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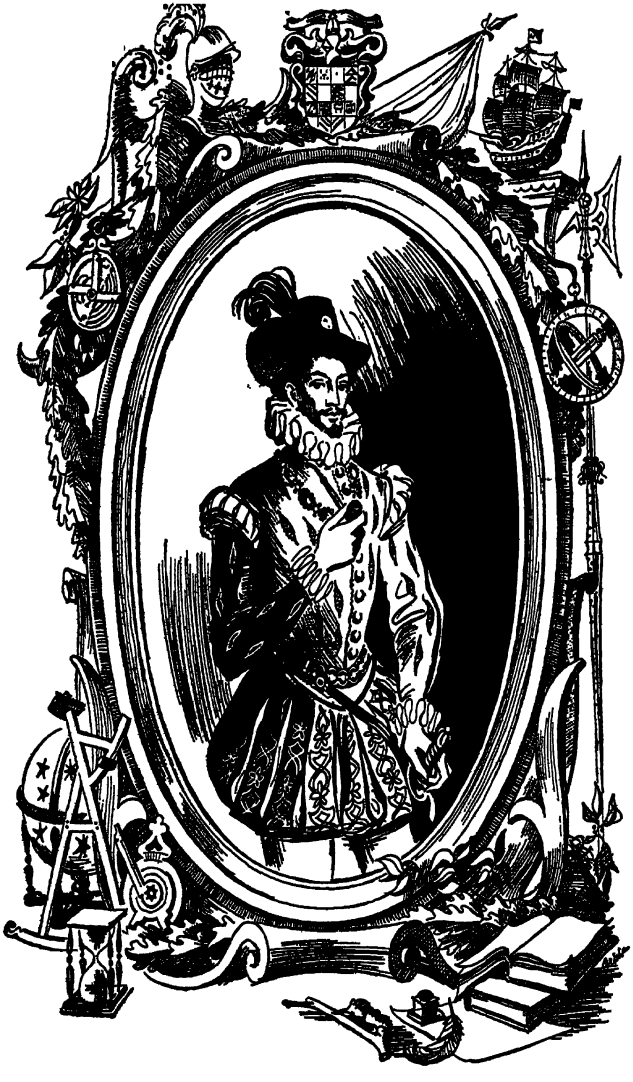

Sir Walter Raleigh

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For

Margaret Bryant

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

I

A CHILL WIND ruffled the muddy waters of the Thames and blew cuttingly down the narrow London street. The mansion looked neglected and forlorn, its marble steps dingy for want of scrubbing. Frowning a bit, for he was a fastidious young man, he ran lightly up the shallow flight and hammered on the door.

A slovenly manservant opened it to a grudging crack.

"Not at home," he said shortly.

The caller gave a powerful push and stepped past him.

"Tell Sir Humphrey Gilbert that his brother, Walter Raleigh, is here to see him," he said sharply. "And mind your manners, my man. This is no way to receive visitors."

The servant peered at him. "Eh, it be you, Master Walter? We did not expect you so soon. These be sore days, sir. The mistress gone, and the maids with her, and me left to do all the work of the house—"

Grumbling he turned toward the stairs, but Raleigh stopped him.

"Never mind, I'll find my way. He's in his room, I suppose?"

At the head of the handsome curving staircase he paused before a closed door. When a knock brought no answer, he pushed it open.

Dimly lit by winter daylight, the great chamber gave

a first impression of elegance. Only a second glance was needed to see that the velvet carpet was thick with dust, the bed in tumbled disorder. A feeble fire flickered under the enormous mantel, but the air was dank and chill.

A table had been drawn to the window, where a man sat with his back to the door. Table and the floor about it were littered with papers.

For a moment Raleigh could not recognize the bowed figure, wrapped in a worn woolen gown. A house guest, surely—some elderly scholar, busy with his studies. He was just backing out when the man turned in his chair and looked at him.

"Oh, it's you, Walter," he said dully. "I thought it was another of *them.*"

He rose, straightening his humped shoulders, and the appearance of age vanished. Humphrey Gilbert was a big, burly man of forty, with a plain honest face meant for laughter, but now drawn into anxious lines. It brightened a little as he came forward and wrapped his younger brother in a bearlike hug.

"Forgive me, Walter boy, for a slow welcome. My thoughts were elsewhere. Well, so you're home safe! And the *Falcon?*"

"Safe too, at the Plymouth dock. She'll need a lot of repairs before she's fit to put to sea again, though. The Spanish cannon have made a sieve of her. It's a miracle that we got her home."

"A miracle my creditors will appreciate," Gilbert said bitterly. "Well, they can pay the bill for the repairs. She's their ship now. Come to the fire, boy. Now. Let's hear your adventures since we parted."

"My adventures?" Raleigh threw himself into an armchair and spoke with quick impatience. "There are none worth speaking of. After the Spaniards dispersed our

little fleet I obeyed orders and followed you home as best I could. What happened to the others? One ship was sunk before my eyes. Did we lose many?"

"We lost all," Sir Humphrey said solemnly. "Oh, not by the Spaniards alone. They sank or captured three out of our five. Only my flagship and your *Falcon* limped into port. The moneylenders will take the two as part payment on my debt. And a very poor payment it is, in their eyes!"

"They are pressing you?" Raleigh asked sympathetically.

"They're at me day and night, Walter. An unending stream of angry men, demanding, threatening—I tell you, I'm half-mad with it all! If the voyage had succeeded, if we'd been able to reach the Western lands and bring back treasure, these Lombardy gentlemen would have made their fortunes. That was the chance they took when they financed me. Now, when the venture has failed, they expect me—*me!*—to give them back their money. Where would I get it? If I had had it, would I have gone to them in the first place? These moneylenders are not *sensible*, Walter!"

His tone was so doleful that in spite of himself the younger man smiled. Yet, as he well knew, it was no laughing matter.

Sobering quickly, he asked, "Are you bankrupt then, Humphrey? What will you do?"

"What can I do? What is there to do that I have not done? I've sent my poor wife to her mother and turned over the country place to these vultures. I've deeded them this house and its furnishings—I'm only living here now by their grace. I've sold my horses. I've borrowed from our older brother John, and from the other brothers and cousins, as much as they can spare. We're a numer-

ous clan, we Gilberts and Raleighs, but heaven knows we're a poor one!

"Well, there it is!" He pointed to the mass of tumbled papers. "I've figured until my brain is numb, but it isn't enough. Any minute now I expect my next visitor, and my last one. He will be the sheriff of London, come to haul me off to a debtor's prison."

Sir Humphrey wandered back to the table, swept all the papers to the floor in a passionate gesture, and sank into the chair there, his head buried in his hands.

Walter Raleigh sat on, silently staring into the fire. Younger by thirteen years than his half-brother, he had always been content to follow where Humphrey led. When Humphrey went to France to fight in the Huguenot wars, Walter left Oxford in his early teens to join the English volunteers with him. Later, when Sir Humphrey earned his knighthood in Flanders, his younger brother fought stoutly at his side. He had joined this disastrous exploring venture without question, sure that if Humphrey planned it, it must be a fine thing. And now it had brought nothing but ruin!

His concern was all for his brother's tragedy, although an outsider might have thought that his own fortunes had suffered almost as much. At the moment Walter Raleigh was not thinking of himself. It was true that the failure of the venture left him penniless, but then he had been penniless to begin with. As Humphrey said, the brothers came from a clan as poor as it was numerous.

Walter Raleigh the elder—the name is often spelled Ralegh—was a country squire with a modest manor house at Budleigh Salterton in Devonshire. He married a widow with three sons, the youngest of them Humphrey. Young Walter, born on the Devon farm in 1552, had three Gilbert half-brothers and a Raleigh brother, as well as many cousins whose names brighten the pages

of English history. Philip Sidney, Francis Drake, Richard Grenville and Martin Frobisher are among them.

Squire Raleigh was a poor man. What little Gilbert money there was had gone to Sir John, the eldest. The titles in the family meant nothing more substantial than the empty honor. Knighthood was conferred for service to the crown, generally by valor in battle. Unlike earldoms and baronies, it carried no land grant with it. If a knight could not pay his debts, he went to prison as surely as any common man.

Humphrey Gilbert in jail! Raleigh winced at the very thought of it. His brother, although a valiant soldier, was a sailor at heart, at home only with a stout oaken deck under his feet. His dearest dream from boyhood had been the conquest of the Western ocean and the fabled lands beyond it. Time after time he had petitioned Queen Elizabeth for permission to attempt it. While he waited her pleasure, he served her interests in France, in the Netherlands, in Ireland, doing his honest best to prove his devotion.

Then at last the long-sought permission had come. Pledging everything he owned, borrowing recklessly on his prospects, he had gathered a fleet and set out, only to be turned back by Spanish gunfire. And here he sat in his lost home, a ruined, broken man.

Walter Raleigh, a carefree young adventurer of twenty-seven, was not worried for himself. He had good looks, a ready wit, gallant manners, a strong body and a keen resourceful mind. With these assets a young man of gentle birth had only himself to blame if he could not carve out his own career in Elizabeth's England. For him the disappointment was nothing. But for sober, earnest Humphrey, no longer young, burdened with an extravagant wife, the prospect was frightening. If his creditors actually carried out their threat and clapped

him into jail, his life might better have ended off Cape Verde.

Raleigh heaved his great length from the chair and went over to the window. Humphrey did not raise his head as a gentle hand fell on his shoulder.

"I can't believe it's so bad," Walter said. "The Queen —have you thought of her? She is said to be kindhearted, under all her arrogant manner. If you appealed to her—"

"She has refused me an audience. Her Majesty does not like failures."

"Well, but if she will not see you herself, there must be someone at court who will speak for you. Drake—but he's away on the Spanish Main. Think, Humphrey! Of all our friends and cousins, there must be one who will say a word in the Queen's ear!"

"There is one," Gilbert admitted. "Our cousin Warham St. Leger is at Whitehall now, on leave from his Irish command. He has promised to do what he can. But I don't expect anything to come of it."

"Well, it's a hope, anyway. And a poor hope is better than none! Look, my poor brother, you've moped in this dismal room long enough. You're coming out with me now to the nearest tavern, for a good meal and a bottle of wine. Money, you say?" Raleigh laughed and picked up his plumed hat. "Do you remember the jeweled crown-band I took from a Spanish officer we captured in Holland? I sold it in Plymouth to pay off the men and bring me here. There's enough left to fill our stomachs handsomely tonight. We'll let tomorrow take care of itself. Come along, now!"

In the brightly lighted tavern with its blazing fire the brothers supped royally on venison pasty and French wine. Raleigh, persistently gay, had the satisfaction of seeing Gilbert's normal good spirits revive. When the meal

ended, he accepted Humphrey's offer of a night's lodging.

The sour-faced servant opened the door.

"There's been two gentlemen here. I don't know their names, but they've come a-many times before. They said to tell you this was the last warning."

"Thank you, Hodge." The old despair came back into Gilbert's face as he turned toward the stairs.

"There was a messenger, too," the man called after him. "He had a letter. I put it under your door."

"A letter?" Raleigh quickened his step. "It may be good news, Humphrey."

"Not likely. Another dun, that's all." Gilbert lagged on the stairs, and let his brother pass him.

Raleigh was inside the room and had the candle lighted when Humphrey entered. He took the folded paper and opened it without much interest.

"Well? Don't keep me waiting, man. What does it say?"

"It's from Colonel St. Leger. He says the Queen will send me to Ireland, where there's rebellion again."

"But that's good news, Humphrey! You've had experience with the Irish—why, you were governor of Munster ten years ago! Is it the old post?"

Gilbert shook his head. "I failed in that job, through being too lenient with the turbulent Irish. No, this is only an army commission, under a man who doesn't know what leniency means. Lord Grey de Wilton. I hoped I was through with Irish service," he added heavily. "I've no taste for it, and that's the truth. Shooting down poor devils who try to fight with sticks and stones, burning their wretched huts, hounding them through the peatbogs—I tell you I don't like it."

"But they're rebels!" Raleigh said sharply.

"I know, I know." Sir Humphrey read the letter

through again. "Well, I'll have to go. At least it will get me out of my troubles here."

"At least?" Raleigh repeated. "And only a few minutes ago your troubles here filled the world for you. I must say you show precious little gratitude for the Queen's kindness."

"Oh, I'm grateful enough. But if only Her Majesty could see how much better I could serve her on the seas! All the New World is falling into Spanish hands, while she concerns herself with rebellion in Ireland. With a dozen armed ships—with half a dozen!—I could win for her an empire far greater than England and Ireland combined. I'm not talking foolishly, Walter. We've discussed it all so many times. I know you think as I do."

"No sane man could think otherwise," Raleigh said earnestly. "It has been our dream, and will be, until the day we make it real. But you must have patience, man. Our time will come. In the meantime, this Irish mission is a godsend. Tell me—" He hesitated and then went on a little shyly, "Could you take me to Ireland with you?"

"My poor boy! I've thought of no one but myself. You're at a loose end too, and with pockets as empty as my own. Of course you'll come as my lieutenant. But you won't like it, Walter. It isn't proper soldiering such as we had in Flanders. It's—it's more like coldblooded butchery."

"It's the Queen's orders," Raleigh said resolutely. "Our business is to serve her, not to question her commands. Come now, Humphrey, you mustn't find fault with your salvation. You should be a happy man this night."

"I suppose so. The creditors will gladly wait for their money now. It's just my bad luck that relief has to come in this way. Sometimes, Walter, I think I'm the unluck-

iest man alive. 'Born to no good hap,' the Queen herself once said of me. Why is it that everything I try goes wrong? *Why?*"

The younger man laughed. "And you can say that, when you've just been rescued from the prospect of a debtor's cell! There's no such thing as luck, Humphrey. Or if there is, then a man makes it for himself. As I intend to make mine!"

Laughing, confident, he clapped a hearty hand on his brother's shoulder.

"And now to bed! It has been a long, gloomy day, but praise God it comes to a happy ending."

II

SIR HUMPHREY assumed too much when he thought he would be allowed to choose his own lieutenant. He himself was dispatched to Ireland without delay, but several months passed before Raleigh's commission was approved. When it came, it did not assign him to his brother's company.

The Irish people, never resigned to English rule, were at that time receiving encouragement to revolt from Philip II of Spain, who had sent armed forces to aid them.

One of Raleigh's first missions was to enter a fort in Kerry which had just run up the white flag of surrender. The garrison included two hundred Spanish sailors and four hundred Irish rebels. Lord Grey had removed a few high officers to hold for ransom. Under his orders, Raleigh and his companion Captain Mackworth "made a great slaughter," putting the Spaniards to the sword and hanging the Irish.

This ruthless murder of disarmed prisoners was the steppingstone of Raleigh's brilliant career. For it, and for other harsh deeds that stand to his early account in Ireland, there is only one excuse. He was acting under orders handed down from the throne.

Queen Elizabeth did not make her country's disgraceful Irish policy, nor did it die with her. In England's view, Ireland was a rebellious colony, to be held in subjection by merciless force. It is a view that prevailed,

with varying degrees of severity, right down into our own century.

An obscure young soldier like Walter Raleigh could scarcely be expected to question a policy that the best minds of his day did not question. Shakespeare, Marlowe, Spenser, Bacon—in none of their writings does there appear a protest against the Irish atrocities. Honest Sir Humphrey sincerely deplored his own "queasy stomach" which made his Irish career a failure. Philip Sidney, that most perfect knight, alone of them all bluntly refused Irish service. It never occurred to Raleigh to refuse it, or to refuse to obey the harsh orders given him by his superiors.

Raleigh won fame in Ireland, and not all of it rests on such unhappy incidents as the Kerry massacre. There was hard fighting too, and some shrewd military planning that brought victory against odds. His personal courage was admired even by the Irish chieftains who opposed him. There is a stirring story of the time he held off twenty men while one of his followers struggled to shore in a river that had swept his horse away. Another relates the capture of a castle singlehanded.

This is the period in Raleigh's life that abounds in romantic stories. Some of them, even all of them, may be true, but there is a strong suspicion that many were invented after he became famous.

The best-known of all, the cloak incident, rests upon the sole foundation of a book published in 1662, forty-four years after Raleigh's death. The author, Thomas Fuller, was ten years old when Raleigh died, so he cannot have observed the incident himself. No writings of Raleigh's own time mention it, nor does his own autobiography. The story owes its long life to Sir Walter Scott's novel *Kenilworth,* where the scene is described with a wealth of imaginary detail.

Fuller's book, *A History of the Worthies of England*, gives no date for Raleigh's introduction to the Queen. Most biographers agree that the meeting could not have occurred until his return from Ireland, in the winter of 1581.

He would have had an introduction in any case, for he was a messenger bearing dispatches on the progress of the Irish fighting. So much we know for sure. Whether he presented himself at the palace in the ordinary way, or whether he first had the good luck to meet the Queen on the edge of a mud puddle, there is simply no knowing.

Although Scott's account of the legendary meeting is longer and more elaborate, there is a quaint charm in Fuller's brief story. Here it is, in his own words:

"Her Majesty meeting with a plashy place, made some scruple to go on; when Raleigh (dressed in the gay and genteel habit of those times) presently cast off and spread his new plush cloak on the ground, whereon the Queen trod gently over, rewarding him afterwards with many suits for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a footcloth."

It may have happened. Certainly there is nothing in the character of either Raleigh or Elizabeth to make it impossible. Raleigh was given to displays of gallantry and quick wit; the Queen was known to admire those qualities. He was an extremely handsome young man, now twenty-nine years old, with expressive blue-gray eyes and a flashing smile. Her Majesty had no prejudice against handsome young men.

Elizabeth of England was nearing her fiftieth birthday, a bony-faced woman with dyed red hair and bad teeth. Except for her lovely slim hands she had never been beautiful, yet no woman in history has been the object of so much fulsome flattery.

Throughout her reign, now in its twenty-fourth year, Elizabeth had been the supreme matrimonial prize of all Europe. She played a skillful game, balancing her royal suitors against each other, keeping her country at peace. It was a war-troubled period, but no prince would attack England while he cherished the hope of acquiring the rich land by marriage. Elizabeth, a shrewd diplomat and a superb politician, made splendid use of her position as Virgin Queen.

The incessant flattery that she received from foreign sources was equalled by that of her courtiers at home. There is no question that she liked it. Along with her great intellectual gifts she had more than her share of feminine vanity. It pleased her to surround herself with romantic knights, all vowing hopeless adoration, celebrating in song and poem the beauty she did not possess.

This whim of hers produced some excellent poetry, and added color to court life. It brought wealth and position to some men who might not otherwise have attained them. On the whole, however, Elizabeth's love of flattery seldom blinded her to real merit or the lack of it. Her trusted Secretaries of State the Cecils, father and son, and her Lord Treasurer Walsingham were unglamorous enough. A courtier who hoped for political advancement needed more than good looks and a flattering tongue, although he did need them to attract the Queen's attention in the first place.

The first recorded appearance of Walter Raleigh at court was in December, 1581, a week or two after his return from Ireland. He presented his dispatches and at Her Majesty's request gave his own views on the situation there.

He made an excellent first impression. In the Queen's own words, she discerned in him "the good presence in a handsome and well-compacted person; the strong natu-

ral wit and a better judgment, with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage."

Her Majesty's favor, so speedily won, began to pay dividends almost at once. Raleigh was given two hundred pounds in cash for his Irish service, and later an estate confiscated from a rebel landholder.

In February, 1582, he was appointed to accompany a diplomatic mission to the Dutch Protestant leader, William of Orange. Prince William, called the Silent, was leading his people in a desperate struggle to throw off the yoke of Catholic Spain, a struggle to which Elizabeth was giving some help. It was in this long-drawn-out Netherlands war that Raleigh and his brother Humphrey Gilbert had fought a few years before. He did no fighting this time, but the Dutch Prince liked him so well that he chose him to carry home a private letter to the Queen.

From that time onward his rise was rapid. He remained in London, where the Queen found a series of odd jobs for him. Sometimes he served as her private secretary. She regarded him as an authority on Irish matters, frequently consulting him about methods to use in subduing the rebellion. She made use of his remarkable engineering talent by having him draw up plans for new fortifications at Portsmouth.

In one way and another she tested his abilities, along with his devotion. Both pleased her, and both were genuine. The adoring poems he wrote her, hailing her as "Heart's desire" and "Goddess of my life" were the literary extravagances common to all poets of her circle. Spenser's *Faerie Queene* is the most extreme example. All the Elizabethan poets found it advantageous to dedicate their most romantic poems to the royal lady who could make or break their fortunes.

Raleigh, not the least of the age's great poets, followed the common custom. By a rash act only a few years later he was to prove beyond all doubt that his true heart's desire was someone very different from the aging Queen. He held her always in tender reverence and he devoted his life to her service. If by his "bold and plausible tongue" he persuaded her that his affection was a personal one, he was to suffer bitterly for the fault.

For the present, he was enjoying to the full all the advantages that the Queen's esteem could bring him. Grants of land, profitable appointments, and high honors were heaped upon him. He was made Lord Warden of the Stannaries (mines) of Devon and Cornwall, with authority to regulate mining privileges and decide disputes. Shortly afterward he became Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall and Vice Admiral for the two counties. For a time he represented Devonshire in Parliament. In the summer of 1585 came his most spectacular appointment, that of Captain of the Queen's Own Guard.

The Guard was a corps of fifty young gentlemen, chosen for height, strength and manly beauty. Their duty was to "guard Her Majesty from weapons and poison, to watch over her day and night, to accompany her wherever she went, by land or by water." They observed the preparation of meals in her kitchen, carrying in the dishes with their own hands, tasting each one as it was set before her. In their spare time, of which they had a great deal, they played on lutes and harpsichords, danced with the Queen's maids of honor, devised spectacles and fêtes for Her Majesty's amusement.

It was not much of a life for a man of action, as Raleigh undoubtedly was. If the Queen had enjoyed his company less, it might have been better for him. Sir Francis Drake, homely and blunt-spoken, was allowed to range the seas, exploring, plundering, adventuring to

his heart's content. Raleigh was kept dangling at court, favorite companion of Her Majesty's leisure hours, growing rich and growing bored.

He tried his best to break away. Earnestly he pressed upon the Queen a project for colonizing in the Western Hemisphere. If she did not wish to challenge Spain's power in the southern gold-lands, there was the North American continent, still unexplored and perhaps as rich as South America. There was Newfoundland, claimed by England on the strength of the Cabot voyages, but frequently visited by the fishing fleets of all nations. Why not establish an English garrison there and control the codfishing industry?

The Newfoundland project was the one most favored by Raleigh's brother Humphrey Gilbert. The unlucky Sir Humphrey was back from Ireland, where he had gained neither wealth nor glory. However, he had found a backer, a well-to-do landowner named Peckham. This gentleman had agreed to buy or build ships for a Newfoundland expedition, expecting to repay himself from the profits.

Sir Humphrey had drawn up an elaborate plan. Newfoundland was to be made an English county, divided into parishes, with landed estates for gentlemen, with churches and market towns. The chief industry would be fishing, but the scheme provided for such agriculture and cattle raising as the climate might permit. An army garrison would protect the port and the fish-drying plants from Indians and from foreign competition.

This idea of colonization, originally Gilbert's but taken over by Raleigh later, was something new in the world. The Spanish, who had already established power in South and Central America and the Caribbean islands, had no such conception at that time. All they wanted to do was to get the gold, set the native Indians to min-

ing more, and bring the treasure back to Spain. Later, of course, they did found permanent colonies. But in Raleigh's time America was Spain's gold and silver mine, and nothing more.

Most Europeans, including the English, felt the same way about it. Sir Francis Drake and other sea rovers followed the simple course of waylaying the gold-laden Spanish ships and seizing their cargoes by force. Sir Francis had no interest in the land except as a place to make repairs and take on fresh water, or to raid if there was treasure worth taking. He visited a great many out-of-the-way places, and so earned a well-deserved reputation as an explorer. But exploring was never his chief aim. He followed the trail of gold wherever it led him, never losing sight of the fact that the gold was the important thing.

Elizabeth herself, although she pretended to disapprove Drake's buccaneering, did not refuse the gold he brought her. For the intelligent, far-seeing person she was, she seems to have been strangely indifferent to the more lawful colonization scheme of Raleigh and Gilbert. It was too new, too startlingly unlike anything England had ever done, too uncertain. And besides, as she tartly reminded Raleigh, his brother Sir Humphrey was notoriously unsuccessful in everything he undertook. The mere fact that this plan was his seemed a guarantee that it would fail.

Raleigh took advantage of her friendliness to plead his brother's cause over all her objections. She would not even discuss it with poor Sir Humphrey. However, she did listen to Raleigh, and to Sir George Peckham, the man who had promised financial help. She listened, but she would not quite consent.

Raleigh refused to be discouraged. In the months while the Queen was making up her mind, he and Peckham

quietly went about getting a fleet together. Peckham paid for most of it, but Raleigh built a fine 200-ton vessel out of his own pocket, confidently expecting to sail in it as captain.

In the end, worn down by incessant argument, Elizabeth reluctantly consented to Sir Humphrey's going. So far she would go, but no farther. As for Raleigh, it was not to be thought of. She needed his services at home.

From her verdict there was no appeal. With bitter disappointment Raleigh saw the five ships sail without him. They left harbor on June 11, 1583.

Ill fortune followed them. Raleigh's own ship was back in port two days later, with her crew prostrated by contagious illness. Gilbert went on, however, and after a stormy passage he reached Newfoundland. He ran up the English flag on the tallest tree, left a few men to lay out estates and townsites, and sailed on down the coast to found more English settlements.

So far as we know, he never touched land again. One of his ships was lost on the Newfoundland reefs. Another had to be sent back to England with a load of sick sailors. His remaining ships, the two smallest ones, were constantly beset by storm and fog. They looked in vain for a safe harbor.

Instead they saw, according to one of the sailors later, all manner of strange and horrible sights. There were sea serpents, lights in the sky, and a beast "having the shape of a lion but ten times its size," which walked on the water in the wake of the ship, roaring and bellowing.

The men were delirious with fever, almost starving, and maddened by thirst. It is not strange that they saw horrible sights, nor that they urged their commander to turn homeward. Sir Humphrey's own staunch courage never faltered, but he realized that it was hopeless to go on. At least the annexing of Newfoundland had been

accomplished, so he would not have to confess utter failure. With his two ships he turned back toward England.

Off the Azores came the final disaster, the worst storm of all the many storms they had met. With seas running "as high as the Pyramids," buffeted by wind and rain, the two little frigates wallowed helplessly.

Gilbert's flagship was the *Squirrel*, a tiny vessel of only ten tons. He was last seen on her deck, encouraging his men with the cheerful words, "We be as near to heaven by sea as by land!" At midnight of that black stormy night the *Squirrel* sank quietly beneath the waves, taking her gallant commander with her.

The remaining ship struggled home in late September with the tragic tale. Sir Humphrey's lifelong run of bad luck was ended for all time. His name remains on history's pages, not for what he accomplished, but for the inspiration he gave to those who came after him. His dream of an England in America, fantastic though it seemed then, was a sound one, and destined to come true.

No one could have guessed it in 1583, when Sir Humphrey went to his ocean grave. Elizabeth, involved in her perpetual "cold war" with Spain, had no thought to spare for New World colonies. She was impatient rather than sympathetic when Raleigh asked that his brother's patent be transferred to him. She agreed to his sending out an expedition, but again refused him permission to sail with it.

Early in March, 1584, two barks chartered and outfitted by Raleigh sailed for the New World. Their passage was as serene as Gilbert's had been stormy. Laying a southwesterly course, they arrived on July 13 at Roanoke Island, off the coast of what is now North Carolina. The Indians received them with great friendliness.

This small scouting expedition had no purpose except

to make a preliminary survey. After a few days the English ships sailed home again, bearing gifts from the Indian chief to the white queen. To present the pearls and valuable furs, the chief sent two young men of his tribe.

The English court was thrilled by the captains' tales of the fair, fertile land, with its kindly inhabitants. The Indian boys, dignified and picturesque in their deerskin garments, were the rage of London. They lodged with Raleigh, who protected them from the curious hordes and won their warm friendship.

Raleigh was now in better position to urge the colonization scheme upon the Queen. He would give her, he promised, "a better Indies than the King of Spain's." This land that his captains had discovered was in the temperate zone, with a climate similar to the familiar English one. There would be none of the tropical diseases with which the Spaniards were contending farther south. There might be gold, or there might not. But certainly there were tall pine trees, invaluable for shipbuilding, and a rich soil capable of producing abundant crops. His captains had not visited the mainland, but the Indians said it extended for untold miles. Who could tell haw vast a realm this new England might be? It was all there for the taking.

Elizabeth's enthusiasm caught fire. She graciously accepted his suggestion that the new land be named Virginia in her honor, and she made Raleigh a knight for his services in discovering it.

This is a little confusing. Sir Walter Raleigh received his knighthood as the discoverer of Virginia. He did not discover it in person, and actually he never saw it. His was the mind behind the discovery and the first colonization, but his foot was never to tread Virginia soil.

To the new and greater expedition that he now fitted out, the Queen contributed generously. Other contribu-

tions came in easily enough, for the project of a new England in Virginia had fired English imaginations. By April, 1585, a fleet of seven ships was ready to sail, equipped with everything necessary to build a permanent English settlement. Sir Humphrey Gilbert was dead, but his cherished plan was about to come alive at last.

Then came the sickening blow. Raleigh had assumed from the beginning that he would command this expedition. He had no desire to settle in Virginia, but he thought it was essential that he should be there to treat with the Indians, to lay out the land, to get construction under way. Night after night he sat with his Indian guests, learning their language, making maps from their descriptions, planning the last detail of the settlement. Although he knew that the Queen did not favor his going, he was confident that she must see the necessity for it.

The Queen did not see it at all. She had consented to the undertaking, and had shrewdly made certain that the larger share of any profit would go to the English crown. She had personally paid for the largest ship. But to give up her handsome Captain of the Guard, with his charming songs and witty conversation—that she was not prepared to do. What, risk Sir Walter on the fearsome western ocean, with its storms and sea monsters? Or in an unknown land whose inhabitants, however friendly they seemed, were heathen savages who might turn against him? It was not to be thought of.

