# THE SPANISH ARMADA.

## I. INTRODUCTION BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN.

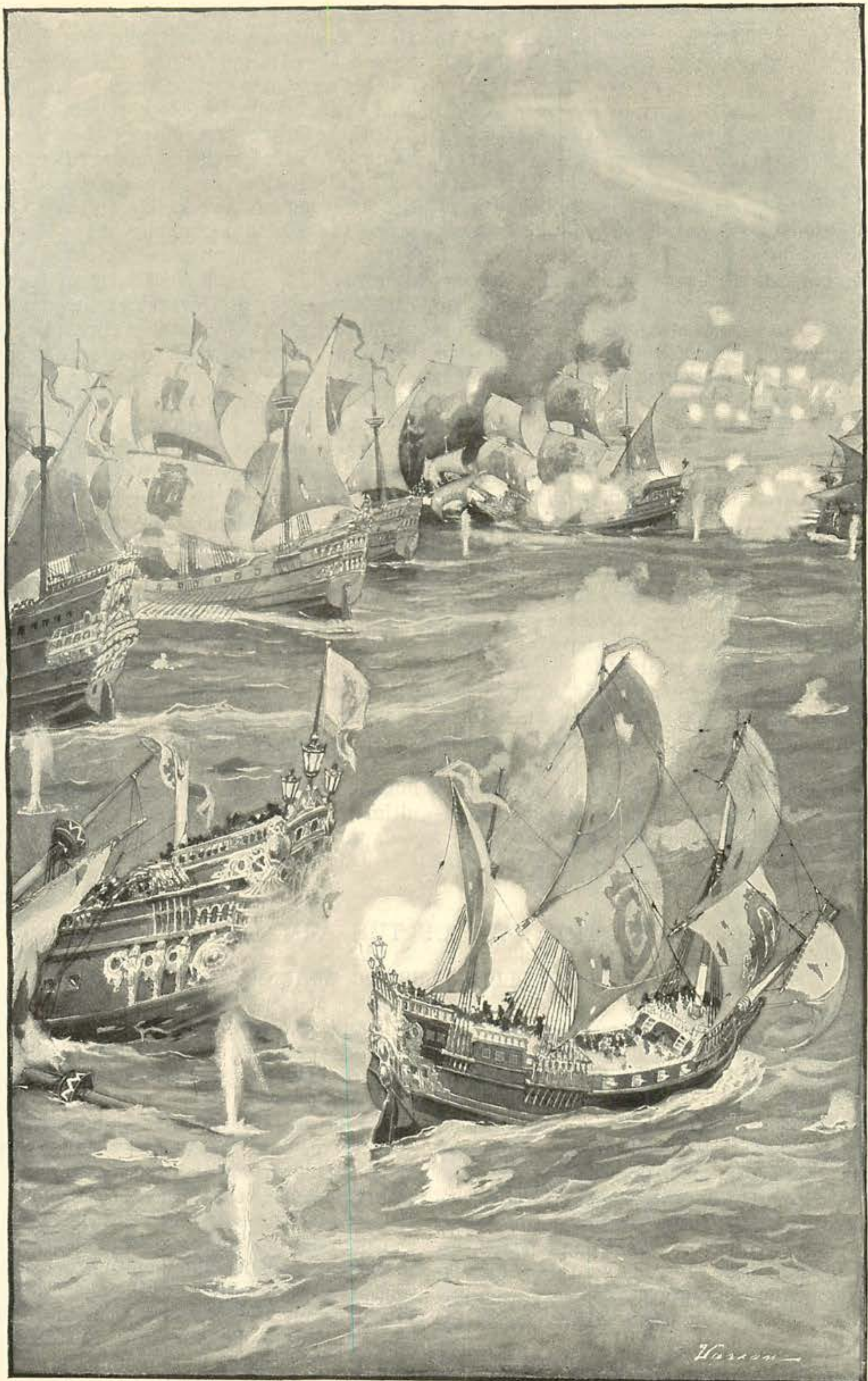
THE fate of the Spanish Armada, as Mr. Tilton remarks below, stands conspicuous among the great catastrophes of war narrated by history. According to the estimate of the Spanish captain Duro, who has made a close study of the records in his own country, out of one hundred and thirty sail of which the Armada was composed when it left Lisbon on May 30, 1588, sixty-three were lost. Of these only nine fell in battle or in immediate consequence thereof, although the injuries received in the various actions in the Channel doubtless contributed to the ultimate shipwreck of many. Nineteen were cast away on the Scottish and Irish coasts; thirty-five disappeared altogether. Of these last, it is possible that some of the smaller classes of vessels may have reached port, and that the fact passed unnoted; but of the forty-odd larger vessels which never returned, the probability is that those whose fate is unknown perished at sea.

Striking indeed is the contrast between this tremendous issue and the hopes attending the creation and despatch of the Armada, as expressed either in its first name, the "Most Fortunate," or in the title "Invincible," afterward attached to it. The moving pictures of the experience of some of the sufferers, presented in Mr. Tilton's narrative, suggest the anguish of the many victims whose miseries have not reached the ears of posterity.

