CHAPTER IX

DIEGO DE NICUESA

First Governor of the Isthmus

"An epic quest it was of elder years,
For fabled gardens or for good red gold,
The trail men strove in iron days of old."

Richard Burton.

AVING followed Alonso de Ojeda, the first governor of Nueva Andalucia, literally to the bitter end of his life, we yet have three parties to account for, viz: the colony at San Sebastian in Urabá; Encisco and recruits on the way to San Sebastian; and Diego de Nicuesa and his expedition. We will first relate the fortunes of the rival governor, and shall find that Nicuesa fared no better than did Ojeda.

When the two governors separated in the port of Calamar (Cartagena), Nicuesa kept on to the west, passing the gulf of Urabá (the eastern boundary of his province) until he came to the district of Cueva. Here the fleet anchored in a harbor, into which flowed a stream called the Pito. The Spaniards landed and said mass, the first on the Isthmus, and hence named the place *Puerto de Misas*. This was opposite the Mulatas, near where Santa Cruz was established a few years later. Leaving his largest ships at Misas under command of his relative, Cueto, Nicuesa continued on to the westward in a caravel, with sixty men, to find the rich Veragua and fix on a place for his capital. He was attended by his lieutenant, Lope de Olano, and thirty men in a brigantine. Somewhere off the coast of Veragua, the two vessels ran into a storm, and to avoid danger at night, put out to sea.

When morning dawned, Nicuesa found himself alone, and feared that the brigantine had perished. He returned to the land and coasted to the west until he came to a large river, which he entered and came to anchor. The stream, which had been swollen by the rains, suddenly subsided, causing the caravel

to fall on its side and begin to go to pieces. A brave seaman attempted to carry a line ashore, but was swept away by the rushing current and drowned. Another sailor, undismayed by the fate of his comrade, plunged into the water and succeeded in making the line fast to a tree, over which the crew passed safely to land. The boat was saved, and a barrel of flour and cask of oil drifted ashore and were secured. This disaster left them without arms, and with but little food, on a strange and inhospitable shore; and if the brigatine was not lost, the despairing ones claimed that the old rebel, Olano, had deserted them.

The governor determined to continue to the westward, where he believed Veragua to lie, trusting to find his lieutenant already at the site of his intended government. The jungle was too dense to travel inland, so Nicuesa, with most of his men, followed the shore; while Diego de Ribero and three companions went by sea in the boat, keeping within hail of their chief. For days these miserable men, half dead with fatigue and hunger, struggled through swamps and across rivers mistakenly seeking Veragua in the west. When they came to a large stream or inlet of the sea, Ribero would carry them over in his boat. Most of the party were without shoes, and their food consisted of palm-buds, roots and shell-fish. Only those familiar with the mangrove swamps of the Caribbean, the sultry heat and torrential rains of the tropics, and the myriads of insects which bite and sting by day and night, can fully appreciate the suffering and horror of Nicuesa's journey in the lowlands of Panama.

Unbeknown to the party, the Indians, of course, were aware of the presence of the white men, and the wonder is that they did not annihilate the Spaniards. One morning they were about to resume their weary march when the governor's favorite page fell dead at his side, pierced by an Indian arrow. This was the only hostile act, and Nicuesa and his men never saw a native during the trip. The unfortunate page was dressed in a white *sombrero* and gaudy, though tattered garments, and had been singled out as the leader of the Spaniards. Each fearing for his life, they took up their toilsome journey to the west, every day getting farther and farther from their goal. The pilot, Ribero, who had been with Columbus when he discovered this coast, in 1502, assured Nicuesa that he had passed Belen and Veragua; but the obstinate governor, who claimed to have a chart made by Don Bartolomé Colon, insisted that Veragua was yet to the westward.

Nicuesa had a dog which, so far, had followed the fortunes of

the expedition. One day the canine looked up into his hungry master's eyes, and there saw something which made him give a yelp, drop his tail between his legs, and disappear in the brush. It has always seemed to me that this story was a reflection on a noble race of animals noted for their devotion to mankind in adversity, and I venture to exonerate the dog on the grounds that, by intimate association, he had acquired some of the characteristics of his human companions.

The party finally came to a body of water which appeared to be a bay, and Ribero ferried them over to the opposite shore. Resuming their march, the land proved to be an island, but the sailors being too tired to row them back to the mainland, the Spaniards rested for the night. The next morning neither the boat nor the four mariners could be found. Some of the party became frantic at the hopelessness of their situation; others abandoned themselves to silent despair. The island was found to be almost a desert, with a few pools of brackish water. The men lashed together some drift-wood and attempted to reach the mainland, but the currents carried the raft out to sea, and the enfeebled swimmers returned with difficulty to the island. Nicuesa ordered another raft to be constructed, and another effort was made to get away from the island; but the outcome was the same. Roots, fruits, and shell-fish provided a little nourishment; but many died of famine and exhaustion, envied, we are told, by the miserable survivors. Weeks passed, during which the Spaniards waited for death in sullen despair. The site of this wretchedness was, probably, the island at the eastern entrance to the *Laguna de Chiriqui*.

Lope de Olano has rested under the suspicion of deserting Nicuesa, with the hope of usurping the command of the expedition. According to Oviedo, a contemporary historian, Olano's pilot declared rightly that they had arrived at Veragua, saying: "This is Veragua, and I came here with the Admiral, Don Cristoval Colon, when he discovered this land." But Nicuesa, relying upon some papers given him by the Adelantado Bartolomé Colon, denied this, and abused the pilot from on board the caravel. The pilot maintained his position, and told Olano they "might cut off his head" if they did not find that he was right.

On the night of the storm, assuming that the governor was a lost man, Olano commanded his pilot not to follow the lantern of the caravel. He took shelter under the lee of an island, and in the morning made no effort to find Nicuesa.

In the meantime, Cueto waited two months at the port of

Misas with the larger ships. Hearing from no one, he became uneasy, and set out in a small vessel to the west, exploring the bays and inlets for some signs of his countrymen. On a little island he found a letter, wrapped in a leaf, fastened to a stick, which informed him that Nicuesa had sailed farther westward. Cueto then returned to Misas and started for Veragua with all his ships, which were so worm-eaten that he put in the River of Alligators (Chagre) for repairs. Here he partly unloaded the vessels, and while stopping up the holes, sent out one of his pilots, Pedro de Umbria, in a brigantine to look for the lost governor of Castilla del Oro. Umbria met Olano, and both agreeing that the governor had drowned, sailed back to join Cueto in the Rio Chagre. With tears which would have done honor to the "crocodiles" in the river, Olano recounted the circumstances of the storm, and the disappearance of Nicuesa. "And now, gentlemen," he said, "let no more mention be made of him if you would not kill me."

Lope de Olano is then recognized as their commander, or lieutenant-governor, and the entire outfit sails for the Rio Belen, which the pilots who had been with Columbus find without difficulty. Olano entered the river and disembarked, losing four of his men by drowning. The ships are so rotten that they are dismantled. On the site of the old settlement of *Nuestra Señora de Belen,* occupied by Bartolomé Colon, in 1503, the colonists of Nicuesa made another attempt to found a white man's town in Veragua. Where stood the storehouse and cabins of the Adelantado, destroyed by the Quibian, Olano and his people built new huts and landed their supplies.

