ELIZABETH THROCKMORTON, LADY RALEIGH

From an engraving in the collection of A. B. Andrews, Jr.

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The North Carolina Booklet

"Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her."

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DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

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THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH*

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT OLD FORT RALEIGH ON ROANOKE ISLAND, NORTH CAROLINA, AT THE CELEBRATION OF VIRGINIA DARE DAY, AUGUST 19, 1913.

BY MARSHALL DELANCEY HAYWOOD,

Member Roanoke Colony Memorial Association, General Historian of the Sons of the Revolution, Historian of the Masonic Grand Lodge of North Carolina, Historiographer of the Diocese of North Carolina, etc.

My Friends and Fellow-Countrymen:

To be invited to appear before this company today, amid such inspiring surroundings, is an honor which might well flatter the pride of any true American, and I value it most highly. For many years I have been a member of the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association, but never until last night was it my privilege to set foot upon Roanoke Island.

The purchase and reclamation of the site on which stand the remains of this old fortress were due to the efforts of the late Professor Edward Graham Daves, a native North Carolinian residing in the city of Baltimore. This scholarly gentleman associated with himself a number of patriotic persons who were interested in historical and antiquarian work, and soon raised funds sufficient for the purchase of Fort Raleigh. During the Christmas holidays of 1893, I first had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of Professor Daves when he came to my home town and delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on Roanoke Island and the daring Englishmen who first discovered and colonized it. In the

*Owing to the length of this paper, parts were omitted in delivery.

following April I spent several happy days at his hospitable home in Baltimore, and there learned more of the work he had so much at heart, but a few months later I was greatly shocked to hear of his death, which occurred while he was on a visit to Boston. His only son at present surviving is Mr. John Collins Daves, of Baltimore, now vice-president of this Association. From its organization up to the time of his death, Professor Daves was president of the Association, and he was succeeded in office by his no less patriotic brother Major Graham Daves, of New Bern, in this State, who zealously pushed forward the work. After the death of Major Daves, which occurred in 1902, Vice-President William D. Pruden became acting president, and later was succeeded by the present incumbent, the Reverend Robert Brent Drane, D.D. Both Mr. Pruden and Doctor Drane have rendered and are still rendering valuable services to the good cause of keeping alive the glorious memories of this spot.

Nor must I fail to mention those who have filled the office of Secretary-Treasurer of this Association. The first Secretary-Treasurer was Professor John Spencer Bassett, a student and teacher of history, born in our State but now residing in Massachusetts. Upon his resignation, Mr. A. B. Andrews, Jr., of Raleigh, was chosen. Miss Leah D. Jones (now Mrs. Charles L. Stevens), of New Bern, next succeeded; and, in turn, gave place to Mr. William Blount Shepard, of Edenton, who discharged the duties of that office until his much-lamented death last January. Mr. Shepard's successor is the present capable and energetic incumbent, Dr. Richard Dillard, also of Edenton.

In making choice of a subject on which to speak this morning, I have selected Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the greatest men of whom the annals of England can boast, and also one of the most versatile—statesman, colonizer, explorer, fort-builder, ship-builder, historian, courtier, soldier, sailor,

scientist, chemist, poet, and orator. An English writer, Hepworth Dixon, has said: "Raleigh is still a power among us; a power in the Old World and in the New World; hardly less visible in England than in America, where the beautiful capital of a chivalrous nation bears his name." To Raleigh belonged the masterful mind and guiding hand which first sent forth English civilization to this continent and this spot more than three centuries ago.

There are countless variations in the spelling of the surname Raleigh,* but only one pronunciation—with a very broad Devonshire accent on the first syllable, as if it were written Rawley, and that was the way it was written when young Walter was entered as a student at the University of Oxford. He himself wrote it Ralegh, in later life. Historians, as a general rule, use the orthography Raleigh, which is the form I shall adopt—from force of habit, as our State so named its capital city, wherein I have spent my life.

When this land of ours was first discovered the "Virgin Queen" of England called it Virginia in honor of herself, but let me remind you that *North Carolina* is the "Virginia" of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. The present State of Virginia was not settled until 1607, when Elizabeth had been in her grave four years and when the heroic Raleigh was mewed up in the Tower of London by that great Queen's unworthy successor. The eminent English historian, James Anthony Froude, in his work entitled *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century,* says: "Of Raleigh there remains nothing in Virginia save the name of the city called after him." Ladies and gentlemen, there *is* a very small village called Raleigh somewhere in West Virginia (which State was a part of Virginia until 1862), but I have personal knowledge of the fact that Doctor Froude was slightly mistaken in his supposition that the "city of Raleigh"—North Carolina's

*Stebbing's Life of Raleigh, pp. 30-31.

beautiful capital—is in Virginia. I was born in the city of Raleigh, my home still stands within its limits; and it grieves me beyond measure to see so great a historian as Froude complacently present my native town to our sister State of Virginia. I refuse to be moved in any such way. And then, too, Virginia has recently drawn so heavily upon North Carolina in the matter of *men* that she should be willing for us to keep both the city of Raleigh and Roanoke Island with this old fortress built by Sir Walter's colonists. There is scarcely an institution of any importance in Virginia today which has not had to come to North Carolina for its president. Among these are the University of Virginia, Washington and Lee University, the Union Theological Seminary, the Randolph-Macon Woman's College, the Virginia Life Insurance Company, and the Virginia Trust Company, while the general manager (though not titular president) of the Old Dominion Trust Company is also a North Carolinian. In view of all this, Ladies and Gentlemen, it does seem to me that Virginia should be duly grateful for what North Carolina has already done for her, and leave us in the quiet and undisturbed possession of Roanoke Island and our capital city of Raleigh.

But I am drifting from my subject. I came here not to discourse upon self-exiled North Carolinians residing in Virginia, but to call your attention to the career of Sir Walter Raleigh, under whose patronage came the English explorers who claimed this land in the name of Queen Elizabeth in the year of our Lord 1584.

It may be well to state, at the outset, a fact already known to most of you, that Raleigh himself never saw the North American continent, though he was twice in South America. Nevertheless his was the world-vision and his was the purse without which the expeditions to this place would not have been undertaken so soon.

Many of my hearers may recall the striking observation of Macaulay concerning the navy of Great Britain in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Said that historian: "There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles II. But the seamen were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen." However true this may have been in the days of King Charles, it was widely different in the reign of his great predecessor Queen Elizabeth, many of whose fleets and vessels were commanded by men of high birth as well as approved valor. Sea-fighting was then considered a gentleman's trade, and there was no surer road to the Queen's favor than to join the ranks of those who were her main reliance when struggling with Spain for the freedom of the seas. In all England there was no shire so prolific of these hardy aventurers as Devon, the birthplace of Raleigh. Says the novelist Kingsley: "It was the men of Devon, the Drakes and Hawkinses, Gilberts and Raleighs, Grenvilles and Oxenhams, and a host more of 'forgotten worthies' whom we shall learn one day to honor as they deserve, to whom England owes her commerce, her colonies, her very existence." Sir Walter Raleigh was related by blood to the Gilberts, Grenvilles, and Drakes, as well as other noted Devonshire families, including the Courtneys, Carews, St. Legers, and Russells.

In a recent biography of Sir Walter Raleigh by William Stebbing (who uses the orthography Ralegh) an account of the Raleigh family is given as follows: "The Raleghs were an old Devonshire family, once wealthy and distinguished. At one period five knightly branches of the house flourished simultaneously in the county. In the reign of Henry III a Ralegh had been Justiciary. There were genealogists who, though others doubted, traced the stock to the Plantagenets through an intermarriage with the Clares. The Clare arms have been found quartered with those of Ralegh on a Ralegh

pew in East Budleigh Church. The family had held Smallridge, near Axminster, from before the Conquest. Since the reign of Edward III it had been seated on the edge of Dartmoor, at Fardell. There it built a picturesque mansion and chapel. The Raleghs of Fardell were, writes Polwhele, 'esteemed ancient gentlemen.' But the rapacious lawyers of Henry VII had discovered some occasion against Wimund Ralegh, the head of the family in their day. They thought him worth the levy of a heavy fine for misprision of treason; and he had to sell Smallridge." Wimund Raleigh, whose wife was a Grenville, left a son Walter, born in 1497. This Walter engaged at times in seafaring, and owned three separate estates, viz.: Fardell, Colaton-Raleigh, Wythecombe-Raleigh, and Bollams. His third wife was Mrs. Katherine Gilbert, widow of Otho Gilbert of Compton Castle and Greenway Castle, and a daughter of Sir Philip Champernoun of Modbury. To this marriage were born several children, among whom was Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom I shall speak today.

Walter Raleigh, afterwards known to fame as Sir Walter Raleigh, was born at Hayes, in Budleigh Parish, Devonshire. Some accounts give 1552 as the year of his birth, though the inscriptions on several of his oldest engraved portraits seem to indicate that he was born in 1554. Two pictures, slightly differing, of the house where he was born may be found in the first volume of the *History of North Carolina,* by Francis L. Hawks, and in the fifth volume of *Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography.* Raleigh's father, having determined that his son should have educational advantages becoming his station in life, entered him as a student in Oriel College at the University of Oxford, in 1568. In the following year young Raleigh went abroad and pursued his studies in the University of France, but left that institution to fight as a volunteer under the renowned Huguenot leaders the Prince

de Condé and Admiral Coliguy. He was present at the battles of Jarnac and Moncontour; but was absent from Paris, though still in France, at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. In 1576 he was again in London, but a year or two later went to the Netherlands and assisted the Hollanders in their warfare against the Spaniards under the Duke of Alva.

Soon after Raleigh's return to England from the Netherlands his thoughts began to turn to the New World beyond the seas. His eldest half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, had set hope on western discoveries as early as 1566, but at that time Queen Elizabeth was unwilling for him to absent himself from Ireland, where he was president of the English colony recently established in Munster. By 1578, however, Gilbert renewed his efforts, and was engaged in fitting out a fleet of eleven ships at Dartmouth, in Devonshire. This enterprise Raleigh joined, but only seven of the eleven ships could be gotten to sea. Gilbert was Admiral of the fleet, Carew (afterwards Sir Carew) Raleigh, a brother of Walter, was Vice-Admiral, and Walter Raleigh commanded the *Falcon*. Though Gilbert had announced that he was going on a voyage of discovery, the unusually heavy armament carried by his ships led many to believe that the "discovery" of Spaniards was his chief aim. This fleet went to the Azores, and possibly as far as the West Indies, engaged in an undecisive fight with a Spanish sea-force, and lost one ship, which foundered in a gale—the others returning to Dartmouth in 1579.

After his return to England with Gilbert's fleet, Raleigh spent some time in London; and, in June, 1580, was sent to Ireland as captain of a company which was to operate against the insurgent natives and their Spanish allies, the latter of whom had landed in that country to join forces with the enemies of England. These Spaniards, with the assistance of some Italians, had built Fort del Oro at Smerwick in county

Kerry, and had heavily garrisoned that stronghold. The Lord Deputy of Ireland, Baron Grey of Wilton, together with the sea forces of Admiral Sir William Winter, besieged this fort in due time, and it later surrendered unconditionally. By Lord Grey's order, Raleigh and one Macworth (another officer of the besiegers) marched in and put to the sword more than four hundred Spaniards and Italians, also hanging such of the Irish as could be found there. Some of the foreign officers of rank were spared and held for ransom. Though Lord Grey gave the order for this butchery, we are forced to doubt if Raleigh had any scruples in performing his part of the bloody work. Of him his biographer Stebbing says: "Towards American Indians he could be gentle and just. His invariable rule with Irishmen and Anglo-Irishmen was to crush." While Raleigh remained in Ireland he engaged in numerous skirmishes with the insurgents, also serving as a member of the temporary commission for the government of Munster. Returning to England in 1581, he first attracted the personal notice of the Queen by throwing his handsome cloak over a muddy place in her pathway at Greenwich, thereby saving her shoes from being soiled. This incident was first recorded in 1662 (less than fifty years after Raleigh's death) by Fuller in his *Worthies of England.* Sir Walter Scott, as many of my hearers may remember, gives a graphic account of this piece of gallantry in the novel *Kenilworth.*

Whatever may have been the cause of Raleigh's rise in the favor of Queen Elizabeth, he soon became a man of great wealth in consequence of patents and monopolies received through royal grants. In 1583 he was given portions of all revenues from the wine licenses of the kingdom, thereafter aggregating from eight hundred to two thousand pounds sterling per annum. In 1584 he was knighted—an honor always sparingly bestowed by the hand of Elizabeth. In the

year following he was made "Warden of the Stannaries"—which, translated into our American language, means Supervisor of the Tin Mines. He became Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, and Vice-Admiral of the two counties of Cornwall and Devon in 1585. In 1585 and 1586 he represented the shire of Devon in Parliament; and, in the latter year, obtained a vast land-grant (about forty thousand acres) in the Irish counties of Cork, Waterford, and Tipperary. This grant also included the salmon fisheries of Blackwater. He received, in 1587, grants of English lands in the shires of Lincoln, Derby, and Nottingham, which had been forfeited by Anthony Babington and other conspirators against the life of Elizabeth. He also became Captain of the Queen's Guard, thereby being thrown into personal attendance upon Her Majesty.

I have already spoken of Raleigh's venture with Sir Humphrey Gilbert when the latter's fleet went on a western voyage in 1578. In 1583 Gilbert fitted out another expedition of a similar nature. In his fleet of five vessels the largest was the bark *Raleigh,* furnished by Sir Walter Raleigh, who earnestly desired to command it in person, but the Queen needed his services at home, and forbade his departure from England. After two days sailing, the *Raleigh* left the remainder of Gilbert's fleet and returned to Plymouth, on account of sickness which had broken out among her crew, but the admiral continued on his way with his four remaining ships. He finally reached a place which is now a part of Newfoundland, and formally took possession of that locality in the name of Queen Elizabeth. The expedition to Newfoundland was the last voyage of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. On his return he refused to take refuge in his largest ship, the *Golden Hind,* but cast his fortunes with those who manned the *Squirrel,* a little craft of ten tons, whose decks were already overburdened with heavy ordnance. In the midst of a great storm, south

of the Azores, the heroic Gilbert was last seen, calmly sitting in his little ship with a book in hand, while night was approaching. As he got within hailing distance of his comrades on the other vessels he called out the ever-memorable words "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land," and a little later his anxious friends on the *Golden Hind* saw the lights of the *Squirrel* disappear from the face of the waters.

The tragic ending of this voyage of his beloved brother did not deter Sir Walter Raleigh from further efforts to colonize America. In 1584, the year following, on the 25th of March (which was New Year's Day under the old Julian Calendar, then in use) he secured from Queen Elizabeth a charter or Letters Patent, empowering him or his heirs and assigns to "discover, search, find out, and view such remote heathen and barbarous lands, countries, and territories not actually possessed of any Christian prince, nor inhabited by Christian people." He was also authorized to fortify any new settlements made under his authority and to "encounter and expulse, repel and resist, as well by sea as by land, and by all other ways whatsoever, all and every such person or persons whatsoever, as without the especial liking and license of the said Walter Raleigh, and his heirs and assigns, shall attempt to inhabit within the said countries." It was provided that the laws enacted for the government of the new settlements should be "as conveniently as may be, agreeable to the form of the laws, statutes, government, or policy of England, and also so as they be not against the true Christian faith now professed in the Church of England." This charter contained many other provisions, which it is not my purpose here to quote. Suffice it to say that Raleigh was thereby given what he most desired—an opportunity to extend the sovereignty of England over the lands and waters of the New World.

