeated at the

official inquiry by the lord admiral into the San Juan d'Ulloa affair. And it is reasonable to assume that his explanation of his act was satisfactory to Hawkins, for both the brothers Hawkins are soon found again in friendly relations with him. Corbett ventures that part of his naval service was as captain of one of the guard—seven large war-ships—of the wool fleet to Hamburg, which sailed in April and returned early in June. At all accounts, he was ashore and at home in Devon early in July, for on the fourth day of that sunny month he was married to a Devonshire lass, one Mary Newman, at St. Budeaux, on the Tavy. If he were with the wool-fleet guard his courtship of his sweetheart must indeed have been, as Corbett says, a real sailor's courtship for brevity. The honey-moon, too, was short, for he was soon again aboard ship, or away making preparations for another voyage to the Spanish Indies.

Now his own plan of campaign, formulating in his busy brain through this year, against the Spaniards for compensation for his losses, was ripening fast. Satisfied that no amends could be had, at least immediately, from the Spanish Government in the ordinary ways, through diplomacy or through letters of the queen, he was now boldly to take the matter in his own hands and recoup himself out of the riches of Spanish America. It was a lawless plan and piratical, but to his mind justifiable. Moreover, it had the endorsement of an honest cleric. A navy chaplain, perhaps the chaplain on his ship of the wool-fleet guard, had "comforted" him with the assurance that "having been thus treach-

erously used by the Spaniards he might lawfully recover in value of the King of Spain and repair his losses upon him [the king] wherever he could." In other words, that it was legal and honourable for an injured individual to take the law into his own hands and exact reprisals from a whole nation for hurts suffered through the treacherous acts of a single part of that nation not in a time of war; to rob and pillage those who had done him no wrong in compensation for injuries from others, because they were of the same nationality. Further, in the eyes of this Christian minister, it was right morally when the people upon whom the reprisals were to be made were of one religion and the injured individual of another. It was a strange doctrine for a godly man of whatever creed to preach. Yet it was very "taking," we are told, in England in that rude day three centuries and more back. Good Protestant bishops were counselling that "to prey upon Catholics was pleasing to the Lord." It was the "sea divinity" of the time in which Drake and his contemporary Protestant seafarers had been reared; and no sooner had he made his design known than volunteers, with no such pretence as he had for this action, flocked with ardour to join him.

His plan was first to make a reconnoitring voyage further to acquaint himself with the Spanish-American coast, and to ascertain the state of the Spanish settlements. Accordingly, early in the new year, 1570, he quietly set out from Plymouth upon this adventure, two little ships, the "Dragon" and the "Swan," comprising his "fleet." It was given the colour of a trad-

ing voyage. A number of merchants, statesmen, and naval officers were presumably interested with him; or perhaps, as Corbett suggests, he was acting for them to obtain intelligence of the colonies that might be useful in case of actual war. The expedition was prepared under the eyes of William Hawkins; and it is not an unreasonable assumption that both the brothers Hawkins were friendly to it if not secretly concerned in it.

The only known account of this voyage is in manuscript and of Spanish origin. Though coloured to suit its particular market and probably exaggerated, it shows clearly enough that buccaneering was freely and profitably indulged along with the soberer work of reconnoitring. The manuscript has this taking title, "A summary relation of the harms and robberies done by Fr. Drake an Englishman with the assistance and help of other Englishmen." And thus its translation, in part, runs: "In the year 1570 he went to the Indies in a bark of forty tons with whom there went an English merchant called Richard Dennys and others, and upon the coast of Nombre-de-Dios they did rob divers barks in the river Chagres that were transporting merchandise of forty thousand ducats of velvets and taffetas beside other merchandise, besides gold and silver in other barks, and with the same came [returned] to Plymouth where it was divided amongst his partners."

To reconnoitre about Nombre-de-Dios was Drake's chief aim. For this old Spanish town on the north-west of the Isthmus of Darien was at that time the store-

house of the harvest of gold, silver, and gems brought from Peru and Mexico to Panama, and thence across the isthmus, where the precious crop was held to be shipped annually in the treasure-ships to Spain. He found the place, as well as the long coast of the Spanish Main, generally with slight defence, and saw that cleverly surprised and attacked it would fall an easy prey. With this information, and after bartering his goods at Capo de la Vela, the port of ancient Coro, Venezuela, opposite the island of Curaçao, and at Jamaica, he returned home.

A second voyage for further reconnoitring was immediately projected, and Drake was off upon it the next spring (1571). This was apparently a venture on his personal account, equipped from the proceeds of the former one, and with buccaneering quite as much in view as reconnoitring. Only one ship was employed—the little “Swan” of the first voyage.

Little is recorded of this expedition beyond the illuminating statement that several prizes were taken, and the word of one of Drake’s most devoted men, Thomas Moone, ship’s carpenter, that it was “rich and gainful.” A Spanish reference is made to it in the complaint that Drake “cut out” (that is, carried off) a ship of one hundred and eighty tons from the harbour of Cartagena. There is a legend that he actually went ashore at Nombre-de-Dios, disguised as a Spaniard, and familiarised himself with the topography of the town. He discovered hidden in the recesses of the Gulf of Darien, along the line of the treasure-ships bound for Spain, yet

remote from it, a romantic harbour, an ideal "pirate's lair," and here established a base for his future operations. It was a safe haven in all weathers, a fine, deep, round bay lying between two high points, eight or ten cables' length either way, with a narrow mouth secluded in a wealth of tropical growths. Drake named it "Port Pheasant," because of the "great store of those goodly fowls" upon which he and his men feasted luxuriously. Good fish also abounded in the little bay. The place has been identified as the "Puerto Escondito," or "Secret Harbour," of the Spaniards, lying some twelve miles to the south-west of the modern Caledonian Bay, a hundred miles from Santiago de Tulu at the east, and about the same distance from Nombre-de-Dios westward. To this snug harbour Drake brought his prisoners taken with the prizes; and from it he made secret excursions along the coast to ascertain the manner of transporting the treasure across the isthmus. Thus he learned how it was brought from Peru and Mexico by ships to Panama; how thence carried in chests and goat-skins by mule-trains overland, or by water from Venta Cruz, the modern Cruces, on the Chagres River, to Nombre-de-Dios; how all the way it was protected by military guards captained by some of the best soldiers of Spain.

His reconnoissance completed, he liberated his prisoners, buried a quantity of stores in his lair against his next coming, and turned homeward, his little "Swan" loaded with plunder he had taken.

Now having got all the "notice of the persons and places aimed at" that he desired, he was fully prepared

for the second and decisive step in his bold scheme. An astonishing voyage promptly followed, in which his remarkable qualities were to be brilliantly and audaciously displayed, and which was to startle Spain and to lay the foundation of his fame and fortune.

## VIII

### RAID ON NOMBRE-DE-DIOS

**D**RAKE assembled his forces for this piratical venture in the early months of the new year (1572), without hinderance from the government, despite his suspected hostile intent. To the Spanish complaints of his two previous voyages the reply had invariably been that he was a private adventurer for whose actions the government was not responsible. The same attitude of irresponsibility was assumed toward this more threatening expedition. Though its object was veiled the Spanish spies in England had little doubt of its real nature, and they strongly suspected that high government officials were sanctioning it. In Spain it was believed that the queen herself was a subscriber to the project. There was little or no authority for this belief, yet the government's attitude gave colour to it. Upon stronger grounds rested the suspicion of official sanction. From contemporary manuscripts is quoted the statement that Sir William Wynter of the navy was one of Drake's partners. Another named was John Hawkins.

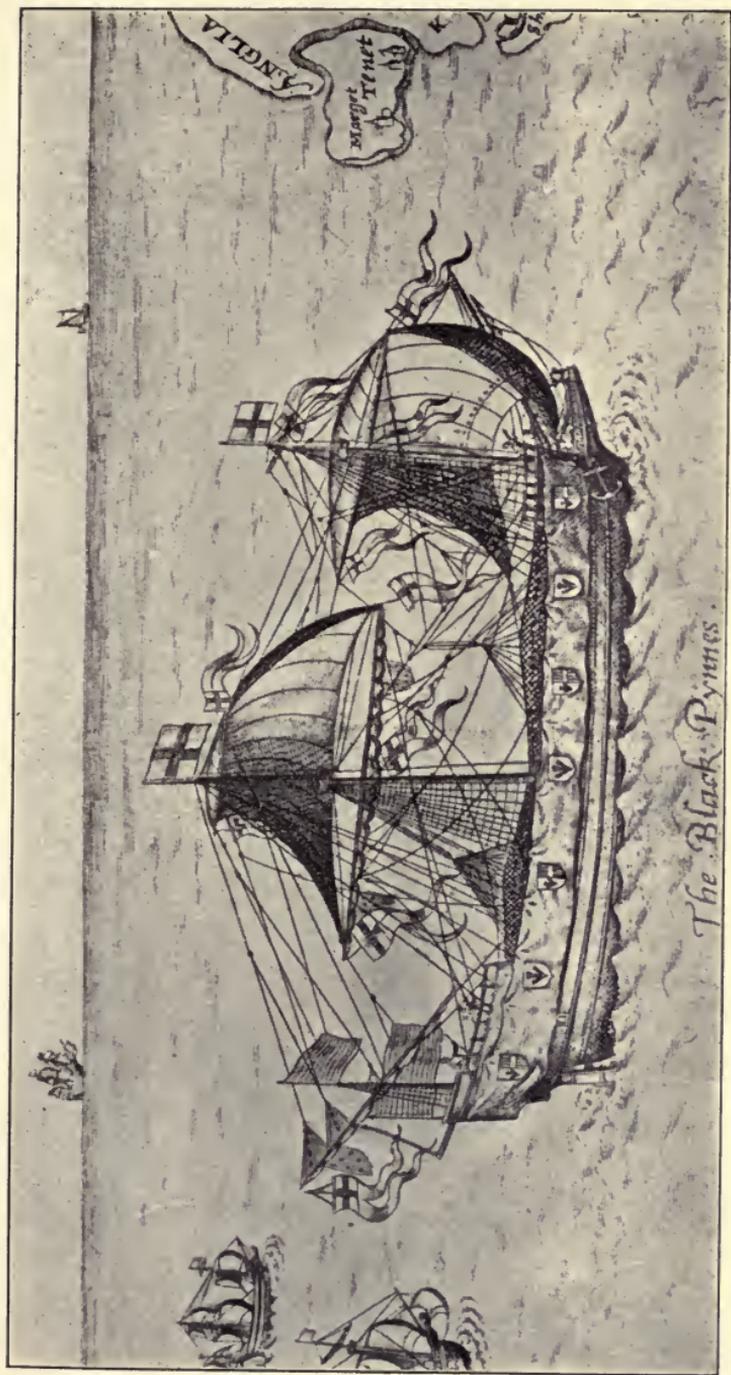
The explanation of this official favour toward the undertaking, or tolerance of it, is found in the political

situation at the moment. The strain between England and Spain had become so tense that war seemed now close at hand, strenuous though the queen still was to avoid an open rupture. Already both nations had committed overt acts that, in modern days, would have meant actual war. Protestant and Catholic were arrayed against each other with increasing bitterness. The bull of Pope Pius V excommunicating Elizabeth and absolving her Catholic subjects from their allegiance, secretly issued in 1569 and published the next year, had been followed by severe laws against the Catholics in England. A Catholic rising was looked for any day. In Spain, as the pope's zealous agent, the Protestants saw the inflamer of a Catholic crusade for the destruction of the "heretic" queen and the annihilation of Protestantism.

And Drake was not alone among Protestant mariners making for Spain during this spring of 1572. Scorning the threats of Philip against Protestants or other foreigners visiting his seas, scores of others were sailing or making ready to sail while Drake was hurrying his preparations forward. Two of his associates, or captains supposed to have been his associates, in the San Juan d'Ulloa affair, had already sailed. One was Captain James Rouse, assumed to be the same who had been master of the "William and John" that was lost in that battle. He was sent out on his present venture by Sir Edward Horsey, then governor of the Isle of Wight. Another, sailing from Plymouth, was Captain John Garrett, supposed to have been the master of the

“Minion,” the survivor, with Drake’s “Judith,” of San Juan d’Ulloa. With both of these captains went some of Drake’s sailors who were on his second reconnoitring voyage. In this same spring also an unusual number of Huguenot “sea-dogs,” half-privateers, half-traders, were sailing from French ports for the same waters. The Huguenot corsairs were now taking advantage of Spain’s occupation with affairs in Europe which had left her ocean commerce and her American possessions unprotected. From Havre alone some twenty sail had already set out for Guinea and the West Indies. One of these French captains Drake was to meet and to take into partnership in a daring operation that followed the Nombre-de-Dios raid, and the chivalrous Frenchman was to lose his life in the affair, as told farther on.

The squadron which Drake assembled for this voyage, destined to become famous, comprised, like that which made his first reconnoitring voyage, two small ships only, but these were set up like men-of-war. Both were equipped with all kinds of fire-arms and artificers’ stuff and tools carried by the best-furnished naval vessels of the time. Three “dainty” pinnaces (small oared vessels, larger than a ship’s boat, and carrying a single sail) were cleverly made in parts and stored aboard the ships, to be set up on the arrival out, “as occasion served.” The two ships were the “Pascha,” a stanch craft of seventy tons, and again the “Swan,” which was of twenty tons. The “Pascha” was designated the “admiral,” or flag-ship; the “Swan” the “vice-admiral.” The latter was captained by one of



A PINNACE OF DRAKE'S TIME.

As given in the "Illustrious Proof."



Drake's brothers, John Drake. Another, and younger brother, Joseph, was one of the flag-ship's crew. The company numbered in all seventy-three men and boys. They were all volunteers, and all lusty young fellows under thirty, save one, who was fifty. Drake himself was twenty-seven.

It was on Whitsunday eve, the 24th of May (1572), that the warlike little fleet sailed out from Plymouth Sound, "with intent," fully understood by all concerned in the venture, "to land at Nombre-de-Dios." The start was auspicious with a merry wind, and, the breezes favouring them throughout the run across the Atlantic by the then usual route, they made the outer West Indies in twenty-five days without striking a sail. Or, as opens the official narrative revised by Drake (which shall in the main tell the story here in its quaint old English, with a tangled sentence now and then straightened out, and an explanatory word along the way as to places, things, or peoples alluded to): "The wind continued prosperous and favourable at North east, and gave us a very good passage without any alteration or change: so that albeit we had sight of *Porto Santo* one of the *Maderas* [June 3] & of the *Canaries* also within twelve dayes of our setting forth: yet we never strook [struck] sayle, nor came to anchor, nor made any stay for any cause, neither there or else where, untill 25 dayes after; When we had sight [June 28] of the Island of *Guadalupe*, one of the Islands of the West Indies goodly high land."

The next morning they entered the channel between

Guadalupe and Dominica, and here were espied two canoes coming from a "rocky Island three leagues [nine miles] off Dominica." The canoes were found to contain Indian fishermen, and the island proved to be a summer fishing place of the Dominican natives. Inviting it evidently appeared to our voyagers as they approached and viewed it, for they decided to stop here a bit and refresh themselves, and also water their ships "out of one of those goodly rivers which fall down off the mountain." Accordingly, the ships were anchored off it, and a landing made. Some "poore cottages" built of palmetto boughs and branches were found scattered over the isle, but no inhabitants, "civill or savage," were seen. Since they "could know no certaine cause of the solitarinesse," the voyagers surmised that these huts were temporary houses for the Dominican fishers during the fishing seasons.

Three days were agreeably spent here, and then, on the first of July, they again set sail, not again to anchor till they reached the secret harbour of "Port Pheasant," in the Gulf of Darien, the lair which Drake had discovered on his previous voyage and prepared as a base for his operations, as related in the preceding chapter. On the fifth day out (July 6), they had "sight of the high land of Santa Martha"—the Sierra Nevada lying behind Santa Marta, Colombia, on the Spanish Main—as they passed off at sea. They finally sailed into the Gulf of Darien, and on July 12, having had two days of calm, arrived off Port Pheasant unperceived by any Spaniards.

Here, a hundred miles east of Nombre-de-Dios, and that distance from any Spanish settlement east or west, Drake felt secure, and, leaving the squadron in charge of his brother, Captain John Drake, made for the shore in his ship's boat, unarmed, and with only a few companions. But as they were rowing toward the shore they were startled at the sight of smoke rising above the thick growths that shrouded it. Suspecting that some sea-rovers, if not the Spaniards, had discovered the place, Drake returned for the other ship's boat, and causing this to be "manned with certain muskets and weapons," boldly set off again to turn out the intruders, whoever they might be. Cautiously landing, he could see no one. So fruitful was the soil that since Drake's visit of the year before all the paths and "alleys" that his men had then cleared were overgrown with a tangle of bush, vine, and grass. Pushing still cautiously through the tangle the party came upon a "mighty great tree, greater than any four men joining hands could fathom about," and nailed fast to this tree was a "plate of lead" upon which they read this inscription, roughly traced:

*"Captain Drake, if you fortune to come to this Port, make hast away; For the Spanyards which you had with you here the last year, have bewrayed this place and taken away all that you left here. I departed from thence this present 7, of Iuly 1572.*

*Your very loving friend,*

JOHN GARRETT."

This was the Captain Garrett who had sailed from Plymouth some days before Drake, having in his crew several men of Drake's former crew, and these men had discovered the lair to him. The rising smoke came from a smouldering fire which Garrett and his men had made before their departure, only four days back, in another great tree near by that upon which the warning had been posted.

It was disturbing, to be sure, to find that his secret base of operations had been betrayed to the enemy by the prisoners he had so generously released, and that it had been plundered. But Drake had no thought of making "hast away," at least till the work he had planned to have done here should be accomplished. Accordingly he set his men about this work just as though his secret had not been disclosed, and no warning received. So soon as the ships were moored he ordered the pinnaces in parts to be brought ashore, and the carpenters to begin putting them together, while he and the others started the building of a fort for their protection. This fort, enclosing a plot of three-quarters of an acre, was quite an affair. Its construction was "performed," as the narrative describes, "by felling of great trees and bowsing [pulling hard, all together] and haling [dragging] them together with great Pullers [pulleys] and halsers [hawsers] untill they were inclosed\* to the waters; and then letting others fall upon them, untill they had raised with trees and boughs thirty foot in height round about, leaving only one gate to issue at neer the waters side." Every night,

“that we might sleepe in more safety and security,” this gate was closed by a great tree drawn athwart it. The whole plot was built in pentagonal form, “*to wit*, of five equall sides and angles, of which angles two were towards the sea, and that side between them was left open for the easie launcing of our Pinnaces: the other four equel sides were cholely [closely] (excepting the gate before mentioned) firmly closed up. Without, instead of a trench, the ground was rid [cleared] for fifty foot space, round about.” The background was thick with trees.

The very next day (July 13), after their arrival here the company had another surprise when a ship was seen sailing into the fastness. This, however, was a friendly craft. It was the English bark captained by James Rouse, and including in her crew others of Drake’s former men. In tow were two other ships, one a Spanish caravel of Seville, “being a Carvell of *Adviso*” (a despatch-boat), bound for Nombre-de-Dios, which Captain Rouse had captured the day before, and a “shallop with oares,” a Spanish boat equivalent to the English pinnace, which he had taken off Cape Blanco to the eastward.

Upon learning Drake’s purpose boldly to raid Nombre-de-Dios at a time when the treasure-houses were supposed to be well filled, Captain Rouse expressed an ardent desire to join hands with him, and Drake being willing, the two struck a bargain of partnership.

Within a week’s time the three pinnaces were full set up and launched, each with a name formally be-

stowed by Drake (the "Minion," the "Eion," the "Lyon"), and all was in readiness for the hostile move. Then early in the morning of July 20, the seventh day after Drake's arrival at the lair, the combined companies stole out and turned their ships' prows toward Nombre-de-Dios.

Sailing north-westward along the Darien coast, in three days they had reached a cluster of fir-clad isles, lying westward of the mouth of the Gulf of Darien, and called from their covering of fir-trees the *Islas de Pinos*, or Pine Islands, and here another—a third—surprise awaited Drake. Lying at the island port were found two Spanish "Fregats" (frigates, ships developed from the *fregata*, a Mediterranean type of "galley," having at this time three masts and two decks). These belonged to Nombre-de-Dios, and were lading at the isles with plank and timber. They were manned by negro slaves, whom Drake promptly seized. The surprise was in a report which these men gave him as to the situation in Nombre-de-Dios. Says the narrator: "The *negroes* which were in those Fregates gave us som particular understanding of the present state of the Town: and besides told us that they had heard a report that certain Souldiers should come thither shortly, & were daily looked for, from the Governour of *Panama*, and the Countrey thereabouts, to defend the Town against the *Simerons* [Cimaroons] (a black People, which about eighty years past [about 1512] fled from the *Spaniards* their Masters, by reason of their cruelty, and are since groune to a Nation, under two

Kings of their own: the one inhabiteth to the West, th' other to the East of the Way from *Nombre de Dios* to *Panama*) who had neer surprised it [*Nombre-de-Dios*] about six weeks before."

These Cimaroons—hill men—or "Maroons," as the English sailors came to call them, were really descendants of the original band of escaped negro slaves and the native Indian women whom they had married when they had established themselves in the hill and forest on either side of the Panama road. They were become a bold and powerful race, and a terror to the Spanish settlements in their region. They were shrewd and clever warriors, as we shall see further along in the story of this voyage, for they became allies of Drake and made possible his feats that followed the *Nombre-de-Dios* affair.

This news of troops on the march from Panama was a more disturbing surprise than the first one that met him, for he had calculated upon the weakness of *Nombre-de-Dios* and its garrison for success in his raid. But, as at Port Pheasant, what he heard only served to hasten his action. The thing now to be done was to press forward and get to his goal ahead of the Panama soldiers if possible; if not, to take the place unawares. And this he instantly resolved to do.

First he must dispose of his negro informants. He must win their friendliness; and he must prevent them from getting to *Nombre-de-Dios* before him and warning the place. "He was loath," as the narrator says facetiously, "to put the Towne to too much charge

(which he knew they would willingly bestow) in providing beforehand for his entertainment." So he proposed to help these negroes to liberty. He would put them ashore on the main that they might join the Cimaroons if they would. If they would not thus gain freedom, but should return to Nombre-de-Dios, such was the length and "troublesomenesse" of the way by land they could not reach the town so soon as he could by water. This done, he hastened his own going "with as much speed and secrecy as possibly he could."

The three ships and the prize caravel were to be left at the Pine Islands, and the assault was to be made with the three pinnaces and Rouse's captured shallop. Captain Rouse was to stay behind in charge of the ships. Seventy-three picked men were chosen by Drake to accompany him: fifty-three from his own company and twenty from Captain Rouse's. The arms taken on comprised "six Targets, six Firepikes, twelve Pikes, twenty-four Muskets and Callivers [calivers; small hand guns], sixteen Bowes [with arrows], and six Partizans [partisan; a sort of halberd]"; and there were two drums and two trumpets. With this little force and these arms the intrepid captain was considered "competently furnished to achieve what he intended." The narrator was one of this party, and presumably in Drake's boat, so the story continues that of a participator in all that followed.

They set sail on July 23, and in five days without incident they had made the "Island of Cativaas" (Catives), off the mouth of the Rio Francisco, a stream

entering the sea some twenty-five miles eastward of Nombre-de-Dios. Here they landed "all in the morning betimes," and Drake carefully drilled the force in military fashion, and prepared them for what was before them with a frank little speech in which he "declared the greatness of the hope of good things that were there."

Off again that afternoon, before sunset, they had come to the river's mouth. Thence Drake led "hard aboard the shore, that we might not be descried of the Watch house" on the point of the bay of Nombre-de-Dios. When within six miles of this point he caused all to "strike a hull" (haul in sails) and cast their "grappers" (grappling irons); so to ride till night. With the fall of darkness they weighed again, and now rowing, close against the shore, silently, as possible, they reached the point. And here under protecting highlands they rested "all silent, purposing to attempt the towne in the dawning of the day."

Nombre-de-Dios, one of the oldest Spanish settlements on the Spanish Main, had been established in 1519, a year after Panama. It was the second Spanish-American town of the name in this quarter, and succeeded the first one, founded in 1510, near Porto Bello on the isthmus, but early abandoned. The pious name came from the declaration of the founder, Diego di Niquezan, or Nicuesa, a Spanish commander, upon first setting foot on the shore. "Here," said he, "we will found a settlement in the name of God." At its best the second Nombre-de-Dios was a poor place, ill-

favoured in situation and unwholesome. Although established to be the northern "emporium" of the commerce of Peru across the isthmus, and of Mexico, then "New Spain," and the central port for the treasure and merchandise ships to and from Spain, the permanent inhabitants were always few in number and obscure. The merchants engaged in the trade of the port generally resided in Panama, and only once a year, when the treasure fleet were here to take on their rich cargoes for Spain, was the place busy and animated. Then many came hither from Panama, Cartagena, and other settlements on the main, merchants, traders, soldiers, adventurers, and a fair was held in the plaza or market-place. With the departure of the fleet the temporary dwellers hastened back to pleasanter places, "forsaking it because it is so full of disease," and it remained dull and forlorn till the next coming of the galleons.

How large it was at this time of Drake's raid is not known. His sailors spoke of it as "bigg" as their home port of Plymouth. Fifteen years after the raid it was described as a "citie of thirtie householders or inhabitants," and only sixty houses, "builded of timber." At Drake's coming the town must have been larger, with more than sixty wooden houses and more people. There was a church with a bell in its tower or roof which was to play a loud part during the raid; a governour's house; the king's treasure-house, this a stout building of lime and stone near the water-side; and perhaps other warehouses or public structures.

The houses came down within twenty yards of the shore. A street led up from the harbour, and there were cross streets, all coming together in the plaza. The town lay against wooded hills. Though not walled about the settlement had a gate at the south-east end across the road to Panama, some fifty-five miles distant. There was no pier or wharf on the harbour front and vessels had to unload by carriers. Says one describing the place fifteen years after, in 1587 (he was Baptista Antonio, surveyor for the king on the Spanish Main, and Hakluyt prints his reports): "Those laboring men which doe use the unlade [employed to unload] those merchandize are all the whole day wading in the water up to their armpits to bring the packs of cloth and other merchandises aland; for there is no landing place where there can come any to land any goods close to the shore, so this wading and the parching of the Sun is the cause why so many do die of a burning fever." The harbour was a wretched one, a "sandy Bay hard by the sea," shallow, and open to the prevailing northerly and easterly gales. On either side before the town lay a ledge of rocks.

Such was this "granary of the West Indies wherein the golden harvest" was "hoarded up till it could be conveyed to Spain," before which Drake's assaulting party of seventy-three Englishmen lay silently in their four boats under the highland at the harbour's entrance waiting for daylight to pounce upon it.

As thus they lay through the dreary night Drake, with "some of his best men" (among whom we may

be sure was classed the narrator), observed that numbers of the force were growing uneasy with talk about the "greatnesse of the town" and what its "strength might be, especially by the report of the Negroes," taken at the Pine Islands, as to its re-enforcement from Panama—with Spanish infantry then reported to be the finest in the world. Thereupon he determined to "put these conceits out of their heads" by a ruse, a veritable stroke of genius. Taking "the opportunity of the rising of the Moone that night," he cleverly led them to believe that it was the day dawning, and ordered the advance. Thus they were brought to action "a large hour" earlier than purposed, or "by three of the clocke after midnight."

As they were rapidly though very quietly rowing up to the town they came upon a Spanish wine-ship, of sixty tons, bringing Canary wines, which had evidently only lately arrived in the bay, for she had not yet "furld her sprit-sayle." In the light of the late-rising moon they were espied from her deck, and doubtless excited suspicion—as four stout pinnaces, well manned, and "rowing with many Oares," coming in from the sea in the night-time, naturally would, since her "Gundeloe" (gondola, or ship's boat), was seen to hurry off townward, obviously to give alarm. But this move Drake cleverly checked. "Our Captaine perceiving it, cut betwixt her and the Towne, forcing her to go th' other side of the Bay: whereby we landed without impeachment."

The surprise was complete. At the point of land-

ing, on the quayless shore, "not past twenty yards from the Houses," and directly under a battery, only one lonely gunner was encountered, and he was probably asleep when they approached. Before he could be taken the gunner fled, and awoke and alarmed the town, as the assailants soon "perceived, not only by the noyse and cryes of the people, but by the Bell [on the church] ringing out, and Drums running up and down the Towne." The first thought of alarmer and alarmed was that the enemy were the expected dreaded Cimaroons, but they were soon to find out their mistake.

Meanwhile Drake's force were dismantling the guns of the battery: "six great Pieces of brasse Ordnance mounted upon their Carriages, some Demy, some whole Culvering [culverins]." This done—now the story continues in the narrator's words:

"Our Captaine, according to the directions which he had given over night to such as he had made choyce of for the purpose, left twelve to keep the Pinnaces, that we might be sure of a safe retreit if the worst befell. And having made sure worke of the Platforme [battery] before he would enter the Towne, he thought best first to view the Mount [hill] on the East side of the Towne, where, he was informed by sundry intelligencies [when here or hereabouts] the yeare before, they had an intent to plant Ordnance [guns], which might scower round about the Towne. Therefore leaving one halfe of his company to make a stand at the foot of the mount, he marched up presently unto

the top of it, with all speed. . . . There we found no peece of Ordnance, but onely a very fit place prepared for such use, and therefore we left it without any of our men, and with all celerity returned down the Mount."

Now the way was clear for business. "Then our Captaine appointed his brother [Captain John Drake], with *John Oxnam* [John Oxenham, a brave and devoted right hand of Drake], and sixteene others to goe about behind the Kings treasure-house and enter neere the Easter [eastern] end of the market-place: himselfe with the rest would passe up the broad street into the market-place with sound of Drum and Trumpet.

"The Firepikes, divided halfe to the one halfe to the other company, served no lesse for fright to the Enemy then [than] light of our Men, who by this meanes might discerne every place very well as if it were neere day, whereas the Inhabitants stood amazed at so strange a sight, marvelling what the matter might be; and imagining, by reason of our Drums and Trumpets sounding in so sundry places, that we had beene a farre greater number then [than] we were.

"Yet by meanes of the Souldiers which were in the Towne [maybe of the force from Panama], and by reason of the time which we spent in marching up and downe the Mount, the Souldiers and the Inhabitants had put themselves in Armes, and brought their Companies in some order, at the South-east end of the Market-place neere the Govenours House, and not farre from the Gate of the Towne, which is onely one, leading towards *Panama*; having (as it seemes) gath-

ered themselves thither either that in the Govenours sight they might shew their Valour, if it might prevaile, or else that by the Gate they might best take their *Vale* and escape readiest. And to make a shew of farre greater numbers of shot, or else of a custome they had by the like device to terrifie the *Symerons* [Cimaroons], they had hung Lines with Matches [torches] lighted, overthwart the Wester-end [western end] of the Market-place, betweene the Church and the Crosse, as though there had beene in a readinesse some company of shot, whereas indeed there was not past two or three that taught these Lines to dance, till they themselves ran away, as soone as they perceived they were discovered.

“But the Souldiers and such as were joyned with them, presented us with a jolly hot volley of shot, beating full upon the egresse of that Street in which we marched, and levelling very low so as the Bullets oft-times grazed on the Sand. We stood not to answer them in like tearmes; but having discharged our first volley of shot, and feathered them with our arrowes (which our Captaine had caused to be made of purpose in *England*, not great sheafe arrowes, but fine roving shafts, very carefully reserved for the service) we came to the push of Pike, so that our fire-pikes being well armed and made of purpose, did us very great service. For our men with their Pikes and short weapons in short time tooke such order among these Gallants, some using the but-end of their Peeeces in stead of other weapons, that partly by reason of our

arrowes, which did us these notable service, partly by occasion of this strange and sudden closing with them, in this manner unlooked for, and the rather for that at the very instant our Captains brother with the other Company with their fire-pikes, entred the market-place by the Easter-street [eastern]: they casting downe their weapons, fled all out of the Towne by the gate aforesaid, which had been built for a barre to keepe out of the Towne the *Symerons* [Cimaroons], who had often assailed it, but now served for a gap for the *Spaniards* to fly at."

The enemy thus routed and return having been made to the plaza: "We made our stand neer the midst of the market place where a tree groweth hard by the crosse; whence our Captaine sent some of our men to stay [stop] the ringing of the alarme Bell, which had continued all this while: but the Church being very strongly built and fast shut, they could not without firing (which the Captaine forbad) get into the steeple where the Bell hung."

The town now in their possession, the next move was for the treasure. "In the mean time our Captaine having taken [captured] two or three *Spaniards* in their flight, commanded them to shew them [the English] the Governours house, where he understood was the ordinary place of unlading the Moyles [mules] of all the treasure which came from *Panamah* by the Kings appointment: Although the silver onely was kept there: the gold, pearle, and jewels (being there once entred by the Kings Officer) was carried from thence to the

Kings treasure house not farre off, being a house very strongly built of lime and stone, for the safe keeping thereof.

“At our comming to the Governours house, we found the great doore (where the Moyles do usually unlade) even then opened; a Candle lighted upon the top of the stayers [stairs]; and a faire Gennet [genet, a small Spanish horse] ready saddled, either for the Governour himselfe or some other of his house-hold to carry it after him. By meanes of this light we saw a huge heape of Silver in that nether roome: being a pile of bars of silver, of as (neere as we could guesse) seventy foot in length, of ten foot in breadth, and twelve foot in height, piled up against the wall, each barre was between thirty five and forty pound in weight. At sight hereof our Captaine commanded straightly that none of us should touch a barre of silver, but stand upon our weapons, because the Towne was full of people, and there was in the Kings treasure house near the waters side, more gold and jewels then [than] all our four Pinnaces could carry, which we would presently set some in hand to break open, notwithstanding the *Spaniards* reports of the strength of it.”

At this moment, however, startling word was received from the water-side: “We were no sooner returned to our strength [their stand in the middle of the market-place], but there was a report brought by some of our men that our Pinnaces were in danger to be taken, and that if we our selves got not aboard before day we should be opprest with multitudes both of

Souldiers and townes people. This report had his [its] ground from one *Diego a Negro*, who in the time of the first conflict came and called to our Pinnaces to know whether they were Captain *Drakes?* and upon answer received, continued intreating to be taken aboard (though he had first three or foure shot made at him) untill at length they fetch him, and learned by him that not past eight days before our arrivall the King had sent thither some hundred and fifty Souldiers to guard the Town against the *Symerons* [Cimaroons], and the Towne at this time was full of people besides: which [was] all the rather believed because it agreed with the report of the Negroes which we tooke before at the Isle of *Pinos*: and therefore our Captaine sent his brother and *John Oxnam* [Oxenham] to understand the truth thereof. They found our men which we left in our Pinnaces much frighted by reason that they saw great Troopes and Companies running up and downe, with matches light [torches], some with other weapons, crying *Que gente? que gente?* [What people? or Who are you?] which having not been at the first conflict but cumming from the utter ends of the Towne, being at least as bigge as *Plimouth*, came many times neere us, and understanding that we were *English*, discharged their Peeces and ran away."

Close upon this disconcerting matter there came another: "Presently after this a mighty shower of raine, with a terrible storme of thunder and lightning, fell, which powred downe so vehemently (as it usually doth in those Countries) that before we could recover the

shelter of a certaine shade or pent-house [portico] at the Wester [western] end of the Kings treasure-house, which seemeth to have been built there of purpose to avoid Sunne or Raine, some of our bow-springs were wet, and some of our match and powder hurt."

It was all most disheartening: and "divers" of the men in their sorry plight, drenched and miserable, began "harping on the reports lately brought us," and "muttering of the Forces of the Towne." This roused the captain to a blaze of indignation, and he told them spiritedly "that he had brought them to the mouth of the treasure of the World: if they would want it, they might henceforth blame no body but themselves." Then the moment that the storm "began to asswage of his [its] fury, which was a long halfe houre, willing to give his Men no longer leasure to demurre of those doubts, nor yet allow the Enemy farther respite to gather themselves together, he stept forward, commanding his Brother, with *John Oxham* [Oxenham] and the Company appointed them, to breake the Kings Treasure-house: the rest to follow him, to keep the strength of the market place, till they had despatched the businesse for which they came."

And then something alarming happened: "But as he stept forward his strength and sight and speech failed him, and he began to faint for want of blood, which, as then we perceived, had in great quantity issued upon the Sand, out of a wound received in his legg in the first incounter," when he was leading his detachment up the main street. He had kept the hurt to himself all

this time: "Whereby though he felt some paine, yet (for that he perceived divers of the Company, having already gotten many good things, to be very ready to take all occasion of winding themselves out of that conceited danger) would he not have it knowne to any, till this his fainting, against his will, bewrayed [betrayed] it, the blood having first filled the very prints which our foot-steps made, to the great dismay of all our Company, who thought it not credible that one man should be able to spare so much blood and live."

After giving him "somewhat to drinke whereby he recovered himselfe," and having bound his scarf about the wounded leg to stop the flow of blood, all, "even they which were willingest to have adventured most for so faire a booty," united in entreaty to him "to be content to goe with them aboard" the pinnaces, "there to have his wound searched and drest." That done, if he thought good, they might return ashore again. To this, however, he could not be persuaded. He knew that if the game were left at this stage it was most unlikely that they could return again "to recover the state in which they now were"; and he declared that "it were more honourable for himselfe to jeopard his life for so great a benefit then [than] to leave off so high an enterprize unperformed." Persuasion failing, as a last resort, they "joyned altogether, and with force mingled with faire intreaty, they bare him aboard his Pinnace, and so abandoned a rich spoyle for the present onely to preserve their Captaines life." They reasoned wisely that, "while they enjoyed his presence and

had him to command them, they might recover wealth sufficient; but if once they lost him they should hardly be able to recover home, no not with that which they had gotten already.”

It was only daybreak when they embarked and put off from the town. Besides their captain they had many men wounded. Only one of the force had been killed: a trumpeter who fell as he was sounding his trumpet. As they passed out the harbour they seized the wine-ship lying there “without great resistance,” to appropriate her cargo of canary, “for the more comfort” of their wounded. Before they were quite free of the haven, a shot was sent after them from one of the guns that the soldiers had managed to bring up to the dismantled battery, but it “hindered them not” from carrying off their prize.

So ended the audacious raid of seventy-four men upon a fair-sized town. Nombre-de-Dios had been taken successfully: but the “mouth of the treasure of the World” still remained tight shut.

## IX

### ATTEMPTING CARTAGENA

**T**HE Spaniards could not believe that Drake's raiding company were so small as they actually were. The Spanish account of the Nombre-de-Dios affair doubled the number. This account was inaccurate in some other respects; it was, however, graphic, and of interest as well as of some value as picturing the assault from the town's point of view, although it gave the impression that Drake was repulsed. Thus it ran, short and crisp in the translation:

“There was a certain English man named Francis Drake, who having intelligence how the towne of Nombre de Dios in Nueva Espanna, had but small store of people remaining there, came on a night, and entred the Port with foure Pinnesses, and landed about 150 men, & leaving 70 men with a Trumpet in a Fort which was there, with the other 80 he entred the towne, without doing any harme, till he came to the market place, and there discharged his calivers, & sounded a trumpet very loud, and the other which he had left in the Fort answred him after the same maner, with the discharging their calivers, and sounding their trumpets:.

the people hereupon not thinking of any such matter, were put in great feare, and waking out of their sleepe fled all into the mountaines, inquiring one of another what the matter should be, remaining as men amazed, not knowing what that uprore was which happened so suddenly in the towne. But 14 or 15 of them joyning together with their harquebuzes, went to the market place to know what they were that were in the towne, and in a corner of the market place they did discover the Englishmen, and seeing them to be but fewe, discharged their calivers at those Englishmen: their fortune was such that they killed the Trumpetter, and shot one of the principall men thorow [through] the legg, who seeing himselfe hurt, retyred to the Fort, where the rest of their company was left: they which were in the Fort sounded their Trumpet, and seeing that they in the towne did not answere them, and hearing the calivers, thought that all they in the towne had bene slaine, and thereupon fled to their Pinnesses: the English captaine comming to the Fort, and not finding his men which he left there, he and his were in so great feare, that leaving their furniture behind them, and putting off their hose, they swamme, and waded all to their Pinnesses, and so went with their ships againe out of the Port."

This account was written by a Portuguese, one Lopez Vaz, who, "with the discourse about him," which covered as inaccurately Drake's other exploits on this voyage, "was taken at the River of Plate by the ships sent forth by the Right Honourable the Earle of Cum-

berland in the yeere 1586," as Hakluyt informs us in his preface to the account which he first published in his *Principal Navigations*.

Upon their withdrawal with their wounded captain, the raiders found refuge on a neighbouring island; the Isle of Bastimentos, or "Isle of Victuales," lying about a league to the westward of Nombre-de-Dios, where were farms from which the town was supplied. Here they tarried through the next two days, caring for their wounded; refreshing themselves "in the goodly Gardens" which were found "abounding with great store of all dainty Roots and Fruits, besides great plenty of Poultry and other Fowles not less strange then [than] delicate"; and making free use of the wines in their prize-ship which they had brought along with them. And here shortly came to them a spy from Nombre-de-Dios. He was a very gentleman-like spy, quite an artful dissembler, lavish of compliment for Drake's daring performance, and full of pretension that his visit was most friendly—only politely to ask a few harmless questions. Drake as artfully rose to the occasion. Recognising at once this polished Spanish soldier's true colours, he received him none the less graciously. His elaborate courtesy was met with an elaborate suavity. In the colloquy that ensued as lofty a note was struck and maintained by the Englishman as by the Spaniard. The narrator's account ends like a passage from the immortal *Don Quixote* of Cervantes.

"Shortly upon our first arrival in this Iland, the Governour and the rest of his assistants in the Towne

(as we afterwards understood) sent unto our Captaine a proper Gentleman of meane [small] stature, good complexion, and faire spoken, a principall Souldier of the late sent Garrison, to view in what state we were. At his comming he protested he came to us of meere good will, for that we had attempted so great and incredible a matter with so few men: and that at first they feared that we had been *French*, at whose hands they knew they should find no mercy: but after they perceived by our Arrowes that we were *English* men their feares were the lesse, for that they knew that though we tooke the Treasure of the place, yet we would not use cruelty towards their persons. But albeit this his affection gave him cause enough to come aboard such whose vertues he so honoured, yet the Governour also had [not] only consented to his comming, but directly sent him, upon occasion that divers of the Towne affirmed (said he) that they knew our Captaine, who the last two yeares had beene often on their Coast, and had always used their persons very well. And therefore desired to know, first, whether our Captaine were the same Captaine Drake or no? and next, because many of their men were wounded with our Arrowes, whether they were poysoned or no? And how their wounds might best be cured? Lastly, what victuals we wanted or other necessaries? Of which the Governour promised by him to supply and furnish us as largely as he durst.

“Our Captaine although he thought the Souldier but a Spy: yet used him very courteously, and answered him to his Governours demands. That he was the

same *Drake* whom they meant: it was never his manner to poyson his Arrowes: they might cure their wounds by ordinary Chyrurgery [surgery]: as for wants he knew the Iland of *Bastimentos* had sufficient, and could furnish him if he listed: but he wanted nothing but some of that special commodity [the treasure] which that Countrey yeilded, to content himselfe and his Company. And therefore he advised the Governour to hold open his eyes, for before he departed, if God lent him life and leave, he meant to reape some of their Harvest which they get out of the Earth and send into *Spaine* to trouble all the Earth.

“To this answer unlooked for, this Gentleman replied: If he might without offence move such a question, what should then be the cause of our departing from that Towne at this time, where was above three hundred and fifty Tun of silver ready for the Fleet, and much more Gold in value, resting in Iron Chests in the King's Treasure-house? But when our Captaine had shewed him the true cause of his unwilling retreat aboard [Drake's own wound probably]: he acknowledged that we had no less reason in departing then [than] courage in attempting: and no doubt did easily see that it was not for the Towne to seek revenge of us by manning forth such Frigates or other vessels as they had: but better to content themselves and provide for their own defence.

“Thus with great favour and courteous entertainment, besides such gifts from our Captaine as most contented him: after dinner he was in such sort dis-

missed, to make report of that he had seen, that he protested he was never so much honoured of any in his life."

After the gentleman-like spy's departure the negro, Diego, who had escaped to the English during the raid and had been taken into Drake's service, was examined more fully as to his knowledge of affairs on the main. He confirmed the spy's report of the quantity of gold and silver at Nombre-de-Dios. He told especially how the band might have gold and silver in plenty if they would engage with the Cimaroons. Though he had betrayed these people "divers times," not voluntarily but at the behest of his master, and they would kill him if they caught him, yet if Drake would protect him he would bring the captain to them. He "durst adventure his life" in such an action because, as he said, "he knew our Captaines name was most precious and highly honoured of them"; a touch of flattery that was effective, for his report, says the narrative, "ministred occasion for further consultation."

Before seeking the Cimaroons, however, Drake determined to attempt another raid or two on the coast with his own force. The taking of Nombre-de-Dios had been so easy that he would try for bigger game without allies. While the "mouth of the treasure of the World" could not yet be pried open, rich plunder elsewhere lay ready to a bold hand. Cartagena, the chief city of the main, might be as easily taken, and with profit. A raid upon the treasure-carriers between Panama and Nombre-de-Dios might be timely. Both

these projects were included in the plan of campaign which our captain is now found perfecting with all the alertness of a well man. We hear no more of his wound. It either healed speedily, or he rose superior to the hurt.

At the outset he disclosed to his associates, apparently, only a part of the new plan—the interception of the treasure-carriers. To this end he would have a closer reconnoissance than he had been able to make on his voyage the year before, of the water route by which the treasure was transported in part across the isthmus when the highway was unsafe by reason of heavy rains or raids of the Cimaroons. Accordingly, he detailed his brother, Captain John Drake, and Ellis Hixom, with two of the pinnaces and their complement of men, to go and “search about the river Chagro” [Chagres], and examine the situation about “the little town called Venta Cruz.” In his previous voyage Drake had learned how this river, trending southward across the isthmus, was navigable from the sea to Venta Cruz, within eighteen miles of Panama, and how at Venta Cruz when the part-water way instead of the all-land way was to be followed, the treasure was shipped from the mule-trains, bringing it from Panama, to “frigates,” or little vessels built for sails and oars, which conveyed it the rest of the way to Nombre-de-Dios. The river was seen to ebb and flow, “not farre into the land,” and it had been found that three days’ rowing was required to carry a pinnace from the river’s mouth at the sea to Venta Cruz, while the

return occupied only one day and a night. It is supposed that Drake particularly desired to learn whether the river was in condition at this season for such craft as his pinnaces. Captains John Drake and Hixom were to return with their report to the rendezvous at the Pine Islands.

These arrangements completed, on the morning of the third day all departed from the friendly "Isle of Victuals," Captains John Drake and Hixon, with the two pinnaces assigned them, sailing westward, Drake and the rest of the company in the other two pinnaces taking a course direct for the Pine Islands.

The latter's voyage was slow, and it was not till toward night of the second day out that the rendezvous was reached. Captain Rouse was found with the ships as he had been left. He heard the report of the raid and its outcome with disfavour and uneasiness, apparently. He expressed doubts of their "safe continuance" upon the coast, they being now discovered, and declared his willingness to withdraw from the partnership and go his own way. Drake was "no lesse willing to dismiss him." Accordingly the partnership was dissolved, and five or six days later, upon the return of the Chagres River expedition, on which presumably were some of his men, Captain Rouse took his leave. And so he passes out of this story.

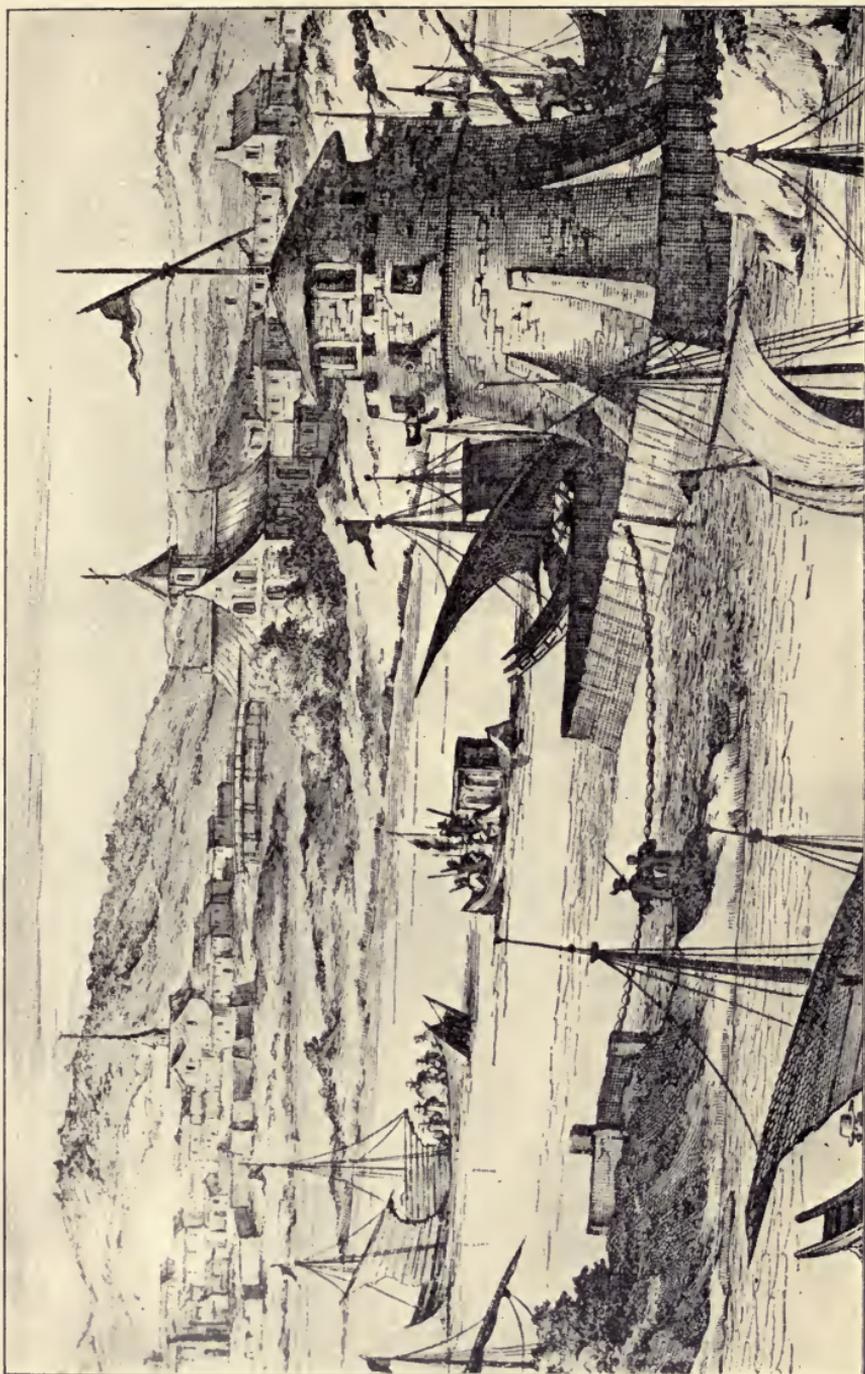
The Chagres River reconnoissance was evidently satisfactory, for the narrative records that the two masters brought "such advertisements [information] as they were sent for." Their report, however, was re-

served for future consideration, for now Drake gave the word for the assault upon Cartagena.

In this affair the whole fleet were employed: the two ships and the three pinnaces. The passage across to the main and along the coast was slow, occupying some six days, because of repeated calms. But all this time every temptation to go for prizes, as Spanish craft were sighted, was sternly resisted, for discovery must be avoided.

So Cartagena was stealthily approached, and on the evening of August 13 the two ships came quietly to anchor outside the harbour, "between the Islands of *Charesha* and Saint Barnards" [San Barnardo], while Drake himself led the three pinnaces about the latter island into the haven.

Then as now Cartagena harbour was one of the best on this coast. The fair town lay on its island, a mile and a half back from the broader of the two harbour entrances, the "Great Mouth" "where all the ships do enter," and three miles eastward of the lesser entrance, or "Little Mouth." Baptista Antonio's description of it in 1587, in that report of his survey along the main from which we quoted in the description of *Nombre-de-Dios*, may have pictured it much as it appeared at the time of this raid. "It hath about 450 dwellers therein. There are very fair buildings therein; as concerning their houses, they are made of stone, and there are three Monasteries of which two of them are of Friars which are within the city, . . . and the other which standeth without the city about thirty paces off.



TOWN OF CARTAGENA.



. . . This city hath great trade out of Spain, and out of the new kingdom of Grenada, . . . from Peru and from all the coast of this firm land [the Main], and of the fishing of the pearls of Rio de la Hacha. . . . This city hath a very good harbour, and sufficient to receive great store of ships: this said harbour hath two entrances in, the one of them lyeth half a league from the city, where all the ships do enter into the said harbour; the mouth of entering in of the harbour is 1400 yards or paces in breadth, and very deep water. The other entering in, which is called La Boca Chica, or Little Mouth, lyeth a league beyond this place to the westward." The city was better fortified than Nombre-de-Dios and the lesser settlements at this time of Drake's coming.

"At the very entry" of the haven with the pinnaces, Drake came upon a large Spanish "frigate" lying at anchor. Challenging her, only a single mariner was found in charge and he an "old Man." To Drake's demand of him where were the rest of the ship's company, he said they had gone ashore in their "gundaloe" [gondola]. Doubtless the ship would have been taken instanter had not the garrulous old fellow volunteered other information of a more exciting nature, which necessitated a change of programme. He told how, two hours before night, there had passed by the frigate "a Pinnace with Sayle and Oares, as fast as ever they could row"; how those aboard the pinnace had called to the frigate's men, "whether there had not beene any *English* or *Frenchmen* there lately"; how,

“upon answer that there had been none, they bid them [the frigate's men] to looke to themselves”; how, within an hour after the pinnace was come to the “utter-side of *Cartagene* there were many great Peeeces shot off”; and how one of the frigate's men “going to the top to descry what might be the cause, Espied over the land [a narrow neck shutting the harbour from the sea] divers Frigates and small shipping bringing themselves within the Castle.”

This tale Drake credited, for he had himself heard the report of guns when yet at sea. And thus he perceived that with all their care their approach had been discovered.

Still the daring man was not to be thwarted without a strike. Further examination of the free-tongued mariner disclosed that there lay within the next point, “a great Ship of Sivell [Seville] which had here discharged her lading, and rid now with her yards across, being bound the next morning for Saint *Domingo*.”

This was enough for Drake. She must be tackled without a moment's delay. So, taking the old man into his own pinnace “to verifie that which he had informed,” all three pinnaces were off after her. She was found as the ancient mariner had stated. As they neared her they were hailed from her deck and asked, “Whence our Shallops were.” The reply was impudently correct: they were “from *Nombre-de-Dios*.” The Spaniards shouted back in derision: “straight way they railed and reviled,” are the narrator's words. Unheeding these contemptuous cries, Drake brought his

tiny fleet into battle array. One pinnace advanced "on the starboard bough [bow], the other on the starboard quarter, and the Captaines in the midship on the starboard side." Forthwith the big ship was boarded. Some difficulty was met in this operation by reason of her height. But all were soon upon the decks. Then the action became lively. "We threw down the gates and spardecks to prevent the *Spaniards* from annoying us with their close fights"; and thus at the first onslaught the ship was possessed. Her crew "stowed themselves all in the hold with their weapons, except two or three yonkers [younger sailors] who were found afore the beetes [bitts, upright pieces of timber to which cables were fastened]." Next her cables were cut, and the three pinnaces towed her out into the sound, "right afore the Towne without danger of their [the town's] great guns."

In the meantime the town had been informed of these goings on by the watch, and had taken "th' alarme." The public bells were set a-ringing; "about thirty Peeeces of great Ordnance" were shot off; all of the available men were brought in readiness to resist an assault. And now "horse and foot came down to the very point of the Wood," on the neck, "and discharged their Calivers to impeach us if they might in going forth." But these efforts were ineffective.

Drake's squadron, with the prizes, lay unmolested at their anchorage through that night. The next morning two more prizes were taken. These were two frigates in which were two passengers "who called

themselves the King's Scrivanors [notaries], the one of *Carthagene*, th' other of *Veragua* with seven Mariners and two Negroes." The notaries had been in *Nombre-de-Dios* at the time of the raid and were now bound for *Cartagena*, with highly important "double [duplicate] Letters of Advice" to the *Cartagenians*. They were "to certifie them that Captaine *Drake* had beene at *Nombre de Dios*, had taken it, and had it not beene that He was hurt with some blessed shot, by all likelihood he had sackt it: he was yet still upon the Coast: they should therefore carefully prepare for him."

With this information Drake concluded to postpone his attack upon the city to a more favourable time. He would, instead, dissemble. Although he was now discovered "upon two of the chiefest places of all the Coast," he had no thought of leaving it till he had completed his voyage with the accomplishment of all he had set out for. But he would seemingly retire, and give the enemy the impression that his operations were ended, at least for the present. Accordingly, when he had "brought all his Fleet together," he chivalrously liberated the notaries, and, "content to doe them all favours," set them with "all their companies" ashore. Then the fleet bore away to the *San Barnardo* Islands, some nine miles off the city, southward,

Here they came again to anchor while Drake considered his next move.

## X

### ROAMING OFF THE SPANISH MAIN

**A**T the San Barnardo Islands "great store of fish" was found, and fishing was the principal occupation of Drake's men, while they awaited the word for the next adventure. But before that word was given Drake conceived and secretly directed an astonishing performance, which, had his hand in it been discovered, would have incited his men to mutiny.

This was nothing less than the deliberate scuttling of one of the two ships, the "Swan," as if by an accident. Drake realised that he must prepare for a long stay about this coast, probably through the winter, and it was necessary to reduce the squadron. The work that he was now planning was to be done with the pinnaces, and with the two ships to maintain it would be difficult to man sufficiently the smaller craft for cruises of any length. Relieved of the "Swan," the greater part of the company could be employed in the pinnaces. The "Pascha" was large enough to take on the stores of the "Swan," and she could be easily hidden and left with a small guard while the pinnaces were off on their enterprises. So the "Swan"

must be got out of the way. It must have caused Drake some heart-burnings to pronounce sentence upon this gallant ship which had done him such loyal service. It was like condemning to death a steadfast old friend. But it had to be done. And how artfully it was done and the sentence was executed the narrator tells in one of his most dramatic passages.

“But knowing the affection of his Company, how loath they were to leave either of their Ships, being both so good Saylers, and so well furnished: he purposed in himselfe by some Policy, to make them most willing to effect that he intended. And therefore sent for one *Thomas Moone* (who was Carpenter in the *Swanne*) and taking him into his Cabin, chargeth him to conceale for a time a piece of service which he must in any case consent to doe aboard his owne Ship: that was, in the middle of the second Watch, to goe down secretly into the Well of the Ship, and with a great spike-gimlet to boare three hoales as neere the Keele as he could, and lay something against it that the force of the Water entring might make no great noyse, nor be discovered by boyling up. *Thomas Moone* at the hearing hereof being utterly dismayed, desired to know what cause there might be to move him to sincke so good a Barke of his own, new, and strong, and that by his means, who had beene in two so rich and gainfull Voyages in her with himselfe heretofore: If his Brother, the Master, and the rest of the Company should know of such his fact [*? act*], he thought verily they would kill him. But when our

Captaine had imparted to him his causes, and had perswaded him with promise that it should not be knowne, till all of them should be glad of it: he undertook it, and did it accordingly.

“The next morning [August 15] our Captaine took his Pinnace very early, purposing to goe a fishing (for that there is very great store in all the Coast) and falling a board the *Swanne*, calleth for his Brother to goe with him, who rising suddenly, answered that he would follow presently, or if it would please him to stay a very little, he would attend him. Our Captaine perceiving the feat wrought [Moone’s job done], would not hasten him, but in rowing away demanded of them [the ship’s crew] why their Barke was so deepe? as making no account of it: but by occasion of this demand his Brother sent one downe to the Steward to know whether there were any water in the ship? or what other cause might be? The Steward hastily stepping downe at his usuall skuttle, was wet up to the waste, and shifting with more haste to come up againe as if the water had followed him, cryed out that the Ship was full of water.

“There was no need to hasten the Company, some to Pumpe, others to search for the Leake, which the Captaine of the Barke seeing they did on all hands very willingly, he followed his Brother and certified him of the strange chance befel them that night; that whereas they had not Pumped twice in six weekes before, now they had six foote water in hold: therefore he desireth leave from attending him in fishing, to in-

tend [direct] the search and remedy of the leake: and when our Captaine with his Company profered to go to help them, he answered they had men enough aboard, and prayed him to continue his fishing, that they might have some part of it for their dinner. Thus returning, he found his Company had taken great paines, but had freed the water very little; yet such was their love to the Barke (as our Captaine well knew) that they ceased not, but to the utmost of their strength laboured all that they might till three in the afternoone, by which time the Company, perceiving that, though they had beene relieved by our Captaine himselfe and many of his Company, yet they were not able to free above a foot and a halfe of water, and could have no likelihood of finding the Leake, had now a lesse liking of her then [than] before, and greater content to hear of some meanes for remedy: whereupon our Captaine consulting with them what they thought best to be done: found that they had more desire to have all as he thought fit, then [than] judgement to conceive any meanes of remedy.

“And therefore he propounded, that himselfe would go into the Pinnance till he could provide some handsome Frigate [that is, capture some Spanish ship], and that his Brother should be Captaine in the Admirall [the Pascha], and the Master should also be there placed with him, instead of this [the sinking “Swan”]: which seeing they could not save, he would have fired [burned], that the Enemy might never recover her: but first all the Pinnaces should be brought aboard

[alongside] her, that every one might take out of her whatsoever they lackt or liked. This, though the company at first marveiled at, yet presently it was put in execution and performed that night."

And so, "our Captaine had his desire, and men enough for his Pinnaces." After this performance it is supposed that Drake abandoned his prizes which had meanwhile also been relieved of their valuables.

The word to move was given the very next morning. First, some fit place was to be sought in the "sound of Dorrienne" (Darien), where the "Pascha" could be safely left at anchor, "not discoverable by the Enemy," who thereby might imagine the marauders quite departed from the coast. Then the pinnaces should start out: Drake, with two of them to penetrate the Rio Grande, or Magdalena, River, opening from the sea north-eastward of Cartagena; his brother, Captain John, with the other one to seek out the Cimaroons.

So presently all set sail, and within five days, having proceeded cautiously, the new lair was reached. Just where in the Gulf of Darien this place was cannot be definitely fixed. All that the narrator tells us is that it was "a fit and convenient road [haven] out of all trade." Here some fifteen happy days were spent in alternate work and play, the company, meanwhile, keeping themselves close, that "the bruit" (noise or news) of their still being upon the coast might cease.

It must indeed have been a joyous fortnight, under the lead of the shrewd captain who evidently well knew, with the old adage, that "all work and no play

makes Jack a dull boy." For "besides such ordinary workes as our Captaine every Moneth did usually inure us to, about trimming and fitting of his Pinnaces for their better sailing and rowing: he caused us to rid [clear] a large plot of ground both of Trees and Brakes, and to build us Houses sufficient for all our lodging, and one especially for all our publique meetings, wherein the *Negro* [Diego] which fled to us before, did us good service, as being well acquainted with the Countrey and their meanes of Building. Our Archers made themselves Butts [marks or targets] to shoot at, and wanted not a Fletcher [arrow-maker] to keepe our Bowes and Arrowes in order. The rest of the Company, every one as he liked best, made his disport at Bowles, Quoits, Keiles [kails or kayles], &c. For our Captaine allowed one halfe of their Company to passe their time thus, every other day interchangeably, the other halfe being enjoyned to the necessary workes about our Ship and Pinnaces, and the providing of fresh Victuals, Fish, Fowle, Hogs, Deere, Conies, &c., whereof there is great plenty. Here our Smiths set up their Forge, as they used, being furnished out of England [brought out] with Anvil, Iron, Coales, and all manner of necessaries, which stood us in great stead."

At the end of the fifteen days Drake started off with the two pinnaces for his cruise into the Magdalena, leaving brother John in charge of the lair "to keepe all things in order," later to go with the other pinnace on his mission to the Cimaroons. The narrator was of Drake's party so that we have the account at first hand

of this adventure, which was full of incident, and prosperous. One of its objects, if not the principal one, was to get a further supply of provisions for the winter's stock. On the Magdalena lay the fruitful province of Nueva Reyna, from which at that time the victualing yards of Cartagena were supplied and outgoing ships provisioned. It had rich pasture lands where herds of wild cattle were raised for meat for the market. Also in this district there was at that time a considerable trade in sugar, precious metals, and pearls, which doubtless added to its attractiveness to Drake.

His course was taken from the Gulf of Darien eastward well out to sea, so that Cartagena was passed out of sight, and the mouths of the river were approached unobserved by any of the "enemy." When within about two leagues, or six miles, west of the openings, a landing was made on the main at a point where there was "great store of cattle." At the shore some Indian cow-herds were met, who asked "in friendly sort," and in broken Spanish, what the party would have? When they were made to understand that the only desire was fresh victuals in traffic, they good-naturedly provided all that was wanted. And when Drake, as the narrator notes, "according to his custome contented them for their paines with such things as they account greatly of," they promised that his men should have of them at any time what they wanted. The dexterity with which these cow-herds caught the wild creatures won the Englishman's admiration. "They tooke such Cattle for us as we needed

with ease, and so readily as if they had a speciall commandment over them, whereas they [the steers] would not abide us to come neere them." The pinnaces were laden with the fresh meat, and then were off again. Then in mid-afternoon of the same day the party entered the river, going in by the "westernmost" of the two mouths, called "Boca Chica."

The current was so strong that, although they rowed "from three a clocke to darke night" they were able to make no more than two leagues, six miles, up the stream. They moored the pinnaces to a tree for that night, and disposed themselves for rest. But soon trouble came upon them, first with an awful thunder-storm, then with a visitation of strange insects—strange to them—with a spiteful "bite": "such an innumerable multitude of a kind of flies of that Country called *Muskitos* (like our Gnats) which bite so spitefully that we could not rest all that night, nor finde meanes to defend our selves from them, by reason of the heate of the Country: the best remedy we then found against them was the juyce of Lymons."

At dawn they left this place and renewed the laborious voyage up-stream. Rowing in the eddy and, where the eddy failed, hauling the boats up by the trees, in five hours of hot rowing and hauling they had advanced only five leagues, fifteen miles. Thus far no other craft had been met or sighted. But now a canoe was espied in which were two Indians fishing in the river. Neither party, however, spoke. The Englishmen passed silently lest their nationality be discovered, the Indians

uttered no word presumably taking the strangers to be Spaniards. Still pushing on, within another hour "certain houses" were dimly discovered on the opposite side of the river, which here was so broad "that a man could scarcely be discerned from side to side." It was evident that the pinnaces were seen from these houses, for smoke was observed to rise beside them as from a signal-fire. This Drake took for a signal to turn toward it, and did so. When his pinnaces were half-way across, a Spaniard was seen on the shore, waving a welcome "with his hat and his long, hanging sleeves," he evidently thinking the oncomers to be his countrymen. But as they drew nearer and he discovered that they were strangers "he tooke [to] his heels, & fled from his houses." Reaching the shore Drake and his men immediately landed and found the huts to be warehouses, filled with choice things. There were five in all, full stocked with "white Ruske, dried Bacon, that Countreys Cheese (like *Holland* Cheese in fashion, but farre more delicate in taste of which they send into *Spain* as speciall Presents), many sorts of sweet meats and Conserves, with great store of sugar, being provided to serve the Fleet returning to *Spain*."

It was a great find. The pinnaces were hurriedly loaded with as much of the good stuffs as they could carry, and by the "shutting in of the day" they were ready to depart. It was determined to hasten back with their gains, because of a report made by some Indian women who hovered about the warehouses

while the transfer of their goods was making to the pinnaces. This report was that the fleet of cargo frigates which usually came up here at regular intervals from Cartagena had not appeared since the first alarm of Drake's presence on the coast, but were now daily expected. There were, ordinarily, thirty or more ships of this fleet. They brought the merchandise sent out from Spain to Cartagena to these warehouses, whence it was transferred in great canoes up the river into Nueva Reyno, the canoes bringing back, in exchange, the gold, silver, and other treasure, commodities, and provisions which it yielded.