Surely, the fighting Quibian of 1503, must be dead, for the present chief is a veritable Fabian for wisdom. Instead of attacking the whites, the Indians forsake their villages and passively retire before the Europeans. There being no food and gold to steal, or natives to kill, there is neither livelihood nor entertainment for the Spaniards. The provisions brought from Hispaniola were spoiled or consumed, and starvation stared them in the face. Disease and disaffection followed as usual. Herrera relates that one day a foraging party of thirty men came upon a dead Indian, and, being famished, devoured the putrescent corpse; which caused the death of every one of them. A sudden rise in the Rio Belen nearly washed away their shacks; and on another occasion, when Olano was out with his men looking for gold, the flood-waters came down from the mountains and drowned several of the party; their leader escaping only by expert swimming.

hungry days had passed, and no news of their governor or chief justice had been received, the people decided to give up their hopeless effort to continue the settlement, and return to San Domingo.

Though so many had perished from the poisoned arrows, and from disease and starvation, there yet remained seventy Spaniards at San Sebastian. As the two little brigantines could not hold that many men, the colonists deliberately tarried until death had reduced their number to the capacity of the boats. They did not have long to wait.

When enough had died off, the remainder of the Spaniards loaded their few possessions and the salted meat of four mares, and embarked for Hispaniola (Española). When sailing to the east along the coast looking for food, the brigantine commanded by Valenzuela suddenly foundered, as if it had been rammed by a whale or overturned by a squall. All on board were lost. Pizarro, the Lucky, was in the other boat, and continued on to the port of Calamar (Cartagena), where he found the tardy Encisco looking for the capital of Nueva Andalucia, whose laws he was to administer.

When the bachiller Encisco was drumming up recruits for Ojeda's colony, many of the worthless adventurers and hangers-on in Santo Domingo endeavored to go with him in order to escape from their creditors. Under the law, no debtor could leave the island; so the merchants and others, to whom bills were owing, applied to the Admiral, Don Diego Colon, who watched the outfit, and ordered an armed vessel to accompany Encisco's ship until clear of the land. Notwithstanding this vigilance, one debtor managed to elude his creditors and stow himself away on the expedition. His name was *Vasco Nuñez de Balboa,* destined, in the few remaining years of his life, to win everlasting renown. Encisco raved at the enormity of the offense, as became a good bachelor-at-law, and threatened to maroon Vasco Nuñez on the first desert island they came to; but recognized a good recruit in the impoverished gentleman, and soon calmed down.

The bachiller Encisco arrived at Tierra Firme near the present city of Cartagena, and entered the bay of Calamar, near which Ojeda had his fights with the Indians, and where Juan de la Cosa lost his life. Ignorant of the hostilities stirred up by his chief, Encisco sent some men ashore for water and to repair the boat; when the natives sounded their war-calls and gathered in the vicinity. As two of the Spaniards were filling a water cask they were suddenly surrounded by eleven Indians,

who, with bows drawn, stood ready to drive their fatal arrows into the bodies of the intruders. One of the white men started to run to his companions, but the other spoke a few words in the Indian tongue, and the natives soon became friendly. Encisco hastened up with an armed force, but the diplomatic interpreter maintained amicable relations. Quite different this from the blood-thirsty Ojeda. Encisco was not seeking a fight, and the Indians exhibited their friendship by supplying the whites with maize, salted fish, and fermented drinks.

At this time, the little brigantine containing Francisco Pizarro and his enfeebled men sailed into the harbor. The suspicious lawyer was not inclined to believe their story, but their sickly and emaciated bodies presented evidence which he could not deny. Encisco was now their commander, and he insisted that Pizarro and his party must go back to San Sebastian with him. Against both law and authority, the miserable survivors of Ojeda's settlement had no appeal. Like the other commanders who had sailed along Tierra Firme, Encisco planned to do a little stealing on the way. While at Calamar, he learned that at a place called Cenú (Zenú), about twenty-five leagues further west, the mountains were so full of gold that the rains washed it down into the rivers, where it was caught in nets by the natives. He was also informed that Cenú was a general place of sepulture for the Indians of that region, who interred with the dead their most valuable ornaments. This was greater temptation than European flesh and blood, especially Spanish, could resist.

Ever since the institution of burial customs, mankind has adorned the dead with, and placed in the grave, the valuables of the deceased; and succeeding generations have spent much time and acquired considerable wealth by tearing open and robbing the tombs of the departed. Martin Fernandez de Encisco, Bachelor of Law, will desecrate the sanctity of the Indian sepulchres only according to due legal form. To the two caciques he finds at Cenú he reads, and partly interprets that curious and presumptuous document called *El Requerimiento* (The Requisition) prepared by the ablest lawyers and divines of Spain; it being the same proclamation used by Ojeda, and later robbers, as a sop for their subsequent massacre and pillage of the natives. The chiefs who listened with grave and courteous decorum to the reading of the paper, replied that the doctrine of one Supreme Being was good; but that the king of Spain must be some madman to ask for what belonged to others, and that the Pope must have been drunk to give away

what did not belong to him. The two caciques significantly added that they were the lords of that region, and if the Spanish king annoyed them, they would cut off his head and put it on a pole, as was their custom with their enemies; in evidence of which they showed the Bachelor of Law a row of impaled grizzly heads.

Encisco threatened to enslave the lords of Cenú if they did not acknowledge his rulership, and the two chieftains assured the Bachiller that, should he try that game, they would add his head to their collection. A fight then ensued in which the Indians were worsted, one of the caciques being taken prisoner. Two Spaniards were wounded with the poisoned arrows and died in great torment. No doubt Pizarro and the older colonists warned the new arrivals of the warlike character of these Indians; and Encisco did not think it wise to make an entry into the country, nor did he fish with nets for gold in the rivers. The rich sepulchres of Cenú remained undisturbed, but the fabled story of their wealth, like that of El Hombre Dorado, Lake Parima, and the Golden City of Manoa, became an *ignis fatuus* to lure many heroic robbers to their destruction in the wilds of South America.

Encisco left Cenú and sailed westward for San Sebastian. As he rounded Punta Caribana and Punta Arenas, at the mouth of the gulf of Urabá, the Bachiller's ship struck upon the rocks and went to pieces, losing all the stores, horses, and swine. The colonists escaped to the shore with their lives, and not much else. They then tramped along the eastern side of the gulf until they came to the site of San Sebastian. Here another disaster awaited them, as the fort and thirty houses erected by Ojeda had been reduced to ashes by the natives. Amid such desolation, even the Bachiller lost some of his arrogance and self-importance.

The people killed some peccaries for food, and Encisco started out with one hundred men to forage the country. When going along a trail, three Indians suddenly appeared and discharged all the arrows in their quivers at the Spaniards, with such incredible rapidity that, before the latter could realize what had happened, the dusky warriors had swiftly disappeared. Several men were wounded by the envenomed shafts, and this was enough for the terrified party. They turned back to the desolate ruins of the settlement, and insisted on leaving a place so fatal to the white man. But whither should they go?

Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the stowaway, now begins to take a part in the affairs of Tierra Firme. Stepping forward, he said:

"Once when I coasted this gulf with Rodrigo de Bastidas, along the western shore we found the country fertile and rich in gold. Provisions were abundant; and the natives, though warlike, used no poisoned arrows. Through this land of which I speak flows a river called by the natives Darien." This was cheerful news to the disheartened colonists, as it was only a short distance, say about ten miles, to the other side of the gulf. Probably in Pizarro's brigantine and the ship's boat, they then crossed to the western shore of the gulf of Urabá, which they found to be as Vasco Nuñez had described it.

