

ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off, and the false plaits. The labored illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

"So perish all enemies of the queen!" said the dean of Peterborough. A loud "Amen!" rose over the hall. "Such end," said the earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, "to the queen's and the Gospel's enemies!"

Orders had been given that every thing which she had worn should be immediately destroyed, that no relics should be carried off to work imaginary miracles. Sentinels stood at the doors, who allowed no one to pass out without permission; and after the first pause, the earls still keeping their places, the body was stripped. It then appeared that a favorite lap-dog had followed its mistress unperceived, and was concealed under her clothes. When discovered it gave a short cry, and seated itself between the head and the neck, from which the blood was still flowing. It was carried away and carefully washed, and then beads, paternoster, handkerchief—each particle of dress which the blood had touched—with the cloth on the block and on the scaffold, was burnt in the hall-fire in the presence of the crowd. The scaffold itself was next removed; a brief account of the execution was drawn up, with which Henry Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury's son, was sent to London, and then every one was dismissed. Silence settled down on Fotheringay, and the last scene of the life of Mary Stuart, in which tragedy and melodrama were so strangely intermingled, was over.

## XXXV.

## ARRIVAL OF THE ARMADA.—EWALD.

[The great effort of Spain and Philip II. to subjugate England was to have been made in favor of Mary Stuart. But Mary was destroyed before the preparations for the expedition could be completed. The attempt, therefore, when it was made, the year after Mary's death, appeared as a bald design to crush England under a foreign yoke, and the result was that every Englishman, old and young, Catholic and Protestant, rallied under the banner of the queen.]

THE summer sun was casting its lengthening shadows upon the bowling-green behind that hotel well known to all officers of her majesty's navy, the Pelican Inn, Plymouth. It was the evening of July 19, 1588. An exciting game of bowls was about to be interrupted. Standing around the bowling-alley watching the play was a little throng whose names naval warfare and the story of adventure will not easily let die. There on that memorable occasion stood Lord Howard, of Effingham, the lord high admiral of England; Sir Robert Southwell, his son-in-law, the captain of the *Elizabeth Jorcas*; Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Richard Grenville; Martin Frobisher and John Davis; and last, but far from least, Sir John Hawkins, "the patriarch of Plymouth seamen," lazily watching the movements of his pupil, Sir Francis Drake, vice-admiral of the fleet. Raising his form to his full height, then slowly bending forward, the better to give impetus to the swing of his right arm, Sir Francis was about to send the bowl speeding along the alley, when he suddenly stayed his hand and gazed open-mouthed at an old sailor who, with the news-fever burning hot within him, had rushed into their midst. "My lord, my lord!" cried the weather-beaten old salt to the lord high admiral, "they're coming—I saw 'em off the Lizard last night; they're coming full sail, hundreds of 'em a darkening the waters!" The cool

vice-admiral turned to his chief, as he hurled the bowl along the smooth, worn planks, and said, "There will be time enough to finish the game, and then we'll go out and give the dons a thrashing!"

It was the first intimation of the arrival of the long-expected "dons." The opal even-tide was fast deepening into night when the towering hulls of the Armada were seen rounding the Lizard. At last the shores of England were before the Spaniards, and the object of their ambition was about to be attained. The weary months passed in busy preparation, the anxious nights spent amid the storms of the Atlantic, the fatigues and privations that had been endured, were now to receive their reward. The spirits of the men on board the galleons rose high, for all were convinced that success was about to crown their efforts. The moment had arrived when vengeance was to be theirs. Within sight was the England who had shown herself, on every occasion, the enemy of Spain, who had encouraged the Protestant revolt in the Low Countries, who had robbed the West Indies of their treasures, who had captured wealthy galleons bound for Cadiz or Lisbon, and brought them in triumph to the mouth of the Thames; whose famous mariners had, within the very fortifications which commanded the Spanish forts, fallen upon the fleets of the most Catholic king, plundered them of their goods, and then left them a mass of wrecked timber. But the hour of revenge was at hand, and haughty England, who styled herself the mistress of the seas, was to be humbled on her own element, or yield her lands to the foreigners. Forming his ships in the shape of a crescent, which stretched some seven miles from horn to horn, Medina Sidonia came full sail toward Plymouth. Hastily weighing anchor, Lord Howard hurried out of the harbor to give battle to the enemy in the Channel.