But Drake's party did not get away without a bit of skirmish. "As we were going aboard our Pinnaces from these Store-houses, the *Indians* of a great Towne called *Ville del Rey*, some two miles distant [and inland] from the waters side where we landed, were brought downe by the *Spaniards* into the bushes, and shot their arrowes." No harm, however, was done the Englishmen. They rowed quickly down the stream, with the current, since the wind was against them, and when only about three miles off from the warehouses, as night was falling, they anchored. Here they remained through that night undisturbed. Early the next morning off again, still rowing instead of sailing, they were not long in comfortably reaching the river's mouth by which they had entered. Here landing on the main, and hauling the pinnaces ashore, a day was spent in thoroughly cleaning and trimming the craft. Then they re-embarked and took their course westward

for their lair. Their adventures, however, were not yet ended. "In the way between *Carthagene* and *Tolou*, we tooke five or six Frigates, which were laden from *Tolou* with live Hogs, Hens, and Maiz [maize], which we call *Guyny* [Guinea] Wheat: of these having gotten what intelligence they could give of their preparation for us, and divers opinions of us, we dismissed all the men, onely staying two Frigates with us, because they were so well stored with good Victuals."

Within three days after they were safe arrived, with their plunder and prizes in their hidden port. To this lair the company pretty soon gave a name. They called it "Port Plenty," because of the marvellous quantity of "good victuals" which they accumulated here. They were continually taking "all manner store of good Victuals" from Spanish ships passing their way by sea for the "victualling of *Carthagene* and *Nombre de Dios*, as also the Fleets going and comming out of *Spain*." Indeed, had the company numbered "two thousand, yea, three thousand persons," the narrator assures us, they might, with their pinnaces, "easily have provided them sufficient victual of Wine, Meale, Ruske, Cassavy (a kinde of Bread made of a Root called *Yucca*, whose juyce is poyson but the substance good and wholesome), dried Beefe, dried Fish, live Sheepe, live Hogs, abundance of Hens, besides the infinite store of dainty fresh [? fish] very easily to be taken every day." With this accumulation, Drake decided to establish and stock four "magazines," or storehouses, at different points on islands and on the main,

from ten to twenty leagues apart. In this work the faithful Diego was most helpful, for he had a "speciall skill in the speedy erection of such houses."

Meanwhile the long-considered alliance with the Cimaroons was effected. Brother John had successfully executed his commission during Drake's absence. The story of this expedition and of the negotiations that followed the narrator gives in quaint detail:

"In our absence Captaine *John Drake* having one of our Pinnaces as was appointed, went in with the maine [main], and as he rowed a loose the shoare, where he was directed by *Diego* the Negroe aforesaid, which [who] willingly came unto us at *Nombre de Dios*, he espied certaine of the Symerons [Cimaroons] with whom he dealt so effectually, that in conclusion he left two of our men with their Leader, and brought aboard two of theirs [that is, hostages were exchanged]: agreeing that they should meet him againe the next Day, at a River midway betweene the *Cabezas* [headlands] and our Ships, which they named *Rio Diego* [from the faithful negro]. These two [the Cimaroon hostages] being very sensible men, chosen out by their Commander, did with all reverence and respect, declare unto our Captaine that their Nation conceived great joy of his arrivall, because they knew him to be an enemy to the *Spaniards*, not onely by his late being in *Nombre de Dios*, but also by his former Voyages, and therefore were ready to assist and favour his enterprises against his and their Enemies to the uttermost: and to that end their Captaine and Company, did stay at this present

neer the mouth of *Rio Diego* to attend what answer and order should be given them."

Then followed the negotiations. "Our Captaine considering the speech of these persons, and weighing it with his former intelligences had not onely by *Negroes* but *Spaniards* also, whereof he was alwayes very carefull: as also conferring it with his Brothers informations of the great kindnesse that they shewed him, . . . resolved himselfe with his Brother and the two *Symerons*, in his two Pinnaces to goe toward the River; as he did the same evening, giving order that the Ship and the rest of the Fleet should the next morning follow him, because there was a place of as great safety and sufficiency which his Brother had found out neer the River. The safety of it consisted not onely in that . . . it is a most goodly and plentifull Countrey and yet Inhabited not with one *Spaniard* or any for the *Spaniards*, but especially in that it lyeth among a great many of goodly Ilands full of Trees, where, though there be Channels, yet there are such Rocks and shoales that no Man can enter by night without great danger, nor by day without discovery; whereas our Ship might lye hidden within the Trees.

"The next day [September 14] we arrived at the River appointed, where we found the *Symerons*, according to promise; the rest of their number were a mile up in a Wood by the Rivers side. There, after we had given them entertainment and received good testimonies of their joy and good will towards us, we tooke two more of them into our Pinnaces, leaving our

two men with the rest of theirs to march by land to another River called *Rio Guana*, with intent there to meet with another Company of Symérons which were now in the Mountains. So we departed that day from *Rio Diego* with our Pinnaces towards our Ship, marvelling that she followed not as was appointed."

Back at the lair two days after, the "Pascha" was found still there, and in a woful condition. She had been unable to follow because she had been "much spoyled" by a tempest that had struck the place not long after the departure of the pinnaces. The next two days were spent in trimming her. Then the next day ship and all abandoned Port Plenty, and "with wary Pilotage" were directed safely by a pinnace that had gone ahead, through the best channel "amongst the shoals and sandy islands" to the *Rio Diego* anchorage.

This new secret haven of *Rio Diego* lay westward "neere about five leagues from the *Cativaas* [Catives] betwixt an Iland and the *Maine*": the island being off the main "not above foure Cables length"; small, comprising only about three acres of ground, flat, and "very full of Trees and Bushes." Here the ship was moored, and the company set diligently at work to make themselves "quiet in the new-found Road."

They had been here scarcely three days when the two men whom Drake had sent with the *Cimaroon* negotiators to their fellows in the mountains, appeared with the negotiators and others in sight on the main. The others were a group of twelve from the *Cimaroons* of

the mountains. The delegations were heartily welcomed and brought across, "to their great comfort and our content: they, rejoicing that they should have some fit opportunity to wreak their wrongs on the *Spaniards*: we hoping that now our Voyage should be bettered."

Then followed, perhaps on the deck of the "Pascha," and doubtless with all the ceremony of which Drake had shown himself on occasions of moment so fond, a conference wherein the Cimaroon spokesmen gave information that necessitated further changes in the plan of campaign: "At our first meeting, when our Captaine had moved them to shew him the meanes which they had to furnish him with Gold and Silver, they answered plainly, that had they knowne Gold and been his desire, they could have satisfied him with store, which for the present they could not doe, because the Rivers, in which they had sunke great store which they had taken from the *Spaniards*, rather to despite them then [than] for love of Gold, were now so high that they could not get it out of such depths for him; and because the *Spaniards* in these rainy Moneth[s], doe not use [are not accustomed] to carry their Treasure by land. This answer, although it were somewhat unlooked for, yet nothing discontented us, but rather persuaded us farther of their honest and faithfull meaning towards us."

With this prospect of five months of possible inaction with the new allies, Drake's problem was how to keep all occupied and contented during the long wait. First, the island should be fortified and a village built up

on such a scale that both his men and his allies would be kept busy quite a while. In the meantime he would with his pinnaces make excursions along the main, or at sea, to harass the enemy and pick up what prizes he might.

So "Our Captaine to entertaine these five Moneths, commanded all our Ordnance and Artillery a shoare, with all our other Provisions: sending his Pinnaces to the Maine to bring over great Trees to make a Fort upon the same Iland, for the planting of all our Ordnance therein, and for our safeguard, if the Enemy in all this time should chance to come." Into this work the Cimaroons threw themselves with heartiness, and with skilful hands. "Our *Symerons* cut down *Palmito* boughes and branches, and with wonderful speed raised up two large Houses for all our Company." The fort was made, "by reason of the place triangle-wise with maine [large] Timber and Earth, of which the Trench yeilded us good store, so that we made it thirteen foot in length." They named it Fort Diego, as they had named the port, in compliment to their ever-faithful negro, Diego.

When this work was well under way, a fortnight after the occupation of the island, Drake set out with three pinnaces again to "goe for *Carthagene*."

## XI

### AGAIN BEFORE CARTAGENA

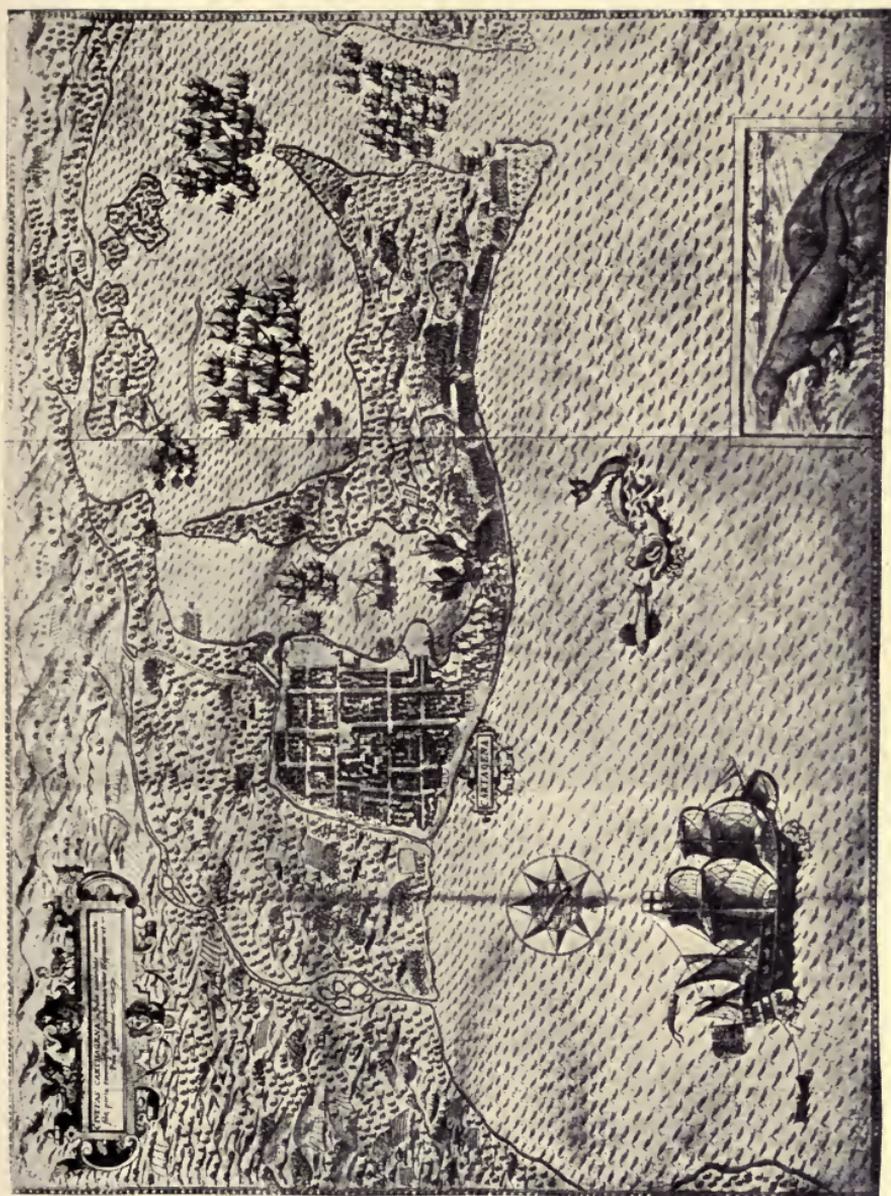
**B**ROTHER JOHN was put in charge of the island to govern those to be left behind with the Cimaroons during Drake's absence, and to superintend the building of the fort. When, on a bright, early October morning Drake set sail, Brother John, in the remaining pinnace, accompanied him out of the port, John being bound for the Catives, where he was to get a load of planks, to utilise in the platform for the guns of the fort, from the Magdalena prize, left at the Catives, which had been cast ashore in a storm and broken up. Outside the port the brothers parted, with affectionate calls of good luck to each other, the one sailing eastward, the other westward: and they were destined, as it happened, never to meet again in this world.

As usual, the narrator accompanied Drake, so that we have the story of this adventure also at first hand. It is a story more exciting and more crowded with incident than that of the first demonstration before Cartagena. It tells of adroit manœuvrings on both sides, Spanish and English; of more daring performances by

Drake; more fighting, prize-taking, astonishing achievements; of triumphs and of hardships.

“That night [the first out] we came to an Ile which hee called Spurkite Iland because we found there great store of such a kinde of Bird in shape, but very delicate, of which we killed and rosted many, staying there till the next day mid-noone when we departed thence: and about foure a clocke recovered a big Iland in our way, where we staying [stayed] all night by reason that there was great store of Fish, and especially of a great kinde of Shel-fish of a foot long, we called them Whelkes. The next morning we were cleere of these Ilands and Shoales, and haled off into the Sea. About foure dayes after, neere the Ilands of Saint *Bernards* [San Bernardo], we chased two Frigates a shore: and recovering one of the Ilands, made our abode there some two dayes to wash our Pinnaces and rake off the Fish. Thence we went towards *Tolou*, and that day landed neer the Town in a Garden, where we found certaine Indians, who delivered us their Bowes and Arrowes [to show their friendliness] and gathered for us such Fruit as the Garden did yeeld being many sorts of dainty Fruits and Roots, still contenting [paying] them for that we received.”

Drake's principal intent in “taking” this place, and, indeed, in going again for Cartagena, was further to learn what he might of the state of the country and of the movements of the fleets. “Hence we departed presently and rowed towards *Charesha* the Iland of *Carthagene*, and entred in at *Bocha Chica* [the Little



PLAN OF CARTAGENA.

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Mouth]; and having the winde large, we sailed in towards the Citie, and let fall our Grappers [grappling-irons] betwixt the Iland and the Maine, right over against the goodly Garden Iland.”

The company were eager to land, but Drake restrained them. He knew it might be dangerous, for the Spanish officials were wont to send soldiers to this point whenever they were aware of “men of warre” being upon the coast. And his caution was warranted, for: “within three houres after, [when] passing by the point of the Iland, we had a volley of an hundred shot from them; yet there was but one of our men hurt.” Such was their warm reception. At eventide they prudently put to sea beyond the danger line. The next day they took their first prize:

“The day following, being some two leagues off the Harbour, we tooke a Barke, and found that the Capitaine and his wife with the better sort of the passengers had forsaken her and were gone a shoare in their Gundelow [gondola or ship’s boat]: by occasion whereof we boarded without resistance, though they were very well provided with Swords and Targets, and some small shot, besides Iron Bases [small guns]. She was about fifty tunne, having ten Marines, five or six Negroes, great store of Sope [soap] and Sweet-meats, bound for Saint *Domingo* and *Carthagene*. This Capitaine left behind him a silk Ancient [flag] with his Armes, as might be thought in hasty departing. The next morning we sent all the Company [of the captured bark] a shoare to seek their Masters, saving a young Negrito

[negro child] of three or foure years old which we brought away, but kept the Barke, and in her bore into the mouth of *Carthagene* Harbour, where we anchored."

So at the outer harbour's entrance they rode placidly with their prize and awaited events. Nothing happened till afternoon.

Then "certaine horse-men came down to the point of the Wood side, and with the *Scrivano* [king's notary] forementioned [one of the two captured at the first attempt upon Cartagena] came towards our Barke [the prize] with a Flag of Truce, desiring of our Captaine safe conduct for his comming and going. The which being granted, he came aboard us, giving our Captaine great thanks for his manifold favours, &c. [alluding to Drake's treatment of him and his associate on the previous occasion of their capture and release], promising that night before day break, to bring as much victuall as they [Drake's party] would desire, what shift soever he made or what danger soever he incurred of Law and punishment. But this fell out to be nothing but a device of the Governour [of Cartagena] forced upon the *Scrivano*, to delay time, til they might provide themselves of sufficient strength to entrap us; for which this fellow, by his smooth speech, was thought a fit meane [means]. So by Sunne rising, when we perceived his words but words, we put to Sea to the Westward of the Iland some three leagues off, where we lay at Hull [lay-by] the rest of all that day and night."

The next day, in the afternoon, apparently again approaching the harbour's mouth, they sighted two small

“frigates” that had come out of Cartagena, and straightway gave them chase. Both were bound for Santo Domingo and carried only ballast. They were taken within less than three miles of the city and with the captors came to anchor “within Saker [small cannon] shot,” or about three-quarters of a mile “of the East Bulwarke.” Their crews entreating to be set ashore, Drake gave them the larger frigate’s ship’s boat and dismissed them. Now Drake was before the city with three Spanish prizes.

The next was a day of action. In the morning another party, or the same that had appeared before with the smooth-tongued notary, came down to “the Wester point,” a headland at the mouth of the Boca Chica, with a flag of truce. Drake manned one of his pinnaces and rowed to meet them. But when the pinnace was within a cable’s length of the shore the party fled to the woods, apparently as if fearful of her guns. This, however, was a ruse, to draw the Englishmen ashore and perhaps into ambush. Drake recognized it as such and dared them. Ordering the grapnel cast out from the stern he veered the pinnace to shore, and so soon as she touched the sand he alone leapt out in the Spaniards’ sight, “to declare that he durst set his foot a land.” While “he had not sufficient forces to conquer them,” yet he would have them understand that “he had sufficient judgment to take heed of them.” Then he returned to the pinnace, when she was hauled off the shore on her grapnel, and so rode to await the next move.

This was presently made. Reappearing at the water-side, the Spaniards despatched a youth with a message to the Englishmen. The lad swam out to the pinnace and was taken aboard. The message was a request, as from the governor, "to know what our intent was to stay thus upon the Coast?" To this Drake made the audacious reply that "he meant to traffique with them, for he had Tin, Pewter, Cloth, and other Merchandise that they needed." The youth swam back with this answer, and soon returned with another message—"That the King had forbidden to traffique with any forraigne Nation for any Commodities except Powder and Shot, of which if we had any store they would be his [Drake's] Merchants." Back swam the lad with this retort: "He [Drake] was come from his Country to exchange his Commodities for Gold and Silver, and is not purposed to return without his errand. They [the Spaniards] were like (in his opinion) to have little rest if that by faire meanes they would not traffique with him." This time the young messenger was rewarded for his aquatic performances with a present from Drake, of a "faire Shirt"; and rolling the garment about his head Indian fashion, he "swamme" back for the last time, "very speedily" and gayly. Thus ended the parley. No further word came from the shore, although Drake remained at his post ready to receive any message through the rest of the day. Then toward dark the company returned aboard their captured frigates, and setting a watch for the night "reposed" themselves.

Another day of action followed. "The next morning the winde which had beene Westerly in the evening altered to the Eastward. About the dawning of the day we espied two Sayles turning toward us; whereupon our Captaine weighed with his Pinnaces, leaving the two Frigates unmaned. But when we were come somewhat nigh them the winde calmed, and we were faine to row towards them, till that [upon one] approaching very nigh we saw many heads peering over boord. For, as we perceived, these two Frigates were mand and set forth out of *Cartagene* to fight with us, and [or] at least to impeach or busie us, whiles [whilst] by some meanes or other they might recover the Frigates from us. But our Captaine prevented both their drifts. For commanding *John Oxnam* [Oxenham] to stay with the one pinnace to entertain [engage] these two men of warre, himself in the other [pinnace] made such speed [back] that he gate to his Frigates which he had left at Anchor, and caused the *Spaniards* [apparently another party] who in the meane time had gotten aboard [them] in [from] a small Canow (thinking to have towed them within the danger [protection] of their shot)" to hasten off quicker than they had come, some swimming to land and leaving their weapons behind them. Then, considering that he could not man these frigates, Drake sunk one and burnt the other, so giving the Spaniards "to understand by this that we perceived their secret practices," in other words, their game. "This being done he [Drake] returned to *John Oxnam*, who all this while lay by the men of warre without proffering of fight."

Just as Drake's pinnace had joined Oxenham's the wind came in briskly from the sea, and the two pinnaces being between the shore and the "men of warre" they were forced to bear room into the harbour before the latter. This proceeding was, "to the great joy of the *Spaniards* who beheld it, in supposing that we would still have fled before them." But as soon as the pinnaces were well inside the harbour and felt smooth water, and were getting the wind, they suddenly opened fire upon the war-ships. Thus "we fought with them upon the advantage, so that after a few shot exchanged, and a storme rising, they were contented to presse no neerer. Therefore as they let fall their Anchors we presently let drop our Grapners in the winde of them, which the *Spanish* Souldiers seeing, considering the disadvantage of the winde, the likelihood of the storme to continue, and small hope of doing any good, they were glad to retire themselves to the Towne."

The Englishmen, however, since the storm was increasing, remained at their temporary anchorage. And here they rode through the next four days, suffering not a little discomfort from "great cold by reason we had such sore raines with Westerly winde, and so little succour in our Pinnaces." On the fifth day they had another skirmish, showing that the *Spaniards* ashore were ever watchful of them: "There came in a Frigate from the sea, which, seeing us make towards her runne her selfe a shoare, unhangng her Rudder and taking away her Sayles, that she might not easily be carried away. But when we were come up to her we per-

ceived about a hundred Horse and Foot, with their Furniture [weapons], come downe to the point of the Maine: where we interchanged some shot with them. One of our great shot past so neere a brave Cavalier of theirs that thereby they were occasioned to advise themselves, and to retreat into the Woods, where they might sufficiently defend and rescue the Frigate from us, and annoy us also if we stayed long about her."

At this Drake concluded to go to sea again. Passing out through the "Little Mouth," he purposed to make for "the Rocks called *Las Seranas*," some "two leagues off at Sea," where, with the masts of the pinaces down, he might ride, hidden under the Rocks, till fair weather returned as he or his men had "usually done aforetime." But when they were reached the sea had "so mightily growne" that it was impossible to anchor beneath them, and he was forced to return to Cartagena harbour. And here his tiny squadron were obliged to remain through six more days of bad weather, "notwithstanding the *Spaniards*, grieved greatly at our aboard [abode] there so long, put an other device in practise to endanger us."

This "device," set in operation on the sixth day, was the most elaborate that the *Spaniards* had attempted, and led to the finishing fight in which Drake skilfully displayed his naval knowledge. "They sent forth a great Shallop, a fine Gundeloe, and a great Canow, with certaine *Spaniards* with shot, and many *Indians* with poysoned Arrowes, as it seemed with intent to begin some fight, and then to flye. For as soone as we rowed

towards them and enterchanged shot, they presently retyred and went a shoare into the Woods, where an Ambush of some sixty shot were laid for us; besides two Pinnaces and a Frigate warping towards us, which were Mand as the rest. They attempted us very boldly, being assisted by those others which from out of the Wood had gotten aboard the Gundeloe and Canow, and seeing us bearing from them (which we did in respect of the Ambuscado) they encouraged themselves and assured their fellowes of the day.

“But our Captaine weighing this their attempt, and being out of danger of their shot from the Land, commanding his other Pinnace to be brought ahead of him, and to let fall their Grapners each ahead of the other, environed both the Pinnace with Bonnets, as for a close fight, and then wheaved [waved] them aboard them.” That is, the two pinnaces were brought close together, with one ahead of the other, and their sides rigged with bonnets or “war girdles,” made of the narrow lengths of canvas that were laced to the sails to give them greater speed: thus ready, Drake waved a signal to the Spaniards to come on and attack if they would. But instead, “they kept themselves upon their Oares at Calliver shot distance, spending Powder apace, as we did, some two or three houres. We had one of our Men onely wounded in that Fight; what they had is unknowne to us, but we saw their Pinnace shot thorow [through] in divers places, and the Powder of one of them tooke on fire. Whereupon we waighed, and intending to beare roome, to over-runne them: which they

perceiving, and thinking that we would have boarded them, rowed away amaine to the defence which they had in the Wood; the rather, because they were disappointed of their helpe that they expected from the Frigate which was warping towards us, but by reason of the much Winde that blew, could not come to oppose us or succour them."

So this device failed. And with its failure Drake finally withdrew.

Seeing that now he was "so notably made known" in these parts, and his victuals growing scarce, he decided to cruise in other directions. The wind "continuing always Westerly," he could not for the present return to Fort Diego. But first he would replenish his boats with fresh provisions. Accordingly, so soon as the weather "waxed somewhat better" he set off again eastward along the coast for the Magdalena River, where before had been found such "great store of victuals."

## XII

### OFF SANTA MARTA

**A**RRIVED at the Magdalena they found, to their dismay, where there had been abundance before, "bare nothing." There were even no people left. All, by order of the Spanish authorities, had driven their cattle away and had taken to the mountains, so that should Drake or his men again appear they might not be relieved. It was really a keen disappointment, for much of their diminishing stock of food had been spoiled by the foul weather at sea and the rains in Cartagena harbour. But while they were bemoaning this hard luck, a Spanish frigate was descried at sea. The sight revived them, for if she could be caught they might find provisions upon her sufficient for their immediate needs. "Therefore it may easily be guessed how much we laboured to recover her," says the narrator. But alas! "When we had boarded her and understood that she had neither Meat nor Money, but that she was bound for *Rio Grande* [Magdalena] to take in Provision, our great hope converted [was converted] into griefe."

They got on with their short allowance as best they could for the next seven or eight days while they

cruised farther eastward, now "bearing roome for *Santa Martha*," hoping to find some shipping or "Limpets on the Rocks, or succour against the Storme in that good Harbour." But hard luck still pursued them. "Being arrived, and seeing no Shipping, we anchored under the Wester point where is high land, and, as we thought, free in safety from the Towne, which is in the bottome of the Bay: not intending to land there, because we knew that it was fortified and that they had intelligence of us. But the *Spaniards* knowing us to be Men of Warre, and misliking that we should shroud [take shelter, or harbour] under their Rockes without their leave, had conveyed some thirty or forty shot among the Clifles, which annoyed us so spitefully, and so unrevengedly (for that they lay hidden behinde the Rockes, but we lay open to them) that we were soone weary of our Harbour, and enforced, for all the Storme without and want within, to put to Sea." As in passing out they came "open of the Town," the exultant *Spaniards*, for a farewell, sent them a "Calverin shot" from which they barely escaped, for it fell between the pinnaces.

At the moment that this parting shot dropped the pinnaces were close together, while the leaders were conferring as to the best course next to pursue. Their position was growing more and more hazardous, and one of the pinnaces had become leaky. All of the company were discomforted. The majority were for landing somewhere on the main and taking their chances. But Drake would not agree to this. He thought it

better to bear up toward Rio de la Hacha or Curaçao where they might have plenty without great resistance, and very likely come upon some victual-ships. The men in the other pinnace, the leaky one, answered loyally that they "would willingly follow him thorow [through] the World; but in this they could not see how either their Pinnace should live in that Sea without being eaten up in that storme, or they themselves [be] able to endure so long time with so slender Provision as they had, viz onely one Gammon of Bacon and thirty pound of Bisket for eighteen Men." Drake cheerfully replied that they were better provided than himself, for he had "but one Gammon of Bacon and forty pound of Bisket for his twenty-foure men." Since he was undaunted by his condition, he "doubted not but they would take such part as He did, and willingly depend upon Gods Almighty Providence, which never faileth them that trust in him."

With this pious injunction he brought the conference to an abrupt end, and hoisting his foresail he set his course for Curaçao. This "the rest perceiving, with sorrowfull hearts in respect of the weake Pinnace, yet desirous to follow their Captain, consented to take the same course." And behold! "We had not sailed past three leagues but we had espied a sayle plying to the Westward with her two courses [sails hanging from the lower yards] to our great joy!" They "vowed together" that they would have her at any cost. She proved to be a Spanish ship of above ninety tons. When within hailing distance they "wheaved a maine"

(waved amain) to her, the signal to surrender. She "despised" their summons and "shot off her Ordnance" at them. The sea was running high so they could not then attempt to board her, but would follow her till fairer weather should quiet the waters. Accordingly, making "fit small saile" (setting the small storm sails), they kept her company for some hours, when it "pleased God, after a great shower, to send us a reasonable calme." Now they might use their guns and "approach her with pleasure." The assault was made with a dash, and "in a short time we had taken her." She was found to be handsomely laden with "Victuall well powdred [salted] and dryed," which these devout buccaneers "accepted" with thanksgiving, "as sent us of Gods great mercy." Strange dispensation of Providence to robbers!

Toward nightfall the wind blew up afresh and they were obliged, with their prize, to ply off and on in the again tempestuous sea through that night. Early next morning Drake sent off Ellis Hixom in charge of the larger pinnace (Drake himself probably being on the prize), to search along the coast for some reasonably safe harbour into which they could temporarily put. Hixom found a little one some ten or twelve leagues to the east of Santa Marta, which answered their purpose, having good holding ground and sufficient water to float the prize; and upon his return with this report the squadron sailed thither. Arrived within the haven, Drake assembled his prisoners of the prize and addressed them very briefly and very prac-

tically. If, he told them, they would bring his company to "Water and fresh Victuals," or if through their means what he required was obtained from the Indians inhabiting the neighbourhood, he would give them their liberty and all their "apparrel" (clothes and other personal belongings) that he had taken. His proposition was gladly accepted, and the rest of the day was spent industriously in watering, wooding, and further provisioning the squadron. The Indian inhabitants, who, it seemed, were "clothed and governed by a *Spaniard* which dwelt in the next Towne not past a league off," practically the Spaniard's slaves, were "given content and satisfaction" for all that they cheerfully provided. Upon the completion of the work, toward night, Drake called all his men aboard the pinnaces and sailed off with the prize, leaving the prisoners, as he had promised, behind ashore, "to their great content": who, courteous, after the Spanish manner to the last, "acknowledged that our Captaine did them a farre greater favour in setting them freely at liberty then [than] he had done them displeasure in taking their Ship."

Again at sea, and now taking their course directly as might be for Fort Diego, fresh troubles came upon the company. A sickness which had "begun to kindle amongst us two or three dayes before, did this day shew it selfe in *Charles Glub*, one of our Quarter-masters, a very tall man, and a right good Mariner," and, to the great grief of all he speedily died of it. The strange malady was imputed to the cold which the men

had taken, lying without succour in the pinnaces, Many were touched with it, but "it pleased God" to restore to health all save the tall quartermaster. The disease is thought to have been pleurisy or pneumonia.

Happily, the day after the death of the quartermaster and his burial in the sea opened bright with fair weather, and all were heartened again. The wind, however, continued contrary, and since, till it changed, the progress of the squadron must be slow, Drake ordered the "Minion," the smallest of the pinnaces, to hasten for the fort ahead of the others to announce their coming; and particularly to give his order to have things there put in readiness so that upon his arrival an immediate start might be made for the land expedition if any news of the plate fleet had come. Should the "Minion's" men need refreshment before reaching Fort Diego, he advised that they take "Saint Bernardo" (San Barnardo), on their way, and help themselves to "such portion as they thought good" of the wines that had been taken from prizes and were there hidden in the sands. "Within a seven night" after the "Minion's" departure, Drake and the rest had come to San Barnardo. Here they tarried some hours refreshing themselves, but not with much of the hidden wine. For it was found that the "enemy" had visited the place and had carried off the whole store save twelve "botijos" (Spanish pots). Four or five days later they were arrived safe at Fort Diego, not long behind the "Minion," and Drake was heartily welcomed back after an absence of two months.

Sad tidings, however, came with his welcome. His beloved brother John was dead. He had been slain in an attempt to board and capture a Spanish frigate at sea, only two days after Drake had parted with him at the mouth of the port when starting on the present venture. The affair had occurred on John's return trip from the Catives. "The manner of it," as Drake was told, and the narrator relates, "was this: When they saw this Frigate at Sea as they were going [returning] towards their Fort with Plankes to make the Platformes, the Company [John's crew] were very importunate on him to give chase and set upon this Frigate which they deemed had beene a fit booty for them. But he told them that they wanted weapons to assaile: they knew not how the Frigate was provided; they had their boat laden with plankes to finish that his Brother had commanded. But when this would not satisfie them, but that still they urged him with words and supposals [taunts]: 'If you will needs,' said he, 'adventure, it shall never be said that I will be hindermost; neither shall you report to my Brother that you lost your Voyage [chance to take a prize] by any cowardice you found in me.' Thereupon every man shifted as they might for the time, and heaving their plankes over board, tooke them such poore weapons as they had: *viz.* a broken pointed Rapier, one old Visgee, and a rusty Caliver; *John Drake* tooke the Rapier, and made a Gantlet of his Pillow, *Richard Allen* the Visgee, both standing in the head of the Pinnace, called the *Eion*, *Robert Cluich* tooke the

Caliver: and so [they] boarded. But they found the Frigate armed round about with a close fight [old naval term signifying an armed grating or netting between the main-mast and fore-mast] of Hides, full of Pikes and Calivers, which were discharged in their faces, and deadly wounded those that were in the Fore-ship, *John Drake* in the belly, and *Richard Allen* in the head. But notwithstanding their wounds, they with Oares shifted off the Pinnacle, got cleare of the Frigate, and with all haste recovered their Ship [at Fort Diego], where within an houre after this young man of great hope ended his dayes, greatly lamented of all the Company."

Young Allen also died of his wounds. It was he, so it was said, who had been foremost in daring John Drake to make the assault. It was all a rash, fool-hardy performance, but only one of many exhibitions of the reckless daring and exuberant spirit of these lusty young English seamen, ardent for adventure.

No word of the plate fleet had yet been heard by the Cimaroon scouts. So Drake decided to keep secretly close in Fort Diego till the wind came. It was now early December, and since they might have to remain here inactive for an indefinite time, he proceeded to make things comfortable and pleasant for all. From the well-stocked warehouses an abundance of good food was supplied their tables, while the hunters daily enriched them with game from the woods, "wild Hogges, Pheasants, and Guanans." All continued in good trim and good health for about a month. Then

at the beginning of January half a score suddenly fell ill with a mysterious disease, and most of these died within two or three days after the attack. It ran through the company, and thirty were down with it at one time. They called it the calenture, or hot fever, but it is believed to have been what we know as yellow fever. It was attributed to a sudden change from cold to heat, or, what was more likely, to the drinking of brackish water, a quantity of which one of the pinnaces had taken at the mouth of the river "through the sloth of their men," who were too lazy to row farther in where the water was good.

Among those who died was Drake's other brother, the young Joseph. The lad died in his arms. With his usual energy and resourcefulness, Drake determined to probe the mysterious disease, to ascertain how it might be remedied, and to allay an incipient panic among the company. That there might be no protest—for dissection of the human body was in that day commonly regarded as a sort of sacrilege—he gave up his brother's body for this purpose, and himself directed the examination. This the narrator quaintly, and with a touch of pathos, remarks was "the first and last experiment that our Captaine made of Anatomy in this Voyage." The surgeon who performed the autopsy died four days after. Not from the fever, however. He had taken that and recovered a month before. It was an overdose of his own medicine, a purge of his concoction that carried him off. Or, as the narrator puts it: "An over-bold practice

which he would needs make upon himselfe, by receiving an over-strong Purgation of his own device: after which taken he never spoke." And his boy, from tasting the stuff merely, lost his health and did not recover it "till he saw England" again. The total number that died of the fever was twenty-eight, a pretty serious drain upon the little company. With these gone, and three having previously died in fights or of wounds, and one from exposure at sea, they now mustered, all told, only forty-two. Several of these remained some time on the sick-list. Because of the many deaths from this awful scourge the survivors gave their isle the grewsome name of "Slaughter Island."

Meanwhile, as the company were contending with the fever, the Cimaroons had been ranging "the country up and downe" between Fort Diego and Nombre-de-Dios, to "learn what they might for us"; and at length, on the last day but one of January, the scouts brought word that the plate fleet were certainly arrived at Nombre-de-Dios. To verify this report Drake immediately despatched the pinnace "Lyon" to the "seamost Iland of the Cativaas": for, as he reasoned, if the plate fleet had actually come the provision-frigates would be hastening to Nombre-de-Dios to supply them. Within a few days the "Lyon" "descried that she had been sent for." Sighting a frigate, she chased, boarded, and took her: found her to be a provision-ship from Tolou for Nombre-de-Dios, laden with maize, hens, and pompions, and having a number of passengers—

“one woman and twelve men of whom one was the Scrivano [king's notary] of Tolou,” who confirmed “the whole truth” of the fleet's arrival. Prize and prisoners were brought by the stout little “Lyon” triumphantly back with her, and all was now bustle about the Fort. The Cimaroons would have taken the prisoners and cut their throats out of hand, “to revenge their [the Cimaroons'] wrongs and injuries which the *Spanish* Nation had done them.” The savages “sought daily by all meanes they could to get them of our Captaine.” Of course, he would listen to no such bloodthirsty proposition. On the contrary, he would protect them to the utmost against the deadly hatred of their implacable enemies. Accordingly, in contrast with these hostile demonstrations, he took care to treat them “very courteously,” and he provided them with a constant guard. While, however, he thus successfully held the savages from their prey, it was all done diplomatically, without antagonising his allies. The narrator tells us that he really “perswaded them not to touch them [the prisoners], or give them ill countenance while they were in his charge.” Still, however effective this persuasion may have been, he was careful to keep the guard about them unbroken, and fully to provide for their safety during his absence on the new expedition. For when the preparations were complete, Ellis Hixom, who was to be left in charge of the fort and of those remaining behind, found himself especially charged to guard the prisoners. They had by that time been put aboard the prize which had been

“haled a shoare to the Iland” to be used as a store house and as their prison.

At length, on Shrove-Tuesday, the third day of February, the start was made for the long and venturesome march. Drake's last word to Hixom was, “straight charge in any case not to trust any Messenger that should come in his name with any Tokens, unlesse he brought his [Drake's] hand-writing: which he knew could not be counterfeited by the *Symerons* or *Spaniards*.”

So they departed, a band of forty-eight, only eighteen Englishmen, bound for the isthmus, with the avowed object of seizing a treasure train on the Panama road to Nombre-de-Dios.

### XIII

#### ON THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA

“**W**E were in all forty-eight, of which eighteene onely were *English*, the rest were *Symerons*.” So the narrator opens his story of this adventure, in which, as usual, he had part. The remaining twenty-four English, who were left at Fort Diego, with Ellis Hixom in command, included those convalescing from the fever, and a few “whole men,” well ones, on the “Pascha” “to keepe the Ship and tend the Sicke, and guard the Prisoners” on the prize.

The thirty Cimaroons of the expedition were the willing burden-bearers. Each of them carried, besides his arms, a heavy pack of provisions, thus supplying the Englishmen’s “want of carriage in so long a March,” and relieving them of everything but their “Furniture”—accoutrements and weapons. The quantity of provisions taken was limited, the Cimaroons having promised to obtain, “with their Arrowes,” plenty of game for the party along the way, and this promise they nobly fulfilled.

The Cimaroon arrows much interested the narrator, who fortunately interrupts his narrative to give a

minute description of them; and from it we get a pretty fair idea of the native weapons of that time. Each Cimaroon was provided with two sorts, "the one to defend himselfe and offend the Enemy, the other to kill his Victuals. These for fight are somewhat like the Scottish Arrow, onely somewhat longer, and headed with Iron, Wood, or Fishbones. But the Arrowe for Provision are of three sorts: the first serveth to kill any great Beast neere hand, as Oxe, Stag, or wild Boare; this hath a head of Iron of a pound and a halfe weight, shaped in forme like the head of a Javelin or Boare-spear, as sharpe as any Knife, making so large and deep a wound as can hardly be beleevd of him that hath not seene it. The second serveth for lesser Beasts, and hath a head of three quarters of a pound: this he most usually shooteth. The third serveth for all manner of Birds: it hath a head of an ounce weight. And these heads, though they be of Iron onely, yet are they so cunningly tempered that they will continue a very good edge for a long time; and though they be turned sometimes, yet they will never or seldome breake. The necessity in which they [the Cimaroons] stand hereof continually, causeth them to have [hold] Iron in farre greater account than Gold: and no man among them is of greater estimation then [than] he that can most perfectly give this temper unto it."

The narrative is then resumed. "Every day we were marching by Sun-rising. We continued till ten in the fore-noone, then resting [and taking the early dinner],

ever neere some River, till past twelve; [thereafter] we Marched till foure; and then, by some Rivers side, we reposed our selves in such Houses either we found prepared heretofore by them [the Cimaroons], when they travelled thorow these Woods, or they daily built for us in this manner: As soon as we came to a place where we intended to lodge, the *Symerons* presently, laying down their burthens, fell to cutting of Forkes or Posts and Poles or Rafters, and Palmito boughes, or Plantaine leaves, and with great speed set up to the number of six Houses. For every [one] of which they first fastened deepe into the ground three or foure great Posts with forkes; upon them they layd one Transome which was commonly about twenty foot, and made the sides in the manner of the roofes of our [English] Countrey Houses, thatching it close with those aforesaid Leaves, which keepe out water a long time; observing alwayes that in the lower ground where greater heat was, they left some three or foure foot open unthacht below, and made the Houses, or rather Roofes, so many foot the higher. But in the Hil[l]s, where the Ayre was more piercing and the nights colder, they made our Roomes always lower, and thatched them close to the ground, leaving only one Doore to enter at, and a lower-hole for a vent, in the midst of the roofe. In every [one] of these they made foure severall Lodgings, and three Fires, one in the midst and one at each end of every House, so that the Roome was most temperately warme, and nothing annoyed with Smoake, partly by reason of the nature

of the Wood which they use to burne yielding little Smoake, partly by reason of their artificiall making of it: as firing the Wood, cut in length like our Billets, at the ends, and joyning them together so close that though no flame or fire did appeare, yet the heat continued without intermission." Within these leafy huts the Englishmen found much comfort and their repose was sweet and wholesome.

Their course, in the first stages of the journey, lay through the forests along the spurs of the Cordilleras. Near the rivers where they halted for the early dinner and for rest through the hottest hours, or lodged at night, they gathered luscious fruits. There were "Mammeas, Guyavas [guavas], Palmitos, Pinos [pineapples], Oranges, Limons" in abundance, of which they could partake "with great pleasure and safety," if the indulgence was temperate; and "divers others" which the Cimaroons dissuaded them from eating except sparingly, and only after they had been "dry ro[a]sted," as "Plantans, Potatos, and such like." The Cimaroons' taking of game along the way was ever interesting. "As oft as by chance they found any wilde Swine, of which these Hills and Valleyes have store, they would ordinarily, six at a time, deliver their burthens [packs] to the rest of their fellowes, and pursue, kill, and bring away after us as much as they could carry and time permitted." One day they brought down an otter and prepared it to be dressed, whereat Drake marvelled: when Pedro, the chief Cimaroon, spoke up, "*Are you a man of Warre, and in want, and*

yet doubt whether this be meat that hath blood?" Drake's reply is not recorded, but the narrator remarks, "Here-withall our Captaine rebuked him [?self] secretly, that he had so slightly considered of it before."

On the third day out the Cimaroons had brought the party to a "Towne of their owne," surprisingly fair and prosperous appearing. It lay some thirty-five leagues from Nombre-de-Dios, and forty-five leagues from Panama. It was "seated neer a faire River, on the side of a Hill, environed with a dike of eight foot broad, and a thicke mud wall of ten foot high, sufficient to stop a sudden surprizer. It had one long and broad street lying East and West, and two other cross streets of lesse bredth and length. There was in it some five or six and fifty households, which were kept so cleane and sweet that not only the houses but the very streets were very pleasant to behold." So, too, the inhabitants were seen to live "very civilly and cleanelly": for, "as soone as we came thither they [the Cimaroons of the party] washed themselves in the River, and changed their apparell." In compliment to their English guests they put on their best clothes, donned only on state occasions, which were "very fine and fitly made (as also their Women do weare) somewhat after the *Spanish* fashion, though not so costly." Another than the narrator described the principal garments as "long cotton gowns, either white or rusty black, shaped like our [the English] Carters' frocks." The town was "plentifully stored with many sorts of Beasts and Fowle, with plenty of Maiz and sundry

fruits." At this time it was well guarded against "the mischiefs" which the Spaniards would make against it. A continual Watch was kept in "four parts three miles off" the settlement, to give warning of an approach of the enemy. When they lived less carefully the Spaniards had "prevailed over them," but since the establishment of this Watch and their forays upon the Spaniards, "whom they kill like Beasts as often as they take them in Woods," the town had been more secure.

A night and a day were spent here most agreeably. The Cimaroons in the long evening talks told of fights with the Spaniards, and of "divers strange accidents" between them. There was talk also upon religion, and Drake tried his hand at their conversion to the Christian faith. As the narrator records: "They have no kinde of Priests, only they hold the Crosse in great reputation; but at our Captaines perswasion they were contented to leave their Crosse, and to learne the Lords prayer, and to be instructed in some measure concerning Gods true worship." Doubtless this religious instruction was taken complacently, if it did not sink deep into their savage minds, for they were eager fully to win the Englishmen's friendship and were prepared to make any sacrifice, temporarily at least, if so they might attain it.

On the afternoon of the second day all resumed the forward march "with great good will." It was now necessary to proceed with more caution through the almost trailless woods. This was the order of the march: "Foure of those *Symerons* that best knew the

wayes went about a mile distance before us, breaking boughes as they went to be a direction to those that followed; but with great silence, which they required us all to keepe. Then twelve of them were as it were our Vanguard, and other twelve our Reereward: we with their two Captaines in the midst." As they thus tramped on the Englishmen were impressed with the marvellous wood-craft of their Cimaroon guides, while they were filled with admiration at the luxuriance of the tropical forest. A "speciall encouragement" was given them when they were told that there was "a Great Tree about the midway from which we might at once discern the North Sea [the Atlantic] from whence we came, and the South Sea [the Pacific] whether [whither] we were going."

The "height of the desired Hill" upon which this Great Tree stood was reached at ten o'clock on the forenoon of the fourth day out from the Cimaroon town. It was "a very high Hill, lying East and West like a ridge between the two Seas"—in fact, the highest ridge of the Cordilleras.

Now Pedro, the Cimaroon chief, took Drake by the hand and "prayed him to follow him if he was desirous to see at once the two Seas which he had so long longed for." Thus he was led to a glade which the Cimaroons had cleared for one of their towns, wherein "that goodly and great high Tree" rose majestically. South and north of it the Cimaroons had cleared away other trees to open full the prospect from it. In its trunk they had cut "divers steps to ascend up neere

unto the top” where among the high branches, they had made “a convenient Bower” within which “tenne or twelve men might easily sit: and from thence we might without any difficulty plainly see th’ *Atlanticke* Ocean whence now we came, & the South *Atlantick* so much desired.” Near by, and about it, were “diverse strong houses” marking the Cimaron town, “that had been built long before, as well by other *Symerons* as by these.”

Then came that historic scene, when from this look-out Drake, the first Englishman as far as we know to sight it, feasted his eyes upon the blue Pacific, and uttered that memorable prayer for “life and leave once to sail an English ship” on its fabled waters—the scene pictured in all the biographies from the original sketch of our narrator.

“After our Captaine had ascended to this Bower, with the chief *Symeron*, and having, as it pleased God, at that time by reason of the brize [breese] a very faire day, had seene that Sea of which he had heard such golden reports, he besought Almighty God of his goodnesse, to give him life and leave to Saile once in an *English* Ship in that Sea; and then calling up al[l] the rest of our men, acquainted *John Oxnam* [Oxenham] especially with this his petition and purpose, if it would please God to grant him that happiness: who understanding it, presently protested that unlesse our Captaine did beat him from his Company, he would follow him by God’s grace. Thus all thoroughly satisfied with the sight of the Seas descended.”

Sixty years before from this same ridge Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the discoverer and namer of the Pacific, had first looked down on the vast sea and had offered his prayer of thanksgiving to God for the sight. Doubtless of that earlier scene here Drake had read or heard, and it may have inspired his own act and vow. But be that as it may, from this time forward, as Camden, the annalist, quaintly records, his mind "was pricked on continually, night and day, to perform that vow," till he was able to do so, and famously, as we shall later see.

The early dinner followed the ceremony at the tree, and then the march was resumed. Two more days were spent on the tramp through the forest of vast trees, "without any great variety." At length the party emerged upon a champagne (flat open) country: and were come on the west side of the Cheapo River to the famed savannahs, over which wild cattle roamed. Splendid sweeps of tall pampas grass spread out about them, wonderful to their English eyes. As the narrator noted, it grew "not onely in great length as the knot-grasse groweth in many places, but to such height that the Inhabitants are faine to burne it thrice in the year that it may be able to feed their Cattle, of which they have thousands." Its stalk was "as big as a great wheaten reed," with a blade "issuing from the top of it," and although the cattle fed freely upon it, "yet it groweth every day higher, untill the top is too high for an Oxe to reach." It was set afire when it had attained its full height and burned

off, "for a space of five or six miles together": and within three days after it had sprung up afresh, "like greene Corne": such was the "great fruitfulness of the soyle by reason of the evennesse of the day and night and the rich Dewes which fall every morning."

Three days were occupied in the march over this "Champion." As they advanced, from its little hills or mounds they had frequent glimpses, "five or six times a day," of the city of Panama—the old Panama, some four miles to the eastward of the present city, which a century later was destroyed by Morgan's buccaneers. The last day they saw the ships riding in the road; and Drake "did behold and view the most of all that famous City, discerning the large Street which lyyeth directly from the Sea into the Land." When within a day's journey of it they changed the order of their march. They must proceed the rest of the way to their goal with "great silence and secrecy." For they were now come upon the hunting-ground of the Panama poulterers. It was the custom of the "Dames of Panama," so the Cimaroons informed them, to send hither "Hunters and Fowlers for taking of sundry dainty Fowle which the land yeeldeth." If they "marched not very heedfully" some of these sportsmen might get sight of them to their undoing, for warning of their approach would surely be hastened back by their discoverers to Panama. The goal they were aiming for was a grove, or piece of woods, that lay within a league of Panama, near the high-

way to Nombre-de-Dios. Here sheltered, they were to be in readiness for action.

The grove was attained without discovery at three o'clock of an afternoon, the party having entered it indirectly by "passing, for the most secrecy, a certaine River which at that time was almost dryed up." When they had "disposed of" themselves in this shelter to their satisfaction, Drake sent off a Cimaroon as a spy to Panama, to learn "the certaine night, and time of the night, when the Carriers laded the Treasure from the King's Treasure-house to Nombre de Dios." For, as the narrator explains, they were wont to take the first stage of their journey, from Panama to Venta Cruz, "ever by night, because the Countrey is all Champion, and consequently by day very hot: but from *Venta Cruz* to *Nombre de Dios* as oft as they travell by Land with their Treasure they travell alwayes by day and not by night, because all that way is full of Woods, and therefore very fresh and coole: unlesse," he artfully remarks, "the *Symerons* happily encounter them and make them sweat and feare, as sometimes they have done: whereupon they are glad to guard their *Recoes* [mule teams] with Souldiers as they passe that way."

The Cimaroon spy was well acquainted with Panama, having "served a master" there some time before, and he was disguised in a costume such as the Panama negroes then wore. He was despatched an hour before night so that "by the closing in of the evening he might be in the City," as he was. And unexpectedly

soon he had returned with great news. He had ascertained all that he had been sent for and more. From old companions whom he met he had heard that a great man, no less than the Spanish treasurer of Lima, Peru, on his way to Spain, was to start out that very night with a train-load of gold and jewels, from Panama for Nombre-de-Dios, there to take the first swift "adviso" (despatch-boat) sailing for Spain. He was to be accompanied by his "Daughter and Family." His train was to comprise "fourteene Moyles" (mules), of which eight would be laden with the gold and one with the jewels. The others probably were to carry the family baggage. The spy further learned that two other "*Recoes*" of "fifty Moyles" each were also to start that night, after the departure of the treasurer's string. These two were to carry "Victuals for the most part," but would bear a small quantity of silver. "There are twenty-eight of these *Recoes*," the narrator here remarks; "the greatest of them is of seventy Moyles, the lesse of fifty, unlesse some particular Man hyre for himselfe ten, twenty, or thirty, as he hath need."

With this great news all was animation in camp. The march must be resumed forthwith, and away from Panama, for Drake would intercept the rich treasurer's team toward Venta Cruz. Hurriedly their belongings were gathered up and all stole from the sheltering grove as quietly as they had entered it, only a few hours before, though now under the cover of night. Cimaroon scouts went ahead, to prevent any

surprise. A march of four leagues (twelve miles) brought the band to a point six miles short of the little town on the Chagres, where they halted, here to make their ambuscade in the tall grass on either side of the highway. Shortly before this point was reached the foremost scouts scented the enemy. The pungent odour of a burning musket-match wafted to their sensitive nostrils. Cautiously following the scent they came upon a Spanish soldier sound asleep by the road-side, snoring lustily. He "being but one" and they two, they valiantly "fell upon" the unsuspecting sleeper, "stopt his mouth from crying," that is, gagged him, "put out his Match and bound him" so stoutly that he was wellnigh strangled, and ran him back to Drake.

He was thoroughly scared, in mortal fear of the Cimaroons whose malevolence toward all Spaniards he well knew. But when he found that he was not in their hands alone, and had learned that the leader of the band was the famous Captain Drake whose prowess was heralded over the Spanish Main, his natural bravery and coolness returned; and he was quick to propose a trade for his life. Drake put him through a sharp examination, and his ready answers corroborated all that the spy sent into Panama had reported. He was one of a guard of soldiers hired by the Lima treasurer to conduct his team on the second stage of his journey—from Venta Cruz to Nombre-de-Dios—and when pounced upon by the scouts he was taking a bit of a rest before his march was to begin. The shrewd fellow proposed his trade in the second of two "re-

quests" that he "was bold to make" to the captain. The first was that Drake would command the Cimaroons, "which hated the Spanish, especially the Souldiers, extreably, to spare his life, which he doubted not but they would doe at his [Drake's] charge." The other was that, "seeing he was a Souldier, and assured him [Drake] that they [Drake's band] should have that night more Gold besides Jewels and Pearles of great price then [than] they could carry off, if not then he was to be dealt with how [as] they would": it might please Drake to give him as much of the plunder as might suffice for him and his wife to live upon, "as he had heard our Captaine had done to divers others: for which he [the soldier] would make his name so famous as any of them which had received like favour." Whether Drake entertained this proposal is not recorded. Evidently the prisoner was not given over to the Cimaroons, but was retained with his captors for the time being. However, here he passes from view.

At the halting-place Drake divided his band, English and Cimaroons, into two equal parts, and took command himself of one half, assigning John Oxenham to the command of the other half. Then he marched his squad into the long grass on one side of the road, and about fifty paces off it, while Oxenham marched his into the grass on the other side at the same distance from it, but farther behind Drake's position. The two squads were so disposed that, "as occasion served, the former Company might take the foremost Moyles by the heads and the other the hind-

most, because the Moyles tyed together are always driven one after another." And for the other reason that if the men had need to use their weapons that night they might be sure not to endanger each other. Thus, in their respective positions, the squads lay down quite concealed in the tall grass and awaited events. With Oxenham was Pedro, the Cimaron chief. All the English, by order, put their shirts outside their other clothes, the customary procedure for night attacks, that "we might be sure to know our owne men in the pell mell of the night."

All had thus lain in ambush for a little above an hour, when the distant music of "deepe sounding Bel[l]s" fell upon their listening ears. They were the tinkling signals to be heard in a still night, as this was, "very far off," of trotting mule teams. The sound coming from either direction told that teams were approaching from Venta Cruz bound for Panama, and from Panama for Venta Cruz, for trade was lively on the road when the fleets were in. Drake's orders were that everything from Venta Cruz should be let pass because only merchandise was carried that way. All the men were to lie low whatever passed or approached, till the signal for attack was given by Drake's whistle. But one of the band, presumably of Oxenham's squad, one Robert Pike, "having drunken too much *Aqua vitæ* without water, forgot himselfe, and enticing a *Symeron* forth with him was gone hard to the way [ahead of his place] with intent to shew his forwardnesse on the foremost Moyles," when the team to at-

tack should arrive. Pretty soon there was heard the sound of the beating hoofs of a trotting horse on the hard road, approaching from Venta Cruz. It was the handsome steed of a cavalier with his fleet-footed page running at the stirrup. As the cavalier came abreast the inner line of the ambuscade honest drunken Robert rose up "to see what he was." The soberer Cimaroon, "of better discretion," quickly pulled him down and sat, or lay, upon him "that he might not discover them any more." But too late. It was apparent that the cavalier had seen the ghost-like figure, and had taken alarm, for the gentle trot of the horse had suddenly changed into a mad gallop. Drake, from his position, had heard and observed, "by reason of the hardnesse of the ground and stillnesse of the nigh[t], the change of this Gentleman's trot to a gallop," and suspected that he was discovered. But there was no time for investigation, and he hoped that the horseman had pricked his steed only to hasten past what was known to ordinary travellers as a dangerous point on the road.

Not long after the sound of bells coming toward Venta Cruz grew louder and louder as a *recua* neared the ambuscade. This must be the treasurer's train. As the head of the string of mules appeared, trotting abreast his squad, Drake sounded the signal. Both squads sprang to their feet. The foremost and hindmost of the string were seized simultaneously, and the train was theirs. Another *recua* immediately following was similarly taken. The raiders rushed for the

spoil. Packs and bags were torn open, but mostly provisions were found: no gold, no jewels, and only "some two-horse loads of silver." Consternation marked every face as the raiders realised that these were but the victualling trains that their scout had reported were to follow the treasurer's, and that they had been defeated of their "Golden Recoe" by some mysterious turn of fate.

Then one of the chief carriers, "a very sensible fellow," explained to Drake how it had happened. The cavalier whom Robert Pike had risen up to see, and so exposed his white-shirted upper body, had met the treasurer's team coming along the road, within a mile and a half of their ambush, and had warned him of the danger ahead. Reporting the apparition that he had seen, a figure "all in white" rising out of the grass near the roadside, he told the treasurer "what he had heard of Captain *Drake* this long time, and what he conjectured to be most likely: *viz.* that the said Captain *Drake*, or some for him, disappointed of his expectation of getting any great Treasure both at *Nombre de Dios* and other places, was by some meanes or other come by land in covert thorow [through] the Woods unto this place to speed for his purpose." Therefore the cavalier persuaded the treasurer to turn his *recua* aside, and let the others following pass on ahead of him. If the worse befel, the cavalier reasoned, the loss of these, being laden mostly with "victuals," would be far less, while they would serve as well to discover Drake, should his guess prove correct.

The disappointment of the raiders at this surprising

slip from their grasp of "a most rich booty" was keen; but with their readiness to shift the responsibility for their successes and failures alike upon the Lord, they consoled themselves with the artless reflection that this particular spoil "God would not should be taken for that by all likelihood it was well gotten by that Treasurer"! And Drake himself took the defeat most philosophically. While he regretted it as keenly as any, and especially grieved that he should have been discovered through the heedlessness of one of his own men, he accepted the truism that it were "bootlesse to grieve over things past."

Then with no more ado he turned to the consideration of the next move.

## XIV

### TAKING OF VENTA CRUZ

AND what the next move should be was a perplexing problem that must quickly be solved, for their situation now was critical. That "sensible fellow," the chief carrier, had warned them that they must "shift" for themselves "betimes," unless they were "able to encounter the whole force of the City and Country which before day would be about" them. There were only two ways to be taken. The one was to travel back again the same secret route they had come, twelve miles march back, into the woods; the other forward by the highway to Venta Cruz, six miles only, and thence through the town to the woods. Pedro strongly advised the latter, although it was known that Venta Cruz was nightly guarded by soldiers, for fear of the Cimaroons. He would have Drake "make a way with his Sword thorow the Enemies." And this way the captain finally determined upon, choosing it because it was the shortest and readiest, and so would tell least upon the men much fatigued by the long march of that night and the day before. He would rather "encounter his Enemies while he had strength remain-

ing then [than] to be Encountered or chased when we should be worne out with wearinesse." Then, too, they had now the mules, and the more tired members of the band might be eased by riding some part of this march.

His decision once reached Drake could not forego making with its announcement one of those dramatic strokes of which we have seen he was so fond: "Commanding all to refresh themselves moderately with such store of Victuall as we had there in abundance [seized from the *recua*], he signified his resolution and reason to them all. [Then] asking Pedro by name whether he would give his hand not to forsake him—because he knew the rest of the *Symerons* would also then stand fast and firme, so faithful are they to their Captaine: He [Pedro], being very glad of his [Drake's] resolution, gave our Captaine his hand, and vowed that he would rather dye at his foot then [than] leave him to his Enemies, if he held this course." The stroke was effective, as doubtless it was aimed to be, in heartening the whole band; and the start was made in fine feather.

All went without incident till the footmen and riders had come within a mile of the town. At this point the mules were returned to the muleteers, and the latter were released and dismissed with the charge that they should not follow the band "upon paine of their lives." Now the little forest had been re-entered, and the road cut through its luxuriant growth narrowed to about ten or twelve feet, sufficient only to let two *recuas* pass each other closely. Along the road's

sides the growth was as thick as "our thickest hedges in *England* that are oftenest cut." Within the thickets commanding the road the Spanish picket was accustomed to hide. Now here concealed were a company of soldiers with a number of fighting priests, lying in wait for the oncoming band. These were scented out by the Cimaroon scouts marching "with great heedfulness and silence" some "halfe a flight-shot" ahead the main body, by the smell of their musket-matches, as the sleeping soldier had been discovered before the raid. They comprised the troops regularly stationed in the town to guard it against the Cimaroons, together with a "convent of Fryers," inmates of a monastery in Venta Cruz, under their own leader. Expecting the raiders, this force had come out to stop them on their way, or else to entice them to the town entrance and there engage them. Upon the scouts' report, all were instantly made ready for battle. Drake gave strict charge that none should "make any shot" till the Spaniards had first spent their volley, which he expected they would do at the outset. Thus the band advanced ready for action. Pretty soon they were within hearing distance of the enemy. Then they were challenged.

Coming out apparently into the road the Spanish commander cried, "Hoo!"

Drake "answered likewise."

The Spanish captain called, "*Que gente?*" [What race?]

Drake responded, "Englishmen."

The Spaniard, "in the name of the King of *Spaine* his Master," demanded their surrender, with the assurance, "in the word and faith of a Gentleman Souldier," that if they so yielded they would be used "with all courtesie."

Drake, "drawing somewhat neere him," retorted, "For the honour of the Queene of *England* his Mistrresse, he must have passage that way: and therewithall discharged his Pistol towards him."

This was the last word. Presently the Spaniards shot off their whole volley. Drake and several of his men were wounded slightly, and one fatally—John Harris by name, who was "powdered with Haile-shot." When he saw that the enemy's next shots came slack-ing, "as the latter drops of a great shewer of raine," Drake gave his usual signal, "to answer them with our shot and arrowes" and rush forward "to come handy-strokes" with them. Attaining their position they were found to have "retired as to a place of some better strength." To prevent their gaining it if he might, Drake increased the pace of his men. Then the Cimaroons, who had stood aside after the enemy's first volley, joined in the chase, with their war-dance and battle-cry. Their entrance must have been spectacular, and nerve-racking, too, to the waiting force at stand to receive the onslaught. They came forward "one after another, traversing the way, with their Arrowes ready in their Bowes, and their manner of Country Dance or Leaps, very lustily, singing 'Yó pebó! Yó pebó!'" And so getting before the English-

men, they "continued their Leaps and Song after the manner of their own Countrey Warres." At length some of the Spanish force were overtaken in the woods near the town where they evidently had determined to make a last stand. But the Cimaroons broke in through the thickets on both sides of them, and they were forced to fly, "Fryers and all." Several more of the English were wounded, and one Cimaroon was run through by a pike. This lusty savage "revenged his own death ere he dyed by killing him that had given him that deadly wound."

Now the town was entered with a rush, and Drake took full possession of it without further open protest.

The Venta Cruz of that time, occupying the west bank of the Chagres and backed by the tropical forest, was composed, as the narrator describes, of about forty or fifty houses, some of these "faire," with "many Storehouses large and strong for the Wares which were brought thither from *Nombre de Dios* by the River of *Chagro* [Chagres], so to be transported by Moyles to *Panama*." There was the monastery, "where we found above a thousand Bul[l]s and Pardons newly sent thither from Rome." Attached to the monastery was a hospital, or sanitarium, for Spanish matrons of *Nombre-de-Dios* and their babes, since infants of Spanish or other white mothers could not be reared in that unhealthy place. Another description presents the "fair" or finer houses as stone structures decorated with carven work. The town had a governor and other officers. It was not fortified with walls or other defences. There

were but two land entrances. The main one was from the highway by which Drake entered. The other was at the opposite end, where was a bridge, leading toward the woods beyond the river. Guards were set at the main entrance and on the bridge, so that the raiders were not disturbed during their stay. This was only for "some houre and halfe," but it gave ample opportunity for their refreshment, and for the acquisition of some "good Pillage" by both the English and Cimaroons. All were allowed by Drake to take what they would, "so that it were not too cumbersome or heavy in respect of our travell or defence of our selves." But he was scrupulously careful that no injury or insult be suffered by the passive townsfolk. He had especially given "straight charge" to the Cimaroons that while they were in his company they "should not hurt a Woman, nor Man that had not weapon in his hand to doe them hurt." This they had "earnestly promised and no lesse faithfully performed." Still there was constant fear of them, particularly among the gentlewomen in the sanitarium. To "comfort" these Drake provided them with a special guard. But this did not put them at ease, and they "never ceased most earnestly intreating," till he "would vouchsafe to come to them himselfe for their more safety." And only when the gallant captain appeared and "in their presence" reported his charge to the Cimaroons, and repeated the assurance of his own men that they should not be molested, were they fully "comforted."

A little before the raiders were ready to depart, a

company of ten or twelve horsemen appeared before the main entrance to "enter the town confidently." They were come from Panama, and supposed that Drake had left "for that all was so still and quiet" as they approached. But the guards evidently received them warmly, for "finding their entertainment such as it was they that could rode faster back againe for fear then [than] they had ridden forward for hope."

It was as the new day was "beginning to spring" that the town was left, the raiders marching out and over the bridge in their customary order. They now felt as safe as if they had been "environed with Wall and Trench," for that "no *Spaniard* without his extreame danger could follow" them, especially since their Cimaroons were "growne very valiant." Still Drake hastened them as if on a forced march. Since nothing more could be accomplished on this raid he was anxious to get back to his ship, and see how it fared with the sick men left there with Ellis Hixom. He had now been gone nigh a fortnight on this expedition, and there was still a long distance to cover. He declined the earnest invitation of his Cimaroons to stop for a visit to "the other Symeron Towne," and pressed on with relentless vigour. But he urged the band along "with such example and speech," and so cheerfully, that "the way seemed much shorter." He buoyed them up with his confident assurance that he "doubted not but ere he left that Coast we should be bountifully paid and recompensed for all those paines taken." As their journey lengthened "those paines" increased.

“We marched many dayes with hungry stomackes, much against the will of our *Symerons*, who, if we would have stayed any day from this continuall journeying, would have killed for us Victuall sufficient.” Nearing the journey’s end, all complained of the “tenderesse” of their bruised and wellnigh shoeless feet. In these complaints the clever captain joined, “sometimes without cause but sometimes with cause indeed,” which sympathetic diplomacy “made the rest to beare the burthen the more easily.” Along the hard way, too, the Cimaroons were ever encouraging and helpful. They cheerily served as guides to the easiest paths, as hunters for game for them, as builders of their lodgings at night; with able and strong bodies, carrying all their necessaries and even the men themselves when fainting with illness or great fatigue.

At length Drake halted the weary band at a point within nine miles of Fort Diego. For here in a sheltered spot during their absence the Cimaroons left with Hixom had built a little town of leafy huts especially for their accommodation and refreshment should they arrive tired from their long march. Drake consented to tarry here long enough to enable the Cimaroons to provide the band with shoes for their lacerated feet. Immediately, however, upon reaching the place, which was on a Saturday eve (February 22), he despatched a Cimaroon with a message and a “token,” as had been agreed, to Ellis Hixom.