This territory was called *Darien,* as was the great river emptying into the gulf. The chief village was also called Darien, where dwelt the cacique, whose name was *Cemaco.* The Bachiller and his followers looked upon Cemaco's prosperous capital with hungry, gold-thirsty eyes. Being a good lawyer, Encisco first swears his witnesses. He made every man promise under oath that he would not show his back to the foe. He then turned priest, and made a vow to "Our Lady of Antigua," in Seville, that, should she favor him with victory, he would give to the village her name; as well as make a pilgrimage to her shrine, and adorn it with jewels.

Meanwhile, Cemaco sent his women and children to a place of safety, and prepared to defend his home and country. He, too, exhorted his warriors, and solicited the aid of supernatural powers; and who shall say that his honest invocations received less heed than those of the Bachiller Encisco. With five hundred men, Cemaco awaited on a height the onslaught of the invaders. Both sides fought desperately, but the red men could not stand against the bearded white devils with hard shiny clothes, which turned aside the Indian darts; or their long, keen cutting knives; and their thundersticks, belching forth smoke and death with every report. These natives were not so fierce as those on the opposite shore, and as soon as the Spaniards discovered that they did not use poisoned arrows, the whites pressed the charge with their accustomed assurance and valor, and the Indians broke and fled.

Hidden in various recesses, and among the canes by the river's bank, the Spaniards found a quantity of golden coronets, plates, anklets, and other ornaments, to the value of ten thousand castellanos. Encisco put aside the king's tax, a part for the Virgin, and the rest of the spoils he divided among his men. They now possessed a habitation much better adapted to the climate than any the Spaniards themselves could erect. In accordance with his vow, the Bachiller renamed the village,

Santa Maria de la Antigua del Darien; a handicap under which it struggled for a few more years. Nevertheless, it was the first real capital of Spanish government in Tierra Firme. For short, the place often was called simply Antigua. Its site has been identified with the Puerto Hermoso of Columbus, but I am inclined to believe that it was farther south in the gulf of Urabá, on the westernmost outlet of the Darien (Atrato) river.

The lawyer ruler was now well established, and proceeded to make laws and issue edicts to his heart's content, and to the misery of the Spaniards. The people resented most his order, given in conformity to royal commands, forbidding private traffic for gold. Encisco's arbitrary regulations, entirely unsuited to their life in a wild and hostile country, stirred up so much opposition that his adventurous crew planned to get rid of him. Vasco Nuñez, the absconding debtor of Hispaniola, again rescues the colonists. Said he: "The gulf of Urabá separates Nueva Andalucia from Castilla del Oro. While on the eastern side we belonged to the government of Alonso de Ojeda; now that we are on the western, we are subject only to Diego de Nicuesa." The facts were irrefutable, and the logic irresistible. The Bachiller Encisco was out of his province, and had no jurisdiction over them; so the populace deposed him.

The people then formed themselves, in conformity with Spanish law, into a municipality, and elected Vasco Nuñez and Martin Zamudio to be *alcaldes;* and the cavalier Valdivia was chosen *regidor.* This was the first Town Meeting, by white men, in the New World. Later, additional town officers were elected; but discontent still reigned at Antigua. The two-man power was unsatisfactory, as it always is. The logic which deposed the Bachiller Encisco would also hold against any other officer elected from among Ojeda's colony. Being in *Castilla del Oro,* Governor Nicuesa was their lawful commander. So a faction was formed for Nicuesa; while another party were strongly in favor of retaining Vasco Nuñez as their ruler.

In November, 1510, while this dispute was going on, the booming of cannon was heard from across the gulf, in the direction of the deserted San Sebastian de Urabá. Shortly after, Rodrigo Enriquez de Colmenares, a lieutenant of Nicuesa, appeared with two ship-loads of supplies from Hispaniola, seeking the government of Castilla del Oro. East of Calamar, near where Santa Marta was founded, he had lost some of his men by shipwrecks, and was now carefully searching the coast for some signs of the governor.

take, when he descried a quantity of chicken feathers [11] floating down one of the branches, which he entered. The fourth day of his ascent of the river, Ortega espied the pinnace of the Englishmen lying upon the sand, with only six men near, one of whom was killed, the others fleeing. Nothing but provisions remained in the boat, so the Spanish captain, with 80 men, followed a trail on the land, and after traveling half a league, arrived at a place covered with limbs of trees. Digging up the ground, the Spaniards recovered all the booty, which they carried back to their barks, intending to return to Panama without making any effort to search for the robbers.

In the meantime, Oxenham had been informed of the pursuit by the Spanish soldiers, and hastened back with his men and negroes to retake the treasure. With more impetuosity than judgment, he attacked the Spaniards by the river's side. Ortega disposed his men to good advantage, and drove back the British, killing eleven of them, and taking seven prisoners. Only two Spaniards were killed, and a few wounded.

It seems that Oxenham's men had demanded an immediate division of the gold and silver, before recrossing the Isthmus, which distrust offended the Captain, so that he would not suffer them to touch the treasure, and went away to get the Symerons to carry it to the north coast. This dissension caused a delay of fifteen days, and brought about the failure of the expedition, and the death of nearly all the party. Oxenham came back with the Symerons just in time to see his booty vanish.

Captain Ortega went back to Panama with the treasure and captives, very well satisfied with himself. The prisoners were compelled to disclose all they knew of the expedition, and the Governor immediately sent word to Nombre de Dios, giving information of where the English ship was concealed; and

[11] "Well, sir, on the seventh day we six were down by the pinnace clearing her out, and the little maid with us gathering flowers, and William Penberthy fishing on the bank, about a hundred yards below, when on a sudden he leaps up and runs towards us, crying, 'Here come our hens' feathers back again with a vengeance!' and so bade catch up the little maid, and run for the house, for the Spaniards were upon us.

"Which was too true; for before we could win the house, there were full eighty shot at our heels, but could not overtake us; nevertheless, some of them stopping, fixed their calivers and let fly, killing one of the Plymouth men. The rest of us escaped to the house, and catching up the lady, fled forth, not knowing whither we went, while the Spaniards, finding the house and treasure, pursued us no farther.

"For all that day and the next we wandered in great misery, the lady weeping continually, and calling for Mr. Oxenham most piteously, and the little maid likewise, till, with much ado, we found the track of our comrades, and went up that as best we might."

Charles Kingsley, *Westward HO!*

before Oxenham reached the Caribbean coast, his vessel, stores, and ordnance had been located and removed.

The remaining Englishmen lived among the natives, rapidly contracting fevers and fluxes, and slowly making canoes, without tools, in which to venture away to sea. While so engaged, they were surprised by 150 soldiers sent to capture them by order of the viceroy of Peru, and fifteen sick men were taken. Ultimately, by reason of sickness and the treachery of the negroes, all the Englishmen fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and were taken to Panama.

When questioned whether he had the Queen's license or a commission from any other prince or state, Oxenham replied that he acted upon his own account and risk. He and his men were condemned to death, and most of them executed in Panama. Oxenham and his officers, with five boys, were carried to Lima, to be interviewed by the viceroy, where all, except the boys, were put to death.

Thus ended the first transit of the Isthmus, and invasion of the South Sea, by Europeans other than Spaniards. John Oxenham has been called the First Buccaneer. Had he exhibited the same energy and enterprise in a legitimate undertaking, his name would rank with those other sailor men of Devon who won so great renown in the sixteenth century.