She told him so, gently at first, and more imperiously as he insisted. In the end she came out with the same flat "No" that had blocked his embarking with Gilbert. He was an English knight, she reminded him, bound by law and his knightly oath to serve his sovereign as that sovereign thought best. The service she demanded was here in England.

So Raleigh's Virginia expedition sailed without him,

under the leadership of his cousin Sir Richard Grenville. Seven ships left Plymouth harbor on April 9, laden with cloth and trinkets for Indian trading, with tools and farm implements, and with one hundred and seven hopeful colonists.

III

THE SUMMER of 1586 was an unusually hot one, causing Elizabeth to make a prolonged "progress" in the cooler countryside.

Her five royal palaces, Whitehall, Hampton Court, Windsor, Greenwich and Richmond, were all in or near to London. When Her Majesty wanted real country life she toured the rural manors of her nobles. This flattered the hosts, gave the country people a look at their Queen, and built up her popularity as she graciously acknowledged their homage. Most of the court traveled with her, so that the long string of carriages and mounted knights provided a gorgeous free show for villagers and farmers.

Sir Walter Raleigh, returned from the July journey, thankfully saw Her Majesty back to Whitehall and took his way to the Mermaid Tavern. After weeks of talk with country squires, whose only topic was hunting, he felt the need of a little intellectual diversion. He knew exactly where to find it.

He returned to his house well after midnight, soothed and refreshed. He had dined at the Mermaid with his good friends Christopher Marlowe and Thomas Kyd. Then as they sat over their ale in the cool dark bar parlor, Edmund Spenser turned up. Spenser was Raleigh's own discovery, a young poet he had found doing a clerk's job in Ireland. A little later the Earl of Southampton

joined them with *his* discovery, an aspiring actor-playwright named William Shakespeare. It had been a stimulating evening, doubly welcome after the dull ceremonies of the state visits.

Raleigh's servant opened the door, with the news that two visitors were waiting.

Sir Walter frowned. "So late? I was expecting no one. What names do they give?"

"If it please your honor, one is Captain Philip Amadas, who has been here before. The other is a stranger who calls himself Master Ralph Lane. They apologize for troubling you so late, but say they have just come from Plymouth. I took the liberty of putting them in your study, sir."

"Very well."

The men he fund waiting looked out of place in stately Durham House, the home Elizabeth had loaned to her Captain of the Guard. Once a bishop's palace, it now belonged to the English crown. While the Queen's favor lasted Raleigh lived in it rent free, more sumptuously lodged than many an earl.

The visitors' ragged clothing contrasted cruelly with the tapestries and velvets, the Flemish paintings and gilt-bound books. They were middle-aged men, thin as scarecrows, with weary, discouraged faces.

Sir Walter greeted them warmly. Captain Amadas was an old friend, one of the two men who had led the first Virginia exploration.

"You're back, then! I knew from Drake that you were following him, but I had not heard that your ship was in. And this is Master Lane—of course, I remember you, sir. We had a long talk in Grenville's cabin the night before he sailed. You were to be governor of the Virginia colony. Sit here, gentlemen. My servant will bring wine. And now tell me all about it."

Amadas dropped wearily into a chair. "There's not much to tell, Sir Walter, and nothing that you do not know. The attempt was a failure. We left half our number dead on Roanoke Island. Those of us who returned are—as you see!" He touched his tattered jerkin.

"But how did it happen? Oh, I've heard a bit from Grenville and Drake. Grenville left you there last year, with plentiful supplies. The two Indian boys who went back with you were sure that you would be welcomed by their people. Everything began so well! And then when Drake visited the spot less than a year later he found you in despair, resolved to return home at all costs. Drake has told me all that. How he yielded to your pleadings and left one of his slower ships for you. But I still cannot understand what went wrong."

"Everything went wrong!" Lane burst out. "Yes, I know how feeble our excuses must sound. But we have not come to make excuses, Sir Walter. You are our patron. We are honest men. We've come to render our account. And a sorry one it is."

"Never mind how sorry," Raleigh said kindly. "All I want is the truth. If the land is unfit for Englishmen, it is well to know it now. Was that what it was? Amadas, it was you who reported fertile soil and a fair climate. Did your first visit lead you astray?"

Captain Amadas shook his head. "The land is as good as I said, and better. The winter was colder than we expected, but in well-built cabins, with plenty of wood to burn, we should not have suffered. Yet we lost ten men by freezing alone!"

He hesitated, and Lane took up the tale.

"The fact is, Sir Walter, our cabins were not well built. Most of them were miserable shelters of green boughs, poorly laid. And firewood requires to be cut."

"Yes?" Raleigh encouraged him. "Speak out, man. I want nothing but the truth."

The two exchanged glances. Then Lane straightened his thin shoulders.

"You have a right to the truth, sir. We have come here to tell it, hard though it be. The truth, Sir Walter, is that the fault lay with our colonists. You know the sort of men they were. Impoverished gentlemen, looking to become wealthy squires on their own land. They, and their servants. Gentlemen's servants, fellows who knew well enough how to keep their masters' wardrobes in order, to serve a meal or groom a horse. What use were these skills in Virginia? The sad truth is that the gentlemen would not work, and their servants did not know how."

"But you had some woodsmen among you. And blacksmiths and stone masons."

"Quite true. No more than a dozen all told, and two were boy apprentices. Such work as was done these men did. Do you think it was not in human nature to rebel, when they saw how all the burden was laid upon them? We arrived in warm weather, when the first hasty shelters served well enough. When the cold came on, those who could build for themselves did so. Why should they break their backs to shelter the idle ones?"

"Shelter was not our only problem." Captain Amadas took up the story. "Our gravest difficulty was with the Indians. Some of the gentlemen thought we should compel the natives to labor for us, as the Spanish do. They seized a chief's son who had come into camp to trade, and beat him when he refused to dig a well."

Raleigh started indignantly. "But that was against all our promises! I gave our Indian guests my word of honor that we would never enslave their people. No wonder they turned against you. Drake told me that

there had been fighting with the natives, and I could not understand it. Now I do. Who was the man who started this? Give me his name, and I'll see that he is punished."

"He has had his punishment, your honor," Amadas answered gravely. "An Indian arrow caught him at campfire that night. But it was never a question of one man. Nearly all of the settlers were arrogant toward the Indians. I don't say that the savages weren't at fault, too. They don't understand our ways. Sir Richard Grenville lost a silver cup before he left us, and swore the Indians stole it. They do steal, that we know—although I don't think they know what stealing means. Among themselves, they don't seem to have any idea of property. Everything belongs to everybody, seems like. They're a queer heathen lot, with different notions from us, sir."

"We had depended upon them for food," Lane said. "At first they brought in quantities of grain and meat, and the fine fruits that grow wild there. But after the quarrel they came no more. Instead they skulked about the camp at night, letting fly with their arrows when they saw their chance, setting fire to our huts, and then disappearing into the forest. All through that long wretched winter we scarcely dared go to the woods for fuel, except in a crowd protected by muskets. Do you wonder that we froze as well as starved? I shall never see a fairer sight than Admiral Drake's *Golden Hind* putting into the cove."

"I can imagine the relief you must have felt. But the Admiral tells me he offered food and ammunition if you would stay on. And he must have told you that Grenville was on his way again with more settlers. He's on the high seas now. It will be a bitter blow to him to find the camp deserted."

"I know," Amadas answered. "And the colonists knew.

Admiral Drake called us a pack of cowards. Lane and I tried—indeed we did try, sir! We said we would stay if only twelve men would join us. There were five volunteers, your honor. Seven men against the wilderness and the savages. If you blame us for not risking it, then we must take the blame."

"Certainly I don't blame you," Raleigh answered vigorously. "And you must not blame yourselves. The venture has failed. Very well. Then we must learn what lessons we can from it, and try again. And now that your doleful tale is told, gentlemen, let us talk of more cheerful matters. There is much you can tell me about this land of Virginia."

He motioned toward the wineglasses that his servants had filled and set at their elbows. In the first painful moments the visitors had left them unheeded. Now, under Raleigh's urging, they drank and talked in evident relief. With their sorry report behind them, assured of their patron's forgiveness, the two wanderers relaxed into grateful ease.

Raleigh questioned them with keen interest. He was especially anxious to know whether the quarrel with the Indians could be patched up. From their replies he judged that it could. A new group of settlers, considerate in their attitude, generous with the knives and trinkets the Indians coveted, might hope to wipe out the bad impression and win back the lost friendship.

Reassured on this point, Sir Walter leaned back with a sigh of relief.

"And now tell me something about the Indian people themselves. When you came back from your first visit, Amadas, you told me of a quaint custom they had, the pipe of peace. Did you smoke it with them this time?"

"I did indeed, the day we arrived," Amadas answered. "I recalled that you were interested in my peace pipe

story, Sir Walter. So before our difficulties arose, I asked the chief for a pipe and some of the herb to send to my chief across the water. There was no chance to send it, but I have it with me now."

From under his ragged jacket he produced an Indian pipe and a leather bag. Raleigh took them, and ran his fingers through the crumbled dry leaves the bag contained.

"Tobacco, the Indians call it," Amadas explained. "It is a sacred plant, grown only for ceremonial use."

"Describe the ceremony to me," Raleigh requested.

Amadas took the pipe, and stuffed its bowl with crushed yellow leaves.

"The ceremony occurs at the end of a council of elders, when important matters have been thrashed out. It is also used when the chiefs of warring tribes meet to conclude peace. In either case, there have been differences of opinion and much dispute, ending in some sort of agreement. The chief calls for the pipe. He puts the stem in his mouth and sets the leaves alight. Then he draws in the smoke, blows it out through his nostrils, and passes the pipe to the next man, who does the same. As the smoke from each man's breath floats away on the air, so disperses the anger in his heart."

"A very pretty ceremony," Raleigh observed. "And with a noble thought behind it. They are not men to despise, these Virginia Indians. Why did my settlers have to be such fools as to quarrel with them? Well, no matter now. You say you smoked the pipe yourself, Amadas? What sort of taste has this vapor?"

"Like no taste I know of," the Captain said slowly. "Sharp, yet sweet too, a hint of spice—no, I can't describe it. There is nothing to compare."

"Well, since you can't describe it," Raleigh said cheerfully, "I'll have to find out for myself."

He put the pipe in his mouth and picked up the candle from his desk. His visitors watched anxiously as he applied the flame.

"Only one breath, sir," Amadas warned. "The Indians breathe it but once before passing it along. Be very careful! For all we know, the stuff is poisonous."

Raleigh drew in an incautious mouthful. Then, coughing and choking, he hastily removed the pipe from his lips. Tears stood in his eyes. He seized his glass and took a long drink of wine. Then he laughed and picked up the pipe once more.

"Oh, no, sir, not again!" Amadas protested. "Indeed, your honor, you must not take such risks. I assure you, even the strongest chief dared only one mouthful. Please—"

Raleigh smiled. "I think I was a little greedy, Amadas. This time I shall not gulp, but sip."

Slowly he drew a small quantity of smoke into his lungs, and slowly let it trickle out again.

"This is not at all unpleasant," he observed. "As you say, Amadas, the taste is strange. But I think—" He took another puff, waited a minute, and concluded, "Yes, I really think I like it."

So it happened that Sir Walter Raleigh, famed for the Virginia discovery he never made, did make a discovery which affects social customs in our own time. He was the first man in the world to take up tobacco smoking for pleasure.

The Indians had no such aim when they cultivated the plant and used it in their long pipes. The Spanish, who had brought tobacco from Santo Domingo and were already growing it in Spain, regarded it strictly as a medicine to reduce fever. A Portuguese doctor prescribed it for a French diplomat, Jean Nicot, who thought so highly of it that he took some seeds home to France.

There the plant, renamed Nicotiana, won some favor among physicians.

It is possible that some Englishman traveling abroad may have tasted tobacco on the advice of a foreign doctor. But it is quite certain that if Raleigh was not the first Englishman to smoke a pipe, he was the first one to do it simply for enjoyment.

That he did enjoy it there is no question. Finding the Indian pipe clumsy, he designed a simpler one, the slim churchwarden shape, and had it molded and baked in clay. Later the court jeweler made him a silver one, very handsomely ornamented.

Raleigh's pipe is responsible for another well-known story. His servant is supposed to have come into the room, seen smoke coming from his master's nose and mouth, and concluded that he was on fire. So he emptied a tankard of ale over Raleigh's head to put it out. This could have happened, but it doesn't seem very likely.

IV

A GREAT MANY histories contain the statement that Captain Amadas brought the potato plant, as well as tobacco, on his return from Virginia. It is said that Raleigh planted potatoes on his Irish estate, and thus gave Ireland a profitable money crop and a staple food.

Since the Irish people have so little reason to love Sir Walter, it seems a pity to question the one act that might endear him to them. Yet it is difficult to believe it.

The Virginia potato is the sweet potato, or yam. The white, or Irish potato, is not native to the North American continent, but was first discovered in Chile and Peru. The Spaniards brought it to Europe, and later European settlers carried it to North America. Drake may have seized some plants in one of his raids on Spanish ships or colonies. He may have given them to Raleigh. Raleigh may have planted them in Ireland. If he did, he did not think it important enough to record. This seems strange, for Raleigh was an ardent botanist, and the journal of his Orinoco voyage contains pages of careful plant descriptions. One would expect that he would have mentioned the successful cultivation of the new vegetable on his Irish farm, if it had occurred.

There is no way now of knowing whether it did occur. Raleigh may have given the potato to Ireland. What is certain is that Virginia did not give it to him.

The only Virginian product he has a right to claim is tobacco. At the time it must have seemed quite enough.

The popular Captain of the Guard was in a position to set styles at Elizabeth's court. From the moment that he first produced his silver pipe and indulged in an after-dinner smoke, the court jeweler was overwhelmed with orders. Gentlemen of fashion immediately learned to enjoy tobacco, or to pretend that they did.

The custom was confined to the aristocracy, for the price of cured tobacco leaves was fantastically high. Elizabeth's privateers soon found a practical way to lower it.

Privateering, a perfectly legitimate enterprise in those days, reached its peak in Elizabeth's time. The process is best described by our modern slang word high-jacking. It was not piracy, for a pirate acted on his own initiative, without legal authority. A privateer, on the other hand, obtained a royal license to "seize and plunder the ships of Her Majesty's enemies." Piracy or privateering, it was still high-jacking, and very profitable.

Her Majesty's principal enemy was Spain. And by a happy coincidence, Spanish ships were the richest ships that sailed the seas. All of the great Elizabethan explorers, Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins and the rest, were privateers. Drake, the boldest and most successful of them, did not restrict his activities to the high seas, but plundered the Spanish colonies whenever he had a chance.

Spain was quite willing to supply English smokers with tobacco from her West Indies islands, but at exorbitant prices. Drake and others found it simpler to seize the homeward-bound Spanish tobacco ships, or even to raid the island docks. Before Raleigh created the demand for tobacco, they had disdained to take anything but gold and silver. Now they found tobacco almost as profitable. Elizabeth gleefully remarked of Raleigh that anyone

could turn gold into smoke, but that he was the first man to turn smoke into gold.

Queen Elizabeth, a keen businesswoman, was quick to see that the importation of tobacco could be a new source of wealth to her country. It was this argument as much as any other that won her consent for a new attempt to found a Virginia colony.

This time, remembering the complaints of Amadas and Lane, Raleigh chose his colonists with extreme care. There was still an unduly high proportion of gentlemen, a drawback there was no way to avoid. Unwilling to risk his entire personal fortune in the expensive venture, Raleigh had to find part of the capital from other well-to-do men. Many of these men had younger brothers or adventure-loving sons who had to be included. The common workmen could be required to furnish references for industry and sobriety. The "gentlemen" had to be accepted on the recommendation of some backer, and need be neither industrious nor sober. Very few of them were.

Raleigh did, however, make it plain that no one, whatever his rank, would be excused from doing his full share of labor. Married settlers were allowed to take their wives with them. Most of the men were young, although the leader, John White, had a married daughter with him. Her husband was Ananias Dare, White's first assistant.

By this time Raleigh was pretty well resigned to seeing his expeditions depart without him. Again he begged the Queen to let him go, but he was not too downcast when she refused him. He was planning a wonderful project for a later time, when the colony should be firmly established. He knew how the Queen enjoyed her royal progresses through England and Wales. One day he

would organize the greatest of all, and personally conduct Her Majesty on a tour of Virginia!

Lightheartedly, then, with fantastic plans for the future, he saw the new expedition sail from Plymouth on May 8, 1587.

In the previous year Grenville had returned to Roanoke Island, only to find that Amadas and his group had departed on a ship loaned by Drake. Fifteen of Grenville's men agreed to stay and wait until their captain found out what was to be done next. Grenville hurried back to England, where Raleigh informed him of the expedition just fitting out under John White.

Governor White expected to find the fifteen men comfortably settled in the old camp. His first fears were aroused when they landed and saw nothing but deserted huts, blackened and burned, with signs of desperate fighting. The evidence pointed to a recent battle in which the Indians must have been victorious.

The newcomers huddled on the beach, dismayed at the thought of beginning their settlement with an Indian war on their hands.

Fortunately it did not come to that. A day or two later they encountered their first Indians, coming cautiously into camp. Governor White, who had been with Grenville, recognized the chief and hastened to load him down with presents.

The chief admitted that his tribe had attacked the settlement, giving a long tale of grievances to justify it. His attitude to the newcomers, however, was not unfriendly. He assured them that they had nothing to fear if they treated his people properly.

The assurance was a relief, but some of the settlers were doubtful. They had counted upon buying most of their food from the Indians. If trouble should arise, they would have to depend upon the scanty stores they

had brought, which would not keep them from starvation through the winter. Also, if it came to protecting their camp against a new Indian outbreak, they had not nearly enough arms and ammunition.

They spent several days in anxious discussion. The ships, hired for the voyage only, were returning to England with their crews. It was finally decided that Governor White should go with them and bring back more supplies.

On the eve of his departure, Virginia's first governor became a grandfather. White's daughter, Mrs. Dare, gave birth to a baby girl she named Virginia. Virginia Dare, the first white child born on the North American continent, is the symbol of one of our most fascinating historical mysteries.

The ships sailed away, taking Grandfather White with them. He left the colonists on the friendliest terms with the Indians, who were helping them build a town. The chief's wife had brought a deerskin blanket for the baby. The proud father had given a feast at which colonists and Indians drank to little Virginia's happy future. So far as anyone could judge, the settlement was a happy, peaceful place, already well on the road to success.

What happened to it is our mystery, for this was the famous Lost Colony. It was two years before White came back to Roanoke, to find nothing but a mass of crumbled, vine-grown huts.

The destruction was nature's alone. The cabins had not been burned after the Indian custom. There were no dead bodies, no sign of fighting. Weapons, tools and household goods were gone. Some of the hut doors were closed and securely latched, which would scarcely have happened after an Indian raid. It was as though the colonists had packed their possessions, closed their doors behind them, and simply moved away.

It is possible that that is exactly what they did. Before White left there had been some talk of moving to the mainland or to another island where the ground was less swampy. The little group, eighty-nine men, seventeen women and a newborn baby, may have set out in search of a better site. Hostile Indians, wild beasts, hunger and weariness—any or all of these may have been too much for them. Perhaps they died one by one in the forest, or all together in the sea. Or perhaps they did not die at all, for many years. There is one theory, as likely as the others, that is at least pleasanter to think about.

It is just possible that they accepted a friendly invitation to give up the hard labor of founding a colony, and instead to join the Indians in their roving forest life. Raleigh, in all his careful planning, had designed Virginia to be a new England, with English laws and customs. Perhaps the young adventurers were tired of being English. The Indian life of hunting and fishing, of moving on with the seasons, of no regular daily duties—all this was different, and could seem very attractive to some people.

Again we can only say it may have happened. Raleigh's biographer Milton Waldman says that in the late nineteenth century an investigator described a tribe of Western Indians who spoke almost pure Anglo-Saxon, and whose oldest members believed themselves descended from "men who came in great canoes." It may be that little Virginia grew up to marry some stalwart warrior and become a grandmother of the tribe. Who can tell?

Whatever their fate, the colonists had disappeared when White returned two years later. In the next fifteen years Raleigh sent out five expeditions to look for them. None was successful, for none of them even reached the North American shore. In some cases they were turned back by stormy weather. In at least one, the captain

found it more profitable to turn pirate with the ship Raleigh had paid for.

Sir Walter never forgot his Lost Colony, and never ceased to plan its rescue. But at the time England was so shaken by grave events that all smaller matters were forced to wait their turn.

The year 1587, when the Roanoke expedition sailed, was the year of Mary Stuart's execution. The luckless Queen of Scots died in February. In August, when White reached England with his appeal for more supplies, he found no ships available. The country was in a frenzy of war preparation. Philip II of Spain, on pretense of avenging Mary's death, was ready at last for his long-planned invasion of England.

V

SCOTLAND WAS a separate kingdom, completely independent of England, although the two royal families were related by marriage.

Mary of Scotland was younger and prettier than her cousin Elizabeth of England, with a fatal gift of charm. Her first husband was King Francis II of France. After his death she came home to Scotland and married her cousin, Lord Darnley. They had one child, a son named James. Darnley was murdered by Lord Bothwell, who later married the widowed queen.

Mary was a gay, frivolous creature who scandalized the sober Scots by her extravagant entertainments and luxurious living. The circumstances of Darnley's death and her remarriage shocked them still more. There were those who believed that the Queen herself had a hand in the murder plot. Bothwell was thoroughly hated; his influence was held to be a sinister one. In the end the Scottish lords rose in rebellion, forcing Bothwell to flee the country, and compelling Mary to abdicate in favor of her son.

The dethroned Scottish Queen then crossed the border into England, where she hoped for a cousinly welcome.

Instead she found herself a prisoner. For nineteen years she was held in various castles, living comfortably, permitted all the service and amusements she desired, but never allowed to leave the grounds. At the end of

her long stay she was tried and convicted of treason, and put to death.

The conflict between the two queens is an involved subject that still arouses hot disagreement. There is no doubt that the captive Mary spent her time in plotting to regain her Scottish throne. There seems to be clear evidence that she hoped to win the throne of England, to which she had a claim through her family.

When she came before her judges, the charge was that she meant to clear the way to both thrones by the murder of Queen Elizabeth. There certainly was such a plot on her behalf, engineered by a young Englishman named Anthony Babington. At her trial, Mary denied that she had any part in it. The English court did not believe her.

Elizabeth, who might have commuted the death sentence, did not do so. On February 1, 1587, tragic lovely Mary went gallantly to her death. Whether she was a persecuted martyr or a wicked woman justly punished is a question that remains unsettled after nearly four hundred years of learned disputes.

The consequences of the execution were not long in coming. Mary had made a will bequeathing all her royal rights, not to her son, but to King Philip II of Spain. Among those rights was the claim to the English throne.

This clause of the will meant nothing, for Mary never possessed the English throne and was never likely to have done so. But it was a throne that King Philip had once missed occupying by a hairsbreadth. He had never ceased to covet it.

Philip of Spain had been the husband of Elizabeth's predecessor Mary Tudor, known in English history as Bloody Mary. She died before she could persuade Parliament to agree to his coronation, so he did not become King of England.

When Mary's half-sister Elizabeth succeeded her, Philip made an earnest effort to marry the new queen. In all the years since then, he had never ceased trying to win her hand, either for himself or for some prince of his choosing.

There was nothing sentimental in Philip's wooing, for he hated Elizabeth with a furious hatred. He was a zealous Roman Catholic, and Elizabeth was Protestant, as her father Henry VIII had been. Philip's hope of gaining England was not a dream of conquest, but a religious crusade. He firmly believed that it was his mission to bring the British people back into what for him was the one true Church. When his marriage plans failed, he was willing to accomplish his end by open warfare. The Scottish Queen's death was the excuse he had been waiting for.

Mary of Scots was Catholic also, although Scotland like England was a Protestant country. The religious conflict complicated relations between all European countries throughout the sixteenth century, the period of the Protestant Reformation. Germany, a loose federation of independent states, was Protestant, as were the Scandinavian lands. Austria, Italy and Spain were Catholic. France, with strong factions of both faiths, was racked by religious civil wars. The Netherlands, ruled by Spain, was still fighting the long war for Protestantism and independence begun by William the Silent.

Elizabeth, not a particularly religious woman, saw the struggle in political terms. When it seemed to England's advantage, she gave aid to the Protestants in France and the Lowlands. But through it all she professed friendship for Philip, and listened courteously to his matrimonial suggestions. When her privateers captured Spanish treasure-ships on the high seas, she disclaimed any

knowledge and offered profuse assurances that it would not happen again.

By guile, by shameless hypocrisy, by all sorts of double dealing, Elizabeth kept her country out of actual war for all the years of her long reign, when the rest of Europe was locked in desperate battle. While her neighbors fought, Elizabeth built more and better ships, explored trade routes, developed industry and learning at home. Whatever we may think of her—and her faults were many—she built an insignificant island kingdom into a mighty world power in her lifetime.

When Philip finally decided to resort to open hostilities against the hated English, he could produce excellent reasons. For years he had seen his treasure-ships waylaid and looted. An English army, aiding the rebellious Dutch, was opposing his forces in the Netherlands. And now had come this crowning outrage, the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. In Philip's eyes, she was a religious martyr, dying for her Catholic faith. This death must be avenged. And on the more practical side, Mary's legacy of the English throne must be collected.

So Philip set out to gain by force what he had failed to obtain in any other way. Throughout the autumn of 1587 England was flooded with rumors of the powerful fleet being built in Spanish shipyards. The stories were deliberately set afloat by Philip, who hoped that sheer terror would grip the English in advance of the invasion, and make easier the task of his Invincible Armada.

The tales were true enough. Sir Francis Drake confirmed them by a daring raid on the harbor of Cádiz, where he burned some half-built vessels and caused enough damage to delay the invasion for several months. But he saw enough of the preparations to report that Spain was turning out ships on a scale never before attempted by any nation.

All through the winter and early spring the English braced themselves to resist invasion. Coastal defenses were strengthened. Barriers were dragged into place across roads leading inland. Able-bodied men were drafted into army and navy. The old and unfit were trained as Home Guards. A ship-spotting system was set up, with a watch maintained night and day. It sounds strangely familiar, for it happened all over again in World War II, when Hitler massed his invasion barges on the French coast.

The attempt did not come until July, 1588. On July 12 of that year the Spanish Admiral Medina Sidonia left Corunna harbor at the head of a magnificent fleet of 129 huge galleons, many of them capable of carrying a thousand soldiers besides the crew. The fighting strength of the fleet was 19,000 soldiers and 8,000 sailors. An additional army of 20,000 lay in reserve along the Dutch coast, ready to move across when the first beachhead had been secured.

Philip's great ships were troop transports rather than warships, for he expected his battles to come after the Spanish forces had landed. It was the English genius that turned the invasion into a naval battle instead. The Lord High Admiral, Howard of Effingham, had only eighty ships under his command, but he had as chief lieutenant Sir Francis Drake, the greatest sea fighter of his age.

The battle of Gravelines, as the final encounter is known, lasted for a week, with Drake's genius aided by a providential storm. He drove the Spaniards up the English Channel, around Scotland and Ireland, and saw them smashed against the rocks, sunk by cannon fire, or meekly surrendering. Only fifty-four broken ships managed to escape and crawl back to their home ports. It was the end of the vaunted Armada, and, though Philip did not

know it yet, the beginning of the end of Spanish sea power.

The swashbuckling Drake was the undisputed hero of Gravelines. Sir Walter Raleigh, who had taken an active part in the preparations, and who wrote an inspiring report of the action, probably was not even there. His description does not claim that he was present, although he may have been. Several merchant ships, not officially attached to the Royal Navy, left their harbors to join in the fighting. Raleigh may have commanded one of them. The *Ark Raleigh*, which he had built, was the Admiral's flagship, but his name does not appear on the list of officers.

Disappointing though it is, it is a fact that Raleigh played no active part in the most picturesque events of this period. He did not go on the first voyage that brought the discovery of Virginia, he did not sail with Grenville on the second, he did not plant the Roanoke colony nor rescue it. He had nothing whatever to do with the Mary of Scots case. He helped plan the repulse of the Armada, but probably did not see it.

None of this is Raleigh's fault. It was not by his own choice that he stayed tamely at court while other men ranged the seas or plunged into glorious battle. Queen Elizabeth valued his counsel in serious matters, she admired his poetry, she found his wit amusing. One of her poets had compared her to the sun around which the planets revolved, basking in its rays. There were plenty of planets, but Raleigh was a particularly brilliant one, and he basked very charmingly. His sun could not bear to lose him.

So Sir Walter obeyed his lady's commands, and received her rich rewards. The Queen, often stingy and always greedy, could be very generous when she chose. She gave Raleigh an Irish estate confiscated from a rebel

leader, and a country seat called Sherborne, as well as the London house.

To provide him with a cash income, she allowed him to collect a special tax on all English woolen cloth sold for export. In addition, she gave him the privilege of licensing winesellers throughout the kingdom, a very rich source of revenue. Sir Walter Raleigh, penniless only a few years before, was now one of England's richest men.

The provoking thing about it all was that the Queen would not let him use his new riches as he most desired. He and his brother Humphrey Gilbert had always planned that when they had money they would buy ships and go exploring. He had money now, and he used it to buy or build ships. But Elizabeth flatly refused to allow him to sail in them.

Mustering all his courtly arts of flattery and persuasion, he tried again and again to coax her into letting him go. Twice he thought he had succeeded.

The first time was in 1591. Elizabeth was sending six English vessels to the Azores Islands, to lie in wait for the homeward-bound Spanish ships, laden with South American gold. Admiral Thomas Howard was in charge, but Raleigh was named Vice Admiral. He contributed a ship, the *Revenge*, and made all his preparations. At the last minute the Queen changed her mind and substituted Sir Richard Grenville in his place.