But although the winds and waves were the means by which was wrought the final ruin of the Armada, the first causes of the disasters that befell the Spanish ships are to be found in very commonplace human mismanagement. It was not that exceptional mischances attended the enterprise. On the contrary, it had some very good luck at critical moments. But the general scheme was defective and ill-knit; the commander-in-chief, Medina Sidonia, was incompetent; and the vessels themselves were not adapted for the kind of fighting which they were expected to do. Relying upon boarding rather than upon artillery, they nevertheless were neither swift enough nor handy enough to grapple their agile antagonists. The latter, expert with their guns, which were more powerful than those opposed to them, and able by their better nautical qualities to choose their distance and time of attack, fought upon their own terms.

The general scheme, as shown by the instructions to the admiral, was to enter the English Channel, traverse it to the eastern end, and there to make a junction with the Duke of Parma, commanding the Spanish army in Belgium. The combined forces—the Armada itself carried six thousand troops—were then to invade England. The plan was defective, because it did not command, even if it did not actually discourage, a previous battle with the English navy so as to disable the latter from harassing the intended passage. It was ill-knit, for due provision was not made to insure the junction, the place and manner of which were left largely undetermined. Above all, no attention was paid to the advice of Parma, a skilful and far-seeing warrior, to seize Flushing, at the mouth of the Scheldt, so as to provide a safe harbor for the Armada during the period necessary for embarking the troops. Failing this, no anchorage was available for the unwieldy vessels, except such as they might find on the English coast, exposed to constant molestation by the enemy. In short, the security of the fleet, and the time and manner of the junction, were left to chance.

The Armada entered the English Channel on July 30, and on the 6th of August anchored off Calais, having traversed the Channel successfully in a week. Three several actions had occurred. None was decisive; but all tended generally in favor of the English, who utilized their advantages of speed and artillery to hammer the foe with their long guns, while keeping out of range of his muskets and lighter cannon. The Spanish losses in battle, by a Spanish authority, were six hundred killed and eight hundred wounded. The English loss, from first to last, did not reach one hundred. Such a discrepancy tells its own tale; but it is to be remembered, moreover, that men slain means sides pierced and frames shattered. Shot that fly wide, or that cut spars, sails, and rigging, kill comparatively few. With



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

"THE VESSELS THEMSELVES WERE NOT ADAPTED FOR THE KIND OF FIGHTING."

hulls thus damaged, the Spaniards had to confront the equinoctial gales of the Atlantic.

At Calais, a friendly town, Parma might possibly join; but there was no harbor for big ships, and it was unreasonable to expect that he, with the whole charge of the Netherlands on his hands, would be waiting there, ignorant when the fleet would appear, or whether it would come at all. Medina Sidonia sent him word of his arrival; but it could not be hoped that the English would allow the fleet to occupy that unprotected position undisturbed. The wind being to the westward, they anchored at a safe distance to windward, and on the night of August 7 sent against the Spaniards eight fire-ships. The ordinary means of diverting these failing, the Spanish admiral got under way. In this operation the fleet drifted nearer the shore, and the wind next day coming out strong from the northwest and setting the ships bodily on the coast, he, under the advice of the pilots, stood into the North Sea. Had Flushing been in their possession, it might, with good pilots, have afforded a refuge; but it was held by the Dutch. The enemy's ships, more weatherly, drew up and engaged again; while the continuance of the wind, and the clumsiness of the Spaniards, threatened destruction upon the shoals off the Flemish coast. The sudden shifting of the wind to the south saved them when already in only six or seven fathoms of water. Here, again, was no bad luck; nor could it be considered a misfortune that the southerly breeze, which carried them to the Pentland Frith, changed to the northeast as they passed the Orkneys and entered the Atlantic, being thus fair for their homeward course.

The disasters of the Armada were due to the following causes: 1. The failure to prescribe the effectual crippling of the English navy as a condition precedent to any attempt at invasion. 2. The neglect to secure beforehand a suitable point for making the junction with the army. Combinations thus intrusted to chance have no right to expect success. 3. The several actions with the English failed because the ships, which could exert their power only close to the enemy, were neither so fast nor so handy as the latter. Only those who have the advantage of range can afford inferiority of speed. 4. The disasters in the Atlantic were due either to original unseaworthiness, or to damage received in action, or to bad judgment in taking unweatherly ships too close to the shores of Ireland, where strong westerly gales prevailed, and the coast was inhospitable.

All these conditions were preventable by human foresight and skill; but I am far from denying the current idea that the reactionary despotism of Philip was smitten by the hand of Providence. The assignment of human reasons for failure only shifts the ultimate cause a step back. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

## II. THE FATE OF THE ARMADA.

BY WILLIAM FREDERIC TILTON.

HISTORY records few episodes that surpass in romantic and tragic interest the fate that befell the Invincible Armada after its repulse from the shores of England.[1] It occupies in naval annals a position similar to that taken in military history by the catastrophe of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. As in Napoleon's disaster, so here, the dumb ruthlessness of nature joined the cruelty of man in marking with scenes of indescribable horror the fatal turning-point in the fortunes of a monarch who was aiming at the sovereignty of Europe. It was no exaggeration when the Dutch rebels, jubilant over the dispersion of the Armada, struck a medal showing the world slipping from King Philip's fingers.