On the 13th of February, Drake and his allies were well down the Pacific slope, marching through grassy savannas, and getting occasional views of Panama from the high points. On the 14th they could look down the great main street of Panama Viejo, running north and south from the landward gate to the waterside. To an Englishman, barred from the New World, this sight alone was worth all the toil and suffering it had cost. Drake was now looking into the very Holy of Holies of the Spanish Indies, the source of all Spain's wealth and arrogance. But what was more to his purpose, was the plate-fleet from Peru riding proudly at anchor off the city.

Captain Drake then hid in a grove, about a league from Panama, and waited for the night, when a Cimaroon went into the city to gather news. On account of the heat, it was customary for the Spaniards to start out the pack-trains by moonlight; and the native spy soon returned with the information that three trains left Panama that very night. One was to carry silver; another provisions; and the third was a special train, accompanied by the Treasurer of Lima, consisting of eight mules, seven loaded with gold, and one with jewels.

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Drake led his men back within two leagues of Venta Cruz, and divided them in two parties, placing one half on either side of the Camino Real, about fifty yards apart; so as to attack the front and rear of the mule-train simultaneously, and allow none of the treasure to escape. The English put their shirts outside their other clothes in order to recognize each other during the expected melee. The Captain ordered that everything coming from Venta Cruz should be permitted to pass; and that all must keep quiet. In about an hour a man and boy appeared from the direction of Venta Cruz, when a chuckle-headed Englishman, named Robert Pike,[18] (over-zealous from imbibing too much stolen wine or native *chicha*) raised up to stop them. A Cimaroon pulled him back, and the traveler was allowed to pass on. This was a mistake; for soon the Spaniard was heard galloping rapidly towards Panama, and Drake suspected that they were discovered, and that an alarm would be given.

Nevertheless, the Captain waited for a time, and soon was heard the tinkle of the bells on the lead-mare of a pack-train coming from Panama. When the mules were between the two parties. Drake gave a whistle, and the train was captured without resistance. When the packs were hastily opened, nothing but provisions were found. Captain Drake judged that he had been tricked by the Treasurer of Lima, and that the food train had been sent on ahead to develop the suspected ambush, and the soldiers would soon be coming up. With his small party, he could risk no further delay, or attempt to hold up the next train, which might be heavily guarded.

After consulting with Pedro, the Captain decided not to return to his ships by the long and secret way by which he came, but to cut a road with his sword through the enemy. Perhaps the hope of finding rich loot in the warehouses at Cruces had something to do with his decision.

Drake mounted his men on the captured mules, and English and blacks hastened to Venta Cruz. A sentinel challenged them and demanded *Que gente*? Drake replied, *Englishmen*; and the party rushed the town with strange English oaths and the

[18] "One Robert Pike, having drunk too much Aqua-Vitae without water, forgetting himself, perswaded a Simeron to go into the road, and seize on the foremost Mules, and a Spanish Horse-man riding by with his Page running on his side, Pike unadvisedly started up to see who he was, though the Symeron discreetly endeavored to pull him down, and lay upon him to prevent further discovery, yet by this gentleman taking notice of one all in white, they having put their shirts over their cloths to prevent mistakes in the night, he put spurs to his horse both to secure himself, and give notice to others of the danger." Burton, *English Heroe.*

dreaded 'Yó pehó' of the Cimaroons. The Spaniards fired a volley, lightly wounding Drake and killing John Harris. Soldiers and citizens sought refuge in the monastery, where Drake locked them up. He harmed no one, and destroyed no property. His men sought treasure about the town, but found little of value, though the Symerons got some good pillage. In Cruces at this time were three gentlewomen of Nombre de Dios, lately delivered of children, who were filled with much terror, and would not be comforted until El Draque himself assured them of his protection. In all his operations, Drake charged his men, and the Symerons also, never to hurt a woman, nor man that had not weapon in his hand to do them injury.

Captain Drake passed the remainder of the night in Venta Cruz, and the next morning, February 15th, he marched over a bridge and was conducted north-eastward through the hills by his colored allies; reaching his ships on the 23rd of the month. His camp had recently been moved from the first location, and was now nearer Nombre de Dios.

Not wishing to remain idle, especially in the dry season, Drake inquired about other places on the Isthmus, and the Symerons told him of *"Sinior Pezoro"* [Señor Pizarro], a rich miner of Veragua, who worked at least a hundred slaves in the mines. The blacks offered to conduct the English through the woods to the residence of Señor Pizarro, which was a very strong house of stone, where he kept certain great chests full of gold. The Captain did not like to weary his men by the long march; but in a few days, he captured off the *Cabezas* a frigate of Nicaragua, which had been at Veragua only eight days before, having a Genoese pilot familiar with that coast. This pilot told Drake of a vessel soon to leave Veragua, with above a million of gold aboard, and offered to conduct him to that place if the Captain would do right by him. John Oxnam had sailed to the eastward in the *Bear,* to hunt for victuals about Tolu; so Captain Drake hastened alone in the *Minion,* under sail and oars, to the harbor of Veragua, intending to capture the frigate by night, and attempt Señor Pizarro's house later on. When about to enter the port, two signal guns were heard, answered by two other reports towards the town, which was five leagues within the harbor.

The Genoese pilot judged the whole region was alarmed, as even in their beds the Spaniards lay in great and continual fear of El Draque. Being defeated of their expectation to surprise the place, and "that it was not God's will" to plunder the wealth of Veragua, the Englishmen set their sails to a westerly wind,

CHAPTER X

VASCO NUÑEZ DE BALBOA

Discoverer of the Pacific Ocean

"Before him spread no paltry lands
To wrest with spoils from savage hands;
But, fresh and fair, an unknown world
Of mighty sea and shore unfurled."

Nora Perry.

ASCO NÚÑEZ DE BALBOA was a native of Jerez (Xeres) de los Caballeros in Spain. The moderns call him simply Balboa, but the older writers refer to him as Vasco Nuñez. He was of a noble but impoverished family, and was reared in the service of Don Pedro Puertocarrero, the deaf lord of Moguer. Vasco Nuñez came out to the New World with Bastidas and Cosa, in 1500, and thus was among the first to arrive, in 1501, at the eastern half of the Isthmus. On his return voyage, Bastidas, as we have seen, was compelled to beach his vessels on Hispaniola (Española); where he was arrested by Bobadilla, and sent a prisoner to Spain.

Vasco Nuñez remained in Hispaniola, obtained a *repartimiento* of Indians, and located as a planter at the town of Salvatierra on the sea coast. Doubtless, he lead the usual loose and careless life of the Spanish adventurer in the island. The only thing he accumulated was debt; so when Alonso de Ojeda, in 1509, got up his expedition for Terra Firma, the young cavalier determined to accompany him. Debtors were prohibited from leaving Hispaniola, and the vigilance of the authorities prevented Vasco Nuñez from openly joining Ojeda. Nevertheless, he succeeded, as before stated, in getting away with Encisco, and the manner of his escape was this: Vasco Nuñez ensconced himself in a large cask, such as was used in shipping stores, and caused it to be headed up and carted to the shore, where it was placed with the other supplies, from whence, in due time, it was carried aboard Encisco's ship[1].

[1] Oviedo's account differs from this. He says that Vasco Nuñez, with the assistance of one Hurtado, hid himself in a ship's sail.

Francis Drake did so many fine things that one is tempted to follow in detail his fascinating career. But we will merely outline the events of the intervening years, until he again invades the dominions of Spain in the New World.

Upon his return to England in 1573, Drake volunteered for service in Ireland. He fitted out three frigates with men and munitions at his own expense, and joined the forces under the Earl of Essex; "where he did excellent service both by sea and land, at the winning of divers strong forts."