For the carrying out of his plans, Raleigh secured the

services of Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, two stalwart English sea-captains, and fitted up for their use two barks, "well furnished with men and victuals," in which they sailed out of the Thames on the 27th of April, 1584. Fortunately for history, a record of this voyage has been preserved in the volumes of Hakluyt, it being in the form of a report to Sir Walter Raleigh, written by Captain Barlowe. On June 10th the explorers reached the Canaries, and just a month later wended their way through the West Indies. They found the climate there very unwholesome, and many members of the two crews were taken sick. They tarried twelve days to recuperate and take on fresh supplies, and then struck out for this locality where good climate may always be found in abundance. Delicate odors from our Carolina coast were wafted to them before they sighted land, for Barlowe tells us that on the 2d of July "we smelled so sweet and so strong a smell as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers, by which we were assured that the land could not be far distant; and, keeping good watch and bearing but slack sail, the fourth of the same month we arrived upon the coast, which we supposed to be a continent and firm land, and we sailed along the same a hundred and twenty English miles before we could find any entrance or river issuing into the sea."

Though the above quoted record says that the voyagers first reached our coast on the 4th of July, we must remember that the Independence Day we now celebrate on the Fourth of July does not fall on the same anniversary; for, between the Julian Calendar or "old style" then used and the Gregorian Calendar or "new style" now used, there is a difference of ten days, making July 14th the present anniversary of the coming of Raleigh's first expedition in 1584.*

*In the 18th century (Washington's birthday for example) the difference was eleven days, not ten.

As already stated, Captains Amadas and Barlowe sailed up our coast one hundred and twenty miles before effecting a landing. Finally an inlet was discovered, and the explorers sailed in. Barlowe tells us that "after thanks given to God for our safe arrival thither," two boats were manned and a landing effected. After this, formal proclamation was made, declaring that England's sovereign was "rightful Queen and Princess of the same," and that the newly discovered country should be held for the use of Sir Walter Raleigh by authority of the Letters Patent issued to him by Her Majesty.

Some difference of opinion exists as to which of the numerous North Carolina inlets Amadas and Barlowe first entered. Many believe that the inlet they used has since been closed by storms which have piled up sand-bars where the old channel ran. It is not my purpose to discuss that matter here. It is sufficient for us to know that they were "conducted in safety to the haven where they would be," that they first returned thanks to God for deliverance from the dangers of the deep, and then began viewing the lands adjacent to their anchorage.

The narrative of Captain Barlowe goes quite into detail explaining the habits and traits of the natives, the location of lands and waters, the fauna and flora of the country, and many other interesting conditions there existing, but too long here to be quoted.

The ships were anchored for two days before any natives were seen by the explorers. On the third day they espied a small boat containing three men. Two of these remained in their canoe, and the third walked up the shore near the ships, later being taken on board and presented with some articles of apparel. After viewing the ships with interest, he returned to his own boat, later beginning to fish, and came back with a large supply of fresh fish which he presented to the English. The next day numerous Indians were seen in

small boats, among them being Granganimeo, brother of the savage monarch who held sway in that locality. The king himself, Wingina by name, had recently been wounded and hence was unable to do the honors of the occasion. Granganimeo left his boats and came up the shore, followed by forty of his braves. These spread a mat upon the ground, and the king's brother seated himself thereon, as did four of his principal followers. When the English approached the shore, they were invited to a seat on the mat by the Indians. Then Granganimeo "made all signs of joy and welcome, striking on his head and breast, and afterwards on those of his visitors, to show that all were one, at the same time smiling and making the best show he could of all love and familiarity."

Speaking of the natives Captain Barlowe says: "After they had been divers times aboard the ships, myself, with seven more, went twenty miles into the river that runs towards the city of Skycoak, which river they call Occam; and the evening following we came to an island which they call Roanoak, distant from the harbor, by which we entered, seven leagues." Thus was this island of Roanoke discovered by the English. On it was a small village of nine houses, well fortified after the Indian fashion. Granganimeo being absent from this village, his wife came to the waterside to meet the explorers, and entertained them with much pomp and ceremony, commanding her tribesmen to attend their wants, and feasting them with a profusion of savage hospitality. Of the natives it is recorded: "We found the people most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age."

After trading with the Indians for some time, learning as much as they could of the country, and mapping the outlines of the coast for future use, the explorers once more betook themselves to their ships and sailed back to England,

arriving safely about the middle of September. They took with them two natives, Wanchese and Manteo, of whom I shall have more to say later on.

At the end of Captain Barlowe's narrative is a "record of some of the particular gentlemen and men of account" who were witnesses of the events which had transpired. They were: Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, Captains; and William Greenvile, John Wood, James Browewich, Henry Greene, Benjamin Wood, Simon Ferdinando, Nicholas Petman, and John Hewes, members of the ship's company.

One laughable mistake occurred during the stay of the English in the vicinity of Roanoke Island. When they first arrived, they pointed to the mainland and made signs to an Indian that they wished to know the name by which the whole continent was called. The Indian, not understanding, replied: "Win-gan-da-coa." So it was duly reported to Sir Walter Raleigh that the domain which the Queen had granted him was named "Wingandacoa," and it was formally recorded under that name in the contemporaneous descriptions and on the maps of the newly discovered country. When later voyagers learned more of the dialect used by the savages, they ascertained that when the Indian had said "Win-gan-da-coa" his remark (when translated) meant: "You wear gay clothes."

When Amadas and Barlowe returned to England with their tales of strange adventure, and glowing accounts of the discoveries they had made, also showing Wanchese and Manteo in their wild and gorgeous costumes, the effect on the public mind was almost magical. Sturdy adventurers of all ranks and classes eagerly sought an opportunity to gain fortunes in expeditions across the Atlantic. Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen," was so impressed with the accounts brought back by Amadas and Barlowe that she named the new land "Virginia" in honor of her single condition in life. As for Sir

Walter Raleigh, his fame spread far and wide, and he at once sought opportunities to send forth other fleets. As commander of his next expedition he was fortunate in securing the services of his kinsman, Sir Richard Grenville, member of an ancient Devonshire family whose name has been spelled in almost as many ways as that of Raleigh. Sir Richard himself signed it "Greynvil," the printed accounts of his voyages have it recorded "Greenville" and "Granville," many (if not all) of his descendants write it "Granville," and historians generally use the orthography "Grenville," which last mentioned style I shall adopt. The naval annals of the world can not boast of a more heroic figure than this selfsame Sir Richard Grenville, who was afterwards mortally wounded while fighting one English vessel, the *Revenge,* against a Spanish fleet of fifty-three ships—an exploit immortalized by Tennyson in his poem *The Revenge, a ballad of the fleet,* 1591.

It was on the 9th day of April, 1585, that Sir Richard Grenville sailed out of Plymouth with the second expedition of Sir Walter Raleigh. Grenville's fleet consisted of the following ships: the *Tiger,* the *Roe-Buck,* the *Lion,* the *Elizabeth,* the *Dorothy,* and two small pinnaces. The "principal gentlemen" in this expedition are set down as Master Ralph Lane, Master Thomas Candish [Cavendish], Master John Arundell, Master Raymund, Master Stukeley, Master Bremige, Master Vincent, and Master John Clarke. Some of these, we are told, were captains, and others were needed for their "counsel and good discretion." Among these latter were Thomas Hariot, the historian of events occurring on the voyage, and John White, an artist whose paintings of Indian life are still preserved in the British Museum. We shall learn more of White later on. Ralph Lane, who afterwards won the honor of knighthood, was Grenville's second in command, and was later left at Roanoke Island as Governor of the

Colony. After leaving England on its voyage to America, the fleet touched at the Canaries and Antilles, and then anchored at Cotesa, a small island near the island of St. John. The voyagers rested a day at Cotesa, and then sailed over to Mosquito Bay, on the island of St. John. There Grenville landed with some of his men and erected a fortification, later adding to his fleet by building a new pinnance, which was finished and launched on the 23d of May. The Spaniards on the island sent a flag of truce and protested against the erection of this fortress, but Grenville somewhat cooled their resentment by saying he had only stopped for supplies; that he would depart from their shores in peace if these supplies were furnished, but would use force if they were not. The Spaniards promised compliance, but failed to keep their word, whereupon Grenville set fire to his fortification and sailed away, bent on squaring up matters with the Dons. Within the next two days he captured two Spanish frigates, ransomed the officers and some passengers of rank, and placed Lane in command of one of these vessels. The fleet needing salt, Captain Lane went to the southwest side of the island of St. John, and landed twenty men who threw up an entrenchment, after which they commenced to get salt. We are told that, when the Spaniards beheld Lane, there "came down towards him two or three troops of horsemen and footmen, who gave him the looking and gazing on but durst not come near him to offer any resistance." So Lane sailed off and rejoined the fleet, after which they went to the island of Hispaniola (now called Hayti), which was reached on the 1st of June. Upon news of their arrival at Hispaniola, the Spanish Governor sent them a courteous message, promising to call and pay his respects. He accordingly came on the 5th of June, "accompanied by a lusty friar and twenty other Spaniards, with their servants and negroes." Thereupon Grenville, with his officers and various crews, dressed up in

their gayest attire to receive them. The English, both officers and men, were feasted sumptuously and provided with all manner of costly entertainment during their stay, and left with great good will towards the Spaniards, though the chronicler of those events stated in his narrative that the Englishmen believed that the courtesy of the Spaniards was due to fear of Grenville's formidable armament. If the Spaniards had been stronger, it was added, the English might have received the same treatment which had been accorded their countrymen Sir John Hawkins at San Juan d'Ulloa, Captain John Oxenham near the Straits of Darien, and divers others who had tasted Spanish cruelty.

After leaving Hispaniola, Grenville's fleet touched at numerous small islands on its voyage northward, and finally came to the coast of what is now North Carolina but which these explorers called Florida. On the 23d of June, it was stated that they "were in great danger of a wreck on a breach called the Cape of Fear." On the 26th, Ocracoke Inlet (then called Wococon) was reached, and two days later the *Tiger* was run aground and sunk through the treachery (not then discovered) of Simon Ferdinando, by whom she was piloted. The settlers sent word of their arrival to King Wingina at Roanoke Island on July 3d, and three days later Manteo, who had returned to America with the voyagers, was sent ashore.

Fearing to go further through the inland waters in the large ships, many of the officers and crew set off, on July 11th, in well armed and fully provisioned pinnaces and other small boats to explore the mainland. On the 16th of July occurred the first act of English hostility towards the Indians—the beginning of countless bloody onslaughts and savage reprisals which were to follow throughout the succeeding centuries and extend down to a time within the memory of men still living. An Indian had stolen a silver cup belonging to one of the Englishmen. A party was sent to demand its

return. This demand not being complied with, the village and grain crops of the Indians were burned (the savages themselves having fled), and the attacking party returned to the fleet, on the 18th, at Wococon or Ocracoke Inlet.

At the end of July the English received a call from their old friend Granganimeo, who visited the fleet in company with Manteo. Granganimeo was shown through the ships of the fleet, and kindly entertained during his stay.

On August 5, 1585, Captain John Arundell, having been ordered to return to England, did so. The remainder of the fleet, under Sir Richard Grenville, set sail on August 25th, leaving a garrison or colony of one hundred and seven men on Roanoke Island.* The English Governor or "General" of the colony was Ralph Lane, heretofore mentioned. These colonists under Lane remained on the island nearly a year. Of Lane personally, the historian Hawks observes: "He had the rough courage of a soldier of his day, he endured hardships with his men, he had judgment to see that Roanoke Island was not a proper site for the colony, and to devise a plan by which two parties, one on the land and the other on the water, should attempt to meet and find on the Chesapeake Bay a better locality, of which he had heard from an Indian prince, his prisoner. He had wit and prudence enough to secure the fidelity of that prisoner by keeping his only son as a hostage; he pursued the wise policy of attaching that son to him by great personal kindness. * * * The personal attachment he had created in his young hostage was the means of discovering a widespread plot for the destruction of the colony by the natives." The young hostage, just mentioned, was Skiko, son of Monatonon, King of the Chawanooks or Chowan Indians. When Skiko was first captured, he attempted to escape, and Lane threatened to have his head cut off, thereby frightening him into better discipline. He

*For list of colonists under Lane, see Hakluyt (1810 edition), Vol. III, pp. 310-311.

later treated him with marked kindness, in consequence of which he remained a friend of the English throughout the remainder of their stay.

Lane's only sources of information concerning the interior of the country, except that in his immediate neighborhood, were the statements made to him by the Indians, and hence his accounts are not always accurate. Like the ancient Herodotus (who recorded the wonderful tales told him by all travelers and thereby gained an unenviable reputation for mendacity) Lane was often misled, but narratives of what came under his personal observation are trustworthy. One laughable inaccuracy in the geographical knowledge of the early settlers (probably based on Indian authority) was the belief that a near-by river flowed out of the Gulf of Mexico or some bay in the South Sea or Pacific Ocean! Another account said that this river gushed out of a huge rock at its source, and this rock was so close to a great western sea that in storms "the waves thereof are beaten into the said fresh stream, so that the fresh water, for a certain space, groweth salt and brackish."

During the stay of Lane's colony at Roanoke, Granganimeo died, and thereby the English lost a trusty friend. Upon his death, for some reason not given, his brother, King Wingina, changed his name to Pemisapan. Thereafter he entered into numerous confederacies with other tribes for the destruction of the whites, but these conspiracies were thwarted by the vigilance, courage, and sagacity of Lane, aided by timely warnings from Manteo, young Skiko, and other friendly Indians. Old Ensenore, father of King Wingina *alias* Pemisapan, was also friendly to the colonists, but he died on the 20th of April 1586. Wanchese, who had gone to England in company with the friendly Manteo, became a lifelong enemy of the English, for some cause which does not now appear to be recorded.

Soon after the death of the King's father, the Indians (having no one to restrain their unfriendly designs) entered into a gigantic conspiracy for the purpose of exterminating the whites. The plan was to go secretly by night and set fire to the houses occupied by Lane, Hariot, and other chief men of the colony; and, when they rushed from the flames, undressed and unarmed, to shoot them down, afterwards slaughtering and dispersing their followers. The secret of this conspiracy was communicated to Lane by young Skiko. The evil genius at the head of the proposed uprising was King Pemisapan, formerly known as Wingina, and Lane promptly determined to strike the first blow, and once for all rid his colonists of their inveterate enemy. He sent word to the savage king that he wished to meet him. The chief accordingly came to a place specified, with a large following of armed tribesmen. At a given signal the king was shot down with a pistol, and a general battle ensued. In the course of the melee, which proved a defeat for the savages, their leader (who was supposed to be dead from the pistol wound) suddenly sprang up and took to his heels. As he ran, an Irish boy who held Lane's petronel (a hand-gun or large pistol) wounded him again, but he disappeared into the forest, pursued by an Irishman named Edward Nugent. Lane and some of his men soon followed, and met Nugent coming out of the wilderness with the King's head in his hand. Thus were the settlers freed from their bitterest and most formidable enemy, and for some time thereafter they were little troubled by unfriendly savages.