Meanwhile the beacon-lights had flashed through the country the news of the arrival of the Armada. In every

shire men were looking up their arms and saddling their horses, ready for any emergency. Shipping was placed at the Nore to protect both Sheppey and the Thames. A camp was formed at Tilbury to cover London; and the earl of Leicester, who had shown himself both incompetent and improvident in the Low Countries, and who owed all his advancement to the favor in which he was held by the queen, was appointed commander-in-chief. The hour of danger, however, stimulated him to unwonted activity. "Nothing must be neglected," he wrote to the Council, "to oppose this mighty enemy now knocking at our gates." The queen herself came down to the camp, rode along the lines, and exhorted her troops to remember their duty to their country and their religion. "She had come among them at this time," she cried, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the troops, "not for her sport or recreation, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die among her people—to lay down, for her God and for her kingdom, her honor and her blood even in the dust. She knew she had but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but she had the heart of a king, and of a king of England, too; and thought foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of her realm. Rather," she exclaimed, with all the fire of her Tudor blood, "than any dishonor should grow by her, she herself would take up arms, she herself would be their general, their judge and rewarder of every one of their virtues in the field!"

Her soldiers, however, required little pressing to go forth and attack the enemy. They burned to meet the foe who had the audacity to attempt the invasion of their country, or to dream of forcing upon Protestant England the hated creed of Rome. Stories of the terrors of the Inquisition, of the cruelties that had been practiced by Alva in the Low Countries, and of the fate that was to be in store for Englishmen, should the forces of Medina and Parma win the day, were

freely circulated. It was said that the houses and parks of the English nobles were to be parceled out among the Spanish grandees, and that a list had been drawn up to that effect, which was in the pocket of every Spaniard. English women were to be spared only to be consigned to a fate worse than death. The houses of the wealthy merchants in London had been inserted in a Spanish register, and were to be divided among the squadrons of the navy for their spoil. Every galleon had hundreds of halts on board wherewith to hang the English people, while children under seven years of age were to be branded upon their faces, so as to be known hereafter as the offspring of the conquered nation. Such tales were fully credited, and goaded the patriotism of the country into a perfect frenzy of wild and vindictive hate.

On issuing from Plymouth harbor into the open Channel, Lord Howard gave orders to his men not to come to close quarters with the towering unwieldy galleons, but to pour broadside after broadside into them at a distance, and to bide their opportunity to fall upon them. They had not long to wait. One of the galleons, the *Capitana*, carrying the flag of Pedro de Valdez, ran foul of the *Santa Catalina*, and broke her bowsprit. She was disabled; it was in vain that the Spaniards tried to take her in tow, and Drake timely coming up, she struck her flag, and was tugged at the stern of the *Revenge*, a prize into Torbay. Among the prisoners was De Valdez, "the third in command of the fleet," and Juan Martinez de Recaldo, vice-admiral. As the Armada advanced up the Channel the English hung upon its rear, firing shot after shot into the lofty hulls of the galleons and galleasses, yet all the while taking excellent care to give them a wide berth. "The enemy pursue me," moans Medina Sidonia; "they fire upon me most days from morning till night-fall; but they will not close and grapple. I have purposely left ships exposed to tempt them to board, but they decline

to do it; and there is no remedy, for they are swift, and we are slow."

The Spanish captain-general was fairly nonplussed. The smart, well-handled English ships ran in and out, doing him as much damage as it was possible, always declining to come to close quarters, while his lumbering craft were useless to chase and cripple the agile enemy. Medina resolved to bear up for Calais, in hope that Parma was ready to put to sea. Shortly after the galleons had anchored in Calais roads, Lord Howard, whose ammunition and provisions, owing to the short-sighted stinginess of Elizabeth, were running terribly low, and who, consequently, was most anxious not to protract proceedings, practiced a successful *ruse* upon the Spaniards. Filling certain of his smaller ships with combustible materials, he dispatched them, one after the other, into the midst of the enemy. The Spaniards, panic-stricken, cut their cables, and, utterly demoralized, took to flight in all speed. The next morning Howard, seizing the opportunity of their confusion, fell upon them and destroyed about a dozen of their ships, besides inflicting considerable damage upon their fleet generally.

