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THE STORY OF SIR WALTER RALEGH

BY

JOSEPH HATTON

Printed and Published
at the office of
"COPE'S TOBACCO PLANT"
10 Lord Nelson St.
LIVERPOOL.
1893

Price 3D.

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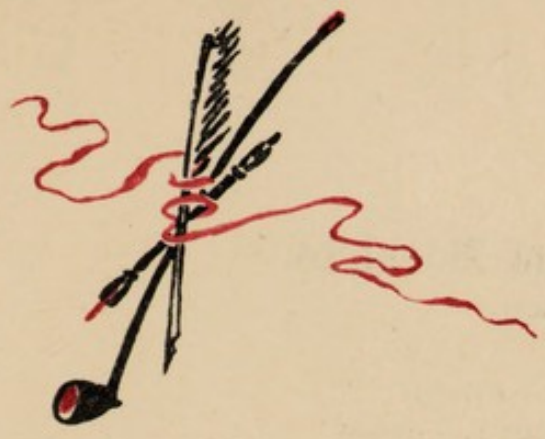


SIR WALTER RALEGH.

A DAY IN A TOBACCO FACTORY.

Cope's Smoke Room Booklets.

Number Fourteen.

SIR WALTER RALEGH.

THE STORY OF SIR WALTER RALEGH

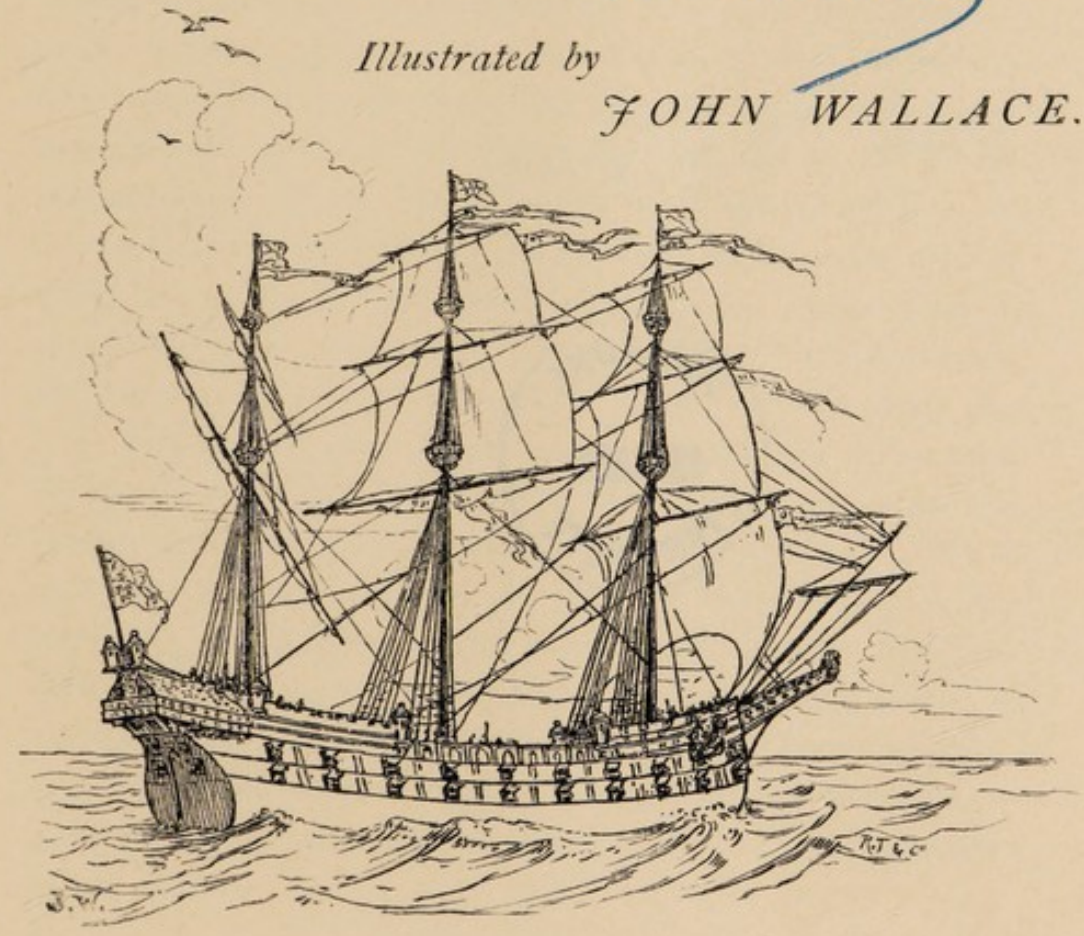
AND

A DAY IN A TOBACCO FACTORY

By Joseph Hatton

Illustrated by

JOHN WALLACE.



LIVERPOOL:

AT THE OFFICE OF "COPE'S TOBACCO PLANT."

1893.

A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER.

It seems meet that a word should be said of the admirable and relevant Booklet herein submitted, for Smoke Room or other perusal. It is a Story of splendid heroism, told in language which has inspiration in it. A silvery fringe of fancy, lending gaiety to the sentences, an unintermittent discernment of picturesque phases and incidents, never absent from any human story—if the teller has the eye to see it—are characteristics of all the writings of Joseph Hatton. All who are acquainted with the many works and various ways in which his fertile pen has beguiled readers of taste,—down to the curious and entertaining "Cigarette Papers" which illumine the columns of several newspapers to-day—will welcome this new narrative of the illustrious career, intrepid adventures, discoveries and tragic fate of Sir Walter Ralegh. It is said that nothing is commonplace in art since genius exalts it. When, as in Ralegh, the subject is in itself intrinsically great, how much can genius in literature ennoble it by worthily displaying it—as in these pages? Those who peruse them will concur in the hope that all the works of Mr. Hatton, will become familiar inmates of the Smoke Room—where genial lightsomeness in literature seems naturally to consort with pleasant and perfumed pastime.

TO THE READER.

"A Day in a Tobacco Factory," written for *The English Illustrated Magazine*, is the origin of this "Story of Sir Walter Ralegh." Watching the unshipping of the fragrant leaf, and following the process of its manufacture, my thoughts continually recurred to the illustrious pioneer who first made smoking popular in England. To think of him is to see him, brave in hat and feather, as Art loves to represent him. To see him, is to fall under the spell of his individuality, even as though he lived. You can no more get away from him than Elizabeth could. He is the typical figure of his time. He reflects the glory of the Queen's reign. The manner of his death has almost exalted his faults into virtues. He is the favourite English hero, brave, human, national; and he accepted without complaint the bitter reward of his patriotism. England has a habit of behaving badly to her greatest men, and posterity is continually occupied with the poor compromise of tributes to their memories. But this is not what I started out to say. When you begin to write a Preface you never quite know whither it may lead you. The Publisher desires to explain why these two contributions to the literature of tobacco appear under one cover. Acting on the complimentary wish that I should give "A Day in a Tobacco Factory" the companionship of an Essay on the career of the first illustrious patron of tobacco, it seems to me that the two papers find their natural home between the cover of the same Smoke-Room Booklet. With this brief exordium I venture to commend to the indulgent reader the following results of an excursion into the fascinating period of history that is enlivened by the genius of Sir Walter Ralegh, and a visit to a modern industry that must always be associated with his name.

J. H.

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THE STORY OF SIR WALTER RALEGH.

CHAPTER I.

BOY AND MAN.

He was born at a pleasant farm, called Hayes, bordering on the sea, a mile west of East Budleigh church and six from Exmouth. It was a thatched house, with gabled wings and a projecting porch. Poetry and tradition are true, but history is of doubtful trust. Take we therefore for our guide, in this brief chronicle, full note of honest tradition. Poetry we shall nothing lack, since his life was a poem, passing through the flowery meads of letters and romance to its *dénoûment* of pathetic tragedy. So let the pilgrim wend his way to that same old Tudor house, called Hayes, and entering the room on the upper floor at the west end, in which tradition says he was born, do homage to his immortal memory.

It was an age of romance, a reaching out of great ambitions, a spreading of sails for distant seas. It was as if the hand of God once more moved upon the face of the waters, not however without an occasional uprising of Satanic influence. Rambling among the green and floral lanes of Devon and listening to sailors' yarns down by the yellow shore, the boy Ralegh must have heard all about Columbus and

Cabot. Their adventures and discoveries were on every lip. Bristol had snatched from Seville a share of the honours of Spain. The curtains of a new world had been raised, but the disclosure was vague and misty. Little more than the fact of the curtains had been revealed. The great Beyond stimulated the sluggish fancy of the commonest individual. A new inspiration filled the poet's soul with transcendent thoughts. Behind the impulse of exploration was the push of knowledge, striding out of the darkness of ages. The very life and soul of things began to be made manifest. Adventure and patriotism were swayed by the influence of the new-born literature of history and imagination. All the world seemed to be awakening into new life. In England it was the West that caught its earliest impact. Cabot had sailed out of Bristol. Merchant venturers were following in his wake. Who cannot, in his mind's eye, see the lad, whose destiny was being shaped by fate, poring over the first great books of travel? Or, as in the Millais picture, listening to stories of Mexico and Peru?

There is a doubtful note in the biography of Ralegh as to his early education. We do not know where he went to school. Even his short career at Oxford is in question. This is as it should be. When a rare destiny is in store for a man, fate often throws a mist about his boyhood. It rarely ties him down to desks and tasks of books, nor does it select the academic scholar for heroic achievement. Fate has its own methods of instruction. They are out of the common grooves. Ralegh's school was experience, and he had the gift of genius which sees clearly what "others see as through a glass darkly." And yet how human he was in all things, and how intensely English!

So soon as the day for action comes there are no more doubts. The historian who has been trying to detect Ralegh's individual presence in the world's great play only succeeds sufficiently for his record of fate, when at seventeen the hero suddenly steps down to the footlights as a soldier. Queen Elizabeth wanted men to assist the persecuted Protestants in

France. He volunteered with a troop from the west of England. The contingent did not reach the Huguenot camp until two days after the defeat at Moncontour ; though there is reason to believe that Ralegh joined the Protestant host at an earlier date. In his *History of the World* he speaks as an eye-witness of the Huguenot retreat, and bears testimony to the skilful generalship of Count Lewis of Nassau. His adventures in France were a useful education. He was twenty-three when he returned to England. Thence he carried his sword into the Netherlands against the Spaniards, whom he hated with patriotic bitterness. Soon after the battle of Rimenant he went to London, studied for the Bar, wrote verses, associated with courtiers, and was committed to the Fleet for six days in connection with a street brawl. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his half-brother, obtained a Royal Charter authorising him for six years to discover and occupy heathen territory not actually possessed by any Christian prince or people. Ralegh joined Sir Humphrey's expedition. The leading idea was to search for the North-West passage to Cathay. The adventure was retarded by quarrels and troubles of various kinds. It started badly, it ended without effect. Ralegh's next employment was in Ireland against the subsidised forces of Italy and Spain. He accepted a captain's commission, and fought with valour and distinction. The Spanish succourers, with a picked body of Irish, had provided for themselves a fortified place of retreat in case of need. They called it Del Ore. It was under the command of a Spanish officer. Situated upon the bay of Smerwick, in the county of Kerry, it was to be a key for the admission of foreign reinforcements. The Deputy of Ireland, Lord Grey, resolved to attack the fort. He had only a small force for the service, but he was resolute, and he hated the Irish as fiercely as Ralegh hated the Spanish. He laid siege to Del Ore. Ralegh had a leading share in the dangerous work, commanding in the trenches and taking personal risks with cheerfulness and alacrity. When the fort surrendered at discretion, the Lord-Deputy Grey had

the greater part of the garrison put to the sword. War is a cruel business at all times. Defeat in those days often meant massacre. Lord Grey was a Protestant zealot. To him the Spaniards and Italians were probably more hateful as Papists than invaders. He took a terrible vengeance upon them.

