

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.