It was now evident to the most ardent Spaniard that the object of the expedition was completely frustrated. The duke of Parma declined to quit the harbor to land his forces in England unless protected by the Spanish fleet, and the Armada was now flying northward for dear life, intent far more upon seeing the coast of Spain than that of England. "God grant ye have a good eye to the duke of Parma," writes Drake cheerily to Walsingham, "for with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not, ere it be long, so to handle the matter with the duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange-trees." The duke must have already wished himself at his country seat. Nervous and confused by the complete collapse of the expedition, he knew not what course to pursue. He dared not return home by the Channel,

for his men refused to encounter the English again in the narrow seas; it was idle for him, with his dismantled fleet and dispirited crews, to remain in the Downs; where further action was impossible, retreat became necessary; and so, after an anxious parliament with his lieutenants, it was resolved to seek Spain by way of the North Sea. Crowding all sail, and throwing overboard useless cargo, the Armada steered for the Orkneys. Howard, however, had no intention of seeing the hostile fleet sneak off like a whipped cur without receiving the full punishment she so richly deserved. Leaving Lord Henry Seymour's squadron to guard "the narrow seas," the English admiral gave chase to the Spaniard. But English courage, though capable of great efforts, requires to be supplied with the ordinary means of subsistence. A stern chase is proverbially a long chase, but it becomes infinitely longer where the crews in pursuit are decimated by scurvy and dysentery, are weakened by absolute hunger, are in want of water, and are only animated by the undying pluck of their race.

Sadder reading there is not than the piteous moans for provisions, to be met with in the State Papers of this date, from the captains of the different men-of-war then watching the Channel for the protection of England. Wages were in arrears, every farthing of extra expenditure had to be rigidly accounted for to the queen, while sailors brought on shore sick or dying had no place to receive them. "It would grieve any man's heart," writes Howard, "to see men who had served so valiantly die so miserably." Yet Elizabeth, who owed her realm to the efforts of these her gallant subjects, though she could speak brave words to them, which stirred their blood like a trumpet, would permit no lavish encroachments upon her exchequer. She doled out in miserable portions, money, food, drink, and clothes. Even her cherished favorite, Leicester, had to complain that on four thousand men coming into Tilbury, after twenty miles' march, "as for-

ward and willing men as ever I saw," there was not "a barrel of beer nor a loaf of bread" to give them. The one cry throughout the correspondence of this period is: "Nothing can exceed the patient and willing spirit of both sailors and soldiers; but, for God's sake, send us provisions, send us powder, send us money, clothes, and drink, else we be too enfeebled to fight." Still, the miserable parsimony of the queen was deaf to all entreaties, in spite of Drake's advice, that it was an ill policy "to hazard a kingdom with saving a little charge."

The result of all this cheese-paring was now to tell its tale. Off Norfolk a storm arose; the men under Howard in pursuit of the Armada were too weak to work the ships; the admiral himself was compelled to satisfy the pangs of hunger with a few coarse beans, while the crews were forced for drink—the story can hardly be credited—to fall back upon the resources of human nature, and the chase had to be abandoned. With extreme difficulty Howard, accompanied by the largest of his ships, reached Margate; the rest of the fleet were driven into Harwich. "Our parsimony at home," writes Captain Whyte to Walsingham, "hath bereaved us of the famous victory that ever our nation had at sea."

## XXXVI.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—FARRAR.

[The sovereign who succeeded Elizabeth had been king of Scotland for a quarter of a century, but he had had little real power, and had busied himself with devising a scheme of absolute government which was to be tried in his new kingdom of England. Lacking tact and skill, he soon came into collision with the English House of Commons, and sowed trouble for his son to reap. He reversed the foreign policy of his predecessor by at once making peace with Spain, and through all his life he assiduously courted the favor of that power. It was mainly to the Spanish policy of James that Raleigh was sacrificed. Raleigh had grown up among the great men who had been so conspicuous as navigators and discoverers in Elizabeth's reign.]

AMONG souls so pure and noble the boy Raleigh passed his earlier years. After brilliant promise at school and college, by the age of seventeen he was fighting for Protestants in France, and beginning his many-sided career as soldier, sailor, courtier, poet, discoverer, and author. If you would understand his life, and the glorious years of Queen Elizabeth, you must remember three things—that it was the era of the Renaissance, the era of the Reformation, and the era of the colonization of America.