For brief periods Ralegh was Governor of Munster and Cork. His brilliant and romantic attack on Castle Bally-in-Harsh was a masterly piece of strategy and daring. He went forth with a troop of ninety, was opposed by five hundred townspeople, put them to flight, entered the castle, seized Lord and Lady Roche while they were at breakfast, carried them off through the town without further resistance from the bewildered people, and returned to Cork the next day with the loss of only a single trooper. Disputes with Grey and other noblemen as to the administration of affairs in that distressful country, brought him before the Privy Council in London, face to face with Grey, his chief opponent. Ralegh defended his cause with eloquence and ability. His conduct had the approval of the Lords of the Council, and strongly recommended him to the Queen.

CHAPTER II.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER CAVALIERS.

Now, Ralegh was not only a brave soldier and eloquent with his pen and his tongue, he was of a right gallant figure and of a handsome countenance. He had a long bold intellectual face, full red lips, eyes of bluish grey, thick brown locks, beard and moustache, and a sympathetic smile when his geniality was challenged. He carried himself with an air of authority. A born leader of men, his aspect indicated power and ascendency. Soon after his experiences with Lord-Deputy Grey before the Privy Council, special opportunities arose for advancing his interests at Court. He further commended himself to the Queen in an act of picturesque

courtesy well calculated to impress the romantic soul of Elizabeth. Her Majesty, taking the air on foot, stopped at a plashy place, making some scruple whether to go on or no, when Ralegh, dressed in the gay and picturesque habit of the times, immediately cast off and spread his new plush cloak on the ground, whereon the Queen trod gently over. He was soon so well established in Her Majesty's favour that upon a window, obvious to the Queen's eye, he wrote "Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall," beneath which Her Majesty capped it with "If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all."

The daring young courtier from the West made his way rapidly in the Queen's esteem. The generally accepted idea that the incident of the cloak (as vouched by Fuller) was Ralegh's first introduction to Her Majesty, is not supported by evidence. Sir Christopher Hatton's biographer says the Lord Chancellor saw it, and mentioned the fact as a reason for honours which the Queen had conferred upon Ralegh years before the date which Hatton's apologist indicates. Elizabeth was too astute a woman to advance a courtier's fortunes out of mere complacency. To shine in those days was to outrival tremendous competition, but Ralegh was no ordinary person and had done no ordinary work. A soldier in France, a sailor of renown, in Ireland, both warrior and statesman, apart from his fine presence, he had much to commend him at Court. Before and after his advent the Queen had shown a shrewd and subtle instinct in the selection of her counsellors. She could sound the hidden depths of a man's capacity for State employment, and she was woman enough to understand where he was most vulnerable to feminine coquetry. Her ministers were not only her instruments as Queen, they were faithful knights to the Lady of the land. She played them off one against the other. A keen diplomatist, she did not scruple to inspire them with the sentiment and ambition of lovers. That she could assume a womanish interest without feeling it, is only too well established in the history of her "poor frog" Alençon. In regard to Essex, Leicester, Hatton,

and the rest of her cavaliers, her apologists and admirers claim that she appealed to their tenderest feelings only by way of stimulating their loyal service. Anyhow, she had both taste and judgment in the selection of her favourites, and she assuredly wasted no pleasant phrases on fools.

It was some time before the Queen permitted herself any striking warrant of her confidence in Ralegh. She took her time to consider him. He was employed in various small offices before she made him Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. This was the real beginning of his fortunes at Court. He recruited tall, young, and handsome men. His duty was to guard the Queen's person, to watch over her safety by land and sea, by day and night. By day his post was in Her Majesty's antechamber. He was frequently called in to share, with her, the councils of her ministers. The Queen found him clear and capable in his views, staunch and true to the national interests. It was some time before his official employment proved lucrative, and then rewards came in the shape of licenses, grants, patents and privileges, and not from the royal exchequer. Ralegh himself was not destitute of means, but his family patrimony was as nothing compared with the wealth that now began to run into his coffers. Always given to display, and with an almost Oriental love of ornament and personal decoration, with the advent of riches, he gave rein to his fancy and ambition. He indulged his taste for architecture, gardens, furniture, plate, books, pictures, and retinues of servants. No courtier dressed with more splendour. Prodigality was a characteristic of the age. The Queen encouraged it. So long as they made no special claims upon her revenue, she permitted her favourites, her statesmen and warriors to enrich themselves how they could. Sinecures were created, confiscations winked at. Buccaneering not only went unpunished, but the Queen did not scruple to take her share of the profits. It must not be forgotten however that it was the enemies of the State at home and abroad who were despoiled.

CHAPTER III.

SCHEMES OF COLONIZATION AND MARITIME ADVENTURE.

RALEGH, if he was reckless in his acquirement of riches and lavish in his expenditure, set a conspicuous example of national enterprise. He gave his money freely to advance the maritime resources of the country. He and his half-brother, the noble but unfortunate Sir Humphrey Gilbert, had many serious conferences over the pioneering schemes in which they were both interested. Ralegh built, at great cost, a two hundred ton ship, called the *Ark Ralegh*, and when the Queen refused her consent to his proposal to join Gilbert's latest enterprise, he contributed the *Ark* to the adventurer's fleet. The *Ark* had to return, owing to a contagious sickness among the crew; but Gilbert with the rest of his ships crossed the Atlantic, and, under the Queen's patent, annexed Newfoundland to the British Empire. On the return voyage home he went down heroically in the *Squirrel*. He had planted his flag on this cockleshell of ten tons. At a favourable moment in the storm he was entreated to go on board a larger vessel, the *Golden Hind*, but he would not abandon his comrades. The ships kept as close together as possible. In the midst of the tempest he was heard to cry to his companions, "Cheer up, lads, we are as near heaven on sea as on land."

The natural inheritor of his kinsman's schemes of colonisation and maritime enterprise, in the which he had already been a partner both in money and advice, Ralegh now turned his chief thoughts to conquest and adventure in the Queen's name. He induced Her Majesty to transfer Gilbert's patents to himself. With his younger half-brother Adrian Gilbert, and John Davis he formed "The College of the Fellowship for the Discovery of the North-West Passage." Her Majesty granted him further powers in the way of "inhabiting, retaining, building and

fortifying at his own discretion." The Queen however still declined to permit him to risk his precious life in such "dangerous sea-fights" as she deemed the crossing of the Atlantic to involve. He had therefore to content himself with organising and directing his enterprises at home. His first fleet was under the command of Amadas and Barlow. They landed on the islands of Wokoken and Roanoke, which with the adjoining mainland they annexed in the name of Elizabeth, and in her honour named the country Virginia. In the next year Ralegh sent out another expedition under the gallant Richard Grenville, and with men and material to begin the settlement of the country. This was the birthday of the American people—August 17th, 1585—when Grenville, in the service of Ralegh, left behind him one hundred and seven persons, who from that date until June in the following year, under the command of Ralph Lane, made Roanoke a habitation and a home. On the 18th of the latter month, disheartened and disappointed, they abandoned the newly-formed colony; but a serious beginning had been made in fulfilment of Ralegh's dream of a great state in the West which should eclipse the glories of Spain.

While he lavished his means in furtherance of his patriotic ideas, Ralegh still played the part of grand seignior. He was elected a member for Devonshire, received the honour of knighthood, leased Durham House, where Adelphi Terrace now stands, and received new financial advantages in a grant of license in connection with the exportation of broad cloth, which largely increased the wealth that flowed in upon him from all quarters. Such windfalls as his Admirals falling in with Spanish plate-ships of enormous value were not uncommon. He had, for example, a maritime enterprise in the Azores, which atoned somewhat for the failure of his colony at Virginia, by bringing home, amongst other captures, a Spanish colonial governor of distinction, Don Pedro Sarmiento. During the collection of the Don's ransom Ralegh entertained his prisoner right royally at Durham House. At the same time he had an interest in Davis's undertakings for the discovery of

the North-West Passage, on account of which a promontory in Davis's Straits was called Mount Ralegh. The Queen, among other grants, made him one of the "gentlemen undertakers" who were to divide among them the escheated lands of the Earl of Desmond. Ralegh's share was forty-two thousand acres, which he endeavoured to settle with Devonshire farmers, meeting with much obstruction from that same "Dublin Castle influence" of which we continue to hear so much even in the present day. Nevertheless he worked with a will and accomplished a good deal against every possible difficulty. He was mayor of Youghal, and his residences of that time, the Manor-house and Lismore Castle, still remain, links in his strange eventful history.[1]

During the next year or two he fitted out a third and fourth expedition to Virginia. They met with all kinds of disasters. In the intervals the Queen made him Vice-Admiral of Cornwall and Devon, and Lord Warden of the Stanneries. Undaunted by failure, Ralegh was constant to his schemes of colonisation. Even in the shadow of the oncoming Spanish Armada he was engaged in fitting out a fifth expedition for the succour of his unhappy Virginians. The Government, however, interposed to delay these operations, and a couple of pinnaces on their way were attacked by privateers off Madeira, stripped and sent ignominiously back to Bideford. The Armada now appeared in real earnest. A fleet

[1] "The richly perfumed yellow wallflowers that he brought to Ireland from the Azores, and the Affane cherry, are still found where he first planted them by the Blackwater. Some cedars he brought to Cork are to this day growing, according to the local historian, Mr. J. G. MacCarthy, at a place called Tivoli. The four venerable yew trees, whose branches have grown and intermingled into a sort of summer-house thatch, are pointed out as having sheltered Ralegh when first he smoked tobacco in his Youghal garden. In that garden he also planted tobacco. . . . A few steps further on, where the town-hall of the thirteenth century bounds the garden of the Warden's house, is the famous spot where the first Irish potato was planted by him. In that garden he gave the tubers to the ancestor of the present Lord Southwell, by whom they were spread throughout the province of Munster'"—Sir John Pope Hennessey.

of one hundred and thirty enormous ships crowded with fighting men and arms of the heaviest and deadliest then known, equipped for conquest the most complete, carrying instruments of torture to be used upon the base and stubborn islanders ; and with commanders and nobles, among whom much of the country had been parcelled out as rewards to their successful valour. Never was such a counting of unhatched chickens in this wide world. The Armada came on in a crescent formation. From one extremity to the other the great ships stretched seven miles. They were as a net, prepared to close in upon everything that sailed within that open space. The English had only thirty sail of the line in immediate readiness to meet the foe, their other strength of forty vessels, English and Flemish, lying off Dunkirk to intercept the Duke of Parma. But as the fight went on "ships started out of every haven" to the assistance of the fleet. The Queen's squadron trebled its strength in the dexterity with which it was handled. They were veritable wasps those English vessels, hornets ; they flitted to and fro ; they stung horribly. The Spaniards did not know where to have them. Ralegh's advice had been acted upon. In the preliminary arrangements for repulsing the invader he was dead against "grappling." "Fighting loose at large" was his plan. They were "malignant fools," he said, who advised any other. Fighting his own ship, he was among the first rush of vessels that dashed in among the astonished galleons. Lord Howard of Effingham was Lord High Admiral. He had under him such captains as Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher. Ralegh was conspicuous for his intrepid and successful service. He was in the thick of the desperate fight off Gravelines, and he helped to hunt the enemy into the northern seas.

The Armada being disposed of Ralegh once more turned his attention to Virginia. He had already spent forty thousand pounds in his efforts at colonisation. He now made over all his rights to a company of merchants. He gave them a clean title. They were hampered with no debt on his account. Indeed at the completion of the assignment he made

them a present of a hundred pounds towards their expenses. The only reserve was that he should have the fifths of all gold and silver mines. He was careful to engage such joint adventurers as by their concurring interests and industry they might strengthen the prospects of the infant colony by the variety of their aims and ambitions. He assisted them with his advice, and in after years gave them his aid and protection. The colony was continually in his mind, even to the day of his death. He had a wide and far-reaching horizon of hope and fancy, as all men have who work for posterity. His inspired predictions were destined to fulfilment in after ages.

CHAPTER IV.

WITH THE POET SPENSER IN THE WILDS OF KILCOLMAN.