During their entire stay on the island of Roanoke and in its vicinity, the colonists were industriously engaged. They shot game, caught fish, and planted corn in proper season, all the while keeping armed watch against the approach of unfriendly Indians. Nor were their old enemies the Spaniards

out of mind, as they had no assurance that these would not pay them an unfriendly visit by water.

In the Roanoke company of colonists was a courageous captain, Edward Stafford by name, of whom Lane says: "I must truly report of him, from the first to the last, he was the gentleman that never spared labor or peril, either by land or water, fair weather or foul, to perform any service committed unto him." This officer was sent with a well-manned boat to the vicinity of an inlet, with instructions to be on the watch for any ships which might be sent from England. On June 1, 1586, Stafford sent a messenger to Lane with the information that he had sighted a great fleet of twenty-three sail; but, as he could not make out whether they were friends or foes, all should be on their guard. Great was the joy of the colonists when the commander of this formidable fleet turned out to be the renowned Admiral Sir Francis Drake, circumnavigator of the world, whose daring warfare against the Spaniards had been the wonder of all Europe, and who was to gain a fame still greater two years thereafter by his share in destroying the "Invincible Armada" of King Philip.

Like a true patriot, Drake placed the resources of his well manned and thoroughly equipped fleet at the disposal of the colonists on Roanoke Island. A bark, pinnaces, canoes, munitions of war, food, clothing, and all else needful, were offered them, with a sufficient complement of seamen to man such craft as should be left for their use. In accepting this generous proffer, Lane requested Drake to receive on his fleet and take to England all men whose health had suffered during their stay in America, and to replace them with capable seamen and skilled artisans. The admiral was also requested to leave a ship to convey the colonists back to England two months thereafter, in August, if a promised relief expedition under Grenville's command should not be sent to them by their patron Sir Walter Raleigh. With the advice of his

captains, Drake decided to leave the *Francis,* a brig of seventy tons, and to put provisions on board in sufficient quantities to supply a hundred men for four months. Two pinnaces and four smaller boats were also to be left, with Captains Abraham Kendall and Griffith Herne to direct navigation. While these preparations were in progress a great storm arose and continued for some days. All vessels in the fleet, including the *Francis,* were driven out to sea many miles; but Drake returned with a much larger bark, the *Bonner,* of one hundred and seventy tons, and tendered her to Lane in place of the *Francis,* with like conditions and equipment. Wishing to have the advice of his officers in the determination of a matter so important, Lane called a council and it was the opinion of all that "the very hand of God seemed stretched out to take them from hence," for the relief expedition under Sir Richard Grenville had been promised them before Easter, and that season was long passed. England, it was believed by those at Roanoke, had so much to occupy her armies and fleets against traitors at home and enemies abroad, that the needed help could not be sent across the water, so all the colonists decided to return at once in the English fleet. Drake thereupon sent up pinnaces to bring off their belongings, among which were valuable maps and charts of the country. These latter, unfortunately, were washed overboard and lost while the men were endeavoring to place them aboard ship. The colonists themselves, however, got safely on board, and Drake "in the name of the Almighty, weighed his anchors" on the 19th of June, 1586, arriving in the English harbor of Plymouth on the 27th of July.

Though delayed by many vexatious circumstances beyond his control Sir Walter Raleigh had not been unmindful of the welfare of the colonists left at Roanoke, and sent (but too late) a well-provisioned ship for their relief. This ves-

sel arrived not long after Lane and his men had departed in Drake's fleet. Finding the former settlement abandoned, the relief ship returned to England, but not in time to communicate the discouraging news to another expedition of three ships sailing by Raleigh's orders under the command of Sir Richard Grenville. Finding none of his countrymen at Roanoke, but unwilling to abandon England's claim to the land, Grenville left fifteen of his men to hold possession of the island, and returned to England with his ships.

In the next year, 1587, Raleigh perfected plans for another attempt at colonizing Roanoke, and wisely came to a realization of the fact that no colony could be made permanent without the presence of women. He therefore issued a charter or commission constituting John White as Governor, with twelve councilors, under the corporate name of "The Governor and Assistants of the city of Raleigh in Virginia." Ninety-one men, seventeen women, and nine boys made up the company. Two more, Virginia Dare and another baby named Harvie, were born after the arrival in America, making one hundred and twenty-one white persons in all.* In this expedition was the faithful Manteo, who had again visited England, and now returned to his native wilds with the whites. With him was another friendly Indian, named Towaye.

The three ships bearing the colonists of 1587, sailed out of Portsmouth, England, on the 26th of April, and arrived at Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, the same date, tarrying in the latter place for eight days. Leaving Cowes, they reached Plymouth on the 5th of May; and, on the 8th of the same month, began their westward journey. On the 16th of May, Simon Ferdinando, the pilot, to whose former base conduct I have already alluded, abandoned the fly-boat in the Bay of Portugal, rejoined the fleet, and remained to practice more treachery later on. The captain (Edward Spicer) and the

*For list of colonists under White, see Hakluyt (1810 edition), Vol. III, p. 348.

daring crew of this fly-boat were not so helpless as the pilot supposed they would be. They immediately set sail in their little craft and safely crossed the Atlantic, rejoining their comrades at Roanoke.

Sailing as before stated, the fleet with the colonists under Governor White passed through the West Indies, stopping at various islands there for drinking water, salt, game, and other supplies, and started northward from Hispaniola about the 6th of July, arriving ten days later at Cape Fear, where the traitor Ferdinando came near causing another wreck, his design being thwarted by the vigilance of Captain Edward Stafford, of whose courage and good conduct in the previous expedition under Lane, I have already spoken. On July 22d, Hatorask (Hatteras) Inlet was reached, and there the large ships anchored. Governor White manned a pinnance with forty of his best men and started for Roanoke Island, where he hoped to find the fifteen men left by Grenville in 1586, the preceding year. None of these fifteen could be found, but the bones of one (who had been murdered by the savages) were discovered. It later was learned that all had been treacherously slain, except some who escaped in a small boat and were probably lost.

The day after his arrival at Roanoke, Governor White and a strong body of his men walked to the north end of the island, where the "city of Raleigh" had stood. They found the fort destroyed, but many of the small dwelling houses were in fair condition, and the party immediately set to work repairing these huts. On the 28th of July, George Howe, one of the colonists, was shot and killed by some Indians who were the remnants of Wingina's tribe, with whom was Wanchese. On the 30th of the same month, Captain Stafford took a party, with Manteo as guide and interpreter, and met the Indians on August 1st, offering to make peace with them, forgetting all past differences. The savages promised

that their chiefs would come in for a conference on this subject and give their answer in the course of the next seven days. Nothing being heard in that time, Governor White and Captain Stafford headed a party of colonists which attacked an Indian encampment and wounded one or more before it was discovered that they had fired upon a friendly tribe from Croatan. The account of this transaction says: "Although the mistaking of these savages somewhat grieved Manteo, yet he imputed their harm to their own folly, saying to them that if their weroances [chiefs] had kept their promise in coming to the Governor at the day appointed, they had not known that mischance."

Both in America and England instructions in the principles of the Christian religion had been imparted to Manteo, the never-failing friend of the whites; and, before the colonists left England, Sir Walter Raleigh had expressly commanded that this Indian should be baptized as soon as practicable after arrival in his old home on Roanoke. It was probably decided that this ceremony should take place in America in order that the example might have the effect of causing other Indians to embrace Christianity. Manteo was accordingly baptized on Roanoke Island on the 13th of August, at the same time being (by Raleigh's orders) created Lord of Roanoke and of Dasamonguepeuk, as a reward for his faithful service. This was the first administration of the sacrament of baptism, according to the rites of the Church of England, which ever took place within the limits of the present United States. Five days later, on the 18th, a daughter was born to Ananias and Eleanor Dare, this little girl's mother being a daughter of Governor White. As she was the first child born in the new country, she was called Virginia, by which name she was baptized on the first Sunday after her birth.

During the latter half of August it was determined to send back to England for further supplies, but great difficulty was

experienced in securing the services of any officer to undertake the mission. All the colonists finally united in a request that Governor White himself should go. This request was at first refused, White saying that his return would be looked upon by the public in England as a desertion of those whom he had persuaded to undertake the voyage to America, and would consequently bring great discredit upon his name. He also had misgivings about his personal belongings, which he feared might be lost when the colonists moved further inland, as it was their intention to do later on. The colonists then grew even more importunate, and White finally consented, with much reluctance, after being given a signed certificate wherewith to justify his course in departing from the colony which he had been sent to govern. He accordingly set sail with one ship and a fly-boat on the 27th of August, 1587. At the outset of this return voyage, quite a number of the fly-boat's crew were disabled by the breaking of a capstan. Later the two crafts separated, as the larger one (with the marplot Ferdinando on board) wished to trade at the island of Tercera. White would not delay, but proceeded in the fly-boat. All on board came near perishing for lack of drinking water, and the boat lost its course in consequence of foul weather. Finally those on the boat sighted a port, which turned out to be the Irish town of Smerwick (the scene of Raleigh's bloody work in 1580), and there the crew gained much needed help. From Smerwick the boat proceeded to Dingen, five miles distant. There the boatswain, the boatswain's mate, and the steward died on board, and the master's mate and two other sick sailors were taken ashore. On November 1st, Governor White took shipping for England on another boat, and arrived in due time at a port in Cornwall.

In April, 1588, Governor White made a futile attempt to return with supplies for the relief of Raleigh's colonists

who had been left on Roanoke Island. The failure of this attempt was due to the fact that the English went out of their way in an attempt to secure Spanish prizes, were beaten in a sea-fight which ensued, and finally were forced to return for repairs. A few weeks later the great Spanish Armada came. Then all the ships and seamen in England were needed for purposes of national defense. Two more years elapsed before White had another opportunity to return to America, even then going as a passenger on a ship whose first object was trading with or fighting against Spaniards in the West Indies, after which it was to sail northward and see if any of the colonists could be found on or around Roanoke Island. The narrative of his experiences on shipboard, during this voyage, White communicated to Richard Hakluyt, dating his letter of transmittal at "my house at Newtown in Kilmore, the 4th of February, 1593," which was several years after his return. The small fleet of three ships, in which he took passage, sailed out of Plymouth on the 20th of March, 1590. They cruised in the vicinity of Spain and on the north coast of Africa for a few weeks and then set sail for the West Indies. On May 7th, fresh water was secured on the island of St. John, in the West Indies, and a large Spanish prize was taken on the next day. Then followed numerous sea-fights, and pillaging by land, in the territory of the Spaniards. On July 2d, White's old friend Captain Edward Spicer, joined the fleet at Cape Tyburon, after a long voyage from England. We also find mention of Captain Lane, who was probably Ralph Lane, former Governor of Roanoke. On the 13th of July the coast of Florida came into view, and on August 3d the fleet sighted what is now the coast of North Carolina, but was forced out to sea in a storm, to avoid ship-wreck on the banks. Later the inland waters were entered, and, on the 15th, Roanoke Island was in close view. From this island was seen to arise a column

of smoke, which raised hopes that the colonists were still in the vicinity of the locality where they had been left. A diligent search for them proved fruitless. On the 16th of August, White went ashore, accompanied by Captains Spicer and Cooke, with a sufficient armed escort. Orders were left with the master-gunner on shipboard to have shots fired, at stated intervals, from two minions and a falcon (small pieces of ordnance) to attract the attention of any English who might be in the neighborhood; but reverberating echoes were the only answer. On going ashore in the direction of another column of smoke, the fire was located, but no human being—white man or Indian—was found near it. The party, being much fatigued, camped on the island for the night, but later returned to the ships.

On the 17th of August, the greatest catastrophe of the voyage occurred when a boat containing eleven men capsized in trying to enter an inlet, and seven were drowned. Those lost were the gallant Captain Spicer, to whose daring at sea I have alluded more than once, also Master's-Mate Ralph Skinner, Surgeon Hance, Edward Kelley, Thomas Bevis, Edward Kelborne, and Robert Coleman. The remaining four were saved by the heroic efforts of Captain Cooke and four stout seamen who rowed to their rescue. The sailors were much disheartened by this deplorable accident, but Governor White and Captain Cooke prevailed on them to proceed with an exploration of the vicinity which they wished to make. Before Roanoke Island was again reached, dark had settled, and another great fire was seen in the woods. White's narrative of the voyage says: "When we came right over against it, we let fall our grapnel near the shore and sounded with a trumpet a call, and afterwards many English tunes of songs, and called to them friendly, but we had no answer. We therefore landed at daybreak; and, coming to the fire, we found the grass and sundry rotten trees burning about

the place." White and his companions went through the woods for a considerable distance, and then sailed around the island until they reached the point where the colony had been left in 1587. Upon the departure of White for England in 1587, it had been agreed that if the colonists removed, they should cut on trees and posts the name of the locality to which they had gone, and a cross should be cut over the name if they were distressed. Upon one tree were found the letters C R O, and C R O A T O A N was cut on another, but both were without the sign of distress agreed upon. Of the further investigation White says: "We entered into the palisado, where we found many bars of iron, two pigs of lead, four iron fowlers, iron sacker shot, and such like heavy things, thrown here and there, almost overgrown with grass and weeds. From thence we went along the waterside toward the point of the creek, to see if we could find any of their boats or pinnace, but we could perceive no sign of them, nor any of the falcons or small ordnance which were left with them at my departure from them. At our return from the creek, some of our sailors, meeting us, told us they had found where divers chests had been hidden, and long since digged up again and broken up, and much of the goods in them spoiled and scattered about, but nothing left, of such things as the savages knew any use of, undefaced. Presently Captain Cooke and I went to the place, which was in the end of an old trench, made two [*sic*] years past by Captain Amadas, where we found five chests that had been carefully hidden of the planters, and of the same chests three were my own, and about the place many of my things spoiled and broken, and my books torn from the covers, the frames of some of my pictures and maps rotten and spoiled with rain, and my armor almost eaten through with rust. This could be no other than the deed of the savages, our enemies at Dasamonguepeuk, who had watched the departure of our

men to Croatoan, and, as soon as they were departed, digged up every place where they suspected anything to be buried. But although it much grieved me to see such spoil of my goods, yet on the other side I greatly joyed that I had safely found a certain token of their safe being at Croatoan, which is the place where Manteo was born, and the savages of the island our friends."

Returning from the scene of desolation at the old fort, White, Cooke, and the remainder of their party regained their ships, and then determined to proceed to Croatan. After losing several anchors in a storm and suffering other mishaps, however, it was determined to go to the West Indies for repairs, spend the Winter there, and return in the Spring to the vicinity of Roanoke for a further search. The captain of one vessel, the *Moonlight,* objected to this plan, as his ship was in bad shape generally and needed supplies, so he forthwith sailed for England. The remaining vessels pursued their course to the West Indies, took several Spanish prizes, and later joined a large fleet of warships under the command of Admiral Sir John Hawkins. This admiral was watching for a Spanish fleet which was known to be in the West Indies; but, by the counsel of his officers, he later decided that his ships should "spread themselves on the coast of Spain and Portugal, so far as conveniently they might, for the sure meeting of the Spanish fleet in those parts." In this last mentioned plan the ship on which White sailed did not join, as its captain determined to return to England. Leave was accordingly taken of the redoubtable Hawkins on Sunday, the 13th of September, and White reached Plymouth, in England, on the 24th of October.