It was the era of the Renaissance. That new boyhood of life produced splendid daring. The glory of England, in that day, was as when the aloe rushes into its crimson flower. Around the queen stood men crowned with many laurels, men of strong passions, of deep feelings, of large hopes, of dauntless endurance, of ardent imagination, of magnificent purposes. Think of the day when Hooker was preaching at the Temple; and Bacon meditating on the "Novum Organum;" and Spenser writing the "Faerie Queene;" and Sidney fighting in the Netherlands; and Galileo reading the secrets of the stars; and Drake singeing the beard of the king of

Spain; and Shakspere, Marlowe, Chapman, and Ben Jonson were pouring forth all the passion of which man's heart is capable; and Milton was a little boy; when trade, art, science, learning, burst into new life; when England was acquiring the empire of the sea; and the queen was telling Mendoza—in quite her natural voice, and as though it was the most natural thing in the world, though he was the ambassador of a king at whom the world trembled—that if he talked to her about Philip's threats again she would fling him into a dungeon. Yes! England was the England of Shakspere and Raleigh, and spoke in the voice of England then, because her sons were neither cynical unbelievers nor gilded effeminate, but feared God, and were noble and great and true.

And this era of the Renaissance was, on the religious side, the era of the Reformation. In these our days love of popery shows itself in coquetting with dead usages, and hatred of popery has dwindled down into the feeble spite of religious newspapers; and most men, caring nothing about either tendency, walk in the cold mid region between a boundless skepticism and an unfathomable superstition. But in *those* days hatred of popery was no mere intolerance about minor religious opinions. It was, and had a right to be, a holy and mighty passion. It meant hatred of popes like Pius V., who sent his soldiers into France with the words, "Slay immediately whatever heretics fall into your hands," and who taught Englishmen to defy and plot against their queen. It meant hatred of Moloch fires which flamed through all lands; hatred of queens steeped, like Mary, in murder and adultery; hatred of generals, like Alva, reeking with the blood of saints; hatred of blood which cried to heaven from an earth which would not cover her slain. Hatred of popery meant, in that day, hatred of the sanguinary alliance between priestly usurpation and monarchic despotism; between cruel tyranny and deadly superstition. It meant hatred of burn-

ings, tortures, butcheries; hatred of the dark, crooked devil's work of a plotting, murdering Jesuitism, which absolved the reckless perjuries of the conspirator, and consecrated the cursed dagger of the assassin; it meant hatred of the Inquisitor, wielding the sword of the tyrant and wearing the ephod of the priest. But with Raleigh—born when the fires of Smithfield were barely extinguished, reading Foxe's "Martyrs" at his mother's knee, who, as a boy, had fought against Alva in the Netherlands, and seen Condé die at Jarnac, whose ears had thrilled with the shrieks of St. Bartholomew, and who knew how Philip of Spain had laughed aloud when he heard of that awful massacre, and how Pope Gregory XIII. had struck medals and sung *Te Deums* in its honor—to Raleigh hatred of popery was, in that day, inevitably one with loyalty to Elizabeth and love of England, and passion for the primary rights, the natural liberty and free conscience of mankind. And because he was a life-long foe to popery he was a life-long foe to Spain, which was then trying to blight the whole world with the upas shadows of abhorrent absolutism.

The great men of Elizabeth knew that the triumph of Spain, the triumph of popery, would have meant the holiness of racks and the beatitude of thumbscrews. It would have meant that the England of Elizabeth would have reeked, as did the England of James II., with the odors of the charnel-house. It was this that made Raleigh fight papists in Ireland, which he called then, as it is now, "not the common weal, but the common woe;" and fight papists in France, and in the Netherlands, and on the Armada, and in the New World. It was this which made him burn the Spanish fleet in Cadiz Bay. It was this that made him tell in immortal prose, as Tenpyson has told in immortal verse, that death of Sir Richard Grenville, when one English ship fought for fifteen mortal hours against fifty-three Spanish ships at the Azores. Yes, in the era of the Reformation hatred of

popery meant love of truth, love of England, love of freedom, love of progress, air, and light.