RALEGH had now reached the topmost height of his power. The summit, once attained, of life or alpine height, then comes descent. His rivals were busy against him. Essex and he had quarrelled. The motive was as trivial as the end was serious. It was a grievance comprised in the title to a Queen's ribbon. But causes of quarrel are easy when the desire of offence is kindled. The Queen interposed. A duel was averted, and Elizabeth it was thought rebuffed both her favourites with an equal disapprobation; but Ralegh suffered most. Moreover so active had his enemies become that even the populace were inflamed to jealousy of his power. The Queen made him her envoy with Drake's expedition for the restoration of Antonio to the throne of Portugal. This may have been a convenient pretext for removing him from court for a time, and no doubt was so, seeing that soon after his return he made business for himself in Ireland. However much he may have emphasised the necessity of his presence in Ireland to look after his estates, in secret he felt keenly the coldness of his reception by Elizabeth. Nor did he disguise this from his brother poet, Edmund Spenser, whom he went to visit. It is more than probable

that we are indebted to the intrigues of Essex and his allies for this coming together in social and friendly intimacy of Ralegh and Spenser, one of the sweetest incidents in the lives of these two illustrious Englishmen. Although they had both held official place under Lord-Deputy Grey they do not appear to have been intimately acquainted with each other until now. It has been held however that Ralegh's picturesque career and individuality had exercised a poetic influence upon Spenser's imagination. Dean Church compared the reading of Hooker's account of Ralegh's "Adventures with the Irish chieftain's, his challenges, and single combat and escapes at fords and woods," to the reading of "bits of the *Faery Queen* in prose." In the wilds of Kilcolman Spenser had for three years been composing, in his immortal verse, strange adventures of knights and ladies fair, when his fellow poet Ralegh, who had lived and enacted his own romances, came to him from over the seas, of which Spenser makes the following dainty and appreciative record :—

"One day I sat (as was my trade)
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar,
Keeping my sheep among the cooly shade
Of the green alders, by the Mulla's shore ;
There a strange shepherd chanced to find me out ;
Whether allurèd with my pipe's delight
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right :
Whom when I askèd from what place he came,
And how he hight, himself he did ycleepe
The *Shepherd of the Ocëan* by name,
And said he came from the main-sea deep.
He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provokèd me to play some pleasant fit,
And when he heard the music that I made,
He found himself full greatly pleased at it :
Yet æmuling my pipe, he took it in hond
My pipe,—before that æmulèd of many—
And played thereon (for well that skill he conned) ;
Himself as skilful in that art as any.
He piped, I sung ; and when he sung I piped ;
By change of turns each making other merry ;
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So piped we, until we both were weary."

Of Ralegh's contribution to this communing of poetic souls, he writes :—

" His song was all a lamentable lay
Of great unkindness and of usage hard,
Of Cynthia, the Ladie of the Sea
Which from her presence faultless him debard
And ever and anon, with singulfs rife
He cried out, to make his undersong,
'Ah, my love's Queen, and Goddess of my life!
Who shall me pity, when thou dost me wrong?'" [1]

While Ralegh was looking after his affairs in Ireland and enjoying the society of Spenser, his enemies reported that Essex had "chased him from Court and confined him to Ireland." This was untrue. Within a few months he returned, and whatever coldness may have characterised the Queen's manner towards him in private, no shadow of ill-will was manifest to the outer world. Ralegh was so delighted with the first three books of the *Faery Queen* which Spenser read to him during his stay at Kil-

[1] In Mr. Gosse's "Ralegh," published in Longman's *English Worthies*, there are some interesting speculations as to the portion of CYNTHIA that is lost and the verses that remain. Mr. Gosse's conclusions in 1886 are controverted in Mr. Stebbing's masterly volume of 1891. Says Mr. Gosse, "In Spenser's pastoral the speaker is persuaded by Thestylis (Lodovick Bryskett) to explain what ditty that was that the Shepherd of the Ocean sang, and he explains very distinctly, but in terms which are scarcely critical, that Ralegh's song was written in love and praise, but also in pathetic complaint, of Elizabeth, that

'great Shepherdess, that Cynthia hight
His liege, his Lady, and his life's Regent.'

This is most valuable evidence of the existence of a poem or series of poems in 1589 by Sir Walter Ralegh, set by Spenser on a level with the best work of the age in verse." Mr. Stebbing and Archdeacon Hannah both differ from Mr. Gosse. He regards the continuation of CYNTHIA as an integral portion of the original work; while they look upon it as a sequel. Mr. Gosse assumes that the poem was a finished work when Ralegh read from it to Spenser. The Archdeacon and Mr. Stebbing find what they conceive to be conclusive evidence to the contrary . . . . "Spenser's allusions to it," says Mr. Stebbing, "point to a conception fully formed rather than to a work ready for publication." The controversy is interesting in many ways and is well worth studying. The "Continuation of Cynthia," published in Archdeacon Hannah's admirable collection of Ralegh's poems, from which certain unauthenticated waifs and strays of Elizabethan verse hitherto ascribed to Ralegh are carefully excluded, and many genuine pieces which have previously found no place in Ralegh collections are set forth for the first time.

colman, that the Shepherd of the Ocean undertook to be his sponsor to Cynthia herself. Spenser accepted his invitation and sailed with him to London, where Ralegh had the satisfaction of introducing him to the royal presence. Her Majesty unto his "oaten pipe inclin'd her eare." The publication of the *Faery Queen* was commenced almost immediately with an expository letter from the most humbly affectionate author to the Right Noble and Valorous Walter Ralegh.

CHAPTER V.

UNDER THE QUEEN'S DISPLEASURE.

It seemed now as if the sun of royal favour had once more risen upon the fortunes of the Shepherd of the Ocean. Alas, the eclipse was near at hand. Meanwhile Ralegh's first impulse was in the direction of crippling Spain and enriching the Queen. He was no doubt also influenced in his new enterprise by motives of vengeance for the death of Grenville in the *Revenge* the heroic acccount of which was one of Ralegh's earliest prose works. It will live with the event that has also been commemorated by Tennyson in the days of Queen Victoria. Ralegh's new idea was to attack the Spaniards in the West Indies, capturing the Plate-fleet and sacking Panama. The expedition was partly at the Queen's charge, but chiefly at that of Sir Walter Ralegh, Sir John Hawkins, and other private persons. The fleet was delayed by various accidents for twelve weeks. It sailed on the 6th of May, in the year 1592. The next day Sir Martin Frobisher, with the Queen's letter recalling Ralegh, overtook him. Conceiving that his honour was too deeply engaged for so quick a withdrawal, he continued at sea until all hopes of carrying out his original scheme, upset by the twelve weeks' delay, were at an end. He left the command of the fleet to Sir Martin Frobisher and Sir John de Burgh, with orders to cruise on the coast of Spain and the Islands.

The ships spread themselves for prizes and for battle, Ralegh returned to London and was straightway flung into the Tower. He had done his royal mistress deadly offence. There was at Court a beautiful blue-eyed maiden, charming as she was lovely, and of a rare intelligence. She was the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, a devoted servant of the Queen, but sometime dead. Indeed the fair maid of honour was an orphan, and it is quite possible that Her Majesty may have been influenced by better feelings than those of mere jealousy at Ralegh's conduct. He made love to Elizabeth Throckmorton who in return had loved him, not wisely but too well. Such was the report, and it has come down to our day as a Court scandal ; though there is far more reason for believing in the secret marriage of the lovers than there is evidence to the discredit of their honour. When they were really married is in doubt ; but there has never been a thought or breath of doubt as to the sincerity of their love and the affectionate devotion of the one to the other. He was arrested in June. In September his actual imprisonment ceased, though he moved out attended by a keeper. The occasion of his release was the return of certain of his expeditionary ships with prizes of great value. Soon after he left his fleet in command of Frobisher and Burgh they had sent home a prize of six hundred tons burden, the *Santa Clara*. West of the Flores they were disappointed of the *Santa Cruz* of nine hundred tons which her officers burnt ; but soon afterwards the great Crown of Portugal carack, the *Madre de Dios* was sighted. Three of the English ships engaged her. She had eight hundred men on board. The fight was long and obstinate. Ralegh's commanders captured her. She had stores of precious stones, amber, spices and musk. Her cargo of pepper alone was said to be worth one hundred thousand pounds. She had also on board fifteen tons of ebony, besides tapestries, silks and satins. Never was such a prize. When she arrived in Dartmouth —these reports having preceded her—the place was like a fair. There were charges of plundering among her captors. The Queen's Council sent Cecil down

to hold the treasures intact. Sir John Hawkins had sent to Burleigh saying that for the division of the spoil Ralegh was the especial man ; and so the Council obtained his release from the Tower, and away he went to Dartmouth, but not alone. He was received with joy by the sailors and the people. The prize cargo was, after many exaggerated reports, valued at one hundred and forty-one thousand pounds, and of this eighty thousand was given to the Queen. Ralegh and Hawkins (who had expended thirty-six thousand apiece on the venture to the Queen's eighteen hundred or thereabouts) were awarded just about what they had spent.

Queen Elizabeth was more than exacting in the matter of buccaneering profits ; she was grasping, not to say unfair. Ralegh grumbled a little to Burleigh, but was glad to give up his prize money for his liberty. He was dismissed the Court and his wife was included in this prohibition. But he was a free man. He settled down with his bride, a beautiful, brave and witty companion, at Sherborne, a fine estate with ancient castle, picturesque park, and several adjacent manors. Here he diverted himself with planting, building and business. After a time the plague unfortunately appeared at Sherborne. His wife and child had to go away. He had duties in Cornwall and Devonshire in connection with his Wardenship and Lieutenancy. He took the waters at Bath once a year. With his wife and child he also resorted to Weymouth for sea-bathing. He frequently visited London. He owned more than one noble dwelling in the metropolis besides Durham House. He had a villa at Mile End. He attended to his Parliamentary duties, and often addressed the House. He was an effective speaker, and he never lost an opportunity to inveigh against Spain. Having some extra time on his hands, consequent upon his non-attendance at Court, one likes to think of him spending an occasional evening at the "Mermaid," with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, and other great men of the time, sharing in their wit-combats, and while they smoked the first pipes of the now universal weed, talking to them of

the North-West Passage, or introducing them to Edmund Spenser and the *Faery Queen:* why not?

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROMANCE OF GUIANA.

WHATEVER leisure Ralegh may have had or seemed to have for such diversions as Gifford and Fuller love to dwell upon, he was all the time meditating on some new enterprise beyond the sea, or scheming for the future of Virginia. In his retirement at Sherborne and during his visits to London, his mind was much occupied with Guiana. The legend of El Dorado, the prince who smeared himself with turpentine, then rolled in gold dust and strode naked through the land a living golden statue had been transferred from the prince to a certain district of his kingdom. The new El Dorado was a central lake in Guiana, hemmed in with golden mountains. Adventurers from Spain and Germany had failed to find the mythical country of gold and precious stones. Such explorations as had been made however gave what was considered to be conclusive proof of the mineral wealth of Guiana. Encroaching upon this great field of enterprise on all sides, Spain had sent many expeditions into the interior of the country. This was sufficient to excite the ambition of Ralegh. When he had mastered all the information that it was possible to collect on the subject, he sent Captain Whiddon, an old and experienced officer, to take a view of the coast and make report to him upon certain lines which Ralegh laid down with careful minuteness.