How this messenger was received by the careful Hixom the narrator thus dramatically relates: “Assoone as

this messenger was come to the shoare, calling to our Ship as bringing some newes, he was quickly set aboard by those which longed to heere of our Captaines speeding. But when he shewed the Tooth-pike [pick] of Gold which he said our Captain had sent for a token to *Ellis Hixom*, with charge to meet him at such a River: though the Master knew well the Captaines Tooth-pike, yet by reason of his admonition and caveat given him at parting, he,—though he bewrayed [betrayed] no signe of distrusting the *Symeron*,—yet stood as amazed, least [lest] something had befallen our Captaine otherwise then [than] well. The *Symeron* perceiving this, told him that it was night when he was sent away, so that our Captaine could not send any letter, but yet with the point of his knife he wrote something upon the Tooth-pike which, he said, should be sufficient to gaine credit to the Messenger. Thereupon the Master lookt upon it, and saw written,

““*By me Francis Drake*”

wherefore he beleaved.”

In accordance with this message Hixom at once provisioned a pinnace and “repaired to the mouth of the River *Tortugos*, as the *Symerons* that went with him then named it,”—the “such a river” indicated in the message, which lay a few miles westward of Fort Diego. On the same day Drake marched his band, all but a few who were left in the “Indian new Towne” further to recuperate, to the appointed place, which they reached in the afternoon. After not more than a half-hour’s

anxious wait their longing eyes caught sight of Hixom's pinnace bounding toward them, a piece of good luck for "double rejoicing: first that we saw them, and next so soone." Then under the captain's lead all knelt on the sands in a service of thanksgiving, with praise to "God most heartily for that we saw our Pinnace and fellowes againe."

Joyous greetings were given them by the pinnace's crew. To Hixom's men—they "who had lived at rest and plenty all this while" at Fort Diego—the worn and tattered band appeared "as men strangely changed" in "countenance and plight." And "indeed," the narrator remarks, "our long fasting and sore travill might somewhat sore pine and waste us: but the greefe we drew inwardly for that we returned without that Gold and Treasure we hoped for, did no doubt shew her print and footsteps in our faces." Not so, however, with the buoyant and resolute Drake. On his ever cheerful countenance were permitted to appear no such "print and footsteps." The next day the pinnace was towed to "another River in the bottome of the Bay," where those who had remained behind in the town were picked up. Then all were back again at Fort Diego and the company reunited.

The sick men were found recovered or recovering. They and the others left to care for them and in charge of the fort, listened with rapt interest to the tales that the returned adventurers told; and were "thoroughly revived" with the report they brought of the surety of great profit from a successful raid on the Panama *recuas*.

And when they were assured of the captain's purpose, "that he meant not to leave off thus, but would once againe attempt the same journey, whereof they also might be partakers," all were eager for the renewed venture.

## SECOND RAID ON THE PANAMA ROAD

**A**NOTHER adventure could not be made immediately. It must be postponed till later in the season when the rich *recuas* were in movement again. In the meantime, however, Drake would not suffer the "edge and forwardnesse" of his men to be "dulled or rebated" by their "lying still idely unemployed," for he knew "right well by continual experiences," our narrator sagely observes, "that no sicknesse was more noysome to impeach any enterprise then [than] delay and idlenesse."

So he assembled the whole company for discussion of projects that might be undertaken with profit during the wait. He himself was "considering deeply the intelligences of other places thereabouts" which he had gotten during his reconnoitring expeditions in former years, "and particularly of *Veragua*, a rich Towne lying to the Westward, betweene *Nombre de Dios* and *Nicaragua*," where was a mine of fine gold. But he was ready first to hear and consider suggestions from any of his company.

The conference was long and earnest with various schemes well argued by their several advocates. Some

thought it most necessary further to seek supplies of good victuals to keep the men close and in health through the period of waiting. This was to be done, of course, by overhauling Spanish victualling ships at sea. Others put forth the bolder proposition that their time should be disposed in intercepting the treasure frigates. Now that the fleets were in these waters, they thought it an opportunity that ought not be neglected. The views of the Cimaroons, who were in the council closely following the debate, were asked. With them the idea of a raid upon Veragua was most enticing. They told of the marvellous wealth of a great rich man there, owner of gold mines, to whose possessions they could and gladly would lead the Englishmen. The picture they gave of this Spanish don and his wealth was cleverly drawn to tempt the cupidity of the treasure hunters. He was one "Sinior Pezoro," some time their master, from whom they had fled. He "dwelt not in the Towne for feare of some surprises," but yet not far from it. His house was a very strong one, built of stone. Here he had lived for nineteen years, never travelling from home except once a year to Cartagena, or Nombre-de-Dios, when the fleets were at those ports. He kept a hundred slaves at least in his mines, and had heaped a "mighty Masse of Treasure together." This gold was kept in great chests each "two foote deepe, three broad, and foure long." The Cimaroons would lead their English friends to this treasure through the woods by the same way that they as slaves had fled from the place. Thus the raiders would avoid entering the haven of Veragua

with danger, and would come upon Pezoro's house at the back, "altogether unlooked for." Although this house was of stone and could not be burned, these bold Cimaroons, ready to go any length, would agree to "undermine and overthrow, or otherwise breake it open."

When these various proposals had been fully discussed Drake decided for himself, as was his wont. He would adopt the first two projects. The company, with the exception of a number sufficient to guard the "Pascha" and the prisoners, should be divided into two bands. John Oxenham, with one band, should go in the "Bear" eastward toward Tolou, to cruise for victual-ships: while Drake, with the other, would take the "Minion," sail westward, and "lye off and on the *Cabezas* where was the greatest trade and most ordinary passage of those which transported Treasure from *Veragua* and *Nicaragua* to the Fleet." Thus no time could be lost or opportunity let slip "either for Victuall or Treasure." The attempt upon Veragua, or Señor Pezoro's house, by land, with a long march through the woods, was not to Drake's liking, because it would overweary his men by continual labour. He would the rather study to "refresh and strengthen" them that they might be in condition for the greater service to come on the Panama road. Still he was most gracious in his declination of this plan. It might be reserved for a later attempt.

The two expeditions started out merrily, the "Bear" to the east, the "Minion" to the west. The "Minion's" adventures are first told by the narrator.

Almost immediately, when about the Cabezas, she came across a Spanish frigate of Nicaragua, and took her. Some gold was on her, and a "Genoway [Genoese] Pilot," both of which were promptly appropriated. The Genoese pilot was of value for his knowledge of these parts. Drake treated him so handsomely that his confidence was soon won. He proposed an enterprise in which the two should join. He had been at Veragua only eight days before, he said, and when he left a great frigate with more than a million of gold aboard her was in the harbour ready shortly to sail. He offered to conduct Drake to her, if Drake, "would doe him right," that is, give him a share of the plunder. He knew the channel so well that he could enter by night without danger from its sands and shallows, and "utterly undescried." If by "any casualty" they should be discovered from the harbour's point, they might despatch their "business" and depart before the town could have word of their presence, for that lay five leagues within the harbour. The Genoese further told how the town had heard of Drake's being on the coast and was thereat "put in great feare"; and how the wealthy Pezoro was proposing to remove to the South Sea (the Pacific) for greater safety. When he left nothing had been done to prevent Drake's coming if he would, for the fear of him was so great that, as he expressed it, "it excluded Counsell and bred Despair."

With this information Drake was minded after all to attempt a raid upon Pezoro's treasure, but by the water instead of the land route, as the Cimaroons had pro-

posed. He must, however, first return for some of these allies, who had been the don's slaves. The Genoese opposed this, urging that there should be no delay if the frigate were to be gained. Thereupon Drake decided to seek her at once, and after her capture go for Pezoro. So all "laboured with Sayle and Oares" to attain the harbour and enter by night as planned. When the mouth was reached and they were about to steal in, the report of "two chambers" (short pieces of ordnance) came over the water from the shore. A moment after, from farther off, within the bay, came two other reports, as if answering the first ones. The pilot conjectured that they were discovered. As he supposed, since his departure the town authorities had taken some precautions, nerved perhaps by renewed warnings of Drake sent out by the governor of Panama. At least they had evidently set up a watch "for their security," probably, he surmised, at the cost of the "rich Gruffe Pezoro." While the Genoese was thus explaining, the wind, which until now had been easterly, suddenly veered to the westward, inviting Drake's band to return again to their own haven. In their simple faith, taking this shift of the wind as a sign from heaven that "it was not God's will that we should enter at this time," they now abandoned the enterprise, and parting with the Genoese, returned accordingly with only the little gold taken from his ship.

Oxenham, with the "Bear," had better luck. He brought in a fine prize. She was a frigate laden with "great store of *Maiz* [maize], twenty eight fat Hogs, and

two hundred Hennis." She had been taken with a crew of ten men, all of whom Oxenham had set ashore. She was so staunch a craft—"new, strong and of good mould,"—that Drake decided to transform her into a man-of-war and add her to his fleet. Therefore, after her cargo was discharged, she was tallowed, equipped with guns from the "Pascha," and otherwise fully provided. No formal name was given her, she was simply called "Our Frigate." The work upon her was hastened, since it had been heard from the "Spaniards last taken," probably Oxenham's captures, that two little galleys were building in Nombre-de-Dios, but not yet both launched, to waft, or tow, the "*Chagro* [Chagres River] Fleete to and fro," and accordingly Drake "purposed now to adventure for that Fleete." All was in readiness for this venture by Easter Day [March 20], and to hearten the company for it Drake that day "feasted" them all "with great cheere and cheerefulness."

The next morning he was off with a picked crew in the new "Our Frigate" and the "Bear," sails set for the Catives. Here two days after a landing was made. They had been ashore but a little while when a sail was sighted to the westward, making, as it seemed, for the island. Drake immediately set sail with the "Our Frigate" and plied toward the stranger. As he neared her she bore with his ship. It was seen that she was no Spaniard. As she came up she "shot off her Lee Ordnance" in "token of amity." Drake responded with a similar salute.

The stranger was found to be a Huguenot privateer. "We understood," says the narrator, "that he was Tetu, a French Capitaine of New-haven [Havre], a Manne of Warre as we were." He is supposed to have been Le Testu, a Huguenot captain of distinction: possibly identical, some of the historians say, with Guillaume Le Testu, of *Françoise de Grâce*, a famous pilot who in 1555 made an atlas which he dedicated to Coligny, admiral of France and the Huguenot leader. He was in distress and at their meeting pleaded relief from Drake. Casting "abroad his hands" he "prayed our Capitaine to helpe him to some water, for that he had nothing but Wine and Cider aboard him which had brought his Men into great sicknesse." He had sought Drake, he said, ever since he had heard of his being on this coast, which was some five weeks back. And when he discerned the frigate coming toward him he felt satisfied that it was Drake's and a friend.

Drake gave him temporary relief and invited him to follow to port where he should have all he needed of both water and victuals. When at the island the two ships had come to anchor more civilities passed between the two captains, with exchange of gifts. The Frenchman, in token of his gratitude for the help so generously extended, presented the Englishman with a case of pistols and a "fairre guilt cymeter." Drake "requited" the Frenchman with a "Chaine of Gold and a Tablet which he wore." Both gifts were rare. The scimitar was an historic weapon. It "had been the late Kings of France, whom Monsieur Montgomery hurt in the eye,

and was given him by Monsieur Strosse," the narrator informs us. The "late King" was Henry II of France. The "Mongomery" was Gabriel Montgomery, captain of Henry's Scottish guards who accidentally gave the king his mortal wound in a tournament on a June day of 1559. The "Monsieur Strosse," Leon Strozzi, a famous mercenary general of banditti. Captain Testu, or Têtu, as the English called him, is said to have received the sword as a gift from the admiral Coligny who had it from Strozzi. The gold chain supporting a tablet was one of Drake's prized ornaments. The tablet was of enamel.

Now the men of the two companies, English and French, fraternised, while the principals listened to and discussed the European news which Captain Têtu brought. He had been in France at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and he told of that awful tragedy. He told, too, of "the King of Navarres marriage on St. Bartholomew's day last; of the Admirall of France [Coligny] slaine in his Chamber: and divers other Murthers." All of which led this Huguenot sadly to consider "those Frenchmen the happiest that were farthest from France." His budget of news exhausted, the French captain turned to matters of present concern. Remarking, flatteringly, with true French cleverness, "what famous and often [frequent] reports he had heard of our great riches," he would ask of Drake how he might likewise "compasse" his own voyage. Could they not unite forces in some adventure?

Thereupon Drake and his chief men consulted

among themselves. With all the Frenchman's courtesy and generous action, they yet held him in "some jealousy and distrust." They "considered more the strength he had then [than] the good will he might beare" them. He was a corsair in the same business as themselves, you see, and they must ever be on their guard. He had a company of seventy men, while theirs now numbered but thirty-one. His ship was above seventy tons, while their frigate was "not past twenty," and their pinnace "nothing neer ten tun." Still they might risk a limited partnership with him, and this, too, in the new venture on the Panama road. They would take him, with twenty of his men, into this enterprise for "halves"—an equal division of the plunder, notwithstanding his preponderance in men and tonnage. This Drake regarded "proportionable in consideration that not number of Men, but quality of their judgments and knowledge were to be the principall actors herein." With the small force of Frenchmen taken along they need have no fear of being overpowered. A further and a strong argument for the partnership was this: that with their reduced numbers in available men the raid would really be difficult to achieve, while such help as the partnership would bring would seem to assure its success. The Frenchman's militant Protestantism may also have inclined Drake to union with him. So the bargain was struck. The Cimaroons were sent for, and two of them brought aboard the ships to give Captain Têtu assurance of their agreement with Drake.

It so happened that with the effecting of this partnership the time had become ripe for the raid. At the inception of the project Drake had fixed as the rendezvous for the land journey the Rio Francisco, the little river that drops into the sea some four leagues to the west of Nombre-de-Dios. The bold captain had determined this time to make his dash close up to Nombre-de-Dios, where he would be least expected. Accordingly the word was given to make ready for the departure to this point. First, however, the Frenchmen must be refreshed. So they were sailed eastward to Drake's nearest "magazines," still well stocked, and here were "comforted in such sort as they protested they were beholden to us for all their lives." Five or six days were occupied in this business, and in the preparations of Drake's men for the journey. Then the French ship was taken with the "Bear" to Fort Diego, and the start was made.

The force that Drake assembled for this enterprise comprised sixteen men of his company and his Cimaroons, and Captain Têtu, with his twenty picked men. These embarked in the frigate and two pinnaces. The other pinnacle of the original three, the "Lion," by the way, had been sunk by Drake's orders shortly after the return from the first land raid, because he had not men sufficient to man her. The "Francisco" being too shallow for the frigate, she was left at the Cabezas manned with a mixed crew of English and French under Robert Double of the English company. Double was charged by Drake to stay fast there, attempting no

chase for prizes, till the return of the pinnaces. Arrived in the "Francisco," the landing was made a few miles up-stream. Drake's last charge to the masters of the pinnaces, which were now to go in hiding at the Cabezas, was to be back here to receive the band upon their return "the fourth day next following without any faile."

The march before the raiders was no such fatiguing tramp as the previous one. It was through the trackless forest, as then, but not much above twenty-one miles to the point where the ambush on the road-side was this time to be made. It was again a stealthy march, under the same guidance of the ever alert Cimaroons. "Knowing," says the narrator, "that the Carriages [mule teams] went now daily from *Panama* to *Nombre de Dios*, we proceeded in covert through the Woods towards the High-way that leadeth betweene them. . . . We marched as in our former journey to *Panama* both for order and silence, to the great wonder of the *French* Captaine and Company." When they were come within an English mile of the road, a little south of *Nombre-de-Dios*, they bivouacked for the night on a piece of rising ground. Here they refreshed themselves "in great stillnesse." From *Nombre-de-Dios* below them they could hear the sound of many carpenters, working upon the treasure-ships in the harbour, "as they usually doe by reason of the great heat of the day." All the night through they listened to catch the first notes of the bells of the *recuas* coming from *Panama*, which could be heard a long distance off on the still air.

The welcome sounds came not till dawn. First the distant tinkling was heard far down the Panama road. Then the clang of many bells: loud—louder. Over the ringing music the Cimaroons were especially joyful. "Now they assured us we should have more Gold and Silver than [than] all of us could beare away." As the raiders gazed down from their cover, soon were seen winding along the road and up the slope three royal *recuas*. One was of fifty mules, the other two of seventy each. "Every [one] of which," as was afterward learned, "caryed three hundred pound waight of Silver, which in all amounted to neer thirty Tun." The three were guarded by "forty five Souldiers or thereabouts, fifteene to each *Reco*." Creeping silently toward the road-side the raiders formed in ambush for action. As the *recuas* approached, the watchers took note of "what Mettall [metal]" they were made. Now, their deep-toned bells jingling merrily, they were trotting abreast the ambush.

Instantly Drake's signal was given. The tactics of the previous raid were repeated. The foremost and the hindmost mules of the leading string were seized by their heads simultaneously. With their abrupt halt "all the rest stayed and lay down as their manner is." The guards were taken completely by surprise. They quickly rallied, however, and showed fight. A brisk "exchange of Bullets and Arrowes" followed. By the Spaniards' first fire, Captain Têtu was "sore wounded," and a Cimaron killed. The skirmish was brief, with the guards routed. "In the end these Soul-

diers thought it the best way to leave their Moyles with us and to seeke for more helpe abroad." They hastened for this aid, probably to Nombre-de-Dios. The raiders pounced upon the spoil. As the Cimaroons had predicted, there was far more plunder than they could carry off. They first "eased" the mules that were heaviest loaded. "Being weary" they were "content with a few bars and quoits of Gold" that they "could well carry." The silver they buried to recover later. Thus were hidden "partly in the Boroughs which the great Land-crabs had made in the earth, and partly under old trees which are fallen thereabouts, and partly in the Sand and Gravell of a River not very deepe of water," some fifteen tons of the white metal. Their "business" occupied some two hours. Then they left, for a forced march back the way they had come. The gold that they carried must have been considerably more than "a few bars and quoits." At any rate, each man was so heavily burdened that the march was laborious.

They had barely got away when they heard "both Horse and Foot coming, as it seemed, to the Moyles." But these soldiers did not follow them after they had once entered the woods. Their freedom from pursuit, no doubt, was due to the Spanish soldiery's reluctance to encounter the Cimaroons in the thickets. Very soon the wounded French captain dropped out of the line. He had been shot in the stomach, and was too weak to keep the pace. He would not delay the march, but would remain in the woods awhile with

two of his men, "in hope that some rest would recover his better strength." He was left most reluctantly, and with the earnest hope that he would shortly be able to follow the trail, which, presumably, would be marked for him. Six miles farther along the Frenchmen of the band suddenly reported one of their number missing. Inquiry disclosed that the mercurial fellow had "drunke much wine," and overloaded himself with pillage, and, impatient to be off, had gone ahead of the band. He had evidently lost his way in the woods.

Rio Francisco was reached without further mishap in the afternoon of the next day. But the expected pinnaces were not here! Instead, looking out to sea, the band were startled by the sight of a flotilla of seven Spanish shallops, making for the coast and from the direction of the Cabezas. At this they "mightily suspected" that these Spaniards had taken or spoiled their pinnaces. Possibly, however, the boats might have been delayed by bad weather. The previous night there had been a heavy rain-storm, with much westerly wind. Had they followed Drake's order and set forth overnight while the wind served they would have arrived. But at the rendezvous they may have been taken. For somehow Drake learned that this very day at noon the Spanish shallops, "mand out of purpose from *Nombre de Dios*," had been at this place, "imagining" where his band would strike the sea after they had intercepted the treasure. In the event of their capture here the pinnaces' crews might have been compelled by torture by their captors to confess where

the frigate and other ships were. If this were so, the position of the raiders was indeed alarming. Murmurs arose and lamentations, mixed, perhaps, on the part of some, with complaints of their leader. If all means of return were cut off, their loads of treasure "served them to small purpose."

But the quick-witted captain rose gallantly to this emergency. With brave words and shrewd reasoning he "comforted and encouraged" the murmurers. All was by no means lost. It was "no time now to feare but rather to haste to prevent that which was feared." If the enemy had prevailed against their pinnaces, "which God forbid!" yet the captors must have "time to search them, time to examine the Mariners, time to execute their resolution after it is determined": and "before all these times be taken" they, the band, might get to their ships if they would. Then pointing to the swollen river and floating trees cast down by the previous night's storm, he spiritedly proposed, "Let us make a raft with the trees that are here in readinesse, as offring themselves being brought downe the River, happily, this last storme, and put ourselves to Sea. I will be one, who will be the other?"

Straightway up spoke one John Smith of the Englishmen. He would be the other. Next two of the Frenchmen, saying that they could swim very well, volunteered. So, too, a Cimaron. He had been one of a number of his fellows who had earnestly urged Drake to march by land though it were sixteen days' journey to a point whence the ships might be reached, and in case the

ships really had been surprised to abide with the Cima-rooms always. And Pedro, the chief, offered. But he could not be taken because he could not row.

Now the log raft was speedily "fitted and bound"; a biscuit sack was utilised for a sail; the stem of a tree for a mast; and an oar was shaped from a young tree to serve instead of a rudder in directing the course of the rude craft against the wind. So soon as it was finished Drake and his volunteers—Smith and the two Frenchmen—embarked: And as they pushed off Drake comforted the forlorn band left behind with his solemn promise: that "*If it pleased God he should put his foot in safety aboard his Frigate, he would, God willing, by one meanes or other, get them all aboard, in despite of all the Spaniards in the Indies.*"

"In this manner putting off to the Sea," the narrator continues the story, "he sayled some three leagues, sitting up to the waste [waist] continually in water, and at every surge of the waves to his armpits, for the space of six houres, upon this Raft. What with the parching of the Sunne, and what with the beating of the Salt water, they had all of them their skins much fretted away.

"At length God gave them the sight of two Pinnaces turning towards them with much wind, but with farre greater joy to him [Drake] that could easily conjecture, and did cheerfully declare to those three with him, that they were our Pinnaces, and that all was safe, so that there was [now] no cause of feare. But, see! The Pinnaces not seeing this Raft, nor suspecting any such

matter, by reason of the wind and night growing on were forced to run into a cover behind the point [headland] to take succour [shelter] for that night. Which our Captaine seeing, and gathering, because they came not forth againe, that they would Anchor there, put his Raft a shoare [windward of them, on the other side], and ran by land about the point, where he found them: who upon sight of him made as much haste as they could to take him and his Company aboard."

It was Drake's intention to scare them: or "to try what haste they could and would make in extremity." So he had appeared running around the point, with the other three at his heels, "as if they had been chased by the Enemy." And this was precisely what the startled men in the pinnaces thought when he broke upon them "because they saw so few with him" and these in a miserable plight. Drake, too, was evidently angry with them for their failure to keep the appointment as he had charged. When he and his companions were taken aboard and asked "how all his Company did? he answered coldly, well." The inquirers doubted that "all went scarce well." But nothing further was got from him probably till after their explanation of their delay. This explanation the narrator doesn't give, but it must have been satisfactory, for, "willing to rid all doubt and fill them with joy," he finally "took out of his bosome a Quoit of Gold, thanking God our Voyage was made." To the Frenchmen who were among the crews he told the fate of their captain, left behind "sore wounded" with his two men. But this he assured them

“should be no hindrance to them,” referring to the agreed upon division of the plunder.

After nightfall, despite the entreaties of his men to rest awhile longer after the hardships of the raft voyage, he was off rowing to Rio Francisco to relieve the waiting band there with the least possible delay. Arriving safely, “he tooke the rest in, and the Treasure which we had brought with us: making such expedition that by dáwning of the day we set sayle back again to Our Frigate, and from thence directly to our Ships.” As so soon as these were attained, Drake assembled both companies and “divided by weight the Gold and Silver into two even portions betweene the *French* and the *English*.” Thus settlement was made as had been agreed and this partnership dissolved.

The French captain, however, was not abandoned without further search. After taking out of the “Pascha” all such necessaries as were needed for “Our Frigate,” and giving the “Pascha” a present to the Spanish prisoners who had been detained all this time, Fort Diego was left, and together with the French ship Drake’s little squadron rode some days among the Cabezas. In the meantime Drake has made a “secret composition” with the Cimaroons for another “voyage” or expedition, to “get intelligence in what case the countrey stood, and, if might be, recover Monsieur Têtu, the French Captaine: at leastwise to bring away” the buried silver. For this expedition twelve of the English and sixteen Cimaroons were to be drawn. John Oxenham and Thomas Sherwell were assigned to lead this

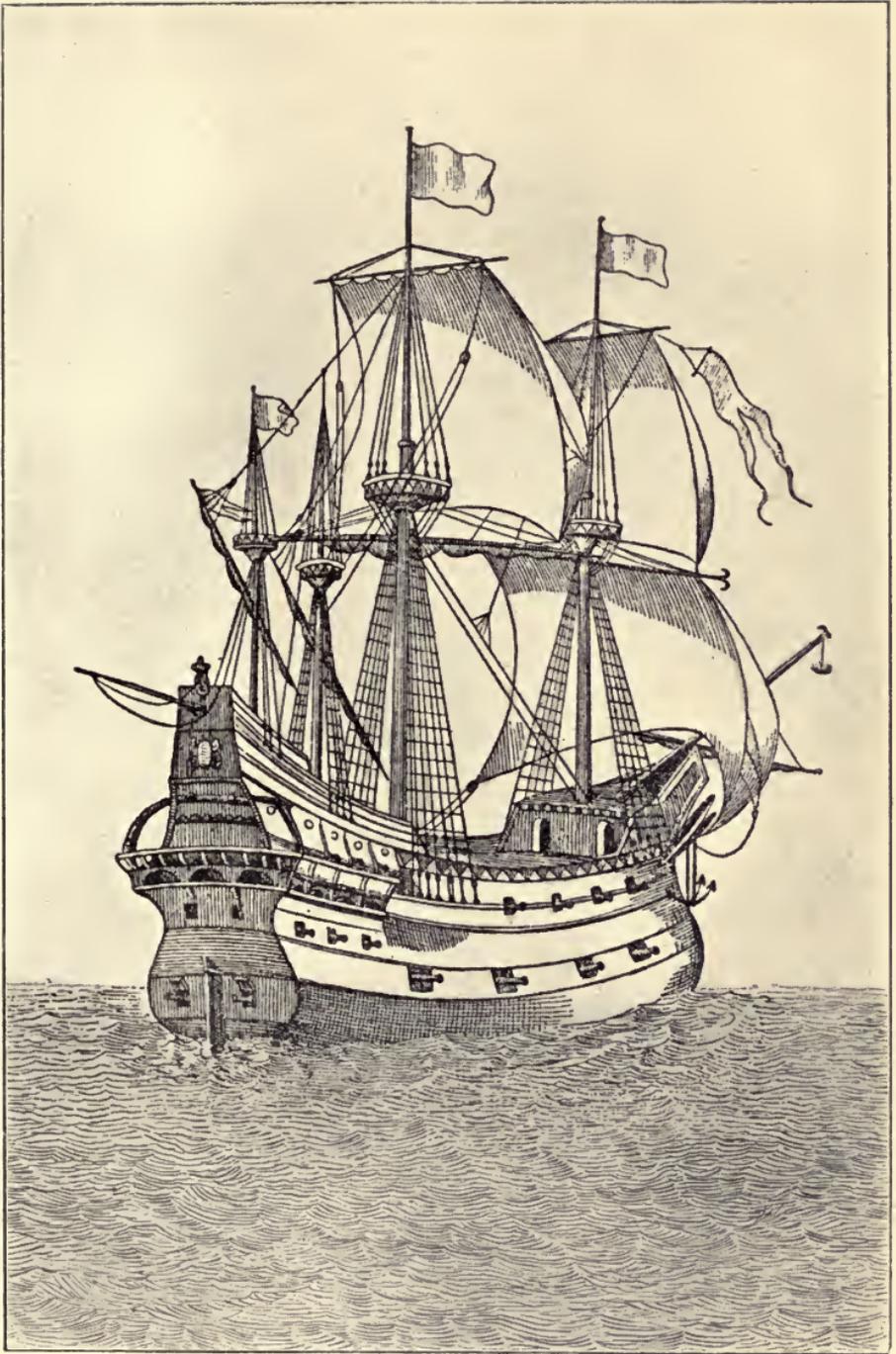
band, the company not willing to suffer Drake to adventure again in that direction at this time. Drake, however, insisted upon rowing with the party to set them ashore at Rio Francisco. And he was repaid for so doing. For at Rio Francisco appeared one of the two men who had been left with the wounded French captain. Coming toward the pinnace and seeing Drake the poor fellow "fell down on his knees, blessing God for the time that ever our Captaine was borne, who now beyond all his hope, was become his deliverer."

His story was soon told. Within an hour after the band had left them in the woods some Spaniards had "over gotten" them and taken Captain Têtu and his other man. He himself only escaped by flight, having cast away all his precious load, among the rest a box of jewels, that he might "flye the swifter from the Pursuers." The other fellow might have escaped likewise, had he relieved himself of his pillage and "laid aside his covetous mind": but instead, he took up what the other had thrown down and thus extra "burdened himselfe so sore that he could make no speed." The escaped Frenchman also gave depressing information about the hidden silver. He believed it all gone: for he "thought there had been neere two thousand Spaniards and Negroes there to dig and search for it."

Notwithstanding this report the expedition went forward as planned. The locality of the hidden treasure was reached without encountering the enemy. A glance showed the correctness of the Frenchman's surmise. "The Earth every way a mile distant had beene digged

and turned up in every place of any likelihood to have anything hidden in it." The hiding-places had been in a general way discovered to the Spaniards by that other Frenchman—the fellow intoxicated with wine and overloaded with loot who had lost himself in the woods on the return march. He had soon after been caught by the Spanish soldiers, and, under torture, had disclosed the secret. Yet with all their "narrow search" the Spaniards did not get all of the buried metal. Out of the lot the Englishmen with their Cimaroons recovered "thirteen bars of Silver and some few Quoits of Gold." With this they got back to Rio Francisco, the third day after their departure, "safe and cheerfull." And "presently" they were "embarqued without empeachment [hinderance], repairing with no lesse speed then [than] joy to our Frigate."

At last the voyage had been "made." Its object had been in the main attained. Therefore "now was it high time to thinke of homewards." For a comfortable passage back to England with their various plunder the company should have another ship. So before completing their preparations for departure Drake concluded to seek another suitable prize. He would visit the Magdalena once again for this purpose. The French company had left with their ship as soon as they had received their share of the loot from the Panama raid, anxious to return to France. Drake was as glad to "dismisse them as they were to be dismissed," for they embarassed him. He foresaw that they could not avoid the danger of capture by the Spaniards if a man-of-war



SPANISH GALLEON.



made for them while they lingered on the coast. But they were met again on Drake's way to the Magdalena, and were "very loath to leave" his company. Accordingly they accompanied him "very kindly as far as Saint *Barnards*." Farther, however, they "durst not venture so great danger." For word had been received that the treasure fleet were ready to set sail for Spain, and were now "riding at the entry of *Cartagena*." This was enough to send the Frenchmen off for good: and they are heard of no more in our narrator's story.

Drake proceeded on his way, and defied the Spanish fleet and the Cartagenans with a bravado that must have amazed them. He passed "hard by" the city "in the sight of all the Fleet, with a Flag of Saint *George* in the maintop of Our Frigate [the frigate, remember, that had been taken from the Spanish], with silke Streamers and Ancients downe to the water, sayling forward with a large wind."

When he had come to within two leagues of the river night had fallen, and to avoid overshooting it in the darkness, he "lay off and on bearing small sayle," to await the dawn. At about midnight the wind veered to the eastward, and by two o'clock in the morning a Spanish frigate from the river passed hard by him, bearing also but small sail. He "saluted" her with shot and arrows. She replied with "Bases." He responded by boarding her. Her crew were speedily "content against their wils to depart a shoar" leaving the ship in his hands. She was a frigate of twenty-five tons, and was laden with maize, hens, hogs, and some

honey. Drake decided that she would answer his purpose, and he need not look further. So after daylight he hastened off with her to the Cabezas. Here, as soon as she was at anchor she was unladen and then careened. At the same time the other frigate was also new tallowed. A busy fortnight followed in trimming and rigging the two frigates; boarding and stowing provisions; breaking up and burning the pinnaces that the Cimaroons might have their iron work. Then came the rewarding of the faithful and devoted Cimaroons.

A day or two before all was in readiness for the departure, Drake "willed" Pedro and three of the chiefest Cimaroons to go through the two frigates and see what they would like, promising to give "it them whatsoever it were, so it were not so necessary that he could not returne into England without it." He himself would select from his stock some silks or linen that might gratify their wives, as presents for them. While he was overhauling his trunks for the gayest pieces, the handsome scimitar, which the lost French captain had presented him, chanced to be brought out in Pedro's sight, and Pedro straightway coveted it. He preferred it "before all that could be given him." But sure that Drake must highly esteem it, he dared not "himself open his mouth to crave or commend it." Instead, he bargained with a go-between. This was one Francis Tucker. Him he promised a fine quoit of gold if he "would but move" the captain for it: and besides he would give the captain in exchange four other quois

of gold which he had hidden. Tucker duly "moved" the captain and told of Pedro's offer. Drake was most reluctant to part with the weapon in view of the circumstances under which he had received it, and the tragic loss of the giver. Yet he was desirous to content Pedro, who had "deserved so well." And finally he handed the precious thing over to him "with many good words." As for Pedro, his joy was unbounded. Even "if he should give his Wife and Children, which he loved dearly, in lieu [lieu] of it," he affirmed, "he could not sufficiently recompence it. For he would present his King with it, who he knew would make him a great Man even for this very Gifts sake." He pressed his four pieces of gold upon the captain, not as adequate payment, but as a "token of his thankfulness to him and a pawne of his faithfulness during life." Drake so accepted it "in most kinde sort." He would not, however, retain the gold for himself. It should be "cast into the whole Adventure": that is, added to the proceeds to be shared by his partners or investors in the enterprise. Thus was exhibited his disposition, which marked all his actions, scrupulously to deal fair with his associates in his undertakings.

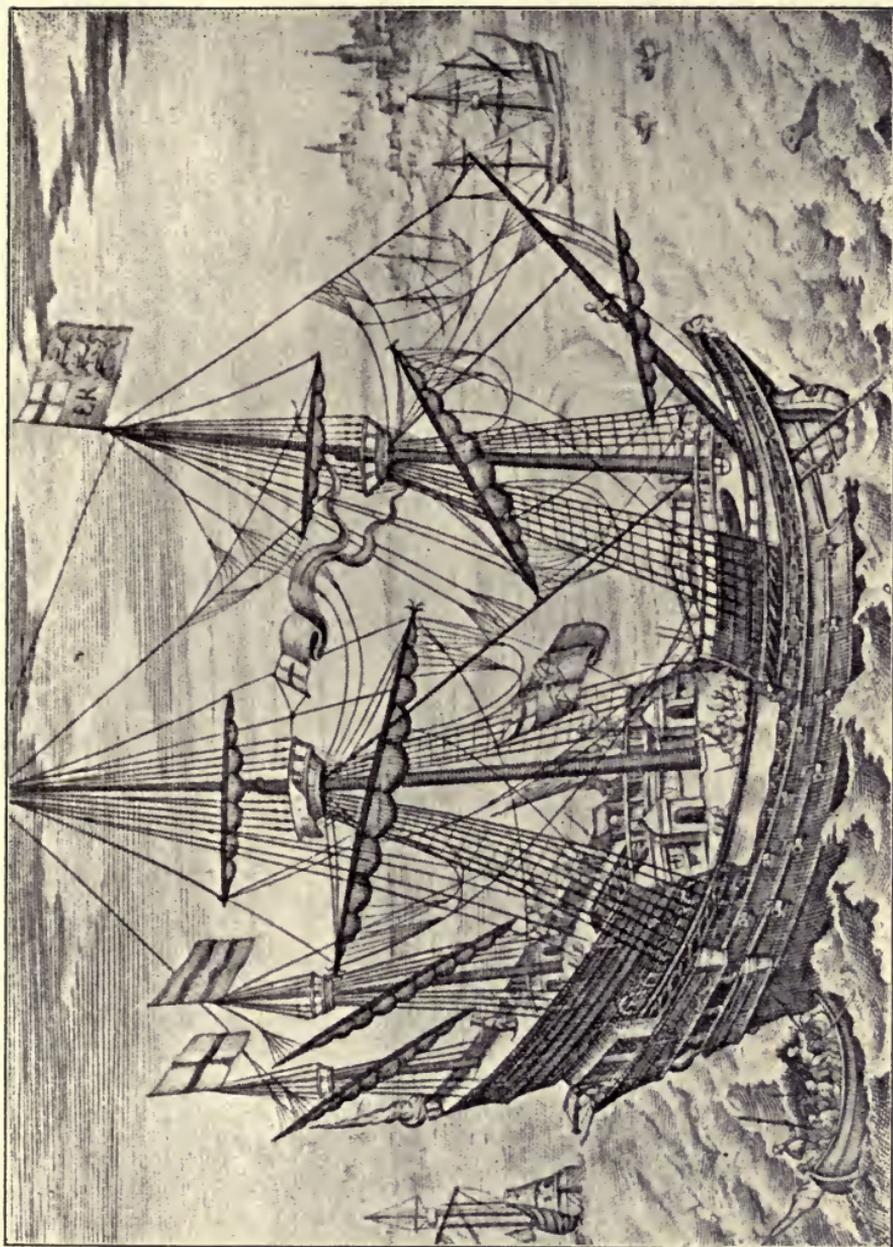
With the remark that "with good love and liking we tooke our leave of that People," the narrator dismisses the Cimaroons from the story. They were not to be met again.

The homeward run was rapidly made when the voyagers were once on the broad Atlantic. Before the Indies were fairly left, one more Spanish prize was

taken. They had passed "Cape Saint Anthony" (Cape St. Antonio), "with a large winde," when "presently being to stand for th' *Havana*," they were "faine to ply to the windward for some three or foure dayes." And in this plying they came upon and captured a small bark. The prize was laden with two or three hundred hides, and "one most necessary thing" which stood them "in great stead." This was a pump, and they set it in their principal frigate. The bark being found not fit for their service, she was given back to her crew. At Cape St. Antonio, to which they returned, they refreshed themselves a bit, meanwhile taking "great store" of turtles' eggs by day and quantities of the turtles by night. Some of the turtles they "powdred [salted] and dryed" for a relish on the farther voyage.

From Cape St. Antonio the "directest and speediest" course was taken for home. It was Drake's intention to touch at Newfoundland for fresh water. But this was not necessary. For "God Almighty so provided for us by giving us good store of Raine water, that we were sufficiently furnished." So fast did they sail that within twenty-three days they had passed "from the Cape of Florida to the Iles of Silley [Scilly]." At the same speed they winged on to Plymouth, and there finally arrived on a midsummer Sunday, August 9 (1573), at about "Sermon-time," to the astonishment of the town.

"At what time," the narrator records, "the newes of our Captaines return brought unto his [blank] [per-



AN ELIZABETHAN GREAT SHIP OR GALLEON.



haps relatives or friends in Plymouth], did so speedily passe over all the Church, and surpasse their minds with desire and delight to see him, that very few or none remained with the Preacher, all hastning to see the evidence of Gods love and blessing towards our Gracious Queene and Country, by the fruit of our Captaines labour and successe.

*Soli Deo Gloria.*”

How great was the value of the plunder which Drake brought home was never known. The amount is variously stated by his contemporaries and the biographers. The antiquary Camden says it was “a pretty store of money.” Others put the total at from forty to fifty thousand pounds. It comprised gold, silver, uncut jewels, and some merchandise. A considerable amount must have been taken from the many prizes captured. While these were, for the most part, provision-ships plying along the Spanish Main, not a few of them carried precious metals and rich merchandise. Of these prizes the narrator remarks: “There were at this time belonging to *Carthagene*, *Nombre de Dios*, *Rio grand*, *Santa Martha*, *Rio de Hacha*, *Venta Cruz*, *Veragua*, *Nicaragua*, the *Henduras* [Honduras], *Iamaica*, &c., above two hundred Frigates, some of one hundred twenty Tunnes, other but of ten or twelve Tun, but the most of thirty or forty Tun, which all had entercourse between *Carthagene* and *Nombre de Dios*, the most of which during our aboard in those parts we tooke and some of them twice or thrice each.” Among them

were a number newly built at Havana under the direction of Pedro Menendez de Avilés, stanch ships and fast sailers. The two in which Drake and his company came home were of this class.

Piratical as this amazing voyage was, it was not all bad, as we view it with our enlightened twentieth-century eyes. Drake's treatment of his prizes and his prisoners was chivalrous. Of all the prizes taken, the narrator tells us, none was burnt or sunk "unlesse they were made out Men of Warre against us, or laid as stals to entrap us." While "of all the men taken in these several Vessels we never offred any kind of violence to any after they were once come under our power, but either presently dismissed them in safety, or keeping them with us some longer time (as some of them we did), we alwayes provided for their sustenance as for our selves, & secured them from the rage of the *Symerons* against them, till at last the danger of their discovering where our Ships lay being overpast (for which onely cause we kept them prisoners), we set them also free."

Immediately after his return to Plymouth Drake disappears from public view. He is next heard of in Ireland.

## XVI

### IN IRELAND

**D**RAKE'S return was at an inopportune moment for Queen Elizabeth's government. Instead of open war with Spain which seemed so imminent when he sailed some fourteen months before, the governments were now in the midst of negotiations for peace. These negotiations, moreover, had reached, or were reaching, a critical stage. Drake's reappearance upon the scene, with fresh spoil from Spanish-America, therefore, could only embarrass the English negotiators. Philip of Spain had been stirred by the reports that had come oversea of Drake's audacious exploits on this amazing voyage. His plunderings must be added to Spain's account against England. His arrest and punishment as a pirate might be demanded, while his booty, if found, would have to be disgorged. His action would be called piracy on the ground that he had no commission to seek reprisal on his own account. Under the easy law of nations at that time, as the naval historian Corbett shows, a subject of one country wronged by subjects of another was entitled to reprisal: but before he could himself

put his remedy of special reprisal into force, he must obtain a commission from his own prince or government, and this would be granted only after he had applied to his government for redress and redress had not been forthcoming. Drake had made these several moves, but it was doubtful whether he really possessed the necessary commission. If it had been given him it would be impolitic at this time for the government to acknowledge it. At all events, both his arrest and the surrender of his plunder would be awkward to several persons high in authority who were among his open or secret partners. Yet to refuse a demand for his punishment would bring the peace negotiations to a deadlock.

So Drake, at a hint probably from his friends about the court, at once disappeared, while his plunder was put out of sight. His hiding-place was in Ireland. It is believed to have been in the secluded recesses of the harbour of Queenstown, then the Cove of Cork, a noted haunt of pirates and rovers in Tudor times. A little land-locked creek in the town of Crosshaven, Munster, on the Carrigaline River, which makes into the river Lee and so reaches this harbour, is identified by Corbett as the spot. It still bears the name of "Drake's Pool," which name has come down from Elizabeth's day, derived from its occupation at some time by Francis Drake. Historians or legends differ, it is true, as to the time and also as to the occasion of Drake's being here. The historian of Munster fixes the date, according to a legend, in 1589, more than a decade

later than the time of this hiding. The legend tells of a hot pursuit of Drake by Spanish ships into the Cove of Cork and his escape into these recesses, then dropping from sight so suddenly that the astonished Spaniards attributed it to "nothing less than magic." But Corbett brings forward another tradition, perhaps a forerunner of the local historian's, which appears well to sustain his identification of the "Pool" as the earlier hiding-place. This tradition has it that here Drake used to lie hid and thence pounce upon Spanish ships passing off the harbour. Among other evidence that the term "used" has reference to the time of this hiding, is a record in Spanish state papers which Corbett finds. This record is that Drake after his return from the 1572-73 voyage "kept the seas till he had obtained his pardon." In other words, and more correctly, till his friends had smoothed things over in his behalf so that he might safely reappear from hiding.

While his lair, then, was in "Drake's Pool" our captain was ever busy. He had no patience with idleness or inaction. He is supposed to have taken a hand with other sea-rovers in guarding the Irish coast against a threatened Spanish attempt to open negotiations with the Irish malcontents and secure ports in Ireland. That was in 1574. To head off the English, Norman, and Low Country rovers issuing from the English Channel, and to protect the Spanish Flanders trade, Spain that year was purposing to seize Scilly and establish a naval base there. A fleet of little swift sailing sea-boats on that station were in the spring season

to cruise about the mouth of the channel. Thus in conjunction with a fleet of pinnaces the corsairs were to be prevented from getting into the Atlantic. Through a union with the Irish "rebels" possession might also be taken of various Irish ports. Of this business Pedro Menendez was the master-spirit. He had returned to Spain that year with the West India fleet, bringing home the report of the "increasing activity of the English rovers" in Spanish-America, "with Drake's exploits at their head." Menendez's first step, according to Corbett, was to send an officer to the Irish coast to reconnoitre and open communication with the "rebels." This officer apparently performed only the first part of his mission, for his report was that he encountered a number of English "pirates" who had been ordered thither by the queen. Early in September an epidemic broke out in Menendez's fleet, and before it was possible for him to sail he himself was attacked with the scourge and died. He was Spain's greatest captain, and with his death this scheme failed.

Subsequently, Drake joined Walter Devereaux, Earl of Essex, in the latter's campaign in Ireland. Essex had been given a concession, or patent as it was termed, by Queen Elizabeth for the pacification of the district of Clandeboyne in the rebellious province of Ulster. His forces comprised volunteer adventurers raised by himself, knights, gentlemen, soldiers, who were to be rewarded by grants of land. Drake is said to have made his acquaintance before sailing on the 1572-73 voyage; and from the fact that Essex's departure for

Ireland was only a few days after Drake's return to Plymouth it has been assumed by the earlier biographies that Drake joined him at that time. This is the statement of the generally accurate antiquary Stow. "Immediately after his return from the Indies," Stow says, "he furnished at his own expense three frigates with men and munitions and served voluntarily in Ireland under Walter, Earl of Essex, where he did excellent service both by land and sea at the winning of divers strong forts." Corbett, however, on evidence not accessible to Stow, shows that this service did not begin till the spring of 1575, when the accounts between England and Spain had been adjusted without bringing in Drake's plunderings as a set-off by Spain against the English claims, and Drake could safely come out again in the open. It is Drake's own statement that his employment by Essex was due to a letter of recommendation from Hawkins.

Drake did contribute to Essex's force three "frigates" equipped and manned, as Stow said. They included probably the Spanish prizes in which he had returned. He may also have invested some of his newly gained wealth in the venture. He appears as captain of one of the frigates—the "Falcon." The part he took, Corbett tells us, was in supporting the flying columns that raided the wretched Irish, and in actions with Scottish filibusters who infested the coast. His three frigates were engaged in the assault upon the isle of Rathlin off the coast of Antrim, in the summer of 1575, when several hundred refugees, with their

guard, were slaughtered every one. This was the awful, culminating act of Essex's campaign of bloody deeds. On this little island the Scottish filibusters and the Irish chiefs acting with them had placed their women and children for safety, under the guard of a small garrison of Scots quartered in a castle. The assault was made by cruel John Norreys (whom we shall meet again with Drake fifteen years later), leading the land force, and Drake in command of the ships. The first attempt upon the castle was valorously repulsed. But at the second, when the attacking party had got two guns ashore and in position, the guard surrendered. Then followed the awful massacre. As the inmates of the castle marched out two hundred of "all sorts," men, women, little children, were ruthlessly slain. Others had taken refuge in caves and in the cliffs by the sea. These were hunted down and as found were slaughtered, some three or four hundred of them, till not a soul was left alive. Meanwhile on the water eleven Scottish galleys were burned. Drake apparently had no part in the wicked butchery ashore. While it was going on he was busied with his frigates in capturing and burning the galleys. Yet his mere association with such a dastardly affair, the destruction of harmless refugees, would condemn him alike with Essex who planned it and Norreys who executed it, in our enlightened days. But here again we must consider the era and its standards. Essex, the fastidious knight-errant, reported the shameful performance in an exultant despatch to his queen, and Elizabeth returned

her unqualified thanks. Essex's campaign closed, unsuccessful throughout, at the end of this year, 1575. Then he returned to England, and probably Drake went back with him.

Now Drake was full of the scheme for the most daring venture he had yet conceived. This was the project to sail the Pacific, the first of all mariners in an English ship, that so constantly had "pricked his mind" from the moment he had sight of the shining waters of that sea from the Great Tree top on the Isthmus of Panama. He had developed the plan while in Ireland.

And there, while in Essex's service, he had taken into his confidence a new-found friend who seemed able to help his scheme at court. This new friend was a gentleman soldier of Essex's company, who apparently had somewhat intimate relations with men and affairs about the court. This had been shown by his employment by Essex in at least one confidential mission to court. Essex had been thwarted in his Irish campaign by some enemy in England and this mission was to discover who that enemy was. The secret commissioner had reported that the enemy was no other than Essex's supposed close friend the Earl of Leicester, and to bolster his assertion had recounted Leicester's alleged sayings and doings. The result was an open rupture between the two noblemen. Later Essex found that his commissioner had misled him with misrepresentations. So Essex wrote in a letter of apology to his old friend, and the quarrel was made up. Thereafter this gentle-

man soldier was actually in disgrace with Essex, but this Drake did not then know. The man was one Thomas Doughty: a gentleman of engaging personality, somewhat of a courtier, cultivated in mind and manners, but a wily intriguer as after events proved. He was to be associated with Drake as his most trusted friend, his only confidant in all the secret preparations for the great voyage: he was to abuse Drake's confidence, intrigue against him, and ultimately, during the voyage, was to be the central figure in what has been truly called one of the most dramatic tragedies in history; and for the part that Drake took the great captain has been harshly criticised by some of the historians and condemned by his enemies. All of this matter will appear in succeeding chapters.

Drake's plan, as he outlined it to Doughty in Ireland, was cleverly drawn to entice the support of the party about the court still hot for war with Spain despite the peace negotiations. It would involve a raid into the Pacific by way of the Straits of Magellan and an attack by sea upon Panama.

The two friends went back to England together, and were at once industriously and secretly at work perfecting the scheme. Drake carried from Ireland, or was afterward given, a flattering letter of introduction from Essex to Sir Francis Walsingham, the new Secretary of State and a leading spirit in the war party. Doughty, on his part, was to open Drake's way to Sir Christopher Hatton, then Captain of the Guard and Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, to whom Doughty later became

private secretary. The enterprise at length received official sanction mainly through the good offices of Walsingham, while Hatton's influence was effective. This was probably accomplished in the summer of 1577, after bewildering changes in Elizabeth's policy with alternate peaceful and warlike moves. It is supposed to have followed Drake's presentation of Essex's letter, and to have resulted from a succession of interviews with Walsingham and the queen. Of these interviews we have Drake's own account, afterward given, or rather a report of his account by one of the narrators of the voyage in part. Turned into modern English and spelling, this report, with an odd mixture of the first and third person here and there, runs thus:

“‘My Lord of Essex wrote in my commendation unto Secretary Walsingham more than I was worthy, but belike I had deserved somewhat at his hands, and he thought me in his letters to be a fit man to serve against the Spaniards for my practice and experience that I had in that trade.’ Whereupon, indeed, Secretary Walsingham did come to confer with him for that her Majesty had received divers injuries of the King of Spain, for the which she desired to have some revenge. ‘And withal he shewed me a plot [map], willing me to set my hand and to note down where I thought he [the Spanish King] might most be annoyed. But I told him some part of my mind, but refused to set my hand to anything, affirming that her Majesty was mortal, and that if it should please God to take her Majesty away it might be that some prince might reign that might

be in league with the King of Spain, and then will mine own hand be a witness against myself. Then was I very shortly after, and in an evening, sent for unto her Majesty by Secretary Walsingham, but came not to her Majesty that night for that it was late; but the next day coming to her presence, these, or the like words she said, "Drake, So it is that I would gladly be revenged on the King of Spain for divers injuries that I have received"; and said farther that he [Drake] was the only man that might do this exploit, and withal craved his advice therein. Who told her Majesty of the small good that was to be done in Spain, but the only way was to annoy him in the Indies."

Then it is presumed Drake unfolded the whole bold scheme, and the queen endorsed it with ardour. But it was a dangerous game and must be kept a close secret. "He said also," the reporter records, "that her Majesty did swear by her crown that if any within her realm did give the King of Spain hereof to understand (as she expected too [blank, ? well]), they should lose their heads therefor." And she particularly "gave me," Drake is elsewhere quoted by this same reporter, "special commandment that of all men my Lord Treasurer should not know it." This was William Cecil, Lord Burghley, who was most strenuous for peace and spoke of the war advocates as "comforters of pirates." The queen promised to subscribe a thousand crowns to the venture. And that this she did the reporter gives evidence: "Then with many more words he [Drake] shewed forth a bill of her Majesty's adventure of 1000

crowns which he said that sometime before her Majesty did give him towards his charge.”

So well was the secret kept that when the preparations were all completed, and the expedition was about to depart, the alert Spanish agent in England, De Guaras, reported to his home government that “Drake the pirate was to go to Scotland with some little vessels for the purpose of kidnapping the Prince of Scotland.” The real destination, too, was withheld from the men enlisted for the voyage. Only the few in Drake’s confidence knew that the aim was the dreaded Straits of Magellan and the Pacific.

Thus this momentous expedition set sail, on the fifteenth day of November, 1577: and again, like Drake’s previous venture for Nombre-de-Dios, in the height of a war fever.

## XVII

### CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE GLOBE

**I**T was a gallant fleet and a gallant crew that Drake assembled for this daring voyage into an untried sea. The squadron comprised five small ships equipped and officered as follows:

1. The "Pelican," afterward the "Golden Hind": admiral, or flag-ship. One hundred tons burden. Carrying eighteen guns. Captain-general, Francis Drake. Master, Thomas Cuttill.
2. The "Elizabeth": vice-admiral. Eighty tons. Sixteen guns. Captain, John Wynter. Master, William Markham.
3. The "Margold": a bark. Thirty tons. Sixteen guns. Captain, John Thomas. Master, Nicholas Anthony.
4. The "Swan": a fly-boat. Fifty tons. Five small guns. Captain, John Chester. Master, John Sarriold.
5. The "Benedict" (afterward exchanged for a Portuguese fisherman which was renamed the "Christopher"): a pinnace. Fifteen tons. One gun. Captain, Thomas Moone.

These were all fitted like regular ships of war. Along with their guns they were provided with an abundance of chain-shot, "wild-fire" or "fireworks,"

harquebuses, pistols, bows and arrows, and corselets for soldiers. Four pinnaces were carried in parts, as on the previous voyage, to be set up in smooth water as occasion served. The furnishings were also most complete, even elaborate. The flag-ship especially was provided with "rich furniture" and "divers shews of all sorts of curious workmanship." The vessels for the captain-general's table were all of pure silver, maybe articles that Drake had previously taken with his Spanish prizes. So, too, of silver were many of the utensils in the cook-room. "Expert musicians" were enlisted to play at formal dinners or on occasions of state. This display, the authorised narrative of the voyage would have us understand, Drake provided particularly that "the civility and magnificence of his native Country might amongst all the Nations whithersoever he should come, be the most admired." Some merchandise, trinkets, and baubles were taken on, for barter with or gifts to savage peoples who might be met on the voyage.

The company in their way were as notable as the ships. They were in all one hundred and sixty-four "able and sufficient men." The strength of the crews is set down at about one hundred and fifty. The others were gentlemen volunteers—gentlemen-at-arms—skilled artisans of various kinds, and two cartographers. Among the mariners and gentlemen were a number who had sailed with Drake before. First among the gentlemen, as Drake's nearest friend, was Thomas Doughty. Others were Doughty's younger brother, John Doughty;

Francis Pretty, who wrote the narrative of the voyage which is given in Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations*; George Fortesque, writer of another sketch of the voyage; Leonard Vicary, a "crafty lawyer," as Drake later termed him, a close friend of Thomas Doughty; William Hawkins, a nephew of John Hawkins. Two Drakes were here besides the captain-general. These were Thomas Drake, Francis's youngest brother, and John Drake, a bright lad, the captain-general's page, and apparently not related to him. Of the ships' captains, John Wynter, of the "Elizabeth," is supposed to have been a relation of Sir William Wynter of the Admiralty and nominated by him for this captaincy. John Thomas, of the "Marigold," was presumably nominated to his position by Sir Christopher Hatton. John Chester, of the "Swan," is conjectured to have been a connection of Sir William Chester a former lord-mayor of London and in his day a foremost "merchant prince," but now retired. Thomas Moone, of the little "Benedict," and afterward of the "Christopher," was the faithful carpenter and devoted follower of Drake, the same who sailed with our captain on his previous American voyages, and who scuttled the earlier "Swan," at the captain's bidding, and loyally kept the secret between them. That other true friend of the captain, and his right hand on the previous voyage, John Oxenham, who had vowed, "by God's grace," to be with Drake in sailing the first English ship on that wondrous sea, was missing from this company. Alas! he was dead, hanged by the Spaniards at Lima, Peru, as a pi-

rate. Having waited in England above two years for Drake to make his start, Oxenham had organised a slender expedition with a single ship and seventy men, and attempted a dash on his own account. He had sailed to Porto Bello; had marched his men across the isthmus together with a number of Cimaroons; had entered the Pacific in a pinnace that he had built on a river's bank; had dropped over to the Pearl Islands in the bay of Panama; had taken some prizes with treasure from Peru; had finally himself been captured with his band, after hot fighting; and failing to produce a commission from his queen had been sentenced to death with the others as "pirates and common enemies of mankind," and executed at Lima with two of his chief men, while the others were hanged at Panama. Of his fate, and probably of his enterprise, Drake at this time was unaware.

The expedition was well provisioned for a long voyage, although Drake expected to obtain fresh provisions along his way from prizes that he was sure to take and at points where he would make landings.

The true story of this marvellous exploit, as it proved to be, can be gleaned only by a study of all the contemporary accounts extant. No one of them is complete or trustworthy in every particular. On some points they are contradictory. The most elaborate and what is termed the authorised narrative, because it was prepared and published by the representatives of the Drake family, is marred by too close "editing" in parts, especially in the matter of the tragedy at Port Julian

(described in Chapter XIX). Francis Pretty's narrative, which Hakluyt gives, appears to be straightforward and impartial, but it is inaccurate on several points of navigation in the Pacific. That known as "Cooke's Narrative," a manuscript signed "John Cooke," supplies valuable details that are in no other. But it carries the story only to the entrance of the Straits of Magellan. Other sketches also cover points that are dulled or not covered in the fuller narrative; while Spanish reports of features of the voyage illuminate various passages. Therefore, rather than follow only either the authorized narrative or Francis Pretty's, both of which assume to be complete, we will take these for our basis and dovetail them with parts from the other narratives, sketches, and reports. Thus we shall have the story as nearly accurate as the conflicting materials will permit.

The authorized narrative is the account which Drake's heir and nephew, Sir Francis Drake, Bart., published in continuation of his *Sir Francis Drake Revived*, where we found the narrative of the previous voyage of 1572-73. It is presented under this expansive title:

THE WORLD encompassed by Sir Francis Drake Being his next Voyage to that to *Nombre de Dios* formerly imprinted. Carefully collected out of the Notes of Master Francis Fletcher, *Preacher in this employment, and divers others his followers in the same;*

# Sir Francis Drake

Reuiued : *W. Ireland*

Calling vpon this Dull or Effeminate Age,  
to folowe his Noble Steps for Golde & Siluer,

By this Memorable Relation, of the Rare Occurrances  
(neuer yet declared to the World) in a Third Voyage,  
made by him into the Welt-Indies, in the Yeares 72. & 73.  
when *Nombre de Dios* was by him and 52. others  
only in his Company, surpris'd.

Faithfully taken out of the Reporte of Mr. *Christofer Ceely*, *Ellis  
Hixon*, and others, who were in the same Voyage with him.  
By *Philip Nichols*, Preacher.

Reviewed also by *St. Francis Drake* himselte before his Death,  
& Much holpen and enlarged, by diuers Notes, with his owne  
hand here and there Inserted.

Set forth by *St. Francis Drake*. Barone  
(his Nephew) now liuing.



LONDON

Printed by *B. A.* for *Nicholas Beurne* dwelling at the

South Entrance of the *Bozell Exchange*. 1626.

FAC-SIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF "SIR FRANCIS DRAKE  
REVIVED."



Offered now at last to the publique view both for the honour of the actor, but especially for the stirring up of *heroick spirits, to benefit their countrie, and eternize their names by like noble attempts.* London. Printed for Nicholas Bourne and are to be sold at his shop at the *Royall Exchange*, 1628.

It is composed from Fletcher's notes which carry the voyage into the Pacific; from Pretty's account from the point where the chaplain's notes end; and from sketches of others with the fleet. Parts of the Fletcher material that was not used are his notes preserved in a separate print.

The preface of *The World Encompassed* well sets forth the bravery of the undertaking.

“. . . Forasmuch as the maine Ocean by right is the Lord's alone, and by nature left free for all men to deale withall, as very sufficient for all mens vse and large enough for all mens industry. And therefore that valiant enterprise, accompanied with happy sucresse, which that right rare and thrice worthy Capitaine, *Francis Drake* atcheived [achieved] in first turning a furrow about the whole world, doth not onely ouermatch the ancient Argonautes, but also outreacheth, in many respects, that noble Mariner *Magellanus*, and by farre surpasseth his crowned victory. But hereof let Posterity judge. It shall for the present be deemed a sufficient discharge of duty to register the true and whole history of that his Voyage with as great indifferency of affection as a history doth require, and

with the plaine evidence of truth, as it was left recorded by some of the chiefe, and diuers other Actors in that Action. The said Captaine *Francis Drake* hauing in a former Voyage, in the years [15]72 and [15]73 (the description whereof is already imparted to the view of the world) had a sight, and onely a sight, of the South Atlantik, and thereupon either conceiuing a new, or renewing a former desire, of sailing on the same, in an English bottom: he so cherished thenceforward this his noble desire and resolution in himselfe, that notwithstanding he was hindred for some yeares, partly by secret enuie [envy] at home, and partly by publique seruice for his Prince and Countrie abroad (whereof *Ireland* under *Walter* Earl of *Essex* giues honourable testimonie) yet, against the yeare 1577 by gracious commission from his soueraigne and with the helpe of diuers friends aduenturers, he had fitted himselfe with fīue Ships."

The fleet dropped out of Plymouth Sound at the close of the fifteenth November, 1577, toward dusk, so quietly as almost to be unnoticed. But this start was a false one. By morning, reaching the Lizard, they met a contrary wind which forced them to put into Falmouth Haven. And as they lay in this haven, the next day toward evening there fell upon them a tempest "so terrible as few men have seen the like." All that night and through the following day it raged, and so fiercely that the wreck of the whole fleet was threatened. "But it pleased God," it is Pretty's remark, "to preserve us from that extremitie, and to afflict us

onely in two particulars: the mast of our Admiral which was the Pellican was cut overboard for the safeguard of the ship, and the Marigold was driven ashore and somewhat bruised." This was bad enough yet not the whole damage, for others of the ships were more or less hurt.

Accordingly it was necessary to return to Plymouth for repairs. This was done as soon as the weather permitted. They arrived back on the twenty-eighth, thirteen days after their starting out. The repairs occupied a fortnight longer. Then with "happier sails" they "once more put to sea" and were off for good. This was the thirteenth of December.

When they were fairly out of sight of land Drake gave the company the first intimation as to whither they were bound, by the directing of his course and by his naming the island Mogador as the first place of rendezvous should any of the fleet become separated from the flag-ship. So sailing with favourable winds, the first land they sighted was Cape Cantin on the Morocco coast. This was on Christmas morning. Coasting southward, Mogador was reached by the flag-ship that day. On the twenty-seventh the whole fleet came to anchor in a road between the island and the main. Here happened the first adventure.

Four days were spent on the island in setting up one of the pinnaces brought in parts. The fleet riding at anchor attracted the natives on the main, and at length a group appeared at the water's brink with a flag of truce making signs to them. Drake sent a

ship's boat to shore to "know what they would." They indicated that they would like to visit the ships. Accordingly two who appeared to be chief men were taken aboard, one of the boat's crew being left ashore as a pledge for their safe return. Drake received the two Moors on the flag-ship with his customary impressiveness. They were "right courteously entertained with a dainty banquet," and contented with gifts, while they were made by signs to understand that the fleet had come "in peace and friendship." Drake offering to traffic with their people for such commodities as their country yielded, the visitors promised to return the next day with "sheep, capons, hennes," and other things. True to their word they reappeared on the shore at the appointed time, and with them others leading camels bearing wares for traffic. Again a ship's boat was sent them. As it touched the shore one of the crew, John Frye by name, who was to serve as the pledge in accordance with the procedure of the previous day, leaped out and ran toward the group intending "friendly to embrace" them. But to the astonishment of himself and his comrades, he was instantly seized, clapped upon a horse, and galloped off into the country. At the same time another lot of Moors suddenly emerged from a hiding-place behind a rock and not only prevented the rescue of Frye but compelled his comrades to hasten back to the fleet. Thereupon Drake despatched the new pinnace with a full complement of men to recover or redeem the lost sailor. This party marched some distance into

the country without finding him, or coming to the natives to deal with them for him: all having fled or standing off out of hailing distance. So discomfited they returned to the ships, and the fleet resumed the voyage.

This performance as afterward learned was not so hostile or treacherous as it appeared. It was simply a device of the native king to learn for sure whether or not the fleet were "any forerunner of the Kings of Portugall," his enemy, and to get what other news he could at first hand. So when Frye, brought into the king's presence, had satisfied the monarch that the ships were indeed English, were under a great English captain, and most friendly, he was hastened back to the shore with an escort, carrying a present to Drake, and the dusky king's offer of "great courtesie and friendship" if Drake would use his country. When Frye, back to the shore, found the ships gone he was greatly grieved. But the king treated him well, and not long after sent him home to England in an English merchant-ship which had come into the harbour. His only misfortune, therefore, though no slight one, was his being bereft of the joy of continuing with his beloved captain on the marvellous voyage.

From Mogador, which was left on the thirty-first of December, the course was toward Cape Blanco; Drake's evident intention being to coast along shore and intercept Spanish or Portuguese fishing-boats from the Canaries, and further supply the fleet with provisions from these craft. Mogador had barely been

left when contrary winds and foul weather were encountered. These conditions continued till the fourth of January. Yet the course was held, and before the weather cleared three canteras—Spanish fishing-smacks—had been captured by the new pinnace. Farther along the pinnace took a Portuguese caravel. Then the “Marigold” took another. Cape Blanco was finally reached on the sixteenth of January. Sheltered within the cape was a Spanish ship riding an anchor from which all her crew, save “two simple mariners” had fled upon the fleet’s approach. She also was seized and added to the spoil. With these prizes Drake anchored in an inlet behind Cape Blanco.

Here a stay of four days was made. The time was occupied in cleaning and trimming the ships, in taking on fresh provisions, and in military drill. Drake mustered the company and trained them “in warlike manner to make them fit for all occasions.” Thomas Doughty acted as drill-master. While here an incident occurred which reflected credit upon Drake in that he would be no trafficker in human beings. “Certain of the people of the country” brought to him a Moorish woman with a babe at her breast, to be sold “as a horse, or a cow and calf by her side.” But he would have none of such trade, for, says the narrator (Fletcher), “in which sort of merchandise our generall would not deale.” His kindly nature, also, was here exhibited. This people had great need of fresh water, and they brought leathern bags to be filled, offering to buy the luxury from the Englishmen, “they cared not

at what price." But, "the circumstances whereof considered, our generall would receive nothing of them for water, but freely gave it them that came to him." And his own supply was in need of replenishing. He also fed them with the fleet's victuals. Their manner of devouring the food shocked the English chaplain. It was not only "uncivill and unsightly to us, but even inhumane and loathsome in itself." Before the company re-embarked, the prizes, having been discharged of such of their cargoes as was desired for the fleet, were all released except two: one of the caravels and a cantera of forty tons. The former when taken was bound for "St. Jago" (São Thiago or Santiago) of the Cape Verde Islands for a cargo of salt, and she was retained to be discharged upon the fleet's arrival there. The cantera was added permanently to the squadron, and her owner was given in exchange the "Benedict" pinnace. Captain Moone was transferred to her charge, and she was christened the "Christopher."