In the year 1520, Fernao de Magelhaes, a Portuguese navigator in the service of Charles V. of Spain, had solved the secret of a passage in the Western Hemisphere by sailing through the Strait which ever since has borne his name. For many days he sailed to the west, showed for the first time the immensity of that South Sea (which he renamed Pacific), and then came to an untimely end at the hands of the natives on the little island of Matan in the Philippine Archipelago. By gift from the Pope, by the discovery of the South Sea by Balboa, and by the voyage of Magellan, Spain claimed this vast ocean for her very own and held it inviolate.

Ever since his view of the forbidden sea, Drake had been itching to sail an English ship thereon. He believed where a Portuguese sailor could go an Englishman might follow. After his adventures in Ireland, Drake came back and fitted out a squadron for the Mediterranean, as he announced. The Spaniards thought it meant another attack on the Treasure of the World, at Nombre de Dios. The vessels were the *Pelican,* 100 tons, Captain Drake; the *Elizabeth,* 80 tons, Captain John Winter; the *Marigold,* 30 tons, Captain John Thomas; the *Swan,* flyboat, 50 tons, Captain John Chester; the *Christopher,* pinnace, 15 tons, Captain Thomas Moone; carrying 163 men in all. Drake made a final departure from Plymouth on the 13th of December, 1577, touched at the Cape Verd islands, took the pilot, Nuno da Silva, from a Portuguese ship, and steered for Brazil and the Plate river. Drawing near the equator, Drake, being always very careful of his men's health, let every one of them blood with his own hand.

On the 20th of June, 1578,, the fleet anchored in Port St. Julian on the coast of Patagonia. The first object which met the sight of the Englishmen was a bleached skeleton, dangling from a gibbet on the main shore, opposite the island; the remains of some mutineers executed by Magellan, fifty-eight years before. While here, forty of Drake's best men tried Mr. Thomas Doughty for conspiring to overthrow Captain Drake,

and adjudged that he deserved death. Drake partook of the Holy Communion with him, like a Christian; dined and wined him, like a gentleman; and then chopped his head off with his own hands.

Reducing his fleet to the Pelican, the Elizabeth, and the Marigold, Francis Drake entered the eastern mouth of the Strait[20] of Magellan on the 20th of August. To note the momentous occasion, the General (as Drake was designated) changed the name of the Pelican to *Golden Hind,* in reference to the crest of his friend and patron, Sir Christopher Hatton; and caused the ships to strike their topsails in homage to Queen Elizabeth. "Which ceremonies being ended, with a sermon and prayers of thanksgiving, they entered the narrow strait with much wind, frequent turnings, and many dangers. They observed on one side an island like Fogo,[21] burning aloft in the air in a wonderful sort without intermission."

The passage of the Strait was made in sixteen days, Drake often going ahead in a boat to take soundings. On passing out of the Strait, as frequently happens, the vessels encountered stormy weather, and the little Marigold was swamped with all hands. On October 8th, Captain Winter, on the Elizabeth, reentered the Strait, deserted the General, and returned home, leaving Drake's ship "a Pelican alone in the wilderness." Drake was driven as far as 57 degrees south in the neighborhood of Cape Horn, but by the 25th of November, he was at the island of Macho, twenty degrees nearer the equator. Mistaking them for Spaniards, the natives killed two Englishmen, and shot the General in the face and head.

An Indian pilot, named Felipe, showed the way to Valparaiso, where the Pelican was supplied with stores, provisions and wines. From a Spanish ship lying there, Drake took the Greek pilot, Juan Griego, to show the way to Lima. In looking for water at Tarapaca, the English found a sleeping Spaniard, and nearby, a stack of silver. At another place they robbed a llama-

[20] The pinnance, containing eight men, was lost. These men made a landing on Tierra del Fuego, and later reached the Plate River. Four were killed by Indians, and afterwards two more died, leaving only William Pitcher and Peter Carder. The former succumbed, when suffering from thirst, from drinking too much water. Carder was adopted by some cannibal Indians, and arrived at Bahia, where he was arrested. A friendly Portuguese aided him to escape, and Carder finally reached England in 1586, when Lord Howard introduced him to Queen Elizabeth.

[21] Meaning like the volcanic island of Fogo, one of the Cape Verd Islands, which they had passed on the voyage out.

train, each animal being loaded wth a hundred pounds of silver. At sea, barks were captured, and usually bullion was secured. And so it continued all the way up the coast.

On the 15th of February, 1579, Drake reached Callao, the port of Lima, where resided the Viceroy of Peru, Don Francisco de Toledo. About thirty Spanish vessels were in the harbor, which were plundered without resistance. Drake destroyed no property, and when he learned that the plate-ship had sailed for Panama on February 2nd, he decided to attempt to overtake her. Had Drake known that his faithful follower, John Oxenham, had been hung but a few miles away, it is likely that he would have burnt the shipping before leaving. The proper name of the treasure galleon was *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion,* but she was commonly called the "Cacafuego" (or "Spitfire," as we would say in English), and was commanded by Juan de Anton. While in pursuit of her, Drake boarded a brigantine, and took eighty pounds of gold, a golden crucifix, and some emeralds.

On March 1st, off Cape San Francisco, about a hundred and fifty leagues from Panama, the Golden Hind caught up with the Cacafuego, and Drake poured in a broadside and boarded her after dark. The next few days the treasure was transferred.[22] It consisted of 26 tons of silver, 80 pounds of gold, 13 chests of money, and jewels. There was consternation along the coast when it was learned that El Draque was in the South Sea. Two armed vessels from Lima, and one from Panama came up with Drake, but declined to fight. The man who invaded the Isthmus, braved the terrors of the Strait, and stole the King's treasure at will, was not one to be idly assailed.

The Golden Hind kept on sailing northward, past the Gulf of Panama, and up the coast of Central America. On April 4th, Drake captured a ship from Acapulco, and took from her owner, Don Francisco de Carate, the celebrated "falcon of gold, handsomely wrought, with a great emerald set in the breast of it." He put in at Acapulco, the western port of New Spain (Mexico), and refitted the Golden Hind in Canoas Bay. Captain Drake had a notion of trying to find a passage to the north

[22] John Drake (son of Bernard), probably a nephew of the General, was in the Hind, and won a gold chain for being the first to sight the treasure ship. When the English cast off the Cacafuego, the boy of Don Francisco, the Spanish pilot, said to Drake: "Captaine, our ship shall be called no more the *Cacafuego,* but the *Cacaplata,,* and your shippe shall bee called the *Cacafuego*: which pretie speach of the pilots boy ministered matter of laughter to us, both then and long after."—*World Encompassed.*

of America, and sailed up the California coast as far as 43 degrees north, when he abandoned the idea on account of the cold. He knew the Spaniards would be watching the Isthmus, and the Strait of Magellan; so determined to attempt to reach home by way of the Moluccas and Cape of Good Hope.

Captain Drake sailed back to a harbor in about latitude 38 degrees north, thought by some to be San Francisco Bay, but probably north of that port. The white cliffs reminded him of home, and he called the country New Albion, and took possession for the Queen. The natives were gentle and friendly, and seemed to adore the white strangers. The Golden Hind was refitted again, and on the 23rd of July, 1579, she sailed out of Port Albion (or Port Drake) on the long voyage home. The next day, the island of St. James (probably the Farallons) was passed; and then for sixty-eight days they saw no land. On September 30th, they fell in with islands 8 degrees north, probably Pelew islands; and the 21st of October, they got fresh water on the large island of Mindanao, in the Philippine group. Drake then sailed to the Moluccas, and exchanged courtesies with the King. He landed his men on Crab island in the Celebes, and repaired the ship.