Grenville died a hero in the sea fight off the Azores. The poet Tennyson has told the story in his fiery ballad *The Revenge*. The loss of Sir Richard, his cousin and friend, was a bitter blow to Raleigh. His grief was not lessened when the Queen pointed out that she had saved *his* life by keeping him on shore.

Again in 1592 Raleigh won her permission to embark. This time the venture was one of his own planning. He

had persuaded the Queen that the place to strike was the harbor at Panama, where the treasure-ships loaded.

Elizabeth, who up to the year before had shown such concern for Sir Walter's safety, was in an altered mood now. For the first time she was displeased with her principal planet. Rumors had reached her that he was guilty of an unforgivable sin in her eyes, the sin of falling in love. And with one of her own maids of honor!

No crime could have been a graver one. Her Majesty believed, or pretended to believe, that all the courtiers of her favored circle were desperately, hopelessly in love with *her*. One can only wonder whether she really did believe it. Certainly no one around her dared contradict it, least of all the gallant gentlemen themselves.

The Queen's attitude made court life a little unexciting for her ladies. Most of them were sedate married women. The few single girls knew that they would be banished the moment they showed the least sign of flirtatiousness.

So long as they behaved themselves to please her, the Queen was kind enough to her young maids of honor. She had been very gentle with young Elizabeth Throckmorton, sister of one of her favored courtiers. Bess was a shy, quiet country girl who came to court because her brother Arthur wished it, hoping through her to advance his own fortunes. She was so homesick and unhappy that the Queen herself commanded Raleigh to dance with the child and cheer her up a little.

Sir Walter danced with pretty Bess, he took her for a stroll in the garden, he danced with her again and yet again. Too often, Her Majesty observed sharply. She called Raleigh back to her side. Later, in her bedchamber, she gave the girl a little lecture on the sin of coquetry, emphasizing her point with a few sharp blows from her hairbrush.

That, the Queen thought, should end the affair. So

far as she could observe, it was ended. Raleigh and Bess conducted themselves with demure propriety in her presence. However, whispers continued to circulate behind Her Majesty's back. There was more between those two, one gossip told another, than met the eye.

The gossips were quite right. Raleigh, forty years old now, was madly in love for the first and only time in his life.

The courtship was conducted under tremendous difficulties. Late at night, when the palace slept, Bess slipped out onto her balcony, where like another Romeo her sweetheart climbed the vine for a few stolen moments with her. Her devoted maid, a country woman known as Goody Kate, carried the poetic letters in which Raleigh protested his undying love, and Bess's tender, girlish replies.

These were the facts, but as yet the Queen did not know them. With only vague suspicions to go upon, she gave her permission for Raleigh to go to Panama. If his heart remained hers alone, it would be punishment to leave her side. If the suspicions were true—well, Her Majesty would know how to deal with him when he returned.

VI

THE GARDENS of Whitehall Palace were at their loveliest on this soft April night, sweet with the scent of lilacs. It was very late. Sir Walter Raleigh paced up and down a flower-bordered path and wished he dared light his pipe. More than an hour had passed since he had escorted the Queen to her bedchamber and posted the guard at her door, his last official duty for the night.

And still the light shone from her window. How long did it take a royal lady to go to bed, anyway? Then, smiling, he recalled Bess's description of the process.

Elizabeth had lately taken to covering her thinning hair with an auburn wig, which must be curled and dressed for the morrow. The mask of enamel that hid her wrinkles must be carefully washed away, the harsh dry face skin rubbed with perfumed oil. The famous hands, still white and beautiful, had to be plastered with lemon juice and almond meal before they were hidden in night gloves of soft leather.

If, as often happened nowadays, Her Majesty suffered from rheumatic pains, two women would be needed to massage the aching limbs with soothing liniment. And to crown it all there would very likely be a lullaby, sung gently and softly to the notes of a lute, to quiet a restless mind and bring sweet slumber.

Yes, it would be a lullaby tonight—tonight of all

nights, when he *must* see Bess in private. The light in the window went out, but from the open casement came a whisper of song. He strained his ears to make out whether it was Bess's voice. The other girls would be dismissed, but the singer might well be detained until dawn. If the Queen had chosen Bess to sing—if Her Majesty's growing insomnia should be bad tonight—Raleigh swore a quiet oath as he turned back to the stone seat where his love had promised to meet him.

He was uneasy already, and the delay added to his distress. Goody Kate had forbidden him to come to the balcony again. The other young ladies were suspicious, she told him. Heaven knew what gossip their silly tongues were setting afloat, and when it would reach the Queen's ears. For her mistress's sake and for his own he must take care. Goody Kate said frankly that it would be a relief to her when he was safely on the high seas.

He could hardly hear the song from here. But as it rose and fell unwearied he became convinced that he recognized his sweetheart's pretty light soprano. He was so sure of it that he started when she came silently across the grass and stood before him, a slender white figure in the starlight.

"Bess!" He jumped up and clasped her in his arms. "I thought you were never coming, my dear one."

"I thought so too," she whispered. "Her Majesty is in a fretful mood tonight. And, Walter, I can't stay. Something dreadful has happened. Arthur—my brother— Oh, Walter, it's all so terrible!" She began to cry, muffling her sobs on his shoulder. Tenderly he stroked her pale gold hair.

"Tell me, my little love. We've only these few last minutes. You must not waste them in tears. What is this about your brother?"

She lifted her head to look at him. "He knows about

us. Oh, Walter, what shall we do? It was that Lady Agatha, I know– She always hated me. She's been spying when you came to the window, Kate says. And I think–oh, I think she must have stolen one of your letters. Arthur said he had a letter. He is furious with me! He always hoped I could gain the Queen's friendship and get her to appoint him to some important post. And now she'll blame him for bringing me to court. He says his career is ruined. And, Walter, he says he'll see that yours is ruined too! Oh, my darling–"

She began to weep again, so wildly that he glanced in alarm at the palace with its open windows.

"Hush, hush, my dear. Arthur Throckmorton can't ruin me, you mustn't think it. I can take care of myself. It's you I'm thinking of."

He knew, better than Bess did, how the Queen's rage would vent itself upon the helpless girl. Certainly, whatever other punishment was devised, she would banish Bess from the court and forbid Raleigh ever to see her again. There was only one way to prevent that.

"Listen, dearest," he whispered urgently. "We must be married at once. Even Her Majesty will not separate man and wife. Oh, I know we'd planned to wait, hoping that I could find a favorable moment to ask her consent. We can't wait for it now. It must be done before your brother reaches her. Let me think!"

Feverishly he made the plan. There was a little church near Durham House whose pastor had been appointed on Raleigh's recommendation. Out of fear of losing the appointment, if not out of gratitude, he could be trusted to perform the ceremony and keep it secret.

"But when?" the girl quavered. "You leave for Gravesend tomorrow–this is our farewell meeting before you sail. There's no time!"

"There's no time but now. And now it will have to

be. Her Majesty had a late night; she will not be waking too early. The church is nearby. Now, there's my brave girl! You'll go with me?"

She put her hand in his and lifted her head proudly. "If you want me, Walter, I'll go with you across the world!"

The hurried ceremony safely over, Raleigh saw his bride back to the palace, where she slipped in through the kitchens and stole up to her room. He waited only to see a white scarf waved from her window, the sign that all was well. Then he was off to the docks, where a boat waited to take him downriver to the port of Gravesend.

Thirteen vessels were gathered there, ready for the Panama expedition. There was a few days' delay, but on May 6 the start was finally made. Raleigh, aboard the *Roebuck*, was Admiral in supreme command. He enjoyed the title for exactly twenty-four hours.

On May 7 the fleet was overtaken by a swift little pinnace bearing Sir Martin Frobisher, with orders from the Queen. Raleigh was to hand over command to Sir Martin, and return to London at once. No reason was given.

Sir Walter went back to Whitehall to face a furious Queen, with the equally furious Arthur Throckmorton by her side. To their angry accusations he replied coolly that Bess was his wife.

This news calmed the brother somewhat, but only added to Elizabeth's anger. It was bad enough for one of her supposed adorers to engage in a secret love affair with a younger, prettier woman. But to marry her—that was beyond forgiveness!

Elizabeth punished the newly wed couple by sending them both to the Tower, although not together. They were lodged in separate wings, with no communication permitted. Neither was accused of any crime. They were

simply "detained at Her Majesty's pleasure," an innocent sounding phrase that might easily be a sentence of life imprisonment.

No one can guess how long the Raleighs might have been left to repent behind prison walls. They were released at the end of four months because the Queen needed Sir Walter's services.

The expedition from Gravesend, although it never reached Panama, returned with unexpected treasure. The prize was a Portuguese ship homeward bound from India, so richly laden that the list of cargo reads like something from an old fairy tale. There were pearls, diamonds, rubies, bales of silks and satins, musk and amber, tons of precious spices. The total value could only be guessed at, but early estimates ran as high as a half million pounds.

The treasure ship, the *Madre de Dios,* towed into Dartmouth harbor by ten English barks, was in itself a wonder. Seven decks high and one hundred and sixty-five feet long, more floating castle than ship, the prize towered like a disabled giant over other craft in harbor. Her decks were still stained with blood from the desperate fight that had ended in capture. But as the *Madre de Dios* lay at anchor in the English port, a battle quite as bitter and almost as bloody was still raging.

Everyone wanted some of the treasure. The actual capture had been made by the Earl of Cumberland, who thought he should have most of it for that reason. The other captains, whose attack had crippled the prize before Cumberland went aboard, disputed his claim. Not all the ships had taken part in the *Madre de Dios* fight. Sir Martin Frobisher, with half the fleet, was miles away when it happened. This did not prevent him from demanding his share.

Whatever anyone else received, Queen Elizabeth, who

had granted the privateering license, was entitled to ten per cent of the whole. If possible, she meant to have more. She sent down Robert Cecil, son of her Secretary of State, to attend to it.

What Cecil saw sent him into a panic. The West Country, he wrote his father, had gone mad. While the captains quarreled and fought duels over division of the loot, the common sailors were helping themselves. They swarmed over the *Madre de Dios* "like ants over a fallen plum," stuffing their pockets and knapsacks. Cecil saw one sailor with "a chain of orient pearls, two chains of gold, four great pearls of the bigness of a fair pea, and two cords of musk."

Neither Cecil as the Queen's representative nor all the captains could stop the looting. The musk in particular, used in perfume making, was a favorite spoil. Its presence in pockets was easy to detect, from the strong odor. Cecil began by clapping into jail every man who "did smell right sweetly," but this helped only a little.

Cecil was obliged to admit that he could not cope with the disorders. There was only one man, he wrote his father, who could settle the captains' wrangles and control the ordinary seamen. That man was "Her Majesty's captive."

So Walter Raleigh was released from the Tower and sent down to Dartmouth. He was still a captive, for a keeper went with him.

Cecil was amazed at his reception. The mariners, who would listen neither to their own captains nor to the Queen's messenger, hailed Raleigh with "such shouts of joy as I never saw a man more troubled to quiet them." The looting ceased at his order, the men waiting patiently for the share to be assigned their ships.

With the captains, although they were by no means so docile, Raleigh succeeded in arranging a satisfactory

settlement. He resigned his own share and that of his brother Carew Raleigh—they had each contributed a ship—in favor of the crown.

By this sacrifice he was able to send Elizabeth considerably more than the tenth share to which the law entitled her. There seems little doubt that this generous provision was in the nature of a bribe, for he wrote to the elder Cecil, "Four score thousand pounds is more than ever a man presented Her Majesty as yet. If God have sent it as my ransom, I hope Her Majesty will accept it."

Her Majesty did accept it, and in that spirit. Raleigh's keeper departed, leaving him in Dartmouth, a free man. However, he was forbidden to return to court, or to seek an interview with the Queen except at her command.

He seems to have taken the decree of banishment very lightly. He left Dartmouth for his Dorsetshire home, Sherborne, where he found his wife awaiting him. The Queen had handed Lady Raleigh over to her brother, telling him curtly to "take her away and out of my sight."

Banishment from London was no punishment to Lady Raleigh, who loved the country and had always pined for it. Sherborne was a lovely spot, long neglected. She and her husband restored the gardens, replanted the orchards, and began building a handsome new manor house to replace the ancient tumbledown castle. With her cherished husband at her side, with the baby son born at Sherborne, Bess Raleigh was a happy, busy woman who asked nothing more of life.

Sir Walter asked more, and more was required of him. He was still the Queen's adviser on Irish matters, on shipbuilding and mining. Elizabeth summoned him to court whenever she needed him. He was allowed to keep his privileges and honors. Even the post of Captain of the Guard remained his, although the duties were performed

by a deputy. Elizabeth the queen needed his services and valued them. It was Elizabeth the woman who had turned her face from him, ruthlessly cutting him off from the sunshine of her leisure hours. This was his punishment. Her Majesty thought it was a very severe one.

Actually it was the greatest favor she could have done him. Freed from the stifling court routine, Raleigh at last could live as he pleased. His wife hoped he would be content with a tranquil country life, as she was. It was a vain hope. With wealth at his command and freedom to use it as he chose, it was inevitable that Raleigh's thoughts should turn back to his old dream of exploration, of building a new England in the Western Hemisphere.

The Armada defeat had shown that Spanish power was by no means so great as the world had supposed. It seemed to Raleigh now that English ships, which had repulsed invasion, might well be strong enough to dislodge Spain from her rich American possessions. For the first time he began to interest himself in South America, where the gold mines were.

He read everything that had been written on the subject. He pored over maps, and found that the Spanish had concentrated on Mexico, Panama and Peru. The territory now known as Venezuela and the Guianas, then called simply Guiana, was almost unexplored.

The few Guiana attempts that had been made had ended in disaster, but survivors had returned with strange and wonderful tales. The Indians had told them of a golden city, Manoa, far up the reaches of the Orinoco River. Its king was called El Dorado, the Gilded One, because he covered himself with powdered gold dust. The royal pots and pans were all of gold, the palace was gold and furnished in gold, the very trees and flowers in the king's garden were cunning golden imitations.

Such a story had been told of the Inca's city of Cuzco,

Peru, and had proved to be very nearly true. Inca gold had been flowing into Spain's treasury for more than a half-century. After the curiously wrought treasures had been seized and melted down, there were still the mines, where native Indians toiled in slavery to dig the raw metal for Spain.

The silver of Mexico was another rich source of income in Spanish hands. With gold and silver from the Americas Philip II had built his ships to conquer England. Now, Raleigh thought, it was England's turn.

Unlike all Spaniards and most Englishmen, Raleigh was not particularly interested in gold for itself. What he really wanted for his country was land. England, dividing a relatively small island with Scotland, needed room to expand. A British Empire, with the mother country supported and enriched by vast oversea colonies —this was his vision.

The Virginia colony had failed because it did not tempt enough Englishmen to settle there. But Guiana, with the lure of gold, would certainly be more attractive. All he need do, Raleigh thought, was to go to Guiana, claim it in the Queen's name, and bring back some gold. The rush of settlers would follow. And Elizabeth, who did love gold for its own sake, would protect them with ships and soldiers, as she had not protected the forlorn Virginians.

It seemed so simple. As he had done in the case of Virginia, Raleigh first sent a small expedition to Guiana, to bring back a preliminary report.

Captain Jacob Whiddon went as far as Trinidad, an island near the mouth of the Orinoco River. He found it in Spanish hands, and was received politely enough by the governor, Antonio de Berreo. However, Berreo became hostile when Whiddon spoke of exploring the mainland. Several English sailors were seized and killed

by Berreo's orders. Whiddon thought it best to return without attempting to go further.

Raleigh did not find Whiddon's report unsatisfactory. It confirmed what he had suspected; that the Spanish had no stronghold in Guiana, and only a weak force on Trinidad. For the rest, Whiddon had heard new stories of Manoa and its wealth. The fabled city was certainly there, and as certainly it had not yet been discovered and claimed by the Spaniards. It was waiting, a rich prize, for Englishmen bold enough to seize it.

This time, Raleigh had no difficulty in obtaining the Queen's permission to set out. He might "go, and get himself hanged," she told him, not ill-naturedly, but using her favorite expression of indifference. She no longer wanted him at her side. She did not care where he went, for she had lost all interest in his company.

The fallen favorite went jubilantly about the organizing of his expedition. For his chief lieutenant he chose Laurence Keymis, who had studied geography and navigation at Oxford College. In addition there were Jacob Whiddon, a Captain Amyas Preston, and Humphrey Gilbert's son John Gilbert.

Five ships sailed from Plymouth on February 6, 1595. Raleigh, Admiral again by the Queen's grace, had the royal patent in his pocket. It authorized him to "discover and subdue heathen lands not in possession of any Christian prince, or inhabited by any Christian people." This was for the record, since the Spanish were the only Christians likely to be encountered. But another clause, not published to the world, commanded him "to offend and enfeeble the King of Spain as opportunity presents itself."

VII

ARRIVING AT TRINIDAD late in March, Raleigh began by carrying out the Queen's second injunction, "to offend and enfeeble the King of Spain." He attacked the island, burned the principal town, and captured Governor Berreo.

This was partly punishment for Berreo's treacherous attack on Whiddon the year before, and partly a matter of protection. He was about to leave his ships behind and embark in small boats for the journey up the Orinoco. He wanted to be certain of finding those ships when he returned.

Berreo, who had treated the natives with typical Spanish cruelty, was thoroughly hated by the Indians. Raleigh found five chiefs chained together in a filthy prison, and released them. At his request they called their people together and translated Raleigh's address to them.

The speech breathed friendliness and good will. They were not to judge all white men by the Spaniards. He and his men came from a different tribe, ruled by a great White Queen whose mission it was to drive the wicked Spanish from their land. He spoke eloquently of the Queen's immense power, and of her love for her red brothers. Solemnly he promised that he would take no slaves, he would pay for food and labor, he would respect their women and the graves of their dead.

These were not empty promises. Raleigh lived up to

them throughout his stay, and sternly saw that his men did the same. Indian friendship, quickly won, was the greatest asset he took with him on his perilous upriver journey.

He left his ships at Trinidad and embarked in five oar-propelled boats. Two of them, a galley and a barge, were of good size and also fitted with sails. The others were ten-man lifeboats from the ship. The flotilla carried one hundred men and a supply of trinkets for Indian trading.

Crossing the Gulf of Paria, they reached the mainland, where they halted in perplexity. The mighty Orinoco does not empty itself into the sea through a single mouth. The low-lying delta is a maze of streams, large and small, with marshy islands between them. Confronted by four openings, each a river deep enough to float their boats, the Englishmen had no way of knowing which one led directly to the main stream.

An Indian pilot they had picked up in Trinidad thought he knew. They rowed under his direction for four days before he admitted that he was hopelessly baffled. Sometimes the stream they were following curved about and led them back to the one they had left. Sometimes it dwindled down to a creek too small for their craft. Raleigh began to believe that Ferdinando, the pilot, was following Spanish orders to lose them in the river jungle. This may have been true. It is certain that Ferdinando was no help. They were lost and growing desperate, with food supplies running low, when by sheer good luck they stumbled upon the River Amana.

This stream, deeper than any they had yet found, ran fairly straight in the right direction. However, it brought new difficulties, for its swifter current made rowing upstream a strenuous business. When the sailors protested that the work was too hard for them, Raleigh ordered

that all gentlemen and captains take turns at the oars, setting the example himself.

The banks of the Amana, thickly grown with thorn bushes, showed no signs of human life. When the food was almost gone, Raleigh decided to search for an Indian village. He left the others to wait, and in a small boat turned off and followed a creek that opened out from the river. He had not gone far when the landscape changed to grass-grown plains dotted with Indian huts. The chief came down to welcome him.

Raleigh was pleased to find that these river Indians had had enough contact with the Spaniards to pick up the language, which he himself spoke well. He was quick at tongues, and made it his business to learn all he could of the Indian dialects. Without using an interpreter he managed to repeat his speech about the great White Queen who chastised Spaniards. It was so well received that he returned to his party in triumph, laden with chickens, fish, fruit and pineapple wine. He had paid for them with pocket knives and cotton cloth, following his scrupulous policy of never demanding food without payment.

Heartened by a good meal, the men continued their struggle against the current. Before long they came up with two canoes carrying Indians. One of them agreed to join the expedition as a guide. Raleigh bought a canoe and sent the useless Ferdinando back to Trinidad.

Martin, the new pilot, brought them safely to the Orinoco. On the way they camped ashore one night. Raleigh, exploring the nearby territory, came upon an Indian basket hidden in the bushes. It contained quicksilver, used in testing metal, and a jar of refined gold dust. This seemed to indicate that there was a gold mine nearby. Raleigh, knowing his men, said nothing of the discovery. He was there to explore, not to mine gold,

and he had no time to waste. He took the jar with him, however, as proof that gold did exist in Guiana.

Martin's home village, where the Amana and the Orinoco meet, welcomed the newcomers cordially. They rested for a day or two, feasting on turtle eggs and pineapples. The chief gave them a second pilot, an old man who knew the great river well. On the sixth day, nearly a month after leaving Trinidad, they came to Arromaia, realm of the mighty chief Topiawari.

King Topiawari, a feeble old gentleman who claimed to be one hundred and ten years old, had a mind so clear and vigorous that he earned Raleigh's instant respect. He offered a fine feast. Yes, he said in answer to questions, he had heard of the fabled city of Manoa. Undoubtedly it did exist, but far, far to the westward.

He shook his head when Raleigh said he meant to find it. There were mountains and waterfalls in the way, wild beasts and hostile tribes. Worse still, the rainy season was at hand. Why should his new friend risk such a journey? Better far to tarry here in Arromaia, where there was food and safety and friendly talk.

Touched by the old man's kindness, Raleigh promised to pay him a longer visit on the return journey. But for now, he said firmly, he must push on to Manoa.

His party took to their boats again. The first rain fell before they were out of sight of Topiawari's town. It came in sheets that drenched the men at their oars, soaked clothing and food supplies. Great gusts of wind-driven rain whipped the river water into violent waves, in which the little boats pitched like ships at sea. Dry gulleys seaming the banks turned into waterfalls; small creeks were raging torrents swelling the muddy, foam-flecked river to new heights.

A few days of this, and Raleigh was forced to land. They tied up at the spot where the Caroni River empties

into the Orinoco. The Indians gathered, curious but friendly, to invite the visitors to their village in a nearby valley.

Since river travel was now impossible, Raleigh decided to halt and explore the land. He divided his men into bands and sent them out with Indian guides. He himself, as guest of the chief, climbed a hill to view the famous falls of the Caroni, "ten or twelve in sight, every one as high over the other as a church tower."

The men came back with stones and minerals which they felt certain were gold and precious gems. Raleigh was no expert in such matters, and had no expert with him. He collected some of the likeliest-looking ore, and allowed the men to keep as much as they cared to carry.

The rain fell steadily. Raleigh's hosts assured him that it would continue for months to come. There is no winter in this tropical land, only ten degrees north of the equator, but the rainy season puts an end to all activities as effectually as cold could do. The Indians themselves did not attempt to ascend the flooded river. They assured Raleigh that it would be death for him to try it.

He talked it over with Keymis and his other lieutenants. The men, sick of long toil at the oars, were growing sullen. Several of them were ill of jungle fever. They had lost one man overboard and seen him devoured by an alligator. It was doubtful whether they would go on, even if he tried to insist.

There was nothing for it but to turn back. Raleigh gave the order. With the strong current to aid them, they were back in Topiawari's village by nightfall.

The aged king came out in the dark to meet them, hurrying Raleigh to a well-built guest lodge, where the rain beat fruitlessly upon the snug thatched roof. Raleigh was soaked to the skin, his baggage waterlogged too. Topiawari motioned to one of his wives, who scurried

off and came back with a blanket of soft undyed wool. Another woman shyly offered turtle soup and a platter of broiled fish.

Wrapped in a blanket, Raleigh sank gratefully upon a pile of skins, the only furniture in the room.

"Drink the hot soup, my son," the old king ordered. "Your teeth chatter and your face is blue with cold. Tell me now, does a fever also burn in your bones?"

Raleigh laughed. "Not my bones, I'm glad to say. But some of my men have fever, and have it badly. I must see that they are out of the rain before I take my rest."

He started to rise, but his host gently pushed him back. "My people will attend to them. Later I will see the sick ones and make them well. Rest now, for it is late. Tomorrow I will offer you a proper feast."

As Raleigh finished his soup Keymis and old Whiddon came in. Everything was snug for the night, they reported. A few men had chosen to stay aboard, but most of them had scattered to Indian homes, where they were being entertained as honored guests.

"Sit and eat with your leader," the old man invited. "I would ask him what brings him back so soon. You did not reach Manoa, then?"

Keymis shrugged. "If it exists! No, we didn't see it. And now that the rains have come, we shan't see it this year. Tell me, Topiawari, is there really such a place?"

"So they say. Who knows?"

Raleigh looked up. "It was you who said it, Your Majesty. No more than a week ago, when we were here before, you told us there was no doubt. Manoa, with its gilded king and its golden palace and gardens lay to the westward, you said. You were certain of it."

A sly smile creased the old face with its thousand wrinkles. "Did I speak of the gold first, or did you? Ah, you see! You described the golden city and asked me

where it might be found. Who told you of such things? Was it one of our people? Or was it perhaps an accursed Spaniard?"

Raleigh looked puzzled. "I read of it in a Spanish book," he admitted. "But the man who wrote it had been here. He had talked with your people. They told him of Manoa."

"Perhaps he talked with me," Topiawari said drily. "I am very old. You are not the first white man I have seen. Spaniards I have known, and Spaniards I hate! More than once their canoes have come here. One time they kill my nephew, bravest of all my warriors. And there was another time—oh, long, long ago. They put a chain on me and led me about like a dog, shouting 'Gold, gold, gold!' Did I have gold? Where could they find gold? Well, I told them." The old man cackled at the memory. "To the west, I said. Far, far up the river. A golden city they wanted? I gave them a golden city. So they took their chain off me and went away. I am not a fool, my sons."

Young Keymis asked in bewilderment, "Then there never was a golden city, sir? You only told them that to get them to go away?"

"I do not say there is no golden city," the old man answered. "There may be. I only know I have never seen it. I do not care to see it. My palace is built of sweet-smelling wood and green leaves. My pleasure garden is the forest around me, the trees and flowers and singing birds the gods have given for our enjoyment. If a king is stupid enough to replace all this with gold, why should I go out of my way to see such a sight? It must be very ugly."

Keymis gasped, but Raleigh nodded in grave agreement.

"For beauty, no golden city could match your town,

Topiawari. You are a wise man. Then you were only telling us the tale when you sent us on to the west? The same tale with which you got rid of the Spaniards?"

"The same, my son. The tale that my people find it wise to tell all white men. But afterward—yes, even before you went, I was sorry. You will remember I begged you to stay with us. For even in those few hours, you had shown me that Englishmen are not the same as Spaniards. When you were gone I pondered your actions. You did not come with a chain. You made no threats. You spoke to me courteously, with the respect due to a king. I had sorrow in my heart, for I had treated you like a Spaniard. Spaniards I hate! But it is not in my heart to hate you, Englishman."

"Thank you, Your Majesty," Raleigh said gently. "I am proud that you do not hate me. I pledge my word of honor that neither you nor your people shall ever have reason to do so."

"It is well." The old man rose stiffly, helping himself with his painted staff. "I will see to your men who are ill. But what ails the old one here?"

Captain Jacob Whiddon had neither eaten nor spoken since he came in with Keymis. Absorbed in conversation, the others had forgotten him. Now they looked toward him in concern. He lay motionless on his heap of furs, his eyes closed.

"Asleep," Keymis said. "The poor old fellow is worn out. This trip has been hard on him, Sir Walter."

"I begged him not to take an oar," Raleigh said anxiously. "He has not the strength for such labor."

Topiawari bent over the sleeping man, running his hands along the muscles, listening to the heartbeat, gently lifting an eyelid.

"This man will die soon," he pronounced. "He is not

old as I am old, but his days are spent. Death will call for him before the moon wanes."

He turned away indifferently. "There are those I can help, but not this one. Let him sleep. And you too, Englishmen, sleep now. Tomorrow we will talk again."

He stalked out, leaving them alone. Raleigh felt Whiddon's forehead. "There's no sign of fever. Did he say anything about being ill, Keymis?"

"Not a word. He was exhausted when we came in, but so was everyone else. He seems to be sleeping peacefully enough now."

"Yes. We'll stay here a few days, since the old king makes us so welcome. A few days' rest will do none of us any harm."

The Englishmen woke in the morning to find that the rain had stopped. A watery sun was struggling above the dripping trees. Captain Whiddon was on his feet before the others, cheerful as usual, and ready for his hearty breakfast.

The four fever-stricken men, whom Topiawari had visited while Raleigh slept, were definitely better. They complained that the medicine the old chief gave them was vile in taste, but they willingly submitted to further doses. They were up and about, fully recovered, by the next day.

The rains, except for a few hard showers and intermittent drizzle, held off for the week that Raleigh spent in Topiawari's town. The king entertained them royally with hunting trips in the daytime and a lavish feast every night. Raleigh held long conversations with the old ruler, who seemed to him, "though unlearned, as wise in mind as any philosopher of Oxford College."

Cautious at first, Raleigh found himself confiding his dream of English colonies in Guiana. Topiawari approved of it. The land was wide. There was plenty of

room for his white brothers. Together his warriors and the White Queen's would drive the Spanish dogs from their foothold at the mouth of the river.

Perhaps Topiawari would have approved any scheme that would rid him of the Spaniards. But his friendship for Raleigh seems to have been genuine. He was almost in tears when he came to say good-bye.

"I will come back," Sir Walter assured him. "Before the rains come again I'll be here, and many Englishmen with me."

"I shall not be here when you come again," the old man said sorrowfully. "Death calls for me every day. Soon, soon I must answer his call. But my people will await you. Walk with me now to my lodge. I have a gift for you."

The night, heavy with cloud, was closing in, a thin mist rising. The start was to be made at dawn.