Leaving Cape Blanco, the fleet next made for the Cape Verde Islands, whence the course was to be directed south and south-west through the boundless sea to the far-distant coast of the Brazils. It was Drake's purpose first to touch at Maio in the hope of there taking on a sufficient quantity of fresh water to last till the Brazils were reached. Maio was attained on the twenty-eighth of January, and the fleet again came to anchor "under the wester part towards St. Jago." Landing was made "in hope of traffique with the inhabitants" for the desired supplies. A Portuguese set-

tlement was found not far from the shore, comprising "a great number of desolate and ruinous houses" with "a poor naked Chappel or Oratory." The few people met refused to traffic because "forbidden by the King's edict." The next morning a party of sixty-two men under Captain Wynter, of the "Elizabeth," and Thomas Doughty, were marched some three miles to the chief place of habitation for a further quest. When they arrived the inhabitants had fled. After feasting joyously upon "very ripe and sweete grapes," and other luscious fruits found in abundance, and cocoa nuts, new to their taste, they returned to the ships empty-handed. Disappointed here, sails were hoisted and the fleet moved farther on. São Thiago was passed the next day, and far enough off for the fleet to escape the shot of two "great pieces" which the Portuguese inhabitants fired at them. This salute was accepted as in honour of the fleet and the captain-general, or "rather to signifie that" the givers of it were "provided for an assault." Whichever its intent the gallant flag-ship returned an answering one from her guns.

While thus coasting, they espied two large Portuguese ships sailing out from port. Suddenly these vessels put about and appeared to be hastening back to get under the shore batteries. Hot chase was given them and one was overhauled before reaching cover. She was boarded without resistance and found to be bound for the Brazils rich laden. Her cargo was in large part wines. She also carried "much good cloth,

both linnen and woollen besides other necessaries." On board her were "many Gentlemen and Marchants," as passengers, and her navigating officer was a skilled pilot experienced in South American waters. This was a great capture, and this ship was to play an important part, as it happened, in the South Atlantic voyage. Drake put Thomas Doughty, "as his good and especial friend," in charge of her, with a prize crew of which brother Thomas Drake was one. Doughty was particularly charged to see that the cargo was kept unbroken till Brava was reached. Brava, the most southerly of the Cape Verdes, was to be the rendezvous whence the long pull to the Brazils was to be made.

The fleet sailed on, and that night came up with Fogo, the weird "burning island," with its belching volcano. Fogo filled the company with awe. The fire from the volcano broke out four times an hour and with such "violence and force" that it gave "light like the Moone a great way off," and seemed as if it "would not stay till it" touched "the heavens themselves." Little Brava was reached the next morning. The contrast that this placid isle presented with grim Fogo was most cheering. "Pleasant and sweet" was it to their eyes, covered with trees "alwaies green and fair to look upon," and with "silver streams running from the banks into the sea." It was found to be a "store-house of many fruits and commodities." And, strange to say, there appeared to be only one habitation and a single inhabitant of this little paradise—a Robinson

Crusoe without his Friday. This hermit, probably a Portuguese, was "so delighted in his solitary living" that he "would by no meanes abide" their "coming, but fled, leaving behind him the relicks of his false worship [the Protestant chaplain is here the narrator]; to wit, a cross, with a crusifix, an altar with his super-altar, and certain other Idols of wood of rude workmanship."

Upon arriving at this rendezvous, word was brought to Drake by his trumpeter of trouble on the Portuguese prize with charges against Doughty. Two or three of the prize crew accused Doughty of purloining things from the cargo which he was there to protect intact. They protested that he was not to be trusted any longer, "least he might robb the voyage and deprive the company of their hope and her Majesty and the other adventurers of their benefitt to inrich himself, make himself the greater to the overthrow of all others." This statement is Cooke's. It was the unwritten law in prize-taking that the plunder should be formally and equally divided, none to help himself to the smallest or least valuable article.

Drake immediately went aboard the prize to inquire into the matter. Doughty met him with accusations against Thomas Drake of the pilfering with which he had been charged. Cooke gives the details of the charge, evidently reporting what Doughty had told him. But nothing is said about finding anything on Thomas Drake, while Doughty was found in possession of several articles. The latter fact Cooke does

not mention: it appears in Fletcher's notes. These articles Fletcher says were "certain pares [pairs] of Portugall gloves, some few peeces of mon[e]y of a strange coine, and a small ring." They were, however, not purloined but, he declares, were openly given Doughty by one of the Portuguese passengers out of the latter's own chest "in hope of favour"; and the whole lot "not worth the speaking of." But Drake thought differently. The passengers' belongings were as definitely of the cargo as was the merchandise in the hold. Doughty of all men, the captain of the prize, bound scrupulously to abide by his orders, should take not a thing from its contents, not even a present from crew or passenger, his temporary prisoners. So Drake turned upon his hitherto trusted friend in a rage. He wondered what Master Doughty "should meane to touche [accuse] his brother." There must be some deeper motive than appeared. It looked as if it were at Francis Drake he was aiming behind the brother. That he meant to "shoot at," or sap Drake's own credit with the company. This Drake "would not nor could not, by Gods lyfe as he sware, suffer it." Then he ordered Doughty back to the "Pelican," and assigned brother Thomas to his place, himself remaining with the prize.

Now Drake released the prisoners on board—the captain and crew, and the "many gentlemen and marchants"—all save one, the skilled pilot, not only without ransom, beyond the ship and its contents, but with the gift of a ship from his own fleet well provi-

sioned, by which they might all comfortably return to their port, or go whither they would. This act surprised not only the rich Portuguese passengers, but also some of the new men of his company who were not acquainted with his courtly customs as a "sea King." The former rejoiced that they had escaped with their lives, and thought the great captain most generous. The ship given in exchange was the new pinnace; and its stock of provisions included a butt of wine (probably from the prize's own cargo), some bread, and fish. All the released prisoners were allowed their wearing apparel. The pilot was retained because of his knowledge of South American seas. He was a Portuguese mariner, Nuno da Silva by name. It is said that Drake told him of his project to enter the Pacific by way of the straits and offered to take him into service for the voyage, and that the offer was gladly accepted. Be this as it may, Da Silva proved a trusty and efficient guide till his discharge by Drake on the Pacific coast: and he afterward prepared a report of his experiences in this service which contributes some illuminating details to the story of the voyage, as we shall see later on.

The released prisoners departed with the well-stocked pinnace on the first day of February, and the Portuguese prize was added to the fleet, further stocked as an extra victualler. Then, the next day, February second, all sails were set for the long cruise south and south-westward below the equinoctial line. Hence was to be followed the course of Ferdinand Magellan, the

discoverer of the straits that were given his name a half-century before.

The next rendezvous was to be the river Plata. Not till this announcement did the company, except the men closest to Drake, learn that they were now bound for the coast of the Brazils and for the straits leading to the Pacific.

## XVIII

### IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC

**A**T the departure from the Cape Verde Islands Drake was still on the Portuguese prize, now called the "Mary." Doughty, on the "Pelican," was acting as Drake's representative and as such assuming the command above the flag-ship's master. Before the start Drake had forgiven him through the intercession of Leonard Vicary, the "crafty lawyer"; and it may have been upon this restoration to favour that Doughty presumed so to act. He had assumed command, it seems, soon after coming aboard from the prize. Causing the boatswain to call the ship's company together, he had made them an "oration" as craftily drawn as the "crafty lawyer" could have framed it. There had been "great travails, fallings out, and quarrels" among them, he began, and every one had been "uncertain whom to obey because there were many who took upon them to be masters": therefore the general "by his wisdom or discretion" had "set down order that all things might be the better done with peace and quietness." Since he could not himself be in two places at once, and "must needs

look to the prize which must do" them "all good," he had sent him, Doughty, "as his friend whom he trusted to take charge in his place," with special commandment to declare "that all matters by-past are forgiven or forgotten upon this condition: that we have no more of your evil doings hereafter." He was to tell them that in the general's absence they must obey the master of the ship in "their business, as touching navigation," but for all other matters himself. Moreover, he asserted that, "as the General had his authority from the queen and the council . . . to punish at his discretion with death or other ways offenders," the general had committed the same authority to him, in his absence "to execute upon those who are malefactors." And with this extraordinary statement he declared "whosoever offendeth" should "feel the smart." Then adjuring them to "be honest men," and expressing his hope that they would so conduct themselves that he would not have cause to lay upon them "which I have power to do," he dismissed them.

It was indeed a bold speech. It was an attempt, as the naval historian Corbett clearly sees, to circumscribe the master's authority and to usurp the control of the flag-ship, by playing upon the long-time jealousies between the mariners and the soldiers of ships of war. The soldier, as Corbett says, at that time was still the only recognised fighting man, the sailor but the instrument to carry him to the scene of action. Corbett admits it to be possible that Doughty as the principal soldier on board considered himself entitled to com-

mand over the head of the master, but it is incredible, he holds, that Drake, had he really the power of life and death, would have delegated this power to any one, and least of all, under the circumstances, to this one. That Doughty was thought to have been too "premp-torye" and to have "exceeded his authority, taking upon him too great a command," was the statement of even the chaplain Fletcher, his would-be apologist.

All went well for a while. But in mid-ocean complaints of Doughty's conduct on the flag-ship came to Drake. These were brought by the trumpeter, John Brewer. The trumpeter had been sent to the flag-ship on some errand, and returned with reports of Doughty's abuse of his authority. There were graver reports of an attempt by somebody to tamper with the flag-ship's crew to incite them to mutiny. It was even definitely charged that Doughty, after winning the confidence of the flag-ship's master, had tempted him to desert the fleet and take to piracy. Whether these charges were included among the complaints does not appear. But whatever was the trumpeter's story it was sufficient to rouse Drake to severe measures against his forgiven friend. The ship's boat was forthwith sent back to the "Pelican" with orders to bring Doughty into Drake's presence.

When she returned with the culprit Drake was in the midst of divine service. Hearing the boat at the ship's side Drake (the account is Cooke's) "stode [stood] up: and Mastar Dowghty offering to take holde of the shipe to have entered, quoth the Generall:

‘Staye there, Thomas Dowghty, for I must send you to an other place’: and with that comaunded the marynars [mariners] to rowe hym [Doughty] aborde the Fleeboate [the fly-boat “Swan”], sayenge [saying] vnto hym it was a place more fit for hym then [than] that from whence he came.” Doughty craving to speak with the captain was denied. And so, Fletcher adds, the general “removed the said Douhty prisoner into the flye boat with utter disgrace.”

For more than two months after leaving the Cape Verde Islands the fleet were out of sight of land. At about “the line” (equator) they were becalmed for three weeks, “yet subject to divers great storms, terrible lightnings, and with thunder.”

Strange sights were seen on this strange journey—strange to most of them—on the “vast gulph. As our eyes did behold the wonderful works of God in his creatures which he had made innumerable both small and great beasts in the great and wide Seas: so did our mouths taste, and our natures feed, on the goodness thereof in such fulness at all time and in every place, as if he had commanded and enjoyned the most profitable and most glorious works of his hands to wait upon us . . . with a particular test of his fatherly care over us all the while.” So wrote the good chaplain. The “particular test” of the divine care the chaplain found in the provision of drinking water vouchsafed them. They had failed of the full supply that they had hoped to get at the Cape Verde Islands for this long voyage, but their store as it ran low was re-

peatedly replenished by heavy rains, which the Heavenly Father, he was sure, sent for their benefit. While they often encountered adverse winds and unwelcome storms, and felt "the effects of sultry heat, not without the affrights of flashing lightnings and terrifying of often claps of thunder," yet with all was an "admixture of many comforts." Among the strange things of the sea of which they took heedful notice were the flying-fish, with "finnes of the length of his whole body from bulk to the top of the taile, bearing the forme and supplying the like use to him that wings do to other creatures." These fish they did not come upon in such vast numbers as did Magellan to whom they seemed to "form an island in the seas." But at one time a "multitude" of them in their flight fell into the ships amongst the men.

The landfall was, at length, made on the fifth of April. It was the coast of Rio Grande do Sul, the southern tip of the Brazils. When they were yet some distance off "great and huge" fires were seen arising from various points along the shore. They drew in under bright skies to make a harbour in what seemed a fair bay, and on the low shore natives were observed deporting themselves as if inciting them to land. Then something very strange and startling happened. As they were about to enter the fair bay suddenly the sight of land was taken from them, and the ships lost sight of each other. They were enveloped in "such a haziness as if it had been a most deadly fogg," with "the palpabel darkeness of Egipt." In the "neck"

of the fog burst a storm of unprecedented fury, "as if heaven and earth had gon[e] together." Had not the Portuguese pilot, Da Silva, familiar with this coast, "been appointed by God to do" them "good," all must have perished and been heard of no more. In the awful darkness and tempest his voice was heard crying a return seaward as best they could, each ship for herself. In scurrying out one of the ships "touched with the shoals." But "by God's providence" she "came cleere away." When at sea the dispersed fleet came together again all save one—the "Christopher," of which nothing was to be seen.

This amazing change from serene to tempestuous weather, with the threatened wreck of the whole squadron, was charged by many of the company to sorcery. All were sure of this when afterward they heard a tale which the Portuguese pilot told of the natives of this particular point of the coast and their customs. It was given as no common sailors' yarn, nor as a legend. It was related as a sober statement of fact, and as such it was accepted undoubtingly. For, we must remember, that was an age of superstition, of unquestioned faith in witchcraft, and in conjurations. It was a common belief among sailors that sorcery could and did produce foul weather.

This was the pilot's story. The "great and huge" fires that had been seen springing up ashore as the fleet were approaching had been kindled by the savages upon desecrating them, "for a sacrifice to devils." These people had been in miserable bondage to Portu-

guese coming to their country. Rather than endure this tyranny they had fled from their "natural soil and inheritance" to these remote parts of the land. But still they had been pursued with relentless persecution; their enemies were determined to "root them out" from "the face of the earth." Wherefore they had been driven to yield themselves unto the "hands of divells" and to take them for their "patrons and protectors." Whenever ships were sighted approaching their coast the aid of these "ministering spirits" was invoked to wreck them. In this invocation were intermixed "many and divers ceremonies of conjurations." The sand of the shores was first gathered up and thrown into the air, whereupon there would suddenly arise "such a hazinesse as a most gross and thick fogg," with "a palpable darknesse that the land cannot be seen, no nor the heavens." Then they would hurl more sand toward the heavens, in increasing quantities, and as these multiplied "shoals increast in the way of the shipps in the seas to ground them: and withall such horrible, fearful, and intollerable winds, raines, and stormes, that there is no certainty of life one moment of tyme." By these practices of the black art, the narrator assured his listeners, did they overthrow the Portuguese whenever these came "with their armies of men and their *armathos* [armadas], that is, their huge shipps of warr, against them." Many such had been cast away, and "non[e] that ever came in the dance did ever escape." From its uncanny reputation Portuguese seamen had come to hold this

part of the coast to be enchanted, and had given it the name of "Terra Demonum" (Demonland). Because these natives supposed that only their enemies travelled the seas in ships, they had taken the English for Portuguese, and so, the narrator concluded, practised their conjurations as usual upon them. That their "devilish intent" was frustrated the chaplain reverently credited to the intervention of the hand of God.

After a week of further sailing, sometimes to the seaward, sometimes toward the shore, but always southward as near as they could, and ever on the outlook for the missing "Christopher," the fleet at length arrived at the rendezvous—the river Plata.

Entering the river they sailed up it some six or seven leagues, and then came to anchor under a headland. The next day, to their great relief, the "Christopher" joined them here. In thanksgiving for her reappearance Drake named the headland "Cape Joy." The point is conjectured to be near Montevideo, Uruguay. Here sweet and wholesome water was taken in and the country round about enjoyed. It was "very faire and pleasant to behold," and was "stored with plentie of large and mightie deere." But it was not a suitable place for the work of cleaning the ships, now much clogged and foul, which Drake was anxious to have done. Therefore on the day of the "Christopher's" coming, the squadron sailed some twelve leagues farther in the river. Here another and more sheltered harbour was found in an "Iland of Rocks" not "farre from the main." But this proved no more satisfac-

tory than the first anchoring-place. Still they remained here through four days doing some work and having some play. Among other pastimes the sailors hunted seals, which then resorted to these rocks in great abundance. Next a harbour was attempted the farther in, but with no better success.

From these experiences Drake was satisfied that no suitable place for his purpose was to be found in the river. So he ordered the squadron seaward again, to seek a haven somewhere on the main. A fortnight had been spent in the river and it was left with some regrets, for the company's sojourn here had been most refreshing.

Drake was now leading again in the "Pelican." As the fleet all together were bearing out to sea, at night, the fly-boat "Swan," on which Doughty was still retained in disgrace, unaccountably disappeared. Soon after contrary winds were met: then a succession of storms. With these happenings the belief was seemingly possessing Drake that Doughty was responsible for the foul weather: that he was really a "conjurer and witch" and was producing the tempests by sorceries. Some time before young John Doughty had boasted among the sailors that both he and his brother could "conjure." They could "raise the devil and make him to meet any man in the likeness of a bear, a lion," he had declared. Drake may have heard of these boasts. At all events, at every coming of threatening obstacles to his progress he would inveigh against Doughty as the occasioner of them. The contrary

wind or the fierce storm had come out of "Tom Doughty's cap-case," he would say. All this intensified his feeling that Doughty was indeed the arch-enemy of the expedition, and must sooner or later be dealt with severely else the voyage would be overthrown. For several days they kept the sea on a southerly course, or coasted the shore, seeing nothing of the "Swan" and finding no suitable haven. On the eighth of May, in a storm, the "Christopher" again disappeared.

Four days later they were obliged, by stress of weather, to come to anchor under a cape "in 47 deg." This is supposed to have been Cape Tres Puntas on the Patagonian coast. By this headland was discovered a bay which seemed to promise the good and commodious harbour they had been so long seeking. So Drake called the headland "Cape Hope." Many rocks lay off the bay, and they dared not venture the ships into it till it had been examined. This survey Drake would intrust to no one, however skilful: he must make it himself. Accordingly the morning after their arrival a boat was lowered from the "Elizabeth," and he with a trusty crew rowed off for an inspection. As they neared the shore a native suddenly appeared on the strand, singing and dancing to the accompaniment of a rattle which he shook in his hand, and apparently inviting them to land. But as suddenly as he had shown himself a thick fog fell and a tempest broke out—just as had happened when the fleet first approached the Brazils. The little boat enveloped in

the mist was now three leagues from the ships. She endeavoured to return, but would surely have been lost had not Captain Thomas of the "Marigold," "upon the abundance of his love and service to his generall," as Chaplain Fletcher approvingly notes, bravely dashed with his ship, regardless of perils, into the bay and rescued the boat. Then with Drake and his boat's crew safe on board her, she anchored under the lee of the headland, while the other ships were forced by the storm to run off to sea again. Meanwhile the "Christopher" had been recovered and had gone to sea with the others.

The next morning opening fair with a moderate wind, Drake again took the ship's boat and this time made the shore. His particular errand was to set up fires as a beacon to the dispersed ships to reassemble in this road. In good time all were come once more together, except the "Mary," the Portuguese prize, of which brother John Drake was now in charge, and the "Swan." The "Mary" had separated from the others during the night at sea. They remained in this harbour one day longer, a number of the men going to the shore from which the natives had fled. Here were seen flocks of ostriches roaming about, and the sailors marvelled at the size of these creatures, with "thighs in bigness equal to reasonable legs of mutton," and at the rapidity with which they got over the ground on their long legs. They found that the natives caught them with decoys made of great plumes of feathers to resemble an ostrich's head and body, and

set up on poles. The hunter carrying the pole, his body hidden by the plumes, would drive them to some point close to the seaside, where long nets were spread, and here, with the help of dogs, they were overthrown and made a common quarry.

Hence sailing some leagues south and by west, two days later another bay was come upon, fair and safe in appearance. Accordingly they sailed into it, and the next morning drew farther in and came to anchor, for a stay sufficiently long to complete the work of overhauling the ships. This was Point Desire, Patagonia. Before the close of their first day here, as soon as things had been set in order, Drake had renewed the search for the two still missing ships. He sent Captain Wynter with the "Elizabeth" to sea southward, while he himself in the "Pelican" sailed northward. "By the good providence of God" he very soon came across the "Swan" and brought her safe into port. Wynter had no such luck, returning empty-handed. Now according to a plan which Drake had early decided upon, but had kept to himself—to reduce the squadron to three ships for the straits and Pacific voyage, that the fewer number might the better keep company, and be more compactly provisioned and manned—the "Swan's" freight and furnishings, crew and prisoner (Doughty) were transferred to the "Pelican," and she was broken up: her iron-work, however, being carefully saved and her wood-work kept for firewood or to be worked into "other implements" that might be wanted. Later the "Christopher" was to be similarly destroyed.

Doughty, on the "Pelican," was imprisoned in greater disgrace than before, Drake having heard complaints of his conduct while on the fly-boat. There had been bickerings between him and Sarriold, the ship's master; and the charge was made that he had attempted to induce Chester, the captain, to assert his authority over the master and seize the vessel. While held on the "Pelican" he suffered the demeaning punishment of being "bound to the mast." This, we are told, was for some "unkind speeches" he had made to Drake. What these "unkind speeches" were, the chronicler (of this incident Cooke only) does not state. But from a subsequent relation accredited to Drake, it is assumed that they had reference to the Pacific voyage. They were repeated urgings upon Drake, in the face of the frequent foul weather, to abandon this main object of the adventure, with warnings that in persisting in it he would be wantonly risking the lives of his company. If as has appeared, Drake was really convinced in his superstitious mind that Doughty was the wizard who could and did produce contrary winds and tempests at will, it is small wonder that such speeches should be followed by the close confinement of the mischief-maker. Subsequently the culprit was removed to the "Christopher" with his young brother John Doughty.

Port Desire was the company's "abode" for fifteen days, from May into June. While here some intercourse was had with the natives, and their manners were observed with interest. One day when several

of the company were on an island so near the main that at low water they could walk across to it, a band of natives appeared on the main shore leaping, dancing, holding up their hands, and making outcries as if inviting the strangers over. But it was now high water and the footway covered. Therefore Drake sent a boat out from the "Pelican" with gifts of trinkets for them. When the boat touched the shore they had withdrawn back to a hill. Hence they sent down two of their number seemingly as ambassadors to treat with the strangers. These came running one behind the other, with "a great grace trauersing their ground as it seemed after the manner of their warres." But as they neared the shore, and were yet some distance from the English group, they stopped stock-still. Thereupon the Englishmen tied a lot of the trinkets to the top of a long rod, and, advancing a little way toward them, stuck the rod in the strand, with gestures to indicate that the gay things were gifts for them: then drew back to their first position. The "ambassadors" stepped cautiously to the pole and grasped the trinkets. Then taking some feathers from their heads, which they wore as ornaments, they laid them down on the ground together with a bone "made in the manner of a toothpick carved round about the top, and in length about six inches, and very smoothly burnished," as in recompense; and hurried back with the gifts to their fellows on the hill. Now Drake himself, with several of his "gentlemen," walked across, it being by this time low water. The natives remained

still on the hill, and as this august procession approached formed in rank when a singular ceremony was begun. One of their number as by appointment issued from the ranks and ran before them from one end to the other and back again, repeatedly, east and west. As he ran he lifted his hands high over his head, bent his body toward "the rising and setting of the Sunne," and at every second or third turn sprang "vaultingwise from the ground towards the Moone, being then over our heads." This performance the beholders took to signify that they called the sun and moon, whom they worshipped as gods, to witness their peaceful intent toward the visitors. When the procession started to march up the hill, the natives exhibited signs of fear or of uneasiness. Thereupon Drake withdrew the company and resorted to his customary tactics to win them. These were successful, for soon all came down to him on the run. A lively traffic followed. The wares which the natives gave in exchange for the English things comprised arrows made of reeds, ostrich feathers, and more carved bones.

The authorised narrative describes these natives minutely. They were naked save a girdle round the loins and a skin of fur which they cast over their shoulders when sitting or lying in the cold. Their hair was worn long, knit up with rolls of ostrich feathers. These rolls were used as quivers for their arrows and also as receptacles for most of the things they carried about with them. Some of them wore a large feather stuck in the rolls on either side of their

heads, for a "sign of honor in their persons." Seen a distance off these feathers looked like horns, "so that," the chaplain, Fletcher, remarked, "such a head upon a naked body,—if devils do appeare with hornes,—might very nigh resemble devils." Their chief bravery was in their painted bodies. Some washed their faces with "sulphure or some like substance." Some were painted all over black, except their necks, which were all in white. Some painted one shoulder black, the other white, and the sides of the legs interchangeably with the same colors. The black part was set off with white moons and the white part with black suns. This painting was supposed to be a protection against cold weather as well as an ornament. Their bodies were clean, comely, and strong, and they were swift of foot. They were large in stature but not quite the giants of whom Magellan's men had told. Their weapons were a short bow of about an ell in length and arrows of reeds headed with a flint stone cunningly cut and fastened. When once they had become acquainted, their friendship with the English ripened at an astonishing pace.

The bay in which the fleet were now riding the English named Seal Bay because of the abundance of seal frequenting its islands. The authorised narrative avers that two hundred were killed in an hour. On these islands were also great flocks of birds and fowl. Of the latter many were killed with shot, but not a few were brought down with staves, while some were even taken with the hands, plucked from the

heads and shoulders of comrades upon which they lit.

The work laid out to be done here being finished, on the third of June the fleet set sail now bound for a port near the straits. Coasting along, on the twelfth they fell in with an inviting little bay, where they anchored for a couple of days: long enough to discharge the "Christopher" and break her up as the "Swan" had been disposed of. Doughty and his brother were transferred to the "Elizabeth," in charge of Captain Wynter. Before delivering them to the "Elizabeth" Drake prepared her crew for their coming with a speech in denunciation of them. As Cooke relates with painfully ingenious spelling (the authorised narrative is silent on this point), he went aboard her and "callynge all the company together tolde them that he was to send thethar a very bad cople [couple] of menn the whiche he dyd not know how to cary alonge with hym this voyadge and goe through ther withe all [therewithall], as namely, quoth he, Thomas Dowghtie who is, quoth he, a coiurer [conjurer] a sedytyous [seditious] and a vary badd . . fellow and one that I have made that reckoninge [reckoning] of as of my leste [least] hand, and his brother the yonge Dowghty a wiche [witch] a poysonar [poisoner] and suche a one as the worlde can judge of: I cane not [cannot] tell from whence he came, but from the dyvell I thinke. And so warninge the company that none shoulde speake to them nor vse eny [any] conference with them, if they dyd he would holde them as his enemys, eay [aye] and

enymyes to the Voyadge, . . he willed that greate care sholde be taken that they shulde neythar write nor read. . . . With dyvars other lyke invectyves agaynst hym [? Doughty] he departed. And shortly aftar he sent the sayd Thomas Dowghty and his brothar aboarde the *Elizabethhe*, commandynge them as they would aunswere it with theyr lyves not to set penne to papar, ne [nor] yet to rede but what every man myght vnderstand and se [see]." Master Doughty's situation had indeed become grave. But a graver one was soon to follow.

Now reduced to a squadron of three, the original war-ships, they again weighed. The southward course was kept on for three days longer. Then, on the seventeenth of June, they cast anchor in a bay "in 50 deg. 20 min. lacking but little more than one degree of the mouth of the Straights through which lay our most desired passage into the South Sea." This bay is supposed to have been Port Santa Cruz, where Magellan had lain two months.

The next most imperative duty was to make one more and a thorough search for the missing "Mary" and her crew. For should the squadron enter the straits without them "it must needs go hard with them," while their absence and the uncertainty of their fate would continue to give their comrades of the fleet "no small discomfort." Drake determined in this quest to survey the whole course back northward toward Cape Tres Puntas off which she disappeared, if she were not earlier found or her fate learned. So

the next morning, June eighteenth, all put to sea once more, and "with heartie and often prayers" they "joyned watchfull industry to serue Gods good providence," in the search. Thus sailing through that day and the next, as dark was falling on the second day, the lookouts discerned the missing ship, and straightway all devoutly "gave God thankes with most ioyfull [joyful] minds" for the welcome sight.

They were now within a few leagues of Port St. Julien, and the "Mary" being leaky and in bad condition generally from the extremity of weather which she had endured in her long beating about at sea, and St. Julien being a convenient place to "cherish" her men who had "tasted such bitternesse of discomfort," Drake thought better to bear with the fleet hither. And the next day, the twentieth of June, they entered this sombre bay: the harbour which Magellan had discovered and occupied in 1520 and had named St. Julien.

Here on the main was found a "gibbet, fallen downe, made of a spruce mast, with men's bones vnderneath it." This the company believed to be the remnant of the gallows upon which Magellan had executed one of his captains who had mutinied. It was an ominous sight, and foretokened another tragedy impending.

## XIX

### THE TRAGEDY OF PORT ST. JULIEN

“**B**EING now come to anchor and all things fitted and made safe aboard, our Generall with certaine of his companie (viz., *Thomas Drake*, his brother, *John Thomas*, *Robert Winter*, *Oliuer* the master gunner, *John Brewer*, and *Thomas Hood*), rowed further in with a boate to find out some conuenient place which might yeeld vs fresh water during the time of our abode there and furnish vs with supply for prouision to take to sea with vs and our departure.” So continues the authorised narrative. At this time probably the gibbet supposed to have been Magellan’s was observed. But other matters almost immediately engaged the party’s attention.

Upon their landing there presently appeared before them “two of the inhabitants of the place whom *Magellane* named *Patagous*, or rather *Pantagours*, from their huge stature and strength proportionable.” Hence the names of Patagonia and Patagonian. These representatives of the race, and others afterward joining them, did not strike the Englishmen as very giant-like. They were tall and big, to be sure, and powerful in

appearance: but there were plenty of the Englishmen's own nationality as tall as they. The visitors therefore dismissed the accounts they had read or heard as "tales for the marines," as the modern phrase is, set forth the more confidently because the Spanish or Portuguese tellers had no thought that any Englishmen would dare venture in these inhospitable regions. The couple first appearing received the party with great show of friendship. They accepted Drake's tender of gifts with delight, and became at once most familiar. Especially were they interested in the Englishmen's bows and arrows. By signs they proposed a friendly rivalry to test the powers of their own with the Englishmen's. Oliver, the master-gunner, accepted the challenge, and shot, to their great astonishment, his English arrow to a point far beyond that attained by theirs. While they were "thus familiarly and pleasantly spending their time" suddenly appeared two other "giants," of a "sowerer sorte," "old and grim weather beaten villans." The chief of these two appeared very angry at the familiarity of their fellows with the strangers and strove to withdraw them. The same civilities as before were offered the newcomers, but were surlily received. To win them a repetition of the entertainment with the bows and arrows was proposed. This time Robert Winter—or Wintherhey as the name is generally given by the other narrators—stepped forward to make the "shot of pleasure" for the English side. But in letting go or loosing the arrow his bow-string broke. Meanwhile

the others of the party were turning to retake their boat. Wintherhey followed while making ready a new string.

Perceiving the turn about with the disablement of Wintherhey's weapon, the "giants," "supposing there was no other engine of warre in the world but bow and arrowes," were now emboldened to attack the party. The Englishmen proceeded leisurely toward their boat, unaware that the natives were creeping stealthily behind them. Suddenly an arrow struck Wintherhey in the shoulder inflicting a sore wound. As he turned around to see whence it came, another pierced his lungs, and he fell. Oliver, the master-gunner, then aimed his caliver at the assailants. "The touch being dankish," a rain now falling, it missed fire. In return, an arrow sped from the enemy and slew Oliver outright. His piece happened to be the only one that the party had. Their defence, therefore, must be made only with their swords and targets. In this extremity Drake's resourcefulness was brought into fine play. Indeed, had he not been "expert in such affaires," and had he not "valiantly thrust himself into the dance against these monsters," not one of the party would have escaped alive. Ordering his companions to edge toward the enemy, shifting their ground from place to place as they advanced, those having targets to receive what they might of the enemy's arrows, those behind to pick up and break the arrows that passed the targets, he took the lead. In this manœuvre his object was to exhaust the enemy's

supply of arrows: these once spent he would have the savages in his power. And so it happened. When it was apparent that they had but a single arrow left he brought the dead gunner's piece again into action. It was now charged with a bullet and hail-shot. He aimed it directly at one of the two of the "sourer sort," who was Oliver's slayer, and brought him down. The poor fellow was hit in the abdomen and fell with an awful cry, "so hideous and horrible a roare," it seemed to the narrator, "as if ten bulls had ioyned [joined] in roaring." With this the battle instantly ended. The strange and appalling spectacle terrorised the enemy. Divers others dashing out of the woods on either side had now joined them, yet they fled incontinently. And after them their re-enforcements ran away. Drake and his men carrying their desperately wounded comrade with them made their boat without further molestation. The next day Drake returned with the boat, this time "well appointed," in readiness for further attack if attempted, to recover Oliver's body. It was found lying where it had been left, but stript of the outer garments and with an English arrow stuck fast in one eye. None of the natives was met. Meanwhile this same day Wintherhey died of his wounds.

Drake grieved at the loss of these two trusty men, especially of Wintherhey "whom for many good parts he loved dearly." He would rather have saved him, said he, than "slain an hundred enemies." Wintherhey was one of the bravest of the gentlemen-at-arms in the company, while Oliver was an experienced sea-

gunner. Both bodies were buried on an island in one grave "with such reuerence as was fit for the earthen tabernacles of immortall soules, and with such commendable ceremonies as belong vnto souldiers of worth in time of warre, which they most truly and rightfully deserued." So concludes the chaplain's account of this melancholy incident given in the authorised narrative. Thereafter no more trouble was had with these natives. On the contrary, when they comprehended that Drake meant them no harm if they turned not against him, they became fair friends with him and suffered his men to do what they would without interruption during the remainder of the stay at Port St. Julien, which covered two months.

Close upon this incident came one of graver import culminating in the greater tragedy of Port St. Julien—the trial of Thomas Doughty and his execution.

Doughty's name is nowhere mentioned in the authorised account, the culprit being designated generally as "the person accused." And the account is so edited with the manifest intent of presenting Drake's attitude in the best light before his critics, and so incomplete, that we must go to the other narrations, especially that of Doughty's partisan, Cooke, for the particulars, partially given or altogether suppressed, in order to have the full-rounded story.

What the formal charge against Doughty really was does not clearly appear. It was certainly not quite as the authorised narrative's preface states it: in effect, his engagement before sailing, in a plot to murder

the captain and some others faithful to him, and the ultimate overthrow of the "whole action intended." Francis Pretty, in his narrative which Hakluyt prints, tells us that the inquiry was into the "actions of M. Thomas Doughtie" which were found "not to be such as he [Drake] looked for, but tending rather to contention and mutinie, or some other disorder whereby, without redresse, the successe of the Voyage might greatly have been hazarded." Edward Cliffe, the narrator of Captain John Wynter's part of the voyage, says that the culprit was accused on several articles, but does not name them. What they were is indicated in various manuscripts yet preserved. As Corbett finds them, they were in general conspiracy by several means to prevent the voyage going forward.

The trial was held on the last day of June: the place, one of the rocky islands of the harbour.

The whole company were assembled for the solemn proceedings. Gathered about Drake were the ships' captains and the gentlemen-at-arms, the others of the company forming the outer circle. At Drake's right stood Capt. John Thomas, as his assistant, holding a bundle of papers "rolled up together where in were written dyvers and sundry articles," or letters.

Drake opened with an unimpassioned speech acquainting the assembly with the particulars of the cause. He "propounded to them the good parts that were in the gentleman [the accused], the great good will and inward affection, more then [than] brotherly,

which he had euer since his first acquaintance borne him, not omitting the respect which was had of him among no meane personages in England." Yet, although his private affection of Doughty was great, "the care he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of her Majestie, and of the honour of his countrey did more touch him" than "the private respect of one man." The letters, or papers, which he would deliver would disclose the gravity of the accused's offences—letters written to him with the particulars from time to time which had been observed not so much by himself as by his good friends "not onely at sea, but even at Plimmouth: not bare words, but writings; not writings alone, but actions, tending to the ouerthrowe of the service in hand and making away with his person."

Before the articles held by Captain Thomas were read Drake addressed Doughty direct. The report is Cooke's, and, turned into modern English spelling for more comfortable reading, runs in this wise.

"Thomas Doughty, you have here sought by divers means, inasmuch as you may, to discredit me, to the great hinderance and overthrow of this voyage, besides other great matters wherewith I have to charge you withal, the which if you can clear yourself of you and I shall be very good friends, whereto the contrary you have deserved death.'

"Master Doughty answered, 'It should never be approved that he merited any villany towards him.'

‘By whom will you be tried?’

‘Why, good General, let me live to come into my country [England] and I will there be tried by her Majesty’s laws.’

‘Nay, Thomas Doughty, I will here impanel a jury on you to inquire further of these matters that I have to charge you withal.’

‘Why, General, I hope you will see your commission be good.’

‘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.’

‘Well, you shall not see it.’”

Then turning to the assembly Drake exclaimed, “‘Well, my masters, this fellow is full of prating. Bind me his arms, for I will be safe of my life. My masters, you that be my good friends—Thomas Hood, Gregory—you there, my masters, bind him.’”

So they took him and bound his arms behind him. “Then he [Drake] gave divers furious words unto Thomas Doughty, as charging him to be the man that poisoned my lord of Essex [in Ireland], as he thought. And then again, whereas [when] Master Doughty avouched to his face that he [Doughty] brought him [Drake] first to the presence of my lord [Essex] in Ireland.

“‘Thou bring me to my lord? Lo! my masters, see how he goeth about to discredit me! This fellow with my lord was never of any estimation. I think he never came about him: for I that was daily with my lord

never saw him there above once, and that was long after my entertainment with my lord.’”

Now Drake called a jury of about forty in number, comprising the “chiefest of place and judgment in the whole fleet,” with Capt. John Wynter as foreman, and the trial proceeded in regular order. The jury heard the articles as read by Captain Thomas, and Doughty’s answer. None of these articles did he “greatly deny” till the statement of one Edward Bright was heard. This was a declaration that Doughty had told Bright in Drake’s garden at Plymouth, before the sailing of the expedition, that the queen and council were to be “corrupted.” To this Doughty made answer, “Why, Ned Bright, what should move thee thus to belie me? Thou knowest that such familiarity was never between thee and me. 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.” Upon further talk it fell out that Doughty had also said at the same time that my lord Treasurer—Lord Burghley—had a “plot,” or plan, of the voyage. Whereat Drake interjected, “No! that he hath not!” Doughty admitted that he had. “How?” demanded Drake. “He had it from me,” answered Doughty, inadvertently.

This roused Drake to a white heat of indignation. “Lo! my masters,” exclaimed he to the jury, “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 Treas-

urer should not know it; but see, he his own mouth hath betrayed him!"

To this outburst Doughty offered to "set his hand to what so was there written," meaning the articles, or anything else that Drake would "set down," if he would permit him to live and answer the charges in England. Drake replied, "Well, once let these men find whether you be guilty in this or no, and then we will farther talk of the matter." Upon which he delivered the "bills of indictment" to Wynter, the foreman.

Then up spoke Master Leonard Vicary, the lawyer, and Doughty's especial friend, who was one of the jury, "General, this is not law, nor agreeable to justice, that you offer." To which Drake retorted:

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

"Why," answered Vicary, "I know not how we may answer for his life."

"Well, Master Vicary," Drake returned curtly, "you shall not have to do with his life, let me alone with that. You are but to see whether he be guilty in these articles that here is objected against him or no."

"Why, very well, then there is, I trust, no matter of death."

"No, no, Master Vicary."

With this the jury drew apart and deliberated upon their verdict. The authorised narrative gives it, as agreed upon, in these words. That "*He had deserved death: And that it stode by no meanes with*

*their safety to let him liue: And therefore they remitted the manner thereof, with the rest of the circumstances, to the Generall."* But Cooke adds an important qualifying clause. They found all to be true without any doubt, he says, except on one article, and this was the charge of Edward Bright which had most effected Drake. Some of the jury doubted whether Bright "were sufficient with his only words," that is his word alone, "to cast away the life of a man." His honesty, too, was questioned. For, as Cooke puts it, "it dyd argwe [argue] small honestie in a man to conceale such a mattar yf [if] it had bene spoken in England," and to bring it out at this place where "wyll was lawe, and reason put in exile." But Bright was vouched for by others as "a very honest man." And Drake, when with the verdict he heard the doubt, dismissed it with the remark, "Why, I dare to swear that what Ned Bright hath said is very true."

Upon receiving the verdict Drake, calling all the company to follow him except Doughty and Doughty's brother, withdrew to the water-side. Here he opened a bundle of papers which he proposed to lay before them as bearing on the case. Turning over the lot he exclaimed, "God's will! I have left in my cabin that I should especially have had," meaning his commission. Cooke insinuates that he really had no such commission as he assumed. On the other hand the authorised narrative indicates that he had more than ordinary authority. It avers that before his departure Queen Elizabeth committed to him "for his com-

pany" her "sword to use for his safety with this word '*We doe account that he which striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at vs.*'"

The first letter that he showed was from John Hawkins to Essex recommending him to the earl for service in the latter's campaign in Ireland. Next he displayed letters from Essex to Hawkins thanking Hawkins for sending him "so good a servitor." Next, letters from Essex to Secretary Walsingham in his, Drake's, "great commendation." Next, from Sir Christopher Hatton to himself for his acceptance into his company of Hatton's men, John Thomas and John Brewer, and their "well usage" in the voyage. Lastly, a bill of her Majesty's adventure of a thousand crowns in the enterprise. These were shown as further evidences of Doughty's treachery. "My masters," said he [the report is again Cooke's], "you may see whether this fellow hath sought my discredit or no, and what should hereby be meant but the very overthrow of the Voyage, as first by taking away of my good name and altogether discrediting me, and then my life." In such event he asked what would they do? They could not carry the voyage further themselves, nor yet return to England with surety. Then he appealed to their love of gain. "Now, my masters, consider what a great Voyage we are like to make! The like was never made out of England! For by the same the worst [the least or the humblest] in this fleet shall become a gentleman. And if this Voyage go not forward, which I can not see how possible it should if

this man live, what a reproach it will be, not only unto our country but especially unto us, the very simplest here may consider of." Then he put the question of Doughty's fate directly to their votes.

"Therefore, my masters, they that think this man worthy to die let them with me hold up their hands, and they that think him not worthy to die hold down their hands."

Apparently most, if not all, hands went up. Cooke, who alone gives the account, declares that jealousy of the favour which Doughty had formerly had from Drake moved some, and fear of Drake impelled others to lift their hands.

With this decisive vote Drake, followed by the company, returned to his "judgment seat" and formally pronounced Doughty "the child of death," "persuading" him "withal that he would by this means make him the servant of God." Yet he would give the culprit a chance to escape his doom. If any of the company could between that and the next morrow devise any way that might save his life Drake would hear it. And to Doughty, "he wished him himself to devise some way for his own safeguard." Whereat Doughty responded:

"Well, General, seeing it is come to this pass that I see you would have me made away, I pray you carry me with you to the Peru and there set me ashore."

"No, truly, Master Doughty," Drake replied, "I cannot answer it to her Majesty if I should so do.

But how say you, Thomas Doughty, if any man will warrant me to be safe from your hands and will undertake to keep you, sure you shall see what I will say unto you."

Thereupon Doughty, looking toward Captain Wynter, asked of him, "Master Wynter, will you be so good as to undertake this for me?"

Wynter replied that he would.

"Lo! then my masters," said Drake, "we must thus do: we must nail him close under the hatches and return home again without making any Voyage, and if you will do so, say your hands."

At this, Cooke relates scornfully, a number of "desperate banckwrouptes" [bankrupts], "that could not lyve in theyr cuntrye [at home in England] without the spoyle of that [voyage] as others had gotten by the swete of theyr browes, sayd, God forbyde, good Generall!"

So fell this proposition. And warning Doughty to prepare for death, and giving him a day's respite to put his affairs in order, Drake rose and the assemblage broke up.

The second day after, Doughty was commanded to "make hym ready to dye" forthwith. He then appeared bearing a most "cherefull countenance," as "one that dyd altogethar contempne [contemn] lyfe," and prayed Drake that ere he died he might receive the sacrament. This Drake not only granted but offered to accompany him to "the Lord's table": for

which Doughty gave him hearty thanks, terming him affectionately "my good Captain." At the same time Drake gave him the privilege of choosing the manner of his execution. Being a gentleman he answered he should but lose his head, and inasmuch as he must needs die, that kind of death was most agreeable to his mind.

Then the two together received the sacrament, the chaplain Fletcher conducting the service. And then, at the same table, the two sat down to a banquet of the best things that the place yielded, and dined together "as cheerefully in sobriety as ever in their lives they had done aforetime: each cheering up the other, and taking their leave by drinking each to the other, as if some journey onely had beene in hand."

A strange and dramatic spectacle indeed. And as this scene was enacting, the place of execution was being made ready hard by, and from it must have come to the ears of the banqueters echoes of the grewsome sounds.

All was completed by the close of the dinner, and Doughty expressed his readiness for the final act as soon as it pleased his captain to order it. But first he would speak with Drake a few words in private. Accordingly they "talked a parte the space of halfe a quarter of an houre." What was said at this interview Drake never divulged. At its conclusion, the procession, "with bylls and staves," marched at once to the block.

Here Doughty showed himself no less "valyant

then [than] all the tyme afore." Falling to his knees he offered a prayer. He prayed first for "the queenes maiestie of England his soveraigne lady and mastres [mistress]"; then for "the happy successe of this voyadge," beeseching "God to turne it to the profite of his contrye." He remembered also "divars his good frinds, and especially ser [Sir] William Wynter, prayenge Mastar John Winter to comend hym to that good knyght."

Rising from his prayer he addressed the captain with a gentle pleasantry: "Nowe truly, I may say, as did ser Thomas More, that he that cuts my heade shall have little honestie, my necke is so short." Then casting his glance over the assembled company he desired them all to forgive him, and "especially some that he dyd perceyve to have displeasure borne them for his sake." These were men under suspicion of having been his accomplices. Naming several he besought Drake to "be good" to them. He declared that they had never practised with him any treachery toward the captain. "Neyther dyd he hym selfe evar thinke any villanous thowght agaynst hym."

Now embracing Drake and calling him once more his "good Captain," he bade him farewell, and laid his head upon the block. And when the head fell Drake caused it to be taken up and held before the company as he proclaimed, "Loe, this is the end of traytors!"

Throughout the ordeal the condemned gentleman had borne himself with such dignified bravery as to



DOUGHTY'S BRAVE ENDING.

They took their leave by drinking each to the other.



command the admiration of all. By the worthy manner of his death, the chaplain wrote, he "fully blotted out whatever staine his fault might seeme to bring vpon him." He was buried on the island beside the two victims of the conflict with the natives. While digging the grave the men found a "great grinding stone broken in two parts." These pieces they utilised for head and foot stones of the two graves, and the space between them was built up with other stones and turf. And on the tablets were engraved the names of the three soldier-sailors, the dates of their deaths, and a "memoriel of our generalls name," all in Latin, "that it might be the better vnderstood of all that should come after."

"These things finished and the whole company being together," Drake solemnly, as Cooke alone records, "protested before God that what so evar he was shuld offend the viij [eighth] parte that Doughty had done, should dye for it."

On the Sunday next following, Drake ordered the whole company to receive the sacrament, previous to which each man was to "confess" to the chaplain, the captain saying he would have all old quarrels forgiven. This was done. Yet in a little while the old quarrels were renewed. The old discord, too, between the gentlemen-at-arms and the marines was heightened as a result of Doughty's taking off. These dissensions came along with the oppression of cold, the vehemency of the southern winter, spare diet, and a sickness that

fell upon several of the company. At length, when a month had passed since the execution, Drake saw that something must be done, and that vigorously, to check the rising demoralisation and firmly to unite the company under his single control.

Accordingly on the eleventh day of August he ordered all hands ashore, announcing that he had some matter of importance to say to them. Then followed another dramatic performance in which our great captain once again demonstrated his remarkable skill as a commander of men.

Taking position in a tent, one side of which was laid open that all might plainly see and hear him, he called Captain Wynter to stand at his one side and Captain Thomas at the other while "his man," probably the faithful Diego (the escaped negro who had remained attached to him since the Nombre-de-Dios affair) laid in front of him a "great paper book." Observing these formalities the chaplain stepped up and offered to give a sermon. But the captain waved him aside. "Nay, soft, Master Fletcher," said he, "I must preach this day myself, although I have small skill in preaching." Then calling out to the assemblage, "Be all here, yea or nay?" and the answer being all present, he commanded each ship's company to group together. This done, and all at attention, he opened his discourse with these prefatory remarks. (The reporter again is Cooke, his spelling as before modernised for easier reading.)

"My masters, I am a very bad orator for my bring-

ing up hath not been in learning, but what so I shall here speak let every man take good notice of what I shall say: and let him write it down, for I will speak nothing but I will answer it in England, yea before her Majesty, as I have it here [pointing to the "great paper book"] already set down." Then he proceeded to read from his manuscript.

"Thus it is, my masters, that we are very far from our country and friends. We are compassed in on every side with our enemies. Wherefore we are not to make small reckoning of a man, for we cannot have a man if we would give for him ten thousand pounds. Wherefore we must have these mutinies and discords that are grown amongst us 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 sailors, that it doth even make me mad to hear it! But, my masters. I must have it left [? stopped]. For I must have the gentleman to haul and draw with the mariner, and the mariner with the gentleman. What! let us show ourselves all to be of a company, and let us not give occasion to the enemy to rejoice at our decay and overthrow. I would know him that would refuse to set his hand to a rope. But I know there is not any such here. And as gentlemen are very necessary for government's sake in the Voyage, so have I shipped them for that, and to some farther intent. [To train them for officers for further and larger operations against the Spanish-American

colonies, as Corbett understands.] And yet, though I know sailors to be the most envious people of the world, and so unruly without government, yet may not I be without them. Also, if there be any here willing [desirous] to return home, let me understand of them. Here is the 'Marigold,' a ship that I can very well spare. I will furnish her to such as will return with the most credit I can give them, either to my letters or any way else. But let them take heed that they go homeward, for if I find them in my way I will surely sink them. Therefore you shall have time to consider hereof until to-morrow, for, by my troth, I must needs be plain with you! I have taken that in hand that I know not in the world how to go through withal. It passeth my capacity. It hath even bereaved me of my witts to think on it."

At this the company as with one voice cried that none would return. All would take such part as their Captain-General should.

"Well then, my masters," he would know, "came you all forth with your good wills or no?"

The answer returned, "they came all with their wills."

Then he would ask, "At whose hands, my masters, look you to receive your wages?"

"At yours."

"Then how say you? Will you take wages or stand to my courtesy?"

"At your courtesy. For we know not [said some] what wages to ask."

Now having the men full in hand he turned to the officers. First, he commanded the steward of the "Elizabeth" to lay down the keys of his room. This was done. Next, all the ships' captains and masters were formally discharged from their posts, one after another, to their amazement and that of the company generally. Captains Wynter and Thomas protested, asking "what should move him so to displace them?" His answer was a query in turn: could they give any reason why he should not do so? In other words, he was the supreme commander, to appoint or discharge at will. He, however, bade them be content, and probably they were not long in discerning his motive.

With these summary acts he resumed his speech, and came to a representation of the Doughty offences. "You see here the great disorders that we are entered into. And although some have already received condign punishment as by death, who, I take God to witness, as you all know, was to me as my other hand; yet, you see, over and besides the rest, his own mouth did betray his treacherous dealing; and see how, trusting in the singularity of his own wit, overreached himself at unawares. But see what God would have done: for her Majesty commanded that of all men my lord Treasurer should have no knowledge of this Voyage; and to see that his own mouth hath declared that he hath given him a plot thereof. But, truly, my masters, and as I am a gentleman, there shall no more die. I will lay my hand on no more, although there be here that have deserved as much as he." Two of these he

named, and they humbled themselves before him, one falling to his knees and praying forgiveness. Next the gossip that the voyage had been set forth by certain patrons—Sir Christopher Hatton, or Sir William Wynter, or John Hawkins—was taken up, and Drake proceeded to give in detail the whole story of the inception and backing of the enterprise, as has been given in a previous chapter, sustaining his statement with letters and documents. Then the notable speech was brought to a close in these words.

“And now, my masters, let us consider what we have done. We have now set together by the ears three mighty princes, as first her Majesty, [then] the Kings of Spain and Portugal. And if this Voyage should not have good success, we should not only be a scorning or a reproachful scoffing stroke unto our enemies, but also a great blot to our whole country forever. And what triumph would it be to Spain and Portugal! And again the like would never be attempted.”

Then with an appeal to their pride, to the true Englishman's regard for the honour of his country, he restored all the officers to their posts as formally as he had deposed them. This done, he renewed his assurance to the company that he would satisfy every man in the voyage, else he would sell all he had even to his shirt. He had good reason so to promise, “for,” said he, “I have somewhat of mine own in England, and besides that I have as much adventure in this Voyage as three of the best whatsoever. And if it so be

that I never come home, yet will her Majesty pay every man his wages, whom indeed you and we all come to serve." This, Queen Elizabeth's direct association with the enterprise, he would impress upon them. "To say you come to serve me I will not give you thanks, for it is only her Majesty that you serve and this Voyage is only her setting forth."

And "so wishing all men [of the company] to be friends, he willed them to depart about their business." Thus the performance ended with Drake's purpose fully accomplished. He was thenceforth to be recognised as the sole supreme commander, and himself the servant of his queen.

The Doughty tragedy was to be a closed chapter for the remainder of the Voyage.

## XX

### THROUGH MAGELLAN'S STRAITS

“**T**HESE things thus ended and set in order, our generall discharged the *Mary*, viz., our Portuguese prize, because she was leake[leaky] and troublesome, defaced [broke up] her, and then left her ribs and keele vpon the iland where for two monethes together we had pitched our tents. And so, having wooded, watered, trimmed our ships, despatched all our other businesses, and brought our fleet into the smallest number, even 3 onely besides our pinnaces, that we might the easier keepe ourselves together, be the better furnished with necessaries, and be the stronger maned against whatsoever need should be, August 19 we departed out of this port, and being now in great hope of a happier issue to our enterprise, which Almighty God hitherto so blessed and prospered, we set our course for the Straights Southwest.”

So the authorised narrative brings the grim Port St. Julien chapter to an end and turns to the next and awe-inspiring stage of the momentous venture.

When all was in readiness for the embarkation the company were assembled for a solemn service to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon their further under-

taking. A general communion was celebrated, followed by prayers for the queen, the council, the church, and the "Common weal of England"; the singing of psalms, and thanksgiving for "God's great and singular graces" thus far bestowed upon them. And at the departure, they conferred upon the place of their long sojourn with its tragic happenings both in Magellan's day and theirs, the gory name of "Island of Blood."

Port Julien was left in this order: Drake leading with the "Pelican" flying the English ensign; the "Elizabeth" as vice-admiral following, and the bark "Marigold" close by her. Now, according to the narrator, Fletcher, the "Marigold" was in command of Edward Bright, the chief witness against Doughty: but later on in his narrative Fletcher alludes to Thomas as yet her captain; more likely Bright had been promoted to the mastership. He had shipped originally as a ship's carpenter.

That Drake was able to carry his men to the dreaded straits without a murmur was regarded by his contemporaries as a conspicuous merit. So terrible were they counted in that day that the "very thoughts" of attempting them "were dreadful," wrote one contemporary. So dangerous was the seeking of them and so troublesome the voyage, wrote another, that it "seemed a thing almost impossible" to be performed, and for thirty years before Drake's venture "no man made account thereof." The Spaniards for that period had given up this way to their Pacific posses-

sions as impracticable, and, as we have seen, had carried all of their Pacific trade overland across the Isthmus of Panama to and from the Caribbean ports. The last navigator before Drake to attempt the passage from the Atlantic side was one Simon de Alcazova, a Portuguese serving the King of Spain. He succeeded only in penetrating it some "twenty-five or thirty leagues," when he was forced to return; and afterward he was murdered by his men in mutiny. This was in the year 1535. Of the earlier attempts, following Magellan's feat, two only had been successful, and both ended tragically. The sea stories of the terrors of the mysterious passage had given European sailors a horror of it, and toward the last of the attempts, thirty years back, navigators who would attempt it were forced to refrain by threatened mutiny among their men.

However, what misgivings Drake's sailors may have secretly had, they wisely kept them to themselves, and all went well as they sailed onward into the unknown.

On August 20, the next day after leaving Port St. Julien, the squadron made Cape Virgins at the mouth of the straits.

And now they paused for another ceremony impressive as novel in the lonely sea. First, Drake ordered the three ships to "strike their top-sails upon the bunt," in homage to the Queen of England and in acknowledgment of her full right in whatever discoveries he might make. Then before the assembled company he formally changed the name of the flag-

ship from the "Pelican" to the "Golden Hind," "in remembrance," the authorised narrative records, "of his honourable friend and favourer Sir Christopher Hatton," whose crest bore that design. Then the chaplain delivered a sermon "teaching true obedience." Then the ceremony closed, like that at the departure from Port St. Julien, with prayers, "and giving of thanks, for her maiesty and most honourable counsell, with the whole body of the common weale and Church of God." The motive of the significant change in the flag-ship's name was more than merely to compliment one of Drake's patrons. It was plainly a shrewd stroke calculated, as Corbett notes, to allay the resentment which Hatton might naturally feel at the execution of Doughty, his principal man in the expedition; and, by thus attaching conspicuously to his name whatever glory the enterprise should attain, to secure his support at court where Hatton was a rising favourite when Drake left England.

Now the prows were turned directly into the strange frith, and all, gentlemen and sailors, were alert. What were they to encounter? What wondrous sights to see? What perils to meet? As the ships carefully advanced great fires arose on the north side of the broad mouth kindled by natives. What did these signify? Maybe they were warning signals to other natives. But it was never known.

Very soon the utmost skill of the ships' masters was brought into requisition. A narrow pass was entered "carrying with it much winde, often turnings and

many dangers." From this pass they fell into what seemed a "large and maine sea." Again, they were threading among "broken ilands" with "large passages between."

During the first night they had in sight an island which recalled the Fogo of the Cape Verdes, like it burning "aloft in the aire in a wonderful sort without interruption." Some of the broken islands were found inhabited by an "infinite number" of fowl, like great ducks or geese, "which the Welch named Penguin." They were the flightless sea-bird so named—a corruption of the English term pin-wing—by earlier English navigators: a party of gentlemen navigators in the year 1536 coming upon a northern species on the "Island of Penguin" in Newfoundland seas. Leaving these islands astern they sailed on a winding course, between snow-capped mountains on either side rising in magnificent terraces. The tiers "reaching themselves above their fellowes so high that between them did appear three regions of clouds," filled the beholders with wonder.

On islands "neere adjoyning the roots" of the mountains "rearing their heads into the cold and frozen regions," were seen masses of trees weighted with snow and frozen rain, yet ever green. So crushed down were their branches, and so close together, that they formed "sweet arbors," beneath which, the ground being defended from cold, various herbs were found flourishing, "as it were, as in the summer of England." Many of these "simples" as thyme, marjoram, "Alexander's

scurvy-grass," the men gathered. Natives were met here, a "comely and harmless people, but naked." Their bodies were painted with "formes and divers colours." The men, for the most part, had red circles painted about their eyes and red strokes on their foreheads. The women were ornamented with bracelets and necklaces made of white shells.

On the fourth day, the twenty-fourth of August, the voyagers fell in with "three Ilands, being trianglewise one from another." These lie close to the main-land at a turning of the passage to the south-west. On the largest Drake, accompanied by his gentlemen and the principal mariners, made a formal landing, and took possession of the three in Queen Elizabeth's name. The largest, in her honour, he named Elizabeth Island, the other two, respectively, Bartholomew's, because the day was St. Bartholomew's Day, and St. George's, in honour of England. On both the smaller islands more penguins were found, and in greater abundance than before. No less than three thousand, if we are to believe the narrators (and on this figure they all agree) were killed within the single day of their stay here. This game proved good eating, the flesh being "not far unlike a fat goose in England"; and the fleet were well victualled with it salted down.

The onward course continued through what afterward came to be called the Broad Reach. From the three islands to the end, the way was found to be very crooked, with "many turnings and, as it were, shuttings up as if there was no passage at all." More buf-

feting by repeatedly changing winds, sweeping down without warning upon the ships in icy squalls, was suffered. More than once they were in imminent danger of wreck. The mountains on either side continued impressive. Rising "with such tops and spires into the aire, and of so rare a height," the chroniclers thought that surely they might be "accounted amongst the wonders of the world." And yet, as before, the "lowe and plaine groundes" were seen to be "very fruitfull, the grasse greene and naturall, the herbes, that are of very strange sorts, good and many, the trees, for the most part of them, alwaies greene, the ayre of the temperature of our countrye, the water most pleasant": indeed a place, as the good chaplain observed, "that lacketh nothing but a people to vse the same to the Creators glory and the encreasing of the Church."

At length, nearing the Pacific, the fleet came upon "such a shutting up" of the straits "to the Northwards," and such "large and open fretes [Latin, fretum, a strait] toward the South," that Drake was doubtful which was the proper turn to take. Therefore, he brought the ships to anchor under an island, and taking a ship's boat with several of the gentlemen-at-arms, he rowed forward to reconnoitre for the true passage. When this was found, and the party had returned to the fleet, they met riding under the same island a canoe filled with a crew of natives. The boat interested the Englishmen quite as much as its occupants, and its beauty roused their admiration. It

was made of the bark of trees, handsomely moulded, and of "comely proportions," with a semicircular high prow and stern. The seams were stitched with thongs made of seal-skins. It had no other calking, yet so close was the stitching that it was as dry as an ordinarily calked craft. So excellent was the workmanship throughout that it seemed to the Englishmen "never to have beene done without the cunning and expert judgment of art": and that, too, not for the use of a rude and barbarous people, but as a pleasure boat for some "great and noble personage, yea, of some Prince."

These natives were also found amiable. But they were in marked contrast with the others previously met in the passage, and with the Patagonians on the Atlantic side, for they were a small people. The chroniclers described them as of "a mean stature but well set and compact" in form. Like the others they had great pleasure in painting their faces. On the island one of their houses was visited, a slender abode made of poles covered with skins of beasts. Inside were "fire, water, and such meate as commonly they can come by, as seales, mussels, and such like." The vessels in which they kept water, and their drinking cups, were made, like the canoe, of the bark of various trees, and fashioned as cleverly. Their tools with which all this work was done were knives made of great mussel shells which are found of extraordinary size in the straits. These knives were fashioned by breaking off the thin brittle edge of the shell and grinding a new

edge by rubbing upon stones. Thus the blade was so tempered and given so keen an edge that it could cut the hardest wood and bones of a "marvellous hardness." From these tough bones were cut fishgigs to kill fish, an occupation in which these natives were most dexterous.

On the sixth of September, seventeen days after the ships had entered the wondrous straits, they had left astern "all these troublesome Ilands," and had before them the longed-for goal. They had come to Cape Pillar, at that time the Cape "Deseado," or "Desired," of Magellan's naming, at the entrance of the Pacific. Here it was Drake's intention to marshal the company ashore, and after a sermon by the chaplain, to set up a monument to Queen Elizabeth, for a "perpetuall remembrance" of his coming and occupation of the point. He had the plate duly engraved and in readiness to place without delay. But this ceremony had to be abandoned. It was impossible for the fleet to come to anchor and the boisterous wind would not suffer them to make any stay.

So they sailed on and directly out. And Drake's prayer for life and leave once to sail this sea with an English ship was at last fulfilled.

## XXI

### ON THE PACIFIC

**D**RAKE had little time for formal rejoicings over so successfully attaining the sea of his desire. He must make all haste again "toward the line" for the refreshment of his men. All had become wearied with the "nipping cold" which they had encountered "vnder so cruell and frowning a winter," and some were sore ill from exposure. He would, moreover, push on the quicker to begin the business of his voyage—the seeking of Spanish prizes, and the sacking, if might be, of Spanish Pacific ports. It was his original plan as he outlined it in England, to work up the coast and ultimately come upon and surprise Panama from the Pacific side. He had little if any fear of being checkmated in this game, for he felt sure that his daring scheme of making the Pacific by way of the straits could not be discovered in season by the "enemy."

So, issuing orders that in case of separation of the fleet the rendezvous should be "in 30 deg. or thereabouts" on the coast of Peru, he steered north-west, in accordance with the markings on the common Spanish

maps which erroneously gave the trend of the coast in that direction instead of northward. This led early to trouble: to awful perils in an unprecedented storm which lasted, with slight intermissions, for fifty-two days, beat the fleet about, and drove them far southward; and finally separated them, leaving the "Golden Hind" alone to pursue the remainder of the voyage. Incidentally Drake by accident made a discovery of great importance which contributed much to his renown.

All went well till the second day on the mistaken course. They had sailed north-west about seventy leagues when the storm struck them—a fierce gale from the north-east. Turned roundabout, for more than a fortnight they could carry no sail, while they were driven to the west-south-west, midst snow, sleet, and rains, and in darkness. At length, by the close of the month, September, they had been carried as was calculated so far south as the fifty-seventh south latitude, and about two hundred leagues longitude to the west of the straits. Meanwhile, to add to their terrors, there had been a partial eclipse of the moon. This occurred in a lull of the storm on the evening of September 15, and lasted half an hour. No improvement in the weather followed as they hoped, the gale rather increased in fury. On the twenty-fourth the wind shifted so that they could turn about and work back again to the north-east under sail. In this course they continued about a week when they made the first land they had seen since the storm first fell upon them.

But the wind blew so strong that they could not anchor. During the following night the "Marigold," obliged to bear away before the gale, parted company with the others and was never more seen. On her, with Captain Thomas and Master Bright, were twenty-eight souls. According to the authorised narrative, her fate was not known by the others, and Drake hoped and expected that she would ultimately be recovered at the appointed rendezvous. But the Chaplain Fletcher in his notes avers that she was "swallowed up with the horrible and unmercifull waves, or rather mountaines of the sea," and that he and Brewer, the trumpeter, heard "their fearefull cryes when the hand of God came upon them." Her disappearance chanced in the second watch of the night when the chaplain and the trumpeter were on the watch.

The "Golden Hind" and the "Elizabeth" battling the storm managed to keep the course for another week. Then on the seventh of October they were up again to the opening of the straits, past it, and come to a harbour among some islands a little north of Cape Pillar. This haven they entered toward night "with a sorrie saile," by "a most narrow passage of rocks" as "through the eye of a nedell." Here in shelter the worn and wearied men hoped to enjoy a little ease till this "intollerable tempest" had spent itself. But only a few hours after anchoring they were caught in a furious squall and thrown into confusion. The "Golden Hind's" cables broke and her anchors "came home" [dragged], while the "Elizabeth" was forced to slip

hers. Both ships succeeded in reaching the open sea, but they were almost immediately separated. And they were never to meet again.

So it was that the "Golden Hind" was left alone. What became of the "Elizabeth"? She did not founder, nor did she suffer hurt. On the contrary, she prosperously scudded home to England and there reported the probable loss of Drake. We have the story in the narrative of Edward Cliffe who was on board her:

"The seventh of October falling into a dangerous bay full of rocks . . . there we lost company of M. Drake the same night. The next day, very hardly escaping the danger of the rocks, we put into the *Streights* againe, where we ankered in an open bay for the space of two dayes, and made great fiers on the shore to the end if M. Drake should come into the *Streights* hee might finde us. After, we went into a sound where we stayed for the space of three weekes; and named it *The Port of Health*, for the most part of our men being very sicke with long watching, wet, cold, and euil diet, did here, God be thanked, wonderfully recouer their health in short space. Here we had very great muscles, some being 20 inches long, very pleasant meate, and many of them full of seed-pearles. We came out of this harbour the first of Nouember giuing ouer our voiage by M. *Winters* compulsion, full sore against the mariners' minds, who [Wynter] alleged he stood in dispaire as well to haue winds to serue his turne for Peru [for the rendezvous] as also

of M. Drake's safety. So we came back againe through the Streights." Wynter was no coward. He was simply restive under Drake's autocratic leadership, and welcomed this opportunity, honourably as he doubtless thought, to break away. In his deposition before the admiralty court after his return to England, he complained of Drake's arbitrary acts. The taking off of the Portuguese prize—the "Mary" at Cape Verde Islands for example. This was contrary to Wynter's "good wish," but he could not protest for he had no authority there "but such as pleased the said Drake to give and take away" at his own will and pleasure. Had he "contraried" Drake he would have punished him with death, he declared, and instanced the case of Doughty. Therefore, being "where no justice would be heard" he was enforced to "content" himself "with silence." Probably after his fire signals in the straits had failed to discover the "Golden Hind" he honestly believed she was lost, or that ultimately Drake would also abandon the voyage and attempt to return home.