Europe was waiting with bated breath to hear the result of the conflict between Spain and England; for on the issue of this duel of giants depended the future of mankind. A victory for Elizabeth promised intellectual and political freedom, growth, and strength to the nations which should prove themselves worthy of these gifts, while a victory for Philip meant the ultimate triumph of the mighty Counter-Reformation, the destruction of the work of Luther and Calvin.

At first came rumors of a great Spanish victory. Mendoza, Philip's ambassador in Paris, who during the critical days had done

[1] This paper is chiefly based on the manuscript Irish correspondence in the London Record Office, and on the narratives of survivors and other authentic Spanish documents published by Captain Duro in his "Armada Invencible."

"nothing but trot up and down from church to church" to pray for success, and had boasted that before October his master

FROM PHOTOGRAVURE OF PORTRAIT BY TITIAN IN THE PRADO MUSEUM, MADRID. BY PERMISSION OF BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

PHILIP II.

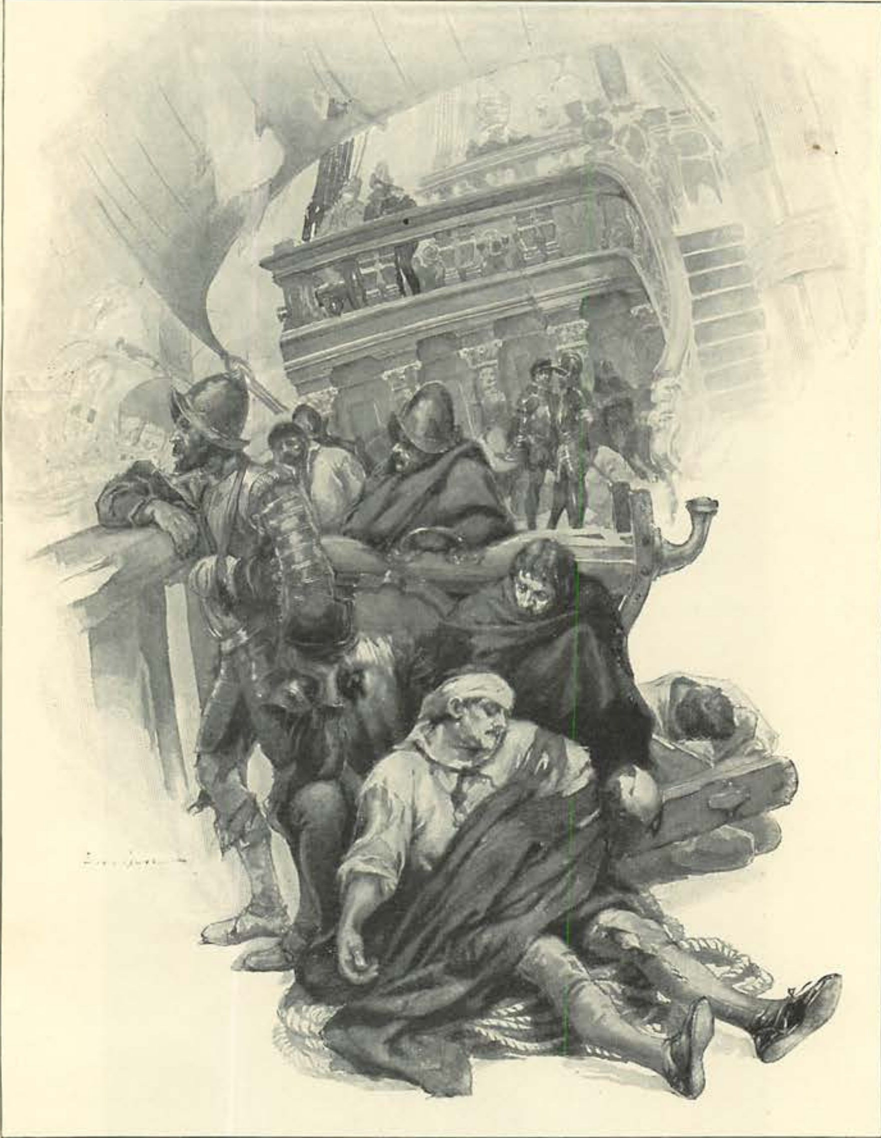
would have public mass said in St. Paul's,[1] at once hurried off couriers to Spain with the good news, and could scarcely restrain himself from having bonfires lighted before his house.

In Spain the progress and fortunes of the Armada had naturally been the one all-absorbing theme of boasting or conjecture, in palace and monastery, in street and shop. From every altar of the land fervent prayers for its success were rising. The king himself passed hours of every day upon his knees before the sacrament; and those in waiting on him declared that he often rose in the night, sighing to Heaven for victory.