Drake's good fortune nearly deserted him, when, on the night of the 9th of January, 1580, the good ship Golden Hind ran on a reef and stuck fast. When day came, all hands fell prostrate in prayer, and then threw overboard eight cannon, three tons of cloves, "and certaine meale and beanes"—but none of the heavy bullion. After being hard and fast for twenty hours, the gallant little ship fell on her side at low water, and slipped off the reef with a sound hull.[23] March 10th, Drake

[23] While the *Hind* was fast on the reef, Mr. Fletcher, their minister, made them a sermon, and all received the communion; "and then every theefe reconciled him selfe to his fello theefe." Nevertheless, shortly after they were come off the rock, Drake fastened his chaplain by one leg to a staple in the forecastle hatch, and excommunicated him with a pair of pantoffles, or slippers; at the same time binding this legend about his arm: "Francis Fletcher, the falsest knave that liveth." The company being called together, "and Drake sytting cros legged on a chest, and a peire of pantoffles in his hand, hee said Frances Fletcher, I doo heere excommunicate the out of ye Church of God, and from all the benefites and graces thereof, and I denounce the to the divell and all his angells; and then he charged him upon payne of death not once to come before the mast, for if hee did, he sware hee should be hanged; and Drake cawsed a posy to be written and bond about Fletcher's arme, with chardge that if hee tooke it of hee should then be hanged. The poes was, Frances Fletcher, ye falsest knave that liveth."
Memorandum to World Encompassed.

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anchored at the south side of Java, and on the 26th of the same month he laid a course for the Cape of Good Hope, which was passed on the 15th of June. July 22nd, they put in at Sierra Leone for water and provisions, and then no more stops until they arrived at Plymouth, the port from which they started. Drake reached home on Monday the 26th of September, 1580, which according to his reckoning should have been the preceeding Sunday.

Francis Drake was the first Englishman, and the second of any country, to circumnavigate the globe. The mayor and people of Plymouth turned out to greet their famous mariner, and the bells of St. Andrew's Church pealed a joyous welcome. In a short time Drake took his ship around to Deptford, and waited to hear from the court. England went wild in his praise, but Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, insisted that Drake be punished, and the spoils delivered to him.[24] The Queen kept silent for a few months, but on April 4th, 1581, after dining at Deptford, she visited the Golden Hind, and knighted Francis Drake on the deck of his ship. One enthusiastic Briton wished to place the ship on the top of St. Paul's; but at the Queen's desire, the Golden Hind was preserved in a dock at Deptford, and for many years was an object of admiration, and an eating place for merry-makers.

In 1582, Sir Francis Drake was made mayor of Plymouth; and in 1584, he was member of Parliament for Bossiney.

The successes of Drake and other English seamen, induced Elizabeth to plan reprisals to offset the insults to her subjects, and the embargo on English goods perpetrated by her brother-in-law, Philip of Spain. Sir Francis was commissioned an Admiral, and ordered to gather a fleet of twenty-five ships, to sail to the Caribbean, and harass Spain in her weakest points. With Drake went Martin Frobisher as Vice-Admiral, and Francis Knollys as Rear-Admiral. This was a combined naval and military expedition of about twenty-three hundred men; the land forces being under Lieutenant-General Christopher Carlile (Carleill).

On the 14th of September, 1585, the fleet left Plymouth, and sailed down the coast of Spain to the Canaries. The English spent two weeks at St. Jago and Porta Praya in the Cape de

[24] "Indeed, of the treasure which Drake had amassed, some portion was actually repaid to Don Pedro Sebura, who acted as agent for the parties interested; but who, nevertheless, it is said by Camden, never himself gave it back to the rightful owners." W. S. W. Vaux, *Introduction to World Encompassed, Hakluyt Society.*

Verd islands, where the only thing they got was a pestilence, from which two or three hundred men died. At Dominica, which was reached in eighteen days, the Caribs assisted in watering the ships. The English passed Christmas at St. Christopher's (St. Kitts), which they found uninhabited.

The expedition then proceeded to Hispaniola, being allured thither by the glorious fame of the city of St. Domingo, being the ancientest and chief inhabited place in all the tract of country thereabouts. New Year's Day, 1586, General Carlile, with twelve hundred men, landed at a convenient place about ten miles from the city, and marched on St. Domingo. About one hundred and fifty horsemen came out to oppose them, but hastily retired. Carlile placed half his force under Captain Powell, and the two divisions stormed the two sea-ward gates at the same time and gained the plaza. The English troops did not take the citadel, but held the town for a month, demanding ransom. The Spaniards being very slow in coming to terms, two hundred sailors spent several days in trying to burn the houses, finding "no small travail to ruin them, being very magnificently built of stone, with high lofts." It is said that Drake spared the cathedral because it held the ashes of Admiral Christopher Columbus.

Admiral Drake was particularly incensed at a haughty painting and motto which he saw in the Governor's house, wherein "there is described and painted in a very large Scutcheon the arms of the king of Spaine, and in the lower part of the said Scutcheon, there is described a Globe, conteining in it the whole circuit of the sea and the earth whereupon is a horse standing on his hindes part within the Globe, and the other fore-part without the globe, lifted up as it were to leape, with a scroll painted in his mouth, wherein was written these words in Latin, *Non sufficit orbis;* which is as much as to say, as the world sufficeth not." The English would point out this device to the Spanish officials sent to negotiate with them, and sarcastically inquire what it meant; "at which they would shake their heads and turn aside their faces, in some smiling sort, without answering anything, as if ashamed thereof."

Drake finally accepted 25,000 ducats, in addition to their loot; and stood over to the mainland, keeping along the coast till he came to Cartagena. The ships entered the harbor about three miles westward of the city. Carlile landed and drove back two squadrons of Spanish horse, and then attacked the gateway, barricadoed with wine butts filled with earth, at the end of the causeway. An entrance was effected and the town taken; the

Lieutenant-General, with his own hands, slaying the chief ensign-bearer of the Spaniards, who fought manfully to his life's end. It is like old times to read that the Indians, who aided the Spaniards, made use of poisoned arrows, the least scratch of which caused death, "unless it were by great marvell."

The Governor, the Bishop, and many other gentlemen of the better sort, visited Admiral Drake and General Carlile, and there was feasting and divers courtesies. The English demanded 110,000 ducats ransom, but after remaining six weeks, and their sickness not abating, they accepted 30,000 ducats and sailed away.

It was Drake's intent when he left England to take Nombre de Dios, and then proceed overland to Panama, "where we should have striken the stroke for the treasure, and full recompense of our tediouse travailes." But he lost so many men from calenture—"a verie burning and pestilent ague"—that the trans-Isthmian undertaking was abandoned. March 1st, Francis Drake left Cartagena and sailed westward, casting longing eyes on Nombre de Dios and the road to Panama. On April 27th, the fleet arrived at Cape San Antonio, Cuba; and May 28th, 1586, the English went up the St. Augustine river, Florida, took the fort of San Juan de Piños, and burnt the town of St. Augustine.

The expedition then sailed up the coast to Roanoke, and took on Mr. Ralph Lane and the colony recently planted by Sir Walter Raleigh. One hundred and three colonists embarked, five of the original number having died. "And so, God be thanked," writes Cates, "both they (the colonists) and we in good safetie arrived at Portsmouth the eight-and-twentieth of July, 1586, to the great glory of God, and to no small honour to our Prince, our country, and ourselves." The expedition lost 750 men, mostly from tropical fevers, but had taken two of Spain's chief cities in the Indies, and brought home 60,000 pounds, and 240 pieces of ordnance. This was the strongest fighting force that had ever sailed in the Caribbean Sea, and awoke in Spain alarm for the safety of her colonies, and an appreciation of the growing power of England.