But, nobly as Raleigh served the cause of England and the cause of the Reformation, it is with the New World and its colonization that his name will be most gloriously and most permanently connected. To Raleigh and the old sea worthies of England the New World meant Eldorado. But Spain, forsooth, claimed the whole of this New World by virtue of a trumpety parchment signed by a meddling Italian priest! And how did this land of promise and golden dreams fare in the hands of popery and Spain? The tale of their greed and cruelty rang through all lands. The flames woven on the banners of Cortez were the accursed emblem of the Inquisition. But they had not occupied a third, even, of the coast; and was that land of boundless wonder and beauty, of boundless fertility and wealth, to be abandoned to them? Were millions of innocent Indians to be treated like brute beasts? Were the English, whom they called "Lutheran devils," to be handed over to the rack and the galleys, if they ventured to trade, nay, if they were but shipwrecked, on those shores? Not if Raleigh could help it! His genius fixed upon, and his dauntless patience and princely munificence secured regions which had almost escaped the notice of Spain. On the colonization of Virginia he spent £40,000, and was ready to spend his whole fortune, to the last coin.

Let me for one moment glance at his life and end. If you would judge of his zenith, see him in the splendor of Durham House, his beautiful wife beside him, his noble boy at his knee, sometimes flashing about as captain of Elizabeth's guard, in his armor of enameled silver; sometimes in his "doublet of white satin, all embroidered with rich pearls, and a weighty chain of great pearls around his neck;" the friend of Sidney, the patron of Spenser, the companion of Ben Jonson and Shakspere, lord of the Stannaries, governor of Munster, governor of Jersey, rear-admiral of the

fleet against the Azores; ruffling it with Leicester and Essex, their equal in manly beauty; "lording it with awful ascendancy" in the fairy-land of Gloriana's Court—"a man at whom men gazed as at a star." Envy not his splendor! All the while he was struggling in a net-work of base intrigues. Long before pride and passion led him into sin, he had learned—as his poem, "The Lie," shows—how hollow and disappointing it all was. And then see the plunge right down to the very nadir of human misery and ruin. I know few tragedies to equal those last twelve years of his in the Tower of London. Elizabeth had died, "with the whole Book of Ecclesiastes written on her mighty heart," and the very basest and meanest of English kings, with no fear except to offend Spain and no money except to lavish on infamous favorites, disgraced her throne. Such a man as James naturally hated such a man as Raleigh. His fair day at once drew to evening. "I am left of all men," he wails, "that have done good to many. All my good turns forgotten, all my errors revived and expounded to all extremity of ill, all my services, hazards, and expenses for my country—plantings, discoveries, fights, counsels, and whatsoever—dire malice has now covered over." Ah! what a shipwreck of man's ingratitude! and how common on the treacherous sea of life! And then came the midnight. Imprisoned, robbed, slandered, yet enriching even his prison hours with the "History of the World;" in vain attempting suicide, betrayed by his own king, suffering from fever, losing his gallant boy in battle, and his devoted adherent by suicide; old, gray-headed, lame, worn with sickness, anguish, and watching; penniless, ruined, dishonored—finding the whole world turned for him to thorns—after being belied for a while in a hubbub of lies, he is, at a day's notice, infamously doomed to the scaffold. In all those awful fires God had purged away all his dross. He had long learned to defy death in all his ugly and misshapen forms. "O, eloquent, just, and mighty death," he wrote at the end of his

"History of the World," "whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hast dared, thou hast done; and whom the world flattered, thou hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-fetched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, '*hic jacet*.'" Even such, he wrote in his cell the evening before his execution:

"E'en such is time—who takes in trust  
Our youth, our hopes, our all we have,  
And pays us but with earth and dust;  
Who, in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days.  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust!"

"Prythee, let me see the ax," he says to the executioner. "Dost thou think, man, I am afraid of it?" "A sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." "I entreat you," he says, "that you will all join with me in prayer to the God of heaven, whom I have grievously offended, being a man full of all vanity, who have lived a sinful life, that the Almighty Goodness will forgive; that he will cast away my sins from me; that he will receive me into everlasting life. So I take leave of you all, making my peace with God." He says but one more word. Asked to face toward the east, he says: "If the heart be right, it matters not which way the head lies." So dies the most brilliant of Englishmen; so fades all glory into darkness, and all life into dust, that we may give God the splendor.