The fate of the colonists left on Roanoke Island in 1587 is one of the unsolved mysteries of the ages. Some believe they were massacred. Others contend that, when all hope for help had been abandoned, they became absorbed into the

tribe of Croatan Indians, whose friendship for the whites had been so often manifested. Mr. Hamilton McMillan and Dr. Stephen B. Weeks have written monographs in support of this contention, while Bishop Cheshire and others have vigorously argued the contrary. As a single word, cut on a tree, was the only message found, I shall not endeavor to discuss the conflicting theories. In the words of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, a Virginia poetess:

"The mystery rests a mystery still,
Unsolved of mortal man;
Sphinx-like, untold, the ages hold
The tale of CRO-A-TAN."

Some writers have ignorantly charged that Raleigh heartlessly abandoned the Lost Colony of 1587, and made no effort to discover and rescue its members. This is far from true. One old nautical historian, Samuel Purchas, while referring to the year 1602, says that Raleigh then sent Captain Samuel Mace, who had been to Virginia twice before, on another voyage to hunt for the Lost Colony "to whose succor he had sent five several times at his own charges." By the time Mace returned from this voyage, Raleigh had been attainted as a traitor, his estates had been confiscated, and he could do no more.

As every one knows, Raleigh's explorers brought back with them an edible tuber, theretofore unknown to Europeans, called the potato. Raleigh experimented with it on his estates in Ireland with so much success that it became the chief foodstuff of that country and is generally called the Irish Potato after the land to which it was transplanted. Thus an importation by Raleigh, who had often wasted Ireland with the fire and sword, has often been the salvation of that country when other food crops have failed. Tobacco, too, was brought from the New World, and Raleigh was joined by his friends in acquiring its use by puffing it from small silver bowls.

We have all heard the story of how Sir Walter's first smoke was interrupted by an alarmed servant who dashed a cup of spiced ale in his face to extinguish the fire.

Art and archæology in our day are also debtors to the Roanoke colonists, for Governor White was a talented artist, who not only made maps of the new land but also water-color drawings of the natives. His paintings of the Indians are still preserved in the British Museum. At the time of the Jamestown Exposition, in 1907, Colonel Bennehan Cameron, of this State, employed a competent artist to make copies of these paintings for the use of the North Carolina Historical Exhibit; and, after the close of the Exposition, he presented them to the North Carolina Hall of History in the city of Raleigh, where they may still be seen.

And now, as Raleigh bade farewell to his cherished hopes of colonization on this spot, we must say farewell to the sad story of its failure. The prosecution of these noble but unsuccessful designs cost an immense sum, and not a few lives. I have already told how seven men were drowned by the capsizing of a pinnace; and others, who are known to have sought safety in small boats amid the horrors of Indian warfare, were doubtless lost at sea. These sad circumstances lend a touch of reality to the beautiful poem *Hatteras,* by the late Joseph W. Holden, of Raleigh, wherein a skull cast up on Cape Hatteras is supposed to voice its tale of the past and warning to the present in these lines:

"When life was young, adventure sweet,
I came with Walter Raleigh's fleet,
But here my scattered bones have lain
And bleached for ages by the main!
Though lonely once, strange folks have come,
Till peopled is my barren home;
Enough are here: oh, heed the cry,
Ye white-winged strangers sailing by!
The bark that lingers on this wave
Will find its smiling but a grave!"

It was in 1588 that all true Englishmen flew to arms at news of the coming of the great fleet which the Spaniards in their pride called the "Invincible Armada." On sea and land every available man was mustered into the service of the realm which was so much imperiled. The lion-hearted Queen herself, though no longer young, laid aside womanly apparel and rode through the great camp at Tilbury in a full suit of armor, encouraging her people in a speech filled with expressions of confidence in their fidelity and valor. In the course of her address she said: "We have been persuaded by some, that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects, and therefore I am come among you, as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of battle, to live or die amongst you all."

In the defense of England against the Spanish Armada it is needless to say that Raleigh played the part of a loyal subject and true man. When a council of nine was formed to consider the state of national fortifications and defenses, Raleigh sat in that body, being styled "Lieutenant-General of Cornwall." The only member of this council below the rank of knighthood was Ralph Lane, former Governor of Roanoke, and he was later knighted in recognition of his many services to the kingdom at home and abroad. In both England and Ireland, Raleigh was active in disciplining the levies raised to defend the realm against the Armada; and, when it became apparent that no fighting was soon to be done on land, he relinquished his army commands and betook

himself to the channel, there aiding materially, as captain of a ship, in the destruction of the Spanish war vessels.

In March, 1589, after having spent more than forty thousand pounds in his attempt to plant colonies in "Virginia," with no financial returns for the outlay, Raleigh, as Chief Governor, sold his rights to trade (though not his patent) in that locality to a corporation or company composed of Thomas Smith, John White, Richard Hakluyt, and others.

In 1589, as a retaliation for the Armada, the English fitted up a fleet for the purpose of restoring Don Antonio to the throne of Portugal, and thereby weakening Spanish influence in that kingdom. Six warships and one hundred and twenty volunteer vessels, under Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris, went on this expedition. With them sailed Raleigh in a ship of his own. The English burned Vigo, destroyed two hundred vessels in the Tagus River (many of them containing stores for a new invasion of England), and attacked Lisbon. Aside from the capture of valuable spoils little else was accomplished.

In 1592, Philip of Spain was believed to be fostering further hostile designs upon England, and Elizabeth decided to divert his attack by sending a fleet against the Spanish possessions in Panama. Raleigh was placed in command of the English fleet. On May 6th, he set sail, but on the next day he was overtaken in a swift-sailing boat by Sir Martin Frobisher, with the Queen's peremptory order to return to England and to leave his fleet under the joint command of Frobisher and Sir John Burgh. Raleigh remained with the fleet long enough to give particular directions to his two successors in command and then sailed back to England, much puzzled to know the reason of his recall. He was not left long in doubt. Court gossip, connecting his name with that of a maid of honor, Elizabeth Throckmorton, had come to the ears of the Queen and she promptly sent the

offending courtier to the Tower of London. A letter written at the time says of Raleigh and Miss Throckmorton: "It is affirmed that they are married, but the Queen is most furiously incensed." The exact date when Raleigh's marriage to Miss Throckmorton took place does not appear, but the Queen later needed his services and ordered his release, though it took him a long time to regain the favor of his royal mistress. As for his wife, she became his heroic and devoted friend and companion throughout the remainder of his life, in adversity and prosperity alike, never ceasing her labors in his behalf until his head rolled from the block in 1618. She was a daughter of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, then deceased, a former councilor at the court of Elizabeth. Lady Raleigh is described as tall, slender, blue-eyed, and golden-haired.

As England was not an absolute monarchy even in the days of Elizabeth, and as Raleigh had been committed to the Tower without due process of law, he might possibly have secured an earlier release through legal means, but chose a more unique method, by writing a letter to Robert Cecil, trusting that it would come to the eye of the Queen. As the Queen was going away from the vicinity of the Tower for a short season, her imprisoned courtier sent forth a lamentation in these words: "My heart was never broken till this day that I hear the Queen goes away so far off—whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire, in so many journeys, and am now left behind her in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet nigher at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less; but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph; sometimes sitting in the shade like a Goddess; sometimes

singing like an angel; sometimes playing like Orpheus. Behold the sorrow of this world! Once amiss hath bereaved me of all! Oh Glory, that shineth in misfortune, what is become of thy assurance? * * * She is gone in whom I trusted, and of me hath not one thought of mercy." When we reflect that the Queen, at the time this letter was written, was in her sixtieth year, gray-haired, wrinkled, and ugly as the proverbial home-made sin, we are almost tempted to doubt Sir Walter's sincerity in painting her as a beautiful fairy princess with all the entrancing attributes of heavenly angels, heathen deities, and earthly heroes. Raleigh's imprisonment in the Tower was not rigorous. He was in the custody of his cousin, Sir George Carew, Master of Ordnance in that strong-hold, and the Queen had given orders that his friends should have free access to him, while servants attended his every want. Even his offices were not taken away from him, and he discharged his duties by deputies. On one occasion when it came to his ear that the Queen would soon pass down the Thames in her barge, he asked Carew to let him be disguised as a boatman and go near the barge under guard, that he might feast his eyes on the royal object of his adoration once more. The request was of course refused, whereupon Raleigh became frantic and attacked his keeper in seeming desperation, though no further harm was done than the injury of his Cousin George's new periwig.

There is a homely old saying that "fair words butter no parsnips," and Raleigh soon discovered that they were equally powerless to unlock the gates of the Tower of London. But his release came in September. In that month Frobisher and Burgh returned to Plymouth with the fleet of which he was still the titular "General" or Admiral, and with them brought many valuable spoils taken from the Spaniards, so the services of Raleigh were needed in making partition between the Queen and those who financed the voyage. Among

the latter was Admiral Sir John Hawkins, who had urged that Raleigh should be sent. He accordingly went to Plymouth under guard. Though one of Raleigh's contemporaries had described him as "the best hated man of the world in court, city, and country," his reception at Plymouth did not seem to indicate it. Referring to his arrival there, Robert Cecil wrote: "I assure you, sir, his poor servants, to the number of one hundred and forty goodly men, and all the mariners, came to him with shouts of joy. I never saw a man more troubled to quiet them. But his heart is broken, as he is extremely pensive, unless he is busied, in which he can toil terribly. The meeting between him and Sir John Gilbert was with tears on Sir John's part. But he, finding it known that he has a keeper, whenever he is saluted with congratulations for liberty, doth answer, 'No, I am still the Queen of England's poor captive.' I wished him to conceal it, because here it doth diminish his credit, which I do vow to you before God is greater among the mariners than I thought for." Finally the Queen's anger simmered down, and Raleigh was relieved from his nominal captivity.

In 1594 Raleigh secured a charter from Queen Elizabeth for his first expedition to Guiana, on the northern coast of South America. As a preliminary he sent one of his most experienced officers, Captain Jacob Whiddon to spy out the route and report his findings. Upon Whiddon's return, Raleigh's expedition sailed in 1595. With him were his nephew, John Gilbert, son of Sir Humphrey, and Captain Laurence Keymis. On the voyage to South America the forces of Raleigh captured and burned the town of St. Joseph on the island of Trinidad. On the continent of South America the explorers penetrated far inland, up the Orinoco River, and enjoyed most friendly relations with the natives, who had suffered much from Spanish cruelty and were conse-

quently willing to render all aid and assistance to the English upon learning that they were enemies of Spain. Much time was spent in explorations by Raleigh before he left the continent. It was his hope to sail northward for the purpose of making a personal attempt to find and relieve his settlers here on Roanoke, but he was prevented by storms and other circumstances. While in South America he collected much ore, as samples, though he did not engage in mining on a large scale. On his return voyage the Spanish towns of Cumana, Santa Maria, and Rio de la Hacha refused to furnish his fleet with supplies, and were sacked and burned in consequence. Before Raleigh left England his enemies had prophesied that he would never return, but would enter the service of Spain. This absurd charge was disproved by his return, and then those same enemies sought to discredit his account of discoveries, especially of precious ores. Some modern historians—Hume and others—have branded Raleigh's narrative as a collection of lies, but recent discoveries of rich gold fields in Venezuela (a part of Raleigh's Guiana) have partly or wholly justified his statements. In 1596, in fulfillment of a promise to the Indians to return to Guiana, Raleigh sent Captain Keymis with the ships *Darling* and *Discovery,* laden with presents for the Indians. In the meantime San Thome, in Guiana, had been heavily fortified by the Spaniards, so Keymis avoided that town and went towards the mines by another route. Later he returned to England, bringing with him little more than samples of gold ore. Thus ended Raleigh's earlier expeditions to Guiana—ventures to be resumed near his life's end, as I shall relate hereafter.

When rumors of the coming of the Spanish Armada of 1588 first reached England, Raleigh had boldly volunteered for an expedition to sail into the Spanish harbors and burn the ships of King Philip while they were being fitted up. This advice was rejected as the dream of a desperate vision-

ary. Eight years later, however, in 1596, when news came that the indefatigable Philip was building another fleet (sixty ships) for an invasion of Ireland, where he hoped for many allies, Raleigh again urged Elizabeth to strike the first blow, and this time his advice was followed. The result was a brilliant success. With the English fleet of ninety-six sail, went twenty-four Dutch ships, making one hundred and twenty vessels in all. On these ships were fourteen thousand English and twenty-six hundred Dutch troops. Lord Admiral Howard and the Earl of Essex were in joint command. This fleet divided itself into four squadrons, one of which was commanded by Raleigh, under whom were thirteen hundred and fifty-two sailors and eighteen hundred and seventy-five soldiers. The fleet sailed out of Plymouth on June 1, 1596, and, on the 20th of the same month anchored within half a league of Cadiz. In the attack on that city the following day, Raleigh led the van in a vessel called the *Warspright,* with a crew of two hundred and ninety men. As the *Warspright* advanced, followed by five other English ships, four huge galleons appeared, bearing the usual saintly names of those "children of the Devil," the Spaniards. They were the *St. Philip,* the *St. Matthew,* the *St. Andrew,* and the *St. Thomas*—"those Apostles aforesaid," as Raleigh afterwards called them. All of these galleons moored under the guns of Fort Puntal, with three galleys about each; and then the batteries on sea and land opened a furious cannonading on the invaders. The largest Spanish ships were the *St. Philip* and the *St. Andrew,* which had been with the fleet of fifty-three which sank the ship *Revenge* and killed its commander Sir Richard Grenville, Raleigh's kinsman. Raleigh now vowed that he would be "revenged for the *Revenge* or second her with his own life." This was no idle boast. Though the *Warspright* was nearly sunk, the ships of the other English commanders came rushing to her assistance,

and two got the start of her, but Raleigh was unwilling to relinquish his perilous post of honor, so he again succeeded in running ahead and blocked further advance by laying his ship athwart the channel in order, as he said, that "none other should outstart him that day." He and his crew next grappled the *St. Philip,* and were soon reinforced by the other English vessels, when a wild panic seized the Spaniards, who ran their galleons aground and attempted to burn them, but the English were too quick for this and captured all but the *St. Philip* and the *St. Thomas* which were blown up by their captains. The English spared the lives of their captives, but the Dutch partly paid off their score for Alva's cruelties by mercilessly butchering prisoners until the forces of the Lord Admiral and Raleigh beat them off. These Flemings, Raleigh declared, contributed little or nothing to the winning of the victory. Toward the close of the sea-fight, Raleigh was badly wounded in the leg, but had himself borne ashore on the shoulders of his men when the land forces disembarked. After landing, the troops, under the chief command of Essex, first swept eight hundred Spanish horsemen from their path, and then captured all the fortifications of the city except the castle; and that, too, surrendered on the next day. Spoils of the town and ransoms for wealthy prisoners were the rewards of the victors. Said Raleigh: "We stayed not to pick any lock, but brake open the doors; and, having rifled all, threw the key into the fire." The "key" here alluded to was the city of Cadiz, which had been described as one of the three keys of the kingdom of Spain. Other localities around Cadiz were also sacked and burned, and the victorious expedition finally returned to England, Raleigh arriving there ahead of the rest on August 6th.

Raleigh's splendid services at Cadiz restored him in a large measure to the good graces of Queen Elizabeth, and

he once more became an inmate of her Court, where there was a bitter rivalry between himself and Essex.