Whiddon returned with favourable reports of the possibility of subduing the country and making important discoveries, together with accounts of the cruelties and persecutions of the Spaniards who had settled along its borders. Ralegh on this determined to explore and conquer Guiana for England. At his own expense with some assistance from the Lord High Admiral Howard and Sir Robert Cecil, he fitted out

a squadron of ships, and sailed from Plymouth on the 6th of February, 1595, arriving at the island of Trinidad on the 22nd of March. There he made an easy capture of the city of St. Joseph, and took prisoner the Spanish Governor, Antonio Berreo, who gave him a comprehensive description of the neighbouring continent and its trade, both previously unknown to the English. He left his ship at Trinidad, with a hundred men in several small barques. Crossing twenty miles of stormy water, they were for a time entangled in many branches of the Orinoko. At last piloted along a succession of narrow reaches of the Caño Manamo, and after many perils and a suppressed mutiny they emerged, through heat and rains intolerable, into a lovely champaign country. The expedition had fresh meat of birds and beasts. They met some canoes laden with bread. The occupants landed and ran away. Among the things they left behind was a refiner's basket containing quicksilver, saltpetre, and divers tests for metals and some dust of ore which had been refined. Ralegh would not be tempted to remain and dig for gold. To use his own words, he "shot at another mark than present profit." On the fifteenth day the glorious peaks of Peluca and Paisapa came in view, summits of the Imataca mountains that divide the Orinoko from the Essequibo. At night they anchored in the great Orinoko itself. Ralegh conciliated the princes and chieftains of the country, and Toparimaca, a border prince, lent his brother as a pilot. They voyaged to Aromaia and its port Morequito, three hundred miles from the sea. The King Topiawari, who was a hundred and ten years old, visited Ralegh. He and his nephew had been maltreated by the Spaniards. The grand old man of Aromaia walked twenty-eight miles to and fro on his visit to Ralegh, and enriched the expedition with presents of fish, flesh, fowl, Guiana pine-apples (which Ralegh declared to be the prince of fruits), bread, wine, parakeets, and an armadillo. Ralegh informed the King that he had been sent by the Queen of England to deliver the Indians from Spanish tyranny.

The expedition pushed on to an island at the mouth of the Caroni, the southern artery of the great watershed. Along this stream they went as far as the great cataract, now known as the Salto Caroni. Here they beheld "that wonderful breach of waters which ran down Caroli, and might from that mountain see the river how it ran in three parts above twenty miles off, and there appeared some ten or twelve overfalls in sight, every one as high over the other as a church tower, which fell with that fury that the rebound of waters made it seem as if it had been all covered over with a great shower of rain: and in some places we took it at the first for a smoke that had risen over some great town." Passing into the valley beyond, the country proved to be more and more beautiful. Deer crossed every path. Birds at eventide were singing on every tree. Cranes and herons of white crimson and carnation perched in flocks by the river's side. The air was fresh with a gentle easterly wind, and every stone lying loose in the sandy ways promised, by its complexion, either silver or gold.

After sunshine and the songs of birds, came storm and the roaring of the winds. It was autumn when they began their return journey to the ships. The rainy season had set in. In spite of the wind however the boats glided down the Orinoko at the rate of a hundred miles a day. Arrived at Morequito once more, Topiawari paid Ralegh a parting visit. The prince and his officers were entirely won over by Ralegh. The Spaniards threatened their country. They were anxious for an alliance with the English. The politics and nature of Guiana were freely discussed, and a method of obtaining access to the heart of the country disclosed. Topiawari offered to combine with Ralegh in a march upon Macuregnarai, "a rich city full of statues of gold," if his English friend would leave fifty of his followers to defend him from the vengeance of the Inca and Spain. Ralegh compromised the proposal with a promise to return next year. The chief entrusted his son to Ralegh's care, and he was christened in England Gualtero. Ralegh left with the chief of

Aromaia Francis Sparrow, to travel in the country and describe it. Sparrow presently trafficked in slaves. The Spaniards captured him and sent him to Seville; he escaped and made his way home. Hugh Goodwin, one of the boys belonging to the expedition, remained of his own free will to learn the language. Ralegh, by the aid of presents and promises of protection, obtained grants of territory and mines, and arrived at the conclusion that he had laid the basis of a magnificent addition to the fortunes of his Queen, himself, and his country. They had a rough and troublesome voyage in their boats and galleys to the ships at Curiapan; but throughout their adventurous trip they only lost one life, that of a young negro who, during a swim in the river Lagartos, was devoured by a crocodile.

After considering the feasibility of now sailing to Virginia to relieve the settlers there, Ralegh under stress of weather, headed his ships for England. Being refused supplies at Cumana (where he had left Berreo), at St. Mary's and at Rio de la Hacha he sacked and burnt them, but took no booty: and was home again late in the year much poorer than when he left it, but with great hopes of the future. During his absence his wife had to the best of her abilities looked after his interests. His enemies had also been untiring in their zeal. They had predicted that he would never come back to England; that if he lived through his enterprise it would be as the servant of Spain. This Spanish calumny was a curious invention. It is terrible to think how the very opposite of a man's character and ambition may be made cause against him. Cecil led the way to doubts of the genuineness of the minerals which Ralegh had brought home from Guiana. A London alderman induced an officer of the Mint to pronounce one of the best specimens worthless. He was however checkmated by Westwood, a well-known refiner, and Dulmore Dimoke and Palmer, Controllers of the Mint, who pronounced it "very rich." Other calumniators reported that the minerals had been imported into Guiana. It was furthermore hinted that Ralegh had not been to Guiana at all,

but had been all the time lying snugly in some Cornish harbour. Cecil would make no move whatever in the direction of planting Guiana. The illustrious pioneer, discredited and slandered on all hands, wrote a book in his defence, entitled *The Discovery of the large, rich and beautiful Empire of Guiana, with a Relation of the Great and Golden City of Manoa, which the Spaniards call Eldorado, and the Provinces of Emeria, Aromaia, Amapaia, and other Countries with their Rivers adjoining*. The volume went through two editions, in 1596, was translated into Latin, published in Germany and Holland, and became famous. Ralegh was outspoken in his hatred of Spain, and henceforth the intrigues against him by the Spanish agents and ambassadors were incessant, and with the aid of English enemies bore devilish fruit at last. Any man who is looking for an antidote to his own sorrows and disappointments cannot do better than study the life and work of Sir Walter Ralegh; and any man bent on some mean act of treachery or gross breach of power would do well to pause and follow the same record, for there he shall see how posterity rights the memory of the wronged, and brands for all time the villainies and mischiefs even of the highest, King James to wit, whose name is kept alive as the dark background against which Ralegh's worst faults shine as the highest virtues compared with the characteristics of Elizabeth's most weak, most mean successor.

Ralegh pleaded for the national recognition of the Colonial Empire that Guiana opened to the Queen. He showed how sovereignty could be exercised with the full consent and aid of the natives; how they could be armed for defence against the Spaniards; that Europeans could live and thrive in the country; that it was only a six weeks' voyage from England; and how easily a couple of forts would defend it from attack by sea. At last the State declining to take action, he with some other adventurers, Robert Cecil oddly enough being induced to join him, despatched Captain Keymis with the *Darling* and *Discovery*, to maintain the English connection with his rich and

beautiful Guiana. In the meantime, inspired by Ralegh's achievements, and encouraged by the English neglecting to follow up the work of their enterprising representative, Philip of Spain despatched troops for the conquest of Manoa. Most of his soldiers perished miserably, and the expedition was a dire failure; but Keymis found that a deserted village of the Jesuits, close to the confluence of the Caroni and Orinoko, was occupied by Berreo, and the mouth of the Caroni was blocked by a newly mounted battery. This settlement was called in various ways St. Thomas. Keymis had to alter his course; and eventually he returned, having done little more than to remark additional signs of treasures, and in concluding an interesting narrative of his five months' voyaging he apologised for having emptied Ralegh's purse in the prosecution of patriotric designs that were thwarted by envy and private respects.

CHAPTER VII.

CADIZ.

UNDAUNTED by the undeserved failure of his statesmanlike plans for the opening up of Guiana, unrestrained in his patriotic service to the State by the unsuccessful appeals of his friends for his restoration to Court, Ralegh still held his head high and made fearless tender of his advice to the nation. Although feeling with Keymis and his wife that his time and money had been thrown away in his Guiana expeditions, Stebbing is undoubtedly right when he says that on the contrary Guiana had "rehabilitated him." His advice that England should not let herself be constrained to a defensive war by the power of the Indian gold of Spain was accepted, and once more he emerged into official prominence. He had been enabled to give warning of a fleet of sixty sail preparing in Spain for Ireland, and quickly upon this he had news of the imminent danger of a Spanish invasion of England from Brittany. Spain

had not slept since the repulse of the Armada. She was alert and persistent in her preparations to avenge herself upon England. Ralegh preached the necessity of rapid responsive action on the part of Elizabeth's ministers. "Expedition in a little is better than much too late" he wrote to the Council; "if we be once driven to the defensive we are lost." Concurrent disasters told in favour of his wise and chivalrous counsel. Hawkins and Drake had been unsuccessful in an expedition against Panama. During the month in which Ralegh was urging the State to action Hawkins died, and two months later Drake followed his comrade; "both," Ralegh has declared, "broken-hearted from disappointment and vexation."

It was the confirmation of a Spanish league with the Earl of Tyrone that at last aroused the spirit of Elizabeth and compelled action on the lines of offence advised by Ralegh. Ninety-six English sail were equipped and the Dutch added twenty-four. The force consisted of fifteen thousand and five hundred sailors and soldiers, two thousand and six hundred being Dutchmen. Lord Admiral Howard and Lord Essex were joint commanders, Sir Walter Ralegh, Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Francis Vere, Sir Conyers Clifford, and Sir George Carew being of their council. The fleet sailed in the beginning of June, 1596, and on the twentieth it appeared before Cadiz. Mr. Stebbing refers in detail to some contentions as to the mode of attack, which arose through a judgment being arrived at in a council of war that took place while Ralegh was intercepting runaway Spanish ships, and which Ralegh with overmastering power reversed. He induced Lord Essex to give up, even in the act of disembarking troops, the scheme thus previously arranged; the result being a different line of action, in which the admirals and generals of troops having acquiesced, seconded Ralegh's plans with enthusiasm and success. Campbell and Guthrie, both writing exhaustive accounts of the action, agree substantially in their records, which, for the purposes of this brief biography, provide the most interesting

data. When the fleet sailed, so far as all, except the commanders, were concerned, it was with sealed orders. The plan of attack advised by Ralegh, after the contention already mentioned, was first to fall upon the Spanish galleons and galleys in the port. Sir Walter in the *Warspite* was to lead the attack, and to be seconded by Sir George Carew in the *Mary Rose*, Sir Robert Southwell in the *Lion*, Sir Francis Vere in the *Rainbow*, Vice-Admiral Cross in the *Swiftsure*, Sir Conyers Clifford in the *Dreadnought*, and by Dudley in the *Nonpareil*, on board which sailed Sir Thomas Howard.

The Spaniards showed a bold front, and made a vigorous, if brief, defence. Right under the city walls they ranged their galleys, so as to flank the English ships as they entered. Culverins were planted to scour the channel of the harbour. The guns of Port Philip and the curtain of the city were turned upon the assailants. In addition to the galleys the enemy had placed artillery on board their large galleons; the whole reaching from shore to shore, were covered by Port Puntnal at the entrance of the harbour. But the British "bull-dogs" were of the same breed, many of them the same men who had annihilated the Armada. At break of day on the 22nd of June, the attack began. Ralegh, with all his native daring, fired by revengeful memories of Grenville and the *Revenge*, advanced under the combined Spanish fire. He pushed on through the thunder and lightning of forts and ships as if his sloop of war led a charmed life and he himself were invulnerable. Ralegh took the fire without returning it, even with a single gun. He bore down straight away upon the Spanish admiral. Sir Francis Vere and the attendant ships, however, plied the galleys so hotly that the confusion, the bloodshed and the groans of the dying, heard in the intervals of the roar of artillery, struck dismay into the Spanish forces. The steadfast and irresistible on-come of the English ships drove them to despair of their defence, and they began to give way and seek safety in flight. "Notwithstanding their almost unassailable situation," says Guthrie, "the strength

of their walls, the disposition of their guns, the largeness of their vessels, the superiority of their numbers, the experience of their commanders, and the value of the prizes they had to defend, the English at once beat them from their courage and their conduct. The hearts of the brave and the heads of the wise were equally confounded when Ralegh, who had hitherto with amazing intrepidity kept up his fire, poured it all at once into two of the largest Spanish ships, the *St. Philip* and the *St. Andrew*."