Affairs were rapidly coming to a crisis between England and Spain. Mary Stuart had been beheaded; and it was obvious that Philip was fitting out a large fleet of ships to invade the British Isles. "The first step to be taken in this emergency

was to ascertain, by personal inspection, the actual state of the enemy's preparations in the ports on the coast of Spain and Portugal; to intercept any supplies of men, stores or ammunition, that the Duke of Parma might dispatch from the Low Countries; to lay waste the harbors of Spain and Portugal, on the western coast, and destroy all the shipping that could be met with at sea conveying stores and provisions, or to attack them in port. For such a purpose, no one was considered so fitting as Drake."[25]

On the 2nd of April, 1587, Drake sailed from Plymouth in the *Elizabeth Bonaventura,* with a score of other ships. As he departed, a courier galloped into town with orders that under no circumstances should Drake enter a Spanish port or injure Spanish subjects. Nevertheless, on the 19th, he went into the harbor of Cadiz, fought the armed galleys and forced them to retire under the guns of the castle, and looted and destroyed upward of a hundred vessels, great and small. Among them were five great ships of Biscay, and a new ship of 1,200 tons belonging to the Marquis of Santa Cruz, High Admiral of Spain. After this, Drake shaped his course towards Sagres (near Cape Vincent), burning a hundred ships, barks, and caravels, loaded with stores for the intended invasion of England; the crews being put on shore. From the mouth of the Tagus he stood for the Azores, and when within twenty or thirty leagues of the Isle of St. Michael, captured a Portuguese carrack, called *St. Philip;* being the ship which, in the outward voyage, had carried back the three princes of Japan who had visited Europe.

This was the first carrack that ever was taken on a return voyage from the East Indies, and she was "so richly loaded that every man in the fleet counted his fortune made." Among the Portuguese, who now belonged to Spain, her capture was looked upon as an evil omen, because the ship bore the King's own name. Well satisfied with what he had accomplished, and with scarcely the loss of a man, Drake returned to Plymouth in June of the same year. The people were elated at his success, and came miles to see the St. Philip, the biggest ship ever brought into an English port. She proved that these immense vessels were easy to take; and her rich cargo acquainted the English people, for the first time, with the wealth of the East Indies, the trade of which was monopolized by the Portuguese and Dutch.

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[25] Barrow.

This expedition—which Drake somewhat facetiously called "singeing the King of Spain's beard"—astonished Europe at his audacity, and caused even the Spaniards to say that "if he was not a Lutheran there would not be the like of him in the world."

The destruction of Spanish shipping and stores wrought by Drake in 1587, delayed for a year the completion of that fleet which, first in alarm and then in derision, was called the *Invincible Armada.* On account of the death of Santa Cruz, the command was given to the Duke of Medina-Sidonia. So sure were the Spaniards of conquering England, that Philip sent along a chest of jeweled swords to be presented to the Catholic nobles of the English court; and the Pope directed that Elizabeth should be brought to him to be turned over to the Inquisition. In anticipation of victory, poets sung premature songs of triumph, and children at play lisped ludicrous ballads to the prowess of Spanish arms.

The Lord High Admiral, Charles Lord Howard of Effingham, in the *Ark Royal,* commanded the English fleet; and Sir Francis Drake was next in command as Vice-Admiral, in the *Revenge.* Drake's relative, Sir John Hawkins (of San Juan de Ulloa fame), sailed in the *Victory,* as Rear-Admiral. Barrow summarizes the two forces as follows:

	Ships.	Tons.	Guns.	Mariners.
English	197	29,744	837	15,785
Spaniards	132	59,120	3,165	8,766
				†21,855
				30,621
	*65 More E.	29,376 More S.	2,328 More S.	14,836 More S.

* Erroneously given as 45 in the original, p. 270, C. L. G. A.
† Soldiers.

"So that the Spaniards had double the force of the English, except in the *number* of ships, and in guns nearly four times the force."

The day was fast approaching when the contest was to be decided between two of the largest and most powerful fleets

that had hitherto ever gone to sea or met in battle. On the 19th of July, 1588, "one Fleming, the master of a pinnace," reported the Armada in the Channel, off the Lizard Point. It was necessary to quickly get the British fleet out of Plymouth, so as not to be caught in the harbor. With a stiff breeze blowing in, this was a difficult task; but by morning, Howard's vessels had all been towed outside, and they set sail to steal the wind from the Spaniards. On the 21st, the two fleets came together, but Sidonia refused a general action, and kept on his course, expecting to join with Parma. The English kept up a firing for two hours, but did not press them further. The Armada was composed of immense galleons, with castles on bow and poop; and unwieldly transports and storeships. The English ships were smaller, better sailers, and more skilfully handled. It was the English policy to harass the enemy in every way, to fight at a distance, and not attempt to board the towering warships of Spain. The flagship of Oquendo took fire and was abandoned; and the next morning Drake picked up the *Nuestra Señora del Rosario,* commanded by Don Pedro de Valdes.

July 22nd there was no fighting. On the 23rd each endeavored to obtain the weather gage, which brought on a mix-up, and a running fight. July 24th there was a cessation on both sides. Lord Howard divided his fleet into four divisions; the first under himself, the second under Drake, the third under Hawkins, and the fourth under Frobisher. On the 25th, the English took another laggard, the *St. Anne,* of Portugal. Medina-Sidonia sent another message to the Duke of Parma, at Dunkirk, telling him he was now off the Isle of Wight, and urging the Duke to come out. But Lord Henry Seymour was outside with a strong fleet, and the Duke remained in Dunkirk. The 26th was calm, and the two fleets remained inactive in sight of each other. "The Lord High Admiral this day bestowed the honour of knighthood on Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Roger Townsend, Captain John Hawkins, and Captain Martin Frobisher, in consideration of their gallant behaviour. And it was decided, in Council, that no further attempt should be made on the enemy, until they came into the Straits of Calais, where Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Winter would there reinforce them."

July 27th, the Armada anchored off Calais, by the advice of his pilots, lest they should be carried by the current into the North Sea. The Spanish commander then sent more messengers to Parma. On the 28th, Seymour joined Howard; and at

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night the English sent eight fire-ships, with shotted guns, in among the Spaniards. Not a Spanish ship was fired, but they were thrown into confusion, and many dispersed; a few going on the shoals. The 29th there was much fighting off the Flemish coast, Drake particularly distinguishing himself by his aggressive tactics. Several Spanish ships were sunk and others driven on the coast. Finding it impossible to turn against the wind and tide, and to avoid being driven on the shoals, the Duke of Sidonia proceeded into the North Sea. On the 30th Howard was still in pursuit, but perceiving the Armada drifting towards the shoals of Zealand, he did not think proper to press them. When in only six fathoms and a half, a timely wind saved the Spaniards, and they sailed northward. The English kept them in sight until the 2nd of August, and then turned back. The Armada blundered on, met with rough weather, and lost a lot of ships and men on the rocks of the Orkneys and the coast of Connaught. The wild Irish, their co-religionists, knocked the Spaniards in the head, and stole their finery. The Lord Deputy of Ireland rounded up a large number and sent them into England, from whence Elizabeth returned the survivors to their homes in Spain.