"Another gift?" Raleigh asked as they walked toward the old chief's lodge. "You have been too generous already, Your Majesty. You have given us food and skins, and as many curious stones and shells as we can carry. There is no need for another gift."

"This is for you alone. It is a secret shared only by the oldest and wisest of our tribe. You must promise not to reveal it to anyone—no, not even to your Queen."

Raleigh promised, and Topiawari disappeared into his dwelling place. He came back with a deerskin bag filled with leaves, bark, bits of dried fungus and little wrapped bundles of powder.

"This is our medicine that cures all sickness," he explained. "All ills it makes well, except two. If the gods have decreed that a man's life approaches its natural end, as with the old one in your company, it has no power. The length of our lives is in the gods' hands, and we may not dispute their decree. Also our medicine will not pre-

vail if poison has been given. For all other ills it is a certain remedy. Listen closely, while I tell you how to compound it. But remember, no man must learn the art from you."

No man ever did, for Raleigh scrupulously kept his promise. Venezuela today exports many valuable herbs used in the treatment of disease. The cinchona tree from which quinine is obtained and the coca shrub that yields cocaine are both native to Topiawari's territory. At this very moment, scientists are searching the Orinoco jungle in hope of finding a source of vegetable cortisone. Perhaps the old chief had already found it. Any of the drugs we know, and many we do not know as yet, may have been in the little bag he gave to Raleigh. Sir Walter himself made some valuable medical experiments later, but they are lost to the world because he took his promise literally. It may be that modern scientists are still miles away from knowing all that the ancient chieftain knew, and passed along to his one white friend.

To Raleigh, in robust health and not particularly concerned with medicines, the gift was merely a token of esteem, one which he valued highly. He thanked the old man, gave him a miniature of Elizabeth in return, and said his last farewell.

Since Topiawari's village was some distance from the river bank, the Englishmen left at midnight for their boats. They pushed off at dawn in a driving rainstorm more furious than any they had yet experienced.

The rough journey downstream was a nightmare of discomfort, but the fierce current made it short. They reached Trinidad safely and found their ships waiting. Captain Whiddon went aboard his own bark, sought his cabin and lay down for a nap before dinner. When the boy came to call him he was dead.

The expedition did not linger long in Trinidad. The

captive Spanish governor, Berreo, was released with apologies which he accepted graciously enough. He bore no malice, realizing that in Raleigh's place he would have taken the same precautions.

The Spanish garrison was turned out to give staunch Captain Whiddon a fine military funeral. The Spanish soldiers, fraternizing with the English seamen who had lately been their jailers, loaded them down with a white ore found in the island, telling them that it was a mixture of gold and silver.

Very happily then the expedition sailed for home. Between the Trinidad ore and the specimens they had picked up along the Orinoco, the crews were certain that they carried their fortunes with them.

Raleigh did not bother with the Trinidad mineral. The island, for the present at least, was indisputably Spanish. The mainland so far was a No Man's Land, neither ruled by a Christian prince nor occupied by Christian people. Such land, according to Elizabeth's charter, he was authorized to seize for England. It was only there that the presence of gold was important to him.

He had his jar of refined gold dust and a quantity of rock specimens, both taken from far up the river, in regions occupied only by native Indians. He could prove that the new territory held gold, but he had other arguments for English settlement there. He had satisfied himself that the soil was fertile, that there were fine trees for timber and grass for pasture. If a mining industry could be developed, so much the better. There was always distress and unemployment in the English tin-mining towns. His colony would give miners a new chance to earn their livings in the new England that offered so fair a promise to farmers. There would be room for everybody, work and profit for all.

The voyage home, a stormy one, held only one disap-

pointment. Raleigh had planned to return by way of Virginia to see if he could find traces of his Lost Colony. But bad weather kept them far out at sea, so that he never came in sight of Virginia's shore. His associates were feverishly anxious to get home.

So, making the best time they could, they hurried on, arriving at Plymouth in August, 1595, seven months after the day of departure.

VIII

RALEIGH HURRIED up to London. Still forbidden to approach the Queen without her permission, he wrote her an urgent letter, saying that he was ready to report on the voyage at her pleasure. While he waited for the summons he took his ore specimens to the assayers.

Their answer came before the Queen's. The jar of dust he had found hidden in the bushes was unquestionably gold, already refined to purity. Some of the rocks from the Caroni region were rich in gold and silver. A few of the pebbles were amethysts of good weight and color.

His men were less fortunate. They had thrown away most of the Caroni minerals to make room in their sea bags for the white spar so plentiful in Trinidad. This proved to be iron pyrites, "fool's gold," the deceptive yellowish stuff that has mocked gold prospectors in all countries.

Elizabeth's summons, long delayed, came after Sir Walter was already upset by rumors that reached him. Some of his enemies maintained that he had never sailed at all, but had hidden away in Cornwall, making up this fantastic story to regain favor at court. Others, admitting the voyage, considered it a disastrous failure, since he had brought no great treasure home. The story of a ship-

load of worthless "fool's gold" was spread and laughed at before Raleigh had a chance to deny it.

He found his Queen cold and curt. The interview came at a bad time, for Her Majesty had other things on her mind.

Philip of Spain, sworn to avenge the Armada's destruction "if we must pawn the last candlestick on our altars," was preparing a new invasion. In the face of grave national danger, Elizabeth was in no mood to listen to travelers' tales.

The golden candlesticks Philip threatened to pawn had come from the New World. All of his wealth came from there—the money to build ships, to buy arms and pay soldiers.

Raleigh tried hard to convince his Queen that the surest, quickest way to meet the Spanish threat was by an attack on Philip's South American colonies. He would be obliged to send his fleet to protect the gold mines, and England would be safe. English ships would be in Caribbean waters, where the issue could be fought out, and where superior English naval skill must surely prevail as it had at Gravelines.

With the Spanish fleet crushed, then would come the establishment of English colonies. Since this was his real interest, it is possible that Raleigh talked too much of colonies and not enough of defeating the Spanish. Perhaps his enemies had already done their work too well, prejudicing Elizabeth against any plan he might offer. Perhaps she was still too angry over his marriage to favor anything he proposed.

Whatever the reason, Sir Walter left the palace a discouraged, defeated man. The Queen had suggested that he put his report in writing. Some day, when she had leisure and was in the mood for light reading, she would look it over. That was all the satisfaction she gave him.

He went down to Sherborne, where Lady Raleigh and the baby son awaited him. Little Walter, now a year old, was a sturdy child with his father's blue-gray eyes and his mother's fair curly hair. The harvest was in, the apple trees were bending with ripe fruit. Sherborne offered tranquil peace and comfort to a travel-weary man. Bess dared to hope that this time her husband would be content to settle down and share the life she loved.

He settled down long enough to write the report the Queen had suggested. Sorting out his notes and drawings, recalling the stories the Indians had told and what his own eyes had seen, he set it all down in one of the most delightful travel books in the English language.

The Discovery of the Large, Rich and Beautiful Empire of Guiana contains the Manoa story, and others even more fantastic. It speaks of strange monsters, of men whose heads grew out of their chests, of fierce Amazon tribes. Raleigh is scrupulously careful to say that these things were told to him, that he did not see them himself. He had no way of judging whether they were true. He did see an armadillo, a creature quite as novel to English eyes as the monsters he only heard of. He related the stories as they came to him, without vouching for their truth.

Where his own observation was concerned, he was amazingly accurate. He filled pages with colorful descriptions of birds and animals, of plants and landscapes. These descriptions were so true to life that explorers for centuries afterward have been able to recognize the originals when they came upon them.

Smarting under the Queen's indifference, Raleigh published his report as a book. He sent her the first copy. She paid little or no attention to it, but the world at large received it with great enthusiasm. Sir Walter's literary skill, as effective in prose as in poetry, held his readers

spellbound. The book was translated into German, Dutch and Latin. Shakespeare read it, and borrowed from it when he had Othello recount his adventures. Walter Raleigh, discredited as an explorer and out of favor at court, saw himself hailed as an outstanding author of adventure fiction.

It was the last thing he wanted. He had written with a serious purpose, to interest his countrymen in a Guiana settlement. Instead, he succeeded only in providing a thrill for the reading public. No one wanted to go to Guiana. Everyone wanted to read about it. If he had chosen, he might have lived out a peaceful and honored life on the profits of this book and others like it.

Of course he did not choose. The Spanish threat was growing more menacing. England was in danger. If the Queen would not avert the danger according to his plan, then he must join in whatever plan she did accept. In the face of her hostility, he resolutely pressed for his place in the defense of his country.

He wrote to the Queen and to her Lord High Admiral, offering to join in any expedition against Spain, serving even as a common seaman. Raleigh was an experienced naval commander, and his humble offer is probably not to be taken too seriously. But the fact that so proud a man could stoop to make it shows his deep concern.

The Queen's present plan was a raid upon Cádiz harbor, where the Spanish fleet was assembling. The Lord High Admiral was having his troubles in organizing the expedition. He would command it in person. But he was growing old, and badly needed younger lieutenants upon whom he could rely.

Drake, who had seconded him so gloriously in the Armada affair, was lately dead, and brave John Hawkins with him. Their last privateering venture had come to

its sad end early in this same year, in a battle off Puerto Rico. Anxiously the Lord Admiral was casting about for someone to take Drake's place.

The best he could do so far was to choose his son Thomas, who had commanded the expedition in which Richard Grenville lost his life. Thomas Howard had a good reputation as a naval officer, although he was later to prove himself better suited to politics than to battle.

The elder Howard proposed his son as Vice Admiral in the Cádiz operation, and found the Queen agreeable. But before the Lord High Admiral could express his thanks, Elizabeth added a dismaying order. The Earl of Essex would share leadership with him. He was not to be a subordinate but a joint commander.

Robert Devereaux, Earl of Essex, had first come to court as a boy of twenty, in the year of Mary Stuart's execution. He was tall, athletic, strikingly handsome, with dark dreamy eyes and pouting red lips. His idea of winning the Queen's attention was an original one. Where all the other courtiers professed respectful adoration, young Essex treated the royal lady with offhand impudence. He criticized the cut of her gowns, corrected her dance steps, and beat her at cards.

This was something new to Elizabeth. At first she enjoyed it. Young Essex was constantly in her company, crowding out the old circle of "planets." She made him her Master of the Horse and a Knight of the Garter, exceptional honors for so young a man.

Unfortunately for the new favorite, he was too conceited to make the best of his opportunities. Elizabeth found a little impertinence amusing, but that did not mean she welcomed it as a steady diet. Essex's brilliant friend Francis Bacon warned him that he must be care-

ful; a warning he did not take. He fell from favor, was recalled, fell and was recalled again.

Now after nine years of ups and downs, Essex was high in the Queen's good graces at the time of the Cádiz expedition. She appointed him co-commander with Lord Howard, privately charging the old Admiral to see that he was not exposed to danger.

Howard would not have welcomed Essex in any case, even to command his smallest ship. The young Earl, who had served with both the army and the navy, was noted for reckless daring combined with exceedingly poor judgment. He gloried in leading spectacular charges against hopeless odds, risking his own life and that of his followers. So far his life had been preserved, but many men died whose death brought no gain except to enhance the fame of their romantic young leader.

Lord Admiral Howard of Effingham, veteran of Gravelines, was England's foremost naval officer, a skilled, experienced man who had made sea warfare his lifework. Much of his success had come through the invaluable aid of men like Francis Drake, John Hawkins, Martin Frobisher and Richard Grenville. They were all gone now, and in their place he was offered this upstart, this popinjay in gilt armor, this arrogant, sulky boy who dared to speak rudely to the Queen herself!

The old sea lord fussed and fumed, but only in private. When Raleigh's letter came it seemed a godsend. He was no friend of Sir Walter, but he did respect his sound seamanship and ability to command. It would be a blessed relief to have one captain under him whose skill and courage could be relied upon.

Thomas Howard agreed with his father that Raleigh must by all means be included. They went to Sir Robert Cecil, just about to succeed his father Lord Burghley as the Queen's First Minister. Cecil had intervened for

Raleigh once before, when he had him released from the Tower to divide the *Madre de Dios* treasure. He readily agreed to speak for him again.

The Queen gave her reluctant consent. Raleigh and Thomas Howard were appointed Vice Admirals, under the joint command of the older Howard and Lord Essex.

To the Vice Admirals fell the inglorious job of recruiting common sailors. There was only one way, the process called "impressment." Experienced seamen fought shy of the navy; they found privateering, with its rich prizes, far more to their taste. Landsmen feared the sea and the Spaniards about equally. Raleigh and Howard spent long days on the Plymouth waterfront, buying drinks in the alehouses, dragging able-bodied men aboard when they were too drunk to resist. The men recruited in this way were a poor lot, but no others were available.

After many delays the fleet sailed on June 1, 1596. There were ninety English men-of-war in line, soon joined by twenty-four Dutch vessels. Besides their crews they carried several thousand infantrymen. Raleigh's squadron of twenty-two ships was headed by *Her Majesty's Warspite.* Lord Howard had for his flagship the famous old *Ark Royal* whose brass cannon had struck terror into the mighty Armada.

The weather was rough, so that it was several days before they came in sight of Cádiz. Lying a half-league offshore, they watched the sun rise over the famous old city, home port of the rich treasure fleet. They could see the harbor crowded with warships and gold galleons. This was a town worth taking! The minds of all the commanders must have flown to the gold, the tapestries and art treasures, the jewels and spices stowed beneath that mass of red-tiled roofs.

The young Earl of Essex looked and made up his mind.

Consulting no one, he made for a sloping beach above the harbor. There he ordered his boats lowered and began to disembark his soldiers. The surf, so gentle seeming from the bridge of a tall battleship, tossed the little boats and filled them. Eighty men drowned in the first five minutes.

Raleigh, coming up after chasing some Spanish ships into harbor, was horrified to see what was going on. He had no authority over the Earl, but he hurried to consult with the Lord High Admiral.

Urgently Raleigh pointed out the folly of attacking the town while it was protected by the enemy's ships. The young Earl's hasty action might well imperil the whole attempt and bring it down to early defeat.

"But what am I to do?" Howard demanded. "He is my co-commander. I can't stop him. Why I had to be saddled with this young fool—"

"Never mind. There is a way. Order your son Thomas and myself to lead the van into the harbor, with my lord Essex waiting in reserve. Then when we have disposed of the Spanish ships, his will be the honor of leading the infantrymen in the assault upon the town. He has had more military than naval experience anyway. Convince him that we simple sailors depend entirely upon his military genius to clinch the victory."

The old man raised his heavy eyes. "He who clinches the victory," he said slowly, "returns the victor."

Raleigh's gaze met his. "I know. Isn't that what is wanted?"

It was, and they both knew it. Queen Elizabeth, sending her young favorite upon this mission, meant him to return with the victor's laurels. That was why he had been named commander. But if victory did not come, then the old, unglamorous Howard was there to bear the blame for defeat.

Howard, who had served his Queen with doglike fidelity for thirty years, did not presume to criticize her now. Sighing a little, he agreed to Raleigh's plan. It had one further merit. With the harbor defenses crushed, the land fighting was not likely to be too dangerous. It was the best possible way to follow Elizabeth's instructions and see that Essex came to no harm.

So the *Warspite* led the way into the battle of Cádiz, the last great battle of the Spanish war. Besides thirty ships and a number of galleys, the harbor held the pride of the Spanish fleet, four great men-of-war named for the Apostles, Philip, Andrew, Thomas and Matthew.

At sight of the first two Raleigh cursed aloud. These were the ships that had destroyed the *Revenge* and captured his beloved cousin. It was on the *St. Philip's* deck that the dying hero had breathed his last words: "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, having ended my life like a true soldier that has fought for his country, his Queen, his religion and his honor."

On this day at Cádiz the *St. Philip* paid for Grenville's life, sinking in a sheet of flame and a thousand Spaniards with her. The *St. Thomas* burned also. The *St. Andrew* and *St. Matthew* were captured.

The naval engagement lasted a little more than three hours. Then, with the protecting ships destroyed or captured, with the shore installations wrecked by remorseless cannonading, the Lord Admiral turned active direction over to Essex and his army. There were less than two hundred soldiers in Cádiz, but about five thousand citizens armed themselves and put up a feeble resistance. Essex cut them down with little difficulty, and led a parade of triumph into the town.

With Cádiz thoroughly sacked, their holds stuffed with booty, the English ships turned homeward. Essex had been particularly pleased to come across a warehouse

stocked with velvet in the bright orange that was his favorite color. He made a stunning figure in his orange velvet cloak as he knelt to receive the Queen's thanks. By her command the Vicar of St. Paul preached a victory sermon, praising Essex as the greatest general since Julius Caesar.

The men who had paved the way for the young Earl's triumph received smaller rewards, but Raleigh at least had no reason to complain. Her Majesty complimented him and revoked the ban against his presence at court, although she still refused to receive his wife. He was restored to active service as Captain of the Guard. Young Essex, with sense enough to see that Raleigh had saved him from disaster, admitted him to his uncertain friendship.

Once again it seemed that the clouds had cleared for Walter Raleigh. He and his new friend Essex undertook another blow against the Spanish in the Azores Islands—a disastrous attempt in which Raleigh took a town and found it wise to give Essex the credit for it. Otherwise the expedition was a complete failure.

It was the last expedition against Spain, and its failure did not particularly matter. Philip II died in 1598, two years after the Cádiz raid. With him died the long war between England and Spain, a curious war never officially declared, fought under cover of pretended friendship on both sides. It had involved the great question of which nation should control the seas, and the question was settled now. Spain's mastery of the water had passed to England. For centuries to come, Britannia would rule the waves.

IX

YOUNG LORD ESSEX, riding the crest of his popularity with Queen and people, grew insufferably arrogant. He had always had a high opinion of himself. Now his conceit knew no limits. His policy of rudeness, which worked so well with Her Majesty, was extended to everyone. There were men at court who resented it, although they found it wise to keep their resentment hidden.

One of these men was Sir Robert Cecil. His father, Lord Burghley, had been the Queen's most trusted counselor for forty years. The old man had carefully groomed his son to replace him. Robert Cecil, a hunchback, had none of the charms the Queen admired, but he had a brilliant mind and a sound political education. When Lord Burghley died in 1598, Elizabeth heeded his dying wish and gave his office to his son.

In the old days, Elizabeth had kept a sharp distinction between her political advisers and her favored courtiers. Her charming, poetry-writing young men were the companions of her play-time. In affairs of state she depended upon men like Burghley. With them she dropped her skittish airs and graces, becoming the serious, responsible sovereign with only her country's good at heart.

The older courtiers understood this distinction very well. Young Essex might have lived longer if he too had recognized it. In his boundless vanity he thought that

he could play both parts. Instead of leaving political advice to the capable Cecil, he took it upon himself to criticize the minister and offer his own opinions on matters of which he knew nothing.

Cecil, concealing his hatred and biding his time, played a clever game. He allowed Essex to talk freely, drawing him out before the Queen, encouraging him to expose his ignorance. Elizabeth was old and ailing, but she knew a foolish remark when she heard one. It was Cecil's aim to show him up in her eyes as a complete fool where state matters were concerned.

It all came to a head one day when Elizabeth was considering the appointment of someone to put down a new rebellion in Ireland. Essex had thrust himself into the discussion, urging the appointment of a knight he disliked and wanted to see removed from court.

The Queen mildly rejected his suggestion. Then, in one of his famous fits of temper, Essex angrily turned his back upon her.

Elizabeth had forgiven such displays of insolence in private, but this occurred before the full Council. She raised her hand and gave him a sharp box on the ear, bidding him, in her favorite phrase, to "get gone and be hanged."

He apologized, and the incident seemed closed. But from that day Her Majesty's affection cooled, and the Earl's resentment grew. They were two proud people. Back-turning and ear-boxing were insults that neither could ever really forgive.

The Queen, prompted by the astute Cecil, decided that Essex himself was the man to send to Ireland. She gave him an army of 16,000 men, the largest force she had ever sent out of England, and a chance to win new fame by subduing the Irish rebel leader Tyrone. Cecil had no objection to this. Military glory the young Earl might

have in fullest measure, so long as he was barred from Cecil's own domain of statecraft.

Essex went sullenly to Ireland. Seeing his mission as banishment, he resented it bitterly. He wrote long letters to the Queen, to Cecil, and to everyone else around the court, protesting that he was being treated as a criminal. He tried a few badly planned actions against the Irish and suffered defeat on the unfamiliar ground. Finally he concluded a truce with Tyrone and sent word that he was returning to London.

The story of the truce was received in shocked amazement. He had four times the number of men the Irish chieftain could muster. Why had he chosen not to fight it out? Was there disloyalty here? The Irish people, linked to Spain through their Catholic religion and their common hatred of England, had had Spanish aid before. What if this were an Irish-Spanish plot, with Essex at its head? Suppose he led his huge army back to England, and against the Queen?

He came alone, leaving his army behind, but the suspicions persisted. The Queen received him coldly, reproving him for leaving his post without permission, demanding to know what he meant by the truce with Tyrone. He answered insolently, as he had been accustomed to do. Elizabeth ordered him from her presence. Twelve hours later she issued a warrant for his arrest.

Essex spent almost a year in confinement. It was an easy captivity in his own home, but the disgrace drove his haughty spirit to the point of madness. It is kinder and more reasonable to believe that he was actually insane when his release came. His actions from that point on are certainly those of a madman.

In August, 1600, Essex was told that he might go where he would, so long as he did not approach the

court. He went to the home of Lord Southampton, the man who was Shakespeare's patron. Southampton, who had served under him in Ireland, was Essex's closest friend, and completely under his influence.

To this loyal supporter Essex revealed a plan for "the alteration of the state." Its chief feature was the capture and imprisonment of Queen Elizabeth, "but without injury or violence." Beyond that, all was to be left to the wisdom of Lord Essex. The wild young Earl of Southampton fell in with the scheme, and the plot began to take shape.

Just how the secret of it leaked out is unknown. Some historians credit Sir Walter Raleigh with learning of it through a servant of Southampton's. Others say that Cecil, who had his spies everywhere, ferreted it out.

In these years after Cádiz Raleigh had managed to keep himself fairly free of the Essex-Cecil rivalry. He was a busy man, serving as a member of Parliament, advising Her Majesty when requested, improving the lot of Cornish miners, supervising his estates in Ireland and England. At about the time of Essex's imprisonment he was made governor of Jersey, one of the Channel Islands.

Whether or not Raleigh exposed the Essex plot, he was chosen by the Queen to investigate it. He met a supporter of the young Earl by appointment, a mysterious meeting in small boats on the Thames River. Instead of receiving information Raleigh was four times fired upon, luckily without being hit.

Elizabeth sent four other messengers to Essex House, with a letter assuring the Earl that she would believe him if he swore he was not plotting against her. He locked the envoys in his cellar and gathered his fighting men for a siege.

Raleigh was one of the officers sent to capture him.

The task was not too difficult, for the Essex servants laid down their arms and ran when a small cannon was wheeled into place. Essex and his friend Southampton gave up their swords and were marched away to the Tower.

The two earls were tried by a jury of their peers, found guilty of treason, and condemned to death. Raleigh, as Captain of the Guard, gave the order for the execution. Essex's friends, blaming Raleigh for the young lord's capture, chose to believe that he gloated over the sight. In evidence they pointed out that just before the ax fell Raleigh smoked a pipe of tobacco. He did indeed smoke then. And he smoked his pipe again before another execution, when the charge of callousness could scarcely be brought against him.

Essex died in February, 1601. With him went the last flicker of gaiety that once had brightened Elizabeth's gloomy Whitehall Palace. There were no more dances, no more merry hunting parties, no more river excursions. For years the Queen had fought the approach of age and illness, resolutely maintaining that she was immortally young and beautiful. Now the pitiful pretense was laid aside. Her Majesty's mind grew slow and heavy, like her tired old body.

Once she had welcomed men of wit and learning, delighting to exchange witty banter with them, to cap their impromptu verses with her own. New stars were arising in the literary world, greater than the planets who had once circled about her as their sun. William Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, John Donne and Thomas Dekker, Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher—these were all young men whose genius was just coming into bloom.

Elizabeth, the gracious patroness of Spenser and Marlowe, cared little for the new crop of poets. Once in awhile she invited them to read their works to her, often

falling asleep during the reading. London's literary center was no longer the royal palace, but the friendly old Mermaid Tavern so dear to the previous generation. The Queen was too old and too tired to bother with poets now.

Sir Walter Raleigh, sure of his welcome at the Mermaid, loyally spent long dull hours in Elizabeth's company. He was the last of her old friends. In this evening of her life he was the dearest. He played cards with her, seeing to it that she won in spite of her fumbling fingers and dim eyes. He listened to her endless reminiscences, laughed at her feeble jokes, paid her still the courtly compliments she cherished. She repaid him by confiding everything, even the physical ills that she stubbornly concealed from her doctors.

Here Sir Walter was able to help her. He brought out the herbs and roots old Topiawari had given him, brewing the mixture according to directions. Elizabeth declared that "Walter's Great Balsam" gave her new life.

It could not do that, and Raleigh knew it if she did not. Her long life was drawing to its natural close, and Topiawari had warned him that under such circumstances the remedy was powerless. It did give her some temporary relief. Both the ingredients of the mixture and the nature of the Queen's ailments are unknown. It may have contained quinine, and she may have had malaria. This would account for the sudden bursts of improvement, when a dose enabled her to mount her horse or join stiffly in the dance. But the Great Balsam was no elixir of life. It could not ward off the shadow of oncoming death moving steadily toward her.

She refused to see the shadow, or speak of it. She forbade the word *death* to be mentioned in her presence in any connection whatever. With equal firmness she

refused to hear a word on another subject that was agitating her counselors, the subject of her successor.

Since Elizabeth had not married and had children, there was no direct heir. This threw the succession back to the Scottish royal house. The father of Mary Queen of Scots had been a nephew of Elizabeth's father, Henry VIII. Mary's second husband and cousin, Lord Darnley, had also been Henry's nephew. This seemed to give their son, James VI of Scotland, the clearest claim.

However, there were other claimants. One of them was Darnley's niece, pretty little Arabella Stuart. She was in her late teens, a charming child strikingly like the ill-fated Mary in her youth. She would have made a lovely queen.

Arabella had her supporters at the English court. There were advantages about a girl queen, who presumably could be led in the way her statesmen wished her to go. It was well known that James of Scotland, a stubborn, narrow man of thirty-five, would not be led by anyone. When Elizabeth was gone, what would become of the men she had appointed to high office? It was a question these men had to consider, whether the Queen liked it or not.

They could not discuss it with her, but they discussed it guardedly among themselves. Cecil in particular, a man of boundless ambition, was ruthlessly determined to keep his high position under the new ruler, whoever it might be. Sounding out the members of Parliament and the most important nobles, he concluded that England was ripe for a king.

Elizabeth had succeeded another queen. Only very old people could remember when a man had worn the crown. Bluff King Hal, his cruelties forgotten, had grown into a cherished legend. Though they did not dare express it while Elizabeth lived, her people were whispering

among themselves that it was time for a man to rule over them.

Robert Cecil, having taken his private poll, got in touch with James of Scotland, assuring him that he could count upon Cecil to help him to the throne. A number of lesser nobles wrote similar letters. It was all very secret, for Elizabeth was not dead yet, and she had not lost her power to punish what she would certainly have considered treason.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who had met and liked the girl, is supposed to have favored the choice of Lady Arabella Stuart. However, there is no proof, and it was not even charged at his trial that he made any effort in her behalf before the Queen's death. There is not a grain of proof that he ever made such an effort at any time. The one certain thing is that he took no part in the plan to secure James's accession. This was his crime in the new King's eyes.

On November 17, 1602, Elizabeth celebrated the forty-fourth anniversary of her coronation. She was now in her seventieth year. Her health was slightly improved, and she went through the elaborate anniversary ceremonies with something of her old spirit. The Christmas season that year was gay enough to make Cecil write anxiously to James that he must be patient, the time was not yet.

Immediately after the New Year Elizabeth moved from Whitehall to Richmond Palace, her favorite residence. Her strength was failing again. She refused to go to bed or to see a doctor. She prowled incessantly through her rooms, walking, walking, muttering to herself of the long-dead past. Her frightened maids followed her about with cushions, heaping them on the floor to receive her when she fell. She fell often, but painfully raised herself and resumed her restless pacing. She grew so

weak that she could no longer resist when at last her women dared lift her and put her to bed.

Sir Robert Cecil took charge, admitting no one to the palace but his trusted followers. He drew up a proclamation declaring James King of England. Horses were placed all along the way to Scotland, so that the death news could reach James without delay. Then, with everything in readiness, Cecil boldly set himself to wring consent from the dying woman.

Elizabeth was conscious when he strode into the death chamber. Her attendants, all anxious to curry favor with the powerful Cecil, confirmed his story of the interview, although it appears in two different versions.

One is that, when Cecil asked her who should succeed her, she replied distinctly, "No base man, but a king." In the other story she was beyond speech, but merely clasped her two hands over her head to indicate a crown. This, if this is what happened, would mean the same thing. She died three days later, on March 24, 1603.

Probably it would have made little difference if she had named Arabella. Cecil had decided upon James. It was all done very legally and properly, with the Councilors meeting in Westminster to proclaim King James "our only undoubted Sovereign Lord and King," and inviting him to "enter upon this his Kingdom at his good will and pleasure." Their task was a simple one. They had only to sign their names to the document Cecil had prepared weeks before.

England gave her great Queen a magnificent funeral. Sir Walter Raleigh and his Guard escorted the casket to Westminster Abbey, standing at attention throughout the night and the long service that followed.

His mourning was unclouded by worry over his own fate. Cecil and the two Howards, James's chief supporters, were his old friends. Personally he might have

preferred young Arabella for the throne, but since the choice had been made he was prepared to place his sword and his talents loyally at the disposal of his new king.