And now came Mendoza's good news. Yet

[1] Sir Edward Stafford to Walsingham.

the king, feverish as was his longing for success, was too old a player to put absolute trust in his ambassador's confused report; for the sanguine, magniloquent Mendoza had a reputation for "deceiving himself." So Philip, in an agony of conflicting doubt and hope, shut himself up in the Escorial, and would give no one audience until he should receive more certain tidings.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

"SILENT GROUPS ABOUT THE DECKS."

While Mendoza's ridiculous rumors were circulating through the courts of the Continent, the Armada was in reality flying, crippled and miserable, into the fogs and gales of the German Ocean. For Philip's fleet, if not actually conquered, had been terribly shattered by the incessant, deadly fire of the English gunners in the great fight off Gravelines. When the Spanish admiral, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, counted over his ships after the battle, several were missing, among them those of the two heroes of the day on the Spanish side, the dashing, irresistible soldier-sailors Toledo and Pimentel, who, having fought till, in the words of a Spanish officer present, their crack galleons were "knocked in pieces, and the crews nearly

all dead or wounded," drifted in the black night, helpless, or rather unhelped, away from their consorts toward the Low-Country coast. Toledo ran ashore on Nieuport beach, and there found himself among Spaniards and friends. Pimentel had a different fortune. Drifting along the coast between Ostend and the Sluys, his ship was reported to "the brave Lord Willoughby" of the ballad, at this time lord-general of the Queen's forces in the Low Countries, who sent out three men-of-war against her. After a sharp fight of two hours, Pimentel, yielding to exhaustion and the odds against him, struck his colors. The "best sort" among the prisoners were spared for their ransoms; the rest were knocked on the head and flung into the sea.

Yet the Armada had not been utterly routed, and Elizabeth's captains knew this full well. In the evening, just after the fighting had ceased, Howard wrote home that he had "distressed them much," and, though he doubted not, "by God's good assistance, to oppress them," yet he would not "write unto her Majesty till more be done." And even jubilant Drake, who, with the insight of the great sea-captain, had at once appreciated almost to its full extent the success achieved at Gravelines, still expected to "wrestle a pull" with the Spaniards, and was keeping a sharp eye upon them night and day.

In spite of their exhaustion, the Spaniards had scarce closed their eyes during the night after Gravelines, fearing every moment to hear their ships strike on the treacherous banks which skirt the Low-Country coast. Soon after day broke their fears were all but realized. The wind had gradually edged to the northward, and was now blowing hard from the northwest. This must have been a fair enough wind for Calais; but Sidonia had no stomach for another fight, and, owing to their crippled state, his ships, bad sailers at best, were now falling off to leeward toward the low line of shoals. With terror the Spaniards saw in front of them the great waves breaking into gray foam on the smooth sands, and close behind them the pursuing English fleet. Sidonia was lagging behind, with his stout-hearted lieutenants, Recalde and Leyva. The pilots declared that the fleet was doomed unless the wind shifted, and that speedily. Chicken-hearted officers begged Sidonia to strike his colors, and at least save ships and lives; but the admiral confessed himself, and resolved to die, if die he must, like a true knight of the cross. The English, however, did not attack, believing, as the Spaniards afterward concluded, that the Armada was drifting of itself to sure destruction. In ships that drew twenty-five feet the lead was already giving only thirty. "It was the fearfullest day in the world," a gentleman on the flag-ship wrote to the king. "Our people abandoned all hope, and thought only of death. Our Lord made the enemy blind, and kept him from attacking us." Suddenly, by a miracle, as the Spaniards piously thought, the wind veered to the southward. The Armada, rescued from the shoals only to suffer a more terrible fate, eased sheets and sailed out into the deep North Sea, closely followed by the English.

Shaken by the terrible strain of the last ten days, and now utterly unnerved by the narrowness of this last escape from the very jaws of death, Sidonia was in a panic of doubt and despair. Personally brave enough, as became his proud ancestry, he was too incapable and inexperienced to face with energy and decision a responsibility from which stouter hearts than his might well have shrunk. So, hastily summoning a council of war, he asked whether he ought to sail back into the Channel. It was voted to do so if the wind came fair, otherwise to "obey the weather," and sail north about to Spain; for, it was urged, hulls were leaking at a thousand shot-holes, the rigging was terribly cut up, and the ammunition was nearly all consumed. The admiral did not know when the dilatory Duke of Parma would be ready to join him with his Flanders army, and was convinced that in beating back through the Channel he would have to fight again. The danger was certain; the issue seemed more than doubtful. High-spirited, sensitive officers like Recalde, Leyva, and Oquendo realized what a shameful course their commander was contemplating. Recalde begged him to lie off and on till the wind blew fair for Calais; and Leyva protested that, although he had only thirty cartridges left, and his good ship *Rata* was battered and rent and leaking like a sieve, he saw no reason for flying northward like a pack of cowards. Unfortunately for Philip, the honor of Spain had not been intrusted to these gallant men. Their courage was denounced as madness, or ridiculed as morbid chivalry. Promising to turn back if the wind shifted, Sidonia headed his ragged fleet for the Orkneys; yet it may be inferred that he had no wish to face again the devilish tactics of those heretic pirates.