So happy were the English over their victories in Spain that, in 1597, they organized a campaign against Spanish possessions in the West Indies. This expedition by sea is known as the "Islands Voyage." Time will not allow me to go into its full details. In the course of the cruise, Raleigh landed without orders and stormed the strongholds of the island of Fayal, thereby kindling anew the jealousy of his chief commander, the Earl of Essex, who arrived too late to share the honors of the day. Numerous rich ships of the Spaniards also fell a prey to the English on this voyage.

I can not here tell in full the story of the feud between Raleigh and Essex, but it was bitter and lasting. Though Raleigh was at his post, as Captain of the Guard, when the fallen Earl was in later years led to the block, he withdrew before the final stroke for fear it should be charged that he gloated over the execution. In later years, when it was charged that he had a hand in the destruction of his former rival, he said: "It is true that I was of an opposite faction, but I take God to witness that I had no hand in his death. * * * My soul hath many times been grieved that I was not nearer to him when he died, as I understood afterwards that he asked for me, desiring to be reconciled."

In 1600, Raleigh was advanced to the important post of Governor of the Isle of Jersey, and greatly improved the conditions of that locality by his administration of its affairs.

The great Queen Elizabeth died in the early Spring of 1603, and gave place to the cowardly descendant of a warlike race of Scottish monarchs, King James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland. Before the arrival of James in London, his mind had been poisoned against Raleigh by the latter's enemies, and he was not long in stripping Elizabeth's former favorite of all the honors held by him. In a short

time Raleigh was deprived of his posts as Captain of the Guard and Governor of Jersey, likewise being shorn of the monopolies and special privileges conferred by the late Queen. He was also ejected from Durham House (an episcopal residence) and Sherborne Castle upon which he held long leases. If he could now conveniently be proved a traitor, the efforts for his destruction would be crowned with complete success. Finally that opportunity presented itself when Lord Cobham became involved in a conspiracy to seat Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne of England. In an effort to save his own life, Cobham had accused Raleigh; later the conscience-stricken nobleman retracted his charge; afterwards renewed it, with more retractions later, and this was the farcical evidence upon which Raleigh was convicted. In much bitterness of spirit he wrote his wife: "All my services, hazards, and expenses for my country—plantings, discoveries, fights, councils, and whatever else—malice hath now covered over. I am now made an enemy and a traitor by the word of an unworthy man."

On September 21, 1603, Raleigh was indicted for having conspired to deprive the King of his Crown, to alter the true religion, and to levy war. The trial was begun in Winchester on November 17th, Lord Chief Justice Popham presiding. The eminent legal dignitary just named had been, by turns, a gambler, a drunkard, and a highwayman, afterwards mending his ways to some extent and reading law. With Popham sat many other men of note, the King being careful to select one or more whom he knew to be bitter enemies of Raleigh. Attorney-General Coke, Serjeant Hele, and Serjeant Phillips were attorneys for the prosecution. In that day the laws of England did not give prisoners the advantage of counsel, and hence Raleigh had to plead his own cause, which he did with ability, dignity, and decorum. I shall not trouble my hearers with an account of this trial. The absurdity of the

accusation is now admitted by all men, while the underhanded displacement of impartial jurymen and the disgraceful conduct of the King's attorneys will ever remain as blots upon the justice of the reign in which they occurred. In speaking of the behavior of Attorney-General Coke during the trial, an eminent Baltimore lawyer, J. Morrison Harris, said in an address on Raleigh before the Maryland Historical Society in 1846: "The conduct of Coke, the King's attorney, was disgraceful to the position he occupied—to the sovereign he represented—to the profession to which he belonged—the age in which he lived—and the manhood he shamed. He was, throughout the trial, ungenerous and unjust; overbearing and cruel; brutal and insolent." Continuing, Mr. Harris says: "Venality soiled the ermine of the judge, and power controlled the decision of the jury. The former pronounced his doom with as much alacrity as he had formerly shewn in taking purses on the highway, or bribes upon the bench; and the latter, in their eagerness to perform their part well, *overdid* it; so that the malignant Coke, when he heard that they had found him guilty of *treason,* exclaimed to the messenger: 'Surely thou art mistaken; *I myself only accused him of misprision of treason!*' " The programme for Raleigh's conviction having been duly carried out by the jury, he was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He petitioned for a reprieve, writing to Cecil: "Your Lordship will find that I have been strangely practiced against, and that others have their lives promised to accuse me."

On December 10, 1603, James granted Raleigh a reprieve and the prisoner was carried from the place of trial at Winchester back to London, where he was confined in the Tower to await the King's pleasure.

In his work entitled *Her Majesty's Tower,* Hepworth Dixon says: "The most eminent and interesting prisoner ever lodged in the Tower is Raleigh; eminent by his personal

genius, interesting from his political fortune. Raleigh has, in higher degree than any other captive who fills the Tower with story, the distinction that he was not the prisoner of his country but the prisoner of Spain." And so he was, during the latter part of his captivity. While in the Tower he did not spend his time in useless repining, but well exemplified the truth of the old lines:

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Or iron bars a cage;
A free and quiet mind can take
These for a hermitage."

The story of Raleigh's confinement is a long record of noble literary and scientific achievements, too numerous to relate. The most important of his productions was a *History of the World,* which would have immortalized his name if he had no other title to distinction. Some of his poetical productions are most charming.

Though the statement may be strong, I doubt if there has ever been a man in the history of the world of whom so many biographies have been written as those which treat of Raleigh's career. Numerous publications of his works have also been made, the standard edition being issued in eight volumes by the University of Oxford in 1829, the first volume in this series giving two separate biographies (written many years before), one by William Oldys and the other by Thomas Birch, and the last volume containing a collection of his poems.

At times Raleigh's confinement in the Tower was light, and at times oppressive beyond reason. Within the confines of that gloomy stronghold "Raleigh's Walk" still preserves his name. Once, during his imprisonment, to test the effect which his death would have upon the public mind, the news was spread abroad that he had committed suicide. Later his captors tempted him to take that step by placing weapons

within his reach and turning his mind to the subject by discoursing upon that custom of the old Romans when they wished to end the ills of life. When conversations took this turn, Raleigh "spoke very gravely against self-murder, saying that for himself he would die in the light of day and in the face of his countrymen."

In his confinement Raleigh had many unflinching and influential friends, among the most devoted being Prince Henry, heir apparent to the throne, whose untimely death added to the misfortunes of the captive. Prince Henry constantly labored for Raleigh's release and visited him frequently in the Tower, while the prisoner sought to return the kindness by giving his royal visitor the benefit of his long experience in state-craft and military operations on land and water. One naval treatise he wrote for the especial instruction of Henry. Queen Anne was also Raleigh's friend. Among the countless throngs who sought his society while he was a prisoner was Thomas Hariot, who had been one of the voyagers to Roanoke Island, and to whose pen we of the present day are indebted for much of the early history of English colonization on this spot. Raleigh readily and generously gave of his means to enable Hariot to pursue his studies; and, when powerless to render him further assistance, sought and obtained for him congenial employment in the service of the Earl of Northumberland, a patron of letters and benefactor of scholars.

Raleigh was a sailor at heart and took a keen interest in the welfare of the mariners of his country. While in the Tower he contrived a process, designed for their benefit, whereby salt water could be made fresh and used for drinking purposes. Later he was deprived of his chemical apparatus, and the secret was thereby lost, not being re-discovered until modern times.

At times Raleigh had his heroic and devoted wife as the companion of his confinement, and one of his sons was born

in the Tower. Lady Raleigh exhausted every means in the interest of her husband during life, and called down curses (later fulfilled) upon those who robbed him and his children of Sherborne Castle and other property which his wealth had beautified. The Sherborne estate alone had brought an income of five thousand pounds annually, and yet in later years, by way of restitution, Raleigh was only given eight thousand pounds in satisfaction of the ninety-nine year lease which he had held. In speaking of Raleigh's family it may be here mentioned that he left two sons: Walter (unmarried), to whose death in South America I shall later call attention; and Carew (1605-1666), who was educated at Oxford, was a Cavalier in the Civil War of the next reign, member of Parliament, coöperator with Monk in the Restoration, and Governor of Jersey, the post formerly held by his father. The maiden name of his wife was Philippa Weston, at the time of her marriage widow of Sir Anthony Ashley. By this marriage Carew Raleigh had two sons, Walter (a knight, who died unmarried); and Philip, who married and left four sons and three daughters. Through them Sir Walter Raleigh doubtless has descendants now living.

Though King James could not be moved by mercy to order the release of Sir Walter Raleigh from the Tower, his cupidity was finally responsive to appeals in the prisoner's behalf. Raleigh still had hopes of great wealth to be found in the Spanish possessions in Guiana, in South America, where he had voyaged before, in 1595, and James was not averse to having a chance at such a share as would fall by law into the Royal treasury, though too cowardly to hold himself answerable to Spain for having authorized the sailing of this expedition. Raleigh was accordingly released from the Tower in 1616, and for the last time sailed westward on the 28th of March, 1617. With the eight thousand pounds allowed him for his lease on Sherborne Castle, with some purchase money

which had been paid Lady Raleigh for landed property held in her own right, and the sale of family plate, Raleigh risked his all in this expedition, though history sometimes accuses him of going on this voyage when he knew it would be unsuccessful. While in the Tower he had agreed to either bring back a ton of rich gold ore from Guiana, or return and spend the remainder of his days in prison. Raleigh's flagship, the *Destiny,* was commanded by his son, Captain Walter Raleigh, and with him also sailed a nephew, Captain George Raleigh. Sir Walter Raleigh attempted to keep the destination of his expedition a secret, but his confidence was betrayed by the King himself in an attempt to shift from his own shoulders all blame in the eyes of the Spanish minister in London. Hence before Raleigh had gotten well out to sea, his destination was known in the Court of Madrid. King James had authorized Raleigh to seek gold in territory which he knew was then occupied by Spain. He likewise knew that the supposed feeling of the Devil for holy water was a Damon and Pythias friendship in comparison with the hatred which existed between English and Spanish colonists in the New World, and yet he sought to convince Spain that he had no unfriendly motive in authorizing Raleigh to proceed westward. Raleigh's fleet finally reached the mouth of the Orinoco River, in South America; but there he became ill, and hence was unable to head the expedition which was preparing to march inland. The leadership of these land forces he confided to a veteran sailor who had been with him in Guiana before, Captain Laurence Keymis, with Captain George Raleigh, second in command. Keymis first met a Spanish force, which he routed, and then took possession of the town of San Thome. Further up the road towards the mines of which he was in search, another Spanish detachment was discovered to be in ambush, and so formidable were their numbers that Keymis deemed it prudent to

return to the ships. In the course of the fighting which had occurred Raleigh's son and namesake was killed. This young man had been a wild character in youth, but doubtless had gathered wisdom in his more mature years, as evidenced by so prudent a commander as his father entrusting him with important posts on both land and water during this expedition. His death was of course a deep grief to his father. The failure of the expedition to the mines was a source of much disappointment to Raleigh, and his reproaches to Keymis caused the unfortunate Captain to commit suicide. The chances of success in Guiana now being most unfavorable, Raleigh made a voyage all the way to Newfoundland in order to re-fit and renew his efforts against the Spanish possessions in South Ameria. In Newfoundland a portion of his crew became mutinous, and he deemed it advisable to return to England, which he accordingly did. Prior to his return, Don Diego Sarmientos. de Acuna, Count Gondomar, diplomatic representative of Spain at the English Court had made formal complaint to King James on account of the breach of peace which had been committed by his fleet-commander at a time when no war existed between England and Spain, and had denounced Raleigh as a pirate. King James was then making every effort to effect a match between Prince Charles, his heir, and a Spanish princess, so he basely denied all responsibility for the expedition he had authorized, and issued a proclamation for the arrest of Raleigh, who was accordingly taken into custody and re-committed to the Tower. Says Mr. Harris, in the address already quoted: "A writ of Privy Seal was then despatched to the Judges, commanding them to order its [the former warrant's] execution. They shrank from the flagrant injustice. They declared that neither the writ of Privy Seal, nor even a warrant under the Great Seal, could authorize them, after so long an interval of time, to execute the sentence without first affording the prisoner an

opportunity of pleading in person against it; and they resolved to bring him to the bar by a writ of *habeas corpus,* to answer why execution should not be awarded against him." The King approved this plan, and Raleigh was hurried from a sick bed to the bar at Westminster. It is needless to tell of the outcome of these proceedings, wherein, at the instigation of Spain, an illustrious Englishmen was doomed to die on the false charge that he had—sixteen years before—plotted to dethrone King James in favor of Arabella Stuart, a claimant who then had the warm support of Spain. With all haste, James signed the death warrant, and Raleigh was led to the block in Palace Yard, on October 29th (November 8th new style) 1618. On the day of execution the High Sheriff offered his prisoner a slight delay in order that he might warm himself before he said his prayers, but this offer was declined, Raleigh saying that an ague, to which he was subject, would soon come on again and cause his enemies to say that he quaked from fear. He met his death with courage and Christian fortitude. To a question from Dean Tounson, as to his religious belief, he replied that he died in the faith professed by the Church of England, and hoped to have his sins washed away by the precious blood of our Savior Christ. He carefully felt the edge of the executioner's axe, remarking that it was "a sharp remedy but a cure for all diseases." As he was about to kneel on the block he was told to turn his face toward the east, but answered that it was "no matter how the head should lay if the heart were right." At the request of friends, however, he did face eastward. Then he gave a signal, and the fatal blow was struck.

Soon after Raleigh's death, when King James was still striving to effect a Spanish match for his son, he caused a letter to be written to one of his representatives in Spain, saying that he "had caused Sir Walter Raleigh to be put to death CHIEFLY for the giving them [the Spaniards] satis-

faction." In commenting on this admission, Dr. Hawks truly observes: "No further evidence is necessary. Raleigh was murdered and James was his murderer." And the memory of Raleigh left its mark on the heart of that murderer; for, in later years, when young Carew Raleigh was brought to Court by his kinsman, the Earl of Pembroke, that nobleman soon carried him therefrom because the conscience-stricken King was haunted by the lad's resemblance to his father, declaring that he "looked like Sir Walter Raleigh's ghost."

In personal appearance Raleigh is represented to have been tall and well-proportioned, with thick curly locks, beard, and mustache, full red lips, bluish grey eyes, high forehead, and long bold face. A number of portraits of him were painted, among these being more than one by Federigo Zuccarro, a Florentine artist who lived in England during the reign of Elizabeth. One of the Zuccaro portraits was handsomely copied in oil, several years ago, by order of Mr. Walter F. Burns, who presented the reproduction to Chief Justice Clark, of the Supreme Court of this State. Though highly valuing this beautiful gift from an esteemed friend, the Chief Justice generously decided that a more appropriate place for it to be displayed would be the Mayor's Office in Raleigh, so he presented it to that city. Mr. Burns, at whose order this copy was made, is a grandson of Captain Otway Burns, commander of the privateer *Snapdragon* in the War of 1812-'15, an American successor of the daring sea-rangers of the reign of Elizabeth.