The Queen had been his friend, although an uncertain and often an unjust one. For his dead friend he grieved. But he would not have been human if he had not seen possibilities in the new reign. For one thing, England had become a larger, stronger country overnight. The fourteenth century Scottish hero, Robert Bruce, had fought a bitter war to establish Scotland's independence of England. With the two countries united now under one king, James would rule a far greater territory than Elizabeth had commanded.

And it could be greater still! Raleigh had never been able to interest Elizabeth in his dream of a British Empire overseas. Now, with a new sovereign to approach, all his hopes revived. He would see James, convince him of the value of a Guiana settlement, win his support for a large-scale undertaking. What could be simpler?

He could not wait for the new King to make his leisurely entry into London. James was traveling down from Scotland by easy stages, resting in the homes of his English supporters. He was now at Burghley House, the country home of Cecil's elder brother. Raleigh, with a bit of routine business for an excuse, mounted his horse and galloped off for his first interview.

X

RALEIGH AND a friend, an old comrade of Cádiz named Robert Crosse, reached the town of Stamford at nightfall. They slept at the inn, sending a groom with a letter to nearby Burghley House. The man came back with a note granting them an audience at noon on the following day.

The two gentlemen spent the morning preparing to make the best possible appearance. Elizabeth, delighting in fine clothes, had trained her courtiers well. More than once some luckless knight had been ordered from her presence because his ruff was crumpled, or his silk hose wrinkled. James's views on this subject were not known, but Raleigh and Crosse assumed that he would be equally fastidious. They laid aside their leather riding jackets and arrayed themselves in the velvets and satins, the jewels and plumed hats of formal court wear.

The visitors were shown into the dining room, where King James sat at dinner. With him at table were his host, Lord Burghley, his secretary Thomas Lake, a few English gentlemen and a number of Scottish lords. Raleigh could hardly conceal his astonishment at first sight of his new King.

James of Scotland, short and thick, with a straggling beard, was a dirty man. There was no other word for it. His doublet was soiled and spotted; the muslin bands at his wrists were filthy. He wore no ruff, but a grimy

shirt collar framed his greasy neck. From time to time he scratched himself, and with good reason.

It is hard to say which man was most repelled by what he saw. Raleigh's immaculate laces and velvets were to James the sign of a "witless fool of fashion," as he afterward declared. His cousin Elizabeth, he had heard, had encouraged such displays of godless extravagance at her court. Well, things would be different now.

Raleigh approached with a graceful bow, kneeling to kiss his sovereign's hand. The practiced ease of the gesture was another affront. James, with no manners of his own, was instantly suspicious of fine manners in others.

"Raleigh, eh?" he said in his thick Scots accent. "Faith, I think but rawly o' ye, mon!"

For a pun so crude and pointless Elizabeth would have boxed a courtier's ears. But the men around James laughed uproariously, exclaiming to each other in loud whispers, "Such wit!" "What a ready tongue!"

Raleigh flushed and rose to his feet. He would have presented Crosse, but the King gave him no opening.

"Well, sir, what's your business wi' us?" he demanded.

Raleigh's business, he had hoped, was to make the King's acquaintance. He knew Lord Burghley, and expected that he would be invited to join the house party. When the ice was broken and he had impressed James with his competence, he meant to bring up the matter of the American colonies.

Instead he was not asked to share the meal, or even offered a chair. Lord Burghley moved uneasily under Sir Walter's questioning look, but kept silent. This was the stupid son, despised by his late father, passed over for his brilliant younger brother. Burghley knew that Robert would never forgive him if he did anything to endanger the Cecil fortunes now.

There was nothing for Raleigh to do but to bring forth

the business matter that was his excuse for the visit. He wanted a letter continuing his legal powers in Cornwall, granted him long ago by Elizabeth, but now needing formal endorsement by her successor.

James turned to the secretary at his side and ordered him to write the letter. "Let it be delivered right speedily, that Raleigh may be gone again," he ordered. He picked up his spoon and went on noisily eating his soup. The audience was over.

Raleigh and Crosse rode back to the inn, down the country lane sweet with blossoming hawthorn, golden with April sun. On the way to Burghley House they had spoken with delight of the smiling countryside. They were blind to it now.

"The man's an oaf!" Crosse exclaimed angrily. "Calls himself a king, and dresses like a kitchen scullion! And such insulting manners I have never seen. I'm surprised that you took it, Walter. If he'd spoken like that to me I think I'd have drawn my sword. Yes, by Gad, I'd have run him through, king or no king!"

Raleigh glanced at his friend with a slight smile. Robert Crosse, one of Essex's followers, had taken worse insults in plenty from the young Earl. After the death of Essex he had attached himself to Raleigh. Sir Walter did not think the attachment was very deep. He guessed, and rightly, that Crosse would soon find it possible to put up with King James's little peculiarities.

His guess carried no blame, for he had already made up his own mind. Now he spoke calmly enough.

"We were strangers to His Majesty, Robert. I intruded upon his dinner with a small matter that might well have waited until he came to London. It was his right to reprove me."

Crosse stared at him. "Then you're not furious? You must be. You're a proud man, Raleigh. Even the Queen

wouldn't have dared treat you like that. Certainly you must resent it!"

"It is not for a knight to resent his prince's actions," Sir Walter said mildly. "The Queen is gone, God rest her soul! There were bound to be changes. Well, change has come. King James is—as he is. He is our king, and we are bound by our knightly oath to serve him faithfully. Nothing that has happened today releases me from my oath. I remain His Majesty's loyal servant."

Crosse was silent. He was already repenting his own outburst. It was necessary to walk carefully in these early days of the new reign, unwise to say anything that would not bear repeating. Raleigh, an older and more experienced courtier, had set him an example of discretion. And yet—was it discretion, pure and simple?

The younger man cast his mind backward. He had known Raleigh for many years. So far as he could remember, Sir Walter had never been known to utter a word against Elizabeth. She might rage over his marriage, ignore his wife, imprison and disgrace him, as indeed she had done. But no man had ever heard him speak of her with anything but studied respect. In exile he had pondered new ways to serve her. In and out of favor, through good fortune and bad, he had never given the Queen anything but absolute devotion.

Thinking over Raleigh's words, recalling all that he knew of the man, the cynical Sir Robert had a moment of illumination. Knighthood was a pleasant thing to have, carrying a *Sir* before one's name and a chance of future advancement. In accepting it, the knight swore to honor, serve and defend his sovereign with his life. With considerable astonishment Crosse realized that the man beside him regarded the oath, not as part of a pretty ceremony, but as a solemn undertaking. Whether the sovereign was an admirable person or not had nothing to do with it.

Here was a knight to whom his oath meant exactly what it said.

The moment passed, and doubt crept in. Perhaps he was only imagining all that. Discreet—yes, Raleigh had always been discreet. Why should it be anything more? Crosse's own words, spoken but a few minutes ago, were enough to hang him if they came to the King's ears. Well, from whatever motive, Raleigh had set him a good example. He would watch his tongue back in London, when they asked him what he thought of the new King.

Raleigh would have been surprised and a little saddened if he could have read his young companion's mind. To him there was nothing particularly noble about taking his knightly oath literally. An oath was an oath, a solemn promise made in God's name. Naturally a man of honor fulfilled it; if he broke it he had no honor. In this simple faith, this unquestioning acceptance of the validity of the pledged word, Walter Raleigh lived. By it in the end he died.

At the moment his mind was not dwelling upon abstract principles, for he was a practical man. He was disappointed in the new King's personality, and annoyed that the first meeting had gone so badly. But there would be other meetings. Perhaps James would improve on acquaintance. He could hardly be more opposed to the colonial scheme than Elizabeth; he might be less so. The matter had not been discussed, so at least there had been no rejection. All might yet be well.

It was with a fairly light heart that he parted from Crosse and went down to Sherborne. He had hopes that the new King would let him bring his wife to court.

This was a hope that Lady Raleigh did not share. Bess was much happier in the country. She would have been happier still if her husband could spend more time with her and the boy. She was delighted that the King's slow

progress southward gave her husband nothing to do in London, and kept him at home for a few carefree weeks.

London was having an epidemic of the plague, of which King James had a superstitious fear. He therefore lingered outside the capital, establishing himself finally at Windsor Castle on the Thames, twenty-two miles from London.

Early in the summer James relieved Raleigh of his post as Captain of the Guard, giving it to a Scot. His reason, that he preferred to be attended by a fellow-countryman, seemed natural enough. Sir Walter was summoned for the ceremony of transferring command, and invited to the banquet afterward. The King was more courteous than he had been on their first meeting. He received Raleigh several times afterward, when affairs in Cornwall and Jersey needed to be discussed. Sir Walter began to feel that he was making some progress in gaining the King's confidence.

Actually, James's dislike grew with every meeting. Everything about Raleigh annoyed him, from his lace ruff to his silver pipe. His Majesty considered smoking an invention of the devil, a visible sample of the hellfire that awaited all who practiced the habit. Once his views were known, the courtiers who had enjoyed a pipe gave it up, and burned their clothing that smelled of it. Sir Walter naturally did not smoke in the King's presence, but he saw no reason to dispense with what he considered a harmless pleasure. Not the least of his offenses was that he came before His Majesty "reeking of the Pit."

There is little doubt that the King's dislike was fed by Raleigh's enemies. In the mad scramble to secure the monarch's favor, it was every man for himself. The Scots James had brought with him looked with suspicion upon all Englishmen; Englishmen who hoped to advance

themselves could not do it by defending one of their number who had failed to please His Majesty. Many courtiers who had envied Raleigh's influence with Elizabeth were only too happy to help discredit him now. In little ways and big ones they fed the flames of the King's prejudice against him.

Raleigh went serenely on his way, convinced that he had only to prove his loyalty by devoted service. He tried again and again to bring up the subject of colonies, but was never given the opportunity. He did present one project, however, in which he thought James could not fail to be interested. This was a way to end the struggle with Spain, once and for all.

Philip II, who had hated England with unremitting hatred, was dead now. His successor shared his father's hatred but had none of his father's ability. Raleigh thought that a sharp, decisive blow now would reduce Spain to submission. He told James that with an army of only two thousand men, which he would raise at his own expense, he could invade Spain and give the Spaniards such a lesson that they would gladly conclude a lasting peace.

Nothing could have horrified James more. The long hostility between Spain and England meant nothing to him, for he was not an Englishman. Scotland had had no trouble with Spain; James expected none now. He was already cultivating Philip III with friendly letters, lavishly entertaining his ambassadors, withdrawing help from the rebel Netherlands. And now this firebrand came along and talked of invasion!

King James was a timid man whose teeth chattered at the very sight of a drawn sword. He saw Raleigh's plan, not as a move against Spain, but as an excuse to raise an army that could be turned against himself. He well knew that many Englishmen had not favored his

accession. Arabella Stuart had had her partisans, Sir Walter Raleigh among them.

Raleigh, James remembered—or perhaps was reminded—had not joined Cecil and the Howards in championing his cause when Elizabeth lay dying. Suppose this Spanish scheme was nothing but a plot to unseat him? A bold plot too, for it meant raising an army under his very nose, even with his royal permission. Oh, no, His Majesty was no such fool as that! Congratulating himself on seeing through the scheme, he curtly refused his permission. He did not forget that it had been asked.

Raleigh's proposal had been made in good faith. But the King was quite right in suspecting that some of his new subjects were plotting against him. Through that hot, plague-smitten summer London seethed with plots. The better the English became acquainted with their new King, the more they disliked him. He was not yet formally crowned. Some of them thought they could arrange things so that he would not be.

Much of the dissatisfaction was religious. James, son of a Catholic mother and baptized in that faith, had turned into a narrowly bigoted Protestant who proposed to "scourge the Papists from the land." He was to prove equally oppressive toward the Protestant Puritans, but in the beginning it was his Catholic subjects who suffered most.

The first conspiracy, called the Bye Plot, was a Catholic one. Its supposed purpose was not to dethrone the King, but to seize him and hold him prisoner until he guaranteed tolerance to the Catholic faith. Two priests, William Watson and Francis Clarke, began it, drawing in the sons of some prominent Catholic families. Among these were Lord Cobham, Warden of the Cinque Ports, and his dissolute younger brother George Brooke.

The Bye Plot got nowhere, and soon fell to pieces.

But Cobham and his brother went on to another plan, one to depose James and put Arabella Stuart in his place. In return for the throne she was to promise to allow the free practice of Catholicism. The girl was not consulted, since it was taken for granted that she would be delighted to become queen on those terms.

Cobham got in touch with the Austrian ambassador, Count d'Arenbergh, Catholic also, and very close to the royal house of Spain. D'Arenbergh either did or did not approve the plan and agree to finance it. Cobham got the impression that he did. D'Arenbergh was never questioned. He left the country before the trials began, loaded with presents and assurances of the King's good will. The part he played, or whether he played any part at all, is not clear.

Cobham, believing that he could count upon Spanish gold, went ahead with great enthusiasm, drawing in several men from the older Bye Plot and recruiting many new ones for what became known as the Main Plot. Many of the new conspirators were Protestants who had come to hate James more than they hated Catholicism.

One young man, Anthony Copley, had been an eager participant in both plots. He was a romantic, hotheaded young fool who could not keep from boasting of the heroic role he expected to play. He boasted to his sister, who told her husband, who told old Howard, the Lord High Admiral.

The Admiral passed it on to his King. Copley was arrested and questioned under torture. He gave away both plots, revealing the names of everyone concerned in them. Lord Cobham and his brother, George Brooke, were arrested and questioned in their turn.

Cobham was a long-time friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, an inferior sort of person who tried to imitate him in dress and speech. The King's inquisitors demanded to

know if Cobham were imitating Raleigh now; if Sir Walter were not indeed the brains of the plot. Cobham replied that Raleigh had no knowledge of it. George Brooke, the weaker of the two, immediately blurted out that "Among ourselves we thought Sir Walter Raleigh a fit man to be of the action."

It was not much, but it was enough. On July 15 Raleigh was arrested and taken before the King's Council. To their questions he answered indignantly that he had known nothing of either plot, and had had no part in them. He was acquainted with the Austrian ambassador, he knew Lord Cobham well. He had never heard that there was any conspiracy between them.

They let him go, with orders not to leave London. Then for the prisoners in hand they began an intensive third degree. The rack came into it, and thumbscrews, and all the fearful array of torture instruments that were legal in police procedure of that day. In addition they used a handy trick still very popular with modern police questioners.

Cobham was told that Raleigh had confessed and implicated him. George Brooke by this time was pouring out everything he knew. This information was repeated to Cobham as coming, not from his weakling brother, but from Raleigh. Part of one of Sir Walter's letters was read to him, twisted to make it seem that Raleigh was denouncing him to Cecil.

Poor Cobham, weakened by physical suffering and stunned by what seemed his friend's treachery, cried out that he would tell them the truth. Sir Walter had led him into this. Everything he had done had been done at Raleigh's urging. He himself was only an unwilling tool. The real villain, the master mind of both plots, was Sir Walter Raleigh.

King James read the inquisitors' reports and nodded,

certain that his own judgment had been confirmed. He had known all along that this ruffle-wearing, pipe-smoking gallant was his enemy, a blackhearted son of the devil. With a sanctimonious prayer of thanksgiving he signed the order for Raleigh's arrest.

In August Sir Walter was committed to the Tower, his trial set for three months later. The charge against him read:

"That he did conspire and go about to deprive the King of his government, to raise up sedition within the realm, to alter religion, to bring in the Roman superstition, and to procure foreign enemies to invade the kingdom."

XI

NOVEMBER 17, 1603, was a great day for Winchester, the ancient town that had been Britain's capital before the Romans came. Because of the plague still raging in London, the treason trials were to be held in Winchester Castle.

For days now the inns and private houses had overflowed with guests. The King was not coming, but there were enough gentlemen of quality, traveling in state, to make up for that disappointment. At almost any hour a cavalcade of horsemen galloped through the sleepy streets, escorting some important personage.

Except for His Majesty, every prominent man in England found time to journey to Winchester. A large number of them had business there in connection with the trials. The others came for the show. And why not? This would be a spectacle worth seeing. The proud Sir Walter brought low and pleading for his life! And later the thrilling last act, when he mounted the scaffold! What Globe Theater tragedy could match that?

In most men's minds the play was already written, the tragic ending determined. During the three months that he awaited his trial, Raleigh had seen all his privileges and honors stripped from him, "for that he is a traitor to the King." English justice required a trial, and a trial would be given him. No one had much doubt of the outcome.

If this was a play, King James I was the author. He had determined exactly how it was to go, and had personally selected the cast. The curtain went up on that dull November morning, with a packed house breathlessly awaiting the opening lines.

The audience stood, but the castle had been ransacked for armchairs to accommodate the King's Bench and attorneys. They were ranged on the dais at the far end of the Great Hall, with the jury on wooden benches just below them. On a level with the jury, but far to their right, an iron cage had been built, as high as a man's shoulder, crowned with a massive iron bar.

The trial had been set for ten in the morning. Spectators were in their places long before then, pushing and jostling for standing room. The clerks came in first, perching themselves on wooden stools. They were followed by the bailiffs, armed and scowling, who ranged themselves stiffly around the walls. Another wait, and the jury filed in. They were local men, country squires of no consequence, who would find as the judges instructed them.

Then, little by little, the velvet armchairs filled up. Four of them were taken by professional judges headed by Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England. Four judges might seem enough to try one defendant, but King James did not think so. He had appointed seven special Commissioners to sit with the judges and share their duties.

The Commissioners kept everyone waiting, while the battery of lawyers trickled in. A murmur went through the audience at sight of Sir Edward Coke, Attorney General. This man, England's leading legal light, had prosecuted the unfortunate Earl of Essex. He had an unbroken record of convictions.

At last the seven special judges came in, wiping their

mouths from a last glass of wine taken in their private chamber. They had not assumed the judicial robe and wig, but they were soberly dressed in dark colors. King James's detestation of fine plumage had already begun to affect the fashions. These were men who already enjoyed the King's favor, and meant to strengthen it by pleasing him in small things and great.

Once, in the same way, they had striven to please Queen Elizabeth. The old Lord Admiral Howard was among them, and his sailor son Thomas. So too was crippled clever Robert Cecil, the late Queen's trusted counselor, and now enjoying the same position with her successor.

These three men were Raleigh's friends, or had been. The two Howards had shared danger and triumph with him at Cádiz. The friendship between Raleigh and Cecil had been a long and warm one. One of the most beautiful pieces of prose that ever came from Raleigh's pen was the letter he wrote to console Cecil on the death of his wife. Lady Cecil had been one of the few court ladies who dared continue her friendship with Bess Raleigh. Robert Cecil was godfather to the Raleigh child.

The judges were all in their places. The chief bailiff rose and proclaimed the session open. Then, amidst a hushed murmur and a craning of necks, a small door to the left opened, and the prisoner was brought in.

Sir Walter Raleigh walked among the sheriff's men in their leather jerkins, a bird of paradise among sparrows. He had dressed in his best clothes for this most important occasion of his life. Since he had been in prison while the styles changed, it is not likely that he meant to defy the King's taste. He wore what he had. And what he had was very elegant.

From the soft low shoes of purple morocco leather rose his straight legs in hip-length silken hose of pale

yellow. The short trunks, puffed out with padding, were purple velvet slashed with yellow satin. Over the lilac satin doublet with its wide white ruff was slung a sleeveless short cloak, white and heavily embroidered with gold thread and pearls. Diamond-set buttons, a diamond cloak clasp and a jeweled sword belt that held no sword—these gems lighted up the dull dark court room and brought a gasp from the onlookers.

Walter Raleigh was now fifty-two years old, his thick hair a little frosted, but his figure slender and erect, his thoughtful face only slightly marked by time. Holding his head high, he stepped proudly into the cage they called the dock, his hands resting on the top bar.

In a quiet corner two plainly dressed strangers sat half-hidden by the wall hangings and whispered together. One was Roger Ashton, an Englishman. The other was a Scot, brother to the Earl of Mar. They were inconspicuous by choice, but theirs was an important mission. James had sent them to make a confidential report on everything that transpired here.

At first sight of Raleigh the Scotsman frowned. "Has the man no humility? He carries himself like a prince."

Ashton nodded. "Raleigh's pride is notorious; it has always made enemies for him. Listen. You can hear how his countrymen feel."

And indeed from the crowd had come a mutter of hostility, not to be mistaken. The faces turned toward the dock were angry faces, scornful faces, gloating faces. If any man in that crowd had sympathy in his heart, he hid it well.

The fourteen lawyers taking part in the trial were all for the prosecution. English law at that time did not permit a prisoner to be represented by counsel, or to call witnesses in his own behalf. By his own unaided efforts he was expected to prove his case. A great deal rested

upon his "bearing," as it impressed judge and jury. The theory was that an innocent man would bear himself like one, and so help himself to acquittal. Under this arrangement, it is not too difficult to see why men like Coke were so lucky in obtaining convictions.

The indictment was read, and Raleigh was asked to say how he pled. In a firm voice he replied, "Not guilty."

Chief Justice Popham bent forward.

"Prisoner, look upon your jury. Do you wish to take exception to any or all of them?"

It was an empty form, and Raleigh knew it. This jury or another; the result would be the same. They would vote as the judges directed.

Courteously he answered, "I know none of them. They are all Christians and honest gentlemen. I take exception to none."

Sir Edward Coke gathered his papers, settled his wig, and rose. He was a gloomy dark man with piercing eyes and a magnificent deep rolling voice.

Coke's reputation as England's most learned lawyer was well deserved. His book on jurisprudence is still a standard text in English law schools. He knew better than anyone there that he had no case against Raleigh. Nevertheless, it was his business to get a conviction. With all the skill at his command he set about it.

He began with a bitter denunciation of the Bye Plot, the one that had proposed to hold the King prisoner until he promised religious tolerance. His eloquence swept on and on, but at his first pause for breath the prisoner put in a quiet word.

"I would remind the jury," Raleigh said, "that I am not charged with the Bye Plot."

Coke glared at him. "You are not. But I shall show that the two plots are one, joined together by the villains who took part in both."

"I," Raleigh insisted, "am no villain. And I am charged only with taking part in the second one. The first has nothing to do with me."

His boldness brought thoughtful looks from the jury. Was this how a guilty man bore himself? Coke hastened to resume his speech and wipe out the brief doubt.

He went over all the details of both plots, as Lord Cobham and his brother George Brooke had revealed them. The only evidence against Raleigh was the testimony of these two men. Brooke, a drunkard and a fool to begin with, had so broken under torture that he was now little more than a groveling lunatic. Cobham had withdrawn his accusation, repeated it, withdrawn and repeated it again.

Brooke and Cobham were to be tried later. Their own misdoings had no place in the Raleigh trial, but Coke dwelt upon them at length, lashing out at them with his great roaring voice as though they had been on trial before him.

More than once Raleigh tried to interrupt him.

"If my lord Cobham be a traitor," he asked reasonably, "what is that to do with me?"

It had this to do with him, Coke shouted. Cobham never had the brains to invent such a plot. "It was you, you viper, who stood behind and pulled the strings. Yours is the guilt, you rankest traitor in all England!"

"Viper" and "traitor" were the mildest words the Attorney General used. He had a great many epithets in his vocabulary, and he dragged them all out to hurl viciously at the quiet man in the dock. Such a stream of abuse, much of it profane and filthy, had never been heard before, even in the easy-going Elizabethan courts. Even the Lord Chief Justice squirmed a bit, and finally intervened to suggest that the prisoner might now be allowed a word in his own defense.

Coke sat down, snorting and wiping his brow. He was by no means through, but he welcomed a short pause in which he might gather new venom for the attack.

Raleigh's speech was short enough, but too long to quote here. That is a pity, for it is a beautiful piece of reasoning beautifully expressed, impressive in its logic, touching in its simple, honest dignity. It seems impossible that any listener, judge or juryman or spectator, should have heard it through and doubted that it was the speech of an innocent man.

He began by admitting the one true charge against him, that Cobham had told him he expected to get money from the King of Spain, through Count d'Arenbergh. Cobham had said that the money was to be distributed among English nobles, as a bribe to work for peace with Spain. He had not even hinted that it was a fund to finance a revolution in Arabella's favor.

The money, as Sir Walter scornfully pointed out, was never forthcoming. He doubted whether the King of Spain had such an enormous sum to spare, and felt certain he would not squander it on any such vague peace project as this.

Having disposed of the one charge that contained a grain of truth, Raleigh went on to take up the others, all completely false.

He called himself a man of sense, he declared. Why should any sensible man desire to overthrow King James? His coming had united England and Scotland, giving their island new strength to resist any possible aggressor. The new King, married to a Danish princess, could count on friendship with Denmark, England's rival in the shipping trade. Ireland at last was tranquil. England could look forward now to a safe, prosperous future. Was this a time for revolution?

He added one argument that contains a deathless

phrase. King James was a vigorous man in the prime of life; he should make a better ruler than a senile old woman. But Raleigh, with his lifelong devotion to the late Queen, could not put it so crudely. Instead, with poetic delicacy, he said, "we should be better with an active King, rather than a lady whom Time had surprised."

As for conspiring with the Spanish, he went on, all the world knew how long and how bitterly he had fought that nation. Only a few months ago he had presented to His Majesty a plan to invade Spain. Did this look like friendliness to the Spanish state?

His speech, no more than ten minutes long, made a tremendous impression. The jury looked troubled. One or two spectators actually applauded, although the bailiffs instantly quieted them.

The King's two spies, half-hidden behind the curtain, looked at each other. "He sounds an honest man," the Scot whispered. Ashton nodded and frowned. They had not been sent to hear an honest man clear himself.

On the judges' bench too there was a slight commotion. Coke was on his feet again, but his audience no longer gave him their hushed attention. Robert Cecil, who had more at stake than anyone except Raleigh himself, decided to intervene. Old friendship was old friendship, but the King's favor was all important to this ambitious man. Whatever the cost in honor and simple decency, Cecil did not intend to lose it.

He spoke gently, almost tenderly, of "a certain dearness" he had long felt for the prisoner at the bar. He had been tied to Raleigh, he said, by the knot of his virtues. Now, alas, that knot was slackened by his wicked actions. Dearly though he had loved his friend, he loved his King more. So must all loyal Englishmen feel. He quoted Scripture: "And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it

out, and cast it from thee." Almost weeping he sat down, covering his eyes with his hands. Through them he peeped, and was relieved to see that frowns were again turned upon the prisoner.

Up to this very minute Raleigh had gained some comfort from the presence of Cecil among his judges. Now, with one last glance of sorrow and scorn, he turned his eyes away. He was utterly alone, then. All the might of England, King, officials, judges, lawyers—every one of them was against him. They had every weapon of power and legal device on their side. He had nothing, or but one thing. He had his innocence.

Coke was speaking again. He thanked Cecil for his manly declaration, commended him for the loyalty that put the King's welfare above all interest of friendship. Then scornfully he took up Raleigh's arguments, ridiculing and jeering at every statement, insisting that Cobham's evidence had proved all denials false.

At this stage Raleigh rose to a point of law. He had read the statute books in prison, forlornly hoping to learn enough to pit himself against the celebrated Sir Edward Coke.

The point he raised seemed clear enough. From the time of Edward VI a statute had stood upon the books. It said, "No man shall be condemned of treason, except he be accused by two lawful accusers, and confronted by them in their proper persons."

Raleigh's accusers were Brooke and Cobham. He demanded now that they be brought to court, to repeat their story in his presence.

He was fully within his legal rights. The law is still valid in treason cases, and has been written into the American Constitution.

Brooke would not have been of much help, but Raleigh felt confident Cobham could not maintain his accusa-

tions before his face. He was so certain that he offered to plead guilty to every charge, if Cobham swore to even one of them in open court.

This would never do. The learned judges consulted among themselves, and hastily ruled that the law did not apply in this case. Why it did not they could not explain, but covered their confusion by a mass of legal Latin. Raleigh's demand was ruled out.

Although the prisoner was not allowed to call any witnesses, the prosecution produced one. Late in the afternoon Coke brought forward one Dyer, a pilot. This man told a rambling tale of how he had been visiting a friend in Lisbon, when a Portuguese gentleman came to the house. The gentleman, learning that Dyer was English, inquired whether the King had yet been crowned.

"I answered no, but I hoped he soon shall be," the testimony went on. " 'Nay,' said he, 'He will never be crowned, for Don Raleigh and Don Cobham will cut his throat ere that day come.' "

This ridiculous hearsay evidence was followed by a reading of Cobham's numerous confessions. Raleigh had waited until now to play his one trump, a letter that he had received from Cobham while they were both in the Tower. Raleigh's servant had tossed an apple in at Cobham's window, containing an appeal to tell the truth. The apple had come back with a scribbled note, so blotted and scrawled as to be almost illegible.

Raleigh handed the paper up to Lord Cecil.

"Since your lordship knows Cobham's handwriting well, I ask you to read this and tell the jury that it is genuine."

Cecil frowned over the pen scratches, then slowly read them out. "God so comfort me in this my affliction, as you are a true subject, for anything I know. So God have mercy upon my soul, as I know no treason by you."

Cecil admitted that the note was in Cobham's own hand. But Coke jumped up to point out that the other statements, those accusing Raleigh, were equally authentic. One of the special judges, who had questioned Cobham, assured the court that he had made the charges of his own free will. He had done it under oath, realizing that to swear falsely would imperil his immortal soul.

"Now I wonder," Sir Walter observed drily, "how many souls this man hath. He dooms one in this letter, and another in that."

They were the last words he was allowed to speak. Chief Justice Popham instructed the jury to retire and consider their verdict. It did not take them long. Fifteen minutes later they returned with a verdict of *Guilty*.

The winter day was dying, the shadows gathering in the grim stone hall. A court attendant whispered to one of the judges, who shook his head. It was not worth while to bring in candles now. The play was nearly over.

The Clerk of the Crown directed the prescribed words at the prisoner.

"Sir Walter Raleigh, a jury of your peers have found you guilty. What can you say for yourself why judgment and execution of death shall not pass against you?"

Standing very straight in the shadows, Raleigh answered in the calm, strong voice that had not failed him throughout the fateful day.