The English admiral, on the other hand, kept up his "brag countenance," as though he had no lack of victuals or ammunition, and continued in hot pursuit. But as Sidonia showed no desire to turn upon his pursuers, Howard decided, when off Newcastle, to abandon the chase. Leaving two smart pinnaces to dog the enemy "until they were shot beyond the isles of Orkneys and Shetland," or to bring back news of any alarming change in their movements, he sailed back to the North Foreland to refurnish his ships and be ready to meet the Armada if by any chance it returned.

Meanwhile the Spaniards were speeding, crestfallen, over the German Ocean, under all the canvas that their torn rigging and splintered spars would bear. For Sidonia's men were thinking only of getting home to the warm sun and sparkling water of their *cara España*—dear old Spain. Soldiers and sailors lounged in sullen, silent groups about the decks. The flag-ship would not respond to the salutes of her consorts. The wind blew northerly at times, but the duke forgot his promise to sail back into the Channel. He thought only of flight, and offered his French pilot two thousand ducats if he should bring him safe to Spain. Soon the autumn storms burst, and the Spaniards had to house everything but a rag of sail to steer by. Thick, black fogs often settled down upon them, so that they could not see each one another's lights at night. One day, however, they had the melancholy satisfaction of capturing a few English pinnaces returning from their fishing-ground laden with cod and ling. This—one almost regrets to say it—was the greatest achievement of the fleet that was to give Philip the sovereignty over western Europe. The men had been supplied with clothes only for a short summer campaign, and these North Sea gales froze them to the bone. "We all expected to come home rich from this expedition," wrote a gentleman on board the flag-ship, as she was floundering past Scotland; "but now we are coming home in our shirts, for our clothes got so ragged that we had to throw them overboard." To increase the wretchedness, it became necessary to reduce the rations to starving-point. The artillery mules and noblemen's horses, which a wise commander would have kept for food, were cast overboard to save water. It was heart-rending to see the wild white eyes of the poor brutes as, plunging and snorting, they tried to swim back to the ship's side.

It seemed imperative to punish somebody for all this disgrace and misery. A number of officers were accused of disobedience or cowardice. Some of these the duke deprived of their commands; and one captain was hanged in a pinnace, which was sent through the fleet with its gruesome freight dangling from the yard-arm as a warning to the rest.

The weather got ever wilder. The clumsy ships heaved and rolled, and plunged their yards deep into the waves. Hulls got so badly strained that they had to be stiffened with ropes. Strong men flocked to the chaplains, begging for their prayers. Many a poor fellow, losing hope of seeing land again, made his will and intrusted it to the ship's priest. Men sickened and died by hundreds, sons of Spain's noblest houses with the rest. Many ships got so short-handed that they dropped behind the main body, and had to struggle northward in isolated groups. Now and then a rotten lacing would give way, and the sailors, weakened by hunger and sickness, had to go aloft in the gale to house the tugging and bellying sail, lucky if shrouds and spars were not slippery and dangerous with the driving sleet. Though midsummer, it was as cold as Christmas. Everybody except the pilots stayed below as much as possible to keep warm. They were all perishing with hunger and thirst, and the little food they got was moldy. They might have tried catching rain-water in casks, but the spray would have turned it salt. Calderon, one of the paymasters, had a store of delicacies aboard his hulk, and distributed them, as well as the heavy sea allowed, among the sick and wounded of the fleet. The negroes and mulattos, it was observed, nearly all perished with the cold. The men were now kept continuously at the pumps. Woe to the ship when pumps got clogged with ballast pebbles! It was hard and dangerous work shifting the crews of sinking vessels in the tempestuous weather.

August 20, twelve days after the battle of Gravelines, Medina Sidonia doubled the Orkneys. The Armada, which had been badly scattered in the fogs and wild storms of the German Ocean, was now pretty well together again. Yet it had not escaped the dangers of the Northern islands wholly without mishap. The admiral of the great squadron of hulks, in trying to get by Fair Isle, met with a disaster which is vividly described, in his quaint diary, by good James Melville, the Scottish reformer, who was at that time minister of the parish of Anstruther Wester, Fifeshire.

For a long time, says Melville, the news

of a Spanish navy had been blazed abroad, and "about the Lambstide" Scotland would have "found a fearful effect thereof, to the utter subversion both of Kirk and Policy," if God had not "mightily fought and defeated that army by his soldiers, the elements." For "terrible was the fear, piercing were the preachings, earnest, zealous and fervent were the prayers, sounding were the sighs and sobs and abounding was the tears at that Fast and General Assembly kept at Edinburgh, when the news were credibly told, sometimes of their landing at Dunbar, sometimes at St. Andrews." Yet these good people soon learned that "the Lord of Armies who rides upon the wings of the winds, the keeper of his own Israel, was in the meantime conveying that monstruous navy about our coasts and directing their hulks and galleons to the islands, rocks and sands, whereupon He had destined their wreck and destruction." For one morning, at break of day, Mr. Melville was startled by a sharp knock and a strange voice at his bedroom door. It was one of the bailiffs of Anstruther.