Guthrie forgets to mention that these were the two ships that had overpowered Grenville when he fought the Spanish fleet singlehanded at the Azores. They were the two largest warships of the Spanish power. Ralegh had, as he confessed, determined to be "revenged for the *Revenge*, or to second her with my own life." In his attack of the twin monsters he was supported by the other ships. Each disputed with the other the post of danger. Essex anchored alongside of Ralegh. The old jealousy had for the time being died out, except in so far as it concerned the honour and glory of England. The *Warspite* was badly hit. She was nigh upon sinking when Ralegh was rowed to Essex's ship. Ralegh told Essex in default of the fly boats he meant to board, "To burn or sink is the same loss, and I must endure one or the other." "I will second you upon my honour," was the gallant reply. Raleigh, after a quarter of an hour's conference with Essex, returned to the *Warspite*, which he at once pushed into her old place of honour at the head of the attack, and proceeded to grapple the *St. Philip*. His companion ships followed suit. Panic-stricken, four of the great Spanish galleons slipped their anchors and tried to run aground. The *St. Matthew* and the *St. Andrew* were captured. The *St. Philip* and the *St. Thomas* were blown up by their commanders, and a multitude of their men were burnt or drowned. The rest of the Spanish ships did their best to get out to sea, leaving the complete capture of the city an easy matter. Only seven of the English fleet were engaged in this assault, against seventy-one of the Spanish. Ralegh

was badly wounded in the leg. During the afternoon of the victory the merchants of Seville and Cadiz offered two million crowns to save the Spanish West-India fleet outward bound that Ralegh had given orders to intercept. While the proposal was being considered, the Duke of Medina Sidonia caused all those rich ships to be burnt, "and thus were the galleons, galleys, frigates, argosies, and the fleets of New Spain Royal and trading consumed, except the *St. Matthew* and *St. Andrew* in possession of the English."

In merchandise and plate the town was very rich. Many wealthy prisoners were given to the commanders of the land forces. For ransom, says Ralegh, "some had for their prisoners sixteen or twenty thousand, some ten thousand ducats, besides great houses of merchandise; what the generals have gotten I know least; they protest it is little; for my own part, I have gotten a lame leg and a deformed; for the rest, either I spoke too late or it was otherwise resolved. I have not been wanting in good words or exceeding kind and regardful usage; but have possession of nought but poverty and pain." It was decided not to hold Cadiz. Most of the town was destroyed and its fortifications dismantled. The army embarked on the 5th of July. A descent was made on Faro and the library of Bishop Osorius was taken, to become eventually the nucleus of the Bodleian at Oxford. Sir Walter's colleagues bore testimony to his valiant services, and his murmurs in the matter of booty were speedily stayed by the one great reward which he most desired, his restoration at Court. In the summer of the year following his service before Cadiz the Queen received him with much graciousness and reinstated him as Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. Both Cecil and Essex had advocated his cause with the Queen.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENVY, HATRED, AND MALICE.

ONCE more powerful at Court, and in harmonious agreement with Cecil and Essex, Ralegh brought about another expedition against Spain. This was the expedition to the Azores, known as the Island Voyage, the object being to destroy the navy at Ferrol and capture Spain's Indian treasure-ships. The Earl of Essex had the chief command. Sir Walter Ralegh was vice-admiral. The weather interfered with the original plans of action. Ralegh's ship sprung a mast. Ferrol being abandoned the place of rendezvous was Flores. Arrived there Ralegh received orders to follow Essex to Fayal, which island the Earl himself intended to attempt. Ralegh sailed for Fayal. Essex was not there. The people of the place began to remove their goods. Friars, nuns, and the women and the children of the town were sent away in carts. The town was well fortified, and Ralegh's ships were fired upon as they entered the roadstead. Essex did not come. The opportunities for a descent upon the island were discounted by delay. Ralegh's officers and men were for beginning the attack without Essex. Finally, Ralegh commenced operations. After a fight in which Ralegh himself more than once had to rally his men in the van of danger, Fayal was captured, and the entire island was in Ralegh's hands. When all was over, Essex arrived. A great outcry arose against Ralegh on the part of Essex's officers and friends. Essex was urged to bring Ralegh before a court-martial for breach of discipline. Blount, Shirley, and Meyrick were his chief assailants. There were others who went so far as to declare that Ralegh ought to be hanged. Essex called his attention to an article that none should land any troops without the general's presence or order on pain of death. Ralegh's answer to this was that such provision was confined to captains and not to him as a

principal commander, with a right of succession to the supreme authority in default of Essex and Thomas Howard. Orders had been given for the arrest of Ralegh's officers who had joined in the landing of troops. Against this Ralegh protested, insisting upon bearing all responsibility himself. But for the clamour of false friends to Essex and open enemies to Ralegh the affair might have been accommodated, leaving little or no smart behind. As it was Essex eventually seemed to allow himself to be pacified; but the breach thus re-opened between him and Ralegh was never healed. On their way home they captured Graciosa, and plundered the town of Villa Franca, besides taking several Spanish treasure ships, Sir Walter in this latter respect being most fortunate.

Once more in London, Ralegh was full of business. He "toiled terribly." Actively engaged in arming and provisioning western ports against the designs of Spain; maintaining the ancient tenures of the Duchy of Cornwall which were threatened; defending certain miners from the extortions of merchants; taking part in Parliamentary debates; in consultation with the Privy Council as to the right way of dealing with Tyrone's rising in Ireland; attending with his wife entertainments of courtesy; conciliating the goodwill of Essex and Cecil: Ralegh had never been more actively occupied, and never it would seem more the object of envy, hatred and malice. The show of cordiality which Essex exhibited towards him was not genuine. The Queen did not mend matters by openly blaming Essex for most of the shortcomings of the Island Voyage. She aroused the old jealousy of Essex with tenfold force. Ralegh, once more a great power at Court, had much lip-service from professed friendship, but his enemies increased. He was included in the list of those Englishmen whom Tempest the Jesuit designed for destruction with poison. Sir Christopher Blount, with several servants of Essex, laid a plot to kill him. Meanwhile, Essex chagrined at Ralegh's power, and in despair of his own fortunes, went to Ireland as Lord-Deputy, occupied himself chiefly with

intrigues against Ralegh, wrote letters to the Queen charging him with treason, failed in his Irish mission, returned suddenly to London, almost rudely thrust himself into the presence of the Queen, was rebuffed and finally revolted, and tried to raise the Londoners, going through the city on a Sunday with a naked sword, and followed by Southampton and other malcontents. Essex indeed seems to have behaved like a madman ; and Ralegh suggests that his insurrection might not have cost him his head had it not been for the vulgar taunt which he had uttered against Elizabeth that "her conditions were as crooked as her carcase."

The treason of Essex involved Sir Christopher Blount, Sir Charles Danvers, Sir Gilly Meyrick, and his secretary Mr. Henry Cuff, and several other of their accomplices. They paid the sacrifice of their lives on the block. In regard to the charges which they had made against Ralegh, Blount begged his pardon, and confessed the wrong he had done him in the spread of reports abroad to inflame the populace against him. Nevertheless, Ralegh had lost much of the esteem of the people. The fall of Essex, who had always been a favourite, still further discounted Ralegh's reputation. Many reports to his disadvantage continued to be circulated. Cecil hindered his advancement. But for him he would have been a Privy Councillor. Cecil professed to be not unwilling to see this promotion, if Ralegh would resign the Captaincy of the Guard to Sir George Carew. Ralegh would not make that sacrifice, preferring to continue plain Sir Walter Ralegh, knight. The Queen, however, conferred other honours upon him including the Governorship of Jersey but he was disappointed of his ambitions in many respects, and may be said to have sulked more or less at Sherborne, where, however, he was very content in the society of his wife and his little son and heir. He engaged himself in fresh efforts to utilise his Guiana discoveries, and in the year 1602, he made a last attempt to complete his colonisation schemes in Virginia. He sent out two small expeditions. They did nothing of moment. In the midst of these vari-

ations of good fortune and ill, one is tempted to reflect upon the might-have-beens. Mr. Gosse, for example, suggests that it might have been a happy circumstance if Ralegh had accompanied the last of these expeditions. Had he been out of England when the Queen died he might have been saved from the calumny of treason, and given the remainder of his life to the establishment of his Colony; for whatever may be said of his desire to conciliate James he must in these latter years have grown tired of being a waiter on royal favours. Under the "might have been" suggested by Mr. Gosse, James would have been spared the most odious and cruel act of his miserable reign. But that which has blasted the memory of James has exalted the name of Ralegh. Had he been spared the tragic confirmation of his greatness on Tower Hill, he would still have lived in history as an embodiment of the life and spirit of the splendid age of Elizabeth, bracketed for immortal fame with Shakespeare and Bacon; but his captivity and death give him a still higher distinction in "the noble army of martyrs."

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE TOWER.

WITH the death of Elizabeth fell Sir Walter Ralegh. King James hated him from the first. When he was introduced the King received him with a pun upon his name. "By my soul, man, I have heard but *rawly* of thee!" Later when James boasted that he could have won the succession by force, Ralegh exclaimed "Would God that had been put to the trial!" "Why?" asked the King. "Because," said Ralegh, "your Majesty would then have known your friends from your foes!" Aubrey said James never forgave this oracular repartee. Ralegh had the faculty of exciting animosity in a dull and ungenerous nature. Jealousy, as well as fear of Ralegh, no doubt operated to Ralegh's dis-

advantage in the weak and narrow soul of James. Forthwith he began to cut off Ralegh's income, and to shear him of his offices. In his stead Sir Thomas Erskine was appointed Captain of the Guard. He was ejected from Durham House. He bore his reverses with patience. He tried to conciliate the King. Diplomacy was busy in the direction of a peace with Spain. Negotiations begun in Elizabeth's time were renewed with proposals of conditions that accentuated the opposition of Ralegh and his injudicious friend Cobham. France feared an Anglo-Spanish alliance. The conduct of James gave colour to the possibility of such an arrangement. Ralegh was not only dead against any accommodation with Spain, but he pressed upon the King the idea of signalising his succession in feats of arms against Philip. James had altogether opposite views, and Ralegh failed to gauge his idiosyncrasies. Presently, there were plots afoot against the King, "plot and plot within plot," in which sundry discontented noblemen and one or two priests were concerned. "The intrigue, 'a dark kind of treason,' as Rushworth calls it, 'a sham plot,' as it is styled by Sir John Hawles, belongs to our story only so far as the cross machinations involved Ralegh. "His slender relation to it is as hard to fix as a cobweb or a nightmare."

Nevertheless, Ralegh's enemies succeeded in bringing him to trial for treason, in connection with Cobham's intercourse with the Duke of Aremberg, a Flemish nobleman, in the King of Spain's service. In the reign of Elizabeth, Cobham, with the authority of the Privy Council, had had official interviews with him ; and it was natural enough now that the Duke came to England under James as the Spanish ambassador with a pacific mission that he and Cobham should renew their acquaintanceship. Cobham desiring to advance the cause of the ambassador, and presuming upon his intimacy with Ralegh, was foolish and indiscreet enough, entirely on his own account and without consultation with his friend, to suggest that a sum of money should be paid to Ralegh to secure his interest in the cause of a policy

of peace. While Cobham was on close terms with the Spanish ambassador, a plot was being hatched to overthow the dynasty of James. Cobham was intimate with the conspirators without being acquainted with their designs. His knowledge of the men was, however, sufficient to excite suspicion against him, and Ralegh's friendship with Cobham was the cue for the hostile inventions of his enemies. Ralegh was not only unfortunate enough to be hated of James, but he had made enemies of Cecil and Howard. His unscrupulous opponents deemed the occasion favourable to his ruin. He was charged with complicity in the plot to depose the King. The only shadow of a thought against him was in Cobham's ridiculous proposal that the Spanish ambassador should buy him over to help on the scheme of a treaty of peace between England and Spain. This was distorted into an accusation that Ralegh was willing to become a Spanish spy. In default of any kind of evidence against him one Dyer was called to prove that he heard a gentleman at Lisbon say that Don Ralegh and Don Cobham would cut the King's throat before his coronation.