Now the "Golden Hind" alone was again driven back southward by the continuing storm. As she drifted or was beaten along Drake kept a constant lookout for both of his lost consorts. With the disappearance of the "Elizabeth" he named the bay where they had found such brief shelter together, the "*Bay of Severing of Friends*." The tempest raged till the "Golden Hind" had been carried as low down as the fifty-fifth parallel. Here the gale somewhat abated,

and Drake was enabled to run in among a group of islands and anchor. These islands, Corbett conjectures, are in Darwin's Sound, a few leagues to the south of the former anchorage of the fleet in this quarter. And the point where Drake now anchored Corbett surmises to have been either somewhere off Stewartland, or about the western approaches to the Beagle Channel.

Here two restful days were passed in the lull of the storm. All the sick, of whom there were not a few, and the well received much comfort from a diet of wholesome herbs found here, with good fresh water. The natives were seen "travelling for their living from one island to another in their canowes, both men and women, and young infants wrapt in skins, and hangeing at their mothers backs." These proved to be friendly folk and Drake trafficked with them, as usual giving trinkets in exchange for what they had: in this case chains of shells and other trifles. Still the sea continued troubled and the blustering winds again became threatening. Then the storm revived and with a furious energy. The sea was "rowled vp from the depths euen from the roots of the rockes as if it had been a scroll of parchment." The "Golden Hind's" anchors gave over their holdfast, and leaving behind the greater part of the cable with one anchor, she was committed almost helpless to the rolling sea which tossed her "like a ball in a racket."

Again Drake's skilful seamanship saved her from wreck. At length, she fell in with the "vttermost part

of land towards the South Pole." And now the tempest instantly died away, and the unparalleled storm, which for violence and continuance "full 52 days" had exceeded all records "since Noah's flood," was over. Its sudden cessation as soon as the "Golden Hind" had reached this "uttermost part" Drake devoutly interpreted "as though God had sent them of purpose to the end which ensued."

This end was Drake's great discovery. He identified these islands as part of the archipelago through which he had passed in the straits. Thus he saw that Magellan had not discovered as supposed the only way between the two oceans. The cosmographers of that time had represented the straits to be a passage between America and a vast antarctic continent stretching east and west about the world, which they called "*Terra Australis Incognita*." Drake saw no such continent here. Outside the uttermost cape or headland of "all those islands" there was "no maine or island" to the southward, but instead the open sea with the meeting of the Atlantic and the Pacific "in a most large and free scope." This uttermost cape or headland was Cape Horn, afterward so named, in honour of a Dutch sailor.

It was a momentous discovery none the less to our hero's credit because accidental. How he came to it he described some years after to Sir Richard Hawkins, the worthy son of Sir John, and himself a great navigator, who repeated the description in his *Observations* upon a voyage of his own into the South Sea

in 1593. "I remember," wrote Sir Richard, "that Sir Francis Drake told me . . . that standing about when the winde changed he was not well able to double the southermost iland, and so anchored under the lee of it; and going a-shore, carried a compasse with him, and seeking out the southermost part of the iland, caste himself downe upon the uttermost poynt, groveling, and so reached out his bodie over it. Presently he imbarked, and then recounted unto his people that he had beene upon the southermost knowne land in the world, and more further to the southwards upon it then [than] any of them, yea, or any man as yet knowne."

Fletcher also was on this island, and he set up a stone that he found there upon the flat side of which he cut Queen Elizabeth's name, the "year of Christ and the day of the month"; while Drake named the group "*Elizabethides*" in honour of his mistress.

That Drake made this discovery is not admitted by some of the early and later historians, although the evidence is unmistakable; and it is popularly credited to the Dutch navigator Schouten, in the service of the East India Company, who was the first to double Cape Horn, in 1616. Drake did not at once report the discovery upon his return from this voyage, but kept the matter secret, except among his closest confidants, for some time, that the Spaniards should not learn of it and its strategical importance. Later Hakluyt accepted it, giving, on Drake's authority, in his "New Map" in the second edition of his *Principal*

*Navigations*, an open sea below South America in place of the *Terra Australis Incognita* set down by the earlier cosmographers.

The fine weather, that came with his great discovery, Drake took as a further sign from heaven that the Divine Hand had guided him. Says the authorised narrative, "Now our troubles did make an end . . . and all our calamities, onely the absence of our friends excepted, were removed, as if God, all this while, by his secret providence had led vs to make this discovery, which being made, according to his will, he stayed his hand, as pleased his maiestie therein, and refreshed vs as his seruants."

Now Drake was anxious to return north and reach the appointed rendezvous on the Peruvian coast as speedily as possible in the hope of there recovering the lost consorts. So after two days spent among the "Elizabethides," on the thirtieth of October sails were set and the "Golden Hind" was again gallantly plying north-westward.

## XXII

### “MAKING” THE VOYAGE

**I**N their course up from the “Elizabethides” the voyagers kept “close aboard the shore as well as of the broken land,” and on the second day they chanced upon two islands “lying like stragglers from the broken land.” These are supposed to have been the Ildefonso group, off Darwin Sound. They looked inviting, and anchoring off them, Drake made a landing with the ship’s boat. They were found to be “store-houses of most liberall provision of victuals”—birds’ eggs in great profusion, sufficient to stock the whole fleet had they been here together. As many as the “Golden Hind” could conveniently stow away were taken aboard, and the ship sailed on.

Hence, north-north-west as the Spanish charts indicated the Chilian coast to trend, she forged ahead for twelve days more, till the height of forty-four degrees was reached. Meanwhile another interesting island of considerable size had come into view; but nothing of the looked-for Chilian coast. Drake’s growing suspicion that the Spanish charts were misleading had become a conviction, and he now boldly changed the

course, steering north-east. This move in due time brought its reward. After two days' sailing in this direction he made the desired coast, at the mouth of the Valdivia River which enters the sea at the Puerto de Corral, Chili. No fit harbour being seen here he coasted onward at a safe distance offshore till he had come to the height of thirty-seven degrees south or thereabouts. Still finding “no convenient place of abode,” or sign of the lost consorts, at this point he determined to leave the main-land, lest he should be discovered, and run for that considerable island which had continued in view.

It was the Chilian island of “Mucho.” Mocha, as the gazetteers set down in these modern days, is resorted to by whalers, the peaceful successors in these tranquil South Seas of our buccaneers of three centuries back. The “Golden Hind” dropped anchor in its pleasant harbour on the twenty-fifth of November, and Drake with a picked crew rowed ashore. It was seen to be a fruitful place, “well stored with sundry good things.” Upon landing Drake was received by a group of the Indian inhabitants with every demonstration of good-will. These inhabitants were not natives of the island, but refugees from the main-land. They had been driven “by the cruell and most extreame dealings of the Spaniards” to fly from their old homes and fortify themselves here against their enemies. Several of the group, “with great courtesie,” offered Drake fruits, maize, poultry; others brought down “two very fat sheepe” as a special present for him.

In return, according to his custom, he gave them various trinkets. By signs he made them understand that his coming was for no other purpose than to traffic with them for the products of their island, and to obtain supply of fresh water. In the same language they joyously expressed their happiness to accommodate him; and the next morning was appointed for the business. At this, with more gestures of friendliness on both sides, he departed for the ship with his little cargo of fruits, hens, and the good fat sheep, to return in the morning as arranged.

That night, says the chaplain Fletcher in his notes, gratefully though slipping a bit in grammar, "our mutton and hens was to us so sweet that we longed for day that we might have more such bargains at their hands, yea every man desired to be a South Sea merchant." They were to receive instead a stunning shock.

Bright and early next morning Drake was off again, now with a fine crew of nine men. They carried a lot of trinkets for exchange for the good things expected, and "barricoes," or barrels, to take off the fresh water. Fearing no harm, the men carried neither "bowe nor other shot": only their swords and targets, which they were accustomed always to carry on all shore ventures. Beckoned by the natives, they came to a landing in a narrow creek bordered on both sides with reeds growing high and thick. Two sailors, Tom Flood and Tom Brewer, were first put ashore with the water barrels. They started off cheerily for the watering-place near by which the Indians had in-

dedicated. When they had passed about half the way, to the amazement of their comrades in the boat they were set upon by their guides and carried off. At the same moment out from behind rocks screened by the reeds bordering the creek sprang some five hundred Indians and stormed the boat-load with a hot shower of arrows and darts. Simultaneously other Indians began hauling the boat inshore by the painter. Others dashed at the oars. So unexpected and sudden was the attack that the boat-load were helpless. Every man of them was hit by arrows or darts several times. One suffered a score of wounds. He was the negro Diego, Drake's devoted servant. Another — John Brewer, the trumpeter—had seventeen. Several were dangerously hurt. Among the latter was Drake himself. He was cut by an arrow in the face under the right eye, and struck also in the head and an arm. At such close range was the assault and so crowded the boat that the targets were of slight protection, while the swords were useless. Had not one of the sailors quickly cut the painter and released the boat all must have perished.

With only two oars left, the creek full of rocks, and the surf running high, they made their perilous way back to the ship and the wounded were hastened aboard. Immediately another boat was sent back with a fresh crew, armed to the teeth, to rescue the two captured sailors. But the Indians were now gathered in such large numbers on the shore that it could not be accomplished, and the poor fellows had

to be left to their fate. When this crew returned to the ship they begged that the wrong might be revenged by a broadside into the crowd ashore; but Drake would not permit it. He was "more desirous to preserve one of his owne men alive then [than] to destroy one hundred of his enemies." That these Indians had taken Drake and his party for Spaniards was doubtless the explanation of their act. For, says the narrative, "though command was given to the contrary, some of our men in demanding water vused the Spanish word *Agua*" in their hearing.

With so large a number of painfully wounded men, things were in a bad way for a little while on the "Golden Hind." The chief surgeon was dead; his assistant was on the absent "Elizabeth"; and there was only left the surgeon's boy, "whose good will was more then [than] skill hee had." But fortunately—and here again we have a remarkable example of our hero's resourcefulness—Drake himself, with his picked-up knowledge of surgery and medicine, was able to minister to his own and the others' hurts. Thanks to his skill, coupled with the fresh food they had obtained and the healing sea air, all in good time were recovered save two—the ship's gunner, a Dane called "Great Niel," and the faithful Diego, whose loss our captain sincerely deplored. The weapons of these Mucho Indians, the narrator remarks in passing, which did such cruel harm, were arrows made of reeds headed with stone "very brittle and indented," and darts of great length tipped with iron or bone.

In the afternoon of this fateful day, the inhospitable island was left and search made for a happier port which might afford the wounded some rest. Bending the ship's course, as the wind would favour her, again toward the main, four days later, the thirtieth of November, the voyagers fell in with a bay which seemed to answer their purpose. This was Philip's Bay, as they called it, a little way above Valparaiso. At its mouth the "Golden Hind" dropped anchor, and a boat was manned to discover whether it fulfilled its promise. The boatmen returned with an unsatisfactory report. They could not find that its shores afforded either fresh victuals or fresh water. They had seen huge herds of "buffes" (buffaloes) roaming about, but no sign of any inhabitants. One native, however, placidly fishing in the bay, they had come upon as they were returning. And him, with his canoe, they brought back with them.

He was a fine figure as the narrator pictures him. "A comely personage and of good stature," clad in a single "white garment reaching scarcely to his knees," arms and legs bare, long hair falling from a strong head. Drake received him affably on the "Golden Hind's" deck. It was a lucky meeting as events shortly proved. By signs and gestures he indicated his readiness to be of any service to the stranger captain. Drake gave his customary reply: he would trade with the people for his needs: fresh victuals and water. This the good fellow promised immediately to bring about. So, after he had been handsomely en-

tertained and pleased with gifts, he was returned to the ship's boat to be landed "where he would." Along with him went his canoe, a dainty bit of craft made of reed straw.

Upon landing he willed the crew to stay by while he sought his friends. Two or three of his kind at once made their appearance seemingly from a hiding. To these he was seen to impart his news: displaying his presents, and evidently expressing the strangers' desire for trade. All this was apparently quite to their satisfaction. Then he and the others disappeared. The crew remained awaiting developments for an hour and more, ever on guard. At length their man returned accompanied by his "captain," or chief, and others loaded down with good things, hens, eggs, a fat hog, and "such like." To allay any suspicion of their good intent the savages packed these offerings into one of their own canoes and paddled it to the ship's boat then lying "a reasonable distance" off the shore. And with the goods went the chief. "He would needs commit himself to the credit of our men, though strangers, and come with them to our Generall without any of his own acquaintance or counciemen with him." This was a remarkable show of confidence to be sure, but, you see, he and his people evidently thought the strangers to be Spanish, and with the Spaniards they were friendly.

The chief was welcomed on the "Golden Hind" with greater courtesy, if possible, than his forerunner had received. He informed Drake by signs that all

the ship's necessities could not be fully supplied at this place. There was, however, a larger place not far back to the southward where by traffic he might have at pleasure everything he stood in need of, and the accommodating chief would pilot him to that harbour if he wished. This offer Drake accepted, the more gladly, as the narrative states, “because it was neere about the place appointed for the rendezvous of our flete.” But there was a more inspiriting reason. As Pretty's narration notes, the chief dropped the observation that there was lately arrived in that harbour “a great ship laden from the kingdom of Peru.”

Now the “making of the Voyage,” the raid upon Spanish ships and Spanish Pacific ports for plunder, was about to begin.

No time was lost in getting away under the Indian's pilotage. Several of the company had planned a buffalo hunt ashore, but this had to be given up. A day's sailing back southward brought them to the desired port. This was Valparaiso, serving as the port of Santiago. It was reached on the fifth of December, a year from the time of Drake's start out from England, and not a word of his break into the Pacific had yet come to any South Sea Spanish settlement. All of them were believed to be absolutely secure from invasion by any European enemy, corsair or pirate. So all were off guard. Drake was to fall upon them “like a visitation from Heaven.”

Valparaiso at this time, according to Pretty, was a

town of "not above nine households," indifferently protected. In the harbour rode the treasure-ship of which the Indian had told, with only eight Spaniards and three negroes aboard her. She was a famous vessel. She was called, as the narrative puts it, the "*Captaine of Moriall, or the Grand Captaine of the South, Admirall of the Islands of Salomon.*" Corbett informs us that she was the identical ship which the famous Spanish navigator Sarmiento de Gamboa had commanded in the expedition of Mendana de Neyra eleven years before (1567) to discover the fabled "Isles of Ophir," now called the Solomon Islands, and perhaps Australia. The few of her crew aboard supposing the incoming "Golden Hind" to be a Spanish ship, welcomed her with the beating of drums, and, as was afterward learned, made ready a "bottiji" (a Spanish pot) of Chilian wine to drink to the supposed friends. But as soon as she had come up with the Spaniard the intrepid and experienced Tom Moone, spoiling for adventure, was over her side with a boarding party.

Now the story is Pretty's, the authorised narrative discreetly suppressing these details. Moone "began to lay about him" vigorously, with the cry as he struck one of the crew, "*Abaxo Perro!* that is in English, Goe downe dogge!" to surrender by getting below. "One of these Spaniards seeing persons of that quality in those seas"—Pretty was a bit of a braggadocio—"crossed and blessed himselfe: but to be short, wee stowed them under hatches, all save one Spaniard,

who suddenly and desperately leapt over board into the sea and swamme ashore to the town of S. Iago to give them warning of our arrival.”

The prize secured, Drake manned his ship's boat, and also that of the prize, and entered the town. It was found deserted, all the inhabitants having fled. His men gayly helped themselves to what was readiest at hand. Wines of Chili were taken from the warehouses. A chapel was rifled of “a silver chalice, two cruets, and one altar cloth,” Catholic spoil which Drake turned over to his Protestant chaplain. No harm to warehouse or dwelling was permitted. Nor was any injury suffered by the prisoners on the prize. The sack of the town over, Drake returned to her and set all of the prisoners ashore, save only her pilot, a Greek, named John Griego, whom he retained to pilot him to Lima. Then the “Golden Hind,” well supplied with the takings of wines, bread, bacon, and other foods for a long season, put to sea again with the prize in tow. When they were well out Drake had her brought alongside his ship and ransacked her. Her product was surprising. Besides a good cargo of Chilian wine she was carrying “25000 pezoës of very fine gold of Baldivia [Valdivia], amounting in value to 37000 ducats of Spanish money and above,” or eighty thousand pounds of English money; some pearls; and a “great crosse of gold beset with emeralds, on which was nailed a god of the same metall.”

Some time was spent in the pleasant toil of “easing this ship of so heavy a burthen,” as the narrative jo-

cundly records, by transferring her wealth to the "Golden Hind." This done, captor and captured were a-sail again, returning toward "the line." Along the way the Indian pilot, who had remained through the Valparaiso affair, was landed "in the place where he desired," bountifully rewarded by Drake for his profitable service "with many good things," which pleased him mightily. What was his fate on the discovery that he had led the English to the spoiling of Spaniards can only be conjectured.

Drake was now on the lookout especially for a convenient and safe harbour in which he might clean the "Golden Hind," which had again become foul, and also set up his other pinnace stowed in the hold in pieces: the first one had been lost sight of in the storm off Tierra del Fuego with eight men. With this pinnace he could search every likely inlet or creek he might come upon, which his ship could not safely penetrate, in the hope of finding the lost consorts. These he was yet confident he would ultimately meet. He would also employ the smaller boat in encountering the "malice or treachery of the Spaniards," if by chance the voyagers should meet with any of them, rather than hazard the ship to their "cruell courtesie."

Such a place was apparently found at the mouth of the Coquimbo River, not far south of a Spanish town which the narrator calls "Cyppo." Drake sent his ship's boat to the shore with a crew of fourteen men to reconnoitre. They had evidently been espied from the town, for no sooner had they landed than a party

of Spaniards and Indians hove in sight approaching the water-side. They were a pretty large party too: three hundred horsemen and two hundred footmen, according to Pretty; but as the authorised narrative states it, “300 men at least, whereof 100 were Spaniards every one well mounted upon his horse, the rest . . . Indians running as dogs at their heeles, all naked.” Luckily for the fourteen, before this formidable force could reach them, they were all able to escape except one, by scurrying from the main to a rock offshore and then to their boat which hurried them back to the ship. The one who failed to get away was an over-bold sailor, Richard Mining, who refused to run and dared the oncomers. They killed him, and, after his dead body was dragged from the rock to the main by the Indians, the Spaniards cut off his head and his right hand, and plucked out his heart, leaving the remains to the Indians to be shot full of arrows—all this in the sight of his horrified companions. After the assailants had withdrawn some of the sailors ventured again ashore and gave the mangled body decent burial. Meanwhile the Spaniards reappeared now bearing a flag of truce. But Drake would not trust them, and as soon as the burial party had re-embarked sails were set and the search renewed, northward.

The next day another and more inviting harbour was come upon. This was Salado Bay some leagues north of “Cyppo.” Upon examination it proved to be quite suitable. Accordingly anchors were cast and

preparations made for a stay till the work as planned was done. Speedily all hands were at their appointed tasks. The "Golden Hind" was thoroughly trimmed, and her heavy guns were brought out of her hold and mounted, while the pinnace was put together on the deck of the prize. Fully a month's time was spent in this work and in exploring the region about. When the pinnace was full set up Drake took her with some "chosen men" and sailed southward, hoping to come upon the missing consorts in some inlet or secluded place along shore. But after several days' sailing, the wind being contrary, he was forced to return. He contented himself with the thought that, failing to make the rendezvous, the consorts had gone on toward Panama. Therefore he would push on northward without further delay, and, while continuing at "making" his voyage, would look into every inlet and bay for them. During the stay in this haven, the gentlemen of the company had fine sport in fishing. The narrator would have it believed that with "4 or 5 hookes or lines, in 2 or 3 houres" they "would take sometimes 400" fish, "sometimes more at one time."

Salado Bay was left astern on the nineteenth of January. The course was now close along shore. Near a place which the narrator calls "Tarapaca," on the Pisagua River, the first landing was made by a ship's boat party for fresh water. Ashore they lighted upon a Spaniard lying comfortably sound asleep, and at his side lay thirteen bars of silver, "weighing in all about 4000 Spanish ducatts." He was on his way from the

renowned Potosi mines. They would not disturb him, but would relieve him of his burden. He did awake, but not till they had the silver, which they carried back to the ship instead of the water. A little farther on another landing was made, as before for water. Here more plunder was fallen upon. This time it was in the keeping of a Spaniard wide awake, with an Indian boy, driving a string of eight llamas, or Peruvian sheep, “as big as asses,” each loaded with two leather bags containing a hundred pounds of fine silver. “We could not indure to see a gentleman Spaniard turned carrier so,” says the narrator in his facetious way, “and therefore without intreaty we offered our seruices and become drouers, onely his directions were not so perfect that we could keepe the way which hee intended, for almost as soone as hee was parted from us we with our new kind of carriges were come vnto our boates.” The bags thus taken yielded in all some eight hundred-weight of silver.

Next some Indian towns were passed where all the natives were found friendly. From one groups came out in queer craft with quantities of fish for traffic and took the trifles in exchange with glee. Their craft were “certaine bawses made of seale skins, of which two being ioyned [joined] together of iust [just, or equal] length and side by side resemble in fashion or forme a boate.” In each was “a small gutt or some such thing blowne full of winde, by reason whereof it floateth, and is rowed very swiftly, carrying in it no small burthen.” At another, by name Mormorena, or

Morro Morena, two Spanish officers were ruling as governors. Drake would "try their courtesy" in the matter of traffic. They yielded gracefully, "more from feare than love," however, the narrator avers; and a brisk trade followed with their people. Of all the novel things here found the sheep of the country were "most memorable." They were similar to those previously taken with the leather bags of gold, but bigger. In height and length, declares the narrative, they were equal to a "pretty cow," while their strength, if we are to accept these sailors' yarns, was enormous. "Vpon one of their backs did sit at one time three well growne and tall men, and one boy, no mans foot touching the grounde by a large foot in length, the beast nothing at all complaining of his burthen in the meane time."

The next adventure was at Arica, a Spanish town, and the port of the rich Potosi mines, which was reached on the seventh of February. This port Drake boldly entered. Within lay two or three barks with only a lone negro in charge, all the crews being in the town, so secure from sea enemies was the region believed to be. The negro was taken and the ships rifled. From one were got some forty odd (Pretty says fifty-seven) wedges of silver of the "bignesse and fashion of a brickbatte, and in waight each of them about 20 pounds." Drake would have followed up the capture with a sack of the warehouses of the little town, a settlement then of about twenty houses, had his company been "better and more in number" to cope with

a force of horse that were there. Instead, he contented himself with keeping the place in alarm through the night following by the noise of his drums and trumpets. Early in the morning he was away, taking the captured negro along with him.

Now he was hastening toward Callao, the port of Lima, to outrun the news of his presence in these waters which he feared might be sent there from Arica. His movements, moreover, were accelerated by a report, which probably the captured negro had dropped, that a richly laden treasure-ship had sailed a short time before for Panama. This prize he must have. A breezy dash of a hundred miles brought him up to her. She was lying at anchor in a haven which the narrator calls Chule, a mistake, as Corbett thinks, for Chute, where is Ilay, the port of Arequipa. To Drake's chagrin she was empty. A warning had reached her ahead of him from two of his prisoners that he had liberated; and two hours before his arrival she had discharged and hidden all her treasure. He had, therefore, only a valueless prizé for his pains. A league offshore he made sail upon her and also upon his prizes taken at Arica, and left them to go whither they would, while he hurried on to Callao. A few leagues south of the port a Spanish bark was met coming therefrom. She was taken without any ado, and found to contain a cargo of linen. Her pilot he retained to conduct him into port. From her men he got word of another treasure-ship recently arrived at Callao, and this spurred him on.

Callao was reached on the fifteenth day of February. In this harbour were moored some thirty vessels, of which seventeen, most of these the finest Spanish ships in the South Sea trade, were full laden. The sails of many were ashore, and all were under slight watch, for here, as elsewhere, the masters and merchants were fearing the "approach of none such as we were." Drake quietly dropped in at nightfall and anchored in the midst of the fleet. As quietly the rifling of the deserted ships was begun. In one, the "ship of one Mighall Angell," were fifteen bars of silver, a chest "full of royals of plate" [real de plata, a Spanish silver coin] some silks and linens. The chest was shifted to the "Golden Hind" with a goodly store of the silk and linens. From the few stray hands about this ship the Englishmen got their first news of Old-World happenings since their departure from England. But of greater moment as affecting their own affairs was the intelligence given by these sailors of a certain rich treasure-ship that had left this haven a fortnight before bound for Panama, and to touch at Paita on the way. She was the "gallant ship the Cacafuego, the great glory of the South Sea," full laden with bullion on its way to the Spanish king's treasury: the rarest game of the Pacific at that time. Here was a prize worth fighting for. Drake felt sure that with his lighter ship he could catch her notwithstanding her long start. So he hastened his present "business" that he might be off for the chase.

While the ships' looting was thus hurrying to a fin-

ish a vessel from Panama came into the harbour and anchored close to the "Golden Hind." At the same time a custom-house boat coming out from the shore pulled up alongside her to inquire who she was. One of Drake's Spanish prisoners was made to reply, "Michael Angelo's ship from Chili." At this one of the boat's men started to climb up her side. As he neared the deck his astonished eyes were gazing into the mouth of a great gun. Back he scrambled and back rushed the boat shoreward. A shower of arrows was sent after her to stop her and prevent her giving the alarm to the town, but without effect. In the confusion the ship from Panama had cut her cables and was making off for sea. Drake's pinnace put after her. Soon she was reached and surrender demanded. Her reply was a harquebus shot which killed one of the pinnace's crew. Now the "Golden Hind" was off. To prevent pursuit Drake had cut the cables of all the ships in the harbour, and the masts of the larger ones, and let them drive whither they would, either to sea or on the shore. One shot from the "Golden Hind" was sufficient to make the Panama ship strike. Some of her crew lowered her boat and abandoned her. Hurriedly overhauled, she was found to contain only Spanish merchandise. With her in tow Drake made ready for his chase.

It was to be the most exhilarating chase of the whole marvellous voyage. At the outset, however, Drake was balked by an exasperating dead calm, and only by clever manœuvring did he escape disaster. As the

“Golden Hind” and her prize drifted off the mouth of Callao Bay, he could hear the bells of the town ringing out an alarm, and cries of “the French! the French!” By these cries it was some satisfaction to him, no doubt, to find that his identity had not yet been discovered, but his position was none the less perilous. The calm continued through the whole of the next day. Meanwhile in the town it had been learned that the enemy were not French but English, and preparations were making in hot haste for their pursuit. The Viceroy of Peru, Don Francisco de Toledo, had hurried down from Lima with horse and foot, and had manned two of the drifting vessels in the harbour with soldiers to make after them. It was he who had found out who the enemy really were, from the arrows which Drake’s men had fired into the custom-house boat. The pursuers got off upon the first gentle breeze that broke the calm, but before they could reach him Drake had managed by towing with his pinnace and ship’s boat to get his ships out into the sea. And as they were approaching in the distance, he effected a clever ruse to turn them from the “Golden Hind” to the prize. Quietly and with the utmost haste he had the prisoners and prize crew transferred to the “Golden Hind,” then, casting the prize off and letting her drive, while spreading all sail on the “Golden Hind,” he sped away on the now increasing wind. The ruse was most successful. The pursuers drove directly for the prize, and by the time they recovered her the “Golden Hind” was only a speck on

the horizon. They laboured after her all that day, but as night fell gave up the chase and returned discomfited to port. Had they caught up with her they were powerless for action, for their ships had no guns, and the soldiers were in no condition for fighting, since most of these landsmen had become deathly seasick.

Meanwhile the freshening breeze had developed into a little gale, and the “Golden Hind” was flying northward at a spanking pace. As she drew near “the line” the wind again died down, and her sailors were put to the oars. On the second day of her run a Spanish frigate was met and easily taken. From her pilot Drake learned that his prey was only three days ahead of him. Two more days’ sailing brought him to Paita. The “Cacafuego” had left some time before, but from the crew of another prize which he took here—a ship laden with wine—he found that he had gained a day on her.

Now there seemed the prospect of a fight, for the “Cacafuego” was said to be unusually well armed and quite warranting her name, which freely Englished means the “Spitfire.” Thus an added relish was given the chase. Continuing from Paita the ship and the pinnace sailed in extended line: the ship a league and a half to sea, the pinnace carrying Drake close inshore. All eyes were keenly on the lookout. To whoever on either craft should first descry the prey Drake had promised a chain of gold for reward.

The next day out from Paita a third prize was taken. This was a Spanish bark bound from Guayaquil to

Panama, laden with ships' ropes and tackling, and having in her some eighty pounds weight of gold. She carried two friars as passengers; and a "gold crucifix studded with diamonds," which was among her plunder, may well have been theirs. The friars were set ashore together with her men, excepting the skipper and the supercargo, who were retained while the transfer of the treasure to the "Golden Hind" was made. During this operation Drake had a tussle with the supercargo. Some of the negroes of the crew had declared that there was some metal aboard not entered in the ship's papers. The supercargo stoutly denied this. Drake would not believe him and ordered him to be hung up till he confessed. He persisted in his denial. When a search had revealed no more than the papers called for he was released. This is the story as found in a deposition of John Drake, the captain's page, who some time after, in another expedition, not one of Drake's, was captured by the Spaniards. Nuño da Silva gives another version of the affair. The authorised narrative does not mention it. If the story is true, it is the only charge or record of cruel treatment of his prisoners by Drake; and Corbett would set against this exceptional act the unusual excitement under which he was labouring at the time. When this prize was looted she was let drive whither she would like the rest.

Forging ahead, within three more days Guayaquil was reached and passed without stopping. Five days later, the first day of March, Cape San Francisco was

approached. Still no sign of the pursued ship. Now a fourth prize was overhauled: another ship from Guayaquil to Panama, with fifteen thousand *pesos* of gold on her. From one of her passengers it was learned that the "Cacafuego" could not be far ahead. Quickly this prize was relieved of her treasure and the chase renewed with fresh hope. A few hours later the cape rose in view. Almost at this moment John Drake, the page, who had climbed to the mast-head, cried the prey in sight and claimed the golden chain. She was descried serenely proceeding on her course evidently with no suspicion that she was being chased.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. Drake did not want to encounter her then. He would come upon her by surprise after nightfall. To check his progress by taking in sail would arouse her suspicion, for he was now in fair sight of her. So he resorted to a cunning device not uncommon with pirates of his time. It consisted in trailing at the ship's stern some heavy material which would reduce her speed while her sails were full set. In this case some empty wine jars, or casks, were used. Meanwhile the "Golden Hind's" decks were cleared for action. As night fell the distance between the chaser and chased had decreased, but not enough to bring them dangerously near together.

Early in the evening the chased was seen to have turned about and to be making for the chaser. It afterward appeared that her captain supposed his follower to be a Spanish ship sent after him by the vice-

roy of Peru with some message. Perhaps, Drake thought, she might be coming to ascertain who her follower was, and if an enemy to fight. Whatever the manœuvre meant the moment for action had come. Immediately he cast off his drags and winged toward her. Meeting her, he ran under her stern and brought to alongside.

The Spaniard's captain, also her owner—San Juan de Anton—hailed the stranger. There was no response. Then he demanded who she was. Answer went back, "A ship from Chili." At this Anton appeared at his ship's side peering over. Instantly arose from the stranger's deck a shout:

"English! Strike sail!"

Then a solitary voice:

"Strike sail! Señor Juan de Anton, unless you wish to be sent to the bottom!"

"Strike?" retorted the Spaniard. "What kind of a cruet-stand do you think this is to strike? Come aboard and do it yourselves!"

A whistle sounded from the stranger's deck. Immediately followed a trumpet call. Then a volley of shot and arrows.

The astonished Spaniard strove hard to bear away. But in vain. A big gun's shot knocked his mizzen overboard. Repair of the damage was made impossible by a steady rain of shot and arrows. Suddenly a pinnace which had silently approached laid aboard him at port, and some forty Englishmen were clambering into his chains and pouring over his side. Now



"SOME FORTY ENGLISHMEN WERE CLAMBERING INTO HIS CHAINS AND POURING OVER HIS SIDES."



Anton was alone on his deck his men having scrambled below. Thus he was undone. He was taken at once to the "Golden Hind" where he first became aware who the stranger really was. Drake he saw in helmet and coat of mail, already disarming. His reception was courtly. "Accept with patience what is the usage of war," Drake graciously counselled as he ordered him below into confinement.

It was all over within a few minutes from the sounding of Drake's signal whistle. Without the loss or hurt of one of his men, Drake found himself in possession of the richest vessel in all the South Sea. In spite of her name the "Cacafuego" was but slightly armed.

This is the story of the capture as Corbett finds it in a report of Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa who had it from Anton. None is given in the authorised narrative, while Pretty's account is in three lines: "We came to her and boarded her, and shot at her three peaces of ordinance and strake down her Misen."

Through the rest of that night and all the next day and night Drake sailed the two ships together taking a direct course from the land out into the sea, and then feeling himself secure from molestation, he proceeded leisurely to gut the rare prize.

Meanwhile the prisoners taken with her, officers and men, were treated handsomely. Anton was entertained at the captain's table, and was impressed with the stateliness and formality of the meals, which were served "to the sound of trumpets and other in-

struments," as he afterward reported. He remarked also how Drake was at once feared and revered by his men. Drake showed him all over the "Golden Hind," particularly exhibiting her armament which Anton described as elaborate. And this done, he gave him a message, to deliver after his release, for Don Martin Enriquez, the Viceroy of New Spain, the same who broke faith with Hawkins and brought about the battle of San Juan d'Ulloa a decade before, and had since dealt hardly with Englishmen who had fallen into his hands. Anton was to tell him for Drake that he "must hang no more Englishmen, and that if he did not spare those he had in his hands he should receive a present of two thousand Spanish heads." When they came to part Drake presented Anton with a gilt corselet and a German firelock. His subordinate officers were also given presents in value according to their station, while each man of the crew was handed thirty or forty *pesos* and clothing. And finally Anton was provided with a letter of protection addressed to Captain Wynter, of the "Elizabeth," or to the officers of the "Marigold," in case he should fall in with one or the other of the missing consorts, praying that he be used well.

The amount and value of the plunder taken from the "Cacafuego" are variously stated by the narrators. The authorised narrative says, "We found in her some fruits, conserues, sugars, meale, and other victuals, and (that which was especiallest cause of her heavy and slow sailing) a certain quantitie of iewels [jewels]

and precious stones, 13 chests of royals of plate, 80 pounds waight of gold, 26 tunne of vncoyned siluer, two very faire gilt siluer drinking boules, and the like trifles, valued in all at about 360,000 pezoës.” This was the value as given of the registered treasure alone. Corbett quotes Sarmiento as saying there was over four hundred thousand *pesos* unregistered. The two “very fair gilt silver” drinking cups belonged to the “Cacafuego’s” pilot. When Drake’s eye fell upon these he politely observed, “Senor Pilot, you have here two silver cups, but I must needes have one of them”; and one he as politely handed over, because, as Pretty, who tells of it, sagely remarks, “hee could not otherwise chuse.” The other the pilot presented to the steward of the “Golden Hind,” maybe for a similar reason.

When the riches had been fully transferred to the “Golden Hind” the prisoners were discharged and their ship returned to them to continue the voyage to Panama.

As her pilot left for her accompanied by his boy, the latter, a clever youth indeed with a pretty humour, spoke up to Drake blithely, “Captaine, our ship shall be called no more the ‘Cacafuego’ [Spitfire] but the ‘Cacaplata’ [Spitsilver], and your shippe shall be called the ‘Cacafuego.’” Which “pretie speech,” the narrator records, “ministred matter of laughter to us both then and long after.”

Now thus early the voyage was “made,” to Drake’s complete satisfaction. The “Golden Hind” was literally “balasted with silver,” besides greatly enriched

with a variety of other precious loot. Therefore he turned to the consideration of homeward routes. The scheme, in his original plan of an attack upon Panama from the Pacific side, was abandoned as unnecessary, and as unwise in view of his now wide discovery on this coast. How best to confound the pursuers, who he felt sure would be sooner or later on his track, and yet progress homeward, was the main question upon which his thoughts at this stage centred.

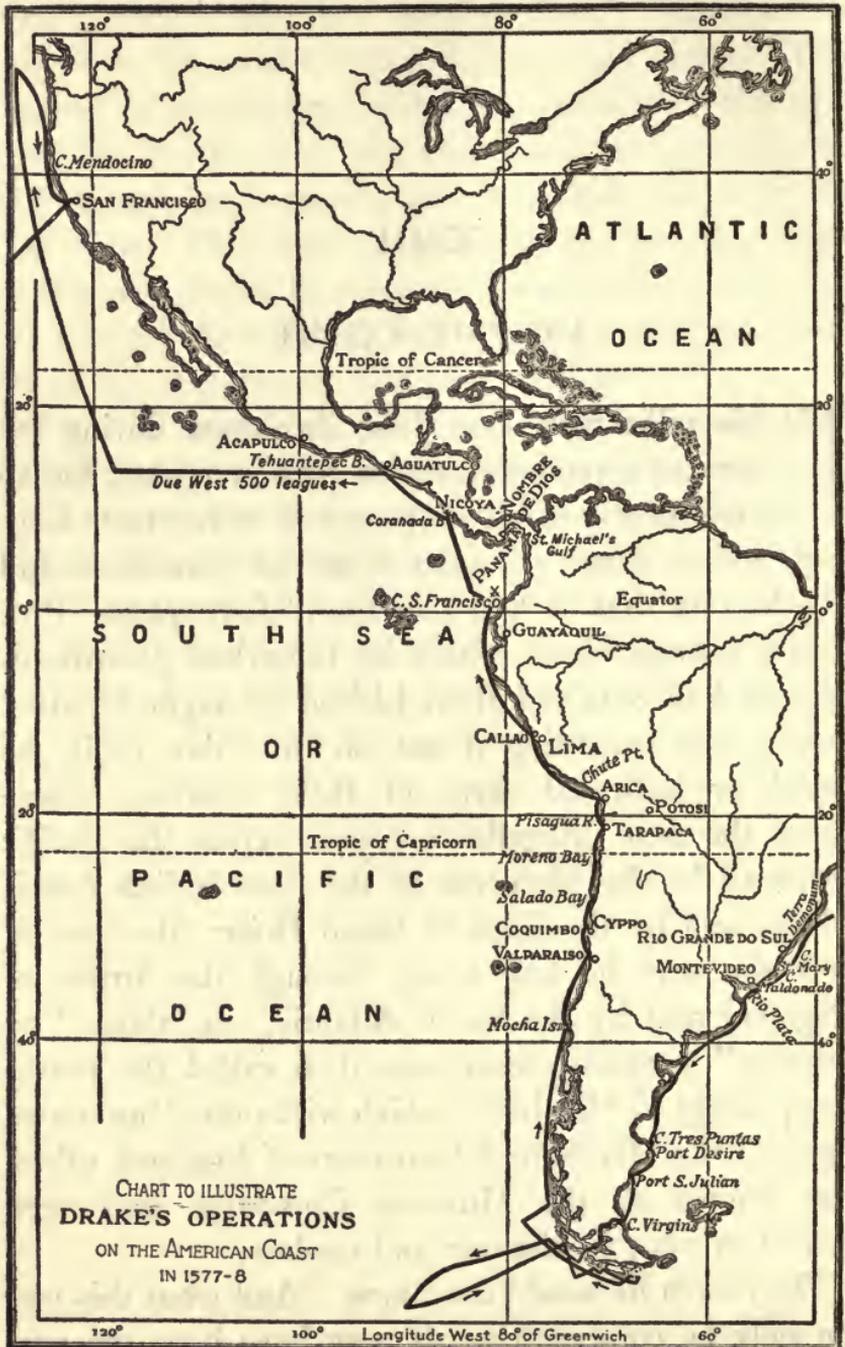
Thus he came to finish the circumnavigation of the globe, and along the way to make discoveries, take possession of new lands for his queen, and have more and wondrous adventures.

## XXIII

### UP THE COAST

**I**N his talks with Don Juan de Anton during the Spaniard's retention as his prisoner-guest, Drake spoke frankly of his purpose now to return to England, and to Anton's inquiry as to the route he would take he said that he had a choice of four ways. Producing a large chart, which he remarked parenthetically he had obtained from Lisbon for eight hundred ducats, and spreading it out on his cabin table, he traced or indicated three of these courses. These were: the first, Magellan's course across the Pacific westward by the Moluccas of the East Indian Archipelago, and by the Cape of Good Hope; the second, back the way he had come, through the Straits of Magellan and by the South Atlantic; the third, "by Norway," meaning what was then called the north-east passage to "Cathay," which with other "unknown regions" the Merchant Adventurers of England, otherwise known as the Muscovy Company, had been formed in 1555 to discover and explore.

The fourth he would not name. And what this was can only be conjectured. It may have been the new



way which Drake had discovered around Cape Horn, and which he was determined to keep secret because, as has been said, of its strategic importance. The guess of Sarmiento, with whom Anton afterward conferred, was that he might go by the way of the long sought-for north-west passage, the eastern outlet of which Sir Martin Frobisher supposed he had found three years before in Frobisher's Bay. At this time, as Corbett recalls, the Spanish navigators believed that somewhere north of Cape Mendocino, in California, there was a passage then known as the "Straits of Anian," through to Labrador, and Sarmiento felt sure that the English cosmographers had the secret of it. In fact this course may have been hinted to Anton, for Drake is quoted as saying that he would be home in six months, and Anton as replying that he could not do it in a year because he was going into a *cul-de-sac*, meaning that the "Straits of Anian" did not exist. Sarmiento's view is confirmed by the authorised narrative, which practically declares that the attempt to solve this problem of a northern passage between the Atlantic and Pacific by way of the west was part of Drake's original scheme, though kept to himself, brilliantly to round up his adventure in encompassing the world.

It is probable that the fourth way was the one that Drake had secretly determined to adopt, or at least to try, when talking with Anton. That failing, he would return by the westerly across-Pacific route. It is hardly possible that he seriously contemplated re-

tracing his course. He could not go back down the coast without grave danger of an encounter with the "enemy" and at the jeopardy of his plunder. If he should succeed in reaching Magellan's Straits unmolested he might find there, guarding the passage and awaiting him, Spanish war-ships which it would be hardly possible to escape. And such dangers he would surely have run into had he gone back, for armed ships were even then scouring up the coast in search of him. Only three weeks after his taking of the "Cacafuego" the Peruvian squadron bound for Spain, upon which Sarmiento was sergeant-major, having joined the pursuit, had reached Cape San Francisco. Here, fortunately for Drake, her commander, Don Luis de Toledo, declined Sarmiento's most earnest plea to continue the chase northward across the open sea for Nicaragua, and instead decided to keep the regular course to Panama. It may be that he was hastened to this decision by the report of Drake's strength which he got from Bravo, the captain and owner of the fourth prize taken during the long chase of the "Cacafuego," who told how the English corsair "went boasting he feared neither God nor man!" Had Toledo followed Sarmiento's advice he would have been pretty sure ultimately to have come up with his chase, for the direction that Sarmiento indicated was the one Drake took after parting with Anton and the gutted "Cacafuego."

It was then as they were sailing onward that Drake, for appearance sake, put the question of their next course to his council, for doubtless according to his

wont he had decided it in his own mind. He had not given up his consorts as lost or even permanently parted from for this voyage, but it was useless, he showed, further to search for them along the coast. Accordingly he advised, first to seek out some convenient place wherein to trim the ship and to store it with wood, water, and such other provisions as could be found; and then, as the authorised narrative records, "to hasten our intended journey for the discovery of the said passage through which we might with joy returne to our longed homes." To which all the company "willingly harkened and consented."

The place for trimming the ship was shrewdly selected. It was to the northward, on the coast of Costa Rica, some one hundred leagues off from Panama: a sheltered creek between the main and a lonely island by the narrator called "Caines," meaning Caño, in Coronado Bay. The arrival here was on the 16th of March, 1579. Before a day had passed a Spanish frigate appeared sailing close to the island, and the pinnace was sent in chase of her. She was speedily overhauled and taken with a cargo of sarsaparilla, butter, honey, and other good things. This fortuitous happening was fraught with important consequences. Among her passengers were two China pilots, with all their charts and sailing directions, whom Don Martin Enriquez, the Viceroy of New Spain (Mexico) was sending to Panama to conduct a high official across the Pacific to the Philippines. These charts and directions were of inestimable value to Drake. If

he failed to find his north-east short cut home his across-Pacific way was here clearly marked out. One of the two pilots he would take into his service, and he offered the man a thousand ducats to navigate the "Golden Hind" across the Pacific. The offer was refused. Drake increased it by offering fifty ducats to the pilot's wife. Still he refused. Then Drake told him he must go with him whether or no, and put him in confinement. The other passengers, with the crew, were all taken in the pinnace and dismissed ashore, but the prize was retained, as useful for receiving the "Golden Hind's" big guns and cargo during the operation of careening.

The work finished, sails were again set and the voyage continued toward Guatulco, or Aguatulco, a small port of Guatemala in the eastern arm of Tehuantepec Bay, where it was expected the desired water and provisions could be obtained. On the way, during a moonlight night, Saturday, April 4, another fine prize was swooped down upon and taken without a blow. This was a rich-laden merchant-ship. She was ten days out from the Mexican port of Acapulco, bound for Peru, with a cargo of China goods, silks, linens, and porcelain dishes. Her owner was on board—Don Francisco de Zarate, a Spanish gentleman, to whom we are indebted for a vivid picture of Drake and the "Golden Hind" as they appeared at this time.

The story of the daring capture of his ship is best told from the account he afterward gave in a letter to Don Martin Enriquez. She was sailing along

placidly, with no thought of danger in these secure seas, for no word of the English corsair had been heard by owner or crew, when suddenly her steersman saw looming in the moonlight a large ship apparently about to run her down. Thinking that the stranger's crew were all asleep he shouted a warning to "keep clear!" Word came back from her in Spanish that she was "Michael Angelo's ship." Now nearer, and apparently about to pass, she was seen to be towing a smaller vessel at her stern. As she was passing, the smaller craft swung to the Spaniard's quarter. Instantly a volley of shot came over Zarate's vessel, and the next moment men were swarming over her rail with the demand for her surrender. Of course in such a complete surprise resistance was useless. All the prisoners were treated with marked courtesy. The ship's officers were merely politely deprived of their rapiers and keys. Zarate was at once taken aboard the "Golden Hind" and brought into the presence of the commander.

Drake was pacing the deck as Zarate stepped over the rail, and coming up received him "with good countenance." Upon the exchange of salutations Drake conducted him to his cabin and, inviting him to be seated, addressed him in this fashion, as Zarate reported:

"I am a very good friend to those who deal with me truly, but to those who do not— And so you shall tell me, for this is the best way to stand well with me, what silver or gold that ship carries."

Zarate replied, "None."

Drake repeated the question.

"None," repeated Zarate, "only one or two plates on which I am served and one or two cups; and that is all."

Drake remained silent a while, then he asked whether Zarate knew the viceroy, Don Martin Enriquez. Zarate replied that he did. Was any relative of the viceroy's or anything belonging to his excellency with him? The response was "No." "Because," Drake went on, "I would rather meet with him than with all the gold and silver in the Indies that I might shew him how to keep the word of a gentleman!"

With this Drake rose and led Zarate down to a lower steerage cabin which was used as a prison. In the far end of it an old man was sitting. Pointing to the old man Drake asked whether he knew him. Zarate replied, "No." "Then learn," said Drake, "that it is a pilot whom the viceroy was sending to Panama to take Don Gonzalo to China, and he is called Colchero." Thereupon he ordered Colchero to be let out and, taking him along with Zarate, returned to the deck. Here the three talked together till dinner-time, though about what is not stated.

At dinner Drake gave Zarate the place of honour at his right hand, and helped him from his own cover. He would have the Spaniard at ease for he assured him there was no cause for alarm: his life and property were safe; all that he, Drake, wanted, was additional water and provisions for his ship, and as soon as these

were found the prize with her people would be released.

Now here we have in miniature Zarate's pen picture of Drake, ship, and company, at this height of their glory on the South Sea.

*The Captain.* Short, with a ruddy beard, a man apparently of about thirty-five years, "one of the greatest mariners there are on the sea alike for his skill and his power to command." . . . He treats his men "with affection and they him with respect." He keeps, however, "very strict discipline and punishes the slightest fault." At his table, to which are admitted the gentlemen of his council and the Portuguese pilot, he is served with "much plate, with gilt borders and tops, and engraved with his arms; and has all possible kinds of delicacies and scents, many of which, he says, the queen gave him. None of the gentlemen sit or cover in his presence, until first being ordered once and even several times." They dine and sup "to the music of violins."

*The Ship.* A "galleon of about four hundred tons; a very fast sailer." She "carries about thirty pieces of heavy ordnance, and a large quantity of fireworks, and a great deal of ammunition and other necessaries. She is not only of the latest type but sheathed."

*The Company.* "There are aboard her a hundred men, all skilled hands and of warlike age, and all so well trained that they might be old soldiers of the Italian tertias [regiments]. Every one is specially careful to keep his arquebus clean." There are carried

“nine or ten gentlemen, cadets of high families in England,” who are “members of his [Drake’s] council, and he calls them together upon all occasions however simple; and although he takes counsel from no one, he is pleased to hear their opinion before issuing his orders. He has no favourites.” He “carries all the appliances of carpenters and caulkers so as to careen his ship when there is occasion.” He “has painters, too, who sketch all the coast in its proper colors.” This troubled Zarate to see “most of all, because it was so true to nature that whosoever follows him can by no means lose his way.” Zarate understood that “all the men he carries are paid, because when they plundered our ship nobody dared take anything without his orders.”

What Drake took from him Zarate declared was really not much. He “played the courtier,” Zarate wrote, “for finding certain toys of mine he ordered them to be passed on board his own ship, and gave me in exchange a carved dagger and a silver chafing-dish, and I promise your Excellency, he lost nothing by the bargain. When he came back he begged I would excuse him because he had taken them as presents for his wife; and he said I should go on the morrow when the sea-breeze came.” The “toys” probably included a “fawlcon of golde with a great emerauld in the heart of it,” which Pretty enumerates among the plunder taken.

The sea-breeze coming on the morrow, Drake was true to his word. Zarate and his people were duly

liberated, his ship was formally restored to him, and he was sent off greatly impressed with the chivalrous treatment he had received at his captor's hand. Yet, courtly as he was, emulating the don in all those amenities of the gracious art of politeness brought to its perfection in the Spaniard, Drake would have the last impression on the mind of his enforced guest—that of his own invincibility: confident that Zarate would pass it to Don Martin Enriquez and other Spanish authorities on the coast. The pinnace that conveyed him back to his ship, under the escort of Drake in person, he observed to be equipped, significantly, with six small guns and manned by twenty-four arquebusiers. To Zarate's sailors Drake gave each at parting a handful of silver coin. His last act was to release the old China pilot and give him up to Zarate. Probably he deemed the old fellow's sailing directions and charts quite sufficient for his purpose, and was not sorry to dispense with an unwilling servant.

With the departure of Zarate Drake immediately resumed his course to Guatulco, and so cleverly had he managed that he was enabled to reach that port in advance of any alarm that his released prisoners might have spread in that direction. His entry was in the full light of day, but so quietly was it made that the little place was completely surprised. The townfolk chanced to be engrossed in the trial of two negroes charged with conspiring to burn the town, and before they were aware that a strange sail had appeared in their harbour, Drake had silently landed a detachment

of his men, who had surrounded the court-house, captured judges and prisoners, and hustled them off to the ship. This performance was not a lark but a strategic move with a definite purpose, as the next act disclosed. This was a demand upon the chief judge to write a letter commanding all the townsmen to "avoid," that is quit, the town that the strangers might safely obtain the supplies they had come for. The order duly issued and the town cleared, watering parties were landed and went about their work. Others followed and proceeded to ransack the place. The looters, however, got little of value beyond a "pot of the quantitie of a bushell full of reals of plate," which was found in one of the houses. Among these looters was the versatile Tom Moone who again distinguished himself by catching a belated Spanish gentleman on the run after his departed townsmen. Then Moone fell from grace by playing the highwayman. Before he would let the gentleman go he made him hand over a gold chain and some jewels that were about his person.

The next morning, April 16, when a plentiful supply of water and a variety of victuals had been taken on, all preparations for the homeward voyage were complete. Then the local prisoners were returned ashore; Nuño da Silva, the Portuguese pilot who had so long and so skilfully served since his impressment at the Cape Verdes, was also discharged, probably at his own request, put aboard a Spanish ship lying in the harbour, and the "Golden Hind" was finally off for

her new and strange course, Drake now to depend upon his genius alone for guidance.

First he steered west, directly into the sea, for a wind, and so sailed some five hundred leagues. Then he turned north and in that direction ploughed steadily onward for forty-seven days, till on the third of June he found himself as he reckoned in forty-two or forty-three degrees north latitude. He was, in fact, at sea off the coast of the present great State of Oregon. During the following night an astonishing change in the temperature, which up to that time had been normally high, was experienced. It dropped suddenly to "extreame and nipping cold." With the coming of day came no relief. On the contrary, the "pinching and biting aire" was if anything keener. If we are to believe the authorised narrative, the very ropes of the ship were stiff, and a rain was falling which froze as it fell. Still Drake kept on northward while it grew steadily colder. In sailing but two degrees farther "it came to that extremetie that though sea-men lack not good stomaches, yet it seemed a question to many amongst vs whether their hands should feed their mouthes or rather keepe themselues within their couerts from the pinching cold that did benumme them." Their meat, the narrator avers, "as soone as it was remoued from the fire would presently in a manner be frozen up." The ropes and tackling were in a few days grown "to that stiffnesse that what three men afore were able with them to performe, now six men with their best strength and vttermost endeavour were hardly able to accomplish."

With these tribulations a "great discouragement" fell upon the company. But Drake himself would not be dismayed. Perhaps the sharp change in temperature led him to fancy he was approaching the supposed passage east to Labrador. If so, he kept his own counsel and bent his energies to the immediate necessity of heartening his men. Bearing himself with unbroken cheerfulness and buoyancy he made them "comfortable speeches" of "the divine providence, and of God's louing care over his children," taken "out of the Scriptures." These he followed up with appeals to their manhood and pride. They should acquit themselves like men. They should "indure some short extremitie to haue the speedier comfort, and a little trouble to obtain the greater glory." And such was his persuasiveness, and so infectious his courage, that their "mislike and doubting" gradually faded away and every man, as the narrator records, became "throughly armed with willingnesse, and resolved to see the vttermost, if it were possible, of what good was to be done that way."

Unexpectedly, two days after striking this extraordinary weather, the like of which in the region and season has never since been recorded, on June 5, the voyagers found themselves close to land. They thus discovered that the coast of this part of America trended westward rather than eastward as they had before imagined. Contrary winds forced them to run in with the shore and seek an anchoring place. The best that they could find was a "bad bay," ill protected from

the fierce gusts that beat upon the ship. It was, as identified by Prof. George Davidson of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, an open roadstead off the mouth of the Chetko River, beside Cape Ferrelo, on the southern Oregon coast.

They had scarcely cast anchor before they were assailed by a succession of violent squalls, with intervals of "most vile, thicke, and stinking fogges," against which there was "no dealing or resisting." It was clear that in this place there was "no abiding" for them. But whither should they go? They erroneously reckoned that they had beaten up to forty-eight degrees north latitude. They were far north of Cape Mendocino, above which the fabulous Strait of Anian eastward was said to open and there was no sign of it. Drake himself now began to doubt the usefulness of farther-north sailing, and to reason that if the passage did exist it was unnavigable. Meanwhile the "Golden Hind" had put to sea again, and while Drake was debating the question, her next course was settled out of hand by a renewal of the north-westerly gale which drove her back southward and now along the coast.

For a fortnight they were thus driven, experiencing the same cold and thick weather. The coast was observed to be low with small hills in the background, their summits covered with snow, though it was near mid-June. At length, in thirty-eight degrees and thirty minutes, as they reckoned, they fell in with what looked, and proved, to be a "convenient and fit harbour"; and here, on the 17th of June, anchor was

again dropped, and three days later a landing was made. This "convenient harbough" Professor Davidson has satisfactorily identified as the haven that lies under the eastern promontory of Point Reyes Head, a little north of San Francisco Bay; it now bears Drake's name as "Sir Francis Drake's Harbor."

Thus it appears that Drake was the first European that saw the coast of Oregon and anchored off its shores; the first European to anchor in the upper Californian bay that properly perpetuates his name; and the first European to rediscover upper California a generation after its coast had last been explored.

Here he was to become the central figure in a succession of extraordinary performances by the natives, and at length to take formal possession of the country in the name of his queen, the story of which reads like a romance rather than a chapter of sober history.

## XXIV

### TAKEN FOR GODS

**T**HE morning after the ship had come to anchor natives were descried gathering on the shore. Presently a canoe with a single occupant was seen to put off from them toward the ship. When a little way from the shore the canoeist began making signs to the ship. Coming to within a "reasonable distance" of her he stopped, and proceeded to deliver a "long and tedious oration," with much gesturing, and turning his head and body "many ways." At its conclusion he bowed "with great shew of reverence" and returned to the shore. This performance was twice repeated, and then the canoeist came bearing presents: a bunch of feathers, "much like the feathers of a black crow," finely cut and of equal lengths, and a basket filled with herbs. The feathers, as was afterward learned, were such as the native kings wore on the heads, the herbs were called "Tobâh," presumed to have been tobacco: the basket was of rushes. Binding these offerings to a short rod, he cast them into the ship's boat which had been sent out to meet him carrying gifts for his people. As the ship's boat neared

him he seemed shy and held off. Thereupon the Englishmen's presents were put on a board and floated toward him. But he would not receive them, politely declining by gestures. A hat, however, which was thrown him from the ship's deck, took his fancy, and with this on his head, adorning his almost naked body, he paddled back to the shore. Then he joined his people and all departed.

What these performances signified the Englishmen could not imagine. Apparently the canoeist was an ambassador from the assemblage and his mission was friendly. This may have been the theme of his "long and tedious" oration. But why such a marked display of homage? For what, or whom, did they take the company? With the riddle unsolved preparations were made to remain in this place till the "Golden Hind" could be repaired, for in the stress of hard weather she had sprung a leak at sea. Accordingly she was brought to anchor nearer the shore, the company were landed, tents set up on the strand at the foot of a hill, and the building of a fort begun for their shelter and protection during their stay. This was on June 20.

While all hands were busied in this work groups of natives reappeared on the summit of the hill, and presently came hastening down in warlike array. But it was soon evident that curiosity and wonder impelled them rather than fear or hostility. And now the riddle was solved. The white-faced, strangely garbed visitors were to them supernatural beings. Standing

apart they gazed at the company, wide-eyed and greatly concerned, "their errand being rather with submission and feare to worship vs as Gods, then [than] to haue any warre with vs as with mortall men." Yet Drake would take no chances, and while bearing himself most graciously he willed them by signs to lay aside their bows and arrows. This they cheerfully did, as did other groups, women coming with the men, that followed close upon them. As was his wont, Drake by his tact and generous giving of alluring presents gradually overcame their reserve. But strive as he would, neither he nor his men could drive from these savages' minds the conviction that they were gods. Among other things, the company ate and drank in their presence, "giving them to understand that they could not liue without food and drink, and therefore were but men as well as they." But all to no purpose, the strange comers must be gods and so must be worshipped. All this heathenism shocked the Protestant mariners and made them uneasy.

Toward nightfall, when they had had their "fill of visiting and beholding," the natives departed "with joy" to their homes, some three-quarters of an English mile from the fort. But that night the Englishmen were dismayed by hearing strange sounds coming from their village. These were "a kind of most lamentable weeping and crying out," the cries of women rising above the others in "most doleful shriekings." The din was kept up for a long time and the hearers felt sure that it had to do with their presence. Perhaps

the natives were at some kind of sacrifice preparatory to an humbling of themselves before the supposed visiting gods. However, they did not reappear the next day or through the next; and without losing any time in efforts to account for the strange night performance the whole company set diligently to the work in hand that they might be prepared for any emergency. So rapidly did they labour that at the end of the second day they had their camp established, the fort completed, their temporary settlement intrenched with rough walls of stone; had shifted the precious cargo from the "Golden Hind" to their enclosure, and had made the ship ready for her repairs.

Toward dusk of this day, the natives were seen again assembling on the hill and evidently preparing for some new demonstration. They were in much larger numbers than before, men, women, and children. Presently out from the throng a figure advanced and took position well forward. He was another orator. Like the first one, him of the canoe, he launched forth into a "long and tedious" harangue addressed to the strangers. So extended was this oration and so vigorous its delivery, with violent gestures, a shouting voice, a rapid fire of words, "falling so thicke one in the necke of another that he could hardly fetch breath againe," that it not only wearied his hearers but himself. At its end the whole concourse, with a "reverent bowing of their bodies in a dreamy manner," cried, "Oh!" as "evidently in approval of all he had said."

Then the men of the assemblage all laid down their

bows and arrows and descended the hill bearing gifts: feathers, and baskets of "Tobâh" as before; while the women and children remained behind. Drake and the whole company were drawn up to meet the oncoming throng, and when the gift-bearers found that he would accept their offerings they expressed by signs a great happiness. "No doubt," the narrator observes, "they thought themselves nearest unto God when they sat or stood next him."

Meanwhile the women back on the hill-top had lifted up their voices in cries and piteous shrieks like the wailings of the first night's performance. And now, to the horror of the Englishmen, they were seen to be "tormenting themselves lamentably," tearing the flesh from their cheeks with their finger nails, casting themselves upon the hard ground and loose stones and cruelly bruising their bodies. This the horrified on-lookers felt must be a bloody sacrifice of these heathen folk to them in their supposed character of gods. Thereupon Drake and all his men fell on their knees to prayers. Here was a scene that might well inspire an American painter to a great American historical picture: the kneeling Englishmen on the glittering strand, soldiers, sailors, in picturesque sixteenth-century garb, with the great captain at their head; the crowd of dusky savages, lithe of form, their almost naked bodies displaying their fine physique, their heads bedecked with feathers, their faces lighted up with a curious interest as they gazed at the strange spectacle; the throng of wailing women on the hill-top, swinging

their arms, swaying their bodies in a frenzy of idolatrous devotion.

As they prayed, the kneeling men by signs in lifting up their hands and casting their eyes to the heavens, endeavoured to signify to these people "that that God whom we did serue and whom they ought to worship was aboute." Then psalms were sung, and with the reading of "certaine chapters in the Bible" the service closed. Through it all the savages listened with rapt attention, and to the Englishmen's amens they decorously responded with their approving exclamation of "Oh!" But they found the greatest entertainment in the Englishmen's psalm-singing.

With the end of these services, during which the women's presumed sacrifice was suspended, they too having become absorbed in the spectacle, the natives again all withdrew. Before the throng of savage men parted with the company they returned the gifts Drake had forced upon them in exchange for theirs, "thinking themselves sufficiently enriched and happie that they had found so free access to see vs."

For three days more the natives kept away. Then toward the end of the third day a greater concourse than ever appeared on the hill-top. Evidently the neighbouring country had been drawn upon and this was a gathering of tribes with their chief men, about to make some momentous demonstration.

When apparently all were in order two figures were seen to issue forth and advance down the hill. Midway they halted, and one proceeded to deliver the cus-

tomary oration, the other acting as prompter, whispering to the orator the words of the harangue. The two men were guessed, as it proved, to have been sent out to inform Drake that their "Hióh, that is their King," had come to wait upon him. At the finish of his speech the spokesman by signs invited Drake to give them something to take back to their "Hióh" as a "token that his coming might be in peace." This Drake cheerfully did, and they hastily returned. Then the whole assemblage were seen to be in motion, and soon were advancing in stately procession.

It must have been a weird spectacle to the on-lookers below. As they came, the whole throng "cried constantly after a singing manner with a lustie courage." In the forefront marched a stalwart fellow of "goodly aspect," bearing a "Septer or royall mace," made of a black wood and about half a yard in length. From it depended two crowns, one larger than the other; three chains of "a marvellous length and often doubled"; and a bag of "Tobâh." The crowns were of "knitworke wrought vpon most curiously with feathers of diuers colours, very artfully placed and of a formal fashion." The chains seemed to be of a "bony substance euery linke or parte thereof being very little, thinne, most finely burnished, with a hole pierced through the midst." Then came the king surrounded by his guard of a hundred "tall and warlike men." His majesty was of a "goodly stature and comely personage." On his head he wore a "cawle of knitworke wrought vpon somewhat like the crownes,

but differing much both in fashion and perfectnesse of worke." From his shoulders reaching to his waist fell a coat made of the skins of conies. His hundred guardsmen wore similar mantles but of other skins, and some of them also had "cawles" stuck with feathers, or covered over with a "certaine downe." This down grew in the country "vpon a herbe much like our lectuce," and exceeded all other down "in the world for finenesse." So highly was it esteemed by the natives that it was permitted to be worn only by such persons as were about the king, while the seeds of the herb were reserved for use in sacrifice to their gods.

Following the king and his guard came the "naked sort of common people," the hair of the men gathered into a bunch at the back of the head and stuck with plumes of feathers, "but in the forefront onely single feathers like hornes." Every man's face was painted, "some with white, some blacke, and some in other colours." Each carried in his hand something or other for a gift to the strangers. After this throng the train ended with the women and children. Each woman bore pressed against her breast a round basket or two having in them various things: the favourite "Tobâh"; down seeds; a root "which they call Petâh, whereof they make a kind of meale and either bake it into bread or eate it raw"; broiled fish, "like a pilchard." The baskets, woven of rushes, were adorned with the "matted downe of red feathers" and with chains of the "shells of pearls," signifying that

they were "vessels wholly dedicated to the onely vse of the gods they worshipped."

Meanwhile Drake, determined to stand on sure ground in readiness to offset any possible hostile surprise, had assembled his company, marched them into the fenced enclosure, and formed them in military order, so that they presented a "most warlike shew" the very "beholding" of which he reasoned would be likely to discourage the oncomers did they really mean mischief. But mischief was furthest from their thoughts. They were indeed to execute a surprise, but a surprise the opposite of hostile, and one which Drake could not have imagined. Let the story from this point continue in the quaint detail of the authorised narrative.

"When they were come somewhat neere vnto vs, trooping together, they gaue vs a common or generall salutation, obseruing in the meane time a generall silence. Wherevpon, he who bare the Scepter before the king, being prompted by another whom the king assigned to that office, pronounced with an audible and manly voice what the other spake to him in secret, continuing, whether it were his oration or proclamation, at the least halfe an houre. At the close whereof there was a common *Amen*, in signe of approbation, given by every person." Then the king himself, with the whole number of men and women, "came farther downe the hill, and as they came set themselues againe in their former order. And being now come to the foot of the hill and neere our fort, the Scepter bearer,

with a composed countenance and stately carriage, began a song, and answerable thereunto obserued a kind of measure in a dance: whom the king with his guard, and euery other sort of person following, did in like manner sing and daunce, sauing onely the women, who danced but kept silence. As they danced they still came on: and our Generall perceiuing their plaine and simple meaning, gaue order that they might freely enter without interruption within our bulwarke. Where, after they had entred, they yet continued their song and dance a reasonable time, their women also following them with their wassaile boales in their hands."

The song and dance at length ended, "they made signes to our Generall to haue him sit down; unto whom both the king and diuers others made seuerall orations, or rather, indeed, if wee had vnderstood them, supplications, that hee would take the Province and kingdome into his hand, and become their king and patron: making signes that they would resigne vnto him their right and title in the whole land, and become his vassals in themselues and their posterities. Which that they might make vs indeed beleue that it was their true meaning and intent, the king himselfe, with all the rest, with one consent and great reuerence, ioyfully singing a song, set the crowne vpon his head, enriched his necke with all their chaines, and, offering vnto him many other things, honoured him by the name of *Hyôh*. Adding thereunto (as it might seeme) a song and dance of triumph; because they were not

onely visited of the gods (for so they still iudged vs to be), but the great and chiefe God was now become their God, their king and patron, and themselues were become the onely happie and blessed people in the world."