"I have news to tell you, sir," cried the voice. "There is arrived within our harbour, this morning, a ship full of Spaniards, not to give mercy, but to ask." The officers, it appeared, had come ashore; but the sturdy bailiff had ordered them to their ship again till the magistrates of the town should consider what was to be done; and the haggard Spaniards, who were but the shadows of their usual selves, had feebly bowed their heads and obeyed. So, at the bailiff's request, Melville hurried on his clothes and assembling about him the honest men of the town, consented to grant the Spanish captain audience. He proved to be none other than Juan Lopez de Medina, admiral of the hulks, "a very reverend man," says Melville, "of big stature and grave and stout countenance, grey-haired and very humble-like, who after mickle and very low courtesy, bowing down with his face near the ground and touching my shoe with his hand, began his harangue in the Spanish tongue." His story, as reported in English by an interpreter, was that God, for their sins, had been against them, and by a storm had driven his flagship, the *Gran Grifon*, upon Fair Isle,[1] where such of his crew as had escaped the merciless seas and rocks had for "more than six or seven weeks suffered great hunger and cold," till, having put to sea again in a fishing-smack, they "were come hither as to their special friends and confederates to kiss the King's Majesty's hands of Scotland." And herewith Medina made obeisance to the very ground.

The worthy minister replied that though they and their king Philip were friends to the greatest enemy of Christ, the Pope of Rome, nevertheless they should learn that the men of Anstruther were better Christians than they; "for whereas our people resorting amongst you in peaceable and lawful affairs of merchandise, were violently taken and cast into prison, their goods and gear confiscated and their bodies committed to the cruel flaming fire for the cause of religion, you shall find nothing amongst us but Christian pity and works of mercy and alms." And so the interview came to an end. The next day the Laird of Anstruther, who in the mean time had been notified of what was passing, arrived with a goodly number of the gentlemen of the countryside, entertained Medina and his officers at his own house, and suffered the soldiers and sailors to come ashore. These numbered over two hundred, for the most part young, beardless men, ragged, gaunt, emaciated creatures, scarcely able to drag themselves along. The good people of Anstruther gave them fish and pottage; and Melville, remembering the "prideful and cruel nature of those people, and how they would have used us" if their invasion had succeeded, thanked God to see these great dons making courteous salutations to humble townsmen, and their soldiers abjectly begging alms in the streets. From Anstruther Medina went to Edinburgh, where he met many Spanish castaways, was graciously received by King James, and finally sent back to Spain.

We have lingered too long over Medina's adventures. When he was washed, half dead, upon the rocks of Fair Isle, and watched in despair the last ships of the Armada as they slowly disappeared in the western ocean, little did he dream how good was his fortune compared to the doom that was soon to overtake many of those receding galleons.

The day after he got safe past the Orkneys, Medina Sidonia began to realize that some-

[1] A chair was recently presented to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, which is supposed to have come from the cabin of the wrecked *Gran Grifon*. The inhabitants of the island still manufacture woolen articles, colored in a way so much resembling Spanish patterns that it has been assumed, inasmuch as these patterns and the secret of dyeing the yarn in such varied colors are known only to the natives of that island, that the art was learned from these Armada castaways.

thing must be done to relieve the suspense of King Philip, whose Armada had disappeared so completely that Roman wags were offering, in the Pope's name, indulgence for one thousand years to any who might reveal its whereabouts. So, while tossing on the mighty rollers of the Atlantic a hundred miles to the northward of Cape Wrath, Sidonia wrote a letter to prepare Philip for the worst, and sent it by a despatch-boat, which finally did reach Spain. If this letter was a fresh revelation of the admiral's inefficiency, it at least shows that he was not without feeling for the sufferings of his men. There were over three thousand sick, he said, besides many wounded. Food must be collected for the Armada at the seaports. He had already written asking the bishops of Galicia to make provision for the sick. A gentleman serving in the Armada sent by this same despatch-boat a letter to the Venetian ambassador in Madrid. "Our route outside Scotland is long," he complained; "pray God we come safe home. I reserve all remarks till I arrive at Court, when there will be much to say. For myself I am very hungry and thirsty; the water you cannot drink, for it smells worse than musk. It is more than ten days since I drank any."

Yet Medina Sidonia and his consorts struggled on against the gales. The weather got so wet and black that he lost sight of many vessels, among them those of his gallant lieutenants Leyva and Recalde. Nevertheless, on September 3 he still counted ninety-five sail.

It was usual for Spanish sailors to have snug quarters in the poop-royal and forecastle, where they could be near their work in heavy weather; but in the Armada the soldiers, who were more numerous than the seamen, and thought themselves quite above them, often took forcible possession of these good quarters, so that the sailors, aloft in all weathers, and constantly drenched to the skin, had no proper refuge after their hard work and exposure. Worse than this, the soldiers were in some cases base enough, after rations had been wisely shortened, to make raids upon the ships' stores. Now and again an arrogant landsman would drive captain and pilots from the helm, and, treating the sailors like so many dogs, run the ship to please himself, and perhaps wreck her, for his pains, among the rocks on the western coast of Ireland, "where," as sixteenth-century sailors knew too well, "the ocean sea raiseth such a billow as can hardly be endured by the greatest ships."