The trial was conducted in a brutal spirit of antagonism to the illustrious prisoner. The language of the prosecuting Attorney-General Coke was vulgarly vituperative. No wonder that a certain odium still clings to the fame of both Bench and Bar, when history gives us so many instances of the shameless time-serving of both the one and the other. In our day one loves to think that the Bench at least is above suspicion, but the Bar is by no means free of a bullying brutality that has been the object of attack and denunciation at the hands of many of the most famous of English authors and publicists. Coke was a fine example of what is possible under Court influence, unchecked by judicial authority. He called Ralegh "a damnable atheist," "a spider of hell," and "a viperous traitor." Ralegh was promptly found guilty and sentenced to death. He was conveyed from Winchester to the Tower; and although not immediately brought to execution daily expected his death "You shall receive, my dear wife," he

wrote to his loving companion, "my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows; dear Bess, let them go to the grave with me and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I should see you any more, bear my destruction patiently and with a heart like yourself. First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive or my words express for your many travels and care for me; which though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not less; but pay it I never shall in this world." Then he begs her not to mourn for him "that am but dust"; and gives her much advice as to their son and the property he bequeaths to her. "I cannot write much," he concludes, "God knows how hardly I steal this time when all sleep; and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherborne or in Exeter church by my father and mother. I can say no more: time and death call me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite and inscrutable God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours; and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell. Bless my boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his arms."

Ralegh felt that he had little to expect from his persecutors now that his life was forfeit. But James did not venture at that time to carry out the extreme penalty that had been pronounced upon him. He held the axe over his victim's head with a feline instinct of torture. Hoping to obtain some inculpating evidence from the last confessions of other condemned men, he had them led to the block reprieving some of them at the last moment. He caused Ralegh to see from his window more than one of these tragedy-farces. At length the eternal

spring of hope welled up in the hearts of Ralegh and his wife, and the great public were glad of the stay of execution. The more the world got to know of the charges against Ralegh and to consider them, the more his innocence was established in general opinion; and the more his absence from public life was noted the more seriously was he missed from its national enterprise and maritime *éclat*. It is difficult to credit James with any other feeling than that of personal advantage; but for the time being he must have the benefit of a doubt as to such credit of human feeling and remorse as his advocates may invent for him. He not only did not carry out the sentence against Ralegh, but he permitted his prisoner many indulgences. While he confiscated his estates and handed them over to Carr, afterwards Earl of Somerset, he gave Lady Ralegh eight thousand pounds for herself and children, as purchase money of Sir Walter's life interest; he permitted her to retain some goods and chattels; and above all, in the estimation of husband and wife, the king granted Lady Ralegh's petition that she might be a prisoner with her husband and share his confinement. They were comfortably lodged, Sir Walter, Lady Ralegh and their son; but it took most of the little income they had left to pay their expenses in the Tower. Ralegh spent much time in drawing up petitions and formulating schemes by way of securing some certain portion for his wife and children. His wife, during an epidemic of malaria in the prison, went to Sherborne, while its destiny was still uncertain and returning to the Tower brought another inmate in their second son. The child was christened Carew, the first-born being named Walter.

Time ran on even in the Tower. Ralegh commenced his *History of the World*, and wrote some touching poems and several essays of a political and miscellaneous character. Queen Anne took her unfortunate eldest son to visit Ralegh in his confinement. Both the Queen and her son took a fancy to the illustrious prisoner, and, encouraged by Her Majesty, Ralegh asked Lord Salisbury to let him go

to Guiana on an expedition for gold. He offered, lest it should be thought he was "a runagate," to leave his wife and sons as hostages; and furthermore he said the Queen and Salisbury might have all the treasure he should bring back. He pleaded unavailingly, and instead of enlargement his Tower privileges were diminished. Lady Ralegh had offended the Lieutenant of the Tower by driving thither in her coach. She was admonished to do so no more. It was ordered that at five o'clock each evening Ralegh and his servants should retire to their separate apartments, and that guests should not be admitted any more in an evening. This sent Lady Ralegh to her own house. To this enforced loneliness we are, no doubt, indebted for much of her husband's literary work. Later, when he had been in the Tower some eight or ten years, Prince Henry was his frequent guest, and on the death of Lord Salisbury Ralegh once more seized the opportunity to put forward his plans for an expedition to Guiana, but without effect.

CHAPTER X.

MARTYRDOM.

BEFORE the young Prince died, he had obtained a promise from his father that Ralegh should be released at Christmas, 1612; but the Prince had been dead six weeks when the happy time of Christmas came, and the King forgot his promise. It was not until four years later, and after he had been a prisoner nearly thirteen years, that his two worst enemies, Somerset and Northumberland, being succeeded by Winwood and Villiers, his desires were listened to by the King, aided by such influence as was possessed by the Queen; and in the month of March, 1616, His Majesty signed the warrant of his release from the Tower. The conditions were onerous. He was to live in his own house with a keeper; he was not to visit the Court or to be seen at any public assembly;

but to occupy his whole time in preparations for his voyage. He took a house in Broad Street, and lived there with his wife and sons in close retirement for fourteen months. He invested all he had left of his confiscated wealth in the expedition, the £8,000 and interest from the Sherborne estate, £2,500 which Lady Ralegh raised from the sale of some land of her own, £5,000 that Ralegh borrowed chiefly of a merchant of Amsterdam, and £15,000 was contributed by friends. During the fourteen months a fleet of six or eight ships was got together, and it sailed from Plymouth June 12, 1617. Philip III., watchful of Ralegh's proceedings, obtained a guarantee from James that the expedition should do no injury to Spain. James not only gave this but is shrewdly suspected of supplying the ambassador with such data concerning Ralegh's plans as finally led to defeat and ruin. One of his ships was believed to be in the pay of the Spanish ambassador. During a little difficulty which arose between him and the people of Lanzarote, the most easterly of the Canaries, the traitor ship disappeared in the night. It had gone to England falsely reporting that Ralegh had made a piratical attack on an island belonging to the dominion of Spain. The informant was afterwards punished for this treachery, but his false report strengthened the hands of Spain, and the ambassador Gondomar, practising on the weakness of James and his dislike of Ralegh, obtained for his master such details of the Guiana expedition as enabled Spain to further obstruct Ralegh's operations. Ralegh was stricken with illness at a critical moment of his enterprise and could not accompany his comrades inland. The adventure ended in disaster. The climax of Ralegh's disappointment was the death of his eldest son, who was killed in the storming of San Thomé. Though it might fairly be contended that this settlement lay outside the agreement that Ralegh should not injure Spain, the ambassador contrived to overrule this contention, and on Ralegh's return to England, broken in health and fortune, James assured Spain that "not all those who

had given security for Ralegh could save him from the gallows." With vicious speed and unrelenting malice he threw Ralegh back into the Tower. In face of a public disposition to resent the Spanish charges against Ralegh, and the possibility that a jury might not be found to convict him, a Commission was appointed to inquire into the matter. After frequently examining the prisoner, it reported that no legal judgment could be drawn against him "for any offence which he had committed as an attainted man." James had promised Spain and himself that Ralegh should die; and he resolved to call him to judgment upon his former sentence of some fifteen years previously, which was accordingly done as Campbell says, "with all the circumstances of iniquity and brutality that can well be conceived." He was taken out of bed in a fit of ague and hurried before the Court of King's Bench, where the order for his death being read, he was asked why execution should not be awarded. He offered justification of his conduct, but the Court would not hear him. The warrant for his execution, which the King had already signed, was produced, and the very next day, Thursday, October 29th, 1618, he was brought to the block. He accepted the inevitable in a cheerful spirit, ate his breakfast, smoked his pipe, and went forth to death and everlasting fame. Dr. Townson, Dean of Westminster, expostulated with him on what seemed to the churchman an undue indifference to death, whereupon Ralegh said he never feared death, and as to the manner of it, though to others it might seem grievous, yet for himself he would rather die so than in a burning fever. After some conversation with a few courageous friends, who attended him on the scaffold, he concluded an address to the spectators by desiring them to join him in prayer to God, "whom I have grievously offended, being a man full of vanity, who has lived a sinful life, in such callings as have been most inducing to it. For I have been a soldier, a sailor, and a courtier; which are all courses of wickedness and vice." On taking leave of Lord Arundel, he en-

treated him to use his endeavours with the King that no scandalous writings to defame him should be published after his death. Then turning to the rest he said: "I have a long journey to go, and will, therefore, now take my leave." Putting off his gown and doublet, he called to the executioner to show him the axe. The officer hesitated. "I pray thee let me see it," said Ralegh, "dost thou think I am afraid of it?" Having received it from the executioner, he felt along the edge of it, and, with a smile, said to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but it is a sound cure for all diseases." The executioner knelt down and asked his forgiveness. Sir Walter laid his hand upon his shoulder and granted his request. The officer then asked him which way he would lay himself upon the block. "So the heart be right," was the reply, "it is no matter which way the head lies." His head being struck off it was exhibited on both sides of the scaffold, and then reverently conveyed away in Lady Ralegh's mourning coach. His body was buried in St. Margaret's church; his head being preserved by his widow, who survived him for nine and twenty years.

Thus fell England's great warrior and statesman, Sir Walter Ralegh, a sacrifice to the malice and pusillanimity of James the First, whose tribute to the nobility and honour of his victim, considering the occasion of it, is an aggravation of his offence against God and his country. Discovering soon after Ralegh's death that Spain was not likely to recompense his un-English complacency, he made, says Oldys, one of his own ministers write to his agent in Spain, to let the Court know that they should be looked upon as the most unworthy people in the world if they did not now act with the sincerity His Majesty had shown in his dealings with them, notably of late "By causing Sir Walter Ralegh to be put to death, chiefly for the giving of them satisfaction. Further to let them see how, in many actions of late, His Majesty had strained upon the affections of his people, and especially in this last concerning Sir Walter Ralegh, who died with a great deal of courage and constancy.

Lastly, that he should let them know how able a man Sir Walter Ralegh was to have done His Majesty service. Yet to give them content, he hath not spared him ; when, by preserving him, he might have given great satisfaction to his subjects, and had at command upon all occasions as useful a man as served any Prince in Christendom."

*** For the facts upon which this brief Essay on a great subject has been written, the Author acknowledges his indebtedness to the following works :—Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals* (1742) ; *British Biography* (1768) ; *Encyclopædia Britannica ;* Harvey and Hatton's *Newfoundland* (1883) ; Hannah's Selection of *Poems, by Sir Walter Ralegh* (1891) ; Birch's *Miscellaneous Writings* (1751) ; and the Biographical Treatises by Edwards (1868), Gosse (1888), and Stebbing (1891).

FINIS.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW, COPE'S TOBACCO WORKS, LORD NELSON STREET, LIVERPOOL.

A DAY IN A TOBACCO FACTORY.

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ENTRANCE TO COPE'S BONDED FACTORY.

SINCE Fairholt told the story of the tobacco plant and the process of its manufacture, the cigarette has taken its place as a leading feature in the English tobacco factory. The famous cockney confines his graphic chapter on the treatment of the golden leaf in England to its preparation for pipes and cigars, for chewing and for snuff. They did not make cigarettes in the factory where he was brought up in the shadow of St. Paul's. He missed therefore a picturesque phase of English tobacco manufacture of the present day, and with it certain attractive associations which belong to the light and airy "smoke" of the Continent and the East. He knew the *puros* and the *papelotos* of the Spaniards, and quotes the national proverb—"A paper cigarette, a glass of

COPE'S SALEROOM, GREAT EASTERN STREET, LONDON, E.C.

fresh water, and the kiss of a pretty girl will sustain a man for a day without eating;" but "Carmen," the heroine of the French librettist, and "Vjera," the heroine of the English novelist, are of these latter days, and they give a touch of romance to the atmosphere of the modern tobacco factory.