In an address delivered in the city of Raleigh before the State Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina, on November 4, 1909, the Right Honorable James Bryce, Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States, said, referring to those who have both made and written history: "Such an one was the famous man who may be called the first founder of North Carolina and whom you have fitly

commemorated in the name of the chief city of your State—Sir Walter Raleigh. The adventurer is always an attractive type, because spirit, courage, and love of discovery have a perpetual fascination, and when the explorer or conqueror has aims not wholly selfish, we are glad to palliate his faults. Raleigh had his faults, but he was a fine specimen of the bold, versatile, keen-witted, large-visioned man of the Elizabethan age, not very scrupulous, but with gifts which engage our sympathy, and rich in intellectual power. He was both a man of action and a man of letters, and might, had circumstances allowed, have shone as brightly in the latter as he did in the former field. He was a true Elizabethan in his intellectual culture, in his largeness of spirit, in his far-reaching imagination—a worthy contemporary of Shakespeare and Sir Philip Sidney and Edmund Spenser and Francis Bacon."

Though North Carolina's capital city of Raleigh is, in itself, a monument "more lasting than brass," a plan is now on foot to erect in that city a bronze likeness of Sir Walter Raleigh that coming generations may behold the majestic form of this great fore-runner of English civilization in America. A sum something upwards of a thousand dollars (made up of small contributions) has already been placed in the hands of the treasurer of the association which is to erect this monument, Mr. Joseph G. Brown, President of the Citizens National Bank, of Raleigh, and this sum will doubtless be increased to a proportion which will creditably carry out the patriotic plans of the promoters of this worthy enterprise.

In Dixon's work on the Tower of London, already quoted, that author says of the execution of Raleigh: "That day was thought to be a very sad day for Englishmen. The partisans of Spain went mad with joy. Yet the victory was not to Spain. A higher power than man's directs the course of

a nation's life; the death of a hero is not a failure, for the martyr's blood is stronger than a thousand swords. The day of Raleigh's death was the day of a new English birth. Eliot was not the only youth of ardent soul who stood by the scaffold in Palace Yard, to note the matchless spirit in which the martyr met his fate, and to walk away from that solemnity—a new man. Thousands of men in every part of England, who had led a careless life, became, from that hour, the sleepless enemies of Spain. The purposes of Raleigh were accomplished in the very way his genius had contrived. Spain held the dominion of the sea, and England took it from her. Spain excluded England from the New World, and the genius of the New World is English."

In closing these remarks I can not do better than quote the beautiful lines of North Carolina's most gifted poet, Henry Jerome Stockard, when treating of the same heroic character of whom I have spoken today:

"And he still lives, the courteous and the brave,
Whose life went out in seeming dark defeat.
The Tower held not his princely spirit immured,
But in those narrow dungeon walls he trod
Kingdoms unlimited by earthly zones,
And from its dismal gates passed unafraid
To an inheritance beyond decay,
Stored in the love and gratitude of man.
He lives in our fair city, noble State,
Puissant land—in all each hopes to be!
He lives in noble words and splendid dreams,
In strenuous actions and in high careers,
An inspiration unto loftier things."

ABSTRACT OF VOLUME I OF BATTLE'S HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

The Constitution of 1776 instructed the General Assembly to provide one or more universities. The charter of the University of North Carolina was granted in 1789, mainly by the influence of General William Richardson Davie. The Trustees were the prominent men of the State. There was a meeting of these Trustees within a month after the charter was ratified, the Senator from Bertie, Charles Johnson, ancestor of the present Mayor of Raleigh, then President of the Senate, being Chairman. At a meeting soon afterwards, General William Lenoir, President of the Senate, was elected permanent President of the Board. Subscriptions were asked for. General Benjamin Smith, of Brunswick, afterwards Governor, donated 25,000 acres of military land warrants to be located in West Tennessee. In 1835 these were sold for $14,000.

It was voted to locate the University within fifteen miles of Cyprett's Bridge over New Hope Creek in Chatham County, and a committee of the Board selected the site on the eminence in Orange County known as New Hope Chapel Hill. About 1,300 acres of land were donated for the purpose. A village was laid out and lots sold, the words "New Hope" being omitted in the name of the village.

On October 12th, 1793, the corner-stone of the first building, the Old East, was laid with Masonic ritual, General Davie being Grand Master. Reverend Samuel E. McCorckle, D.D., delivered an able and wise address.

It was concluded not to have a President but only a "Presiding Professor." A Presbyterian divine, Reverend David Ker, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, was chosen. The doors were opened for students January 15, 1795, but, owing

to the rainy weather and muddy roads, the first to arrive two weeks afterwards was Hinton James of New Hanover. It was near a month before others came, but by May the numbers increased to 41 in the spring and near 100 in the fall. Charles Wilson Harris, of Cabarrus County, graduate of Princeton with high honors, was chosen Tutor. The next year he was Professor of Mathematics and on the resignation of Dr. Ker, Presiding Professor. Having determined to be a lawyer, Professor Harris induced the Trustees to elect in his place Rev. Joseph Caldwell, likewise a high honor graduate of Princeton, and a Tutor.

Professor Harris induced the students to form a Literary Society. This was in June, 1795. It was called the Debating Society. Three weeks afterwards the Concord Society was formed, and the next year Debating was changed to its Greek equivalent, Dialectic, and the Concord was transformed into the Philanthrophic. James Mebane was first President of the former and James Gillespie (or Gillaspie) of the latter. Dr. Kemp P. Battle is proud of the fact that he, as President in 1848, and the venerable James Mebane, President of 1795, jointly presided over the Dialectic Society on the dedication of a new Hall.

The first scheme of studies was the work of Dr. McCorckle. In the latter part of the same year a "Plan of Education," the work of General Davie, was adopted. He relegated the young and untaught boys to a Grammar School. The more proficient were grouped in the Collegiate Department. It is noticeable that in choice of studies, for example French for German, and with large liberty of election for scientific studies, Davie was twenty-three years ahead of President Jefferson's noted plan of the University of Virginia. But when Dr. Caldwell in 1804 became President, he naturally introduced the classical curriculum of Princeton. This was

continued substantially for many years, in 1858 liberty to elect Civil Engineering and Agricultural Chemistry being allowed.

About this time there were repeated efforts by lotteries and by soliciting private subscriptions to obtain funds for completing the South, then called Main Building. President Caldwell journeyed to many points in the State for the purpose with considerable success. Larger donations had been ceived from General Thomas Person and Major Charles Gerrard, the latter being in Tennessee land warrants not then convertible into money.

In 1812 Dr. Caldwell resigned the Presidency for the Chair of Mathematics. In his place was chosen Rev. Robert Hett Chapman, D.D., of the State of New York. On account of his being a Federalist in the hot blood times of the war with Great Britain, he had a stormy time. In 1810 he resigned his office and was succeeded by Dr. Caldwell.

About this time the University had a few years of prosperity. The Legislature had given to the University a large number of land warrants to be located in Tennessee. These had been granted to North Carolina Continental soldiers, who had died without leaving heirs, or who could not be found. Tennessee after becoming a State in 1796, claimed that she was entitled to the warrants by right of eminent domain. The Trustees appointed Archibald D. Murphey and Joseph H. Bryan of Bertie, a Congressman, to represent their interests before the Legislature of Tennessee. After much difficulty a compromise was granted by that body. One third were allotted to the University and two thirds to colleges in that State. Owing to funds thus obtained the institution was prosperous until the panic of 1825. President Caldwell was allowed to visit Europe for the purchase of books and apparatus. The teaching force was increased. Elisha Mitchell became Professor in 1818, at first of Mathematics, in 1826

changing to Geology and Mineralogy. In the same year, 1826, James Phillips accepted the Chair of Mathematics. These two were strong members of the Faculty for many years; Dr. Mitchell until 1857, when he lost his life on Mount Mitchell, and Dr. Phillips in 1867, when he died suddenly at Prayers in Gerrard Hall.

Owing to the panic of 1825 the sales of the Tennessee lands of the University ceased and the University was much impoverished. In 1835 Dr. Caldwell died after a most painful and long-continued disease.

In order to place the management of the University on a business basis, an Executive Committee of seven Trustees in and near Raleigh was, in 1835, formed with full power. As the land market had improved the Committee empowered Charles Manly and Samuel Dickens of Tennessee to sell all the University lands in that State. This was done and about $170,000 was realized. The late Governor David Lowry Swain was chosen President and the University, having an assured income, entered on a career of prosperity.

The professors who have not been named, worthy of mention, are: James S. Gillespie (or Gillaspie), 1797-'9, who was also Presiding Professor; Archibald D. Murphey, 1800-'01; William Bingham, 1801-'05; Andrew Rhea, 1806'-14; William Hooper, 1817-'37; Ethan A. Andrews, 1822-'28; Denison Olmsted, 1817-'25; Shepard K. Kolloch, 1819-'25; Nicholas M. Hentz, 1826-'31; Walker Anderson, 1833; William Mercer Green, 1838-'49; Manuel Fetter, 1838-'68; John DeBernière Hooper, 1838-'48.

Of these Murphey became an eminent judge, and a distinguished pioneer in the advancement of public schools; Bingham was the founder of the Bingham School; William Hooper, an eminent divine and President of Wake Forest College; Andrews, joint author of a widely known Latin Grammar; Olmsted began the first Geological Survey of the

State, which was continued by Dr. Mitchell, and was author of scientific school books; Walker Anderson became Chief Justice of Florida; Green, Bishop of Mississippi and Chancellor of the University of the South; Hentz, author of a valuable treatise on the Arachnidæ (Spiders); Hooper and Fetter accurate scholars in their departments.

In 1847 the Commencement was honored by a visit from the President of the United States, a graduate of 1818, James K. Polk, with his Attorney-General, John Y. Mason, a graduate of 1816. Twelve years later James Buchanan, with Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, a graduate of 1831, was present at the exercises.

The University steadily increased in numbers, the maximum in 1857 being 461. Then on account of the threatening war there began to be a diminution, until in 1860'61 there were only 376. Although the numbers of the Faculty and students greatly diminished and the salaries of the Faculty were only partially paid, President Swain pluckily kept the exercises carried on all during the war. Even a truncated Commencement was held in June, 1865.

The University sent to the army 42 per cent of all students from 1830 to 1867, viz., 1,068. Of the younger alumni, 1850 to 1862, 57 per cent, 842 out of 1,478. Dr. S. B. Weeks ascertained these facts and adds that 312 lost their lives. There were 702 officers and 365 privates. Out of 5 Tutors, 4 lost their lives. Out of a Faculty of 14, some old and ministers of the gospel, 6 volunteered for the war. It is stated that out of 84 in the class of 1860 all became soldiers except one, detained by ill health.

In 1858 the new Caldwell monument was erected by the Alumni, of marble in the place of the weather-beaten sandstone shaft near the new West Building. President Polk made the motion and gave the first contribution.

The Trustees in 1859 made an investment, which by the

fortunes of war caused the bankruptcy of the University. They subscribed for $200,000 stock in the Bank of North Carolina. They paid cash for $110,000 but incurred a debt to the bank for $90,000. The bank stock became worthless but the debt remained. The final outcome will be seen in the second volume.

Dr. Battle has a chapter giving the characters, virtues and failings of the Professors, Tutors, officers and servants of the University during the three decades prior to the closing in 1868; President Swain, Mitchell, Phillips, Fetter, Hooper, Green, Deems, Judge Battle, Graves, Sr., Hubbard, Wheat, Shipp, Martin, Hepburn, Hedrick, C. Phillips, Brown, S. Phillips, Smith, Kimberly.

Of the servants he describes Dave Barham and Doctor November. He also faithfully gave the breaches of discipline by the students, the humorous pranks and the punishments. He described the hazing which was stopped for several years by a Freshman barricading himself and firing with pistol on his assailants, drawing blood but not killing. The cessation was voluntary, in consideration of the free pardon of offenders. In the sport of throwing fireballs the old belfry was burned and a bell of uncommon tone destroyed.

Under the old regime all students were required to attend prayers twice a day except on Saturday when the afternoon service was dispensed with. They were also required to attend religious services on Sunday and Bible classes in the afternoon. Professor Green and Dr. Mitchell for years officiated alternately in the Chapel. About 1848, when the Episcopal church edifice was completed, Professor Green started an agitation for allowing students exemption from Chapel services, provided they would attend elsewhere. This was resisted by President Swain, Dr. Mitchell, Dr. Phillips and others of the old school. After a long controversy, which did not cease with the departure of Bishop Green to Missis-

sippi, the question was settled in 1860 by allowing exemptions to communicants, to those whose parents requested such exemption, and to those declaring that their consciences did not allow them to attend Chapel worship. President Swain granted special exemptions with liberality.

In 1854 the curriculum was extended in the direction of scientific studies. Tutor Charles Phillips was elected Professor of Civil Engineering and spent a year at Harvard preparing for its duties. Benjamin S. Hedrick took charge of Agricultural Chemistry. The Trustees did not allow its officers to be active in politics, and as Professor Hedrick published a letter advocating the election of Fremont, in the inflammatory state of the public mind incurring widespread odium, he resigned by request. Mr. John Kimberly took his place.

The University with fluctuating numbers had during the war continuous exercises. The professors were paid in Confederate money, which rapidly depreciated, and were only able to live by strictest economy. The Trustees gave some help by granting leave to cut firewood from their woodlands. One hundred-dollar gold bonds were issued to the professors, one to each, but the distress was severe. At the close of the war there was due them $7,000 for which 8 per cent bonds were given. The University owed $103,000 and the assets were $200,000 of worthless bank stock and other securities of insignificant value. Valuable members of the Faculty, *e. g.,* Professors Hepburn and Martin, were forced to seek other fields of labor.

In 1867, the affairs of the University being desperate, an effort was made towards a reorganization. To effect this the Faculty resigned their offices but were requested to hold their chairs until the Commencement of 1868. When that time came it was evident that the Trustees would lose their places under the Reconstruction Constitution of 1868. They

therefore reëlected the President and all the professors. The new Trustees treated this reëlection as invalid and vacated all the chairs.

In the foregoing condensed narrative it has been found necessary to omit much of the first volume of the history, which contains full accounts of the following subjects among others:

1. Early meetings of Trustees.
2. Journal of the Committee who selected the site.
3. Sale of lots in the new village.
4. Letters of Charles W. Harris and Dr. Caldwell from Chapel Hill.
5. Subsequent careers of Dr. afterwards Judge, Ker and of Professor Harris.
6. Early rules and queries of the two Literary Societies.
7. Letters of John Pettigrew giving social life of the early students.
8. Wild conduct of early students.
9. The first Commencement and graduates.
10. The "great Secession" and its cause.
11. The trials of Dr. Chapman.
12. Letters of Slade and other students.
13. Dr. Caldwell's narrative of his European trip.
14. Judge Murphey's address.
15. Judge Gaston's address.
16. Legislature refuses relief.
17. The Droomgoole myth.
18. The Harbinger journal and contents.
19. Sketches of professors and graduates.
20. History of the Buildings and much other matter.
21. Subsequent careers of Alumni.

KEMP P. BATTLE.

THE NAMING OF WAKE COUNTY

His peers to him attention gave,
With listening air; and aspect grave,
While thus the worthy Baron spoke:
"Our lovely shire a name must take;
And, bring of all this promise fair,
The garden spot, I here declare
That Beauty's self that name should make
And I propose sweet Esther Wake."