About the middle of September the fisher-folk along the coast from Bloody Foreland to the Blasket Islands began to catch glimpses of an unwonted number of strange sail hovering on the horizon, and fancied a great invading fleet had come at last to free them from the English yoke.

When the news first reached Ireland that the defeated Armada was laying its course northward, Sir Richard Bingham, Governor of Connaught, had ordered a strict watch on the coast, fearing the Spaniards, with the help of the Irish malcontents, might attempt an invasion. Upon the appearance of any suspicious craft, cattle and provisions were to be hurried inland, and the troops called to arms. To stir the Irish to resistance, he spread the infamous report that the Spaniards meant to kill all inhabitants, friends or foes, male or female, above the age of seven, while those of seven years and under were to be "marked in the forehead with a letter for a note of slavery and bondage to them and their posterity."

Owing to Sir Richard's precautions, the Spaniards who ran into Irish harbors found it impossible to renew their stores. One captain offered a big galleon for permission to take in water, but was refused. Another sent men ashore to get "fresh meat if they could catch it"; but after burning half a dozen cottages, and stealing a few pigs, they were attacked, and forced to leave their prey and run for their boat. One day a hulk took shelter in a small creek of Tralee Bay. Three men swam ashore, and, being seized, said they were of the great Armada. Sir Edward Denny, who commanded at Tralee Castle, was away at Cork; but his lady called out the garrison, and the hulk at once struck her colors. She was leaking like a sieve, and had only twenty men on board—poor famished wretches, who were all put to death "because there was no safe keeping for them," though some of them offered ransom, saying that they had friends in Waterford who would redeem them.

By September 19 Sir Richard had heard of at least twenty-five galleons, scattered from the Erne to the Shannon. Then came, on the 20th, "a most extreme wind and cruel storm, which put him in very good hope that many of them would be beaten up and cast away upon the rocks." He had not long to wait for the fulfilment of his wish; for breathless couriers brought news of wrecks all along the western coast. As a

rule, the Spaniards who did not perish in the waves no sooner staggered half dead upon the shore than they were put to the sword, in compliance with orders from Bingham and the lord deputy, or were knocked on the head and stripped by the Irishry. In one place a crew got ashore so exhausted that a man named M'Cabb killed eighty of them with his gallowglass ax, although in some cases the woodkern and churls of the country allowed them to escape to the mountains, after plundering them to the very skin. Orthodox love for Spain was not so strong in the Irish peasant as greed of booty. In future, said a loyal observer, the Spaniards will know better than to trust "those Irish who so lately imbrued their hands in their blood, slaying them as dogs in such plentiful manner that their garments went about the country to be sold as good cheap as beasts' skins." "The blood which the Irish hath drawn upon them," wrote Sir George Carew, "doth well assure her Majesty of better obedience to come." And Queen Elizabeth herself could write in triumph to the King of Scots: "Albeit, my dear brother, the mighty malice and huge armies of my hateful enemies and causeless foes hath apparently spit out their venemous poison and mortal hate, yet through God's goodness our power so weakened their pride and cut off their numbers at the first that they ran away to their further overthrow. And so mightily hath our God wrought for our innocency, that places of their greatest trust hath turned to prosecute them most; yea every place hath served the turn to ruin their hope, destroy themselves, and take them in the snare they laid for our feet. His blessed name be ever magnified therefore and grant me to be humbly thankful, though never able to requite the least part of such unmeasurable goodness." In the following year a seminary priest came from Rome, bringing dispensation to the town of Galway "for killing the holy Spaniards."

Yet it must not be forgotten that the English in Ireland took their full share in the red-handed work. In this same town of Galway, Bingham executed about four hundred Spanish prisoners in cold blood; and then, "having made a clean despatch of them both within the town and in the country abroad, he rested Sunday all day giving praise and thanks to Almighty God for her Majesty's most happy success in that action and our deliverance from such dangerous enemies." And somewhat later the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam wrote Walsingham: "Since it hath pleased God by His hand upon the rocks to drown the greater and better sort of them, I will, with His favour, be His soldier for the despatching of those rags which yet remain." The position of the English in Ireland was so precarious that the authorities felt they must stamp out with a heel of iron every spark which might cause the smoldering discontent of the Irishry to burst out in devastating conflagration. Finally, Fitzwilliam, seeing how difficult it would be to ferret out the few straggling wretches who had escaped the waves, Irish clubs, and English swords, yet fearing to leave them like "vermin to infect the people further," proclaimed the Queen's mercy to all who should submit themselves by January 15, 1589. Before the new year some had already reached Dublin, and others were following as quickly as "their weak bodies allowed." [1]