The surprised Drake thought it "not meet" to decline these offerings so freely made "both for that he would not giue them any cause of mistrust or disliking of him (that being the onely place wherein at this present we were of necessitie inforced to seeke reliefe of many things), and chiefly for that he knew not to what good end God had brought this to passe, or what honour and profit it might bring to our countrie in time to come. Wherefore in the name and to the vse of her most excellent maiesty, he tooke the scepter, crowne, and dignity of the sayd countrie into his hand; wishing nothing more than that it had layen so fitly for her maiesty to enioy, as it was now her proper owne, and that the riches and treasures thereof (where-with in the vpland countries it abounds) might with a great conueniency be transported, to the enriching of her kingdome here at home, as it is in plenty to be attained there; and especially that so tractable and louing a people as they shewed themselues to be, might haue meanes to haue manifested their most willing obedience the more vnto her, and by her meanes, as a mother and nurse of the Church of *Christ*, might by the preaching of the Gospell, be brought to the right knowledge and obedience of the true and euer-liuing God."

Drake wore his honours with dignity and with a kindly care of these simple people during the remainder of his stay on the California shore. They constantly resorted to the fort and followed the work on the ship with untiring interest. Every third day they brought their sacrifices till at length the Englishmen succeeded in making them clearly understand that these acts were most displeasing. Still, though their zeal in this matter abated, they could not be convinced that the company were other than gods, and of that mind they steadfastly remained to the last.

At length the work of repairing, careening, and relading the ship was finished, and Drake, accompanied by his gentlemen and many of the company, made a journey up into the land, "to see the manner of their [the natives] dwelling, and to be the better acquainted with the nature and commodities of the country." Several villages were visited. The huts were covered dug-outs circular in form. Upon the rims of the circle were set up clefts of wood joined together at the top "like our spires or the steeple of a Church," and these were covered with earth which made the structure water-tight and warm. The door generally performed the office also of a chimney to let out the smoke of the fire which was generally in the middle of the interior. The beds of the occupants were of rushes strewn on the ground. The people were found invariably to be of a "tractable, free and loving nature without guile or treachery." Their weapons were only bows and arrows. They used these skilfully, but "not

to do any great harme with them," for they were weak affairs, "more fit for children than for men," the arrows speeding neither far nor with any great force. Yet the men were of uncommon strength. One could carry on his back what two or three of the English could hardly bear, and convey it easily uphill and down an English mile together. They were swift of foot, and more generally ran than walked. The men were for the most part naked. The women wore a loose garment woven of bulrushes, and about their shoulders a deerskin with the hair on it.

The country, however, impressed the party more than the villages. To their eyes it appeared a goodly country, fruitful of soil, "stored with many blessings fit for the vse of men." And Petty in his account makes this significant note, anticipating the discoveries reserved for nearly three centuries later: "There is no part of earth heere to be taken vp wherein there is not some probable shew of gold or silver." They marvelled at the infinite quantity of very large fat deer, thousands seemingly in a herd, and at the multitude of a strange kind of cony.

Having returned from this journey, preparations were begun for the resumption of the voyage. They had been here for a month and Drake was getting anxious over his further course. The last formal act was the setting up of a monument in witness of their occupation of the country, and the right and title of the English queen and her successors to the kingdom. This was a brass plate nailed to a tree, upon which

were cut Queen Elizabeth's name; the day and year of the company's arrival here; announcement of the "free giuing vp of the province and kingdome both by the king and people into her maiestie's hands"; and finally the name of Francis Drake. And in the plate, "in a hole made for the purpose," was inserted the queen's portrait and arms, comprised in a "piece of sixpence currant English monie." Then Drake formally proclaimed the country as "New Albion" by name, so naming it "for two causes: the one, in respect of the white banckes and cliffes which lie toward the sea," suggesting to their homesick eyes the white cliffs of England; "the other, that it might have some affinity even in name also, with our owne country which was sometimes so called," Albion, the name of ancient Britain.

That Drake deemed the rediscovery of this new country, its transfer from its monarch and people to him, and his occupation of it for Queen Elizabeth and England, one of the most important features, if not the most important, of his great voyage, there can be no doubt. The authorised narrative with the statement that "the Spaniards never had any dealing, or so much as set a foote in this country, the utmost of their discoveries reaching onely to many degrees southward of this place," presents him as the real discoverer. This is not strictly correct, for in 1542-43 the Spanish expedition starting from Acapulco, under the command of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator, who died during the voyage in the harbour of San

Diego, explored this coast as far north as Cape Mendocino, although no landing appears to have been made. But Drake evidently believed that he was the true discoverer, and that by his occupation of the country, and his treaty with its people, he had in fact, as Corbett says, laid here the foundations of a New England in America which was to rival the Spaniards' New Spain.

When the natives realised that their new friends, the gods, were actually to leave them their dismay was great. They not only lost "on a sudden all mirth, ioy, glad countenance, pleasant speeches, agility of body, familiar reioycing one with another," but "with sighes and sorrowings, with heauy hearts and grieved minds, they powred out wofull complaints and moanes, with bitter teares and wringing of their hands, tormenting themselues. And as men refusing all comfort, they onely accounted themselues as cast-awayes, and those whom the gods were about to forsake."

The Englishmen endeavoured to comfort them with assurances, to their entreaties, that after leaving they would still be mindful of them; and by encouraging responses to their appealing signs expressing the hope that in time their visitors would come to them again. But these assurances would not satisfy them. They must needs attempt another sacrifice. So they "stole" one upon the company, and "set it on fire erre we were aware, burning therein a chaine and a bunch of feathers." The company strove by various means to withhold them, but without avail, till, as on the first occa-

sion, they resorted to prayer. Again they fell to their knees, the chaplain prayed, and all joined in the singing of psalms. The singing as always before enthralled the hearers, who lost in enjoyment of it left their sacrifice unconsumed and suffered the fire to die out. And imitating the English in all their actions they too "fell a lifting of their eyes and hands to heaven as they saw vs do."

At last on the 23d of July the "Golden Hind" departed leaving the sorrowful natives massed on the strand. "But being loath to leaue vs, they presently runne to the top of the hils to keepe vs in sight as long as they could, making fires before and behind, and on each side of them, burning thereon (as it is to be supposed) sacrifices at our departure."

## ACROSS THE PACIFIC

**O**UT from "Drake's Harbor" the "Golden Hind" gallantly sped with a north-west wind into the trackless sea. Next morning she fell upon a group of small islands, and anchoring before one of them the ship's boat was sent ashore with a crew to reconnoitre. It was found to be a resort of seals and sea-birds in great plenty, and a generous supply was taken and added to the ship's stock of provisions. Drake named this group the "Islands of Saint James." They were the Farallones, lying directly west of San Francisco Bay.

While here, or upon the eve of departure the same day, Drake put to his council the question of their next course, although doubtless that matter had been settled in his own mind before "New Albion" was left. Considering, he told them, that the wind, still blowing from the north-west, cut off all hope of finding a passage through these northern parts, he thought it were better to lose no further time, but run directly for the Moluccas and seek their way homeward by the Portuguese route round the Cape of Good Hope. To this

all gave prompt assent. Accordingly the "Golden Hind" turned her prow in that direction, and all settled down for the long pull across the wide ocean.

So they continued with nothing in view, after the Farallones faded from sight, but "aire and sea," for full sixty-eight days. Then on the morning of September 30 they made their first landfall: a group of islands supposed to have been the Pelews which then had not received a Spanish or other European name. Their exact course to this point is not clear in the narratives. It is evident that Drake struck out a direct line for himself independent of the Spanish route to the Philippines. Young John Drake, in that latter-day story of his, makes the statement that they held a straight course for the Moluccas but by reason of the current which was against them they turned "toward China"—that is, the Philippines—a degree and a half before crossing the line. Corbett concludes from this statement that they ran before the north-east trades between the Caroline and the Gilbert Islands till they felt the south equatorial drift current, and then turned northward. This course, he says, would account for their being out of sight of land for sixty-eight days.

Off the Pelews they had rough experience with the natives. Upon their arrival throngs came out in a fleet of canoes bearing cocoas, fish, potatoes, and fruits ostensibly for traffic. The canoes, some carrying four men, some six, others fourteen or fifteen, were of curious fashion and adornment. They were made from trees hollowed with "great art and cunning," and so

smooth both inside and outside that they bore a gloss like a "harnesse finely burnished." Their prows and sterns were alike in form, semicircular and high, and were hung with glistening white shells "for bravery." On either side lay out two "peeces of timber" about a yard and a half long more or less, according to the capacity of the canoe, and at the end of each a "great cane" was fastened crosswise. The object of this contrivance was to keep the canoe from overthrowing and to bear it up equally on each side. The natives were as novel as their craft. The lobes of their ears were cut "circlewise," the ears "hanging downe very low vpon their cheekes," and in them were hung "things of a reasonable weight." Their teeth were black, "as black as pitch," coloured by an herb which they chewed [the betel nut], and a "kind of powder" which they carried about them in a cane. Their finger nails were long, on some of them "at least an inch."

At their first coming they offered their wares "very orderly," while with energetic signs they entreated Drake to draw the ship nearer the shore. But their manner caused suspicion, and Drake's men felt that this invitation might be a trick to "make the easier prey of the ship and vs." The impression of trickery was strengthened when the natives withdrew upon the refusal of their invitation. When others, however, or maybe the first lot with re-enforcements, came in large fleets their thievish character was disclosed. With "browes of brasse" (mark this modern slang in the speech of Englishmen three centuries ago) they would

receive and hold everything offered them but would part with nothing in return. At length Drake drove them away. Thereupon they attempted to revenge themselves. "Having stones good store in their canowes [they] let flie a maine [many] of them against vs." No harm happily was done by this fusillade, and to scare them Drake ordered one of the big guns to be shot off. This had the desired effect, for "at the noise thereof they euery one leaped out of his canow into the water, and diuing vnder the keele of their boates staid them from going any way till our ship was gone a good way from them. Then they all lightly recouered into their canowes and got them with speed toward the shoare." Yet the voyagers were not free of these thieving folk. Soon more came out bidding for trade, craftier still than the others, putting on a show of "decent honestie" and offering to deal fairly. But under this pretence they soon "cunningly fell a filching of what they could." At length it became necessary to make the boldest of them "feel some smart as well as terror." Thus these were roughly driven off. The next day the "Golden Hind" had left the place astern, Drake naming it at parting, in disgust, the "Island of Thieves."

From the Pelews a run of a fortnight was made in the open sea. Then the voyagers came upon "foure Ilands standing in 7 deg. 5 min. to the Northward of the line." These they coasted, and at length anchored and watered "on the biggest of them called Mindanao." They were a part of the Philippines. A

day only was spent at Mindanao. The next day they passed between two islands "about sixe or eight leagues south of Mindanao": presumably the East and West Savanganes. Out from these came two canoes that "would have talked" with the voyagers, who in turn would willingly have received these visitors had not a sudden lively wind put the ship from them to the southward. Three days later the Tulus Islands, or the Talantse group, were passed, and from one of these Drake took a native to pilot him to the Moluccas. Nine days later, or the 3d of November, they hove in sight.

The arrival at the famous Spice Islands was opportune for our English navigator. The sultan of the Moluccas, Hairum, of the island of Ternate, ten years before had been treacherously murdered by Portuguese. His son Baber had avenged his father's death by driving the Portuguese from Ternate, and was at this time preparing with a brother for a campaign against the island of Tidore where the Portuguese had taken refuge. He was now said to be sultan of an hundred islands and was at the height of his power. Drake directed his course toward Tidore, intending probably to anchor there and press a trade for spices; but while coasting along a small island, Mutyr, as Pretty calls it, belonging to Ternate, he was hailed by an official coming out in a canoe. This officer was a "deputy or viceroy" of the Sultan Baber. At Drake's courteous invitation he came aboard the ship and, after exchange of salutations and finding the voyagers to be

English, he explained his mission. It was to entreat Drake not to run with Tidore but with Ternate: the sultan would be "wondrous glad" of his coming and would do for him all that in reason he should require, while at Tidore he would find "nothing but deceit and treachery." Doubtless he acquainted the captain with the state of affairs in the islands, for he warned him against the Portuguese at Tidore. So Drake agreed to change his course for Ternate, and the viceroy left to inform the sultan of his approach.

This was a wise move, and led to an achievement afterward regarded in England as one of the greatest of this marvellous voyage; while incidents of the visit were the most gorgeous demonstrations of all those made by native sovereigns met with during the progress of the adventure.

Ternate was reached early next morning, and the "Golden Hind" came to anchor offshore. As soon as the anchors were cast Drake sent out the ship's boat with a messenger bearing a velvet cloak as a present for the sultan, and a "token that his coming was to be in peace," only for traffic. Already the viceroy had performed well his part, and the messenger had gone but half-way when the viceroy was met with several other "nobles and councillors" coming out in state with a message from the sultan to Drake. It appears that the viceroy had inspired his master with a great idea. Telling him of the "mighty Prince and Kingdome" to which the voyagers belonged, and of what good things might be received of them by way of

traffic, he had artfully suggested "what honour and benefit it might be to him to be in league and friendship with so noble and famous a Prince" as they served; "and farther what a disarrangement it would be to the Portuguese, his enemies, to hear and see it." So taken was he with this idea that he had hastened his messengers off not only to bid Drake welcome, but at once to propose a treaty. For an alliance with England he would give the English a monopoly of Ternate's rich spice trade. In token of his good-will he sent his signet to Drake; and shortly his messengers were to say he would come in his own person "with his brethren and Nobles," to bring the Englishmen's ship into a safer harbour.

Drake's messenger continued on his mission, and while the sultan's representatives were on the "Golden Hind" he was at the court. Upon landing he had been met by "certaine noble personages" who "with great solemnitie" had escorted him into the presence of the sultan, who had received him "most friendly and graciously." When he had delivered the velvet coat and his message, "the king seemed to him to iudge himselfe blame-worthy that he had not sooner hasted in person to present himselfe to our Generall who came so farre and from so great a Prince," for "with all expedition he made ready himselfe with the chiefest of all his States and Councillors" to repair to the ship without further delay.

Then followed the first demonstration: a water procession of king and court in stately canoes. So

princely was it that it seemed to the voyagers "very strange and marvellous." It was clear, however, that it was not for them alone. Nor was it so much to set out the sultan's own royal state "which was great." It was particularly to do honour to "her highness to whom we belonged"—the queen of England.

First came three large canoes, each having, extending from bow to stern, a canopy of thin and fine mats on a frame of reeds. Beneath this canopy the dignitaries were assembled according to rank. The noble personages were all attired in "white Lawne, or cloth of Calecut." With the councillors sat divers "young and comely men," also attired in white but less elegantly. These were fringed on both sides by soldiers standing. Outside of the soldiers were the rowers, some four score to each canoe, sitting in galleries, three on each side, which lay off "some 3 or 4 yards, one being orderly builded lower than the other." Each canoe carried two musicians sitting in the forefront, the one having a "Tabret" (small drum), the other a "piece of brasse," and the rowers kept time with their barbaric music, ending each stroke of the oars with a song. Each was armed with a small cast piece of about a yard in length, while every man, except the rowers, had his sword, dagger, and target, and some, other weapons as lances, callivers, bows and arrows, and darts.

When these three canoes reached the ship in order, they were rowed around her one after the other, their occupants as they passed making Drake and his com-

pany assembled upon the deck "a kinde of homage with great solemnitie." The greatest personages first began "with reuerend countenance and behaviour to bow their bodies euen to the ground"; then the others followed with similar obeysances. These ceremonies over they put Drake's messenger, whom they had brought with them, aboard the ship again; and signifying that their sultan had sent them before him to conduct the ship into a better road, called for a "halser" that they might proceed to tow her to the place assigned.

Then came the sultan in his gorgeous canoe, accompanied by "six graue and ancient fathers." Upon reaching the ships they also made a "reuerend kinde of obeysance."

The sultan was seen to be physically of more than kingly proportions: a tall man, "very corpulent and well set together," while his countenance was "princely and gracious."

Drake responded with a royal salute. The big guns thundered, the trumpets blared, the band played. The din delighted the sultan, but the music of the band enraptured him. He would have the musicians brought in the ship's boat to his canoe and play more for him; and this request granted, he joined the canoe to the boat: then, with the boat attached to the stern of the ship, he was towed about for a full hour "in a musicall paradise."

Meanwhile the sultan's brother, "named Moro," had come out with no less bravery than the others, and

also accompanied by a "great number of gallant followers." After going through the same performances as the first comers they fell astern of the sultan's canoe and kept in the string till the ship finally came to anchor in the inner harbour. Then the sultan took his leave, promising the next day to come aboard the ship; in the meantime he would prepare and send some things for traffic. Before his going Drake sent a messenger to him with more presents which our shrewd captain thought might "both requite his courtesie already receiued, and worke a farther confirmation of that good liking and friendship already begunne."

That night and the next morning many good things were received for trade, as the sultan had promised, and the ship's stock of provisions was much enriched thereby. These included rice, sugar-canes; "imperfect and liquid" sugar; a fruit which the islanders called "Figo," but "no other than that which the Spaniards and Portugals had named Plantanes"; co-coas; a "kind of meale which they call Sago"; and "whereof they make a kind of cake which will keep good at least 10 years"; and cloves.

Early on the second day Drake had set all things in order properly to receive the sultan's visit aboard the ship, and arrayed in his best awaited his majesty's coming. But the sultan came not. Instead, appeared the brother, Moro, bringing excuses from him. The sultan would entreat the general to visit him ashore, Moro to remain meanwhile as a "pawne for his safe restoring." Drake would willingly have gone had not

the sultan broken his word. Even so he might have ventured had not his council objected. The sultan's excuses coupled with "certain words" which Moro had let drop in a private conference with Drake in his cabin, the purport of which is not given, had bred a suspicion in the whole company of the sultan's good faith, and they could not assent to the captain's hazarding himself. Thereupon, he declined the invitation for himself, but would send a number of his gentlemen to represent him, with a special message from himself to the sultan and would retain the viceroy, who had accompanied Moro, for their safe return. Accordingly this embassy departed in his stead with Moro.

Then followed a land demonstration, this displaying the grandeur of king and court on state occasions. Upon landing the Englishmen were with much ceremony conducted to a "large and faire house" adjoining the "castle," where were gathered a multitude of people, and it was assumed to be their council-house. It was a simple structure, merely a frame of reeds, covered over with cloth of various colours, the sides open. At the side next the castle was the chair of state, with a canopy of "cloth of Arras."

Here the Englishmen were given seats and for full half an hour awaited the sultan's appearance. He came at last, entering from the castle, with a train of eight or ten "graue Senators." A page held over his head a rich canopy adorned with "embossings of gold"; and he was guarded by twelve "lances the points turned

downward." He was sumptuously arrayed and bedecked with jewels. From his waist to the ground depended a garment "all cloth of gold." His legs were bare, but his feet were encased in shoes made of cordovan skin, dyed red. On his head were finely wreathed rings of gold, "an inch or an inch and a halfe in breadth," resembling a crown. About his neck was a splendid chain of gold, in great links, and one fold double. On his fingers were sparkling rings: four on the left hand, a diamond, an emerald, a ruby, a "turky" (turquoise); two on the right, one a "big and perfect Turky," the other a cluster of small diamonds.

Gravely he seated himself in the chair of state, while at his right side the page took position and began fanning with a great handsome fan set with sapphires and richly embroidered, for the place was steaming hot with the beating sun and the assembled multitude. The Englishmen were marshalled in front of him, and after exchange of salutations, their spokesman delivered Drake's message. Then the sultan made courteous response, and the reception was over. Just what this message was, or what the sultan's answer, the narrators do not record. It may have related to the proposed treaty. The visitors were escorted back to the ship as ceremoniously as they had been conducted hither. During their visit they had cleverly looked about them, observing especially the defences of the place. They saw only two cannon and these unmounted, while the castle did not appear to be a for-

midable affair. It had been originally built and armed by the Portuguese. From these observations the Englishmen were evidently satisfied that if trouble should come Drake could easily hold his own against any assault.

No trouble, however, came. On the contrary, everything continued peaceful and prosperous through the rest of the stay here of two more days. The viceroy with others was much aboard the "Golden Hind," and it is presumable that some sort of a treaty was concocted: although no further mention of the negotiations is made in the narrative.

Ternate was finally left on the 9th of November. Drake's first object now was to find some secluded place where the ship could be again overhauled and repairs made of some of her furnishings. She was again grown foul, while the water-casks had become much decayed, and various other things needed tinkering. The calmness of the winds at this season, preceding the monsoon, also made this the fittest time for the work so necessary to be done.

After five days' sailing the place was found in a small uninhabited island, to the southward of Celebes. Here they anchored and began the erection of a temporary settlement. As at California, they pitched tents for their abode and threw up intrenchments for their defence; then transferred the ship's precious cargo to the fortified camp to be carefully protected while she was being cleaned. While here, although they had no natives to fear, they might be disturbed by the

inhabitants of a greater island which lay not far to the westward: so these precautions were necessary. A smith's forge was also set up for the making of some ship-work and for repairing the iron-hooped water-casks; their supply of smith's coals having all been spent long before, charcoal was made to meet this deficiency.

Twenty-six blissful days were spent in this retreat. The perfect climate of the place, with the abundance and variety of luscious and wholesome food it afforded, was wonderfully refreshing to the "wearied bodies" of the company. When they arrived many were sickly, weak, and "decayed" from the long confinement to the ship, but within a short time under the blessed conditions of their life here, all had grown again to be strong, lusty, and healthful persons. The days and nights passed serenely without disturbance of any sort. No natives, hostile or friendly, came from the feared western island. At night infinite numbers of fire-flies sparkled among the trees. Innumerable bats were among the feathery inhabitants. There were multitudes of "a certain kind of crayfish," that "lived in the land" lodging in great caves which they dug "under the roots of the most huge and monstrous trees," and of such size that one was sufficient to satisfy four hungry men at dinner.

At length the ship was full trimmed and reladen, and all their work done to the captain's satisfaction; and on the 12th of December they struck camp and sailed away from their delectable isle.

Their course thence was first directed toward the west, and led early into difficulties. On the 16th they had sight of Celebes, the northward of which Drake desired to recover so to clear the archipelago. But a bad wind was against him. He became entangled among many islands, and after a time he was forced to shift toward the south. This brought him into one of the most intricate of passages, full of dangers by reason of the many shoals that lay off among the islands. In fact, at no point in all the voyage, from the leaving of England, was greater care necessary and greater skill required than here in keeping the ship afloat and from sticking on these shoals. She got through, however, without damage, and on the 9th of January emerged into the open sea. The entrance, as Corbett traces it, was through the present Greyhound Strait. As the voyagers passed out they supposed they had at last obtained a clear way. The wind was now "large" and following them, as they desired, "with a reasonable gale."

So with the spanking breeze they sped on merrily under full sail, with light hearts after so long a strain of anxiety, when lo! at about eight o'clock that evening, without a moment's warning and no appearance of danger, the brave ship dashed head on upon a "desperate shoale" and was fast laid up against it in peril of speedy wreck of all her wealth and all her company.

In despair all fell prostrate to prayer. Then, that they might not seem "to tempt God by leauing any second meanes vnattempted which he afforded," all

got to work at various expedients under Drake's energetic leadership. Desperate, if not hopeless, as he knew their case to be, the great captain rose to this awful occasion as nobly as in previous crises. While he toiled with the rest he bore a confident air and cheered all with heartening speech. First the pumps were well plied and the ship freed from water. It was found that the leaks were "nothing increased," which the men accepted as miraculous, for they were sure "no strength of wood and iron could have possibly borne so hard and violent a shock as the ship did, dashing herself vnder full saile against the rocks, except the extraordinary hand of God had supported the same." Next, efforts were made to find good ground and anchor-hold to seaward wherein to "hale," by which means only they might clear themselves. Drake himself undertook the charge of sounding, but it was fruitless. Only a boat's length from the ship he could not reach bottom with his longest line. Thus their rising hopes were dashed.

It was clear now that the ship was so fast caught that she could not stir, and forebodings began to seize upon many of them. If they remained with the ship it was only to await a lingering death. If they left her, it was to commit themselves in a "most poore and helplesse state" to seek refuge in a strange land and among "heathen." The ship's stores of food were sufficient to sustain the company only a few days. They were now fifty-eight in all, and the ship's boat could carry about twenty persons in safety. The near-

est land was six leagues from them, and the wind from the shore beat directly against them. Should the attempt be made to set one boat-load ashore and then return for others, the first landed would most likely fall into the hands of the heathen inhabitants, and "so the rest in order." Should they escape the sword, yet their lives would be "worse than death," most of all in respect to their "Christian liberty," in being deprived of all "publique meanes of seruing the true God" while "continally griued with the horrible impieties and divellish idolatries of the heathen."

The rest of the night was passed in dwelling on their miseries and in frequent prayer intermixed with other "goodly exercises." With the coming of the new day, when it was almost full sea, attempts to find an anchorhold were renewed, but proved no more effective than the earlier ones. In their extremity it was now "by general voice" determined to throw themselves upon the mercy of God alone, leaving in His hand to "spill or save" them as seemed "best to his gracious wisdom." Accordingly, the chaplain preached a sermon to the assembled company and the sacrament was celebrated. After this "sweet repast," however, again lest they should "seeme guilty in any respect for not vsing all lawfull meanes" they could invent, they set to work at the last resort: the lightening of the ship. So went overboard a lot of valuable stuff which it must have wrenched their hearts to let go. Three tons of cloves, a quantity of meal and beans, and eight pieces of ordnance were tipped into the sea. None of the

precious ballast of gold and silver, however, was sacrificed, Drake cherishing to the last the hope that somehow he must escape.

Then, at about four in the afternoon, as surprisingly as disaster had fallen upon them relief came. While the water was almost at lowest the wind, which had continued all along directly against the ship's broadside, slackened, and she heeled over and freed her keel. The "manner of the delivery" the narrator should describe in his own quaint sailor's phrasing unabridged.

"The place on which she sate so fast was a firme rocke in a cleft, whereof it was we stucke on the larbord side. At low water there was not above sixe foote depth in all on the starbord, within little distance, as you haue heard, no bottome to be found: the briz [breeze] during the whole time that we thus were stayed blew somewhat stiffe directly against our broadside, and so perforce kept the ship vpright. It pleased God in the beginning of the tyde, while the water was yet almost at lowest, to slacke the stiffnesse of the wind; and now our ship, who required thirteene foot water to make her fleet, and had not at that time on the one side aboue seven at most, wanting her prop on the other side, which had too long alreadie kept her vp, fell a heeling toward deepe water, and by that meanes freed her keele and made vs glad men."

The shoal was "at least three or foure leagues in length." Corbett finds it corresponding to the Mula-patia Reef, south of the Peling Island and just beyond the mouth of the Greyhound Strait.

The day of their deliverance was the 10th of January. When the crisis was fully past a strange, almost grotesque, incident occurred of which no mention is made in the narratives. The record of it is found only in a contemporary memorandum unsigned. It was nothing more or less than a turning of Drake against the chaplain and "excommunicating" him. Assembling the company, Drake ordered Fletcher to be tied by a leg to a staple driven fast into the hatches in the fore-castle. Then himself taking a seat on a chest, and sitting crossed-legged, with a pair of "pantoffles" (pantofles, slippers) in his hand, he proceeded to the ex-communication in this vigorous fashion:

*"Frances Flecher, I doo heere excoṁvnicate the[e] out of y<sup>e</sup> Church of God, and from all the benefites and graces thereof, and I denounce the[e] to the divell and all his angells."*

"And then," the anonymous recorder says, "he charged him vppon payne of death not once to come before the mast, for if hee did, he sware hee should be hanged; and Drake caused a posy [a motto] to be written and boṁd about Fletcher's arme, which chardge that if hee tooke it of[f] he should be then hanged. The poes [posy] was, Frances fletcher, y<sup>e</sup> falsest knave that liveth."

What the good man had done, of what breach of discipline he had been guilty, what unguarded words, perhaps, he had uttered in the stress of their great peril when the destruction of all seemed inevitable, none can now tell. It may have been, as Corbett sug-

gests, that when their doom appeared imminent, he reopened the Doughty matter and laid their wreck to the wrath of God at Drake's action. Or the whole performance may have been a rough sailor's joke, to relieve the tension the company had been under through their perilous plight. However, grave or gay as it was, the chaplain seems soon to have been restored to favour, so to remain through the rest of the voyage.

Although their peril on the reef was the gravest of all the dangers that the voyage had met with since leaving England, it was not the last.

After getting once more into easy water the voyagers were tossed among the numerous isles and shoals lying about the south part of Celebes, and for some time they could find no convenient place for anchoring, to examine the ship. On the 12th of January, two days after their escape from the reef, unable to bear the sails by reason of the tempest, they dropped anchor on a shoal. They could remain here, however, only through the night. Two days later, when they had pushed a little farther south, anchor was again dropped off a small island. Here a day was spent in watering and wooding the ship; then for nearly a week, with foul weather, they were so beaten about among many dangerous shoals that they became "vtterly weary of this coast of Celebes," and Drake determined to work toward Timor, chief of the lesser Sundanese group.

Yet before they had cleared the Celebes they barely escaped another disaster. This was on the 20th when they were forced to run alongside a little island. The

ship's boat had been sent to search out a place where they might anchor, and had not gone far when a storm coming with great suddenness and fury struck them such stinging blows that the loss of both ship and boat, or the casting of the latter's crew into the "hands of infidels," was feared. Almost as quickly as it came, however, the storm abated with no harm to the ship, while the boat returned with all hands safe.

They got off from this place as well as they could and continued on their new course for nearly another week. Then the wind again took them "very strong," and for five days they were obliged to run with bare poles. On the 1st of February they neared "very high land, and, as it seemed, well inhabited," and tried to bear toward it for succor, but the weather was so bad that they could not make a harbour. On the 3d they made for a little island that looked inviting, but could not fetch it. On the 6th they had better luck, when, coming upon a group of five islands, they were enabled to anchor off the largest of them. A night and a day were spent here and fresh supplies of water and wood were taken on. On the 8th as they were sailing by this group two canoes were descried approaching them. The paddlers came up and invited them to visit their "town," not far off, named Barativa.

The invitation was accepted, and under the lead of the canoes a snug harbour was made. The "town" was found most hospitable. The people were "of handsome body and comely stature, of civill de-

meanour, very iust [just] in dealing, and courteous to strangers." The men were nearly naked, and had "one thing or other hanging from their ears"; the women wore a skirt, and many bracelets made for the most part of horn or brass, "some nine at least vpon each arm." Agreeable as were these kindly people, their island was no less pleasing. It was rich and fruitful: "rich in gold, silver, copper, tin, sulphur, &c.," and fruitful with nutmegs, ginger, long pepper, lemons, cocoas, figs, "sagu" (sago). What could be more inviting to the weary voyagers after their long tossings about! The people gave them cheery entertainment and liberally supplied them, at easy barter, with the good stuffs which the island afforded. Two days they tarried here "refreshing and furnishing" themselves, and when they left the natives regretfully bade them farewell.

They voyaged on for eight days, passing various islands, and then came again to anchor under a small one. Here, however, they remained only a night and part of a day, finding nothing worth their while but a supply of wood and "two turtles." Passing on to the westward they sailed for a fortnight longer "without stay or anything to be taken notice of," till they espied land "some part thereof very high," and coming up to this island and coasting it for a day they saw a prosperous-appearing town. So they anchored, and the next day the ship's boat was sent ashore to venture traffic with the natives. These seeming friendly, the next morning Drake despatched a delegation with

presents for their king, or chief rajah, who received them graciously, and returned the compliment with gifts of rice, cocoas, some hens, and "other victuals." The island was then found to be Java.

Presently Drake himself with the gentlemen of the company and some others went ashore formally to pay his respects to the monarch. He and his train were royally received and as royally entertained. He had his musicians play for the rajah, which mightily pleased him; then showed him the English use of arms, by training his party with their pikes and other weapons. Shortly after the rajah made his return call upon Drake with much formality, and with attendants bringing more provisions for the ship. Visits from other rajahs, under governors or petty kings, the narrators call them, followed daily. One day three of them came aboard, and for their benefit the ship's warlike munitions and their uses were shown off. Another day a rajah brought a band of native musicians aboard to display their art. The Englishmen good-naturedly pronounced it "though of a very strange kind," yet in sound "pleasant and delightful." Later that day the same rajah had an ox brought to the water's side and delivered as a present to Drake, who requited the giver with "divers sorts of costly silks." All these kingly visitors Drake entertained with the "best cheer" the "Golden Hind" afforded, which was not inconsiderable. There were frequent banquets, and music by the musicians, the latter as entrancing to these visitors as it was to the dignitaries of Ternate.

So friendly were all these natives that Drake decided not alone to take on supplies, but to careen the ship where she lay, instead of seeking a more secluded place for this work. It was high time that it were done, for the ship's bottom was so overgrown with a "kind of shell fish sticking fast on to her" that her sailing was much hindered. When this work was finished the voyagers had been here nearly fifteen days. They would fain have remained even longer, basking in the comforts of the place, had not the kind natives informed Drake that not far off upon their coast were come several Portuguese ships as large as his own, and warned him to beware of them. It would have been rash indeed to subject the "Golden Hind," with her precious cargo now rich in spices along with her ballast of silver and gold, to an encounter with them. So, hastening the completion of his stores, on March 26 farewells were exchanged, and sails were hoisted for the last stage of the homeward run.

The course was now set west-south-west directly toward the Cape of Good Hope. For nearly two months, or till May 21, they continued "without touch of ought but aire and water." Then land was espied, "a part of the maine of Africa." They coasted along till June 15 when, with fair weather and a friendly wind, they passed the cape itself, "so neere in sight that we had been able with our pieces to have shot to land." It was a "most stately thing" to the narrator's eyes, and the fairest cape they had seen in the "whole circumference of the earth." On July 15 they

fell in with land again "about Rio de Sesto," where they saw many negroes in their canoes fishing. July 22 they were come to Sierra Leone. Here they anchored and spent two days in watering the ship, and feasting on huge "oysters," growing "upon trees of one kind," probably snails.

Thence the run continued prosperously till, on September 26, 1580, they "safely with ioyful minds and thankfull hearts to God, arrived at *Plimoth*, the place of our first setting forth after we had spent 2 yeares, 10 moneths and some few odde daies beside, in seeing the wonders of the Lord in the deep, in discovering so many admirable things, in going through with so many strange adventures, in escaping out of so many dangers, and in overcoming so many difficulties in this our encompassing of this neather globe, and passing round about the world, which we have related."

And the first question that Drake asked—of some fishermen whom he met as he cautiously sailed into Plymouth Sound—was whether the queen were alive and well—a matter of pre-eminent importance to him now.

## XXVI

### SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, KNIGHT

**Y**ES, the queen was alive and sound in health, the fishermen answered, God be praised. And how fared Plymouth? A pestilence, sad to say, was raging there. With this intelligence Drake anchored in the harbour without landing, and prepared a report of his arrival to the queen with letters to his other partners at court, to be despatched forthwith to London by a trusty courier.

Meanwhile word of the arrival from the marvellous voyage had sped quickly over the town, the townspeople flocked to the waterfront, and the bells of St. Andrew's Church rang out peals of welcome; and several of the company eager for home had landed regardless of the pestilence. First of all Drake's true-hearted wife came out to the ship to greet him. Then came the mayor of the town with warm official greetings.

Probably, too, the mayor quietly informed Drake of the state of political affairs, and warned him in accordance with certain orders that had been issued from the privy council to officers along the coast to be on the lookout for him and should he appear to assist him at the moment of his arrival in landing and concealing

his plunder. For news of his amazing operations on the Pacific had come to Spain from the viceroys of Peru and Mexico, and thence to England, nearly a year before, with subsequent tidings of the magnitude of his spoil; and while this had brought great joy to his titled partners it had roused the Spanish ambassador, Don Bernardin de Mendoza, to demands that if Drake ever came home he should be punished as a pirate and his plunder be turned over to Spain, which the queen had been obliged to promise—if it were found that he really had done the King of Spain wrong. The queen's first desire evidently was to protect this treasure should it come safely within her dominion. The profits that Drake had attained overshadowed all other features of his marvellous exploit in encompassing the world.

His report to the queen and the letters to his London friends, presumably Walsingham, Hatton, and Leicester, were despatched by his faithful trumpeter, Brewer, cleverly chosen for this service perhaps because he was Hatton's man in the company. Answers were first received from the friends, and these were of a disturbing nature. They wrote that the queen was displeased with him, for by way of Spain she had heard of the "robberies" he had committed, and that the Spanish ambassador had declared he would demand restitution. This was a diplomatic note to be read between the lines; and Drake so reading it, at once warped out of the harbour and anchored in the sound behind an island, probably Drake's or St. Nicho-

las Island, there to await the queen's orders and to be in readiness, probably, if affairs should take a serious turn, to run for his old cover in Ireland—Drake's Pool.

Shortly the queen's answer came. It was a summons to court, coupled with the expression of her desire that he should bring "some specimens of his travels" along with him, and her assurance that he had nothing to fear. Her majesty's desire for "specimens" he shrewdly interpreted largely. So he gathered together a lot of his most precious jewels and loaded several pack-horses with gold and silver, and with these, leaving the remainder of his treasure in safe-keeping in Plymouth, he journeyed overland to London. The queen gave him gracious audience, and for six hours the conference lasted. The queen was charmed with the dazzling jewels he presented her. Doubtless he told his story well, and the queen assured him that she would stand by him. Mendoza had protested against his reception when he appeared at court, and had reminded the queen of her promise: but this she deftly parried by politely explaining that she was compelled to receive and hear Drake in response to the allegations against him. However, while the matter was under inquiry she would order the treasure to be secured and registered that restitution might be made if justice demanded.

Such order was given and Drake was sent back to Plymouth to assist at the registration. The order was issued to Edmund Tremayne, a neighbouring magistrate, and Drake carried a private letter to him from

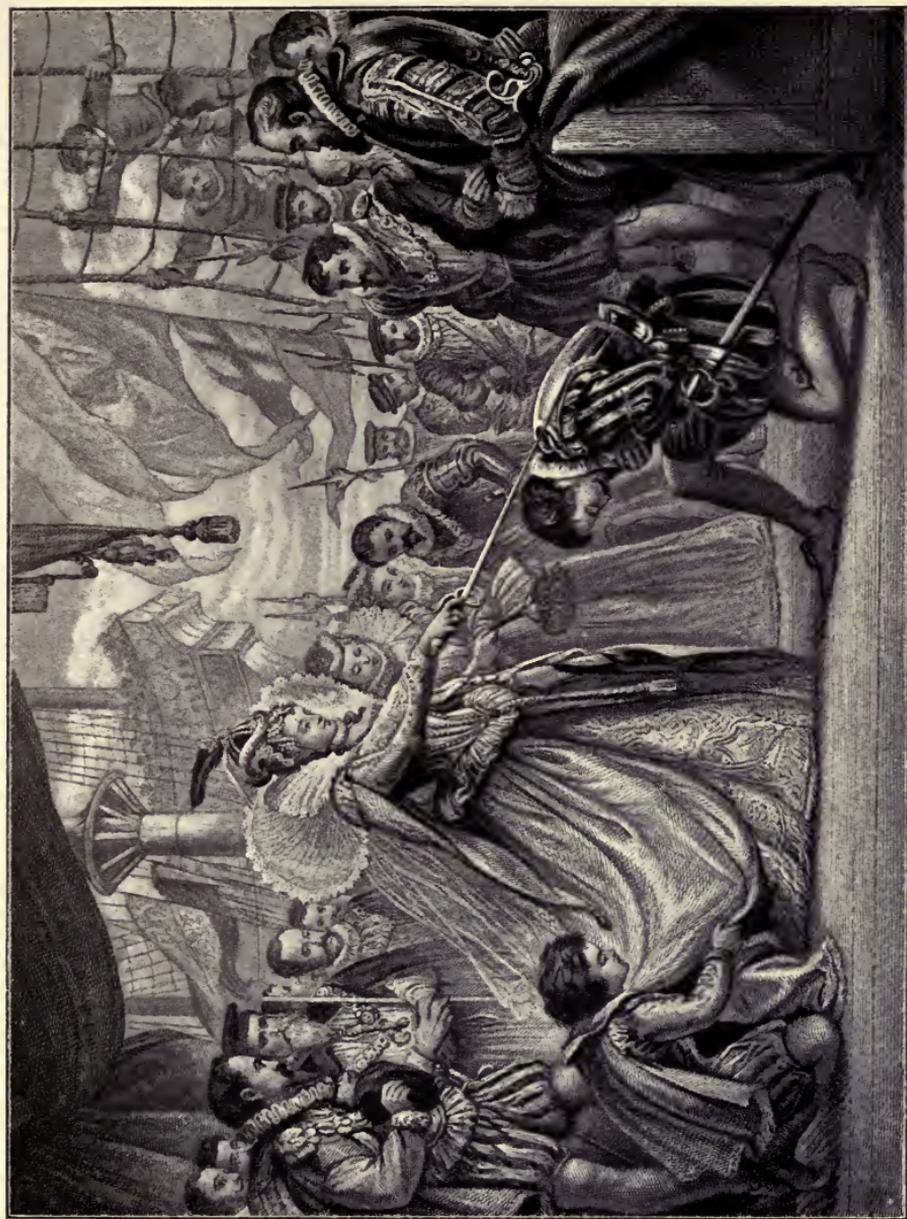
the queen commending her "beloved subject Francis Drake" to his best offices. Tremayne was also significantly instructed not to begin the registration till Drake had been left alone with the treasure to take what he might for his company; and it is said that of the amount he so took he was authorised to keep ten thousand pounds' worth for himself, "as a first fruit of the queen's favor," and more for his crew. While at this time in Plymouth he was given a great reception by the mayor and other civic authorities, and the town bells again pealed merrily throughout the whole day. Early he had paid a pious visit to his native village by the Tavy, and had been warmly received by the people of Tavistock.

For some months thereafter, when he was mostly in London, Drake's situation remained uncertain. The queen withheld the public expression of her approval of his unprecedented performance, while the people were taking sides for and against him. Merchants engaged in foreign commerce, particularly those belonging to the rich company trading to Spain and Portugal, apprehensive over Mendoza's threats, were turning the "city"—the commercial centre—of London against him. Others, in jealousy, set afloat evil reports to discredit him, tales of cruel treatment and even mutilation of prisoners captured with his prizes, of his overbearing ways as a commander, of his taking the law in his own hands, with sinister remarks upon the Doughty affair and of the brutality of his method of discipline on shipboard: and these defamers gave him

that sobriquet which his critics of after days strove permanently to attach to him—the “Master Thief of the Unknown World.” But the people generally made him their hero. They swarmed daily in the streets to behold him, and “vowed hatred to all that disliked him.”

At last in the spring (1581) the queen gave unmistakable evidence of her approval of her “beloved subject” and a reaction in his favour began about the court. First he was again sent back to Plymouth, now to bring up the treasure to be deposited in the Tower of London. This was done with another and larger string of pack-horses, along which he rode: and the people were dazzled with the sight of the rich procession. Then the “Golden Hind” was brought round into the Thames and anchored off Deptford, where she was visited by great throngs and marvelled at. While the crew were here an inquiry was held into the obnoxious charges that had been circulated, particularly of Drake’s ill-treatment of his prisoners, and the whole crew denied them on oath. As to the insinuations regarding Drake’s harshness toward his men, Tremayne had written to the queen of the extraordinary devotion to him with which his crew were inspired.

He now again became a frequenter of the court. Mendoza wrote in one of his despatches that the queen “often has him in her cabinet, often indeed [is] walking with him in the garden.” And we have young John Drake’s testimony that “sometimes he conversed with the queen as often as nine times a day: so that



QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTING DRAKE ON BOARD THE "GOLDEN HIND"  
AT DEPTFORD, APRIL 4, 1581.



the people said no one had ever been privileged with so much honour."

On the 4th of April the queen visited the "Golden Hind" in state, and then and there formally received Drake into the full light of her favour, and threw down the gauntlet to the King of Spain who had demanded his head.

It was a demonstration picturesque as memorable. The queen came with a brilliant train. After a splendid banquet at Deptford, finer, wrote Mendoza, than had ever been seen in England since the time of Henry VIII, she came aboard the ship, and on the deck in the presence of a great assemblage she bade Drake kneel before her. His head had been demanded and now, she said, she had a golden sword to strike it off. The captain rose a knight, and was given his arms—a ship on a globe, over the globe the motto *Auxilio divino*, and underneath the words *Sic parvis magna*.

The queen closed the demonstration by commanding that the "Golden Hind" be permanently lodged at Deptford and preserved as a striking monument to Drake's famous exploit and his country's glory. Accordingly it was afterward housed in Deptford Dock-Yard, and verses in praise of Drake, written in Latin by some of the scholars of Westminster School, were set up upon the main-mast. After a time it became a resort of holiday people, and the cabin was converted into a sort of banqueting-hall.

The plunder, with the exception of a comparatively small quantity that had been taken from private owners (which was returned through agents but never reached

the principals' hands), was never restored to Spain. It was divided in part among the partners in the enterprise and the state. Just how large it was in amount was never exactly known. Tremayne's return of what was sent up to the Tower of London, the balance remaining after Drake, as authorised to do, had helped himself to a large amount for himself and crew, and had taken off a quantity of jewels, showed a total of nearly five tons of treasure. Another account places the silver bullion that was brought into the Tower at ten tons, the value of which was four hundred and forty-four thousand pounds in present English money. Besides the silver there were a few ingots of gold. According to another, which purports to be a complete account, Drake carried off from the coast of Peru a total of about two millions and a half pounds in present English money, not counting unregistered treasure including jewels. In a division of the spoil according to each partner's investment, the queen received for her one thousand pounds invested, eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds, equal to ninety thousand pounds of present money.

With his new honours Drake's name "became admirable in all places," says the contemporary historian. Books, pictures, and ballads were published in his honour; and his opinion and judgment concerning marine affairs stood current.

He is now no longer to be a sea-rover. He steps up to the plane of a great military leader, statesman, and an admiral of England.

## XXVII

### ADMIRAL

**F**OR four years longer Drake remained on shore, but not without active and important employment. In 1582 he was mayor of Plymouth. In 1583 he was a member of a royal commission to inquire into the state of the navy. Through 1584 he was busied in warlike organisation both for naval and land service. In the latter part of this year he was in Parliament serving on important committees. This year, too, with all his public duties, he was courting again, his good wife having died the year before. The new sweetheart was a maid of higher degree than the Devonshire lass whom he had wooed with sailor-like rapidity, yet he made court to her with the same impetuous ardour. She was Mary Sydenham, daughter of a knightly house of Somersetshire, yet in her teens. It was said to have been a true love match, but opposed by Mary's father; and family tradition tells how the dashing admiral won his bride by besieging the castle at night and carrying her off from her latticed window, quite like a Spanish prize. They were married early in 1585, and mingling with the wedding bells to the bridegroom's ears came the sound to arms.

For now at last England and Spain were close to open war. By 1584 and 1585 Spain was growing more openly aggressive. Santa Cruz, Captain-General of the Galleys of Spain, was secretly developing what was called the "Enterprise of England"—the assembling of an armada for the invasion of that country. Meanwhile in the spring of 1585 a crisis was precipitated by an extraordinary act of Spain in suddenly laying an embargo on English ships mooring in her ports, seizing and imprisoning their crews, and confiscating ships and cargoes. The act was aggravated by the fact that these vessels were mostly corn-ships which English merchants had been induced to send out under special orders of protection, a famine threatening through the failure of the crops in two Spanish provinces. One of the ships, the "Primrose," had escaped and brought the news which set all England aflame over the performance. A retaliatory embargo of Spanish goods was proclaimed by Elizabeth, letters of general reprisal were issued to English merchants, and Drake was ordered immediately to set sail with a fleet to Spain and release the arrested vessels.

The date of the sailing of this fleet, September 14, 1585, is accepted as the date of the opening of the great Elizabethan war; but in fact war was not then, or ever, formally declared. The object of the expedition was far more than the release of the embargoed ships. This was to be but an incident along the way. Indeed most of the ships had escaped and the embargo had been raised before the fleet reached the Spanish

coast. Drake's real objective was again the West Indies, the Spanish Main, and the Spanish plate galleons. His bold plan of campaign included an attack upon Santo Domingo, the sacking of Margarita, La Hacha, Santa Marta, Cartagena, with the destruction of their defences, the seizure of Nombre-de-Dios, a raid upon Panama and the coast of Honduras, and finally the capture and occupation of Havana with the establishment of an English garrison there. All this was secretly marked out with the original planning of the expedition some months before the order to proceed to Spain was given. In fact his commission for the organisation and command of the fleet was signed on Christmas day, 1584.

The squadron when at length assembled constituted the strongest if not the largest private fleet organised in England up to that time. It comprised thirty sail, merchant-men and ships from the royal navy, and a force, including soldiers and sailors, of twenty-three hundred men. The merchant-men, with the "Primrose" at their head, contributed by London men, included some of the finest vessels in the mercantile marine, while the war-ships were two of the best in the navy. The enterprise was backed by a joint stock company, and quite likely several of Drake's former partners were of this corporation. The officers surrounding him constituted a company of men remarkable for distinguished sea service or for influential family connection. The vice-admiral was Sir Martin Frobisher, the great navigator now at the height of

his fame. The rear-admiral was Francis Knollys, a cousin to Queen Elizabeth and Leicester's brother-in-law. The lieutenant-general commanding the land forces was Christopher Carleill, son-in-law of Walsingham, an experienced soldier who had come from Ireland where he had been operating a squadron against pirates and Irish "rebels." Of Drake's subordinate officers were Captain Walter Biggs and Lieutenant Cates who kept the record of the expedition, and whose narrative Hakluyt gives in his *Principall Navigations*. From this narrative and from the log of the "Primrose," and various letters, the story of the voyage is gleaned.

Drake as admiral hoisted his flag on the largest of the war-ships, the "Elizabeth Bonaventure," six hundred tons. His flag-captain was Thomas Fenner, afterward vice-admiral in the navy. Frobisher placed his flag as vice-admiral on the "Primrose." Knollys as rear-admiral occupied the "Galleon Leicester." General Carleill commanded another of the London vessels, the "Tiger." Drake's youngest brother, Thomas Drake, was given command of one of two ships which Drake himself contributed, the "Thomas Drake": of the other, the "Francis," our gallant old friend Tom Moone was put in charge. Other "Golden Hind" men in commands were Captain George Fortesque, in the "Bark Bonner," Captain John Martyn in the "Bark Benjamin," Captain Edward Careless in the "Hope," and Captain Richard Hawkins, Sir John's son, in the galiot "Duck." Just before the sailing



*CARLELLUM Gallus. CARLELLUM Sarmata laudat  
 Virtutesque huius Belgica terra gerobat*

CHRISTOPHER CARLEILL, LIEUT.-GEN. IN DRAKE'S WEST INDIES EXPEDITION.



Sir Philip Sidney, slipping away from court, appeared at Plymouth and announced himself to Drake as a volunteer for the expedition, but the queen called him back to London.

The vacillating queen, shifting her policy with embarrassing suddenness, delayed the fleet's departure. All was in readiness in August, and when at last word was given on the 14th of September Drake hurried the squadron away lest the queen should again change her mind.

There was little or no pretence about the intent of this expedition. It was quite openly a warring adventure. Drake's commission ostensibly for the release of the embargoed ships was apparently well understood, as Corbett says, to be merely a "cloak to cover the queen if diplomacy demanded it."

Thirteen days after leaving Plymouth Sound, or on the 27th of September, Drake had brought the fleet to the Bayona Islands off Vigo Bay, had boldly put in here, and had come to anchor, with quite a show of arrogant confidence as if to defy the King of Spain. Beacons along the coast were blazing a warning of his advent, and on shore were seen troops in motion. At once Drake gave orders for a demonstration against the town of Bayona, and Carleill set out with the pinnaces and seven hundred men. On the way a boat was met bringing port officers to make the customary call upon newly arrived ships, as though nothing unusual were happening. Carleill turned these officers back and with them sent Captain Samp-

son, one of his aides-de-camp—officially designated “corporal of the field”—bearing Drake’s formal demands upon the governor at Bayona. Captain Sampson delivered the ultimatum with the peremptoriness of the soldier. He informed the governor that the fleet had been sent by the queen of England to inquire about the embargo that had been put upon English ships, and the admiral would know whether it meant peace or war. If it were to be peace, the governor must accede to the reasonable demands of the queen’s admiral; if it were to be war, he should have it to the uttermost. With this the captain withdrew leaving the governor to ponder the matter, and to send his reply which must be without delay. The answer soon came. It was not for him, the governor must say, to declare war or peace. As for the embargo, that had been by the king’s orders: but it had been raised a week before and the English merchants were at liberty to go and dispose of their cargoes as they pleased. He would add that if Sir Francis required fresh provisions or desired to water his fleet, he, the governor, was ready to pleasure him therewith “as one captain in honest courtesy might and ought to do to another, their princes being in league together.”

Meanwhile Drake had landed a force of two hundred troops upon a small island in the harbour and there lay with the boats threatening the town. The governor’s answer was unsatisfactory, and Drake sent back a request for a personal interview that a formal convention might be effected. The boats remained at

the little island till midnight when a storm arose. Thereupon the troops were hurriedly re-embarked and as they reached the ships the storm became a furious gale. The tempest continued through three days, and considerably annoyed the fleet. Several of the ships were dragged from their anchors; some lost masts; some were driven to sea. As the storm was abating numbers of boats laden with household and other effects were seen putting off from Vigo. This looked as if the inhabitants were withdrawing into the interior and the governor was preparing for resistance. This impression was heightened from the fact that no reply had been received from him to Drake's request for an interview. Again Carleill was sent out, this time with the lighter ships, the "Thomas Drake," the "Francis," and the "Duck." His orders were to stand in for these fugitives. Several were speedily overhauled; others retreating up the river were chased and some of these captured. In one boat was loaded the plate and vestments of the cathedral, together with its "great cross of silver, of very fair embossed work, double gilt all over, having cost them a great mass of money." These were taken with other plunder, including a rich lot of wine and sugar.

From some of the prisoners it was learned that a number of English sailors were being detained ashore. Accordingly Captain Sampson was despatched with eighty men to release them. The landing party were met by some two hundred armed Spaniards and a skirmish ensued, with some loss on both sides. The

English won, and when they returned to the fleet they brought with them plunder which the Spaniards afterward declared was valued at thirty thousand ducats. Meanwhile Drake had got the fleet together again and anchored safely in Vigo harbour. Now the governor came to terms and the next day sent out a flag of truce to inquire what were Drake's demands. They were promptly given—a personal interview, as before, and the exchange of hostages for mutual security—and as promptly met. The result was a convention, or agreement, by which the English merchants were to be given full liberty for themselves and their goods to dispose of as they would, and the fleet were to be supplied with whatever they required, on the single condition that the plunder should be restored. Whether this condition was fully complied with does not appear, but that the merchants were relieved and Drake got what he needed there is no doubt. Visits were amicably exchanged between the shore and the ships, and the work of watering the fleet went on comfortably, as well as it could in the continued rough weather.

When this work was finished the ships were again worked out to the islands and made ready to depart. At the last moment difficulty was encountered in getting the English hostages back. Suspicion, too, of the good faith of the Spaniards was renewed by a report that some officials had been heard ashore to say that if the fleet could be detained for sixteen days they would "wash their hands in English blood." Straightway Drake issued orders to Carleill to send off a detach-

ment once more to threaten Bayona. This was done and had the desired effect. The hostages were exchanged with no further delay, and nothing more was heard about washing in English blood. Shortly after orders were given to weigh anchor, and the fleet sped away. The business accomplished for which his formal commission called, Drake was now on his own responsibility.

His next point of attack was the Cape Verde Islands. On the 16th of November he made St. Jago, or Sao Thiago, and anchored between the capital town of Sao Thiago, or Santiago, and Porta Praya. Santiago, at that time a thriving Portuguese settlement, was successfully attacked and occupied on the 17th of November, the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's coronation, and in honour of their mistress and of their victory, the troops who had landed fired off some fifty guns of the defences which they found already loaded, while Drake responded with a succession of salutes from every gun in the fleet: so that, as Captain Biggs recorded, "it was strange to hear such a thundering noyse last so long together."

Drake demanded a ransom of the place, but the governor gave no sign of an intention to negotiate. He had taken refuge, with the principal inhabitants, in a village some twelve miles in the interior. After waiting a week Drake's patience was exhausted, and he resolved himself to go with a force against this village. Accordingly he made a rapid night march, and reached it before dawn only to find it also abandoned. The

refugees had evidently gone farther into the interior. So he gave the deserted village to the flames and returned to Santiago. Next Captain Sampson with two companies was despatched with Hawkins's galiot and two of the pinnaces to Porta Praya, there to seek for hidden treasure which one of the few prisoners taken had promised to reveal. Meanwhile all the captured guns and the plunder were shipped, and Drake ordered Santiago to be set afire, sparing only the hospital; then he moved the fleet up to before Porta Praya. Here Sampson reported. The prisoner had failed to disclose the hidden treasure and nothing had been secured excepting two more guns. It was also here learned that one of the boys of the fleet who had straggled behind the soldiers had been captured and killed and his body horribly mutilated by some of the inhabitants. In revenge Drake without mercy ordered Porta Praya fired like Santiago, and the torch was instantly applied.

Thus with these towns ablaze or in ashes the fleet finally hoisted anchors and now stood away for America.

All went well for a while. But a week later, in mid-Atlantic, there suddenly broke out in the fleet a violent epidemic. Within a few days two or three hundred men were dead and more were incapacitated. Fortunately the voyage across sea was a speedy one. Eighteen days' sailing brought the squadron to the island of Dominica. The natives here, the remnant of a tribe, were friendly; and in exchange for beads and other trinkets which had been taken with the more

valuable plunder at Santiago, they supplied the weakened crews with an abundance of cassava bread and tobacco, the latter in that time held by navigators to be a sovereign remedy against all kinds of infection. A stay, however, of but a day was made off this island, only long enough to water the fleet. Then they passed on to St. Christopher, Drake proposing here to land for the recuperation of the company and for the necessary work of cleaning and disinfecting the foul ships.

The landing was made on Christmas day; and as soon as the work on the ships was well started, and the health of the company was improving, Drake called his officers to a council of war and laid before them his plan of operations in these waters. His intention, he now revealed, was first to proceed direct to Hispaniola and attack Santo Domingo. This he would do at once, before the strength of their forces had further "decayed." It was a bold proposal, for Santo Domingo as the seat of government was reputed to be the most strongly fortified of all the Spanish-American cities, while the fighting forces of the fleet were already reduced. But the very boldness of the proposition fascinated these adventurous spirits. They were especially allured to it by the fame of Santo Domingo, the oldest and proudest city of Philip's colonial empire, renowned, too, for great wealth, the subjugation and humbling of which would be a glorious achievement for Englishmen and a hard blow at Spain. So all gave their endorsement to the plan with enthusiasm. Then the admiral outlined his scheme of attack. He would send

out an advance squadron to reconnoitre the city, and if possible to get into communication with the native half-breeds who here, like the Cimaroons of the Spanish Main, occupied the highlands of the interior. He would follow up with the main fleet, which he would bring before the city, and the assault would be made, if circumstances favoured, with a simultaneous attack by land and water.

The advance squadron duly set out, under Frobisher's command, that day or soon after. On the way a Spanish frigate was met and taken, and from her pilot, a Greek, valuable information about the harbour and protection of the city was obtained. He told how the port was commanded by a strong castle well furnished with artillery, with no convenient landing-place, so dangerous was the surf along the adjacent coast, except under the citadel's guns; but he knew of one some ten English miles to the westward of the city, and he would conduct them to it. At length they came to the harbour entrance, and for three days the squadron worried the garrison at the citadel by feints of landings, while the reconnoitring with their small boats was secretly going on. More was learned about the westward landing-place and a meeting with the half-breeds was effected. In due time Drake arrived with the main fleet and heard Frobisher's report. Then with a supporting force Drake himself secretly sought the western landing-place and examined it. It was found to be commanded by watch-houses in which a picket was stationed, but only at night. Arrangements

were made with the half-breeds to waylay the picket that night. When darkness fell the fleet's whole force of troops embarked in the small craft, and Drake, taking the leadership, piloted the flotilla through the surf to this place. Upon their arrival the half-breeds grimly reported the picket "despatched." By dawn the landing had been successfully accomplished, and so quietly that not a word of alarm had got abroad. Then "bequeathing" the troops "to God and the good conduct of Master Carleill our Lieutenant-general," Drake left them and returned to the fleet.

Having regained his flag-ship he brought the fleet forward toward the city, and came to anchor directly opposite the main landing-place that lay under the protecting walls of the castle, and on the same side of the town upon which Carleill was to advance. As the ships took their stations their guns were run out and a bombardment begun. At the same time boats were lowered as though under cover of the bombardment Drake meant to force a landing. It was only a feint to hold the attention of the castle and the city's troops while Carleill with his little army was stealing up for his attack. And this attention it fully engaged. Soon horse, foot, and artillery were advancing out of the city through two gates nearest the shore, with the apparent intention of taking up a position facing the water to oppose a landing. They formed with cavalry covering the right flank. Suddenly the rattle of drums and the blare of trumpets sounded on their right rear. Carleill was upon them. With standards flying, his

thousand men were advancing at a rapid gait in two columns, to cut them off from the city. The surprise was startling. Yet, caught as they were in a trap, the Spaniards were by no means demoralised. Instantly they took up a new position covering the two gates, and the cavalry made a gallant attempt upon Carleill's flank and rear. So well, however, had Carleill disposed his pikes and musketeers on every side that they could not break in and were shortly forced to fall back. The English in their two columns pressed upon the Spanish artillery, their aim being to enter both gates at the same time and ultimately to come together in the plaza, or market-place of the city. Both columns received the artillery's fire at close quarters. Several men in both fell. One went down by Carleill's side. With shouts of encouragement Carleill increased the pace of marching to get on before the artillerists could reload their guns. By the wayside was an ambuscade of Spanish troops with small-arms. The English broke through at a run, with the "push of the pike." So pell-mell they entered the gates while the broken defence scattered, "every man to save himself by flight." On the invaders rushed till they brought up at the plaza, their goal. Now the great St. George's ensign was hauled to the top of a tower proclaiming their success. As it unfurled itself, all the ships of the fleet, which had ceased firing when Carleill's men were fighting at the gates for fear of injuring them, broke out again, saluting the signal of victory with triumphant broadsides. Meanwhile the defenders of the gates were

fleeing, many of them in boats across the harbour and out into the country beyond.

The invaders secured their position on the plaza with barricades. Still the occupation of the city was not complete, for the castle remained in the Spaniards' hands. Accordingly preparations were made to attack it that night. But shortly before midnight, hearing the invaders busy about the gates, the garrison quietly evacuated the place, and followed their comrades in boats to the other side of the haven. It was New-Year's day and the English facetiously accepted the city as a New-Year's gift from the Spaniards.

With the evacuation there fell into Drake's hands besides the city all the considerable shipping in the harbour except a few vessels which the Spaniards sunk at the harbour's mouth. The prizes included a galley-royal—the flag-galley of the station—and a large French-built ship said to have been the finest at that time in the Indies. After the departure of the garrison the area of occupation in the city was extended and protected with a circle of barricades and intrenchments armed with the captured guns. And this work completed, the ransacking of the city for plunder began. Great was the disappointment of the searchers at the result. They found, indeed, quantities of rich wines, sweet-oil, olives, fine woollens, linens, silks, and “good store of brave apparel” to which the soldiers particularly helped themselves; but comparatively little plate, and no hoard of precious metals of which great tales had been told. While the “household garniture” of

the wealthier citizens was "very gallant and rich" their tableware in this hot country instead of plate and vessels of silver was porcelain and glass, all elegant, to be sure, but not valuable to the invaders as loot. The absence of precious metals was due to the fact that the mines were no longer worked, labour being unprocurable since the Spanish policy of merciless use of them had already almost exterminated the Indians. Considerable amounts of money, however, were gathered, with plate, pearls, and jewels, found hidden in wells and other places. Their Protestant zeal led the invaders to wanton destruction of all the fairest work in the churches and the burning of all their "images of wood."

Drake demanded a heavy ransom for the city, and the negotiations thereupon were long and halting. At the outset the negotiations were interrupted by a cruel act of a Spanish officer and as cruel a retaliation of Drake in which innocent lives were sacrificed. It chanced, as Biggs relates, that Drake sent out his negro servant boy with a flag of truce, or, as another account has it, the officer advanced to the English guard with such a flag and Drake sent the boy as his messenger to ascertain the bearer's business. Whichever bore the flag, the two met, and the officer "without all order or reason" furiously ran the boy through the body with his lance and galloped back. He was one of the officers of the galley-royal which Drake had taken in the harbour, and probably resented such a messenger as an insult. The poor lad managed to

crawl back to Drake, tell his story, and expire at the admiral's feet. At this outrage Drake, ever kind to negroes as we have seen, became "greatly passioned" and his requital was swift and awful. Among his prisoners were some friars. Two of these he commanded the provost-marshal to conduct under guard to the place where the boy was assassinated and there forthwith hang them; and at the same time he despatched another prisoner to convey to the city authorities the reason for this double execution, and to tell them from him that until the murderer of his messenger was delivered into his hands to receive condign punishment, two prisoners would daily be similarly hanged till all the captives in his hands should be "consumed." The next day, before two more innocent victims could be told off, the captain of the galley-royal brought the offender to the town's end, to deliver him up as demanded. But Drake, to make his vengeance most drastic, instead of taking him and executing him himself, demanded that the Spaniards should hang him in sight of the fleet and the town, "which," says Biggs, laconically closing this chapter, "was done accordingly."

The city authorities declared that they were unable to pay so great a ransom as Drake would have, and would compromise. After the negotiations had dragged for some time Drake set about to force a settlement. Two hundred sailors and as many soldiers to guard them were assigned to burn the city outside the English lines of occupation. This was to be done piecemeal. For several successive days from daybreak till nine

o'clock in the forenoon when the heat began, these firing parties diligently pursued their work of destruction. But so well was the city built, with substantial houses of stone and high lofts, that toil as they might they had consumed in this time not a third part of it. So in the end, wearied with this slow firing, and now anxious to get away, Drake accepted a compromise, taking twenty-five thousand ducats, equal to fifty thousand modern English pounds, in full for all demands.

With this payment the force were all re-embarked speedily, and on the 1st of February, just a month after the first attack, Drake sailed out of Santo Domingo harbour for his next exploit. In the holds of the ships were packed two hundred and forty captured guns; quantities of rich merchandise; full supplies of excellent provisions filched from Spanish stores. Their forces were recruited with scores of liberated galley-slaves of various nationalities. And added to the fleet were the best of the Spanish prizes, while all the rest of the shipping seized, including the galley-royal, was destroyed.

The next place for attack in Drake's programme—the island of Margarita—could not be reached because of tempestuous weather and contrary winds. Rio de la Hacha was also passed by, the admiral apparently having determined to make at once for Cartagena. Frobisher was sent ahead to work close in along the coast, on the lookout for some pilots whom he might pick up with Spanish prizes; but he found no prizes and consequently no pilots, and Drake was obliged

to rely upon his own knowledge of the passage. This he did successfully, and without mishap the fleet arrived off Cartagena on the 9th of February.

Cartagena, unlike Santo Domingo, was prepared for his coming. The city had had three weeks' notice of his presence on the coast, and had learned, too, all about his performance at Santo Domingo. Accordingly it had been put in a state of defence and so thoroughly that Drake might well have decided that it was impregnable and declined the fight. But it was not in his nature so to act. The greater the obstacles in his path the stronger his determination to pursue that path. He had come to subdue this city, and this he would do or attempt at any or all hazards, regardless of its preparedness against him.

Cartagena by her position, as Drake had found when here before, was naturally well protected. Now the narrow channel from the outer harbour to the inner harbour, close to the main-land, was barred by a chain. On the main-land had been set up a fort commanding both the narrow stone causeway that gave access to the city therefrom and the entrance from the outer harbour by the Boca Grande, or Great Mouth. On the piece of land lying between the Great Mouth and the city walls an intrenchment had been thrown up, the banks protected by poisoned stakes. In the inner harbour to defend these earthworks were stationed two armed galleys. The city's garrison comprised, as enumerated by Corbett, a force of fifty lancers, four hundred and fifty harquebusiers, one hundred pikemen,

twenty negro musketeers, and four hundred Indian bowmen; besides these there were one hundred and fifty harquebusiers serving in the two galleys attached to the port as guard ships under Don Pedro Vique Manrique, general of the coast of the Spanish Main.