With loud acclaim the name they hail.
A name that ne'er in time shall fail,
Wherever heard, whenever spoken,
To be to every heart a token
Of Beauty's power, and soft control
O'er manhood's ardent soul.

1856.

These lines were written by the late Dr. William Cameron, of Hillsboro, North Carolina, and embody the tradition that Wake County was named by Governor Tryon in honor of his sister-in-law, Miss Esther Wake, of Ireland, who was perhaps the only popular member of the royal Governor's family in the Colony; and who is said to have been very beautiful and amiable, and much given to field sports and hard riding.

There is or was a ford on Eno long known as "Miss Esther Wake's Ford." Perhaps some of our old country folk know it still

REBECCA CAMERON.

CAPTAIN JAMES IREDELL WADDELL

BY CAPTAIN S. A. ASHE.

At the end of four long years of terrific struggle, it was Lee himself who said: "God bless North Carolina." With the part our soldiers bore so resolutely, so gloriously, we are all somewhat familiar; but while the great theatre of action was on land, there were perils and high resolves, and crowning glories also on the deep. Beleagured and blockaded as were the Confederate States, the Stars and Bars were borne across the oceans, and were carried in triumph around the world. There were heroes of the seas as well as of the tented field. Such a one was James Iredell Waddell—a descendant of Hugh Waddell, who won great fame in the Colonial wars, and who in Stamp Act times proudly bore the plume of a stalwart patriot. Also, he was a grandson of General Francis Nash—who, under Washington, received his mortal wound on the bloody field of Germantown; while through his arteries coursed the hot blood of many other warriors of the olden time.

He was born in Pittsboro, on July 13, 1824. His father was Francis Nash Waddell, and his mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Davis Moore.

In the ante-bellum days the vocations open to a young gentleman in North Carolina were the law, or medicine; the life of a planter, or a military career. The latter suited the temper of James Iredell Waddell; and in September, 1841, when seventeen years of age, he received the appointment of Midshipman and was ordered on duty at Norfolk. That was before the Naval school was established at Annapolis, and the boys were required to go on cruises, studying while at sea, and afterwards were examined for promo-

tion. Young Waddell had hardly donned his uniform before his fighting blood showed itself.

An older Midshipman, by name of Wearing, was offensive to him, and Waddell promptly called him to the field of honor. In the encounter the high-spirited Carolinian received a wound in the hip that caused him to limp a little all through life.

The record at the department is simply: "On leave to recovered from the effect of a duel." Years afterwards when the naval service was undergoing the transformation incident to the introduction of steam, when science was being added to the necessary attainments of Navy Officers—when the style of men like John Paul Jones, Johnson Blakely and Lawrence and Decatur was becoming obsolete—and steam, and machinery, and turrets and armor plates were about to supplant the gallant sailing frigates, the change was loudly bemoaned; and at that time, among those who were being educated for the service, the pluck of Waddell was an inspiration; and his sense of honor, his fearlessness, his bearing and prompt challenge of an older officer to mortal combat—made him an ideal hero, and invested him with a halo among the young fighters who dreamed of a future career famous for carnage and glory.

The record of his service in his junior years shows that he served on the Pacific; that on the breaking out of the war in Mexico he was ordered to the Gulf—and was on duty in the blockade of Vera Cruz, and was in the battle of Palo Alto, being with the sailors and marines sent by Commodore Conner to the assistance of General Taylor.

In 1848, having passed his examination, he was on duty at the Observatory at Washington. Three years later, he was ordered to the practice ship at Annapolis, and then to the Germantown—a vessel named to commemorate the battle in

which his distinguished grandfather received his mortal wound.

* * * * * * *

In 1848, he had married at Annapolis, Miss Ann Sellmon Iglehart, and had thus become connected with some of the old established families of that region. Their home was at Annapolis where he was again on duty when I first knew him in 1858. He was a splendid specimen of manhood. He was six feet, one inch in height, with a powerful frame, weighing more than two hundred pounds, well proportioned, with a fine person. His features were well cut, betokening resolution and decision. He had a noble bearing, intelligence kindled his eye, and withal gracious and courtly, he was radiant with kindliness. Mrs. Waddell was small in person. She was a lovely and affectionate woman. They had no children, and the life of each seemed centered in the other. Though long married, they still were lovers. It was agreeable to observe them, the strong great man—the lovely, little woman—wandering over the grounds together—happy in themselves, a charming idyl of real life.

His life was as a spotless mirror; bright, effulgent with honor; adorned with virtue and with high attributes—while his person and noble countenance recalled the lines:

> A combination and a form indeed
> Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man!

The following summer he was on the practice ship; and at sea, when he had leisure, he daily occupied himself in studying international law. Without premonition of the future, he then acquired that knowledge of international law which served him so well on the sudden occasion in after years.

As an officer, he was a disciplinarian, without being harsh; exacting, but not tyrannical. He commanded obedience, and

compelled respect; but there was nothing to beget any feeling of repugnance among those subject to his orders.

He returned from his last cruise as an officer in the United States Navy August, 1861, and tendered his resignation, which the Department refused to accept.

On a dark and stormy night early in January, 1862, he, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Iglehart, shipped as oystermen on board an oyster dredging boat and sailed out into the Chesapeake; and after some striking adventures, narrowly escaping capture, made good their way into Dixie.

The Navy Department at Washington struck his name from the navy roll, spitefully entering on the record, "Dismissed."

Lieutenant Waddell who had been the ordnance officer at the Naval station at Drewry's Bluff, was in 1864 sent abroad to carry on the work of distressing the commerce of the enemy. Vessels carrying the United States flag had measurably disappeared from the Atlantic ocean. But in the Pacific a whaling fleet was still to be found, and it was important to destroy it.

The Navy department selected Lieutenant Waddell for that service. His reputation as a seaman was superb, and he enjoyed the entire confidence of the department.

Captain Bulloch, the representative of the Confederate government in Europe, had succeeded in purchasing the Sea King, a vessel built for the East India trade, and on her maiden voyage. She was commodious and well adapted to carrying a large complement of men; sailed well under canvas, and had her screw propeller so adjusted that when not in use it could be raised out of water. In September, 1864, flag-officer Barron at Paris, pursuant to instructions from the department, gave to Lieutenant Waddell his particular directions.

His orders were to the effect that he should proceed to London and sail on the steamer Laurel to the Island of Madeira. The Laurel had already on board a cargo apparently of merchandize—but really of cannon and munitions of war, which had been invoiced as machinery and other innocent goods and chattels.

The difficulties that beset Confederate operations abroad were almost insurmountable; the British authorities being vigilant to give no offense to the United States.

The Sea King, a new screw steamer, however, had been secretly purchased, and she also set sail for Madeira.

On October 19th the two vessels met off Funchal, and, a preconcerted signal being given, recognized each other, and proceeded to an anchorage on the shores of an uninhabited island some miles distant, where the transfer of stores was rapidly made, and Lieutenant Waddell read his commission, and raising the Confederate flag over the Sea King, christened her the Shenandoah. The little nook in which the vessel lay was well protected and the sea was smooth. The day was bright and lovely, and Lieutenant Waddell was inspired by the auspicious circumstances with the confident hope of success. In thirteen hours the consort had discharged every conceivable outfit intended for the Shenandoah, and then remained only to receive such passengers as were to return.

Captain Waddell has left an account of the cruise of the Shenandoah—from which I make some quotations: "I now felt," says Waddell, "that I had a good and fast ship under my feet—but there was a vast deal to be done, and to accomplish all that a crew was necessary."

In picking out the crew of the two vessels in England particular efforts were made to secure adventurous spirits who might be induced to enlist on the Shenandoah. No married

man was shipped, and none were taken except with the hope that when the time came they could take service under the Confederate flag; but out of the 55 men present only 23 were willing to adventure in such an undertaking.

Waddell's force was indeed so weak that they could not weigh anchor—without the assistance of the officers. These were young Confederates who had been sent abroad for such service, the first Lieutenant being William C. Whittle, of Virginia, whose fine capacity rendered him of great assistance to Captain Waddell. The officers threw off their jackets, and amid hearty cheers, soon had the anchor hanging at the bow; and the Shenandoah entered upon her new career, throwing out to the breeze the flag of the South and taking her place as a Confederate cruiser on her ocean home, as a war vessel duly commissioned according to the law of nations. That flag, wrote Waddell, "unfolded itself gracefully to the favoring breeze and declared the majesty of the country it represented, amid the cheers of a handful of brave hearted men—and the Shenandoah dashed upon her native element, as if more than equal to the contest—cheered on by the acclamations of the Laurel, which was steaming away for the land we love—to tell the tale to those who would rejoice that another Confederate cruiser was afloat!"

But work was to be done! The Sea King was to be metamorphosed into a cruiser, and armed with a battery for which she was not constructed. The deck was to be cleared, the stores put away, the guns mounted, gun ports cut in the vessel's sides, and the ship put in readiness to uphold the honor of the Confederate flag. All was to be done in mid-ocean, without an organized force, and with a small crew never before associated together.

While the situation was itself embarrassing, other embarrassments forced themselves on the mind of Captain Wad-

dell. In his memoir of his cruise, he wrote: "The novel character of my political position embarrassed me more than the feeble condition of my command, and that was fraught with painful apprehensions enough. I had the compass to guide me as a sailor, but my instructions made me a magistrate in a new field of duty and where the law was not very clear even to the lawyers. I was on all matters to act promptly and without counsel; but my admirable instructions and the instincts of honor and patriotism that animated every Southern gentleman, who bore arms in the South, bouyed me up with hope and supported me amid the difficulties and responsibilities bearing upon me."

Noble man! chivalrous soul! brave heart; We here, after these many years, behold you raising aloft in those distant waters the sole and solitary Confederate banner that then floated upon the bosom of the ocean. Alone it is borne by the breeze over the great waste of waters—the only emblem of our nation's sovereignty upheld beyond the limit of our beleagured States. We now realize the difficulties that beset you. We know the perils of the deep—the storms and hurricanes that sweep the ocean—the fury of the wild waves moved by mighty winds—but these, these have no place in your thoughts as you unfold the flag of your country then heroically struggling for existence, but your mind is intent only on the honor of your countrymen!

The Shenandoah was a composite vessel—the frame of iron, the hull of teak—six inches thick; she could steam about nine miles an hour—could condense about 500 gallons of water a day; and used about twenty tons of coal a day; was very fast; under favorable circumstances—making 15 miles an hour under sail.

I am much indebted for some account of life on board the Shenandoah to Lieut. W. C. Whittle and also recently have

had the pleasure of talking over the same subject with Lieutenant Grimball, both of whom were schoolmates with me at Annapolis and who were Captain Waddell's main dependence for assistance in his long and adventuous cruise.

Captain Whittle says: "Captain Waddell though brave and courageous was naturally discomfited and appalled at the work to be done.

"The battery consisted of four 8-inch smooth bore cannon, two rifled Whitworth 32-pounders and two 12-pounder signal guns.

"Every man and officer pulled off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves, and with the motto 'Do or die,' went to work at anything and everything. The Captain took the wheel frequently, steering the ship, to give one more pair of hands for the work to be done. We worked systematically and intelligently, doing first those things that were most imperatively necessary. By the 22d of October, after four days of hard work, the decks were cleared, the guns mounted, and the carpenters began to cut portholes in the sides of the ship."

Five days later, the Shenandoah entered upon her first chase, and made a prize. And then other prizes followed. From these prizes they secured twenty enlistments, increasing the crew from nineteen to thirty-nine; so, including the officers, they had all told sixty-two men, besides the prisoners, who were now and then sent away on some bonded vessel.

On December 8th, they made Tristam da Canha, near St. Helena, and passing to the east of Africa, they reached Melbourne, Australia, January 25, 1865. There they landed all their prisoners, and after refitting left on February 18th. After leaving the harbor, a number of men who had secreted themselves on board, came on deck and enlisted, increasing their crew to 144 men.

Sailing northward in May, after many adventures and

capturing many prizes, they reached the shores of Kamskatka.

Captain Whittle says: "We were in the Arctic and contiguous regions during the summer. It was most interesting, as we went north towards the pole, to mark the days grow longer and longer, and to experience the sun's being below the horizon a shorter and shorter time, until finally the sun did not go out of sight at all, but would go down to the lowest point, and without disappearing, would rise again. In short, it was all day.

"We went up as far as Gifinski and Tansk Bays, but could not enter for ice, from fifteen to thirty feet thick. Frequent captures were made, and the smoke of the burning vessels made landmarks against the skies."

It was now in the middle of summer, and on June 23 Waddell captured two whalers, which had left San Francisco in April and had on board papers of April 17th, in which was found the correspondence between General Grant and General Lee, and a statement of the surrender at Appomattox; but the same papers also contained President Davis's proclamation from Danville, declaring Lee's surrender would only cause the prosecution of the war with renewed vigor.

How harrowing must have been this news to these daring Confederates, then amid floes of ice in the Polar Ocean! But they were men of nerve. Whittle says: "We felt that the South had sustained great reverses; but at no time did we feel a more imperative duty to prosecute our work with vigor. Between June 22d and 28th we captured 24 whaling vessels, eleven being taken on the 28th."

Some of the prisoners expressed their opinion that the war was over; but notwithstanding, eight of the prisoners taken that day enlisted on board the Shenandoah.

On June 29th, the Confederate flag was flying in the

Arctic Ocean; but on that day Waddell turned his prow away from the pole and passed southward through Bering Straits.

In July 5th, they passed the Aleutian Islands, one of which was a volcano and was in a state of eruption, smoke and fire issuing from its peak. That was the last land seen by the Shenandoah for many days.

Let us pause for a moment and consider the strange situation of this Confederate cruiser—a war vessel representing the sovereignty of a nation that had expired amid the throes of disaster;—in mid-ocean, separated by thousands of miles from any friendly hand, subject to vicissitudes—uncertain of the present; apprehensive of the future.

Brave hearts, true men, bold seamen! They feared not the fury of the waves, nor the storms of the ocean, but they knew well man's inhumanity to man! They knew that the Navy Department of the United States, freed from the restraints imposed by fear of retaliation, would be vindictive and tyrannical to the last degree.

That department had always proclaimed the Southern people rebels, and their cruisers only pirates. On the land we had forced a recognition of belligerent rights: but at sea we had been powerless to retaliate.

On August 2d, when in north latitude 16 degrees and 122 west longitude, seeing a sailing bark, the Shenandoah made chase under steam and sail, and overhauled her at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It proved to be the British bark Barraconta, thirteen days out from San Francisco, en route to Liverpool. When the British captain was asked for the news of the war, he inquired in astonishment:

"What war?"

"The war between the United States and the Confederate States."

"Why," said he, "that war has been over ever since April. What ship is that?"

"The Confederate ship, Shenandoah," was the reply.

Then came the information of the surrender of all the Confederate forces, the capture of President Davis, and the entire collapse of the Confederate cause; and the additional information, says Whittle, "that Federal cruisers were searching for us everywhere and would deal summarily with us, if caught. Files of recent papers confirmed it all. The information was appalling. We were bereft of country, bereft of ground of hope or aspiration, bereft of a cause for which to struggle and to suffer!

"That independence for which our brave people had so nobly fought, suffered and died, was under God's ruling, denied to us. Our anguish of disappointed hopes can not be described!

"Naturally our minds and hearts turned to our dear ones at home. What of the fate of each and all who were dear to us? These were the harrowing thoughts that entered into our very souls, the measure and intensity of which can not be portrayed.