While the great Liverpool house of Cope has been growing up from small things to great, it has ab-

SPINNING TOBACCO.

sorbed into its work all that is new in the taste and fashion of smoking; and it will have some remarkable chapters to add to Fairholt's famous book, upon a new edition of which its editors are now engaged. Not the least notable of these should be an account of the introduction of the cigarette into England. The psychologist would of course treat the subject in regard to its physical and moral

influence on the race. He would see in it evidence of retrogression or progress, according as he was a smoker or the opposite, a pessimist who sees the world spinning down the grooves of change to everlasting perdition, or an optimist, who can view all creation with calm content through the ethereal smoke of a mild cigar. To either or both of these gentlemen I venture to present a scene for reflection, an incident in the daily history of this Lancashire tobacco factory. A large well-lighted hall; long rows of desks. At the desks long rows of girls. In a corner near the door a small room of inspection. It is like a girls' college. The room of observation contains the desks of the professors. The students leave their seats and go to the sliding windows with their tasks. Their papers are duly registered, and fresh work handed out. There is a pleasant murmur of girlish voices, now and then a snatch of song or chorus, and once in a way something like a reminiscence of the American *siffleuse* who whistled her way through Europe with far more success than Goldsmith with his flute. In response to a remark which I make about the order of the place, the cheerful order, the order that does not chafe under restraint, my guide, philosopher and friend, who is at my elbow as I wander at will from room to room, remarks, "We find what strikes you as worthy of note quite easy to maintain, without either set rules or regulations." It occurs to me now to mention that the works are peculiarly free from Notices that you must this or you may not do that; *Affiches* announcing fines for this and fines for the other. "*The Lancet* in one of its semi-learned articles some time ago," says my friend, "declared 'That the employment of women clerks in Post and Telegraph Offices has conclusively demonstrated that it is impossible that any establishment in which females are brought together except under a discipline approximating to that of a prison in its severity can fail to be the scene of excitement, chatter and what is called chaff.' That is quite contrary to our experience;" and any one with half an eye can see this. "A little common sense, some consideration for the girls' regular

work under conditions made as comfortable as is consistent with the duty of employer and employed," says my guide, "and we find that the unwritten law is strong enough to maintain a proper and healthy discipline—and that you know cannot always be said

PACKING CIGARETTES.

even for the greatest and most honourable assemblage of English gentlemen—the House of Commons." I discovered later in the day that the hands, in this typical factory of the North, are cared for in many other ways than what belongs to the

mere discipline of the work-rooms. The girls who come to work from a distance are provided with firing and cooking free of charge; they bring their food; it is cooked and properly served in a large room at the appointed hours for meal-times; and further, ill-health and sickness are met by a Benevolent Fund which ensures, through a liberal administration, help in case of need, the arrangements including an endowed bed at the hospital, change of air by the sea, and in cases of pulmonary complaint, orders for the Devonshire hospital at Buxton. Cope's has many attractions for steady work-people. When the firm changed the concern into a Limited Liability Company it divided the shares among its *employés* and customers, and for many it is therefore a co-operative establishment, and of a very profitable kind. The original founders of the works, two brothers, are dead, but as it is with royalty so with the tobacco king: he never dies. "The king is dead—long live the king." Harking back to *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, one of the Cope brothers had even more than the physique of the Cossack who would pick up a leaf and cram it with the tobacco he was chopping and smoke it with gusto. This Liverpool manufacturer, who was one of the finest possible judges of tobacco, would take the fresh leaves of a new cargo, roll them up and smoke his extempore cigar without turning a hair, though such a "taster" would be calculated to stagger the strongest smoker. There are many old hands in the factory who carry on the fine traditions of the house in the matter of judging tasting and blending of tobaccos; and the chief of the snuff department, hale, hearty and strong has literally lived in the dust of his delicate work for thirty years.

It might, you see, at first blush have been a College for Girls, this great hall in the factory, but it is only the cigarette room—the room of the most expert workers, it is true—the upper school, if we may so describe it, seeing that there are other rooms in which beginners are taught their business. The atmosphere is fragrant with the weed that "cheers the tar's labours or the Turkman's rest." It

OPENING A TOBACCO HOGSHEAD.

is a mixed perfume from Virginia, Persia, Manilla, and "far Kathay." In most factories the noise of machinery is incessant. The rooms are full of flying wheels and snake-like bands that perform endless gyrations all around you. Here in this great hall of the cigarette-makers, the sound of machinery is far away. It is more like the hum of a city, or the murmur of the sea. In that professorial-looking apartment in a corner of the room there are ladies engaged in weighing out certain quantities of tobacco and receiving the weed back in due course made up into cigarettes. The tobacco is given out in numbered boxes; it is returned in the same vehicles transformed into cigarettes; it has been first debited to the maker, to whom the cigarettes are now duly credited; and so at the end of the week the balance is struck and it averages upwards of fifteen shillings per week each for the two hundred girls you see at their desks, not studying Euclid, but making cigarettes. I call the table a desk. It has sides and compartments such as desks have; and it is generally made for four, two on one side, two on the other. It is here that the box of tobacco is turned into the box of cigarettes which you see weighed and booked in the office that is part of the cigarette-makers' room. There is no machinery here, except the finest of human machinery, the deft and supple fingers, and the quick intelligence of the operator. She takes a pinch of tobacco, wraps it in her dainty bit of rice paper, and with a stick of starch-paste, imprisons the yellow weed, and by her side gradually grows a pile of cigarettes, each the same size, each the same weight to a mere sprig. As the tale goes on she chats quietly to her neighbour or hums a tune, or sings a snatch of song which others take up for a moment; and then all is silent again, except the murmur of voices and that distant hum of the vast machinery that is all about them, above and below. I have likened it to the murmur of the ocean, which it might well be seeing how near to the works is the busy Mersey river. There is a certain sombreness in the dresses of the girls which might easily be alleviated. Nearly

all Lancashire operative women wear a shawl, and every Lancashire girl carries it with grace. These cigarette-makers have shawls; they work in them mostly, flinging the two ends away from their bosoms and over their shoulders so as to give their arms perfect freedom. If the shawls were not generally of a dark hue, the characteristic garment might give an artistic tone of colour to the scene. As it is, however, the living picture is striking enough. It does not perhaps recall the Carmen factory, nor does it realise the famous establishment of Christian Fischelowitz from South Russia in *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance;* but the material for such scenes and romances is no doubt all there. Examine each desk or table as they pass, and you will find ample notes for fanciful speculation. Glance first at the desk, and you will tell the character of the girl before you look at her. A slovenly desk, nothing there but the tobacco, the starch-stick and the tale of work, and you will find in the worker a dull face, and an uninteresting personality. Most of the tables however show efforts at decoration, many of them are furnished with bits of mirrors—not the hand-glass that Fildes gave to the heroine of Reade's *Wandering Heir*, not the kind of mirror that Hetty Sorrel saw her fair face in;—but strips of larger mirrors, bits of looking-glass, and once in a way a genuine complete article. Here and there on the dividing shelves of the compartments you will find pictures from ornamental bonbon-boxes, the lids of cigarette cases, or cuttings from illustrated magazines. Now it is a ship at sea, then a love-scene; now it is the portrait of a beauty; once in a way a bit of florid landscape; and be sure that the desk or table most tastefully arranged will have for its mistress if not a pretty girl an interesting one, with bright eyes, clean, well-cut gown, and hair done up in the latest style of the *coiffeur's* art.

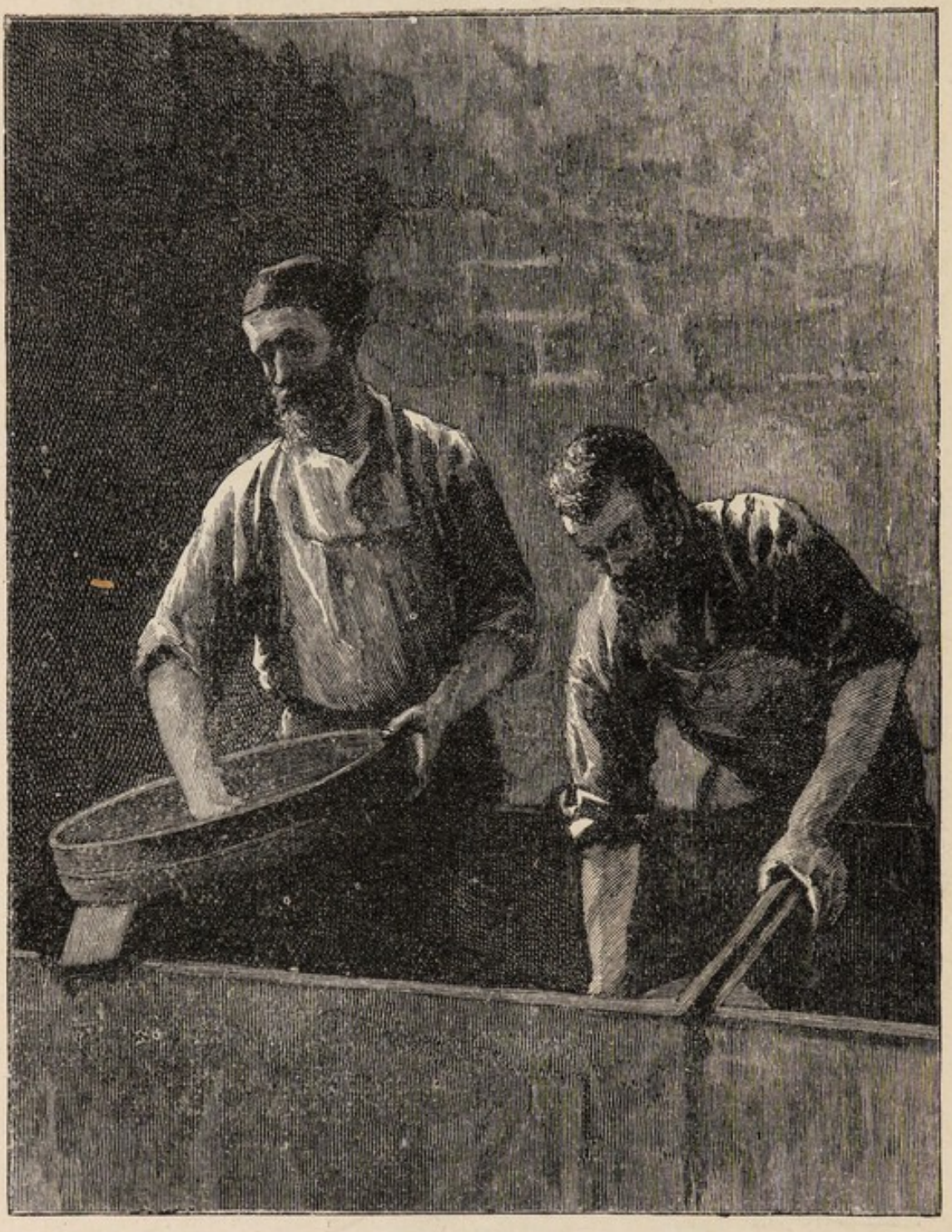
This is a typical room in the great tobacco factory, with, as I have said, the vast, complicated machinery of the entire place going on above, below, and on all sides. It is not my purpose to detain my reader with a mere detailed description of tobacco-making or a

DELIVERING TOBACCO AT COPE'S.

technical account of the latest mechanism of the trade; but rather to give the *raison d'être* for the charming drawings which adorn these pages. Fairholt has told us how tobacco is grown; how the planter's stock is received in England; how the hogsheads are unpacked; how at the manufacturers it goes through the several processes of stripping, sorting, cutting, drying, curing, and working up into its several forms of smoking preparations. There are few changes in all this to-day, except such as belong to the extra care in handling and the more rapid production that has been brought about by labour-saving machinery. The author of *Tobacco: its History and Associations*, had no experience of the cigarette-maker as you see her here, and several of the pictures that illustrate these pages are incidental to the newer order of things. One is struck every now and then in all parts of the factory with the picturesque side of the work, and the artistic suggestiveness of the workers. There is hardly a room that does not offer to the artist a good subject for brush or pencil. The introduction of the cigarette into the English manufacture of tobacco has not only given us a new industry but it has stimulated a new development of the graphic arts. The traditions of the cigarette brought to us by poet and romancer from Cuba and Seville, from Turkey and Persia, have lifted even the public show-card of the various brands upon a higher platform than that of mere tobacco. The lithographic work—the picture boards, the decorations of the cigarette boxes—occupy many skilled artists and workpeople. What the firm calls its "Stone Library" is an apartment packed with lithographic stones that number several hundreds, many of which are in constant use in their own printing offices, the machines of which find their motive power in common with the tobacco-cutter and the packer.