"My lords, the jury have found me guilty; they must do as they are directed. I can say nothing why judgment should not proceed. I was never guilty."

Then Lord Chief Justice Popham rose to deliver sentence. In a long, pompous speech he bewailed the fact that one who had once climbed so high should fall so low. He recalled the Essex trial, at which the young Earl had made full confession, thus saving his soul although his body perished. "Your conceit of not confessing any-

thing is very inhuman and wicked," he observed severely. "Let not the devil persuade you to think there is no eternity in heaven. For if you think thus you shall find eternity in hell."

The Chief Justice ended his pious discourse with the horrible sentence:

"To be hanged, cut down alive, beheaded, drawn and quartered. And may God have mercy upon your soul!"

XII

THE DATE for Raleigh's execution was not set, and would not be until the fate of Cobham and the others was determined.

While he waited in prison, the trials went on. All the accused conspirators were found guilty, as they undoubtedly were. The two priests Watson and Clarke, young Brooke, Cobham and two other men, Markham and Grey, were condemned to hanging, drawing and quartering, and beheading.

From the window of his cell Sir Walter saw the gallows rise in the prison yard. He saw, if he chose to look, the bloody death of the two priests, against whom the full process of the sentence was carried out. George Brooke, for whom Cecil had interceded, was merely beheaded.

Raleigh had no way of knowing when his turn would come. Calmly he prepared himself for death. His worldly affairs were in order. A few years before he had sold his Irish land. His English property had been taken from him, along with his various offices. The only exception was the home manor of Sherborne, which he had recently deeded to his little son. It was all that he would have to leave to his family.

He worried a great deal over Bess and young Walter, left without a man to care for them. His will, made in Elizabeth's time, commended them to his good friend

Cecil. With a bitter smile he destroyed the will now, and pondered in vain for a name to replace the false friend's.

Pacing his cell, racking his brain to think how a helpless widow and orphan might survive in a world that had proved so cruel, he came to the conclusion that Bess must marry again. He loved her even more tenderly in these later years than in his romantic youth. He knew the depth of her love for him. Yet, at the dictate of his clearsighted mind, he brought himself to write to her:

"Marriage will be best for you, both in respect of God and the world. As for me, I am no more yours nor you mine. Death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me."

It is a heartbroken letter, but as brave as it is sweet. Before he comes to the subject of her marriage he says:

"You shall receive, dear wife, my last words in these last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my last will present you with sorrows, dear Bess. Let them go to the grave with me and be buried in the dust."

He had done what little he could for his wife and child. The Bishop of Winchester, coming to offer him spiritual consolation, found him "well settled in his conscience and resolved to die a Christian." Still steadfastly affirming his innocence, he had resigned himself to death.

This was in the early days. Then as time went by, and the executioner did not summon him, his strong vitality asserted itself. Could there be a chance, any sort of chance, that he might not die after all?

Through long days and sleepless nights he went over his case, trying to get at the heart of the matter. He did not for one minute believe that James thought him guilty. Why, then, had the King been so determined upon his conviction? In what had he offended?

Sir Walter, a man of high courage, was not very well equipped to read the King's cowardly heart. It never occurred to him that his plan for the conquest of Spain had appalled the timid little man determined on peace at any price. The King's other reasons, his dislike of fine clothing and fine manners, even of the practice of pipe-smoking, would have seemed to Raleigh too trivial for consideration. He did not yet realize what a trivial man this was.

Recalling the days of Elizabeth, Raleigh reminded himself that a sovereign will only accept the truth when it is presented well garnished with flattery. He wrote a number of letters to James, full of graceful compliments, but protesting always that he had done no wrong, and only asked to live that he might serve him.

Sir Walter was not proud of these begging letters, which certainly do not show him at his best. It is not likely that they did any good. King James spared Raleigh's life, but probably not because Raleigh humbled himself to beg for it.

The truth was that His Majesty did not quite dare order the death sentence carried out. Raleigh's "bearing" in the court room had had its effect, even though the jury dared not admit it at the time. Once they were free of the judges' authority, the jurymen talked. So did the sheriff and the court attendants, and the spectators. If ever they had seen an innocent man, they declared, Sir Walter Raleigh was that man. The English people have a keen sense of justice, and these Englishmen knew they had not seen justice done. They said so in their homes and churches, in taverns and market-place.

The sailors of the fleet, who knew Sir Walter well, refused to believe that he could be a traitor. The Cornish miners, the tradespeople, the members of Parliament, the poets and playwrights—all these people buzzed angrily at what was beginning to be called an outrage. From all

over the land rose an angry hum. Sir Walter Raleigh did not deserve to die!

King James heard and cowered. These turbulent English—who could tell what they would do if aroused? He was not yet crowned. He sent for the two men who had reported the trial to him. They had reported it as he desired, but on closer questioning they dared to offer their personal opinions. Roger Ashton declared that "never had any man spoken so well in times past, nor would do so in days to come." The Scot said bluntly, "When the day began I would have gone a hundred miles to see him hanged. At its end I would have gone a thousand to save his life."

Perhaps Cecil, goaded by a guilty conscience, spoke a word for his old time friend. If he did there is no record of it. But for one reason or another, King James changed his devious mind. Instead of showing these English subjects that he was a stern, implacable master who crushed all attempts against him, he would try another line. They should see him as a kindly Christian man, loving mercy, extending it even to those who deserved it not.

Having once decided, James threw himself into the part. The priests and Brooke were already dead, but out of his newfound generosity he decided to spare Cobham and his friends as well as Raleigh. It was a split-second decision, for the first of them, Sir Griffin Markham, had already mounted the scaffold when the reprieve came.

Markham's dramatic rescue was so favorably received by the crowd that the King decided to repeat it. Cobham and Grey were each led to the scaffold and allowed to kneel for final prayers before the sheriff heard a messenger at the gate. Each time the messenger had a letter from the King, to be read to the criminals and the audience. In lofty words, with a sickening display of piety,

His Gracious Majesty commuted the sentences to life imprisonment.

Raleigh was not led to the scaffold, nor even told that his sentence had been changed. He was kept in suspense until mid-December, and then sent up to London. He was given the same apartment in the Tower that he had occupied all the autumn. The Tower of London, prison and fortress, is made up of many separate towers. Raleigh's rooms were in the Bloody Tower, where once the two little princes, Edward V and his brother, were murdered. His windows looked out upon the Thames on one side, and on the other on the Lord Lieutenant's garden. Two rooms were assigned to him.

His keeper informed him that he could send for his own furniture and servants, and such other personal belongings as he considered necessary to his comfort. It was the only hint given him that he was there for a long, long time.

Officially his sentence was never changed to imprisonment. It stood on the books, a sentence of death, to be carried out at His Majesty's pleasure. His Majesty could please to order it any day, any hour. King James thought this would be a very healthy antidote for the prisoner's arrogant spirit.

When the furniture came up from Sherborne, Lady Raleigh and the boy came with it. They were personal belongings necessary to his comfort, the devoted wife insisted. For the first six years of confinement Bess lived in the cramped Tower rooms with him. Their second son, Carew Raleigh, was born there. She, who so loved the space and freedom, the good country air of Sherborne—she gave them up without a question, happy enough that her lord lived and wanted her with him.

She would have had to give up her life at Sherborne in any case, for soon after the trial James took away the

manor for a Scottish favorite named Carr. Raleigh, as a convicted felon, had lost his legal right to own property. It was true that Sherborne was held in the name of young Walter, but such details did not bother James. He did, however, make a cash settlement with Lady Raleigh for her son.

With this money, and with what she had from her own family, Bess settled down to housekeeping in the Tower. Nothing there was free to prisoners, not even rent. Clothing, food, fuel, candles—everything used must be bought and paid for, or done without. Even the turnkey who locked them in at night—they were allowed the freedom of the garden in daylight—must have a monthly fee.

Lady Raleigh and her children and servants were not prisoners. They were free to come and go as they chose in the daytime. Sir Walter, of course, was never permitted to leave the area assigned to him. He could see visitors during certain hours. Many visitors came, for his trial had turned many hearts toward him. He was never so popular in his prosperous days as in the years of his confinement.

The first two years were miserable ones, filled with angry resentment and desperate hope. It seemed impossible to him that he could live "like a caged beast." He, whose dearest hope had been to range the world! He wrote letter after letter to the King, and to everyone who might influence him. In desperation he sent his wife to the palace, hoping that her pleading might have some effect.

Gentle, loyal Lady Raleigh, with her son at her side and her baby in her arms, waited humbly in the King's antechamber for the interview that never came. Day after day she went, sitting patiently with a crowd of base-born petitioners who had more luck than she did.

Lord Robert Cecil, pushing through the throng to the King's private chamber, saw her there. She had been his dead wife's dearest friend. She was the godmother of his son, as he was godfather to the boy at her side. In a rare moment of kindness he stopped to tell her to go home. The time for a pardon, he said, was not yet come.

His words filled her with hope. Surely he meant that the time *would* come, if not now. She hurried back to her husband with the good news. It may have cheered him for a moment. Nothing whatever came of it.

In those first two years Raleigh's rugged health gave way. He had something like a paralytic stroke, and a long siege of fever which may have been typhoid. He recovered from both illnesses, but he was thin and stooped now, and his hair quite white.

While Sir Walter languished in the Tower, the world went on without him. The first year of his imprisonment, 1604, was the year of the famous Gunpowder Plot. The Bye and Main Plots, which had so stirred English minds, were utterly forgotten as the more picturesque details of the new conspiracy came to light.

The Gunpowder Plot was a real one, and it very nearly succeeded. A protest against the treatment of Catholics, it was directed against the entire House of Lords as well as the King.

One of the conspirators, a certain Thomas Percy, rented a cellar under the House chamber to store firewood. Concealed under his stock were thirty-six barrels of gunpowder. A young man named Guy Fawkes was chosen to set off the explosion on November 5. This was a day when the King was to address the House.

The planning was perfect. But one plotter thought it would be a pity to lose his rich brother-in-law, Lord Monteagle. He wrote him an anonymous letter, suggesting that he make some excuse not to attend the session.

The letter ended with the mysterious words, "For Parliament is about to receive a terrible blow, yet they shall not see who hurts them."

The letter arrived on the very eve of the appointed day. Monteagle passed the word along to the authorities, who searched the building and found Fawkes making his final arrangements in the cellar. Arrested and tortured, he gave the names of eight other men. They were all executed.

King James, miraculously saved from death, proclaimed a day of thanksgiving, and set about finding some way in which he could express his gratitude to God. His slow mind mulled it over for a couple of years before he hit upon the idea of a new English translation of the Scriptures.

He had nothing to do with the writing of the Authorized Version, which is just as well. His own speeches and letters are marvels of dullness. The work was divided among six teams of nine men each, all of them scholars and gifted writers. The masterly Book was completed and published in 1611. No names appeared upon the title page except, in the dedication, that of King James.

It seems strange that we owe the beautiful King James version of the Bible to this wretched, cowardly little tyrant. He was religious enough in his own narrow way, but it was a bigoted, intolerant religion that brought misery to all whose faith differed from his own. However, facts are facts. The Authorized Version was begun at King James's command, financed by him through the long years of preparation, and remains a noble monument to an ignoble man.

This one accomplishment stands to his credit. It is hard to find any other. James kept a slovenly court, with none of the glitter and grace that had marked Elizabeth's

day. She had delighted in men of intellect, who could match her wit with their own. James wanted none of that. He was the master mind. His favorites had nothing to do but sit at his feet and listen, with appropriate applause. It must have been a dull life for men like Cecil, so far above the King in intelligence. They put up with it, as courtiers must.

One person did not put up with it. This was James's wife, Queen Anne. She was faithful to him, and she had given him three children. This much her duty required. Anne of Denmark was a spirited lady who did not think duty required her to spend the rest of her life with a tiresome, dirty man who disgusted her.

She had had enough of it in Scotland. So on coming to England she calmly set up her own household in a spacious mansion renamed Denmark House. There was no open breach. She was always present at court for state functions, quiet and polite to her husband and his guests. The arrangement suited the King well enough. He was a born bachelor who disliked and distrusted women. The Queen went her way, and he went his.

Queen Anne's childhood had been fed with stories of the great Elizabeth. She was no Elizabeth, and as a mere Queen Consort she knew she would never rule. But her son Henry, Prince of Wales, was his father's heir. To the mother it seemed that her boy might restore the old glory of Elizabeth's reign, might give England a sovereign fit to be compared with the Virgin Queen. Earnestly and intelligently she applied herself to her son's education.

Bitter experience had taught her that there was likely to be something good in whatever her husband condemned. Like every fairminded person, she had been shocked by the report of Raleigh's trial. She made inquiries about him, read all his published writings, and

came to a thoughtful conclusion. This man of wit and wisdom, who had advised the great Elizabeth, was the very man to teach her cherished son. Boldly she ordered her carriage and set off for the Tower.

XIII

SIR WALTER RALEIGH knew only one way to treat a queen. His chivalrous manner, his gentle deference, his charming compliments came as a pleasant surprise to the poor Danish lady who was more accustomed to being ignored. She settled down to a good long talk. Frankly she opened her lonely heart, confiding her fears and hopes for her boy's future.

Raleigh listened with growing excitement. His health was improving, he was adjusting to physical confinement, and his restless mind was casting about for a new interest. Here was one thing he could do, a thing worth doing.

The Queen came back the next day, bringing her son with her. The Prince of Wales was twelve years old, a goodlooking friendly boy with a keen mind. His mother had given him excellent tutors. She brought him to Raleigh, not for formal lessons, but for the sort of counsel Sir Walter was fitted to give.

Prince Henry shared his mother's admiration. "Who but my father," he asked wonderingly, "would keep such a bird in a cage?" A warm friendship grew up between master and pupil. Under Sir Walter's skilled guidance the king-to-be went back into history to see how great kings had succeeded, how bad kings had failed.

Earnestly Raleigh impressed upon the boy his own prescription for England's future—seapower and empire.

Flourishing colonies overseas, a mighty navy to protect them—why, this little English isle could rule the world! So the aging, white-haired prisoner dreamed. In the person of this ardent, wise young ruler he might yet live to see it all come true.

It would come true, but Raleigh would not see it, nor his sons, nor his sons' sons. Two centuries would have to pass, another great Queen would have to sit upon Britain's throne, before British seapower protected an empire upon which the sun never set. Could it really have come about in Raleigh's day if history had taken a different course? Who knows?

For six years or so the Queen and her son were frequent visitors to the Bloody Tower. They were by no means the only ones. Raleigh, having made his difficult adjustment to prison life, was reaching out for human contacts again. Friends who had sought him in the early days had found him sunk in despair, scarcely able to talk to them. Now he welcomed them cheerfully, eagerly, and took pleasure in their company.

The courtiers who enjoyed the royal favor did not dare, or wish, to come to him. But his literary associates came, and many an old comrade of his sailing days. Laurence Keymis, his lieutenant on the Guiana expedition, came often, with reports of the progress of exploration. It was Keymis who brought him the exciting news that another attempt was to be made to settle Virginia.

Raleigh had long since assigned his Virginia charter to help satisfy his debts. Whatever was done there now, he would not profit by it. But the news excited him so much that he demanded all the details.

A stock company was being formed, Keymis told him, by a group of merchants and gentlemen calling themselves the Royal Virginia Company. They would raise

money enough for a large-scale effort, far more promising than the unhappy Raleigh experiments.

Keymis's information was rather vague, but he remarked that he had met one of the leaders, a Captain John Smith.

"I do not know the name," Raleigh observed. "Captain, you say? What sort of captain? Army, or the sea?"

Keymis laughed. "All sorts, according to himself. He says he served in the French and Dutch armies, and that of the Austrians. He tells a fine tale of his adventures by sea and land. I don't know what truth there is in it. Mine is only an alehouse acquaintance, but I must say I sit as spellbound as anyone else when he talks. You don't often come across a man with such a tongue."

"I'd like to come across him," Sir Walter said with interest. "Bring him to see me before he goes, Keymis. Will you do that?"

"Why, yes, if you like. I'm sure he'll be flattered. But I must warn you, sir, that he is a very common sort. A tenant farmer's son, I hear, though not from him. Not a gentleman at all, Sir Walter."

"So much the better," Raleigh said drily. "It was a plague of soft-handed gentlemen that ruined our first Virginia colony. Bring the man along, Laurence."

A few weeks later Keymis turned up with his new friend. It was a Sunday afternoon. Lady Raleigh had taken little Carew and gone to spend the day with some London relatives. The older boy, thirteen-year-old Walter—Wat for short—opened the door. His face lighted as he recognized Keymis, his favorite among his father's friends.

"I've a treat for you today, Wat," Keymis told him. "Here is a better storyteller than I am. Captain Smith, this is Sir Walter's boy. He wants to be an adventurer."

Smith smiled, white teeth flashing in a dark scarred face.

"That's what I wanted, my boy. When I was your age I promised myself I'd see the world and all its parts before I died."

"And did you?" Wat asked eagerly.

"Well, I've seen most of it. And I'm not dead yet, you know. Though I've come close to it many's the time."

Keymis laughed. "Keep your questions for later, Wat. Captain Smith has come to see your father. Where is he?"

"He's making medicine in the chicken house," Wat answered. "You wouldn't want to go to him there, would you? The place smells horribly—and the medicine's worse than the chickens! If you'll wait in the study I'll fetch him."

He showed them along the passage to a small room, pleasant enough with desk and armchairs, its walls lined with books.

"Very luxurious for a prison cell," Smith observed as he selected a chair. "I should know—I've been in plenty in my time. You didn't tell me, Keymis, that Sir Walter was a physcian. What's this talk of medicines?"

"Chemical experiments," Keymis explained. "The Lord Lieutenant allows him to use a hut in the garden for a laboratory. The boy isn't much of a scholar, I'm afraid. It's hard on the youngster, being cooped up here. He's made for the outdoors."

"I can see that. A fine boy. Oh, here is our host."

Raleigh entered, with Wat close beside him. He greeted them warmly and offered them ale. Then he took out his silver pipe. To his surprise and pleasure, Captain Smith produced a pipe of his own.

"Will you try my tobacco, Sir Walter? It's Turkish

grown, and I think a little sweeter than the Spanish leaf."

Nothing could have been a happier introduction. For a few minutes the two men discussed tobacco. The plant had made its way from the Spanish colonies to Spain, and thence to the Middle East. Thanks to the King's opposition, tobacco had fallen into disfavor in England. Raleigh's supply, smuggled in by a sailor friend, cost him its weight in silver.

He mentioned this, and Smith remarked, "It's very cheap in the Middle East. And in Asia Minor, where I worked on a tobacco plantation, even we slaves were allowed our pipes when the day's work was done. If he'd been as liberal with food as he was with tobacco, I'd probably not have killed my master. And that would have been a pity, for I shouldn't be here today, a free man."

Young Wat gave an excited gasp, but he was too well trained to burst into his elders' conversation. His father asked the question for him.

"You were in the East, Captain Smith? And a slave? Do tell us."

Lazily puffing out the fragrant smoke, Smith embarked on the tale of his adventures. It was an exciting story, and he told it well.

He had been, he said, an officer in the invading Austrian army, captured by the Moslem Turks and sold as a slave. The Turkish noble who bought him was in love with a beautiful lady who liked pets. He had already given her a parrot, a horse and a monkey, but still she scorned him. It occurred to the suitor that the gift of a Christian dog might amuse her. He had Smith chained, ankles to wrists, the chains so short that he could only go on all fours. Then, with a jeweled collar around his neck, he was led into the fair one's presence.

John Smith was unable to say whether the lady relented and married the persistent pasha, for he had only

a few days of a dog's life. "I was a talking dog, and I talked to good effect," he remarked modestly. His owner decided that he was much too fine a man to be a dog. She dared not release him, but she sent him as a gift to her brother, an official in Asia Minor. There he became a man again, a slave on a tobacco plantation. He killed his master in a quarrel over food, escaped into Russia, and made his way across Europe and home again.

Young Wat listened spellbound, drinking in every word. His father, giving courteous attention, was thinking more of the teller than the tale. Thoughtfully he studied the tanned young face, seamed with battle scars, lighted by vivid blue eyes. Captain Smith, twenty-nine years old now, was obviously a tough, quickwitted fellow who could take care of himself in unusual situations. The sort of man, in fact, that the Virginia undertaking required.

No doubt, he reflected tolerantly, Smith was touching up his adventures a bit, to make a better story. But the main facts could not be questioned. Raleigh's reading had made him familiar with the little-known geography of Turkey and Russia. This young man had certainly been there. To go and to return safely was in itself a rare adventure for an Englishman. No ordinary traveler could have seen the inside of a Turkish home, the workings of a tobacco plantation, the Russian villages that John Smith described so plainly. It seemed to Raleigh that, allowing for some pardonable exaggeration, his visitor was speaking the truth.

Young Wat would have kept the story going all afternoon, but his father presently brought the conversation back to the Virginia enterprise.

"All your travels have been in our own hemisphere, I take it. Have you seen anything of the Western World, Captain Smith?"

Smith shook his head. "Not yet. That's why I offered myself to the Royal Virginia Company. I'm a poor man, Sir Walter. I can't travel at my own expense. I've nothing to offer but my sword and my wits. But if they can, they're going to take me to every corner of this globe before death claims me. It's a promise I made myself when I ran away from my father's farm. The world is wide. I want to see it all!"

"And so do I!" Wat burst out.

Sir Walter smiled, a bitter smile. Once he too had made his youthful plans to see the whole wide world. And here he was, fifty-five and gray, his life narrowed by stone walls, free to walk to a chicken house at the end of the garden and back again, never out of sight of the pacing sentry. While this young captain with his tall tales and gay heart was off to Virginia!

Resolutely he broke the uneasy little silence. Under his shrewd questioning Smith revealed all the preparations that were being made. Three ships, loaded with food, weapons, tools, and supplies for Indian trading. The number of the colonists, he thought, was to be something under two hundred.

"What sort of men are they?" Raleigh asked. "We made a bad mistake, I think, by sending too many gentlemen with Grenville. I hope you aren't repeating it. What are needed, it seems to me, are farmers and woodsmen, working people who know how to use their hands."

"I agree with you, sir. But of course I have no control over the choice. The Company's stockholders have good-for-nothing sons and poor relations to provide for. But I've managed to get about seventy common men on the list. Most of them farm laborers. We have a barber and a tailor, too. The gentry will provide a parson."

"And you're not forgetting a blacksmith, I hope?"

"Yes, we have a smith and his helper. Also several

bricklayers. And as many carpenters as I could lay hands on."

Raleigh nodded. "That's good, very good. Are you to be in command, Captain Smith?"

"I don't know. I wish I could say yes. We sail under sealed orders. The Company has drawn up a scheme of government for us, to be revealed when we step ashore. I understand the responsibility will be shared by several men. I can only hope my name will be among them."

"I don't like that," Raleigh said. "Such an enterprise needs a leader—one strong man with full authority. But go on. Where do you expect to make your settlement? I hope on Roanoke Island. Perhaps you can find some trace of my poor people there."

"I think the choice of a landing place is to rest with the captain of our leading ship, sir. But I shall certainly search for the lost colonists, you may be sure of that."

They talked on at some length. Raleigh, recalling the two Indian boys who had spent some time with him before Grenville took them back, was able to give Smith welcome information on Indian language and customs.

"Be sure your men are not allowed to ridicule them," he warned. "These savages have great dignity which must be respected. It was the same in South America. Chief Topiawari was a king, and I treated him as such. And see to it that their women are not molested. Topiawari spoke bitterly of the Spaniards and their outrageous treatment of Indian women. We must convince these dusky people that English are a better breed than Spanish men. As we are," he ended simply.

"Yes, sir. I am glad to have your advice. It will make my task easier."

"Then perhaps you'll accept one further word," Raleigh said earnestly. "Smith, England will gain nothing by sending men to plunder Virginia. These colonists of

yours must look upon the new land as a new part of England, a land that is to be their home. If Virginia has gold and pearls, so much the better. But don't encourage treasure hunts. Let them lay out farms, plant crops, build homes—do you see what I mean?

"You speak of plantations in Virginia. I would have you think above all of planting *men* there—English men, English families that will take root and grow. Give them churches, schools, market places as quickly as you can. Encourage them to take their wives. Or if that is not possible, to send for them as soon as may be. Allow no reference to a foreign land. Make them feel that where Englishmen live, there England is!"

He paused, well satisfied, for the glow in Smith's face answered him. Here was a man after his own heart, strong, intelligent, daring—exactly the man he would have chosen if the choice had been his. Had there only been such a man among his own unlucky colonists, how different their story might have been!

"Father!" It was Wat's voice, shaking with excitement. "May I—would you let me go with Captain Smith? I'd work so hard, and I'd never complain. Will you take me, Captain? I'm really very strong for my age. Feel my muscle!"

He thrust out a slender little arm, and Smith pinched it gravely.

"That's a fine muscle, Wat. But I'm afraid you need a few more inches, a few more pounds, a few more years. Virginia isn't going to run away, boy. If you still want to come out when you're a man grown, there's no one I'd rather have. I—" he glanced at Raleigh, and spoke awkwardly—"I hope you can come too, sir. If only you were going with me now!"

Keymis frowned at what seemed his lack of tact, but

Raleigh's smile was very warm as he rose to bid them good-bye.

"Our future is in God's hand, Captain. Who knows? Perhaps Wat and I will see you in Virginia one of these days. And now good-bye, Captain, and God go with you."

A few days later, on December 19, 1606, the *Sarah Constant*, the *Goodspeed* and the *Discovery* sailed from Blackwell-on-Thames. On May 14, 1607, John Smith founded the first permanent colony in Virginia, named Jamestown for the King. It was the beginning of the mighty British Empire.

XIV

THE YOUNGER Raleigh was not entirely wrong when he said his father made medicine in the chicken house. Chemistry in those days was little more than a branch of medicine. To distract his restless mind, Raleigh mixed balms and ointments, using up the last of Topiawari's supply, combining known drugs with foreign herbs brought by his sailor friends. Although there are tales of miraculous cures among the friends who tried his medicines, he left no records or formulas for future generations.

Remembering the iron pyrites he had brought back from Guiana, he taught himself to assay gold and silver, so that he could not be fooled again. His most important scientific achievement was a successful process for distilling sea water into fresh. For a brief time he thought that this discovery, so valuable to a sea-going nation, might win him his freedom. He sent his plans to the King, who did not trouble to read them. The secret was lost, and remained lost until modern scientists worked out the problem along the same lines and hailed it as a brand-new discovery.

Sir William Waad, Lord Lieutenant of the Tower, was a capricious man who had despotic power over the daily lives of his prisoners. In about 1609 he suddenly ordered Lady Raleigh and her children to find other quarters. She rented a small house outside the walls, and

thereafter was able to visit her husband only at Waad's pleasure. Other visitors were limited, an evening curfew was enforced, and the privilege of the little laboratory withdrawn.

These new hardships turned Raleigh's mind in upon itself. With long hours of loneliness to kill, he took up his pen again. For many years he had projected a huge history of the world, giving the complete story of man's progress from the Creation to the reign of Elizabeth. Now, with nothing but time and leisure, he set himself to the monumental task.

He was as well equipped for it as any man of his time could have been. He read Latin, Spanish, French and Dutch, the languages in which most source books were written. For Hebrew and Greek he could depend upon a clergyman friend, the learned Dr. Robert Burrel. Ben Jonson, a successful author and a close friend, agreed to find him a publisher. Queen Anne brought some of the books he needed.

Most enthusiastic of all was the young Prince of Wales, to whom the work is dedicated. Although he intended it for general reading, Raleigh meant it especially as a handbook for rulers. If the kings of today could see the errors that had brought ruin to ancient empires, surely they would avoid those mistakes. This was the principle upon which Raleigh was educating the future King of England. He hoped that all kings would profit by it.

Raleigh's *History of the World*, still in print, makes quaint reading now. It begins in Heaven, with the Lord God uttering the fateful words, "Let there be light!" The early portion is drawn exclusively from the Bible. Later periods are based upon the works of Hebrew, Greek and Roman historians.

The first five books bring the History up to the Roman conquest of Greece in 130 B.C. First published

in one enormous volume, it requires six in the modern library edition. This first section appeared in 1614. Everyone was delighted with it except King James, who was furious. His complaint was that the author was "too saucy in censuring princes." He directed the Archbishop of Canterbury to see that all copies were seized and destroyed.

The printer got around that very neatly. He continued to bring out new editions, but without a title page. The Archbishop's men went the round of booksellers' shops, but could find no volume bearing the hated name of Raleigh.

The first section was the only one Sir Walter ever finished. He abandoned his labors because, in his own words, "It hath pleased God to take that glorious Prince out of the world, to whom they were directed."

The young Prince of Wales died in 1612, under mysterious circumstances. He was nineteen now, a resolute, independent young man who had followed his mother's example and set up his own home away from the court. He was outspoken in criticism of his father's methods, frequently declaring that when he became King he would follow different policies. He was immensely popular among the younger nobles and the common people.

Prince Henry dined with his knights after a hard day's hunting, in excellent health and spirits. The next morning he was very ill. Three days later he was dead. The attack came the week after a bitter quarrel with his father, over a plan to marry him to a Spanish princess. There were whispers of poisoning, done in the hope of pleasing the King if not at his order.

There is no proof. Twelve-year-old Charles, the second son, now became heir to the throne. His name was substituted in the Spanish marriage proposals. They

eventually came to nothing, but through no fault of the English King's.

The sincerity of James's mourning may be doubted, but not that of Queen Anne nor of Walter Raleigh. The unhappy Queen had pinned all her hopes on the older boy. Charles was too young, too much under his father's influence, to make a fresh start with him. Raleigh had loved Henry as tenderly as his own son. His grief was intense, and added to it was new despair over his own fate.

He had never given up hope that some day, through the efforts of the friendly young Prince, he would regain his liberty. His bitterest enemy, Robert Cecil, had lately died. The new Prime Minister was Sir Ralph Winwood, an honest and kindly man. Prince Henry had been confident he could enlist Winwood's aid for Raleigh.