Drake upon the afternoon of his arrival daringly sailed his fleet past the city and the Great Mouth so close as to draw the fire of the batteries. Having fully taken in the position of affairs he had determined his line of attack, and his manœuvres soon astonished the Spanish on-lookers. They saw him with consummate skill and nerve piloting the whole fleet through the perilous southern entrance, the Little Mouth, at the far end of the outer harbour, then working back till he had come off the inner end of the Great Mouth, and finally coming to anchor about a mile from the main entrance of the inner harbour. In taking this position it looked as though his purpose was to attempt to force the inner harbour defences by a direct attack. But this was a move calculated to deceive the city's defenders, as it did. And so was the next move—the detachment of Frobisher apparently to prepare for a demonstration against the harbour fort with a flotilla.

This was the situation at nightfall. After dark the real operations were begun. Then Carleill with his full complement of troops was secretly landed in the Great Mouth, under cover of woods that spread over the land between the fleet and the city. His orders were to push diagonally through the woods to the shore, and there, instead of advancing on the front

of the intrenchment, to wade along the "sea-wash"—the wash of the surf—till close enough for a rush on the city. In tramping through the woods in the dark much time was lost by reason of the "slender knowledge" of the guide, possibly one of Drake's men with him in his former cruising about the place. When the stealthily moving force were within two miles of the city they suddenly encountered a cavalry picket of some two hundred horsemen. Shots were exchanged, and after the first volley of the invaders the horsemen galloped off townward: not because they were routed, but because the "place being woody and bushy even to the water's side" it was impossible for their horses to make into it. Immediately upon the withdrawal of the picket the invaders heard the sound of the guns of Frobisher's flotilla engaging the fort. Presumably Frobisher had taken the sound of their exchange of shots with the picket as his signal to develop his feint. Soon now the shore was reached and the wading in the sea-wash begun. Undiscovered they reached the point desired, "within striking distance," and Carleill halted all in the water to form for the attack.

Captain Sampson with the pikemen and Captain Goring with the musketeers were given the front of the line; Sergeant-Major Powell with the "main-battle" of four companies was placed next the vanguard; Captain Morgan with a single company was assigned the rear. Thus the advance was cautiously made. It was found that the intrenchment did not extend quite down to the sea, space being left at its

end by which the picket had regained the city; but this space was closed up with large wine butts or pipes, filled with earth, and piled one on top of another and extending into the water. Here, out of reach of the guns of the intrenchment and of the galleys, Carleill determined to make the rush. When all was in readiness he sounded his signal to assault. Goring's musketeers ran forward and delivered a volley into the front of the surprised garrison; Sampson's pikemen dashing through their ranks came to "push of pike"; the main body pressed close after the pikemen with huzzas. "Down went the butts of earth," says the soldier narrator Biggs, "and pellmell came our swordes and pikes together, after our shot had first given their volley, even at the enemy's nose. Our pikes were somewhat larger than theirs, and our bodies better armed [with armour], for very few of them were armed: with which advantage our swordes and pikes grew too hard for them, and they driven to give place." Thus the invaders got inside. In their "furious entry the Lieutenant generall slew with his owne hands the chiefe Ensigne bearer of the Spaniards who fought very manfully to his lives end." Here the gallant Sampson was wounded by a sword's blow. Goring, also hurt by a sword, disabled his assailant and took him prisoner. As at Santo Domingo, upon carrying the gates the invaders gave their opponents no leisure for breath, but drove them till the plaza was won. Yet the Spaniards made a courageous resistance, with repeated stands and hand-to-hand struggles, before the place was attained.

Once seized, however, and fully occupied, the defeated troops broke, and evacuated the city; and hastening across the causeway, made for the hills of the country beyond where, at Drake's appearance before the city, the women and children had been sent for safety. Still the fort held out. But the next morning, when Drake moved the fleet farther inside and their guns were run out for a bombardment, the fort, too, was evacuated, and without a shot.

So the capital of the Spanish Main, despite its elaborate provisions for defence and the unquestioned bravery of its defenders, fell into Drake's hands at practically a single stroke. It was counted, as it was, a famous victory; and the cleverness of the plan of attack, outwitting the experienced Spanish officers commanding the defence, brought Drake recognition as a military genius.

The city, too, was deemed the richest of his prizes. For, although smaller than Santo Domingo and less renowned, it was from its strategical position of greater importance and had greater wealth. Santo Domingo had lost its commercial pre-eminence while Cartagena had become the trade centre; the former city was now inhabited mainly by officials, "lawyers, and brave gentlemen," while the latter had "farre more richer merchants." Accordingly Drake must have from this city the heavier ransom. His demand was a hundred thousand pounds. The authorities naturally demurred. Drake was firm, but was ready to give them reasonable time to arrange the matter. Meanwhile unwonted

courtesies passed between the invaders and the invaded. There were feastings; visits to the admiral by the governor of the city, the bishop, and "divers other gentlemen of the better sort"; and pleasant entertainments ashore. When, however, the reasonable time had expired and settlement was apparently no nearer Drake gave the city to the sack, and repeated his tactics at Santo Domingo—the burning of the city by piecemeal. "It was touched in the out parts," Biggs tells us, "and consumed much with fire." The shipping found in the harbour, too, was all destroyed.

Still the authorities failed to come to terms. When a month had gone by Drake called a council of war to consider the situation. Besides the matter of the ransom the condition of the fleet's force was becoming a cause of anxiety. In addition to the losses sustained in the fierce assault, and the temporary incapacity of a number of the men from wounds, not a few were down with sickness. Several of Drake's best officers, too, were gone. Among these was Tom Moone. The brave fellow had at last succumbed, caught in an ambush and mortally wounded by Spanish musketeers. It happened in this wise. One day the English sentinel stationed in the church steeple sighted two frigates at sea making for the harbour, and Moone and others put out in a pinnace to head off and capture them. They ran themselves ashore. The pinnace following was drawn into the ambush and Moone met his fate.

Three propositions were put before the council: the

first, to hold the city against the present enemy and re-enforcements that might arrive in ships from Spain, and make it a base of further operations; second, to continue further trial of their fortunes according to the original plan; third, to accept a smaller ransom for Cartagena, and "so presently homeward."

These propositions were considered by the military officers in one group and by the sea captains in another. The military officers, notwithstanding their weakened force, were ready to hold the city against all comers if the sea captains could with the strength that remained to man the ships undertake their safety and service should a Spanish fleet come upon them. The sea captains' reply is not recorded, but probably their attitude was as recklessly brave as that of the military men. However, it was finally determined to accept a smaller ransom, which they concluded could be done with honour, inasmuch as they had "taken full pleasure both in the uttermost sacking and spoyling of all" the "householde goods and merchandize" of the Cartagenians, and in burning or ruining a good part of their town.

The ransom as now agreed upon was one hundred and ten thousand ducats, equal to about a quarter of a million of English money. Upon its payment the soldiers were withdrawn from the city and a part quartered upon the monastery standing upon the harbour water-side. For this, being outside the city, Drake demanded an additional ransom of a thousand crowns. The sum was paid. A ransom of another

thousand crowns was requested for the harbour fort. This was refused. Thereupon the fort was undermined and "blowen up in pieces." Meanwhile the fleet had drawn toward the harbour mouth where men were employed in taking on fresh water; and on the last day of March they put to sea, now homeward bound.

That they were obliged to abandon the rest of the original programme, particularly the enterprise against Nombre-de-Dios and thence to Panama, where they "should have strooken the stroke for the treasure and full recompence" for their "tedious travails," was keenly regretted by the admiral's council; yet much had been accomplished to fill them with satisfaction and pride. Besides having administered another stinging blow to Spain at the fountain-head of her supplies, and having taken another fat purse of ransom money, the ships of the fleet and the prizes were carrying off sixty more captured guns, all the bells and metal of Cartagena, quantities of rich merchandise taken from Spanish warehouses, choice furnishings from the houses of wealthy merchants, and other spoil; while to the force were added, as at Santo Domingo, a motley crew of liberated galley-slaves—"Turks, Greeks, Negroes, Frenchmen," and even Spaniards. And their adventures were not yet ended, for on the way home it was understood that they might manœuvre off Havana and would come along the Florida coast.

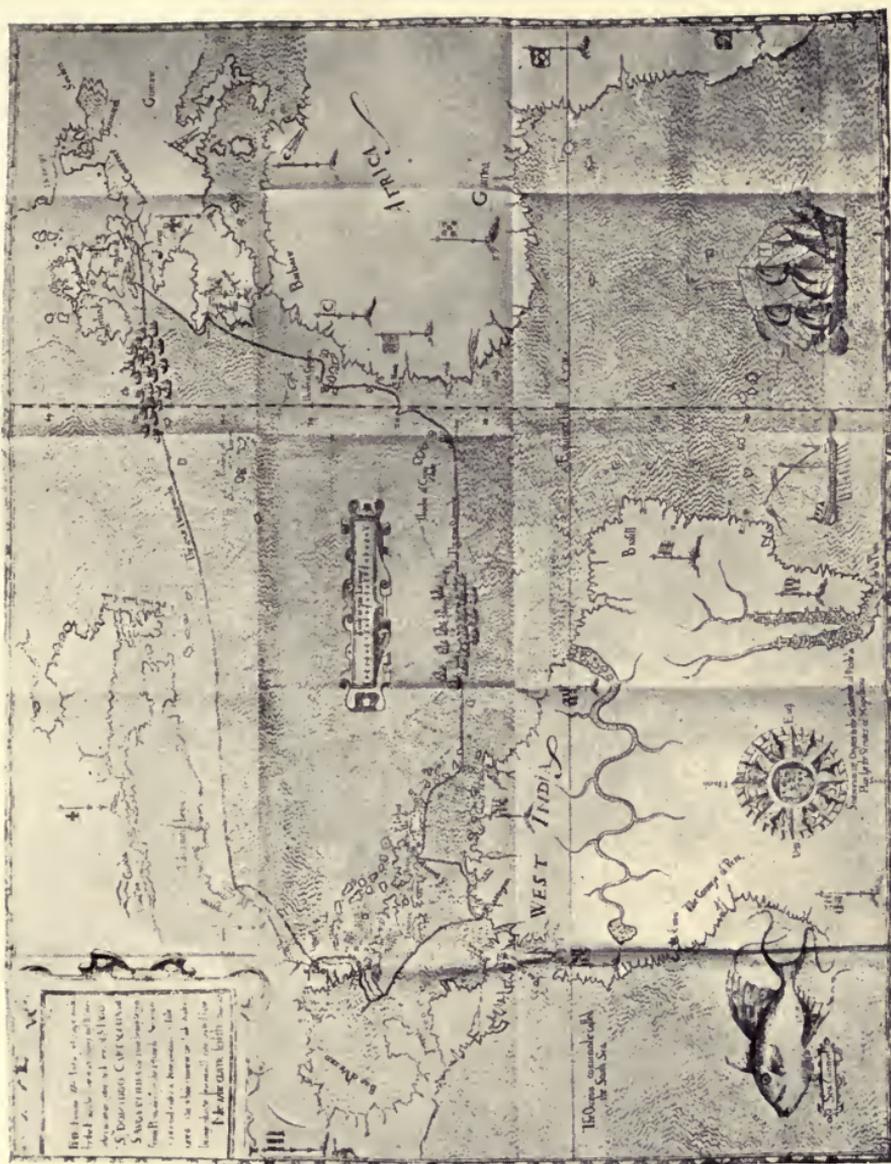
All went prosperously till they were two or three days out from Cartagena, when the finest of the prizes

—the substantial ship taken at Santo Domingo and facetiously renamed the “New-Year’s Gift”—now laden with ordnance and other heavy spoil, was found to have sprung a serious leak. The following night she fell behind; in the morning when she was found to be missing Drake put the whole squadron about in search of her. She was found after a while, but in a sinking condition; therefore she was taken in tow and the fleet returned to Cartagena. Great was the consternation in the city when the squadron were seen again bearing toward the port. Upon their arrival, however, Drake at once made it clear to the authorities that he had no hostile intentions in thus returning. He assured them that he would not further molest the city; all he wanted was opportunity to shift the cargo of the sinking ship to his other vessels, and to have some baking done. If the authorities would allow him the free use of the city’s ovens to bake biscuit he would promise them that none but bakers should land. The privilege was granted, and, we are told, under the protection of the authorities the biscuit-baking went on merrily night and day through the eight or ten days of this second stay.

Again off, and now for good, the course was set directly toward “Cape S. Antony [Cape San Antonio] being the Westernmost port of Cuba.” Cape San Antonio was reached on the 27th of April. Here the fleet stopped for fresh water, since the supply taken on at Cartagena was wellnigh exhausted. But little was found at this place, so the anchors were hoisted and

they made for Matanzas, some seventy miles to the eastward of Havana. Through lack of favouring winds they did not reach this port, and after some fourteen days' sailing were driven back to Cape San Antonio. A Spanish account says that they "looked into Havana," but this Corbett questions: he suggests that during this time they may have been after a rich Spanish treasure-ship, but missed her. To one such chase Drake alludes in a letter to Burghley after his return. Back at Cape San Antonio, this time newly fallen rain water was obtained by "making pits in a plot of marsh land"; and Drake worked cheerily with the rest at this business which occupied three days. Cape San Antonio was left finally on May 13th, and the fleet now held away for Florida.

Florida attained, they coasted along the shore till May 28th, when early in the morning they descried on a river's bank a "place built like a Beacon for men to discover to the seaward." This sight was animating, for it indicated a Spanish settlement. At once the pinnaces were manned and Drake set off with a prospecting party of officers and soldiers, to "see what place the enemies held there," for none of them "had any knowledge thereof at all." Upon landing they marched up the river's side a mile or so, and then saw on the opposite side a newly built fort, and about another mile above the fort a little walled-in town or village of wooden houses. This was St. Augustine, begun by the Spaniards twenty-one years before under Menendez de Aviles after his ruthless



MAP OF DRAKE'S WEST INDIES EXPEDITION, 1585-86.

Bancroft Library

massacre of René de Laudonnière's French Huguenot colony on St. John's River.

They must have a shot or two at this fort to discover its nature and strength. So a piece was brought up and planted a little before evening. Carleill aimed the first shot, and this struck a Spanish ensign. A second struck the foot of the fort's massive timber walls. These shots elicited no response. Therefore Carleill proposed after nightfall to cross the river with four companies and intrench this force so near to the fort that he might play with his muskets upon any Spaniards who should appear; afterward he would have the ordnance brought up to batter it. But a sufficient number of sailors could not be detached to make the trenches at such short notice. Accordingly he was obliged to postpone this move for the following night, and instead of it he would make a reconnoissance to espy what sort of a garrison the fort had. This little expedition was covertly made with a small boat and a few chosen men, among them Captains Sampson and Morgan. Although the rowers plied their oars as quietly as they possibly could, the party were discovered as they neared the fort and fired upon. There was nothing for them to do but return to the fleet, their object defeated.

Presently, after their return, the guard of the flagship discerned through the darkness a small boat approaching with a single occupant; and as it approached the solitary passenger was heard playing on a fife "the tune of the Prince of Orange, his song": a

favourite English air. This was taken as the signal of a friend, and when the guard challenged the boatman it so appeared. He was a Frenchman, he answered, who had been a prisoner at the fort and had taken the opportunity of the confusion created by their appearance among the garrison to escape. He told how the garrison had fired upon Carleill's party supposing that the whole force of the stranger fleet were approaching to an assault, and how immediately after firing the guns they had evacuated the fort and hastened off to St. Augustine. He offered to remain in the Englishmen's hands, or to return to the fort with any that would.

Upon this intelligence Drake determined to seize the stronghold that very night. Accordingly he set out at once with a flotilla for this purpose. He himself took the first boat with Carleill and some of the captains; Frobisher with other captains was in the second; and soldiers filled two or three pinnaces. The other pinnaces were to follow. As the fort was approached this party received the same greeting that Carleill's had met, which demonstrated that the place was not altogether abandoned. It was afterward learned that a few of the garrison "bolder than the rest" had tarried behind their companions, and these fired the shots: then they also fled. Undaunted by the firing Drake's party kept on, and ashore they went and straight to the fort. Not a man was found, but every evidence of a hasty departure. When daylight appeared the place was examined. On the platform of

the unfinished fort which was constructed of "whole bodies of long pine trees laid across one another" with some earth between, were thirteen or fourteen great brass guns. And near by lay a chest "unbroken up," which when opened was found to contain Spanish money to the value of some two thousand English pounds. This was a pay-chest, the money intended for payment of the wages of the garrison, which comprised some one hundred and fifty men. Preparations were made for the transfer of the guns and the pay-chest to the fleet; and then Drake proposed immediately to march upon the town beyond. He was the more impatient to do so upon hearing from the Frenchman that its governor was Menendez who he understood was a relative of the treacherous viceroy of New Spain in that old affair of San Juan d'Ulloa with Hawkins. But the streams and broken land between the two places made a march impracticable, and it was necessary to re-embark and make the advance by the main river.

Just outside the town some Spaniards suddenly showed themselves, bestowed a few shots upon the invaders, and then as suddenly withdrew. One of them in his hurry left behind a horse ready saddled and bridled, and this the sergeant-major, Powell, mounted to follow the chase. But shortly after and when considerably in advance of the main force, he was shot through the head by a Spaniard from behind a bush; and before he could be reached and rescued two others springing from the bush had stabbed his body in several places with swords and daggers. His death

was much lamented: for, as his fellow-soldier the narrator records, he was "in very deede an honest wise Gentleman, a soldier of good experience, and of as great courage as any man might be."

St. Augustine, at length entered, was found to be abandoned like the fort. At that time it was described as prosperous-looking, with a council-house, a church, and wooden dwellings, with gardens "all round them." Straightway the invaders sacked it, set it afire, and laid the whole place waste.

Before leaving St. Augustine it was resolved "in full assembly of the captains" next to undertake the "enterprise of St. Helena," in other words, the destruction of another Spanish settlement twelve leagues farther up the coast; but they were unable to carry out this plan for lack of a pilot to direct them through the intricate shoals. So, having done all the harm he could to the Spanish possessions on the Florida shore, Drake now proceeded to search for Sir Walter Raleigh's Virginia colony sent out the year before, which he had promised Queen Elizabeth to find and afford relief if needed.

The colony were discovered on the 9th of June, by the smoke of a great fire rising from the shore. A boat sent in met a few of the colonists on the strand. These were brought to the flag-ship, and, after joyous greetings, piloted the fleet to the colony's port. The ships of larger draught being unable to enter, the squadron anchored in a "wilde roade" two miles off-shore. Meanwhile Drake had written and despatched

a letter of greeting to Ralph Lane, the governor of the colony, then at his fort on Roanoke Island, with an expression of the pleasure it would give him to supply from his own stores the colony's needs, something of which the first comers had told him. Governor Lane responded in person, coming on board the flag-ship with several of his chief men. After welcoming them with bountiful entertainment, Drake gave them the choice of two offers, which he made with the hearty approval of his council of captains: he would give them one of his ships, a pinnace, and small boats, fully manned and provisioned, to enable them to stay and make further discoveries of the country and coasts, and then, if they desired, to return to England; and he would also provide them with any other things they required, tools, weapons, and such like, that he could spare; or, second, if they thought it better now to return to England, he would give passage on his fleet to the whole colony of one hundred and three persons. Their wish was to remain for a while longer at least, when Sir Richard Grenville with a relief fleet which was expected might arrive: therefore, with thanks for his generosity, they would with great gladness accept his first offer, asking only that he would take home with him their few weak and unfit men.

Accordingly, one of the barks that Drake had contributed to the squadron, the "Francis," was turned over to them, with two masters and a force of sailors, and orders given to provision her for four months, while some of Lane's best men were put aboard her.

But before her provisioning had fairly begun there arose a furious storm, which, raging for three days, created havoc among the fleet. Cables were broken, anchors lost, pinnaces and small boats cast away; and several of the ships were forced to free themselves from their associates and put to sea to avoid wreck on the coast, they not again to be met with during the rest of the voyage. Among these was the "Francis" with her two loaned masters, sailors, and Lane's men. This was disheartening indeed. But the undaunted Drake cheerfully put another ship at Lane's disposal. This was the bark "Bonner." She was, however, of greater draught than the "Francis" and so could not be brought into the colonists' harbour. Thereupon Lane and his chief men in council sadly determined to accept the second of Drake's original offers and abandon their settlement. Then the remaining pinnaces were sent to Roanoke to take off the colonists with their effects, and shortly the one hundred and three were all aboard the fleet, Lane and his chiefs on the admiral's ship; and on the 18th of June the reduced squadron with the added passengers finally set sail.

"And so God bee thanked both they and wee in good safetie arrived at Portesmouth the 28 of July 1586, to the great glory of God, and to no small honour to our Prince, our Countrey, and our selves."

Thus the narrative closes.

Of the twenty-three hundred comprising the company at the start, seven hundred and fifty, includ-

ing eight captains, were lost during this voyage, the greater number by sickness. The sum of the exploit in captures and plunder was set down at "three score thousand pounds," twenty thousand of which was the share of those who made the voyage, the balance going to the adventurers, or investors, in the enterprise. The ordnance of all sorts, brass and iron, acquired numbered about two hundred and forty pieces.

While he had not carried out his full programme, Drake's partners, open and secret, were satisfied with what had been accomplished. And so evidently was he. When back to Plymouth he wrote Burghley, "My very good Lord, there is now a very great gap opened very little to the liking of the King of Spain. God work it all to His glory."

## XXVIII

### SINGEING THE KING OF SPAIN'S BEARD

**M**ORE ovations marked Drake's return from this dazzling exploit, and he was more than ever the popular hero. All this homage must have been very pleasing to him, for he dearly loved adulation, but it did not turn his head, nor did it content him to rest awhile on his laurels. On the contrary, he was eager to be off for further operations in the Spanish king's dominions. More than one scheme was formulating in his teeming brain. He would immediately return to the West Indies and, before the dazed Spanish officials there could recover their breath, swiftly follow up the advantages he had gained by swooping upon the king's Spain-bound treasure-galleons and at one stroke cut off the financial supplies without which Philip's hostile plans would all be demoralised. Or he would take up the cause of Dom Antonio, the pretender to the throne of Spain, with a warring expedition to Portugal, the Azores, and the East Indies. Or he would strike a direct blow at Spain on her own coast.

This scheme most of all engrossed him. Philip's preparations for an invasion of England with an "In-

vincible Armada" were now moving on apace, and our restless admiral would curb if not crush them forthwith if the queen would give him license to proceed. And this he was next to attempt and to accomplish by a feat unparalleled in the annals of naval warfare.

In October (1586), less than four months from his return, he was off on a mission to the United Netherlands, bearing despatches from the queen and authorised to complete negotiations with the States-General for co-operation in his schemes. His constant friend and patron, the Earl of Leicester, was yet there as governor-general representing Queen Elizabeth and directing the English army. Drake sailed on this mission with a squadron of eight ships which carried out re-enforcements and stores for Leicester. Upon his arrival at The Hague he was splendidly received by the States-General and honoured by the people as the first navigator of his time. The figure he represented to the Hollanders the historian Motley thus vividly pictures for us:

"He was a small man, apparently forty-five years of age, of a fair but somewhat weather-stained complexion, with light-brown, closely-curling hair, an expansive forehead, a clear blue eye, rather commonplace features, a thin brown, pointed beard, and a slight moustache. Though low of stature, he was broad-chested, with well-knit limbs. His hands, which were small and nervous, were brown and callous with the marks of toil. There was something in his brow and glance not to be mistaken, and which men willingly

call master; yet he did not seem to have sprung of the born magnates of the earth. He wore a heavy gold chain about his neck, and it might be observed that upon the light full sleeves of his slashed doublet the image of a small ship on a terrestrial globe was curiously and many times embroidered."

His mission, however, was not wholly successful. That is, the assembly as a body declined to accede to the proposals, but, as Motley says, they agreed that in every maritime city of Holland and Zealand one or two ships should be got ready to participate in any of Drake's future enterprises.

In December he returned to England, Leicester accompanying him, and at once applied for a license to put to sea. His application was not then granted, for queen and council were engrossed in the fate of unhappy Mary Stuart of Scotland whose death-warrant was signed the day after his return. Nevertheless, later in this winter he is found actively employed in secret preparations for some new expedition, and early in March is at Plymouth busy in manning and provisioning a squadron of twenty-three ships. During the latter part of the winter quite startling reports of Philip's activity in his hostile preparations had come from English spies in Spain, and now the queen seems again to have been persuaded to strike the first blow. The destination of the squadron was kept a close secret till the ships were nearly ready to sail; then it was whispered about that they were bound for the coast of Spain.

The fleet comprised four of the queen's ships, several fine London merchant-men, barks, and pinnaces, abundantly armed. The four naval vessels were the "Elizabeth Bonaventure," Drake's flag-ship in the previous West-Indian enterprise, the "Golden Lion," the "Dreadnought," and the "Rainbow," with two royal pinnaces as their "handmaids." Four of the merchantmen belonged to the Levant trading company; the rest, as fine and stanch craft, were owned by other London merchants. Four of the barks were contributed and fitted out by Drake at his own expense. The "Elizabeth Bonaventure" Drake again was to employ as the flag-ship. The "Golden Lion" was assigned to the vice-admiral, William Borough, then high in the English navy and an accepted authority on naval affairs, and second only to Drake and Hawkins; the "Dreadnought" was placed in command of Thomas Fenner, Drake's flag-captain in the West-Indian affair; and the "Rainbow," a newly launched ship, put in charge of Henry Bellingham, a seasoned captain. The land force consisted of ten companies of soldiers, under Capt. Anthony Platt as lieutenant-general and John Marchant, sergeant-major, both experienced officers.

The instructions to Drake at the outset were all that the intrepid admiral could wish. They gave him full power to carry war into the enemy's country if so he must do to overthrow the enemy's projects against his own. He was to "prevent or withstand" any enterprise that might be attempted against the queen's realm; to "impeach the joyning together of the king

of Spain's fleets out of their several ports," that is, to prevent the concentration of the several squadrons that were gathering in various Spanish ports; was to "keep victuals from them, to follow them in case they should come forward to England or Ireland," cut off as many as he could and "impeach their landing"; was to "set upon such as should either come out of the West or East Indies into Spain or go out of Spain thither"; and was to "distress the ships within the havens themselves." But before he could get away the queen's ardour had cooled, upon false reports that Philip was relaxing his preparations, and she would fain modify these instructions radically.

This changed temper of the queen Drake observed with uneasiness. He would not, however, be undone if quick action could prevent. Returning to Plymouth on March 23, he drove the work with such speed and so adroitly overcame various obstacles thrown in his way, as he believed, by agents of the peace party, that in a week's time the ships there were all ready to sail. Almost at the last moment numbers of his sailors deserted; but this trouble he promptly met by replacing the deserters with soldiers. Then he was obliged to wait precious hours for the Levant Company's ships from London which were held back by contrary winds. They arrived on the 1st of April and joined him in good trim; and early the next morning, Sunday, April 2, 1587, he gave the signal and all put hastily to sea.

And none too soon. For on that very day a messenger was coming down from London post-haste with

new orders practically revoking his instructions. By these orders he was forbidden forcibly to enter any of the Spanish king's ports or havens, or to offer violence to any of his towns or shipping in harbours, or to commit any act of hostility upon land. He was simply to confine his operations to the sea. Here "avoyding as muche as may lye in" him "the effusyon [effusion or shedding] of christian blood," he was to capture such Spanish ships going to or coming from the West or East Indies as he should chance upon. Thus his expedition was reduced only to a prize hunt among the Indian fleets on the ocean highway. Upon reaching Plymouth and finding Drake flown the messenger hurried after him in a pinnace with a lusty crew. But though they sailed well out to sea they could get no sight of the fleet, and were finally compelled by gales to put back to port, with the orders in the messenger's pocket. Since they brought back with them a goodly prize, valued at some five thousand pounds, which they captured off the coast, their failure was condoned. From the fact that the messenger was one of Hawkins's men and that the owner of the pinnace was also friendly to Drake's scheme, there were those who strongly suspected that the chase was really a feint, with the intention not to catch and embarrass him with the new orders.

Meanwhile the fleet had sped on with fair winds and by the fifth day from Plymouth had made Cape Finisterre, the westernmost headland of Spain in the Atlantic. Off Finisterre a gale scattered the squadron.

The blow continued through five days, and it was not till the 16th of April that they were all together again. The union was at a previously appointed rendezvous off the Portuguese coast. Here Drake learned from some homeward-bound Flemish vessels that there was a large accumulation of ships at Cadiz preparing to sail for Lisbon. This decided his first move. It should be upon Cadiz. He would make for that port with all possible speed and attempt the destruction of that shipping.

Evidently without stopping for the formality of a council of war he straightway issued his orders to this effect and led off on the dash. He arrived off Cadiz on the 19th with those of the squadron that had kept up with his swift-sailing flag-ship. Then, out of sight of the port, he signalled for a council and his officers responded. They were, however, merely to be informed of his plan, not to deliberate upon it. Some in the council advised anchoring for the night to await the arrival of the slower vessels and making an attack in the morning. But Drake would brook no delay and announced that the attack must be made immediately. So the officers were dismissed to prepare for immediate action under his lead. This perfunctory method of holding a council and this dictatorial conduct dismayed some of the officers, and particularly the vice-admiral, Borough, who held loyally and tenaciously to all the naval traditions and rules, among which none was more definite than that defining a council of war. His manifest disapproval of this course opened a breach

between himself and Drake which subsequent protests and acts so widened that ultimately Drake cashiered his veteran vice-admiral and sentenced him to death for insubordination. This dire judgment, however, was not carried out, as we shall see.

Cadiz was completely surprised. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the fleet appeared in the noble bay before the unsuspecting town and stood in for the harbour. Then as now Cadiz crowned a precipitous rock in the sea at the extremity of a narrow tongue of land projecting some five miles north-west from the Isla de Leon. Behind the tongue lay the outer and inner harbours. The defences comprised a castle half a century old and two other batteries, the first commanding the entrance from the bay, the second, the inner harbour; while a dozen armed galleys guarded the harbours. Opposite the town on the farther side of the outer harbour lay Port Saint Mary, and within the passage to the inner harbour was Port Royal. As the strange sail were approaching the outer harbour two galleys issued from Port Saint Mary and rowed toward the flag-ship to ascertain the commander's intentions. Drake informed them with a shot that sent them back to port in haste. Pressing forward Drake saw before him in the harbour some sixty vessels of every class and of various nationalities, while under the protection of the second battery lay many caravels and small barks. All of them, except those preparing for the American voyage, as was afterward learned, were engaged upon the service of Philip's enterprise

against England. Most of them were awaiting their guns which were to come from Italy. Many were without their sails, for it was the practice at that time to remove the sails from requisitioned vessels while in port to prevent desertion. Drake's fire upon the inquiring galleys disclosed a hostile purpose which threw all these ships into confusion, and every one that had the means to get away cut cables and hastened for refuge to Ports Saint Mary or Royal. To cover those obliged to remain at their moorage ten galleys came out from under the first battery to bear down on Drake's beam.

Their oncoming he received with his four queen's ships. He steered these four ships directly across their way and gave them raking broadsides. Two were sunk or disabled, the others, mangled, fled under the cover of the castle's guns. In the meantime the merchant-men, led by the "Merchant Royal," were devoting their attention to the ships that had cut their cables and were making for refuge, and most of these were headed off and boarded, when the greater part of their men leaped into the water and swam ashore. Upon the routing of the ten galleys Drake completed his work without further hinderance. By nightfall all the ships outside the inner harbour were in his hands. Most of them he sank or burnt undisturbed by a pretty constant fire from the second battery. Among those sunk was a fine argosy which had in her, as was reported, thirty-six brass guns, and her destruction was "sore against all our wills," one of the narrators writes, for the Englishmen coveted her superior ordnance.

That night the fleet lay quietly at anchor out of range of the batteries, the flag-ship with the other naval vessels taking a position to seaward and covering the merchant-men, stationed off the outer harbour, from any fresh attack of the galleys. By daylight next morning Drake was again in motion. First he sailed the flag-ship in among the merchant-men and anchored her beside the rearmost ones. Then he rapidly organised a flotilla of the pinnaces and small boats, and, taking the "Merchant Royal," led them directly into the inner harbour, for a bold feat to defy Santa Cruz himself, the commander-in-chief of the Armada enterprise. This performance was the capture and the burning before the town of Santa Cruz's own ship, a splendid new galleon, "of an extraordinary hugeness," lying here under the protection of the galleys that were covering the shipping at Port Royal. The prospect of a brush with the galleys added a relish to the exploit. But despite a gallant demonstration by these galleys the capture was easily made and, before the forenoon had advanced, the handsome ship had been gutted, fired, and destroyed. This move particularly dismayed the vice-admiral and he protested against it.

The rest of this day was spent in provisioning the fleet from the captured stores—quantities of wine, sweet-oil, biscuit, dried fruits—and in destroying the captured ships except a few retained for use. Thousands of tons of shipping and a vast amount of stores were thus despatched. "We did burn in the whole," one of the narrators, Robert Leng, who describes himself

as one of Drake's "coadventurers and fellow-soldiers," records, "about 30 sail all of great burthen, so that I judge we spoiled him [the enemy] 7000 tons of shipping: we burned and brought away with us 500 tuns of breade, we also burned 500 tuns of wheat, we also spoiled him 2000 tuns of wine, besides great quantity of oil." Drake set down the total of ships destroyed at thirty-two. All this "great provicion of shippinge and victualls," Leng declares, "as the Spanyardes saide, were prepared against Englande." With this information Drake also gained, from sundry papers captured, a pretty full knowledge of the magnitude and details of the Spanish plan of invasion.

Shortly after mid-day the wind fell and the invaders were becalmed and thus exposed to every device that the Spaniards could employ for their destruction. Guns were planted at additional points on the shore, while the castle and the batteries kept up a lively play upon them. The galleys too made repeated "brava-doies," while careful to come but momentarily within range of their guns. Later several ships were set afire and launched against them with the tide. They were "not a little troubled" to defend themselves from these fire-ships, but they did so successfully; and the burning of this shipping by the enemy, saving them thus much labour, was to them "a pleasant sight to beholde." By all these assaults little damage was done them.

Not till two o'clock next morning did the wind again spring up. Then the squadron made sail and stood out past the batteries. But they were barely outside

the road when the wind fell and they were once more becalmed. Ten galleys followed them out and fought them through the forenoon. The galleys could do little damage, however, with the single gun of long range which each carried in the face of the fleet's superior ordnance. At length the calm was broken with the rising of a south breeze, when the galleys were compelled to draw off, leaving the fleet undisturbed to come to anchor outside in full view of the town. And here Drake rode the remainder of the day "on a bravado."

When his defiant challenge to the galleys to come out and fight him was declined, he endeavoured to open negotiations with their captain for an exchange of prisoners. It was known that a prize crew of five Englishmen had been captured from a caravel that had not been able to keep up with the fleet upon the coming to Cadiz; and others were supposed to have been impressed as galley-slaves. Drake therefore sent a messenger to the captain to propose an exchange of his Spanish or Portuguese prisoners man for man for the English the Spaniards held. The captain politely replied that he had no English on his galleys, and that the five taken from the caravel were lodged in the town. If it would please the admiral to tarry with them till the next day the captain would make his request known to the governor and would return with that official's answer. Meanwhile would not the renowned admiral accept the slight token of his esteem which he sent in his boat—some "suckett" (a kind of sweetmeat) and such other novelties as he had to offer.

This excessive Spanish courtesy greatly entertained the admiral, but he felt obliged to decline the Spaniard's gracious invitation to remain with them longer. As Leng vigorously puts it, "he perceaved there [their] dissymulacion and there intent to defarr tyme for to accomplyshe some other there devellish practyse."

So the negotiations closed, and at night, the wind at last coming large, the fleet finally bore out to sea. "Thus," concludes the *Brief Relation*, by the other narrator, which Hakluyt prints, "by the assistance of the Almighty and the invincible courage and industrie of our Generall this strange and happie enterprize was atchieved," to the "great astonishment of the King of Spaine, which bread such a corrasive in the heart of the Marques of Santa Cruz, high Admiral of Spaine, that he never enjoyed good day after, but within few moneths (as may justly be supposed) died of extreame grieffe and sorrow."

From Cadiz Drake sailed the squadron due west. The Spaniards assumed by this move that he was now bound toward the Azores to intercept the homecoming treasure-galleons from Spanish America. To head him off Philip ordered Santa Cruz, then at his head-quarters at Lisbon, at once to put to sea with a fleet of war-ships. But this Santa Cruz could not do for the sailors required to complete his crews were at Cadiz driven from the ships there destroyed. Not long after Drake's reappearance on the coast was reported and Philip issued orders for movements of forces in various directions where it was thought he

might strike. Then again the admiral was lost sight of. These manœuvrings confused Philip and his advisers, as they were calculated to do.

The interception of the treasure-galleons was in Drake's programme, but it was not his purpose to drive for them direct from Cadiz. He was first to follow up the Cadiz affair with a move upon Lisbon to prevent the concentration of the Armada there. But on the way he planned to overhaul a Spanish squadron under Martinez Recalde that had been cruising off Cape Saint Vincent, the extreme south-west tip of Portugal, to cover the home-coming treasure-ships. At Cadiz Drake had intercepted orders from the Indies office at Seville to Recalde to hasten to Lisbon. Recalde was a veteran Spanish admiral second in standing to Santa Cruz: to capture his fleet, therefore, would be at once a distinguished achievement and a stinging blow to Spain in upsetting her system of protection to her Indies trade. When well off to sea Drake, therefore, shifted his course and made a dash for Recalde. Thus it was that he reappeared on the coast and was reported off Cape Saint Vincent. In spite of his efforts baffling winds and calms so delayed his progress that when he had reached this point nothing was to be seen of Recalde's fleet. Reluctant to give up the chase, he cruised some leagues at sea northward of the cape, and thus was again lost sight of, as reported. At length, and when a lively gale was upon him, he abandoned the pursuit as hopeless, as indeed it was, for the clever Spaniard had succeeded in making Lisbon unmolested.

He now turned to a new "enterprize" not in his original scheme—the taking possession of Cape Saint Vincent and then the watering of the squadron on Spanish territory. Cape Saint Vincent was of considerable strategic importance at that time, and the roadstead was defended by formidable works comprising four castles, chief of which was the ancient Sagres Castle on the heights.

Again, merely communicating his intention to his council of war, he determined upon his course independently of them. The vice-admiral first learned of it when, coming aboard the flag-ship during a calm and passing to Drake's cabin, he heard groups of officers on deck discussing the astonishing resolve. Such recklessness profoundly moved him, and upon his return to the "Golden Lion" he lost no time in setting down in writing and forwarding to the admiral an earnest and manly protest. "I pray you," the honest missive concluded, "take this in good part, as I mean it; for I protest before God I do it to no other end but in discharge of my duty towards her Majesty and the service." But Drake could not so take it. He saw in it another and a more deliberate attempt of his subordinate to question his conduct and to cross him. Visions of Doughty evidently arose before him. He could not comprehend the devotion of this naval authority loyal to the traditions of the service, and believe that a sense of duty alone could impel such a protest against any departure from them; he could only see dishonest motives, perhaps treachery, in his vice-admiral's con-

duct. Therefore his acts could no longer be condoned: he must be summarily dealt with. Accordingly Drake sent for him to repair to the flag-ship, and when he appeared brought against him the charge of insubordination, placed him under arrest on his own ship, the "Golden Lion," and gave the command of her to Captain Marchant, the sergeant-major of the land forces. And there poor Borough remained through the remainder of the campaign, chafing under the humiliation of an unjust charge and "expecting daily," as he afterward testified, "when the admiral would have executed upon me his bloodthirsty desire, as he did upon Doughty."

These proceedings took place on the last of April and the 1st of May when the fleet lay inshore some fourteen leagues northward of the cape. Then getting under way and doubling back to the southward, on the third day of May the fleet suddenly appeared before Lagos, a little old seaport some distance below Sagres, and completely surprised it, as Drake intended. The next morning at dawn a thousand men were landed and marched some five miles inland through cornfields and vineyards to take the place in reverse, since it was understood to be weakly defended on the land side. But when the force were within musket-shot they encountered newly erected fortifications held by a strong garrison, and were assailed with a shower of shot by which several were hurt. In revenge Drake opened fire from the flag-ship and one or two of the pinnaces upon a body of horsemen on the shore out of range of

the land force's muskets. Since the garrison apparently comprised three times their own number the force turned about and marched back some distance; then, taking a stand, waited two hours for the enemy to come out and meet them in the open. None coming they finally withdrew and returned to the ships.

Checked in this attempt Drake moved the fleet nearer to Sagres and made ready for a more direct attack. Early the next morning, May 5, he landed with a force of eight hundred "muskett, small shott, and pykemen," and advanced rapidly toward a fort which they called Avelera. When they had come within musket-shot and were about to assault, the garrison evacuated it and fled to the larger and stronger Sagres Castle. Possession was taken of the abandoned stronghold and a guard stationed in it, and then the invaders marched against the castle. This fortification though old was seen to be a formidable work both in its situation and its equipment. It enclosed about a hundred acres of ground on the top of a cliff three sides of which, on the east, south, and west, fell precipitously two hundred feet to the sea. The castle walls, as Leng reckoned, were "30 foote hie and ten foote brode," and the ordnance comprised fifteen brass pieces well mounted. The north side, where alone it was accessible by a steep ascent, was defended by a high battlemented wall and four towers flanking the entrance gates.

For this assault Drake took command in person. Advancing up the sharp ascent, a skirmishing band of

thirty musketeers pushing ahead of the main body, they met a sharp fire from the castle's guns, but this did them no hurt for the shot passed over their heads. When the skirmishers had spent most of their ammunition they fell back to the main force, and Drake summoning the commander of the castle to parley demanded that he yield it up. He haughtily refused. Then the assault was renewed with an attack upon the outermost gate. Since he was without means for battering it down Drake could force the gate only by firing it. Thereupon he despatched a party to the fleet to bring up wood and pitch, and when these arrived he himself directed and helped his men in piling the fagots against the gate and setting the fire, while the vanguard skirmished with the garrison "in their faces on the walls." For two hours this perilous work continued, and still the gates held fast. Many of the English were wounded and two killed outright. Then suddenly from the castle walls a parley was sounded, and a flag of truce appeared. The Spanish commander had been mortally wounded, and the garrison would ask for terms. These were granted to their satisfaction with the surrender of the castle when, upon Drake's entrance and his force in full possession, he "most favourably lycensed" all "to departe."

Next, without waiting for rest, he moved upon the fortified monastery of Saint Vincent near by. He had only to demand its surrender when the keys were sent to him and its defenders fled leaving "divers great brasse peces" to fall into his hands. The neighbouring

castle of Valliera similarly surrendered upon his summons without a blow. All three of these strongholds were dismantled, set afire, and their guns carried off. The guns of Sagres Castle were tumbled over the cliff into the sea and there recovered by the fleet's small boats. The first fort captured, Avelera, was also burned to the ground.

The fleet rode unmolested in the harbour under the castle for four days longer, and the watering on the enemy's territory, as Drake had planned, went forward peacefully. Meanwhile, and during the land assaults, the smaller craft swept the coast some miles to the eastward capturing and burning nearly a hundred caravels, barks, and fishing-boats. The ships, says the *Brief Relation*, were "laden with hoopcs, galley oars, pipe-staves, and other provisions of the king of Spaine for the furnishing of his forces intended against England." With the fishing-boats burnt, some fifty or sixty, were consumed quantities of nets; and thus for that year was destroyed or crippled the rich Algarve tunny fishery upon which the proposed Armada largely depended for their salt fish. The men taken with these prizes were all fairly treated and sent ashore.

At length, on the morning of the 10th of May, the business here finished with the taking on of all the captured guns, Drake gave the signal to sail, and the fleet were again off for the next "enterprise." This was to be the demonstration before Lisbon.

They arrived off the Tagus River the same day, and came to anchor in Cascaes Bay. On the western point

of the bay rose Cascaes Castle commanding the anchorage outside the bar to the north of the port of Lisbon, while seven miles to the eastward lay St. Julian's Castle opposite the northern end of the bar. Here the fleet rode "in contempt of the said towne of Castcales [Cascaes], the castle, and eight of the Kinges gallies" clustered under the guns of St. Julian's with their oars out ready for action. At intervals during the day Cascaes town and castle bombarded the fleet, but, "thankes be to God," wrote the devout Leng, "we were by his providence allwayes shielded from perell"—because the shot fell short of or passed over them. Meanwhile their light-oared boats were raiding coasters in the bay, driving them on the rocks, and capturing them in view of the protecting castles. St. Julian's was the head-quarters of Santa Cruz and him our admiral soon addressed with a grimly courteous message. Having captured a caravel close up to the galleys lying under the castle guns but offering no resistance, Drake employed this prize to convey his messenger. He requested the marquis to deliver to him whatever Englishmen were captives on the Spanish galleys, he agreeing to exchange his Spanish and Portuguese prisoners for them man for man—the same terms he had proposed to the captain of the galleys at Cadiz. Also he asked whether the King of Spain had determined to make war against England: for if he had he, Drake, was here to exchange bullets with the marquis.

To the first part of this message Santa Cruz replied most politely, after the Spanish fashion, that "as he

was a gentleman" there were no English there as galley-slaves. To the challenge he as courteously responded—to quote Leng's record and spelling—that the "Kyng was not provided" for war "this yere."

These answers did not suit our admiral, for he did not believe them. Upon a Portuguese ship which he had taken letters had been found written by Santa Cruz to some friends deliberately stating, as Leng says, "that the Kyng had made proclamation in the country that he wolde [go or send] to Englande this yere, and wolde not leave one a lyve of mankynde above the age of 7 yeres." So Drake sent another message challenging Santa Cruz directly to come out and fight him. But this was as politely declined for the marquis repeated that he had no commission to make war.

Santa Cruz's determination not to be drawn into any engagement was probably the explanation of the strange inactivity of the galleys. In his home letters reporting upon the Lisbon "enterprise" Drake remarked that "seeing us chase his ships ashore he was content to suffer us there quietly to tarry, and never charged us with one cannon shot."

Till nightfall of the next day the fleet remained standing off and on outside the bar, the smaller craft continuing their pursuit and driving ashore every sail that came in sight. Then, a northerly gale coming up, Drake gave the signal to weigh anchor, and all sailed back to Cape Saint Vincent and their former anchorage below the ruins of Sagres Castle.

Drake had refrained from assaulting Lisbon, it is

supposed, only because of the weakness of his crews by disease and hurts which had so reduced his strength as to make difficult the assignment of a proper force for landing. Consequently, when returned to this harbour, his first work was to weed out the invalids and refresh the well with rest by spells ashore. At the same time the ships were cleaned, washed down, and disinfected. Six tranquil days were spent in this mingling of business and pleasure. On the sixth day a negro was brought before Drake with a report of the appearance of ten of the Spanish king's galleys at Lagos. The negro was a runaway who had been hotly pursued by some Spanish horsemen and had escaped to one of the English shore parties.

Upon this report next morning anchors were hoisted and the fleet sped eastward to discover and meet these galleys. They were a squadron under the Count of Santa Gadea sent out by Philip's orders, after the Cadiz affair, to search for Drake along the south coast of Portugal if he were reported in that direction, to cruise to Cape Saint Vincent if he were found to be making for port thereabouts, and ultimately to join Santa Cruz at Lisbon. The galleys were seen as reported lying off Lagos, and as soon as the fleet were come within easy firing distance rattling broadsides were opened upon them. They were evidently surprised by the sudden attack and ran incontinently ashore under the cover of rocks where the water was so shoal that the English ships could not follow them. Thence they returned the English fire but did no harm.

In various ways Drake tried to draw them out. His pinnaces and barks swept the coast, playing havoc with the fisher-boats and other small craft, capturing or driving them "so that they ran themselves in shoar and sunck themselves": but the galleys would not be tempted from their cover. At night a small gale came up and Drake tacked about before the wind and put to sea. The next morning he doubled back and reappeared at Lagos much to the astonishment of the Spaniards. Still the galleys would not come out. Then the admiral moved the fleet farther to the eastward, his light craft destroying the small coast shipping as they went, and attacked a fishing village near Albufeira. Four hundred men, landed for this purpose, speedily reduced the place, set it afire, and were back on the ships. Even this did not stir the galleys from their safe position beyond cannon-shot from the fleet. Thereupon, satisfied that it was useless to remain here longer, Drake turned about and left them to follow him if they dared. This they did not do and the fleet returned without incident to the anchorage in Sagres Bay.

The very next day, the 20th of May, they were off for the Azores. When at sea the sick and wounded, in two of the prizes and three small barks of the fleet, were sent home to England under one of the captains who also carried Drake's letters to Walsingham detailing his progress. In these letters it appears that the admiral's purpose was to hold Cape Saint Vincent and make it a base for further operations on the coast

till the Armada would be completely broken up, and he asked for re-enforcements that he "should be the better abell to kepe ther forces from joynyng, and hapely take or impeache his [Philip's] fletts from all places in the next monthe and so after, which is the chiefest terms [times] of their retornes home."

What changed his plans so suddenly? He had heard, either through his prisoners or from spies ashore, that a rich carrack was homeward bound from the East Indies after wintering at Mozambique, and was expected to arrive the present month. This vessel he could not allow to pass unchallenged, but must if possible intercept and have her. He might then return and with the expected re-enforcements later pursue his operations on the coast.

The parting with the ships detailed for home took place on the 22d. Till then all had been fair sailing. But that night, at about midnight, the fleet were caught in a rough tempest in which they were "sore tossed." For three days the gale continued, and during this time the merchant-men disappeared, while the flag-ship barely escaped foundering. When on the fourth day fair weather returned only ten vessels were found in company.

That day as the flag-ship's damages were being repaired a strange sail was sighted to leeward. Captain Marchant with the "Golden Lion" (on which, be it remembered, was still Borough as a prisoner) and the "Spy" pinnace were ordered to give her chase. The "Spy" reached her first. She proved to be one of their

own ships, a merchant-man of the fleet, and homeward bound. After a while the lookouts on the flag-ship were surprised to see the "Spy" returning alone, while the "Golden Lion" was observed to stand away before the wind with the other ship, both seemingly for home. When the "Spy" reached the flag-ship Captain Marchant was seen to be aboard her. He had a surprising report to make. When he had given the order to the master of the "Golden Lion" to "go about" for the return her crew, with the boatswain at their head, mutinied. They refused to carry out the master's directions and would return to England with their consort. They were short-handed, they complained, their supply of water and food was low, and they preferred to "stand to the queen's mercy than to court certain death with Drake." Marchant reasoned with them, he said, but in vain: then he deserted the ship rather than desert the admiral. Marchant suspected that Borough was at the bottom of the mutiny. This story threw Drake into a passion. With him Marchant's suspicion of Borough's complicity became a conviction. His action was instant and sharp. Summoning the council of war, he organised a "general court for the service of Her Majesty" to try the mutineers. They were promptly found guilty, and before the two home-speeding ships had disappeared below the horizon he as the justice had sentenced Borough and all the officers of the "Golden Lion" to death.

This incident thus closed, the fleet, now but nine ships, continued on the course, aiming for Terceira.

At length, on the forenoon of the 8th of June, after sixteen days at sea from Cape Saint Vincent, the cliffs of St. Michael's, the larger and easternmost island of the group, rose in distant view. As they neared it, toward night, they descried under the land a great sail. Drake judged her to be a man-of-war and, ordering the "Rainbow" to "lye a lee" and stand by two of the pinnaces that had dropped far astern, he himself with the flag-ship held on for her. At daybreak she was seen apparently making toward them. Having a "prettye gale of wynde" he made all speed to meet her. When he had come within a league of her he saw that she was a "mighty shippe which was then called a carrack, having out her Portugall flagg, a reade [red] crosse." She was indeed the great prize he was seeking.

Then followed what must have been an animating spectacle. As she majestically came on she "tooke in and put out" her flag, "three or four tymes," that is, dipped the ensign again and again, "to the end we shoulde discrye our selves." But the English showed no colours till they were within shot of her, "when we hanged out flags, streamers, and pendentes that she might be out of dout [doubt] to knowe who we were." Then Drake hailed her with his cannon, and "shott her thorowe dyvers tymes." She answered back with shots "sometymes att one" of the fleet "sometymes att another." Then a fly-boat and a pinnace closed in upon her. She strove to drive them off with shot and by throwing out fireworks. But

these hand missiles did no hurt, while her ordnance lay so high that the balls passed harmlessly over them. Then all of the ships attacked her hotly and their men pressed ready to board her. Thereupon she at last yielded.

She was found to be the King of Spain's own East-Indiaman and named for him "San Felipe": "the greatest shipp in all Portugall, rychly laden, to our happye joy and great gladnes. There were also in her 400 neegers whome they had taken to make slaves in Spayne and Portugall." Her cargo was magnificent in value and variety. There were tons of spices and precious gums, bales upon bales of silks and velvets, chests of china, of bullion, and jewels. Ship, ordnance, and cargo were subsequently appraised in England at one hundred and fourteen thousand pounds of English money of that day. So rich a prize had never before been seen. Of larger import were her papers that fell into Drake's hands, for these disclosed the secrets of the East India trade which Portugal and Spain had jealously guarded from their maritime competitors. The information which these papers furnished prompted the formation of the great East India Company of London merchants—just as Drake's accomplishment on the circumnavigation voyage in securing the treaty with Ternate had led the Muscovy Company of merchants first to open English trade to the Far East.

With this stupendous prize in hand Drake's only course now was as speedily as possible to get her safely to England: then with re-enforcements he would re-

turn to complete his work on the Spanish coast. Accordingly, putting his fly-boat well provisioned at their disposal, he courteously dismissed the carrack's captain, officers, passengers, and crew, some two hundred and forty in all, to "goe whether they lyst"; and then as they departed apparently to return to St. Michael's he set sail for home.

At daybreak of Sunday the 25th of June the returning fleet sighted Scilly, and on the following day, just three months after the start out on the expedition, they were back in Plymouth Sound, where, as Leng records and so closes his story, "we all to our great comfortes gave thankes to God for our prosperous voyage, safe retorne, and his great benefyttes."

It had been indeed a most prosperous voyage, large in achievement and results; but to Drake it was only the beginning of the work he was impatient to do and that he knew must be done if Philip's scheme of invasion was to be crushed. He had, as he said, but "singed the King of Spain's beard." He would burn it completely off.

Therefore, with the re-enforcements he had asked he would immediately put to sea again and he looked confidently to the queen for the orders to do so. The spoil of the great prize carrack, valued at one hundred and fourteen thousand pounds, was promptly divided: forty thousand going to the queen, a little less to the London merchants, and seventeen thousand to Drake.

## XXIX

### FIGHTING THE ARMADA

THE confidently expected orders did not come. Instead came official criticism of his performances. Proud of his valour and impressed with his extraordinary capacity as she undoubtedly was, the vacillating queen would again stay his hand. Her passion for peace and the clever play upon it of Spanish diplomacy, impelled her not only to withdraw from responsibility for his acts but practically to repudiate them. Instead of welcoming to her councils her now greatest admiral, with a reputation unsurpassed in Europe, she was openly professing her "great displeasure" at his violation of Spanish territory, while her government were diligently endeavouring to explain away his action as a "mistake." The reaction for peace had gone so far that negotiations were opening with the Duke of Parma, Philip's viceroy in Flanders, for an armistice, which might end the war. Shortly after the admiral's return Burghley under instructions wrote to Flanders, "unwitting, yea unwillingly to her Majesty those actions were committed by Sir Francis Drake for the which her Majesty is as yet

greatly offended with him"; and the council disavowed his act in landing at Cape Saint Vincent as in excess of his instructions.

The very day after Burghley's letter was despatched Drake arrived in London with a "splended casket of jewels" from the spoil of his great prize carrack, for a gift to the queen. The court were then at Theobalds, Lord Burghley's seat. Thither he repaired and soon found how largely things had taken a turn against him. Here a week later he presented the case of Borough before the council. To his astonishment his trial and sentence of his vice-admiral failed of endorsement. Borough's original offence having been his protest against the landing at Cape Saint Vincent, and the government having disavowed this, the case of necessity fell, and Borough was acquitted. Thereupon Drake pressed the charge of mutiny against him, presenting him as the ringleader in the "Golden Lion's" desertion, but this also fell. So Borough was exonerated and restored to his old position.

Meanwhile Drake had seen with mortification the men and the naval ships of his fleet paid off and withdrawn. Still the nucleus of the squadron was kept together at Plymouth in condition for any movement at short notice; and despite the forbidding attitude of the court he strove persistently for the orders he was burning to have. At length before the summer had fully passed, his persuasions, together with fresh reports from Spain confirming his repeated warnings of the magnitude of the danger that threatened the realm,

were surely influencing the queen. A new scheme for his employment was formulating, and by October he had completed the preliminaries for a new voyage.

Soon all was activity again. From the confirming news it was clear that Drake's statement of the situation had been the true one, and his star was again in the ascendent. Philip had been steadily and hotly perfecting his enterprise, and had been straining every nerve to get his now reconstructed Armada under way in September. In this he had failed, although the re-concentration at Lisbon had been effected. Late in November this news reached England and roused the court to action. In an incredibly short space of time the whole navy, ships and men, were mobilised. Toward the end of December Lord Charles Howard of Effingham received his commission as commander-in-chief, and he announced that in three days the ships would all be fully manned, equipped, and ready for sea.

Drake's commission came close upon Howard's two days before Christmas and gave him command of an independent fleet of thirty sail including seven of the royal navy. His was to be a flying squadron, to reconnoitre the enemy's position. His secret orders though falling short of what he had so ardently sought gave him a fairly free hand. He was immediately to return to the Spanish coast and at whatever port or ports he found ships assembling he was to distress them and interrupt further concentration. If he found that the Armada had been perfected and the enemy actually at sea, he was to hasten back a despatch-ship

to warn the government and was to dog the Armada's course whatever it might be, seizing every opportunity to attack which the weather or bad Spanish seamanship might give him.

Instantly upon getting this commission into his hands he ordered off one of his pinnaces to "feel the way" along the course he intended to pursue; and as soon as the New-Year's festivities were over he went down from London to Plymouth to hoist his admiral's flag, organise his squadron, and make ready for immediate departure. Thus opened the fateful 1588.

Although the secret of Drake's destination was well kept, men flocked to his standard "sufficient to man two hundred vessels," so a released Spanish prisoner reported. It was the popular rumour that he was bound on a hunt for the Indies fleet. With the seven navy vessels he was to have thirteen ships of his old fleet, five London ships, and five which he was himself to find. The thirteen were ready at Plymouth when he arrived, but neither the navy ships nor the Londoners had yet sailed from their ports. The five that he was to find he speedily obtained by seizure off Plymouth. These were vessels belonging to the King of Sweden which he detained and requisitioned presumably because they were carrying warlike stores. From the crews of two of them, which had left Lisbon apparently on the 2d of January and which he had seized on the 20th, he learned that the Armada had not yet sailed, but that when they left the work of preparation for sailing was "in full blast." This information he hur-

ried up to London by a messenger with several of the prisoners to repeat it.

But again the temper of queen and court had changed. At the very time that his messenger appeared with the prisoners' story a contrary report was received by way of France. The ambassador at Paris had forwarded the news that the Armada had been dissolved as a result of sickness, death, and desertions among the forces; and this was almost immediately confirmed by independent word from the King of Navarre. It was false news, and so believed to be by Walsingham and by Drake; but it had its effect, and instead of the naval and London ships to complete his squadron, there came to him a command to dismiss the five Swedish ships but to keep his original fleet together and await further orders.

This was disheartening, but he would not be checked without a struggle. Accordingly he renewed his appeals to the queen. Forwarding her further intelligence from his scouts showing the falsity of the French reports, he implored her not to throw away the advantage of the first blow. This evidently was effective for once more things were set in motion. Before the middle of February Drake had despatched another scouting pinnace to the Spanish coast. Then the naval ships were got around to Plymouth and work to put them in condition by graving (cleaning) and tallowing was pushed with feverish energy. William Hawkins wrote to his brother John that he was working day and night "by torchlight and cressets" (lanterns fixed each

at the end of a long pole) to get these vessels ready in anticipation of the sailing orders at any moment. Then came the news of the death of Santa Cruz and the consequent demoralisation of Philip's plans. This revived Elizabeth's hopes of peace, and before the end of February the English commissions for peace negotiations were passing over to Flanders. And then Drake received the depressing order not to leave the coast for the present.

The interval of inaction, however, was not of long duration. Early in March word came that the Armada would surely start out on the 20th of that month. This information was picked up by Frobisher who had been despatched by Howard to cruise in the channel for news. A day or two after Drake was enabled to send up to London full details of the Armada's strength and organisation, which he had obtained mainly through his scouting pinnaces. Then on the 15th he received the welcome commission to reorganise his fleet as a flying squadron at last to act on the offensive.

This much gained he seized the occasion of the acknowledgment of his new orders to press on the council a despatch more definitely than before stating the principles upon which in his judgment the war should be conducted—memorable, as Corbett notes, as the first enunciation of the doctrines which made England "mistress of the seas." He would prevent the Armada from "coming through the seas as conquerers" and from joining the Duke of Parma, by seek-

ing and attacking the fleet at the point of departure: in other words, instead of standing on the defensive awaiting the Spaniards' coming, he would drive for them with the whole available English force and destroy them at the outset. He would "seek Gods enemyes and her Majesties where they may be founde." "My verie good Lords," he urged, "next, under Gods mightie proteccion, the advantaige and gaine of tyme and place will be the onlie and chief meane for our goode." He asked for more powder and shot than the regular allowance for his great guns, his plan being to pound the Spaniards with rapid firing, in which he had been training his men.

Though this despatch did not bring all he wanted it did broaden the government's plans. It was dated March 30, and immediately upon its reception the queen sent him a command to inform her upon two points: first, how the enemy's fleet in Lisbon could best be distressed; second, how strong the English fleet should be to encounter the Armada. To this command he promptly replied in a letter as inspiring as his despatch to the council. If he were given orders immediately to proceed to sea, and his squadron were strengthened, he with ardour wrote, "then shall your Majestie stand assured, with Gods assistance, that yt [if] the flett come out of Lysborne, as long as we have victuall to leve [live] withall uppon that cost [coast] they shall be fowght with, and I hope, throwghe the goodnes of our mercyfull God, in suche sort as shall hynder his qwyyett [quiet] passage into Yngland."

This was his gallant answer to Elizabeth's first query. To the second he responded impressively, determined once more, doubtless, to arouse if not scare the queen with the magnitude of the threatened invasion. "God encreac [increase] your most excellent Majesties forces both by sea and land dayly: for this I surly [surely] thincke, ther was never any force so strong as ther is now redye or makynge readye agaynst your Majestie and trewe relygyon."

Two days after the queen's receipt of this letter Howard was given orders to form with the bulk of his fleet a junction with Drake's squadron at Plymouth, leaving in the channel a sufficient force to watch the Duke of Parma. In the meantime Drake had obtained from different sources intelligence showing that the negotiations with Parma for an armistice had in no way checked Philip's preparations, but on the contrary that they had gone forward steadily and with great activity. Thereupon he took up his pen again and with this information as his text wrote to the queen beseeching her to let him loose. The result of this letter was a summons to court to assist the council in the formation of a new plan of campaign. Responding with alacrity he appeared there to press his own. Howard and other naval officers were present at the conference. The lord admiral opposed his proposition to abandon the defensive and proceed with the main fleet to the Spanish coast and strike the first blow. But the queen was found on his side, and he finally prevailed. Thus at last he saw practically adopted

the policy he had so earnestly urged from the beginning.

This aggressive plan of campaign was embodied in three resolutions which passed the council May 10. Within a fortnight Howard had made the junction with Drake and an immediate move of the combined fleet toward Spain had been decided upon. Drake had received the appointment of vice-admiral of the combined fleet, second to the lord admiral, and practically commander; John Hawkins that of rear-admiral; and Martin Frobisher, captain of one of the queen's ships.

The union of Howard and Drake in Plymouth Sound was effected with much formality, and it must have been an inspiring scene to actors and beholders. Petruccio Ubaldino, the Florentine historian of the Armada campaign, who wrote under Drake's instruction to prepare a "true account," gives us the most vivid and probably most accurate picture of this typical sixteenth-century naval demonstration.

Howard was signalled off Plymouth at daylight on May 23.

The combined fleet practically comprised the ships which ultimately fought the Armada. They numbered fully one hundred sail of which sixty-nine were galleons and "great ships" (battle-ships), others were fine merchant-men and pinnaces. The total number of the crews was something like ten thousand men. Howard's flag-ship was the "Ark Royal," a splendid naval vessel, originally designed for Sir Walter Raleigh,



ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR ABOUT 1588.



and sold by him to the queen; Drake's was the "Revenge," of honourable record, which was nobly to distinguish herself in the final engagement with the Armada. Beyond in the narrow Channel still remained the squadron of English and Dutch ships under Lord Henry Seymour to watch the Duke of Parma and prevent his putting to sea with his forces to join the Armada.

Upon the union of Howard and Drake the report of the readiness of the Armada to sail was confirmed by Drake's scouts, and the day after the junction the council of war came to their decision to move upon Spain. Howard was now in full accord with Drake, heartily approving his plan of campaign. The next day being Whit-Sunday, the two admirals "gave the rest a politic and Christian example by receiving the Sacrament together in friendly sort; whereat both fleets assured themselves joyfully of a certain and infallible victory," according to the pious record of Ubaldino.

Their intelligence as to the Armada's movements fell short of the facts. The invading hosts had actually sailed. On the 18th, 19th, and 20th, before the union of Howard and Drake, they had streamed out of Lisbon bound for their first rendezvous which was to be the Scilly Islands.

As now composed and organised the invading fleet must have presented a formidable appearance and a picturesque one as well. The total strength, as estimated by Corbett, was one hundred and thirty vessels carrying nearly twenty-five hundred guns of all kinds,

while the crews numbered on paper over nineteen thousand soldiers and eight thousand seamen. At the head came the squadron of Portugal, comprising ten royal galleons and two large pinnaces. Then came the Castile squadron—ten galleons of the India Guard, four ships of the flota of New Spain, and two pinnaces. These two squadrons were commanded respectively by the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, the commander-in-chief of the Armada, and Don Diego de Valdes, captain of the fleet and the real commander. Sidonia's flag-ship was the "San Martin," a splendid Portuguese galleon. The vice-admiral was that foremost seaman of Spain, Don Juan Martinez de Recalde, who so cleverly eluded Drake in his previous campaign. The galleons of Sidonia's and Valdes's squadrons, together with some Neapolitan galleasses and Lisbon galleys, represented the royal navy. Then came forty armed merchant-men in four equal squadrons of ten each. The rear division comprised hulks stocked with provisions, ammunition, and various supplies. There was also a light division of small-oared craft of the pinnace class. The line-of-battle ships with towering forecastles bearing one or two tiers of guns and high poops equally well fortified were ponderous and imposing affairs. All the squadron commanders were men of distinction and experienced naval officers. Among the volunteers were many young noblemen, while of non-combatants were a hundred friars prepared immediately to install the Catholic Church with the conquest of England.

All had sailed out from Lisbon confidently, but before they could clear the Spanish coast trouble came upon them. The hulks sailed poorly on a wind; others dropped behind or scattered; galleys and pinnaces fell short of water; much of the provisions had turned out bad. Accordingly on the 9th of June Sidonia signalled to put into Coruña. Not all the ships followed him in; some were obliged to remain outside, while others, out of sight at the time and unaware of his order, continued on the course for the English Channel. That night a gale came up and scattered the outside vessels along the coast. Upon these dismal happenings Sidonia sent back to the king a depressing report, and proposed, in view of the formal preparations known to be making in England for their reception, that the enterprise be abandoned. To this Philip responded with a peremptory order that the dispersed ships be collected, the shattered ones be refitted, and the defective provisions be made good; and that then another start be made. Sidonia could only obey; and so at Coruña they remained for a month engaged in the work of reconstruction.