If you are interested in the mechanical aids which the tobacco manufacturer has brought to bear upon his work of supplying the enormous demand for the prepared leaf, let us dive from the higher school of the cigarette-girl graduates down into the basement

where the tobacco is brought in from the bonded store at the docks and after due sorting, stripping,

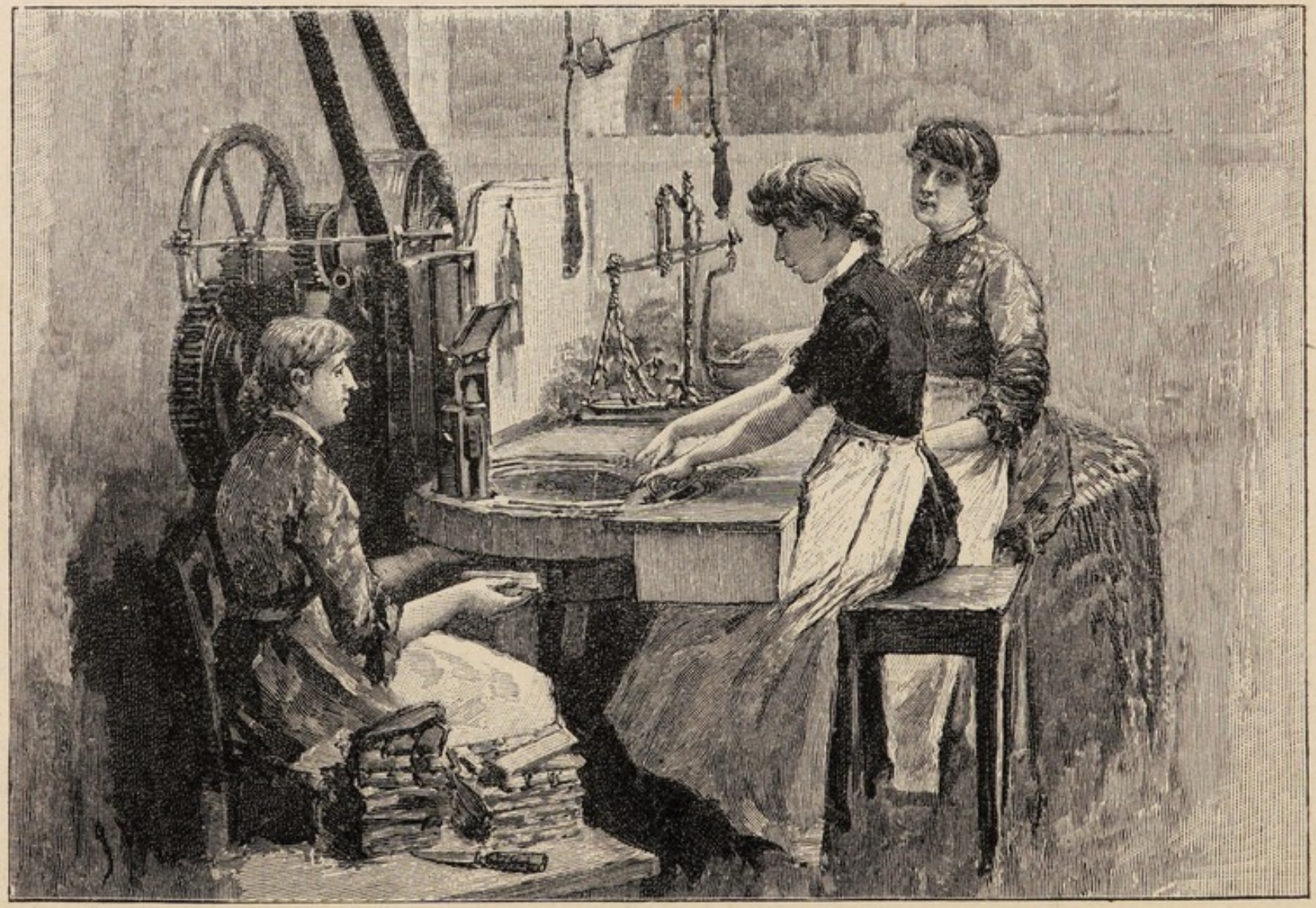


SIFTING SNUFF.

and other preparations has come to the cutter. You have probably seen the primitive knife of the tobacco cutter in a small way of business. Marion Craw-

ford's good-natured giant Schmidt the Cossack worked with a knife and cutting block, and laboured as the Count did in the same room with Vjera and the other girls ; but they manage affairs differently at this factory, where no interesting melancholy nobleman in distress could be earning his living by making cigarettes in the hall of the girl graduates. All the same, I dare say a Vjera might be found here if the Count was there and willing. Schmidt, you know, sweated at that knife, and took his rests almost panting, but still with a roughly made cigarette for thought and reflection during his ten minutes of meditation. His was the one knife in the little room at the back of Fischelowitz' shop. Here the cutting-room has I don't know how many knives at work, driven by more persistent giants than the Cossack in the story. They are connected with that enormous belt that comes from the adjacent engine-house, and the guillotine-knife rises and falls with dreadful regularity, fed by watchful servitors with well-pressed leaves. It does not simply cut, it literally shaves the yellow mass giving as the result a sort of packed network of tobacco that is gathered into handy receptacles for the cigarette-maker and the other departments where the various classes of tobaccos are put up in packets, such as "Solace," "Champion," "Golden Cloud," and "Prairie Flower," And here the vast machine thunders and roars ; pants and gives token of the stress of labour ; and close by is a monster of tremendous and patient power. This is the great hydraulic pump which works the presses that compress the weed chiefly for chewing tobacco, or the Cavendish that sailors and soldiers and hardy working men like to cut off in chumps or detach from twisted rolls which they smoke with the zest of strong palates.

While we are here in presence of great piles of twist tobacco, and round discs of black compounds that look like tarry quoits, or new designs for the shuffle-boards that are familiar to ocean voyagers, let us follow our noses through the sweet perfumes of the place to the sample room. This is on the ground floor. It will remind you of the warehouse



MAKING CAVENDISH.

of a herbalist in a large way of business. Well, the Cope business is somewhat in that direction. The room is packed with samples of one of the most profitable of plants. When the great ships come into Liverpool with their fragrant freights, the tobacco is placed in a bonded warehouse by Her Majesty's Customs. The officers in charge sample the tobacco. The samples are then given to the merchant or broker who in turn hands them to the buyer. They are as various in colour as in smell. The most attractive to the eye and to the olfactory nerves are the light-coloured leaves, chiefly from Virginia. Every day a certain number of these samples are selected for release from the bonded store to fill the great machines that instantly devour the stock on every floor of the factory ; and each working day Copes pay the revenue officers for the release of such tobacco from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds sterling. Rather a large herbalist's place the sample room of this Lancashire factory !

The departments of the establishment that fills one side of Lord Nelson Street and dominates the Lime Street railway station are very numerous, the entire business of tobacco making, packing, and delivering being carried on under one roof. They are their own carpenters, printers and engravers. Apart from their house of business in London, and their Bonded Factory at the docks, which give employment to a considerable number of hands, they regularly employ at Lord Nelson-street about 1,500 persons, a large majority being girls. They have minimized labour in every possible way, supplemented living fingers with steel ones, human machines with invented imitations. It is an interesting study, for example, the machine that fills and folds the packets of tobacco now so familiar in the shops. Like many another combination for superseding labour it has grown out of simple to complex operations, doing all that the human hand can do when no guiding thought or intelligence is required. Here is the machine : at one end several girls are occupied weighing out the tobacco. They drop the parcels into scoops that travel on an endless band. At the other end of the

machine there is a long table with a travelling series of apertures, each of which is fed with the printed

MAKING CIGARS.

tobacco paper and a sheet of tinfoil. These papers and tinfoil start off to meet the scoops of tobacco,

Somewhere in the middle of the machine they are turned into round receptacles into which the tobacco is emptied, and then straightway the packet is turned off upon another travelling band which delivers the complete article ready for the great boxes that await them in the packing rooms. Several of these silent labourers are at work in one room ; and in the great halls above are companies of men and women filling cigarette boxes and packing snuff and twist and plug tobacco. There is no hurry anywhere. Everybody knows exactly what she or he has to do, and they do it, almost as quietly as the hydraulic pump I mentioned just now—the quietest, most powerful, most unostentatious of all machines ; always at your command ; you have only, as it were, to touch a lever, and it will squeeze you a mountain of tobacco into a molehill. It has a most deadly gift of power ; so slow, so sure, so steady. One of the engines, by the way, that supplies the mechanical power is a gas-engine, probably the largest that has yet been made, having a hundred and twenty horse-power. In another part of the works steam is used ; and they call the engine "Uncle Sam." An attendant spoke quite pathetically of it as of an old servant superseded, though Uncle Sam still does his share of the factory labour. I mentioned snuff earlier in my notes. The chief of that department mentioned the first mill of the house, and pointed it out, and seemed almost to caress it in his imagination, though he pointed with pride to the present row of mills that were grinding up tons and tons of tobacco leaf into black rappee and brown rappee, high toast and Welsh toast and Prince's mixture, and I don't know how many other kinds of snuff. One came out of the dust thereof with sneezing and with reminiscences upon one's clothes like gold-dust ; but never a sneeze or cough troubled the rubicund master of the mills. Outside the boxed-up grinders were ranged snuff-boxes of more than Brobdingnagian size, great wooden jars that might have hidden the Forty Thieves over and over again, hidden and smothered them to boot ; and the master of the mills handled the black and golden product, and

spoke of its soft and silky character with the love of an artist.

Right away from this weird-like company of mills that grind on and on without the necessity, as it seems, of inspection, we stand in a gallery that branches off into wide apartments right and left, and separates the upper floor tier upon tier below us ; and we are in presence of the industry of cigar-making. Here are some four hundred women at work, very much on the system of the cigarette-makers. The tobacco, "filling" and "wrappers," is weighed to the workers. The body of the weed, formed by practised and flexible fingers, is wrapped in its covering of leaf, held together with the slightest touch of "gum tragacanth," and then passed on to the office, as the cigarettes are, for examination and record. A remarkable example of the perfection of touch and sense of weight and proportion that may come from practice of an art is the manipulation of the cigar to a particular weight and form with the exactness of a machine. The leaf and filling are given out with instructions that they are to be of a certain weight, so many to the pound, or to a fractional part of a pound, or a pound and a quarter, and they are returned invariably perfect to the draught of the scale. It is a busy, interesting scene, this series of floor upon floor of active workers, and everywhere the cigar is growing and multiplying in stacks that break up as if by magic into boxes, that go down continually by lift to the printer who embosses them with the trade-mark of the firm. But these galleries, these lifts, are only typical of the factory as a whole. From that sample room in the basement, to the great piles of unpacked leaf close by, the story of treatment goes on : the sorting, the stripping, the blending, the cutting and the gradual development into packets of tobacco, boxes of cigars and cigarettes, and cases of snuff, which make their way to the order rooms, and being duly invoiced are presently carried off by carts and waggons to rail and river *en route* for the shops and taverns of Great Britain and Ireland and sundry colonies and dependencies thereof, to be a solace and

COPE'S BONDED WORKS, SIMPSON STREET, LIVERPOOL.

a comfort to rich and poor, to the latter sometimes meat and drink and to the former "a luxury beyond price."

In the manufacture of tobacco there is nothing that might deter a smoker. Every process through which it passes is cleanly; it goes through a course of purification which, in itself, might justify much of the eulogium of its lovers, the blackest plug the sailor cuts to chew or smoke being as sweet and pure as the finest leaf as it emerges from knife and press a golden network of imprisoned dreams. I don't know whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a smoker; but, whether or not he agrees with Carlyle in pronouncing tobacco as "one of the divinest benefits that has ever come to the human race," he must be more or less in sympathy with an industry that adds to the right side of his annual budget, something like nine millions a year, £400,000 of which comes from one firm alone, the owners of Cope's Tobacco Factory.

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