The Prince's death was a blow to all those hopes. The Queen, half-crazed with grief, could do nothing but lament and pray for her own death. She came often to the Tower, where Raleigh offered such sad comfort as his own tortured heart could produce.

Other troubles crowded in upon him as the prison years dragged by. His son Wat, no longer living under his father's stern eye, spent his time carousing with a wild group of students. At sixteen he killed a man in a tavern brawl. His gentle mother, anxious not to distress Sir Walter, kept it from him until Wat was arrested. Then she came to the Tower with the news.

Sir Walter called in his friend Ben Jonson, just off for a tour of France and Italy. In some way the affair was hushed up, the boy was released and departed with Jonson. He gave his guardian a good deal of trouble on their travels, and remained behind when Jonson returned. Of his life in the next few years nothing is known.

The boy's release and his trip abroad cost money, and money was growing scarce. The Raleighs were not the only English family to feel the pinch, for hard times gripped the country.

The booming prosperity of Elizabeth's reign had been followed by a depression for which people were inclined to blame the new rule. Certainly the cautious, petty-minded James did nothing to improve conditions. He had put an end to privateering, which had brought great wealth to the land. This would have been well enough, but his anxiety to please the Spaniards brought about the ruin of lawful trade. Spain kept a monopoly on commerce with the New World. Her colonies had tobacco, sugarcane, rum, fish and many other products to sell. England had the market and the ships to carry them. The ships rotted away at their docks, unemployed sailors rioted in the ports, merchants went bankrupt. And throughout the land a murmur went up against the King who might have taken bold action and did not.

"Dirty Jemmy," his subjects called him now, keeping his squalid court in Elizabeth's stately palace, where the marble steps were not scoured from one year's end to another. Peevish, stupid and vain, he simply could not understand why his people did not love him. He went his way, persecuting Catholics and Puritans, delivering his long dull discourses to his patient courtiers, changing his favorites oftener than he changed his shirts.

It was a change of favorites that finally brought an unexpected change in Raleigh's fortunes. Robert Carr, who lasted longer than most in the King's esteem, was the man who received Raleigh's Sherborne estate. Carr was also the person suspected of poisoning Prince Henry to please his master.

Whether he was guilty of that crime or not, he did poison another courtier, Sir Thomas Overbury, to please

his wife. James, who did not believe in pleasing wives, was so annoyed that he sent Carr to the Tower. He did not stay there long, but it was long enough for a new favorite to take his place.

The new man was a George Villiers, no more admirable than Carr. But he was new, and very anxious to keep the powerful position he had won. Raleigh wrote him persuasive letters, pointing out how happy the King would be if a stream of gold could be turned toward England. Raleigh boldly proclaimed that he knew the source of such a stream. All he needed was liberty to go to it.

The argument was a strong one. Everyone knew what American gold had done for Spain. Why should it not do as much, and more, for England? Gold-rich colonies in the New World would bring back prosperity and make James the idol of his people. The murmuring would be silenced, the throne would be secure—and the King's gratitude would bind Villiers to him forevermore.

While the feather-witted Villiers was thinking it over, Raleigh wrote in more statesmanlike terms to the Secretary of State, Sir Ralph Winwood. Winwood had ten times the brains and one-tenth the influence of Villiers. He was immediately impressed, and promised to do what he could with the King.

Queen Anne produced another ally. Her brother, King Christian of Denmark, came to visit her, and she brought him to Raleigh. The Danish King undertook to urge the matter upon his royal brother-in-law.

King James listened to those who spoke in Raleigh's favor, and weighed the arguments in his heavy, cowardly mind. Gold would be good, there was no doubt about that. But what would the Spaniards say? Above all things, one must not anger Spain. It was true that Guiana, where Raleigh proposed to find the treasure, was not known

to be Spanish territory, and might be considered open to other claims. But what if Philip III did not see it in that light? What if he sent another Armada against England, as his father had done? King James went into a prolonged chill at the horrible thought.

For some tedious weeks he considered the matter, carrying about a warrant for Raleigh's release, but hesitating to sign it. Then, on March 16, 1616, he finally brought himself to scrawl his name.

Sir Walter's cousin and staunch friend, George Carew, wrote jubilantly to his wife, "Sir Walter Raleigh is enlarged out of the Tower, and is to go his journey to Guiana, but remains unpardoned until his return. He left his lodgings in the Tower the nineteenth day of this month."

The nineteenth day of March was a dark, bleak day, with a raw wind blowing. Lady Raleigh's carriage arrived at dawn, to wait until noon for the King's final instructions. When the document came it proved to be a long list of *musts* and *must nots*. Raleigh must not come to court, he must not go to any public places or entertainments, he must engage in no business except the fitting out of his expedition. He was a prisoner still, and a prisoner under sentence of death. He must keep this fact in mind at all times, and conduct himself accordingly.

Bess was with her husband when the Lord Lieutenant read the King's instructions and demanded Raleigh's signature. She flushed angrily at the insulting terms, and glanced at her husband. He smiled and pressed her hand.

"No matter, sweetheart. It is freedom, even though it comes in an ugly dress. There, my lord Governor!" He signed with a flourish. "I am free to go?"

"You are free," the Governor answered stiffly. "May you so conduct yourself that you do not come soon again."

"No fear of that," Raleigh laughed, a ghost of his old gaiety. "Then I bid you farewell, sir, with my thanks for your long hospitality. Good day to you!"

With his wife's hand in his he went down the shallow steps, and the great iron gates clanged behind him.

He was sixty-three years old, his great height bent, his hair white, his thin face lined and weary. He looked around him and took a deep, grateful breath. For the first time in thirteen years, he breathed the air of freedom.

XV

LADY RALEIGH'S rented house in Broad Street was a poor place, small and sparsely furnished, but she had prepared it with anxious care. On the night of Raleigh's release she gave a dinner party for the friends who had remained loyal.

Ben Jonson was there, and the faithful Keymis, and the cousin George Carew. There were a number of young Carews and Gilberts and Raleighs, all cousins or nephews. Sir George Carew had brought a friend, George Percy, just off a ship from Virginia.

Bess Raleigh, taking thought of her cramped dining room, had invited no ladies. She greeted the men as they arrived, and then retired to the kitchen to supervise her two little maids.

For this homecoming feast she had put aside her forced economy and bought recklessly, the best that the market offered. A haunch of venison turned on the spit, its rich juices dripping into a silver dish beneath. Broiled fowl and roast goose, a magnificent pigeon pie and platters of pickled eels—she looked them over carefully, anxious to omit nothing. Ale with the meal, in tankards borrowed from the nearest tavern. She sighed for the silver plate of which so little remained, but she had done her best. At least she had kept her Venetian crystal goblets. The Flemish wine, the honey cakes with clotted cream, the walnuts and rosy Devonshire apples—everything was

ready. Untying her apron, smoothing her best dress that was a little threadbare, she went to summon the gentlemen to table.

The feast was a jovial one. When dessert and wine were on the table, Bess looked in again and bade them goodnight. Sir Walter followed her retreating figure with a tender smile.

"The years have touched her but lightly," Jonson observed. "She was a beautiful girl. But I think she is lovelier now, sobered and saddened by all that has passed. She has been a good wife to you, Raleigh."

"The best," Sir Walter agreed. "I chose her in my happiest days; she has been the light of my gloomiest ones. The gloomy ones"—he drew a long breath—"the days that are over at last. I can scarcely believe it."

"What does a man do on his first day of freedom?" Carew asked curiously. "How shall you spend tomorrow, Walter?"

"You ask that? A prisoner has but one wish, George, to move about, to go where he chooses. Tomorrow I shall walk our London streets from dawn to dusk, going where I like, stopping when it pleases me, learning again how free men live."

George Percy, the young man from Virginia, asked diffidently, "May I walk with you, sir? I've scarcely seen London at all. Most of my life was passed in the country, and lately I've been overseas. I can think of no better guide than you, Sir Walter."

"You could scarcely find a worse one, I'm afraid. There must have been great changes—London will be as new to me as to you. But come by all means, lad. We'll explore the city together. And now, tell us of Virginia."

Eagerly he drew Percy out to tell all he knew. This was a great deal, for George Percy had visited the colony as an agent for the Royal Virginia Company, and was

in London now to make his report. He was able to say that the Jamestown colony was thriving.

"It can no longer be called an experiment," he told Raleigh. "I rode through acres of cultivated land, fields as fair as any you will find in England. Although I did not see it in the old days, I've heard how tremendous the difficulties were. But to see it now, the pleasant well-built village, the tidy farms, you would never guess it was a savage wilderness only ten years ago. No one but Captain John Smith could have done it."

"You know Smith?" Raleigh asked.

"Very well. I met him first when he came home from Virginia in 1609. You know, of course, that he never returned? He'd done his work there, planted the colony, and now he has gone on to other work for the Company. At the moment he's exploring the coast north of Virginia, where we plan our next settlement. New England, we're calling it."

Raleigh frowned. "An inappropriate name for one section. Is not Virginia New England? Is not any English colony New England? However, I won't quarrel over names. I'm only too happy to know that more colonies are planned. Will Captain Smith be in charge of the New England attempt?"

"I don't know. His Majesty—" Percy glanced around him and spoke with caution. "His Majesty is being petitioned to grant land there to the Puritans. If their petition is granted they will no doubt choose their own leaders. Perhaps I am indiscreet in mentioning this."

"Don't worry, Percy, there are no courtiers here," Jonson said bluntly. "We know that Puritans do exist, although the fact is not admitted at court. For my part, I never could see the harm of them. To want to simplify the Church of England services and rules—is that such a crime?"

"Assuredly it is a crime," George Carew said. "Our lord the King is head of the church. He approves the existing practices. To work against them is to work against the King. Is that not treason?"

Raleigh put in a calming word. "Ben is no traitor, George—and no Puritan, either. He loves an argument, and his tongue carries him away. But I think we might choose a safer topic. Let us go back to Virginia. Is it true, Percy, that you may return as the Company's governor?"

"There is talk of it," Percy admitted modestly. "Nothing has been settled yet, but I hope—"

He broke off as there came the sound of violent hammering at the street door.

"A guest at this time of night?" Raleigh exclaimed. "The maids have gone to bed. Nephew, will you go?"

George Raleigh rose and hurried out. A moment later he returned, followed by a smiling young man. Raleigh stared at the newcomer, and then opened his arms.

"Wat! Oh, my son, it's good to see you. Where have you been? Why have you not written? Don't you know your mother has grieved over you?"

"I'm sorry, Father. You know I was never much of a letter writer. I came as soon as I heard. Father, when do we start?"

"Start?" Sir Walter released himself from the embrace and surveyed his boy with pride. How tall Wat had grown, how broad shouldered, how strong!

"Start for Guiana, of course. You're going there, aren't you, Father? And I'm going with you. That's why I came home. When do we sail? Oh, Keymis, there you are. I've learned all the things you said an explorer needed. I can sail a boat, and shoot, and swim, and carry heavy loads. You used to say I could be a good explorer, Keymis, if I learned the right things? I've learned them,

and I'm ready. Father, you will take me? You promised. Do you remember that time Captain Smith came to see us? You both promised I should go some day. And now the day has come."

Sir Walter Raleigh smiled fondly. "Yes, Wat, the day has come. Certainly you shall go with me to Guiana. Keymis and I will need husky young fellows like you."

"And like me?" It was young George Raleigh, stuttering with excitement. "I've been waiting for a chance to ask you, Uncle Walter. I'm two years older than Wat. If you take him, you can't refuse me."

"I'll refuse neither," Raleigh answered heartily. "But there's much to be done—we aren't sailing tomorrow, Wat. And now take yourself upstairs and greet your poor mother, you young cub!"

When Wat had clattered out the party broke up. George Percy remained behind for a final word.

"I'll call for you early tomorrow, Sir Walter. The sky has cleared; it should be a fine day for our London stroll."

The day proved as fine as he had predicted. In crisp March sunshine the two sightseers walked endless miles, looking and marveling.

There were new buildings, new fashions, a new look to the streets since Raleigh's day. He saw a fine lady carried past in her painted sedan chair, introduced into England only the year before but already a fashionable craze. The gentlemen they met looked strangely bare-necked to Raleigh, with flat linen collars replacing the upstanding ruffs. He looked critically at the knee length Venetian breeches that had succeeded the short puffed trunks, and made a mental note to buy a pair, for a free man must follow the fashion. To a prisoner it had not mattered.

They wandered past the gates of Whitehall Palace,

where Raleigh had served his Queen and wooed his bride. They lingered on the embankment, noting a depressing number of idle ships. They passed Durham House, once Raleigh's home, now returned to the Bishop of Durham. They paused for bread and cheese in the Mermaid Tavern, hearing from the doleful landlord that trade was very bad.

Outside the Globe Theater they stopped to watch a boy taking down the crude sign announcing a performance of *The Tempest*. There would be no play tonight, he told them grumpily. Master Shakespeare lay seriously ill; some said he would never rise from his bed. The prophets of gloom were right, for Shakespeare died less than a month later, on April 23, 1616.

Raleigh turned away with a sigh. They were all passing, the great poets of Elizabeth's day, gone into dust with the royal lady who had inspired them. And he himself, who had once traded verses with the best of them—he was old and sad, with the poetry all gone out of him. His shoulders sagged, and weariness swept over him.

Percy gave him an anxious glance. "It has been a long walk, Sir Walter. Too long, for your first day afoot. You must rest. There's a tavern I've heard of that should not be too hard to find, when we cross the river again. Do you know it? It's called Savage's Bell Inn. I've a special reason for wanting to visit it, but I've kept it for a surprise. Could you lead me there?"

"The Bell Inn? Certainly. Many a tankard and pipe I've enjoyed at the old Bell. The best ale in London! But why do you choose it now? It is a goodish walk from here—back across London Bridge, and up near St. Paul's. No, certainly I am not too tired. And I'd like a taste of Bell ale again. But you have not told me why you chose the place."

"I want you to meet a lady who has lodgings there,"

Percy said mysteriously. "She is Mistress John Rolfe, a true Virginian. You must have heard of her. London has talked of no one else all winter."

"Mistress Rolfe? I don't think—why, Percy! Do you mean the Princess Pocahontas?"

"Princess they call her, although she laughs at the title," Percy answered. "I've seen her father—a half-naked savage with feathers in his hair. Not my idea of a king."

"But he *is* a king," Raleigh said earnestly. "We English make that mistake too often—we must fit all men into our own pattern. What if this Indian king does dress differently from our own? Kingship does not lie in royal robes, my friend. This Virginian monarch, if what they tell me be true, rules a territory greater than England's. He levies tribute, makes war, disposes of men's lives. Such a man is a king, whether he wears turkey feathers or a jeweled crown."

"If you say so," Percy agreed. "Well, here we are. You'll find Mistress Rolfe a most charming lady. I sent word I would bring you to her."

In the comfortable rooms above the tavern a young woman came cordially to greet them. Quietly dressed in plain rich wool, her jet black hair in braided coils framing her thin face, she looked utterly unlike the barbaric princess one might have imagined. Only the copper skin distinguished her from any English housewife.

To Raleigh she was neither barbarian nor housewife, but a great king's daughter. On his knees he received her outstretched hand, pressing it reverently to his lips. So Elizabeth had taught him to honor royal blood. The color of the skin made no difference.

"You are very gallant, Sir Walter," Pocahontas said.

"But that should not surprise me. Her Majesty tells me you are the courtliest man in England."

"Mistress Rolfe has been much at court," Percy put in. "Queen Anne likes her so much she wanted to give her a post among her ladies. But England does not please this fair Virginian."

"That is not true." Pocahontas led the way to chairs by the window. "Will you sit there, and there? We can see the people in the streets. I never tire of watching them. No, you must not say England does not please me, Sir George. It pleases me very well. My husband is an Englishman, and my little son. I love this land."

"But you are leaving it soon," Sir George Percy reminded her. "Why, if you are happy here?"

"Why? Oh, a small matter of health." She moved restlessly. "John thinks the English air does not suit me. It distresses him that I grow thin, and that I cough the night through. He thinks I will be better in our own pine forests, so he is taking me home. Let us not talk of such a dull subject. Sir Walter, I believe we have one good friend in common."

"Captain John Smith? A good friend indeed, although he and I have met but once. I have heard the romantic story of your meeting, Princess. It sounds almost too romantic to be true."

"Oh, but it's quite true," she said eagerly. "I know that the Captain's enemies in the colony cast doubt upon it—they would say anything to discredit him. But it all happened exactly as he wrote to the Queen. My father's warriors brought him in from the forest, and he was just about to be killed when I begged his life. For a very foolish reason, too." She smiled. "I wanted him to make me some beads. I had never seen anything so beautiful as the colored beads the English settlers brought for trade. I was only a little girl of twelve, you know. It

makes me ashamed now to think that the life of such a man hung on a childish whim."

"I am sure you do injustice to your kind heart, Princess," Raleigh said. "At least the result was a happy one, whatever your reason. I trust that Captain Smith did not disappoint you?"

"In the matter of the beads? I'm sorry to say he did. He had no materials for beadmaking after the English fashion. But he did cut the silver buttons from his coat and string them together for a necklace. That was even better. And he told me stories—such wonderful stories of life across the sea! I vowed then that I would see England for myself. And now I've seen it, and I must leave it so soon, with so many of its wonders unexplored." She sighed, and turned her great dark eyes toward the window.

Raleigh glanced at Percy and rose. "We must not weary you, Princess. It has been most gracious of you to receive us. I will not say good-bye, for it well may be that we shall meet again in your own land."

"God grant it," she answered. "You will always be welcome in our Virginia home, Sir Walter."

It was never to be. Pocahontas died of tuberculosis as her ship was slipping down the Thames, before it reached the open sea. She lies buried in Gravesend churchyard. Her son Thomas grew up in Virginia, to become the ancestors of the Bollings, the Randolphs, the Flemings, the Gays, and many other distinguished Virginia families. Thomas Jefferson was the most illustrious descendant.

XVI

RALEIGH, WHO had talked so confidently of organizing an expedition, now began to grapple with the difficulties that lay in the way. Chief among them, of course, was money.

His years in the Tower had left him penniless. The only family income came from some landed property of his wife's. She had long since sold her silver plate, her jewels and luxurious furnishings. Her husband, who had owned and worn more diamonds than any man in England, was now reduced to one, a ring Elizabeth had given him. The Queen had put it on his finger herself, with a playful curse upon any man who should ever remove it. He looked at it now and thought it would go far toward provisioning a ship. But he put the temptation from him.

He had no ships to provision, and the Queen's keepsake could not remedy that. For the immense sum needed he must appeal to his friends and relatives. He went among them, hat in hand, begging, arguing, persuading. There were kind hearts who gave freely, asking no return. But the richest men were the hardest to convince. They demanded mortgages, promissory notes, all the legal devices by which prudent men safeguard their investments. Raleigh incurred a debt of 30,000 pounds, which he agreed to repay upon his return, with interest

at rates as high as twenty per cent. The money was to come from the profits of the voyage.

A council of creditors was formed, headed by Lord Arundel of the powerful Howard family. These men, since they were putting up the money, dictated the preparations and meddled in the choice of personnel. Again, as in all previous expeditions, the rolls were loaded with black sheep of noble families, drunkards and ne'er-do-wells who were thus offered a chance to redeem themselves. They were particularly attracted to the present venture, since it was not a colonizing expedition.

For the first and only time in his life, Raleigh was embarking upon an out and out treasure hunt. He had secured his freedom by promising to find gold and bring it back. He hoped, of course, that Guiana would eventually be settled, but he had no authority to make a settlement now. He carried no farming implements, no materials for home building. His voyage was to be a quick dash to a gold mine, and a triumphant return with a shipload of precious mineral.

He knew, or thought he knew, exactly where to find it. In the year after his 1595 voyage he had sent Keymis back to the Orinoco, to reassure his Indian friends that his own coming was only delayed. Keymis had found many changes. Old Topiawari was dead. Near the chief's village a deserted Spanish mission had been rebuilt and garrisoned with Spanish troops. This town, San Thomé, barred Keymis's passage farther up the river. He turned around and went back toward the sea.

On the way downstream an Indian pilot pointed out a landmark on the bank. Inland from this point, he said, there was an ancient gold mine, long closed. Once the Indians had worked it for themselves, but they kept it a secret when the Spaniards came. He declared that it was of great richness, with gold lying close to the surface.

The location of the supposed mine was not far from the place where Raleigh had found the little hoard of refined gold dust. As soon as he heard Keymis's report he jumped to the conclusion that his gold had come from this particular mine.

It was on this slender evidence that he based his bold promises of treasure to repay his backers. Neither he nor Keymis had actually laid eyes on the mine, or could be certain of its existence. It *must* be there, for Raleigh's whole future hung upon it.

It took more than a year to get his fleet together. He built a fine new flagship, the *Destiny*, upon which Lord Arundel promptly placed a mortgage. He built or bought six smaller ships. In addition to these seven he procured three pinnaces, small two-masted vessels fitted with oars as well as sails, and considered suitable for river travel.

The ships were ready long before there were men to fill them. Of the eighty gentlemen volunteers who finally made up the officer staff, more than half were thrust upon him by his backers. Raleigh bitterly described them as "rotten in body, brain and heart."

He had about thirty subordinates of his own choosing. There was Keymis, and there was Captain Samuel King, an old-time follower. Sir Warham St. Leger, son of Raleigh's first commander in the Irish wars, was a first-class military man. Wat and George Raleigh brought in several friends, young fellows who were loyal and brave, but wholly inexperienced.

The rank and file was the scum of the county jails. The King's order forbade him to "impress" men, as he had done before Cádiz, and as was the navy's custom. Everyone who sailed with him must go of his own free will. Faced with this difficulty, Raleigh solved it by bribing jailers to deliver petty criminals, who would

never be missed from the crowded prisons. These poachers, blasphemers and vagabonds came willingly, on the theory that nothing could be worse than their present lives. They were a sorry lot. Few of them had ever sailed a ship or handled a musket. A good part of the wasted time went into their training.

Patiently Raleigh set about it. In Plymouth, where the fleet assembled, he and his officers toiled day after day, teaching landlubbers to "know the ropes." They learned exactly that, for the complicated system of ropes and knots was a good part of a sailor's education.

Those who showed no aptitude aboard ship were drilled as soldiers. Since muskets were expensive and difficult to use, they were handed out only to the most promising. The others were given pikes. Young Wat Raleigh was immensely proud of the corps of pikemen he trained himself.

Representatives of his creditors followed Sir Walter around, objecting to necessary expenses, advancing their own foolish suggestions. As if this were not enough, he was further hampered by the constant presence of his keeper. King James, unwilling to allow Raleigh to forget that he was still a prisoner, appointed Sir Lewis Stukely to keep an eye on him. Although Stukely was a distant cousin, he and Raleigh had never been friendly. With the King's authority behind him, he delighted to make himself disagreeable. It was through Stukely that Raleigh furnished the King with complete reports on his plans.

In demanding these reports, James pledged his kingly word that they would be held in confidence. Through them he followed the preparations step by step, learning the weight and armament of every ship, the number of soldiers and sailors, the sailing dates and the destination. He received a map, showing the location of the mine and just where Raleigh expected to go ashore. Although he

never granted Sir Walter an interview, King James was as familiar with all the plans as though he had personally drawn them up.

What His Majesty did with this "confidential" information was to hand it over to the Spanish Ambassador, Don Diego Sarmiento de Acuña (later Count Gondomar). Sarmiento had copies made and sent them to Madrid, where the Spanish colonial office passed the news along to its colonial governors.

The King's reasons for this action were his own, and must have sprung equally from his excessive desire to appease Spain and from his hatred of Raleigh. He was setting his prisoner a difficult task. Raleigh's commission expressly forbade him to invade Spanish territory, or to engage in hostile action against Spaniards. He must find a mine of which the Spaniards knew nothing, in territory they did not claim, and do it without offending them.

It is barely possible that King James knew as little of changed conditions along the Orinoco as Raleigh and Keymis knew. The mine was there, just where the map showed it. But twenty years had passed since Keymis made his last voyage. In those twenty years the Spaniards had found the mine and moved their town of San Thomé thirty miles downriver to be near it. A nation's claim to land in the Americas was based on settlement, backed up by military strength. Guarded by the new San Thomé garrison, the mine was definitely in Spanish territory now.

James may or may not have known this. In any event, he must have felt that he had nothing to lose. If Raleigh brought him gold, he would have gold. If Raleigh clashed with the Spaniards, he would have a wonderful chance to prove his good will toward Spain by hanging the culprit.

Long before Raleigh sailed, His Majesty publicly announced that if a single drop of Spanish blood was spilled, the leader would pay with his life. He did not add that he would pay the same penalty if he returned without the gold. That was unnecessary. Raleigh was already convicted and under sentence of death. Only his great personal popularity had kept the sentence suspended all these years. If he disappointed his backers and wasted their money on a hopeless mission, his popularity would vanish, and no one would object if the old sentence were carried out.

In one way or another, the Guiana expedition could be used to rid King James of the man he detested. If he made friends with the Spanish, if he found the mine in neutral territory and returned weighed down with treasure—well, then he would have earned his freedom. His Majesty was graciously willing to allow him that chance. With all he had done to make the heavy odds heavier, James must have thought the chance too remote to worry over.

Raleigh, unaware of the King's double dealing, thought it was an excellent chance. He would have asked no better. Cheerfully he went about his preparations. By June of 1617 the fleet was assembled in Plymouth harbor, ready to sail.

Lady Raleigh and her younger son Carew, now nearly twelve, came down to see the departure. It was a gala day in Plymouth, where Raleigh was greatly loved. Taverns and houses were hung with flags. Raleigh and his officers were escorted to the quay in a gay procession, attended by the town fathers, marching to the music of a drum and trumpet band.

On the dock, Raleigh's keeper, Sir Lewis Stukely, formally released him from custody. He was now, although only for the span of the voyage, a free man.

It was a limited freedom, but none the less sweet.

He shook Stukely's hand and turned away to take his wife in his arms. Bess, as always, was brave and tender. The *Destiny* was carrying her elder son as well as her husband into those unknown regions that struck terror into her heart. Holding back her tears, she whispered her gentle wifely warnings—"Take care of your health, don't let Wat do anything rash, write to me—and oh, my darling, come home safe and soon!"

He promised everything. Then, with a last word to little Carew, he turned toward the waiting ship. He had scarcely taken a step when a commotion in the crowd halted him. A carriage had whirled down the street and come to a stop. From it a gentleman leaped and made his way, panting, to Raleigh's side.

This was Lord Arundel, chairman of the committee of creditors. Arundel was a fat fussy millionaire come for a last-minute assurance that his investment was safe.

When he recovered his breath he reminded Raleigh that the ships belonged to him and his associates. They were not to be risked unnecessarily. Raleigh must make sure that the wisest seamanship was employed in case of storm. He must guard against any chance of fire, seeing to it that all candles were properly shielded. "And it would be safest not to smoke aboard ship," he added severely. Above everything else, Raleigh must be sure to bring the ships home. Even if the expedition failed, the ships must come back. Arundel wanted Raleigh's oath on that.

Raleigh listened and agreed, with one mental reservation. He would use his own judgment about smoking. He had already given strict orders for the use of candles, and against other dangers that the landsman Arundel would not think of. He had every intention of keeping

his ships afloat. No one, not even his chief financial backer, need urge him to do that.

Arundel's worry over his return had some substance. Raleigh's position was that of a prisoner on parole. Once he was well away from England's shores, it would be difficult to keep track of him. His well-equipped fighting fleet would be welcomed by the Dutch, or the French. He had friends in both countries. If he did not go to Guiana at all, but made for some European port, what could his backers do? It was a frightening prospect that had given Lord Arundel some sleepless nights.

Raleigh reassured him. Whatever happened, whether the voyage fared well or ill, he promised he would bring the ships home. And at Arundel's insistence, he swore it by his hope of heaven.

Satisfied at last, the creditor wished him well and let him go. To a flourish of trumpets, the *Destiny* moved out from Plymouth harbor. The Guiana expedition was under way.

Twenty hours at sea, they encountered a violent storm that sent them scurrying into Falmouth harbor. For weeks the weather continued so bad that it was impossible to make more than a few false starts. They beat their way along the Irish coast to Cork, where they lay waiting for the seas to grow quiet. It was not until mid-August that the storms ended and a favorable breeze sprang up. The fleet took its final departure from Cork on August 19, 1617.

XVII

THE VOYAGE, so badly begun, grew worse as it proceeded. The long delay had worn down the men's patience and affected discipline. When they fell in with four French pirate ships, the men were all for looting them and sailing home. With difficulty Raleigh enforced his commands. If the French were pirates, that was a matter for the French king. He bought some oil, a small boat and a fishing net from the pirates, and let them go on their way.

The fleet made two stops in the Canary Islands, governed by the Spanish. With the King's orders in mind, Raleigh saw to it that his men were on their best behavior. He warned them that anyone who took so much as an orange or a grape without permission would be hanged in the market place.

At the second stop, Gomera, he visited the Spanish governor and his English wife. The lady was so impressed by Raleigh's courtesy and his men's good conduct that she sent him gifts of fresh bread, sugar and fruit. He responded with a bottle of perfume and a religious painting that had hung in his cabin. The governor, who had been warned to expect a dangerous rascal, wrote home to Spain that on the contrary he had found Sir Walter a most honest and honorable gentleman.

The fleet had lain for some days at Gomera, the only peaceful interval in a stormy passage. The seas had been

rough all the way to the Canaries; they were rougher still in the open Atlantic. One tempest followed another, with drenching rains and terrific gales. A pinnace under a Captain Bayley had already deserted, turning back from the Canaries. A larger ship sank in a September hurricane. All the vessels were heavily damaged by the pounding waves.

The weather, bad as it was, was not the worst of their troubles. A few days out of Gomera an epidemic of sickness broke out. It may have been smallpox, or typhus, or some obscure fever picked up in the islands. The chief surgeon and his aids were among the first victims, so that no medical records were kept.