"Then of ourselves! We knew the intensity of feeling engendered by the war—and particularly in the breasts of our foes towards us.

"We knew that every effort would be made for our capture, and felt that if we fell into the hands of the enemy, fired as their hearts were, we could not hope for a fair trial and judgment. Even during the war, we had been opprobriously called pirates, and we knew if captured, we would be summarily dealt with as such.

"These were reflections that disquieted us, but they caused no demoralization, or craven fear, but were borne by true men with clear consciences, who had done their duty as they

saw it, with all the powers given them by God. It was a situation desperate to a degree to which history furnishes no parallel. The first duty was to suspend hostilities and to proclaim such suspension.

"The following entry was made in the log book August 2, 1865, the Shenandoah then being off the coast of Mexico: 'Having received by the bark Barraconta the sad intelligence of the overthrow of the Confederate government, all attempts to destroy shipping or property of the United States will cease from this date, in accordance with which First Lieutenant W. C. Whittle received the order from the commander to strike below the battery and disarm the ship and crew.'

"The next step was to seek asylum with some strong nation, strong enough to maintain the ruling of the law of nations and resist any demand for our surrender to our enemies, so that we might have a full and fair trial."

Writing of that critical time, Captain Waddell, wrote: "My own life had been checkered, and I was tutored to disappointments. The intelligence of the issue of the fearful struggle cast a deep stillness over the ship's company, and would have occupied all my reflection, had not a responsibility of the highest order rested upon me—as to the course I should pursue, which involved not only my personal honor, but the honor of that flag intrusted to me, which had thus far been triumphant. I determined to run the ship for a European port—which involved a distance of 17,000 miles—a long gantlet to run, and escape. But why should not I succeed in baffling observation and pursuit? The ship had up to that time traveled 40,000 miles without accident. I considered it due to the honor of all concerned to avoid anything that had a show of dread—under the severe trial imposed upon me: that such was my duty as a man and an

officer in whose hands was placed the honor of my country's flag and the welfare of my command."

And so Waddell determined to sail for England. No longer did he have legitimate authority, for his commission expired with the collapse of the Confederacy; yet so well disciplined had his crew become, that to the very end the conduct of his crew was remarkable.

On the 15th of September, running at the rate of 15 miles an hour, the Shenandoah turned Cape Horn, and took her course northward for Liverpool. "We passed many sails," says Whittle, "but exchanged no signals. We were making no new acquaintances." They crossed the equator for the fourth time on October 11, 1865. On October 25th, in the afternoon, when about 500 miles south of the Azores, they sighted a supposed Federal cruiser. Their courses converged. The stranger was apparently waiting for the approaching vessel.

Quoting now from Captain Waddell: "The situation was one of anxious suspense. Our security, if any remained, depended on a strict adherence to our course. Deviation would be fatal; boldness must accomplish deception. Still we forged towards the sail, and it would be madness to stop. Darkness finally threw her friendly folds around the anxious hearts on the little ship and closed the space between the vessels. What a relief! We could not have been four miles away."

The Shenandoah's head was then turned southward and steam ordered. It was the first time she had been under steam since crossing the equator on the Pacific side; indeed, the fires had not been lighted for a distance of more than 13,000 miles. The Shenandoah ran fifteen miles to the eastward and then steamed north for 100 miles, when a strong southwest wind dashed her to within 700 miles of Liverpool.

A calm then ensued, leaving the Shenandoah in sight of eleven sails during daylight, but the ship was continued under sail until night again took her in its friendly embrace. After furling all sails, the vessel was put under steam and pushed her way towards the desired haven.

The Shenandoah entered St. George's Channel on the morning of November 5th, just 122 days from the Aleutian Islands. "We saw no land," says Captain Waddell, "after leaving the Aleutian Islands until the beacon light in St. George's Channel was seen exactly where it was looked for. We had sailed 23,000 miles without seeing land and still saw the beacon exactly where we expected."

The daily calculation of the ship's position was very accurate, when that fact is considered. It was indeed a most remarkable record in navigation. They received a pilot after night, and when he was informed of the character of the vessel, he said: "I was reading a few days ago of her being in the Arctic Ocean." Asked for American news, he said the war had gone against the South. That was in November. Lee's surrender was in April.

"The quiet satisfaction seen in all countenances," says Captain Waddell, "for our success in reaching a European port was unmistakable."

Indeed, there was cause. The chief danger was now past. On the morning of the 6th of November, 1865, the Shenandoah steamed up the Mersey, bearing aloft the Confederate flag. A few moments after she had anchored, a British naval officer boarded her—to ascertain the name of the steamer—and he gave Captain Waddell official information that the American war had terminated. No longer was there any Confederacy! The Southern States were again a part of the United States.

The Confederate flag, representing neither people nor

country, an emblem of an era that had closed in the history of mankind, was then sorrowfully lowered, this historic act taking place at 10 a. m. on the 6th of November, 1865. The vessel was then given in charge to the British government.

For a day or two some correspondence was in progress between the British and American authorities in regard to the Shenandoah, her officers and crew. But on the 8th of November the crew were suffered to depart, and soon the British government turned the vessel over to the United States authorities, by whom she was sold to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and later she was lost at sea.

She was the only vessel that carried the Confederate flag around the world, and she bore it at her mast head seven months after the surrender of the Southern armies and the obliteration of the Southern Confederacy.

In her cruise of thirteen months, she ran 58,000 miles and met with no accident; and for a period of eight months she did not drop her anchor. She destroyed more vessels than any other ship of war known in history, except alone the Alabama, and inflicted heavy loss on the commerce of the United States.

The feeling of the United States was so intense against Captain Waddell that he lingered some time in Europe before venturing to return to America. Finally he came, and in 1875 the Pacific Mail Company, owned largely by Englishmen, running lines of steamers from San Francisco to Japan and Australia, engaged him as commander of one of its fine steamships. For some years he continued in that service, but on one of his return trips, as he was nearing the coast, his vessel struck a rock or bar not laid down in any chart, some thirteen miles from shore, which had doubtless been thrown up by a recent earthquake. He had 420 passengers on board, many being women and children. He at

once took personal command, and by the perfect discipline he had maintained among the crew, he controlled the excited passengers. Indeed his was a personality that would inspire confidence under all circumstances. Through an opening fifty feet long, water poured into the vessel. He put all men at the pumps, turned toward the shore and got his boats and life rafts ready. He got within three miles of land before he found it necessary to abandon the sinking vessel. Rapidly he had the women and children transferred to the small boats, and then the men, and then the crew—until at length he alone remained the sole human being upon his fated ship. Then hurrying the boats away, he himself stepped upon a life raft, and when not more than fifty yards away, the great vessel plunged into the waves, creating a vortex of waters from which he barely escaped. But no soul was lost. His perfect self-command, his perfect discipline, secured the safety of every passenger. They were landed without trouble on the neighboring shore, and the admirable conduct of Captain Waddell won the highest praise.

But after that he determined to abandon a career upon the sea, and eventually returned to Annapolis.

Later, there being much trouble in controlling the fleet of oyster boats on the Chesapeake that set at defiance the laws of Maryland, the governor of that State invited Captain Waddell to take charge of the State guard boats in the Chesapeake. He soon established order and made the oystermen respect the law.

He continued in this service at Annapolis until his death, March 15, 1886, being then in the 62d year of his age. The Legislature of Maryland was in session at the time and adjourned to do him honor. The old Confederate soldiers formed in line and marched to his residence. General George H. Stuart acted as marshal and the pall-bearers were

Captain Morris, Captain Murray, General Bradley Johnson and other distinguished Confederates, while the escort of honor was commanded by Colonel William Morris. The governor and State officers participated.

Indeed it was a State funeral—the only one, that we remember, ever accorded to a Confederate in a State north of the Potomac.

Thus was laid to rest this brave son of the Cape Fear, who never ceased to love his native soil and his friends and kindred in North Carolina. His life was full vicissitudes, but his guiding star was honor, and he was a shining example of all that is admirable in human character and all that is meritorious in human conduct.

Like many other heroes of the great drama, he has passed away and his grave is adorned with flowers by the loving hands of patriotic women—Confederate women, who suffered for the lost cause and who perpetuate its sacred memories. In the time of sorrow, they and their Confederate sisters throughout the Southland bore themselves with unsurpassed fortitude, and in these later days, they treasure the hallowed past and keep bright the fame of our fathers and brothers and tenderly pay deserved tribute to their honored dead. Duty, Christian duty, is their watchword, and the people of North Carolina and of the South in the ages to come—the descendants of our people here to remote posterity—will bless them for their noble, patriotic and devoted work in preserving the unsullied records of the heroes of the Southern Confederacy.

MARRIAGE BONDS OF ROWAN COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. M. G. McCUBBINS.

John Cochran to Elizabeth Patten. February 7, 1773. John Cochran, Richard paton and Andrew Cochran. (Ad: Osborn.)

John Chambers to Rebecah Graham. June 13, 177..... John Chambers and Jas. Cathey. (Ad: Osborn.) A note of consent from bride's father, James Graham, dated June 13, 1774, witnessed by George Howard.

Hugh Cathey to Jane Bailey. August 4, 1774. Hu: Cathey and James Brandon. (Ad: Osborn.) A note of consent from bride's father, Charles Bailey, dated August 3, 1774.

Richard Cathey, to Elizabeth Giles, a spinster. September 6, 1774. Richard Cathey and William Giles. (Ad: Osborn.)

Hugh Cunningham to Elizabeth Smith, a spinster. September 15, 1774. Hugh (his X mark) Cunningham and John Johnston. (Ad: Osborn.)

James Cooke to Anne McConnell. August 15, 1774. James Cook and Joseph Dickson. (Ad: Osborn.)

Leonard Crider to Margaret Vervele. February 14, 1775. Leonard Crider (in Dutch?) and George Gonter. (Ad: Osborn.)

John Campbell to Juda Peterson. February 15, 1775. John Campbell, William Brandon and John Lock. (No name.)

Henry Chambers to Agness McHenry. May 11, 1775. Henery Chambers and John McHenry. (David Flowers.)

William Clark to Sarah Jones. August 17, 1775. William Clark and George Gonder. (David Flowers.)

John Calahan to Jane Templeton. August 19, 1775. John Calahan and George Templeton. (David Flowers.)

James Cowen to Easther Lewis. August 22, 1775. James Cowan and Henry Dobbin. (David Flowers.)

John Carson to Sarah Slaven. August 31, 1775. John Carson and Robert Nevins. (David Flowers.)

Joshua Crowdir to Rebecca (Rebena ?) Smith (a spinster) January 19, 1776. Joshua Crowder and Arch^{d} Kerr.

Arthur Chambers to Ruth Woods. May 9, 1776. Arthur Chambers and Samuel Woods. (Ad: Osborn.)

Robert Chambers to Lettice Boyd. May 10, 1776. Robert Chambers and Robert Boyd. (Ad: Osborne.)

Valentine Calahan to Elizabeth McCreedy. May 28, 1776. — Callahan and James Bone (?). (Ad.: Osborn.) A note from Andrew McCreedy.

Samuel McCorkle to Elisabeth Gillespie. June 29, 1776. Samuel McCorkle and Adlai Osborn. (No name.)

David Craige to Mary Foster. July 20, 1776. David Craige and Adlexander Brown. (Ad: Osborn.)

Benjamin Cowen to Anne Henley Jenkins. April 9, 1778. Benjamin Cowan and William Cowan. (Ad: Osborn.)

James Coyle to Jean Harrington. September 12, 1778. James Coile and William (his X mark) Harrington. (Ad: Osborn.)

Joseph Chambers to Mary Campbell. September 14, 1778. Joseph Chambers and George Reed. (Ad: Osborn.)

Daniel Clenard to Mary Hinkle. November 8, 1778 (?). Daniel (his X mark) and Geo. (his X mark) Hoover. (Jno. Macay.)

Eleazer Cummins to Isabell (?) Caswell (?). December 15, 1778. Eliazar Comens and James Fraser. (William R. Davie.)

Jonathan Cox to Mary Konne (?). May (?) 8, 1779. Jonathan Cox and Joseph (his X mark) Cox. (Jo. Brevard.)

N. B.—This is mixed and Joseph may have married instead of Jonathan.

Robert Carlisle to Elizabeth Cash. February 3, 1779. Robert Carlile and John Cochran. (Ad: Osborn.)

Christophel Cupp to Prusilla Landuse. May 17, 1779. Christophel Cupp (?) and Johannes Cochenour ? (these are in Dutch?) (Ad: Osborn.)

John Cochran to Margret Huston. September 9, 1779. Jno. Coghlan and Jno. Bailey. (Ad: Osborn and Jo. Brevard.)

Hugh Cunningham to Mary Kent (?). February 10, 1780. Hugh Cunningham and Jonathan Conger. (B. Booth Boote.)

Isaac Cowin to Mary Pelton. November 8, 1780. Isaac (his X mark) Cowin and Nicholas (his X mark) Aldredge. (H.? Giffard.)

Thomas Cook to Ann Clayton. January 20, 1781. Thomas Cook and Lambert Clayton.

George Clark to Elizabeth Allen. March 14, 1781 (?). George Clark and John Smith. (Ad: Osborn.)

James Cook and Margaret Thompson. June 22, 1782 (?). James Cooke and John Hide (?).

James Chambers to Margret Erwin. October 19, 1782. Abraham (his X mark) Ervin. (Ad: Osborn.)

Lambert Clayton to Serah Davidson. December 14 (11?), 1782. Lambert Clayton and Jas. Ker. (H. C. Caule.)

Joseph Crofts to Sarah Wells. December 16, 1782 (3?). Joseph Crofts and Thos. (his X mark) Willis. (William Crawford.)

John Current to Susanna Remington. December 13 (19?), 1782. John Current and William Clark. (William Crawford.)

Albert Carson to Ellie Patterson. December 20, 1782. Robert Carson and James Patterson. (?) H. C. Caule.

William Craige to Deborah Orman. 1783. William Craig and Joseph Chambers. (Wm. Crawford.)

Samuel Cummins to Elizabeth Nevins. January 28, 1783. Samuel Cummins and John Edgard. (William Crawford.)

Amos Church to Elizabeth Swink. February 25, 1783. Amos (his X mark) Swink and Henry Giles. (A mistake surely. (William Crawford.)

Samuel Cowin to Phebe Lewis. Jun. (?) 14, 1783. Samuel Cowan and Samuel (his X mark) Lewis. (Wm. Crawford.)

Jacob Clever to Christina Billing. August 11, 1783. Jacob Clevey (?) and Leonard (his X mark) Ca.?

James Kilehand to Mary Wason. August 14, 1783. James W. Calahan and John Wason. (Jno. McNairy.)

John Chriwer (?) to Cathrin Kup (?). November 1, 1783. John (his X mark) Chriver and Peter Brown.

Isaac Cowin to Sarah Stewart. December 18, 1783. Isaac (his X mark) Cowin and David (his X mark) Stewart. (Jno. McNairy.)

(To be Continued.)

Biographical Sketches of the contributors to this issue of The Booklet have been published heretofore as follows:

Mr. Marshall DeLancey Haywood.....Vol. VIII, 1
Dr. Kemp P. Battle.....Vol. VII, 2
Captain S. A. Ashe.....Vol. IX, 4