Sir Francis Drake played the most prominent part in the overthrow of the so-called Invincible Armada, and it marked the pinnacle of his remarkable career. Most of his manhood had been spent in combating Spain, in one way or another, and the next year, Drake and Sir John Norris (Norreys) got up an expedition to place Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal. The latter object was not accomplished, but the English burnt two ports; whipped an army; marched through the territory of the King of Spain to the gates of Lisbon; captured or destroyed nearly a hundred vessels; and, best of all, destroyed the nucleus of another Armada intended for operations against England.

In the years 1590 and 1591, Drake was engaged in bringing the river Mesny to Plymouth; and when the water was brought to the town, he built six corn-mills, an event still celebrated in Plymouth. In 1593, Francis Drake represented Plymouth in Parliament; and the next year, he and old John Hawkins planned another venture to the Spanish Main. For years, Drake had dreamed of landing at Nombre de Dios with a strong force, and marching across the Isthmus to Panama. In 1592, an expedition was prepared for this purpose in England; but owing to intrigues, politics, and the whims of Elizabeth, the command was given to Sir Walter Raleigh. Owing to the late-

ness of the season, and scarcity of victuals in the fleet, the project was dropped.

Considering all he had done on the Isthmus, Drake felt that, for offensive operations, the region belonged to him. It is thought that Sir John Hawkins, then over seventy-five years of age, undertook this voyage with the hope of redeeming his son, Captain Richard Hawkins, who, in 1593, had sailed through the Strait of Magellan, and had been captured by Admiral de Castro in the South Sea.

It was Drake's intention to make a sudden dash to the Isthmus and sack Panama; but the Queen heard of a plate-ship which had lost her mast and put in at Porto Rico, so ordered the fleet to stop there. It was reported that this treasure was destined to equip a third Armada (the second having been destroyed by Drake) for the invasion of England. The expedition of Drake and Hawkins left Plymouth on the 28th of August, 1595. It consisted of the *Defiance,* Admiral Sir Francis Drake; the *Garland,* Vice-Admral Sir John Hawkins; the *Hope,* Captain Gilbert York; *Buonaventure,* Captain Troughton; the *Foresight,* Captain Winter; the *Adventure,* Captain Thomas Drake; besides about twenty other ships supplied by private individuals. Sir Thomas Baskerville commanded the land forces.

The first stop was at the Grand Canary, where they blundered in attempting to subdue the island. Here, Captain Grimston was killed. Sailing hence, the fleet arrived at the island of Guadeloupe, where the pinnaces were set up, and the men landed to refresh themselves.

On the 30th of September, Captain Wignot in the Francis, a bark of thirty-five tons, was taken by five Spanish frigates, sent out for the treasure at San Juan de Puerto Rico. Drake remained two days among the Virgin Islands, where Sir John Hawkins was extremely sick. The fleet then stood for the eastern end of Puerto Rico, near which, on the 11th of November, Sir John Hawkins breathed his last. That same evening, Drake anchored his ships at the distance of two miles or less to the east of the town of *San Juan de Puerto Rico.* While the officers were at supper, the Spanish batteries fired twenty-eight great shot, one of which penetrated to the great cabin of the Defiance, struck the stool from under Drake, killed Sir Nicholas Clifford, mortally wounded Mr. Brute Brown, and injured Captan Stratford and others. The following morning the whole fleet came to anchor before the point of the harbor,

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pinnaces were put together, in which to ascend the San Juan river. After this they must have encountered a storm, for we find the fleet on the way back to Puerto Bello. Drake kept getting worse all the time. He became delirious, rose from his couch, and uttered some speech. Then he clothed himself, called for his arms, lay down like a Viking, and died within an hour. The poison of the Isthmus was in his blood, and the tropics, which he had invaded so often, exacted her toll.

Between Escudo and Puerto Bello, and nearer the latter place, on the 28th day of January, 1596, at 4 o'clock in the morning, Sir Francis Drake departed this life. The ships moved on to Puerto Bello and anchored in the bay. The next day his body was enclosed in a leaden coffin, carried a league to sea, and buried in the waves, in sight of the scenes of his early exploits.[30] Trumpets sounded, and the fleet thundered a last salute to their dead chief. Two of his own ships, and all his late prizes were sunk near the spot. At the same time, a fort on shore, which Philip was erecting to defend the new port of Puerto Bello, was given to the flames. Mr. Bride made a sermon on board the *Defiance,* attended by all the captains of the fleet.

"Where Drake first found, there last he lost his name,
And for a tomb left nothing but his fame.
His body's buried under some great wave,
The sea that was his glory is his grave.
On whom an epitaph none can truly make,
For who can say, '*Here* lies Sir Francis Drake?' "

If we admit his birth to have taken place in 1540, then Drake died in his fifty-sixth year. He was low in stature, broad of chest, and strong of limb; with round head, brown hair, large lively eyes, and fair complexion. Accepted portraits represent him as wearing a short, pointed beard. Drake was twice married, but, like ten of his brethren, died without issue.

England might well say of Francis Drake and his contemporary seamen—Hawkins, Frobisher, Cavendish, Cumberland, Grenville, Davis, Lancaster—as Lord Howard said of his captains who fought the Armada: "God send us to see such a company together again, when need is."

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[30] There is a dubious statement to the effect that Drake's heart was removed and buried in a nearby island, since called *El Draque.*

Captain William Parker, who captured Portobello a few years later (Feb. 7th, 1602), says : "The Place where my Shippes roade being the rock where Sir Francis Drake his Coffin was throwne overboorde."

Sir Thomas Baskerville called a council aboard the *Garland,* showed his commission, and was accepted as General. Many men had already succumbed to the climate, and with the death of Drake, the survivors decided to return home. Near the Isle of Pines, off Cuba, they were intercepted by twenty Spanish ships, being part of a fleet of sixty vessels sent out from Cartagena to catch them. After a sharp action of two hours, the English burnt one of the Spanish ships and the rest sheered off. Without further molestation, the unfortunate expedition proceeded on its way, and early in May, 1596, arrived in England.

"The same day Sir *Francis Drake,* our General, departed this life, whose death was exceedingly deplored, his interment was after this manner: His Corps being laid in a Cophin of Lead, he was let downe into the Sea, the trumpets in dolefull manner echoing out this lamentation for so great a losse, and all the Cannons in the Fleet were discharged according to the custome of all Sea Funerall obsequies. We continued here until the eighth of *February,* watring and ballasing our Ships. In this Horbor are some few houses inhabited with *Spaniards,* they beginning to build a new towne and a great Bulwarke, which we spoyled and burned; we found many Chests full of Carpenters' tools with many Iron Bars and other necessaries for building, which we brought away with us. The day before we came away the Enemy came downe and took some six of our Men at the watring place. Certaine of our Men were sent in Boats up the South side of the River, where we found some more of their Carpenters' tools. This Harbour is very commodious for Shipping, having a good anchoring place and ten or twelve fathome deep in water; we landed great store of *Spaniards* and *Negroes* at this Island, giving the Enemy to understand that he would use our Men well which they took prisoners, comming from *Panama,* and sent a Messenger not hearing any answer again, yet at our departure the Governour was come down with many Souldiers with him who wrote to our Generall. The eighth of *February* we came away from this Harbour of *Porta Vella* beating up to the height of *Cartegena,* which was ten dayes after, we took our course for *Gemico* North North and by West."

"A Full Relation of Another Voyage into the West Indies made by Sir Francis Drake from Plimmouth, 28 Aug., 1595."—Londoun, 1652.