Forty men died on the *Destiny* alone. Among them was Raleigh's personal servant, John Talbot, a faithful retainer who had shared the long years of imprisonment to be near his master. Besides the doctors, two ship captains died, and four military officers. The other victims were sailors and soldiers.

Raleigh himself was stricken in early October. For fifteen days he burned in fever, unable to take nourishment, growing steadily weaker. His son Wat drafted a sorrowful letter to his mother, preparing her for news of his father's death. The letter could not be sent until they met an eastbound ship. Wat was sure that by the time it reached his mother the worst would have happened. In these southern waters the great Sir Francis Drake had found his grave. It seemed very certain that Walter Raleigh must soon lie beside him.

But Fate was not finished with Raleigh yet. He revived a little, and by the beginning of November he was able to eat and to sit up. The lookout brought the joyful tidings that land was in sight.

They touched the South American continent at the mouth of the River Cayenne, in what is now French

Guiana. An Indian village stood there, and a Dutch trading vessel lay at anchor.

Raleigh, carried ashore in a chair, found with pleasure that the Indians remembered him with the friendliest feelings. A few of them had attended his meeting on Trinidad twenty-two years before, when he gathered all the chiefs from near and far to assure them of English friendship. Among the younger men he had become a fabled hero. He was warmly welcomed, and urged to remain. If he wished, they assured him, he might stay forever as their king.

It may have been merely Indian politeness, or the offer may have been genuine. If it was, Raleigh could have done worse than to refuse it, as he did.

The Dutch ship offered an opportunity to send letters home. Raleigh wrote to his wife of his illness, assuring her that he was almost well, and that their son had not been touched by the fever. The voyage had been bad, but it was safely over now. Soon, very soon, he would accomplish his mission and return to her arms.

They were brave words from a brave heart. In fact, it was only now that the real difficulties arose. Although Sir Walter's illness had passed its crisis, he was still a sick man, unable to walk. To wait for complete recovery might mean weeks of delay.

The Indians brought in stories of troop ships recently arriving at Trinidad, and of others soon to come. Raleigh had no way of knowing that Spain was reinforcing her San Thomé outpost to cut him off from the mine, and dispatching ships to deal with his fleet. The enemy knew every detail of his plans; he knew nothing of theirs.

With only suspicion and Indian rumors to go upon, Raleigh sensed trouble in the air. The governor of Trinidad, Don Diego Palomeque de Acuña, was a relative of Spain's Ambassador to England. This much Raleigh

knew. He decided against openly approaching Trinidad. He took his ships to the Triangle Islands, not far away, and anxiously debated the next move.

There was the further problem of morale. Only the two pinnaces and the ships' boats could navigate the river. The larger vessels would have to wait outside. Most of the men and some of the captains declared they would not venture upriver unless they were sure of protection in the rear. The main body of the fleet must see to it that the Spanish did not follow them upstream and slaughter them in the jungle. If fighting must come, let it come at the river mouth. And let it be led by the supreme commander, Sir Walter, who had had experience in naval warfare.

Some of this was the counsel of fear, but there was good sense in it. Raleigh, in his enfeebled condition, would be nothing but a drag on the river party. But aboard his flagship with its cannon, surrounded by the strongest elements of his fleet, he could challenge any Spanish boats that tried to follow.

Unwillingly at last he made his decision. He would stay behind, leaving the discovery of the mine to younger, stronger men. Keymis was to lead them, with Wat Raleigh and his cousin George as aides. They would take two hundred men with them.

Anxiously Raleigh repeated his instructions. If they encountered Spaniards, they were under no circumstances to attack. Any fighting they did must be only in defense. But at all costs they must reach the mine. Raleigh had come too far and risked too much to fail from over-scrupulous obedience to the King's orders now. Whatever happened, he had to have the gold.

He watched them go with a heavy heart. He was not the man to sit helplessly by, his fate entirely in the hands of others. It was in good hands; he was sure of that. Key-

mis was brave and intelligent; he knew the country and the Indians. Wat and George, although a little inclined toward recklessness, were bold, hardy fighters. He wished he could feel sure of the men. Wat's pike company, he thought, would follow their young leader anywhere. About the others he simply could not tell.

On December 17 Raleigh took up station off Punto Gallo on the southwest tip of Trinidad. When darkness came the boats slipped one by one across the narrow strait called the Serpent's Mouth, and into the Orinoco delta. They had good Indian pilots, and hoped to make straight for the main river.

The days went by, and the weeks. Raleigh waited in a fever of impatience that seriously impeded his recovery. Occasionally he had himself carried ashore, and tried to find interest in the strange flowers and minerals of Trinidad. Except for one feeble attack by a roving band of Spanish soldiers, he was left in peace on the lonely point. The only inhabitants were a few friendly Indians. They told him that Governor Palomeque had left the island a few weeks earlier, and sailed up the river to San Thomé.

Even yet Raleigh did not know that San Thomé had moved from the site he remembered. The old location was thirty miles above the mine, near Topiawari's village. It was disquieting to hear that the governor was on the river. But since his destination was a village that Raleigh believed to be far past the mine, he did not worry too much. He expected Keymis would have finished and returned before Palomeque started back.

The first news came on St. Valentine's day in the new year, 1618. One of the Indian guides paddled a canoe downstream with a single passenger, an English sailor. The sailor brought a letter from Keymis. Raleigh opened it with trembling hands.

They had no sooner reached the Orinoco than the Spaniards began to harass them, Keymis wrote. They had been fired upon from both sides of the river. However, they held their course, not returning the fire, and heard no more of it. They passed the new San Thomé, to them just an unknown trading village, and came to the landmark he remembered. The mine, his Indian pilot had told him long ago, lay eight miles inland from the strangely colored rock.

Keymis led his party ashore and made camp for the night. Then, as darkness fell, forty-two regulars of the Spanish army fell upon them. The soldiers came from San Thomé, the village Keymis had passed without a glance. He knew there were soldiers in San Thomé. He thought that San Thomé was still where he had seen it in 1596, thirty miles farther on.

Realizing his mistake too late, Keymis had decided his only course was to take the town. The first attack was easily beaten off, the soldiers falling back to San Thomé's little wooden fort. There Governor Palomeque awaited the assault the English staged at dawn.

Contrary to all expectations, the jailbird army fought well. Palomeque was killed, the town was captured and occupied. Only—only—the loyal pen faltered here, and Walter Raleigh's shaking hand turned the page. It was there, the fatal news for which the messenger's downcast looks had prepared him.

Young Wat Raleigh had fought bravely, leading his pikemen in the charge that scattered the Spanish defenders. As he fell, mortally wounded, he urged his company on, crying out, "Forward! The Lord have mercy upon me and prosper your cause!" He had died in Keymis's arms, and lay buried in the little Spanish churchyard of San Thomé.

Sick at heart, Raleigh forced himself to read on. The

battle had taken place on New Year's Day. Keymis's letter was dated January 8. There was trouble with the men, who had looted the town and were drunk on pineapple wine. So far he had been unable to muster a force to push forward to the mine. But order was being restored; he hoped to enter the mine in a day or so. In the meantime he was sending a parcel of letters belonging to the dead governor, a roll of tobacco, some oranges and lemons. He remained Raleigh's most humble and obedient servant.

So Wat was gone. Dead at twenty-three, in his first battle. Dead on the first exploration trip of all the many he had planned. Little Wat, so impatient of scholarship, so eager to see the world! He had begged so hard to go with Captain Smith ten years before. They had smiled over his head, two wise elders who knew that exploration is not for children.

Were they so wise, then? In bitter grief Sir Walter asked himself that question. If they had let him go, Wat might now be the owner of a fair Virginia plantation, a refuge for his mother and the younger child, whatever happened. He might at least be still alive. Poor Bess—how would she bear this blow? Tired and ill, lonely and heartbroken, Walter Raleigh bowed his head and wept.

When his grief had spent its first force, he roused himself to examine the packet of papers taken from Palomeque's house. Among them were careful copies of all the information Raleigh had given his King. The Spanish governor had been able to anticipate every move. Deliberately he had set his ambush at San Thomé, within striking distance of the mine. How he must have laughed at the sight of Keymis and his men rowing past the town, utterly unaware that their doom lay concealed beneath those palm-thatched huts!

Yet was it doom, after all? Raleigh read and reread the

letter, and questioned the sailor who had brought it. Keymis wrote as a victor. The governor was dead, the town captured, the troops scattered. All that remained now was to open the mine and load the gold for the return trip. Surely this was no time for despair! The loss of the beloved son was a personal grief and hard to bear. But the main purpose of the expedition was nearer to accomplishment than it had ever been. In that at least there was cause for rejoicing.

Raleigh tried to rejoice, but doubts assailed him. Keymis's letter was more than a month old. What had happened since the messenger left the camp? He had sixteen days of agonized waiting before he learned that all his hopes were false, and all his fears too true.

Keymis and his red-eyed, sullen crew came back on March 2. More than half of them were missing; many of the survivors had wounds. They brought a little gold with them, vessels and candlesticks from San Thomé church, the governor's strongbox full of gold coins. That was all.

Keymis and George Raleigh came aboard the *Destiny* where Sir Walter awaited them, propped up in his bed. Impatiently he brushed aside their condolences, and demanded the story. The mine. What about the mine?

Keymis glanced at George and cleared his throat. He was an older man, and the leader. It was a sorry tale but he had to tell it.

He told it badly, tangling himself in detail. The Spanish soldiers, driven out of San Thomé, had reorganized in the forest and begun guerrilla warfare. Keymis had taken to the boats and moved upstream, but the Spanish followed along the bank, putting themselves between the mine and the shore. There had been several skirmishes, in which the English broke and ran. Wat's death had taken the heart out of the men, it seemed. They fell back

on San Thomé, drinking and carousing, defying their officers who tried to rally them. For amusement they burned the town.

"But the mine?" Raleigh cut him short. "I don't care what happened before you reached it. You did reach it, Keymis? You wrote that you were only two hours away. You must have reached it, man."

Keymis looked down at his boots. This was the moment he had been dreading, all through the long downriver journey.

"The mine is closed," he said slowly. "The Spaniards have not been able to work it lately, because of a shortage of Indian labor."

"Did I ask you that?" Sir Walter's voice shook with impatience. "The mine, Keymis! Did you reach the mine or did you not?"

Sorrowfully Keymis shook his head. "No, sir. We did not go there. As things were, it did not seem worthwhile."

"Not worthwhile? In heaven's name, Keymis, have you gone mad? Not worthwhile to press on to the goal you have nearly reached?" With a mighty effort Raleigh brought his voice under control. "Explain yourself, my man. I do not understand you."

Miserably Keymis faltered out his explanation. They might have reached the mine, although the men were out of hand, and violently opposed to risking further losses. But suppose they did? With their reduced force they had not strength to hold it. Drunken outrages at San Thomé had angered the Indians to the point where they would be likely to support the Spaniards. Certainly there would be no Indian miners to draw upon. The English had no skill at mining, and no taste for it.

If in the face of all these difficulties Keymis opened the mine and induced his men to work it, what then?

Who would benefit by the gold they dug? The Spaniards. Or, perhaps, King James.

Keymis raised desperate eyes to his patron's face. "Your son was dead, sir. When I left you I thought—I thought—well, that you might be dying too. It was for you and yours that we wanted the gold. If you could not have it, the King should not have it! For indeed he has been a cruel master to you, sir. I would not lift a finger to profit him. Better the gold should stay in the ground where God put it. Or so it seemed to me, Sir Walter. I'm sorry if I did wrong."

Raleigh was silent so long that young George ventured to put in a word.

"We were only thinking of you, Uncle Walter. I knew you didn't really care about gold, that you think colonies are more important. So while Keymis was at San Thomé I took my boat up the river and found a choice spot for settlement. I've made a map and brought you some fruit that grows there. I'm sure the place will please you."

Raleigh looked at him as though he had been an insistent small child.

"Go to your cabin, George," he said sternly. "I must talk to Keymis."

When the door closed he turned to his lieutenant. His voice was deadly cold as he spoke.

"Let me understand you, Keymis. You left here under strict orders to find the mine and bring back gold. I told you that if it was not possible to procure a full cargo you must at least fill a few baskets, enough to show the King. One basketfull would have been enough to convince him. But a show of gold in some quantity was absolutely essential. Did I fail to make that clear to you?"

"I understood it, sir. But I have tried to explain. The Indians were against us. The Spaniards were harassing

us from the forest. For all I knew, they could bring up reinforcements at any minute. I did not know what was happening here. If—if you had died, I do not think the fleet would have waited for us on Trinidad. You know their temper, sir. Only your strong hand has kept down mutiny before this. Wat might have taken your place, but he was gone. Think of our position if the ships had sailed away, sir. A handful of Englishmen lost in the heart of a hostile jungle, food and ammunition almost gone, no base to return to, no hope of rescue—"

"A pretty string of excuses," Raleigh cut in. "I wonder how King James will receive them. Or for that matter, Lord Arundel."

Keymis flinched at the savage irony in the well-loved voice.

"I will take all responsibility, sir," he said dully. "Your illness forced you to leave the affair in my hands. They cannot blame you. If an error was made it was I, not you, who made it. I will tell them so."

"You may do that," Raleigh said coolly. "Draw up a statement explaining everything to Lord Arundel. And let me see it."

"Yes, sir. At once, sir." Keymis rose and stood awkwardly, fumbling for words. "I wish—I hope—"

"That will do. Bring me the statement when you have written it."

The paper, humbly setting forth all the reasons that had seemed so good to Keymis on the Orinoco, was in Sir Walter's hands the next morning. He read it through and then looked up.

"I see nothing here that excuses either of us, Keymis. You were my man, acting for me. My lord Arundel can only conclude that you acted as I should have acted had I stood in your place. The action taken was a clear case of disobedience to our orders. I was sent here to open the

mine and bring back gold. This was not done. Your fine phrases cannot change that, nor justify it. I will not approve this report."

He handed back the paper. Keymis took it, stood for a moment, and said quietly, "Then, sir, I know what to do." He went out, closing the cabin door behind him.

Half an hour later Raleigh heard the sound of a shot from the cabin next door. He sent his servant, who found the unhappy Keymis dead from a bullet wound and a knife through his heart. He had bungled Raleigh's mission, but in his gesture of atonement he had made doubly sure.

Raleigh spent a few wretched days in a vain attempt to organize a new raid on the mine. Officers and men alike flatly refused to join it. Keymis's men, who had enjoyed the looting of San Thomé, thought it would be good idea to repeat the process on Trinidad. After that they might go to Mexico and see what booty could be found there.

Sir Walter, forced to cope with outright mutiny, summoned his strength and felt the better for it. Aided by his nephew, he struggled back to the quarterdeck and active command. A new Orinoco trip was clearly impossible. All his energies were needed to get the fleet safely away and started on the long voyage home. The most outspoken rebels were flogged or put in irons. Sulkily the others consented to set sail for England.

At St. Christopher's in the Leeward Islands they halted a few days for repairs. From this point Raleigh sent two letters home. One was to his wife, breaking the news of Wat's death. The other, to Sir Ralph Winwood, was a frank account of the mission and its failure. He could not know that Sir Ralph, a good friend who would have understood and sympathized, had then been dead for six months.

The homeward voyage was almost as stormy as the outward one, but curiously enough Sir Walter's health improved. When the *Destiny* put in at Plymouth on June 21, it was with something of his old confident swing that he strode down the gangplank and into his wife's arms.

XVIII

LADY RALEIGH was staying in the home of Plymouth friends, Sir Christopher Harris and his wife. The travel-worn mariner had a few pleasant days there, relaxing in the shady garden, enjoying good food and good company. Then, girding himself for the ordeal before him, he set off for London. Bess went with him.

They were not twenty miles on the road when they met a traveler from the opposite direction. Sir Lewis Stukely, with an order to repossess his prisoner, greeted him with cousinly affection. They would not go to London yet, but back to Plymouth. Stukely wanted to supervise the unloading of the *Destiny's* cargo.

The cargo, picked up on the way home, was a fairly rich one of West Indian tobacco and rum. Its sale would go some little way toward repaying the creditors their losses. So at least Raleigh thought. His cousin and keeper had other plans. Stukely arranged the sale of the load and put most of the proceeds into his own pocket.

Bess had come down to Plymouth with Captain Samuel King, whose ship had arrived a few days before her husband's. Waiting at the Harris home while Cousin Lewis busily feathered his nest, the good wife and the good friend began planning Raleigh's future. His rearrest had ended all hopes of a pardon. Now they urged him to escape while there was yet time.

He had fulfilled his oath to Arundel and brought back what remained of the fleet. Why not take ship for France now and save his life? There were French ships in harbor. Stukely was much too busy to keep a strict watch on his prisoner. Now, if ever, was the time to flee.

Sir Walter was tempted. His health was better. Even at sixty-five, broken and discredited, a man might build a new life for himself in a new land. Under their urging, he went so far as to pack his belongings and step aboard a boat that would take him out to the ship. Then, at the last minute, he refused. He had yet to clear his name. He had honestly attempted to carry out his mission. That it had failed was no fault of his. He would face his King and his creditors and tell them so.

While the captain stormed and Bess wept, the situation changed. Stukely received a message commanding him to bring his prisoner to London without delay. They set out on July 25.

The road led past the gates of Sherborne, the home the Raleighs had built to be so happy in. Through the trees Sir Walter could glimpse the house, dreaming in summer sunlight, more beautiful even than he remembered. Spurring his horse close to his wife's carriage, he was relieved to see that she dozed, worn out by the heat and the long jolting ride. It was better so.

Raleigh had given a great deal of thought to the speech in which he would explain his failure. Now, remembering how little speech he had been allowed at Winchester, he began to worry over setting himself right with the rest of the world. It would be better, he thought, to commit it all to paper and have it published.

It was almost too late when the idea came to him. To gain the time he needed, he resorted to deception. When the cavalcade reached Salisbury he staggered into the inn and declared he could go no farther. A French doctor

who was traveling with them helped by giving him drugs to counterfeit illness. For four days he lay abed, groaning when Stukely came near him, sitting up and writing busily when he was alone.

The document he produced, later published under the title *Apology for the Journey to Guiana*, tells the complete story, simply and eloquently. Although it served his purpose in vindicating him to the world, it did him no good with the King, to whom it was addressed.

Nothing would have done him any good there. At last King James had his enemy exactly where he wanted him. Raleigh had brought no gold. Two of the ships were lost at sea, all the others were in need of expensive repairs. Lord Arundel and his fellow-creditors were furious. Sir Ralph Winwood, the kindly Prime Minister, was dead. George Villiers, who had put in a word for Raleigh's release, denounced him as a cheat. In all England there was no man who had reason to defend him.

The Spanish Ambassador was making a great show of displeasure. Twenty-six Spanish lives had been lost at San Thomé, one of them the Ambassador's own dear cousin. The town had been looted and burned. In righteous indignation the Spaniard reminded King James of his pledge. If a drop of Spanish blood was shed, His Majesty had promised, the culprit should be sent to Madrid for hanging.

James dallied with the notion, and decided against it. This Raleigh was slippery as an eel. Who knew but that he would manage to wriggle through Spanish hands? Besides, it would better impress King Philip if James held the execution in England, a clear proof that his country tolerated no unfriendly acts against Spain.

Raleigh had been summoned to London to appear before the King's Council, which was not then in session. Several members were attending His Majesty on a royal

progress in the Midlands. Until their return Raleigh was allowed to go to his wife's house in Broad Street, with Stukely standing guard.

In these last few days of freedom a new hope presented itself. Staunch Captain King would not give up. He went down to Tillbury and found a fishing smack whose captain agreed to smuggle a passenger out of England. The passenger, King told him, was a gentleman who had been involved in a duel and was fleeing arrest. To reach Tillbury, at the mouth of the Thames, Captain King hired a small boat and two sailors of his old command to row it.

There is reason to believe that Queen Anne had some part in the scheme. The good lady, last of Raleigh's friends at court, is supposed to have guaranteed his reception in France, or if that failed in her own country of Denmark. The part Her Majesty played is obscure, for Captain King was too discreet to bring her name into it.

Although it had been hoped that Stukely could be kept in ignorance, one of the sailors spoke too freely before him. Raleigh could do nothing but confide in his keeper and throw himself on his mercy. Stukely was his kinsman. He pretended to be his friend. It did not seem too much to ask that he should go quietly to bed on the night of the escape, and know nothing of it until morning.

Sir Lewis promised to think it over. He went straight to Sir Robert Naunton, the new Secretary of State, and revealed the scheme. Naunton gave him a letter, exonerating him in advance from any blame. Certain arrangements were made. Then Stukely hurried back to his prisoner.

He had thought it all over, he declared, and come to this conclusion. He himself would no longer live under

a monarch who treated an innocent man so cruelly. They would go together, to France, to Holland, to Denmark—wherever Raleigh chose, his devoted cousin would be at his side. Together they would rebuild their fortunes.

Surprised and touched, Sir Walter accepted these warm assurances. The night of escape was fixed upon, all plans perfected. On August 9 Raleigh said good-bye to his wife and took his place in the boat, accompanied by King and Stukely.

They had not gone far before Captain King noticed that a larger boat was following them. He called Stukely's attention to it, but was told they had nothing to fear.

On through the dark night they rowed, pursued but not approached. Then as they came to Greenwich Stukely gave a curt order to the oarsmen. They turned in at the dock. The other boat came up and discharged two peace officers and a file of constables.

Bewildered, Raleigh obeyed their command to step ashore. His charming cousin then took charge.

"Sir Walter Raleigh," he said, "I arrest you in the King's name. Gentlemen, your prisoner. Guard him well, for he is a desperate man who has just tried to escape."

Under his direction they searched Raleigh, taking his purse and a few bits of jewelry. They handed them to Stukely, who shoved them into his pockets. "These are due me for the expense I have been put to," he explained.

The lantern light fell on Raleigh's diamond ring, the ring Queen Elizabeth had put there. "And cursed be he," she had said with a laugh, "who dares to remove it."

Sir Lewis dared, stretching out his greedy hand and wrenching it from his cousin's finger. "My expenses have been very heavy," he grumbled.

Sir Judas Stukely, as they called him from that night on, did not escape the curse of Elizabeth's ring. Even

Raleigh's enemies despised him for the betrayal. When he begged the King to punish those who spoke evil of him, James answered sourly that there were not enough trees in England to hang everyone who did so. Sir Judas died two years later, raving mad.

Raleigh was returned to the Tower, never to leave it again until he went to his death. They gave him a perfunctory hearing before the Council, where the attempt to escape was taken as proof that he knew himself to be guilty.

The Council reaffirmed the old death sentence and ordered the execution in late October. Sir George Carew, pleading on his knees, was able to obtain from the King one feeble gesture of mercy. The shameful, torturing process of hanging and quartering would be dispensed with. Raleigh would die in the light, by a merciful blow of the headsman's ax.

His last days were spent, not in his familiar Tower chambers, but in a small bare room once occupied by his servant. None of the old privileges were available now. His wife was allowed to visit him only for brief interviews. Other visitors were admitted at the authorities' pleasure. Those who came went away marveling at his cheerfulness. He had given up hope, and with hope he had cast away all fear.

He was setting out, he told them, on his final adventure, the most exciting of them all. The vast realm of death, that undiscovered country no man had mapped—what wonders might it not hold?

Sir Walter was a Christian, but his keen intellect rejected the ordinary cut-and-dried conception of the after-life. The Lord God Who designed this little earth in such variety, giving it seas and mountains, flowers and trees and strange beasts—who could believe that He

would content Himself with anything so commonplace as a golden city for His own dwelling?

The earth was limited, but Heaven would not be. Marvels upon marvels, sights and sounds utterly beyond man's imagination—and all eternity for time to explore them! His heart lifted at the thought. So many times he had set out, or planned to set out, only to be recalled at Elizabeth's caprice. This was one expedition that no earthly whim could cancel or hamper. Death would bring the freedom that life had denied him.

The execution was to take place in the Old Palace Yard before Westminster Palace, where Parliament met. The hour was fixed at eight in the morning of October 29, 1618. On the night before, Raleigh was removed from the Tower and lodged in the old Gatehouse Prison overlooking the yard.

As he entered the prison he noticed a friend standing near the gate, and stopped for a word with him. "Shall you be present tomorrow?" he asked. Sir Hugh Beeston assured him that he would be. "You'd best come early to get a good place," Raleigh warned him. "For my part, I am sure of one." Laughing, he turned to follow his jailer.

He ate a good supper in his cell, and spent the early part of the evening receiving his friends. The Rev. Dr. Robert Tounson, Dean of Westminster, marveled at his calm. "He was the most fearless of death that ever was known," the Dean wrote afterward, "and the most resolute and confident, yet with reverence and conscience." Raleigh asked him to come in the morning and give him the last sacrament.

When the grieving friends had gone the jailer opened the cell door to Bess Raleigh. She had spent the day at the Palace, begging for a last-minute reprieve. The Queen was ill—dying, as it turned out—but she roused herself

to scribble a note to George Villiers, whose word carried more weight with her husband than her own. Bess went on to Villiers, who made one grudging concession. He would see that Sir Walter's body was turned over to her for Christian burial.

She had one hour alone with her husband. Even the jailer, who had thrust himself into the circle of the earlier visitors, withdrew and left them together. When the Abbey clock struck midnight he came to lead her away.

Left alone, for the last time Raleigh took up his pen. On the flyleaf of his Bible he wrote the exquisite short poem that has outlived him by more than three hundred years:

> Even such is Time, who takes in trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
> And pays us but with age and dust:
> Who in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wandered all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days.
> Yet from this earth, this grave, this dust,
> My God shall raise me up, I trust!

He slept, and awakened to the chilly dawn of a beautiful autumn day. With all his usual care he dressed in his best—brown satin doublet, embroidered waistcoat, black taffeta breeches, velvet mantle and plumed hat. Under the hat he wore a knitted wool skull-cap, for since his fever he felt the cold.

Dean Tounson arrived, and he made his last communion. The two men breakfasted together. They were still at table when the sheriff's men arrived. Raleigh asked them to wait a minute while he smoked his pipe. While they waited he smoked with every sign of enjoyment, "as one who has no care but that the pipe draw well." Then he told them he was ready.

The scaffold stood in the yard before the House of Parliament, with a great throng of spectators already assembled. As he was led past them Raleigh caught sight of a man, very old and very bald, and shivering in the crisp October air.

Halting, he asked the man why he had come. "To pray for your soul," the man answered. Raleigh thanked him and tossed him the warm wool cap. "Take it, my friend, for you need it more than I."

The Dean of Westminster walked beside him. With steady steps he ascended the scaffold. He had only one worry left in the world. The fever that had nearly killed him abroad had left him subject to frequent fits of ague, in which his voice and body shook uncontrollably. He was dreading an attack now, when visible trembling might look like cowardice. It did not come, and he thanked God for it in his final speech.

On the gallery of Parliament House a number of gentlemen were gathered. Some of them were Raleigh's friends, as were many in the crowd below. To attend a man's execution was not considered unfeeling, any more than attending his funeral would be. His friends had come to do him honor, and to speed him on his way with a prayer. His enemies, of course, had come to gloat.

In the group on the gallery his keen eye picked out the portly figure of Lord Arundel, wrapped in a fur-trimmed cloak. "Will my Lord Arundel speak with me?" Raleigh called out.

Arundel started, whispered to the man nearest to him, and came down. The others followed him, and some half-dozen lords ascended the scaffold. Some of them had loved Raleigh, some had hated him, but in this solemn hour of death they came all together to shake his hand and wish him well.

Sir Walter thanked them. Then, turning to Arundel,

he said so loudly that all could hear, "My lord, when I went down to my ship, you asked me for a promise. Whether I made a good voyage or a bad, yet I should return again to England. I made you the promise and gave you my faith that I would."

"And so you did," Arundel answered him. "It is true that those were the last words you spoke to me."

"I thank you, my lord. I would have every man here know that I am not a man who breaks his oath."

A murmur of approval went through the crowd. When the sheriff had quieted them, Raleigh began his prepared speech. In grave, simple words he reviewed the charges against him, declaring that he had never been a traitor, and had had no other thought in life but to serve his King with such gifts as God had given him. He told again the story of the Guiana expedition. His harshest word for Keymis, whose blunder had wrecked it, was "a willful fellow, but of good intent." He spoke of Lord Essex, who had been his friend, and passionately denied the old slander that he had rejoiced to see the young Earl die.

"And now," he concluded, "I entreat that you all join me in prayer to that great God of Heaven whom I have oft offended, being a man full of vanities. And then I will take my leave of you. I have a long journey to go, and must bid the company farewell."

As he knelt, every man present fell to his knees. A chorus of supplication went up, mingled with groans and sobs. When the prayer ended, the sheriff cleared the scaffold of all except Raleigh and the clergyman, the sheriff himself and the executioner.

Permitting no one to assist him, Sir Walter took off his hat, cloak and doublet. He picked up the ax and tested its blade, remarking cheerfully, "This is a sharp medicine that will cure all my diseases."

Kneeling, he placed his head upon the block. Again

the multitude knelt with him. They were with him in spirit now, friend and foe alike. Whatever he may have done in life, he was showing them how a brave man dies. His fame, that had waxed and waned so often, was now secure for all time.

In days to come, the whisper of it would haunt King James upon his uneasy throne, adding another count to England's long score against the royal Stuart line. The terrible harvest would not come in James's time. It would not come because of injustice done this one faithful servant. But in the treatment of Raleigh the English people had a foretaste of what they could expect from their reigning house. James's son Charles I would pay the bill, and pay it with his royal head.

The executioner raised the ax and lowered it again, his arm shaking. Raleigh lifted his head. He was smiling, the gay, confident smile that had rallied his sailors at Cádiz. "What do you fear? Strike, man, strike!" And this time the blade fell, straight and true.

All the weary years of hopes and dreams, of delays and frustrations and bitter disappointments, were behind him now. Confidently, gallantly, with a smile on his lips, Walter Raleigh was off on his Great Adventure.

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