The English fleet were unable to sail forthwith as planned, and it was not till the 30th of May that they were finally off. They had been held back not alone by contrary winds. A vexatious shortage of provisions also detained them, due to the non-arrival of the victualling-ships which had been promised immediately to follow Howard to Plymouth; and they at length got off hurriedly with the scant supplies they

had, leaving the "victuallers" to follow and find them if they could: for Drake's scouts now reported the Armada as ready to come out with the first favourable wind. Their start off was gallant, but hardly were they in the "chops" of the channel when a southerly and south-westerly gale struck them. For a week they lay in "the sleeve," between England and France, battling with the storm, and then, on June 6, only three days before the crippled Armada had put into Coruña, they ran back to Plymouth Sound. Their return was necessitated, however, more by a report they heard at sea than by the tempestuous weather. The skipper of a homeward-bound merchant-man from Spain whom they met had told of having seen a great fleet standing out from Lisbon when he left; and believing these sail to be the enemy who might be brought up at any moment by the same wind that had held them in the channel, they could not leave Plymouth uncovered and "to windward."

Here despatches awaited them that dismayed the admirals. The government were again weakening, and now suggested that instead of carrying the fleet down to the Spanish coast the admirals should take positions in the channel where they might guard all the threatened points at once. Earnest protests against this fatal change in the programme were sent back to London in hot haste by both Howard and Drake. Hardly, however, was their messenger well on his way when there came another despatch in which the suggestion of the first one was repeated as an order of the queen.

Another and a hotter protest was sent up in acknowledgment of this order. Howard, however, could only obey; and on the 19th, the wind being now propitious, the fleet again stood down the channel to take the positions as ordered. But before they were clear out they met the same ill-luck that overcame their previous move. Again the wind shifted to a gale from the southward, and after beating against it for three days they were driven back to Plymouth.

This was depressing, but the morning after their return another messenger appeared with despatches from London which put new heart into the admirals. Their last protest had been effective and had brought council and queen back to the aggressive policy. By the new despatches Howard's full liberty of action was restored subject only to the advice of his council of war. Later the long-delayed victual-ships arrived. And before nightfall of this lucky day the wind changed in their favour.

All were inspired by this good fortune. Every nerve was now strained to get the fresh stores aboard and make ready for another start off and this time direct for Spain. As the men toiled through that night and the next day and night, Drake's scouting pinnaces and other craft, one after another, came in with the startling report that part, at least, of the Armada had appeared off the Scillys. Two squadrons, some said three, had been sighted. The admirals concluded that the gale which had driven their own fleet back had broken up the Armada into scattered groups, and this increased

their impatience to be off. Efforts were redoubled, and late on the evening of the 23d, a Sunday, the work was so near completion that Howard gave the signal to sail. Several of the store-ships were still unladen, and these were ordered to follow the fleet. Thus all stood away for the Scillys.

What Drake's scouts had sighted were the two squadrons which, ignorant of Sidonia's orders to put into Coruña, had continued on the course to the appointed rendezvous. They had reached the Scillys about the 17th, and had waited here for the rest of the Armada four or five days when they were found by a Spanish officer sent out to recall them and afterward made good their return to Coruña. Had the English fleet reached the Scillys directly they would have found the quarry flown. But this they did not succeed in doing. For the third time the wind played them false. As before, when they were yet not clear of the channel, it shifted. Thus they were compelled to stand off and on. Drake with ten sail took a "cast" down toward the French coast but with no result: nothing was to be seen of the reported squadrons. Accordingly the council of war concluded that the Armada had succeeded in getting together, and it was decided that the fleet should await the enemy where they were.

So they lay expectantly in mid-channel for nearly a fortnight. Drake was on the left with a wing-squadron of twenty ships and four or five pinnaces, to watch the "fair way" toward Ushant, since it was thought that the Spaniards intended to sail up the coast of France;

while Hawkins with a similar squadron lay toward the Scillys. Drake chafed under this inactivity. He insisted that the fleet's only proper place was on the enemy's coast. As day after day went by without sign of the enemy, while the stores were running short and rations had to be reduced, and sickness was making havoc with the crews to the weakening of their efficiency, his impatience at length drove him to the very act that he had so roundly condemned in Borough—as vice-admiral to set forth to his admiral in writing his protest and the reasons therefor. In this case the admiral recognised the validity of the vice-admiral's reasoning and changed his tactics; and the following day, the 6th of July, the fleet were moved forward out of the channel and took up a station off Ushant. This point gained Drake further pressed for an immediate movement against the enemy where they lay wherever that might be. And the next day after a long debate in the council of war—for the fleet had barely enough provisions to carry them to the Spanish coast—he prevailed.

This decision was reached at three o'clock that afternoon, and the signal was immediately given to set sail. The objective point was Coruña. Through that night and all the next day and night the great fleet sped southward on a spanking breeze, and by morning of the 9th they were almost in sight of the Spanish coast. Then the favouring north wind deserted them, and soon in its stead came a hard blow out of the southwest. This was fatal to the chase. With their prey

just out of reach they were held up; and now they could only put about and run back for their own coast. At the enforced turn, Drake, ever alert, assigned four of his pinnaces to remain behind to pick up what intelligence they could of the Armada's condition, confident in his own mind that with another attempt, if speedily made, the Spaniards might yet be reached and vanquished in their own waters.

Three days later the fleet were back once more in Plymouth Sound, and all hands were set diligently to work "revictualling" the auxiliary vessels and getting things in trim again for sea. Soon the scouting pinnaces brought in reports that left no doubt that the Armada were making ready for a fresh start out. This news was obtained from captured Spanish and other ships. Then on the 19th, after a week of strenuous toil by all hands, a pinnace came scudding into the harbour with the astounding news that the Spaniards were off the Lizard!

It was true in most part. The southerly wind that had returned the English fleet to port had brought the Armada on. The surprise was complete. The English were caught in the very trap that Drake had intended for the Spaniards. But startled as he must have been he received the news with unruffled calm. At the moment he and his officers, resting from their labours, were playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe. In the midst of the game Captain Fleming of one of the pinnaces broke upon the players with the astonishing tale. All turned to Drake for the word of command.

He quietly remarked that he would first finish the game. "*There's time for that,*" said he, "*and to beat the Spaniards after.*"

Now the fleets were at last to come together, but in English waters.

It was the squadron of Valdes, captain of the fleet, that the scouting pinnaces had sighted off the Lizard. He was joined by the rest of the fleet the next day, the 20th, and then all continued their course up the channel to a point within striking distance of Plymouth. Here about four leagues offshore Sidonia "hove to" for the fleet to close up. Landward they saw great volumes of smoke rising from successions of flaring beacons on headlands and hills, and they knew that their presence was discovered. When all were assembled Sidonia ran up his holy banner displaying on the one side the crucified Christ and on the other the Holy Mother, while the flag-ship guns boomed a salute; and at this signal, as one of the officers afterward wrote, "all our people kneeled down and put up a prayer beseeching our Lord to give us victory against the enemies of His Holy faith."

Then the commander-in-chief signalled for his final council of war. The moment for action had come.

Sidonia's instructions on putting to sea were to proceed directly to the Downs and join hands with Parma. With Parma's expected force of small vessels and forty thousand men added to the Armada he was to stand over and enter the Thames directing his course to London, which it was presumed would easily fall after

an assault and a single battle. The Spaniards were strangely ignorant of the operations of the English admirals; they were unaware of the blockade of Parma's entrance by Lord Seymour's squadron off Dunkirk, and they knew nothing of the union of Howard and Drake. They still believed that the English forces were divided into two separate fleets, Howard somewhere to the eastward to watch Parma, Drake to the west to guard the entrance to the channel. Drake was their greatest fear, and to out-manceuvre him was their main concern. It was thought that he would attempt to get in their rear and crush them between his fleet and Howard's. Since nothing had been seen of him at sea they believed that he must yet be in Plymouth. Therefore the Armada should not pass to leeward of Plymouth without an attempt to crush his squadron. With this decision the council of war broke up and the Armada stood slowly on the course toward Plymouth.

Meanwhile the English admirals in Plymouth had executed a feat of daring and seamanship unparalleled in their time. With the wind in favour of the invaders, their position was dangerous in the extreme. Their only safety was in getting out, and this they proceeded to do in the teeth of the gale and within gunshot of the enemy. Through the night of the 19th the vessels that lay in the harbour were laboriously warped out, and by morning the greater number were beating out of the sound; and before the day following was far spent Howard and Drake were as far out as Eddystone with

fifty-four of their ships. And here for the first time they had sight of the enemy. Through mist and drizzle they could dimly see the great Armada some five or six leagues to the westward. The wind having dropped with the coming of the rain sails were ordered struck, and the fleet now lay under bare poles.

The Armada steadily kept on the course toward Plymouth till sundown of the 20th without adventure. Owing probably to the striking of the sails the English fleet outside were not discovered. At eventide, however, the lookouts discerned through the wet haze a group of vessels lying-to to leeward in the distance. It was a startling discovery, for, the Spaniards felt sure, these vessels could be no other than Drake's squadron. By some miracle the wizard Drake had got out of Plymouth and was apparently awaiting them. This changed the whole situation. Instead of baiting him in a trap as they had hoped, they must encounter their arch-enemy in the open. Still Sidonia, after sending out a pinnace to reconnoitre, held on his way. But at one o'clock in the morning he abruptly came to anchor and despatched instructions to his squadron commanders to form in battle order in readiness for an attack from the enemy at daylight. For the reconnoitring pinnace had returned with some fishermen prisoners who had given him the whole startling tale of the English movements—of the union of Howard and Drake, the abortive attempt upon Coruña and the return to Plymouth short of provisions, the marvellous escape out of Plymouth to sea the night before

in the teeth of the wind while the Spaniards were advancing. He knew now how mistaken he and his admirals had been, and saw that he must meet the whole English force at once.

To the English fleet the Armada's position was revealed after the rain by the light of a late-rising moon. Then they sailed straight out to sea across the Spaniards' front. Before morning dawned they had "weathered" (got to the windward of) the Armada, and at daylight had gone about. They appeared to the astonished Spaniards' eyes all to seaward stretched out in "line ahead," and "heeling over [bending under press of canvas] on the port tack," as they bore down to attack the enemy's rear. At the same time several large vessels were seen coming out from Plymouth. They were some of the largest of the queen's ships which hitherto had been unable to get free of the sound and were now making to join the main fleet; but the Spaniards took them for the advance guard of an independent fleet threatening the Armada's left front.

Thereupon Sidonia ran up his royal standard, the signal for a general engagement.

The Armada in battle order appeared as described by the contemporary historian Camden, with "lofty turrets, like castles, in front like a half moon, the wings thereof spreading about the length of seven miles." Corbett, the modern historian, in the light of later data, English and Spanish, gives a more definite picture. There were two divisions, a van and a rear divi-

sion. The van division comprised the main galleons the rear division mostly the merchant-men. Each was strengthened with galleasses to stand by the flag-ships and supported by details from the light squadrons among whose duties were, under cover of the dense smoke of the discharging artillery, to scuttle the enemy's vessels or disable their rudders. Sidonia and Diego de Valdes, with the flag-ship "San Martin," headed the van division; Recalde, with the "San Juan," commanded the rear-guard or port wing of the rear division; and Alonso Martinez de Leyva, lieutenant-general of the Armada, with the "Rata," the starboard wing. The rear division was the "front" which the English attacked, and it was this that presented the appearance of a half-moon.

Sidonia led off with a move inshore, standing "close hauled" (close to the wind) for Plymouth, as though threatening to enter the port, but really, it would seem, with the design of cutting off the out-coming group of queen's ships. Formed, however, as his division was, in close order of battle, and hampered by the ill-sailing supplies hulks which were placed between the van and rear divisions, his progress was slow, and he was easily out-sailed by the English fleet making for the rear division. The English passed the vanguard wing of the rear division, firing upon them at long range as they passed, and then fell upon the rear-guard with a rapid fire that astonished and demoralised the rear-guard captains. In a panic several of them began crowding upon Sidonia's division. To check a general rout

Recalde came up "into the wind" and held his ground. But only one of his large galleons followed his lead, and in a moment he was cut off and surrounded by the English captains, and Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher were pouring into him at musket-shot a murderous fire.

For two hours the fight was kept up, Recalde making a heroic resistance, while others vainly endeavoured to come to his aid. Sidonia "hailed to the wind" to stand by him, and to rally the rear-guard. Then the "San Mateo" of the van division made a bold attempt to beat up to the rescue. But by this time the ships coming out from Plymouth had arrived on the scene, and passing by the fight with Recalde fell upon the "San Mateo." At length Sidonia succeeded in rallying the rear-guard and in getting up a sufficient force to Recalde: whereupon Howard ran up the signal to discontinue the engagement and the English withdrew leaving the "San Juan" completely disabled.

The day's work, however, was not yet quite ended. The English fleet had drawn away about half a league to windward and were lying-to, when an explosion occurred in the midst of the Armada and a vessel was seen to have blown up. She was the "San Salvador," a large ship carrying the paymaster-general and his chests. Next she was seen to drop out of the line in flames. At this Howard signalled to make sail and the fleet stood off to capture her. To save her Sidonia bore down to meet the threatened attack and a renewal of the battle seemed imminent. But so quickly and well did his squadron commanders take up their posi-

tions that the English were held off, and finally compelled to give up the attempt and return to their station.

Thus ended the "battle of Plymouth." While it was not decisive both sides had matter for gratulation: the English, in that Plymouth had been saved and that they had kept "the weather" of the enemy and distressed two of their best ships; the Spaniards, in having beaten off the English in spite of their terrible fire and bewildering tactics, saved both the ships they had mangled, and being now free to continue their way.

There was little rest for either fleet. Both lay-to for a few hours in sight of each other some two leagues off Plymouth. While Sidonia was hurriedly getting his three injured ships into some sort of condition for sailing Howard was in consultation with his council of war. The English admirals were now satisfied that the Armada's objective was not a western port, but some point on the south-east coast or the Isle of Wight, for a harbour and an advanced base: and more probably the Wight, for that was the last point where any large fleet coming up-channel could find a harbour of refuge. Accordingly the council decided to follow and engage the Armada with their whole force to prevent, if possible, the Spaniards' attaining the Wight. To Drake was assigned the principal duty of leading the fleet in the chase through that night.

The Armada got in condition to resume sailing in remarkably quick time, and before dark, with the shattered "San Juan" and "Salvador" in tow, all were under way again, pushing up-channel. And as the

English admirals had conjectured, the Isle of Wight was now their destination. There they were to remain till concerted action could be arranged with Parma. When not far on their way, trouble came upon them with the increasing wind and sea. The ship of Pedro de Valdes, a kinsman of Diego de Valdes, was disabled by her foremast falling foul of the main-mast. It was impossible to stop the whole fleet, so to Valdes's signals of distress Sidonia assigned two or three of the smaller craft to take the disabled ship in tow, if possible, or else to receive Don Pedro and his crew and abandon her.

The English fleet, coming together slowly, did not get away in the Armada's wake till midnight. Drake, as appointed; led off with his "Revenge," her poop lantern burning brightly. Till near the end of the night all went well, every vessel comfortably following the leader. Then, suddenly, the "Revenge's" light disappeared. The followers were thrown into confusion. Several of the captains hove to; others shortened sail: but Howard with two in company held on, the "Ark" taking the lead in place of the "Revenge." At daybreak Howard and his consorts could make out the Armada not far ahead, and at the sight they bent to the chase with freshened zeal. By this time several of the captains who held up at the "Revenge's" disappearance had joined them. By sunrise nothing was to be seen of the lost leader. What had happened to her?

Howard had now come up almost within cannon-shot of the Armada, and the straggling ships of his fleet

began to close up on the "Ark." One of the London merchant-men brought in the news of the disaster to Pedro de Valdes's ship. She was a helpless wreck, the captain reported. He had stood by her the evening before from nine o'clock till the signal for sailing was given at midnight, when of course he returned to the fleet; now he asked to be allowed to go out and take possession of her. While Howard and the captain were discussing the matter a pinnace came in with the astounding story that Valdes's ship had already been taken and her captor was none other than Drake! He had stood by her all night, the pinnace captain averred, and had taken her in the morning with all her guns and treasure.

This astonished all and angered some of the fleet captains. Frobisher was particularly incensed. He would have his share of the spoil, he declared, or "make the coward shed" his "best blood." Later in the day the "Revenge" reappeared and rejoined the admiral's flag. Drake's account of his performance then, or afterward, given differed from that of the pinnace captain, but it was none the less extraordinary. Thus it ran:

The "Revenge" had stood on as leading ship nearly through the night when three or four strange sail were discerned stealing past her seaward. Thereat Drake ordered his light put out and tacked toward the strangers to ascertain who they were. They might be a detachment from the enemy trying to "weather" him. They were soon overhauled and found to be a harmless

group of German merchant-men. So they were let pass, and Drake was proceeding, with the "Roebuck" and a couple of pinnaces that had followed him, to resume his position, and doubtless to relight his poop lantern, when he fell in with Don Pedro's disabled ship. This was the first that he knew of her difficulty. Instantly he despatched one of the pinnaces with a summons to her commander to surrender. Don Pedro, one of the proudest seaman afloat, haughtily refused and demanded conditions. Drake retorted that he was not there for parley, the Spaniard must surrender or fight. Since in his disabled condition he could not fight he could only surrender: and this he did with gracious dignity—regarding it no disgrace, great captain as he was, to bow to the greatest captain of the time. With forty of his officers and all his treasure he was brought aboard the "Revenge."

Then Drake ordered the "Roebuck" to escort the prize into Torbay, while he himself set sail to rejoin the temporarily deserted fleet.

Meanwhile Lord Charles Howard and Hawkins had captured the disabled "San Salvador" and carried her into Weymouth. She had been cast off by Sidonia in a sinking condition and was being towed from his fleet by a number of feluccas to be sunk. She was taken after a brisk little skirmish with her guard.

Through this day the English fleet, somewhat scattered, kept up the chase. When night fell the wind died away and now the two fleets becalmed lay between Portland and St. Alban's Head scarcely more than a

cannon-shot apart. At daybreak a breeze came out of the north-east. This, while contrary for the advance of the Armada's voyage, put the Spaniards in possession of the "weather gauge," and gave hope of bringing their "nimble foe to the handy-strokes." So once more Sidonia ran up his signal for a general engagement and the English welcomed it.

Clever manœuvring of both fleets was made before they could come to action. The first contact was between Howard with Hawkins and ten followers, and Leyva now commanding the two rear wings of the Spanish rear division. Howard leading his consorts in line ahead across Leyva's front poured in a hot fire as the ships neared one another. Then Don Martin Bertendona with his "Regazona," a great ship of twelve hundred tons and having a force of seven hundred soldiers, made a dash at the "Ark" to board her, and Howard could only escape by giving way and running to leeward. In the meantime Frobisher with his "Triumph" and five other ships, chiefly the great London merchant-men, had fallen into an engagement with a number of strong Spanish vessels and been cut off from the main fleet. Thus isolated Moncada came up with the galleasses and assaulted his six ships hotly. It was an unequal contest but valiantly fought.

Now Drake comes into the fray. At the start when he saw Howard aiming to weather the enemy he tacked independently, and after some manœuvres which were hidden by the clouds of smoke that hung upon the sea, he succeeded with his fifty consorts in weathering the

most seaward Spanish ships, and as the wind veered he attacked to the westward. By the fury of his assault he compelled them to "bear room" (fall to leeward), and so lose their advantage as the wind worked round. The effect of this move, combined with the rapid veering of the wind, was, as Corbett explains, to deprive the whole of the Armada of the weather gauge. In their various operations the Spaniards had become widely scattered. With the shifting of the wind Howard made an attempt for the rescue of Frobisher. Sidonia perceiving his design bore down, with sixteen of his best galleons, to intercept him. But now off to the windward Drake was seen to have cut off Recalde in his crippled ship. The English ships were "circling by him and one after the other plunging in their broadsides." Thereupon the principal vessels of Leyva's division hurried up to him, while Sidonia detached the whole of his own following to the rescue. Then Sidonia keeping his course was soon isolated between the two parts of his fleet. This was Howard's opportunity, and changing his course he drove straight for him. In honour the Spanish chief-admiral could not give way to the English chief-admiral's flag, followed even though it was by a string of consorts; so signalling for support Sidonia came up into the wind and alone awaited the unequal attack.

It was terrific. Howard's ships passed and repassed raking the "San Martin" through and through. Then Drake, leaving Recalde as the galleons arrived to his relief, came up, and taking Howard's place as

he passed off toward Frobisher, continued the assault in the same manner with his squadron. Several of Sidonia's best officers had responded to his signal, but before they could reach him Drake was upon him and his brave ship was in desperate straits. Her rigging was cut to pieces, and she was fast making water from many shot-holes; while the revered holy flag was in tatters.

The relief arrived only as the last of Drake's following came on; and crowding around the crippled vessel they shrouded her with the smoke of their guns and themselves took the enemy's broadsides as the assailants finally passed and sailed off.

Sidonia now signalled to his scattered fleet to gather about him and cover the several crippled ships. The galleasses that had been battering Frobisher responded with the rest. When almost in their grasp he had, upon the turn of the wind, adroitly eluded them and sailed his ships out of danger: and so swiftly that his pursuers, as one of the Spanish officers remarked with dismay, "looked as though they were at anchor." And now Howard, his ships having run short of powder and shot, gave his signal to end the engagement.

So closed at about five o'clock of the summer afternoon this second fight—the battle off Portland—with the advantage on the English side, and the Armada sorely hurt: yet apparently nearly as formidable as ever.

The next day the English fleet lay waiting for fresh supplies of ammunition from the shore, while the Spaniards not far off were hurriedly repairing damages

and making ready to continue their up-channel voyage. This day the English admirals reorganised their fleet into four distinct squadrons each composed of naval ships and merchant-men, and commanded respectively by Howard, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher. Meanwhile they were being re-enforced with auxiliary ships and men flocking from various ports. The alarmed Spaniards counted fourteen fine vessels joining them that one day. The new volunteers that crowded to their standard included men of distinction and throngs of adventurous spirits.

Part of the next day, July 24, the two fleets lay becalmed. A breeze coming up in the afternoon, the Spaniards were seen forming for departure and in a little while they were under way. As soon as the English fleet could be brought together they also made sail and bore up as though to attack. Thus Sidonia was compelled to reform in battle order. The English really could not then fight, for they had not yet received their fresh supplies, and this move was merely to delay the Spaniards' progress. Accordingly their rear division was only harassed, and then the fleet went about and lay-to in their former position. This manœuvring was repeated till at length Sidonia told off forty vessels as a permanent rear-guard to sail in battle order prepared to meet any further threatened attack without checking the advance of the rest of the fleet. Thus protected he continued on his course.

At length the supplies arrived and were taken on, and the English fleet were once more in full chase, the

admirals bent upon engaging the enemy before they could reach the Isle of Wight. They were caught up with some six leagues south of the Wight, when both fleets were stayed by a calm. The calm continued unbroken till the next forenoon. Then a small gale arose, and with its coming the engagement opened.

It was forced by some daring manœuvres of the English. Howard and Frobisher occupied the attention of the rear-guard while Drake and Hawkins were working to windward for an attack on the weather flank of the van division, their object being to drive the whole Armada on the dangerous banks called the Owers. There was hot fighting in both movements. But the assault of Drake and Hawkins was the finishing blow. The weathermost ships gave way to it and retreated into the body of the Armada, and all were thrown into confusion. And finally, driven away from the harbour of their aim, where they hoped for rest and communication with Parma, all were in full sail driving for Calais with the English fleet in distant chase.

So, with at last a pronounced victory for the English, closed the third action—the battle off the Isle of Wight.

The next day the two fleets lay in sight of each other again becalmed, while the English formally celebrated their triumph on board the "Ark" with Howard's knighting of his foremost captains. Those thus honoured were Hawkins, Frobisher, Beeston, a veteran officer in the queen's navy of long and honourable service, and Howard's kinsmen: Lord Thomas Howard,

commanding the "Golden Lion," and Lord Sheffield, of the "White Bear." Drake, already knighted by the queen, the lord admiral had no power to reward with higher title.

As this day closed in the south-westerly breeze revived, and the Armada again set sail with the English fleet in chase as before. A stormy night followed, but still both fleets pushed on. As morning broke loweringly the English were almost within cannon-shot of the enemy. By afternoon, with the weather breaking up, Calais hove in sight. When athwart Calais the Armada came to anchor. The English fleet did the same, within culverin-shot of the Armada dead to windward.

Suddenly, while Sidonia was hastening off messages to Parma, of whom he had received no news, explaining at what risk he lay, the uneasiness of his admirals was increased by the sight of a fine squadron of thirty-six sail joining the English fleet. They were the ships of Lord Seymour's squadron that had been blockading Parma's approach, with those of Sir William Wynter, rear-admiral of the channel squadron. Drake had sent Lord Seymour, by a caravel, the news of the first engagement off Plymouth, and later he had received orders to join the lord admiral. The new-comers anchored beside the port division of the fleet. Thus, as this night closed, the full English marine strength lay to the windward of the worn enemy. Howard now counted near about one hundred and forty sail of fighting ships, barks, and pinnaces.

The dislodgement of the Armada from the Calais road in disorder, to be followed up with a hot attack before the fleet could recover from the confusion and reform, was now determined upon by the English admirals. This plan was approved by the council of war the next morning, Sunday, and it was decided that the dislodgement should be attempted that night with fire-ships. Sir Henry Palmer was hurried off in a pinnace to Dover for vessels and materials. He had hardly left, however, when one of the captains showed that it would be impossible for him to get what he was after and return in season for any operation that night. Thereupon it was resolved to take the necessary ships from the fleet. Drake made the first offer—a ship of his own called the “Thomas.” Hawkins followed, with an offer of one of his ships. Finally eight ships in all were assigned, five of them from Drake’s original squadron. They were hastily made ready for the awful service without stopping to remove their stores or guns, and before midnight were prepared to start out.

Meanwhile with the Spaniards things had been going cheerlessly through this Sunday.

Toward midnight the tide turned and was soon swirling through the crowded fleet “like a mill race,” while the wind blowing with the tide was freshening. Every vessel had out two anchors. Midnight passed. Suddenly the lookouts caught sight of two suspicious fires rising from where the English fleet lay. Then others like them were seen breaking out. Then eight were seen together moving forward, and their true

nature was discerned. They were the eight fire-ships with sails full set flaring rapidly down on the wind and tide straight for the midst of the Armada. As they came on spurting fire and their guns banging and roaring they must indeed have been, as a Spanish witness described, "a horror to see in the night." Instantly all was panic on the seemingly doomed fleet. To haul up anchors there was no time. Sidonia signalled the order for cables to be cut. Indescribable confusion followed. "Every vessel," wrote the same witness, "was forced to shift herself thence as best she could flying from so great a peril as that which stared us in the face." On the flood of the tide they were riding head to wind, and as they were in the dark and made sail, says Corbett, "ship fell on ship and cries of panic and the crash of spars mingled with the sound of the fire-ships' exploding guns." Gradually, however, the mass loosened and fell apart, and then, as by a miracle, the tide swept the great fleet out of the fire-ships' track and the flaming pack passed over the abandoned anchorage and harmlessly burnt themselves out. They had none the less done their work, the Spaniards had been driven from their station in confusion, and were open to the proposed attack before they could reform for defence.

As soon as the fire-ships had drifted by Sidonia brought up his flag-ship and anchored, and signalled the rest of the fleet to do likewise, his idea being that at daylight they might be able to return to the anchorage. Only two or three of the vessels nearest him,



THE BATTLE WITH THE ARMADA.

Eight fire-ships with sails full set flaring rapidly down on the wind.



however, responded to his signal, the others being unable to get out their spare anchors in time; and thus the bulk of the fleet continued to drift along the coast to leeward till they lay some two leagues off Gravelines. When daybreak revealed their position Sidonia saw that there was no hope of returning to the lost anchorage; accordingly he weighed and set off to form battle order on the most leewardly ships.

Directly upon perceiving this movement Howard gave his signal to the English fleet to weigh, and at once led off for the attack.

All were in full sail on a favouring wind when athwart Calais Howard, in the lead, caught sight of the splendid flag-ship of the galleasses, Moncada's, labouring along shore with her oars and foresail striving to gain the shelter of the Calais guns. The temptation to make for such a glorious prize was more than Howard could resist. So he deliberately turned aside with the galleons of his squadron and merchant-men for her capture, while the rest of the fleet passed on. Now Drake took the post at the fleet's head and the decisive battle of Gravelines that followed was for the most part under his sole leadership.

It was as Sidonia with his few consorts was running to leeward that the English came bearing toward him—Drake's, Hawkins's, and Frobisher's squadrons in line one after another. As the sun rose Drake closely followed by three of his consorts came into effective range. Then he plunged the bow battery of his "Revenge" into the "San Martin's" towering sides; then

hauling to windward he gave her his broadsides; and then leaving Hawkins to continue this fight, he passed on to head off the bulk of the fleet standing out from the Dunkirk banks to join Sidonia. In spite of his efforts Drake could only check the offshore movement, and at length some fifty ships succeeded in getting about the "San Martin" and her consorts, the "San Marcos" and the "San Juan." With these fifty-three, then, the battle was mainly fought.

Striving to maintain a compact formation the fifty-three endeavoured to work forward into the open sea, while their assailants by repeated attacks aimed to cut off the weathermost ships and force the rest toward the Zeeland banks. Thus it became a furious running fight, the heaviest weight falling on the weather part of the Spanish line. Of these the "San Felipe" and the "San Mateo" were cut off and fiercely fought. Bravely both resisted the hot assault for hours. The "San Felipe," almost torn to pieces, still held out. The "San Mateo" fought on till she was "a thing of pity to see, riddled with shot like a sieve," all her rigging destroyed, her upper works all shot away, her helm shattered, and the water pouring in through shot-holes. At one time her commander, Don Diego Pimental, feeling that she was surely sinking under him, made a desperate effort to grapple and board the nearest enemy. He was not allowed to approach. Thrilled by his superb heroism, an officer on one of his assailants "sprang with sword and buckler into the top, clear of the smoke, and offered quarter to the remnant of his

splendid command. 'Soldiers so fine,' cried he, 'should surrender to the Queen *à buena guerra*' [after such loyal battle]." For answer, "a musketeer levelled his piece, the Englishman fell, and amidst the derisive taunts of the Spaniards" the English ship drew clear, "and the carnage went on."

Meanwhile the "San Martin" temporarily put out of action had stopped her leaks with leaden plugs, and had endeavoured to lead a following to the rescue of the "San Mateo" and the "San Felipe," but they were soon met and driven off by a group of the English ships. Leyva, with some of the vanguard, struggled hard to the "San Mateo's" support, but before he could reach so far he too was cut off. This was done by Howard's squadron which at last had come upon the scene. Now the action had become general. The English ships were circling about the isolated Spanish ships one after another delivering one broadside and going about to deliver the other.

Drake was in the thick of it all. His "Revenge," says Ubaldino, was "letting fly every way from both her broadsides so that she seemed to repeat her fire as rapidly as any *harquebusier*." She was riddled with every kind of shot, pierced above forty times; her cabin was twice shot through, and near the end of the action "the bed of a certain gentleman lying weary thereupon was taken quite from under him with the force of a bullet."

By three o'clock in the afternoon most of the isolated ships, now fifteen or sixteen, lay at the mercy of the

English, and they were counting upon the lot as rich prizes to be taken at leisure. Then suddenly a squall with torrents of rain swept down upon the warring fleets and abruptly stopped the engagement. The English were able to meet and withstand the tempest, but the Spaniards were compelled to run with their shattered ships before it. One of the largest of Recalde's squadron, the "Maria Juan," a fine ship of twenty-four guns, foundered, carrying down with her the dead and dying of her original force of two hundred and seventy soldiers and sailors now reduced to eighty unhurt men. When in a short quarter of an hour the squall was over, the Spaniards were seen once more together and in close formation lying to leeward of Dunkirk. Thus the expected prizes had slipped from the English; they were even without the great galleasses for which Howard had turned aside at their start out, for after her capture on the Calais banks she had been seized by the governor of Calais as a wreck in his own waters. Still they might yet have their lost prizes and more, for the course which the Spaniards were taking if the wind held good must surely lead the whole Armada to destruction on the Zeeland banks. So all that they now need to do was to hang on the Spaniards' weather quarter to hold them upon their fatal course.

As night approached the crippled "San Mateo" was seen to drop out of the Armada's ranks; then the "San Felipe." Both drifted to the Zeeland coast and there were taken. A third cripple, which was not

identified, was cast ashore and lost. At nightfall the weather grew rougher with a nasty sea. Nevertheless most of the flying ships continued on the fatal course under full sail. But Sidonia shortened sail and came up as close to the wind as he could, and three or four of the best galleasses followed his lead. Thus when morning broke the "San Martin" with her scant following was again alone while the others were two leagues leeward still under full sail driving headlong to the treacherous banks. Daylight revealing Sidonia's position, the English fleet swooped down upon him. In vain he signalled to the others for support. Some of his officers urged him to surrender, or save himself with a pinnace. He refused to do either. Instead, drawing in battle array his few consorts and the three remaining galleasses that had joined him, he boldly made a show of meeting the final attack. "So having confessed himself with his officers," he prepared "to die like a Christian soldier."

But there was no attack. "God," it seemed to the awaiting Spaniards, "had suddenly blinded their enemy," for the English fleet, seemingly without cause, held off. This action, however, was exactly as planned by Drake, now apparently directing the fleet. It was not his purpose to attack, but to drive Sidonia to shoal water and the treacherous shore, the danger of which he best knew from his experiences in his apprenticeship days with the old coasting skipper. The move was effective. With the wind as it was nothing now apparently could save a single vessel from the banks, and all awaited the awful catastrophe.

Suddenly, again as by a miracle, the wind changed. From the "San Martin" and her consorts "a shout of joy went up" as the pilots cried they were saved. Before noon the whole fleet were once more together free of the shore and standing far out in the deeps of the North Sea. They had escaped as "by an interposition of God," the Spaniards firmly believed, while the English captains "bowed in silence to the inscrutable will that had robbed them of their prey."

It seemed to the admirals as though the work was all to be done over again. In the afternoon the council of war decided that the Channel squadron must return to block the approach of Parma, while the main fleet must continue the pursuit of the enemy. To Drake again was given the leadership in this chase.

He accepted the situation with great cheerfulness, and stimulated all with his abounding spirits. "There was nothing pleased me better than the seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northwards," he wrote to Walsingham the next day. "We have the army of Spain before us and mind with the grace of God to wrestle a pull with him."

For two days the chase was kept up. On the third day it was decided to run for the Firth of Forth to supply their needs, particularly in ammunition, now dangerously short, then to resume the chase. Heedless of this change, of course, the Armada pressed on, now seemingly bound for the Orkneys or Shetland. To make sure, however, Drake assigned his caravel and a royal pinnace to keep them in view till they were beyond the northern islands. Next morning the wind

again changed. Now it was thought that the Spaniards might return to the Channel and make one last effort to join with Parma. Accordingly it was determined to run for the north foreland where it was hoped ammunition might be taken on that would enable the fleet successfully to fight them should they reappear. When off Norfolk the wind had become a westerly gale, and Drake was now certain that Sidonia could not at this time return. He might, however, have made some Danish port where he could refit and then attempt the junction with Parma; therefore Drake would keep the fleet together a while longer. So he wrote Walsingham. Two days later he wrote that there was yet danger especially from Parma, and therefore he proposed to make a demonstration before Dunkirk to let Parma know that they were back and ready "to treat him as they had Sidonia."

But this was not done. The queen had had enough. The enormous cost of the campaign was worrying her, and the outcome of the victory in prizes and treasure taken had not come up to her expectations. So the admirals were called to London and the fight with the "Invincible Armada" was over.

In time the men and ships of the victorious fleet were discharged, but not till after the crews had been decimated by a dreadful epidemic that broke out among them in port and carried off hundreds, "dying like flies"; and not without one hurried reorganisation upon a false report that the Spaniards were returning.

And how fared the fleeing enemy? They attempted to make their weary way home to Spain by the back-side of Scotland and Ireland, and many were wrecked on the iron-bound western coasts. In September the governor of Connaught reported twelve ships cast away on the coasts of his own province, besides others that sank in sight of land. Their crews were drowned except a thousand men, and these, after landing, were all massacred. Other wrecks were reported from Munster and Ulster, and several from Scotland, and, says the historian, of their crews who escaped the sea scarcely one was spared. Less than half of the one hundred and thirty sail that had put out from Coruña reached a Spanish port. Of the Spanish admirals, Leyva, "the idol of the king and the fleet," perished on the Irish coast. Sidonia got safely back, and retired discredited to his country home. Diego Flores was thrown into prison. Recalde died broken-hearted.

Over his accomplishments in this first great naval campaign of England Drake was not boastful. He was most impressed with the gravity of the affair. "If I have not performed as much as was looked for," he wrote through Walsingham to the queen, "yet I persuade myself his good lordship will confess I have been dutiful."

## XXX

### THE LAST VOYAGE

**T**O Drake now passed practically the further conduct of the war, and he proposed a next move as bold as that which had led to his "singeing the King of Spain's beard." This was an immediate invasion of Spain before the king could recover his breath from the crushing blow of the defeat of the Armada, and with a fleet as great as that. The aim was the complete breaking-up of Spain's maritime power. Therefore the invading fleet should strike directly for Lisbon as the centre of Spain's naval position. With this port possessed the Indies fleets could next be headed off; and finally, by a succeeding expedition, Spain's monopoly of Spanish-America could be broken.

For the scheme of invasion he sought the co-operation of Sir John Norreys, his comrade-in-arms in the Irish campaign of fifteen years back, and now the most famous military captain of the time, "marshal-of-the-field" to the whole of Elizabeth's land forces, and withal a dashing, slashing, cruel warrior, popularly dubbed "Black John Norreys." The soldier fell heartily in with the admiral's plan and the two straightway

developed it with the utmost despatch. As finally arranged the venture was to be a private affair backed by a public company, the queen a principal shareholder: that is, these two bold, confident spirits proposed to relieve the government of the responsibility of this campaign and take it upon their own willing shoulders. The proposal laid before the queen was that she provide six of her naval ships with two royal pinnaces all found and manned, and four months' supply of victuals, wheat for three months more, and twenty thousand pounds cash, as her investment in the enterprise, while Drake and Norreys should undertake to find each twenty thousand pounds more; and that they be given a general commission for "the defence of the realm." The queen was further to send an envoy extraordinary to the Netherlands to ask their co-operation. The scheme included a demonstration for Dom Antonio, the plan of campaign being understood to be the capture of Lisbon and the Azores in the name of the Portuguese pretender and the establishment of him on the throne of Portugal, or at least in the islands. To this end Dom Antonio and his suite were to be taken along on the expedition.

The queen accepted the proposition late in October, and before the close of the year had paid in her subscription. The city of London had subscribed ten thousand pounds, and Drake's old company, that had "financed" his previous campaign, five thousand; the vessels for the fleet were gathering in various channel ports ultimately to report at Plymouth, the port of con-

centration for the whole force; and ships and soldiers were promised from the States-General. But such, as usual, were the delays of the government that it was March of the new year (1589) before Drake could hoist his flag at Dover, the rendezvous of the naval vessels and a squadron of merchant-men, and sail to Plymouth. The promised Dutch men-of-war not having arrived, he found himself without sufficient transports to carry the throngs of troops assembled at Dover; but this annoyance he soon overcame in his characteristic audacious way. As luck would have it, just after he had set sail a fleet of sixty fine Dutch fly-boats came along, in ballast, having passes for Spain, and these answering his purpose, he seized, or "stayed," them, and "persuaded" their skippers voluntarily to attach them to his fleet as transports.

At Plymouth more throngs flocked to his standard, "crowds of gentlemen and whole companies of soldiers," so that his forces were brought to a total of upward of twenty thousand men. When ready to sail the fleet comprised, with the six naval ships, sixty armed merchant-men, and the sixty Dutch fly-boats, in all one hundred and twenty-six sail besides the pinnaces; while the force, although reduced by withdrawals toward the last moment, counted fifteen thousand competent men—sailors, soldiers, officers, and hundreds of gentlemen volunteers. The organisation was strictly military, Drake and Norreys being designated "generals of the army."

After various hinderances that sorely tried Drake's patience the fleet at last put off for sea on an early

April day. But hardly had they cleared the sound when the wind chopped round and forced them back, or all save one of the navy ships—the “Swiftsure.” And now the stoppage of the expedition indefinitely was threatened. Lord Essex, the queen’s present favourite, had disappeared from court leaving behind a letter which told that desperate with debt and idleness he had gone off to “win fame and wealth or perish in the attempt”; and believing that he had joined this expedition the queen’s messengers appeared to stay it till he was found and sent back to court. Both generals protested that they knew nothing of him: but it was strongly suspected if not actually known that the noble runaway was on the “Swiftsure,” of which his friend, Sir Roger Williams, a renowned Welsh captain, was commander. However, without producing him, they were at length permitted to depart, and on the 18th of April a second start was made. Again trouble was met in the channel from cross winds, and several of the transports with nearly two thousand troops on them were unable to weather Ushant; but the remainder of the fleet managed to keep the course and with a return of favouring weather were speeding on toward the Spanish coast.

They were not, however, making the dash for Lisbon as Drake had planned. He was sailing under a commission far different from that he had asked and the queen had promised.

Accordingly, against his will and his judgment, and with forebodings of failure through the enforced aban-

donment of his plan, Drake directed the fleet first for Santander, on the Bay of Biscay, where the bulk of the old Armada that had escaped destruction appears to have been collected. But the wind became unfavourable for this port, and shortly the course was changed toward Coruña, for the generals had learned that a number of Spanish vessels had recently put in there.

Coruña was reached on the 24th and taken by surprise. In the harbour lay a great Portuguese galleon, the "San Juan," of ten hundred and fifty tons and many guns, several other fine ships, considerable small craft, and two galleys, all, unsuspecting of danger, ill-prepared to meet an enemy. The arrival was signalled by a bombardment and the next day Norreys landed with the larger part of the land force. The battles that ensued were sanguinary. The place comprised practically two towns: a lower on the harbour front, an upper on a promontory jutting out into the bay. The lower town was first attacked, and carried, after a brisk skirmish, with the capture of Don Juan de Luña, the military commandant of Coruña, and others of high rank. All the Spaniards retreated to the upper town save a mass of five hundred who mistook the order for retreat, and every one of these was put to the sword by the relentless invaders. Then the place was sacked. One storehouse was filled with wine collected it was said for Philip's new Armada. This was emptied and the sackers fell to drinking themselves "incapable and speechless," an excess which led to dire afflictions in sickness and death among the fleet. The

noble "San Juan" was set afire by the Spaniards before their evacuation to prevent her falling into the hands of the English; all the other shipping, all the stores, and all the arms that could not be carried off, the invaders destroyed.

Next day the upper town was attacked. Then, after giving the lower town to the flames, the troops reembarked and the fleet sailed away. With the burning of the warehouses and the shipping—all but three vessels that were added to the fleet—Coruña was rendered useless as a port of concentration for the new Armada although but a single war-ship had been "distressed."

Having done this much, the generals felt free at last to make for Lisbon. While all that their instructions called for before they might attempt it had not been accomplished, they felt justified in the move, assured that by immediate action they might take the Portuguese capital by surprise as they had taken Coruña, and so gloriously possess it, as they might not be able to do if the move were postponed. In accordance with this decision their course was now directed toward the Berlenga Islands off Cape Carvoeiro, the intent being to make a first landing at the town of Peniche under this cape, some fifty miles from Lisbon. On the way the "Swiftsure," of which nothing had been seen since the departure from Plymouth, appeared, with six sail in tow, and joined the fleet. She had made a little campaign of her own off Cape Saint Vincent and had captured the six prizes. On board her was the run-

away Essex who was rejoicing at having had some adventure and hopeful of yet attaining the fame and wealth he was seeking.

Peniche was duly reached, surprised, and taken. Norreys was for making at once a forced march with the army overland to Lisbon and attacking its gates from the suburbs. Drake stoutly objected. Such a march and attack, without field-pieces, baggage-trains, and other proper equipment, and away from the support of the fleet, would be more than likely disastrous; instead he was for proceeding direct to the Tagus, where, as the fleet forced the defences at the river's mouth, the army could operate from Cascaes. He, however, gave way before Norreys' opinion and agreed to take the fleet to Cascaes and meet Norreys at Lisbon if the weather did not hinder him. So, with Norreys, and Essex, and Dom Antonio, and his suite in the forefront, the daring march was begun while Drake sailed to the Tagus. Coming before Cascaes he took it without a blow. Had the army been near him, an immediate attack upon Lisbon by sea and land might have been made with every prospect of success, for the city was half deserted and unprepared for resistance. As it was Drake could only impatiently await tidings of Norreys's progress. At length, hearing nothing, he determined to hazard an attack alone. Just as he was about to start in word came that Norreys's forces were in full retreat upon Cascaes. To secure their reembarkation he began an assault upon Cascaes Castle which still held out. With the army's arrival the

castle was closely invested, but as soon as the guns were brought directly upon it it surrendered. Then the work of re-embarkation was pursued without interruption.

Thus the strike at Lisbon ingloriously failed. Norreys's land movement had been carried to the city's gates, but no signs of a Portuguese rising in Dom Antonio's favour were seen, and after some skirmishings in the suburbs, with the destruction of warehouses and stores, the force had withdrawn discomfited.

The fleet lay offshore inactive while the generals and captains held repeated councils to determine the next move upon which there was difference of opinion rising almost to the point of quarrel. In the midst of the debate there appeared in the offing a large "Hanseatic" fleet—a fleet of German ships—under convoy of several Spanish vessels making for the river. At this sight the discussion was abruptly suspended, for all responded to Drake's order to weigh and make a dash for the oncomers. The escort and a few of the fleet escaped to Lisbon: the rest were speedily captured: sixty all told. Some were found to be laden with corn and contraband of war, others were new and in ballast apparently intended for inclusion in Philip's new Armada. All were added to the fleet, and took the places of the Dutch ships which had been impressed at Plymouth and were now dismissed. These captures heartened all hands and when the council reassembled all agreed with Drake upon the move for the Azores.

Hardly were sails set accordingly when one of the

squadron of "victuallers" which were to follow the fleet from Plymouth hove in sight. They were joyously received, but not so the despatches they brought: for these were angry letters from the queen about Essex, ordering the generals, if he were with them, to send him home immediately or suffer her dire displeasure. Of course he was sent back and with an apology from the generals. So the gallant young nobleman, with his ambition for fame and wealth unfulfilled, was regretfully lost to the expedition.

At length the fleet got off, but not yet direct for the Azores. Word had come that Captain Crosse with the second squadron of victuallers was in search of them off Cadiz, so in that direction they must first turn to pick him up. But they had made only a little way out from the river's mouth when the wind fell off and they were held becalmed. While they thus lay in some disorder a squadron of twenty galleys came out and had brisk little skirmishes with three or four of the hulks, one after another. The captain of one of the hulks fighting hard stood by her till she was burning under him. Another was saved by a brave young lieutenant who repeatedly repelled attempts to board her. Finally, as the navy ships were being towed to the hulks' relief, the galleys scudded off. With a return of the wind the voyage was renewed, and a day later Crosse's victuallers were met. Then at last the fleet bent on the Azores way. But soon again the wind became contrary. Thereupon Drake issued sailing orders for "alternate courses": whenever the

wind was northerly the ships were to keep on for the Azores, whenever southerly they were to fly for the Bayona Islands or Vigo Bay.

After beating up and down the coast for four or five days they encountered a gale which divided them. Drake with the larger part held on a southerly wind and at length reached Bayona. Fenner, the rear-admiral, was with the smaller part comprising twenty-five sail, and Drake looked for him here. But none of his ships was to be seen. Drake therefore stood out again, to westward. In two days he put back happily to find Fenner's part arrived. Then he ran up the reunited fleet to a point about a mile above Vigo and anchored. Next morning a landing of the troops was effected under cover of a bombardment, and the town attacked on two sides, Drake in person leading on one side and Sir Roger Williams on the other. The intrenchments were quickly evacuated and the town fell into their hands with scarcely a struggle. Then leaving a force to burn an adjoining fishing town the invaders returned to their ships and the officers came into council to consider the general situation.

The forces had been seventeen days at sea since their embarkation in the Tagus during which time the losses through deaths from sickness and wounds had been grave, and with these and previous losses the number of "whole" men was startlingly reduced. But Drake was not yet ready to acknowledge himself beaten. He determined to take twenty of the best ships for a flying squadron and make a dash for the

Indies fleet while Norreys should conduct the rest of the fleet home. Thereupon Vigo was burned to the ground and all made sail for the islands in the mouth of the bay where Drake was to organise his flying squadron. On the way they were again thrown into confusion by a sudden and violent tempest. Sir Edward Norreys, Sir John's brother, in the "Foresight," was driven back with thirty-three other vessels and compelled to anchor, while Drake managed to lead the rest clear out to sea. But the next day his following were hopelessly scattered. Two were wrecked; Capt. William Fenner, the younger, held toward the Madeiras; Captain Crosse with his squadron took the same course; John Norreys got back to Bayona and joined his brother. Drake beat about with a few consorts, probably intending to get back to the islands with clearing weather. But in the height of the storm his own brave ship sprang a desperate leak, and soon, in sore straits, he was forced to give up all hopes of further work with her and make the best of his way home to England.

With difficulty keeping the "Revenge" afloat, he finally reached Plymouth by the end of June in a sinking condition. Accompanying him were most of the queen's ships. Norreys with his vessels got back a week later. During the summer other ships came straggling home, and by the 1st of September there had returned in all one hundred and two of the original one hundred and thirty sail. Later Fenner and Crosse came in with their squadrons bringing plunder taken

at Porto Santo of the Madeiras. Of the fifteen thousand competent men that had sailed so confidently in mid-April only about six thousand survived or ever came back.

Thus haplessly ended the career of the first English Armada formed to rival the crushed Spanish Armada and to strike the face blow at Spain. While much had been accomplished in checking Philip's assemblage of his second Armada the campaign had fallen far short of its object and was regarded in England as a disastrous failure. The investors in the enterprise, too, were dissatisfied, for the plunder was comparatively small in quantity and value. Had Drake been permitted to carry out his plan of campaign unhampered the result would surely have been different. But this was not taken into the account. Drake at last had been given the chance he had so long craved, to strike the home blow, and had failed. He had been lifted above the old leaders of the navy with his revolutionary methods, and for his acts there could be no defence but success. So the old leaders were called to the front, their plans of campaign were substituted for his, and he was retired in unmerited disgrace.

He remained in retirement for the next four years while the war went on, now defensive and mainly commerce-destroying on the part of the English admirals. But it was an honourable retirement in which he was occupied in various patriotic ways. He performed occasional sea service, particularly in the autumn of 1590 when he made a reconnoissance on the

Breton coast where some Spanish troops had landed; superintended the erection of new fortifications at Plymouth and at Scilly against a threatened new Spanish fleet; and loyally furthered the several expeditions that the other admirals sailed. During this period he made his home at Buckland Abbey, near Plymouth, and was repeatedly employing his energies in the interest of his beloved city. A most beneficent work was his successful introduction of a fresh-water system by bringing a stream to the city from a distant river in Dartmoor. In 1592-93 he sat in Parliament for Plymouth and took a leading hand in public business. On every occasion when the question arose he frankly recommended the adoption of strong measures against Spain on sea and land, on both of which Philip was now becoming dangerously powerful.

Early in 1593 he was once more seen at court, and an animating report was spread abroad that he was to take the helm again. The defensive and commerce-destroying campaign had failed to check Philip's advances and the government must return to the leadership of England's greatest admiral. The report was confirmed by a statement in open debate in Parliament that the queen had "resolved to send Sir Francis Drake to encounter the Spaniards with a great navy." This was shortly followed up with the issue of a warrant to Drake and Hawkins in company for a number of queen's ships and merchant-men.

Two years more of inaction, however, were allowed to pass before Drake's renewed plan was fully endorsed.

It included the assembling of a second English armada to be brought against Spain, and an immediate expedition to Spanish-America with Panama as the objective to cut off Philip's financial supplies. At length with the opening of 1595 the aggressive policy was adopted and all was activity in naval quarters. Again Drake was the moving spirit in the large work under way, again the popular idol. The campaign of the new Armada was postponed till the following year, whereupon Drake persuaded the queen to let him loose for the Spanish Main and Panama without further delay. So at last his long-cherished design upon the scene of his first dazzling exploits that had made him the terror of Spain were to be carried out, and the break into Spanish-America, which he had opened twenty years before, completed.

In this expedition as in his previous ones were combined public and private interests. The queen provided six naval vessels, and about twenty other ships and barks were furnished by individuals. The men-of-war were the "Defiance," a new ship patterned after the lost "Revenge," the "Garland," the "Hope," the "Buonaventure," the "Foresight," and the "Adventure." The "Revenge" was made Drake's flagship, Hawkins had the "Garland," and Drake's brother Thomas had the "Adventure." The forces, soldiers and sailors, comprised twenty-five hundred men and boys. All were volunteers and many more eager to enlist under Drake's banner had to be turned away. Sir Thomas Baskerville, a brave and skilful soldier-

sailor, was commissioned as colonel-general to command the troops and on his staff were two of his brothers, Arnold and Nicholas. Young Sir Nicholas Clifford was made lieutenant-general. With Drake as admiral was Hawkins as vice-admiral.

The commissions were issued to the two admirals the last of January, but it was late August before the fleet got off, for the customary vexatious delays and the queen's vacillating course repeatedly checked the start. Alarms occasioned by threatening Spanish movements prompting the queen to order the fleet to the defence of the English coast and of Ireland also held them back. Finally she was brought to issue the sailing orders by a report that reached the admirals through a Spanish prize and was hastened by them to London—that a great flag-ship of the last year's American plate-fleet, laden with a vast amount of treasure from New Spain, had been so disabled by stress of weather that she could not continue with the fleet, and now lay disarmed at Porto Rico. With the sailing orders came instructions to make first for Porto Rico and this tempting bait, then to proceed as originally planned to Nombre-de-Dios and Panama.

So on the 28th of August Drake sailed out of Plymouth on what was to be his last voyage; and with him his early patron who had opened his career, also never to return. Hawkins was now a venerable man, nearing eighty years, feeble in health though yet strong in spirit, depressed over past reverses but hopeful of an achievement for his country's honour or glory. Drake

was in full vigour of mind and body, resolute, sure of himself and his judgment, impatient as ever of restraint. It was natural that the two should clash upon methods of procedure, as they ultimately did, yet each remained true to the other to the end.

On the way out Drake could not resist an attack upon the Canaries. The fleet reached the islands a month after leaving Plymouth and came to anchor before Palma. The attack failed after three days' efforts. Meanwhile a captain with a number of soldiers, part of the force that had landed, had been cut off and all killed or captured. Then it was learned that the Spanish officers had ascertained from their prisoners the destination of the fleet and had immediately despatched a ship to warn the West Indies of Drake's coming. At this the fleet hurriedly left, Drake hoping to outsail the messenger.

A month later, the 29th of October, they were arrived at Guadaloupe—all but two small vessels, the "Francis" and the "Delight," which had fallen behind. The very next day, while men were busy setting up pinnaces and making the fleet ready for action, several approaching Spanish ships were sighted. They were five of Philip's new treasure-frigates sent out to bring home to Spain the bullion from the dismantled flagship at Porto Rico. They had fallen in with the "Francis" and the "Delight," and had captured the former but had missed the latter after chasing her into sight of the English anchorage. Now they were seen crowding on all sail for Porto Rico to warn the island of

Drake's presence and intent, for their commander had learned from his prisoners of the "Francis" all about the expedition. Thus the intended surprise of Porto Rico was frustrated.

Drake was for immediately pursuing and engaging them. But Hawkins protested: before moving, the more cautious old campaigner advised that they should finish the work in hand and get the fleet in full condition; this done, they could assault the island direct in good form and with every prospect of success despite the enemy's warning, whereas an engagement offshore in their incomplete state would be hazardous and might defeat their ultimate object. With Hawkins others agreed, and for once Drake deferred to his war council and conceived a more strategic movement later to be made. Thereupon the tasks were resumed, and after four more days of strenuous labour all were completed and they were off again. But not yet direct for Porto Rico: only for the neighbouring Virgin Islands where they came to anchor. This was Drake's strategic movement: to hide the fleet in the recesses of these isles out of sight and reach of the Spanish scout-boats and so lead the enemy to believe that he had changed his plans or had left for other parts, then at the opportune moment to pass out in the rear of the scout-boats' course. It was a clever scheme and cleverly executed. The soldiers were landed and drilled by Baskerville and his officers while Drake in his ship's boat sought and discovered a new passage out. Then the next day he piloted the whole fleet

through this passage, and the day following, at day-break, they were bearing down upon Porto Rico on a faint morning breeze. Thus, though now prepared for their coming, the place was surprised after all.

At this time Porto Rico was one of the best fortified ports of the Indies and, especially to resist the English fleet, additional defences had been hastily erected. Across the harbour's mouth a temporary barrier had been made by the sinking of the dismantled treasure-galleon and other vessels and the construction upon them of a boom of spars.

The watching Spaniards first saw the fleet making a direct approach. Then as they neared the harbour they executed a manœuvre and, to the astonishment of the on-lookers, anchored in a sandy bay to the eastward of the town. The eastern batteries, however, quickly opened fire upon them, and as the gunners got the range the effect grew serious. The "Defiance" received some of the deadliest shot. One shot "got home" in her mizzen. Another crashed through the main cabin where Drake and several of his officers were at supper. The stool upon which Drake was sitting was knocked from under him, two of the officers closest to him were mortally wounded, others more or less hurt. One of the two mortally struck was Brute Brown, much beloved by Drake, and as he fell the admiral exclaimed:

"Ah! dear Brute! I would grieve for thee, but now is no time for me to let down my spirits."

He indeed could not stop to mourn for his friend for the fleet's position had become perilous and another and instant manœuvre was imperative. Signalling to move out of range, he now led the fleet to the opposite side of the harbour entrance where lay two isles forming a narrow channel with the main island, and prepared for an attack from this place. So dangerous was the passage and so encumbered with shoals that it was not supposed that any stranger would dare attempt it, and therefore it had not been fortified, as Drake's keen eye had observed.

While this manœuvre was under-way, on board the "Garland" the last rites were performing over the body of Hawkins: for the honoured old admiral had died. Worn with fatigue and sad-hearted, he had fallen gravely ill upon the departure from the Virgin Islands and had taken to his bed. He passed away as the fleet first came to anchor in the sandy bay for action, and was buried in the sea with the honours due to a true sailor-soldier.

The attack was made the following night. Drake's intent was to destroy the five treasure-ships, which now lay close under the main batteries, before attempting the town. As was his custom he had himself first reconnoitred the shore to find a suitable place for his men to land. The attack was opened at ten o'clock, in the dark, with a flotilla of small boats and pinnaces. Again the Spaniards were taken by surprise. As the frigates were approached fire-balls were thrown from the flotilla upon them. One after another flamed up

lighting the scene with a lurid glow. Coming together, English and Spaniards fought hand to hand, while the Spanish gunners and musketeers swept the flotilla with a rain of shot. At length, when several of their boats had been sunk and the rest hurt, the assailants could withstand the defence no longer and withdrew. Thus the attack failed and with grievous loss to the English fleet.

Still undaunted, Drake immediately prepared for a second attempt, made the next day with a movement of the fleet to the windward of the port. The intent was to run boldly past the ends of the boom across the harbour's mouth and make a landing in force. Accordingly at four o'clock in the afternoon the fleet suddenly tacked and made straight for the entrance. Foreseeing Drake's purpose the Spanish commandant, Don Pedro Tello de Guzman, hastened to barricade the ends of the boom. For this purpose two fine merchant-men, his own ship, and another frigate were sacrificed, and so hurriedly were the last two sunk that their guns went down with them. The end, however, justified the means, for the town was saved. With the barring of these narrow passages the fleet drew back, and the siege was over. Drake fain would have made one more attempt and this by land, but the council of war advised against the plan as too hazardous under the circumstances, and he reluctantly gave it up.

So Porto Rico with the treasure of the dismantled galleon he had come so buoyantly to seize had slipped through his hands.

Discomfited and grieving over his losses of friends and men, yet not dismayed, he now turned as confidently toward the chief objects of the expedition—Nombre-de-Dios and Panama. Along the way he was to swoop down upon and disable each port in succession.

First, however, before the start could be properly made, the fleet must be reorganised, new pinnaces set up to replace those lost, and the tired forces refreshed. Accordingly he moved the squadron to the west end of the island where was a retired anchorage near Cape Rejo, and here a week was spent in alternating work and rest. Then, the fleet rehabilitated and the force revived, sails were set for the Spanish Main.

The first stop was made before Rio de la Hacha on the 18th of December. That night troops were landed and the place occupied without a shot. What treasure was in reach was taken and the next day negotiations were opened with the governor for the town's ransom. At the same time Baskerville with a detachment of troops ranged the country round about and gathered more treasure, while Drake with other troops seized the near-by village of Ranchera, where pearl-fisheries were carried on, and took a great quantity of pearls. The negotiations for a ransom finally failed, the governor frankly admitting that he had entertained the demand only to gain time to warn the other ports of Drake's presence on the coast. Thereupon Drake burned the town and sailed away. Bancroft Library

Next, on the 20th, Santa Marta was reached. It also was occupied without a shot and the chief officers

were taken prisoners. Little treasure, however, was found here for the officials had received the warning from Rio de la Hacha in time to enable them to clear the place of its valuables. Therefore the invaders' stay was only long enough also to lay this town in ashes. Next Cartagena was approached. But Drake decided not to stop to attempt this stronghold but to hasten on to Nombre-de-Dios in the hope of getting there ahead of the warning messengers. Two days after Christmas the fleet came to anchor before the isthmian port.

Nombre-de-Dios was as promptly seized as were the other ports, but not without a brisk skirmish with the garrison, for, though the fleet may have outsailed the warning messengers from the Spanish Main, the place had been already warned, as was afterward learned from Panama. As at Santa Marta scant plunder was obtained, since here also ample time had been had to remove or hide its wealth. Moreover, since the place was about to be abandoned as the Atlantic port of the isthmus and to be succeeded by the neighbouring new Porto Bello it was now nearly deserted.

On the second day after the occupation the march for Panama by the old Panama road was begun. For this a force of seven hundred and fifty picked men, the "strongest and lustiest" of the army, were detailed, led by Baskerville and the chief military officers. Drake remained behind with the fleet, during the absence of Baskerville, to reduce the new Porto Bello, if conditions were favourable, and probably to send

boats up the Chagres River to meet him at Venta Cruz and bring down the Panama plunder.

For two days after the departure of the land force he was busied in firing *Nombre-de-Dios* together with the shipping in the harbour. On the third day he was preparing to move nearer to the Chagres River when a courier came panting in through the Panama gate with the startling word that Baskerville had been repulsed by overwhelming Spanish forces and was now in full retreat for *Nombre-de-Dios*. Two days later he arrived with the remnant of his gallant force, foot-sore, shoeless, and worn. Midway on the exhaustive march out they had been confronted in a defile on a hill-side with an impenetrable barricade thrown across the road strongly defended by Spanish soldiers; and, after hot fighting with serious loss and their ammunition ruined by rain, they had been forced to turn about and make their hard way back as best they could.

This crushing blow destroyed all hopes of attaining Panama and the ultimate aim of the expedition. If it were to escape utter ruin a further plan of campaign must be speedily devised. It was now clear that Panama had been early warned of the invasion. Drake therefore now proposed a venture to the "golden towns" that clustered about the Lake of Nicaragua, or to the rich old port of Truxillo on the Honduras coast. Bringing out a map and pointing to the one or the other he asked of his council of war which they would have. "Both," cried blithely the intrepid Baskerville, "one after another, and all too little to con-

tent us if we took both." So the council resolved; and three days after the retreat from the Panama road, or on the 5th of January, sails were once more set and all were off for Nicaragua.

But the wind soon turned contrary, and for four days they struggled desperately against it. On the 9th they found themselves in a "very deep and dangerous bay"—the Mosquito Gulf; and on the 10th, descriing a small island called Escudo de Veragua, they came to anchor under its lee. At this "waste island where there was no relief but a few tortoises for such as could catch them," they remained twelve miserable days. It was considered the "sickliest place in all the Indies," and while waiting for the weather to change, not in idleness but occupied, by Drake's wise direction, in cleaning the ships and other light tasks, many fell ill with dysentery and numbers died. At length when several of his best officers had been carried off, Drake himself was stricken with the disease and obliged to keep his cabin. Still the weather continued unchanged, and provisions were becoming scarce. Then, growing weaker, Drake finally decided to "take the wind as God sent it" and gave the order to depart.

This wind carried them ultimately into the fine harbour of Porto Bello, and on the morning of the 28th of January, 1596, as the ships here came to anchor, Drake breathed his last.

"The 28 at 4 of the clocke in the morning our Generall sir Francis Drake departed this life, havinge bene



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.



extreamly sicke of the fluxe, which began the night before to stop on him. He used some speeches at or a little before his death, rising and apparelling himselfe, but being brought to bed againe within one houre died. He made his brother Thomas Drake and captaine Jonas Bodenham executors, and M. Thomas Drake's sonne his heire to all his lands except one manor which he gave to captaine Bodenham."

Such is the brief unembellished record of the great admiral's passing, at the scene of the amazing exploits that had first brought him fame.

His comrades buried him in the sea a league out from shore. On the decks of his "Defiance," Sir Thomas Baskerville leading, the solemn burial service was read, and "M. Bride made a sermon having to his audience all the Captaines of the flete"; then the leaden coffin was borne out under the escort of the fleet and given to the waters while the trumpets and the guns sounded the lament. As a last honour to the dead two vessels of his fleet and all his last taken prizes were sunk beside his tomb.

Baskerville by virtue of his commission now took command of the fleet with the "Garland" as his flagship; Thomas Drake was named vice-admiral, and Bodenham captain of the "Defiance." All were impatient to make for home in the speediest manner possible. Baskerville would have the fleet hold together till at least they were fairly on the Atlantic, and by his resolute will this was accomplished, except that a

few of the ships parted company with the rest during a storm. Off the Isle of Pines, south of the west end of Cuba, the enemy were encountered and a sea fight ensued which the English finally won and then passed on. The enemy comprised a fleet of twenty sail, part of a squadron of sixty ships sent out to intercept Drake, that had rendezvoused at Cartagena: but that did not clear that port for the chase till after the Spanish commander had heard of Drake's death. At length Baskerville reached England with the remnants of the expedition at the beginning of May.

Shortly before, the new English Armada that Drake had planned had sailed for Spain to fight the campaign on the lines of naval warfare which he had so repeatedly traced, and which at last was fatal to the Spanish power at sea. The sailing of this fleet, which Drake should have lived to command, as Corbett says truly, marked the triumph of his ideas. "His school was founded. Everyone from Howard down was now of his party; and though he did not live to know it yet even as he passed away distraught with failure, England was fairly launched upon the course which brought her the empire of the sea."

All, too, were singing his praises. Testimonials of his services and character, in prose and verse, appeared in profusion from his English contemporaries. Again he became the hero of romance and ballad. Only the Spaniards decried him, as was natural. To them he was the evil spirit incarnate, and they rejoiced at his death as of a "curse removed." To the un-

learned English people he was held as more than human, endowed with supernatural gifts.

Drake's name in history is written large. He stands as the greatest navigator of his day. "He was more skillfull in all poyntes in navigation than any that ever was before his time, in his time, or since his death." So wrote his contemporary the London annalist Stow. He stands the greatest sailor of the awakening Elizabethan age. "His voyage around the world was the epitome of his career: the conception and the carrying it through in the face of all difficulties and dangers mark the genius, the courage, the prudence and the self-reliance which distinguished him in higher command," writes John Knox Laughlin, the modern naval historian. Lastly he stands the greatest admiral of his time, father of the first real English navy.

He had his shortcomings. "In his imperfections," says the frank Stow, "he was ambitious for honour, unconstant in amity, greatly affected to popularity." Against these may be set off his virtues as enumerated by that other honest contemporary Thomas Fuller: "Chaste in his life; just in his dealings; true to his word; merciful to those that were under him; hating nothinge so much as idlenesse;—alwayes contemning danger and refusing no toyl;—wont himselfe to be one (whoever was the second) at every turne where courage, skill, or industrie was to be employed."



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