One of the most fatal spots for Armada ships had been Sligo Bay. When Geoffrey Fenton went to view this scene of disaster, he found Spanish guns sunk half a horseman's staff in the shifting sand, and "numbered in one strand of less than five miles in length above eleven hundred dead corpses of men which the sea had driven upon the shore"; and the country people told him "the like was in other places, though not of like number." Somewhat later, the lord deputy, on his way, as he expressed it, to despatch "those rags" of the Spaniards which still infected the country, saw with amazement the masses of wreckage scattered along a beach on the same coast—timber enough to build "five of the greatest ships that ever I saw, besides mighty great boats, cables and other cordage, and some such masts for bigness and length as I never saw any two could make the like." A copy of the sailing directions given by Medina Sidonia,

[1] One often hears a type of peculiar beauty sometimes seen in western Ireland traced to a strain of Spanish blood from the Armada castaways. Such an explanation is doubtless quite fanciful. No less an authority than Mr. Bagwell thinks there is not a scrap of evidence for it. Many Spaniards escaped to Scotland, while those who reached Dublin probably induced friendly skippers to take them back to Spain. It is highly improbable that the few who lingered had any noticeable influence on the population. Any admixture of Spanish blood in the west of Ireland would probably be due to long-continued trade. The Spaniards used to bring wine, "the King of Spain's daughter," and took away fish and hides. At Galway and Kinsale this commerce has left traces in the architecture. The absence of Spanish surnames in Ireland would of course indicate that any connections with Spanish sailors must have been irregular.

found perhaps in some captain's sea-chest among the wreckage, fell into the lord deputy's hands. A grim smile must have flitted over his face as he read the words: "Take great heed lest you fall upon the Island of Ireland for fear of the harm that may happen unto you upon that coast." An Armada relic still more touching than these instructions is part of a letter written off Dingle by a Spanish captain, begging the President of Munster for friendly treatment. Into a bundle of state papers which tell, in the language of the victors, the awful story of shipwreck and bloodshed on the Irish coast, this fragment, rusty and stained as if by salt water, has strayed like a wail from the vanquished.

It will be interesting, with the aid of Irish records and Spanish log-books, to follow in some detail the romantic adventures of one or two Armada crews.

The huge Venetian, *Trinidad Valencera*, having sprung a desperate leak, ran for the Irish coast, and soon found herself off O'Dogherty's country, perhaps in Lough Swilly. Part of the crew swam ashore; others huddled into an old leaky ship's boat. A native rowed out toward them, and, being promised a bagful of ducats and jewels, helped land those in the leaky boat, while another Irishman, bent on richer spoil, and heedless of the cries for help, rowed straight for the wreck, which went down while he was looting in the hold. No sooner had the Spaniards got ashore than "wild people," and even the queen's soldiers, fell upon them, robbing them of their "money, gold buttons, rapiers and apparel," and slaughtering numbers of them in cold blood. But one of the O'Donnells came to the rescue, had a great fire built for some of the officers, and seemed to "pity their case, especially O'Donnell's wife." One of these officers tells how he was lodged in the cabin of a fellow who sold ale and aqua vitæ, and was ruffling it in a stolen "red cloak with buttons of gold." In the night he robbed his guest of two hundred ducats, and the officer heard him "beat out barrels' heads and fill them with plate, money and jewels." The Spaniards, having saved no provisions, were forced to buy a few wretched horses, "which they killed and did eat, and some small quantity of butter that the common people brought also to sell."

Meanwhile one of the big Castilian galleons, which had got separated from her consorts in the heavy, black weather, was feeling her way with lead and astrolabe along the Irish coast. Suddenly the man in the top sighted two ships, and signaled to them, that night, with beacons. They proved to be Recalde's *San Juan* and a hulk. Joining company, all three sailed for the mainland, and finally dropped anchor in Dingle Bay, between Great Blasket Island and the shore, "a most wild road." The sea-fowl whirled and screeched in their rigging. An ugly surf was beating against the cliffs, upon which a body of the queen's soldiers were patrolling. The Spaniards noticed their flag, white with a colored cross. Nevertheless, Recalde contrived to fill a few water-casks. He had many men on the sick-list, and every day five or six poor fellows had to be dropped over the ship's side. Soon it came on to blow from the westward a clear, dry gale. Recalde began to drag, and before he could get out a second anchor had smashed into the Castilian, carrying away her shrouds and stays. At noon the *Nuestra Señora de la Rosa*, one of Admiral Oquendo's best ships, came tearing into the harbor, firing guns of distress. Her rent sails were flapping in the tempest with the ugly sharpness of pistol-shots. She let go her only anchor, but dragged on to a reef. When she struck, the captain ran the Genoese pilot through the body for a traitor. The officers all rushed to the long boat, but could not get her clear before the vessel went down. All hands, three hundred "tall men," perished except the son of the murdered pilot, who was swept ashore, "naked upon a board." Soon two other ships boomed into the roadstead, one of them with her mainmast clean gone and her foresail torn to ribbons. After the storm had spent itself, this ship was found to be leaking beyond repair. Her company was distributed among the others, and while Recalde stayed behind to take the guns out of her, the Castilian made sail for Spain. But the troubles of her crew were not yet over. While they were at anchor, one night, in a group of islands, it came on to blow again. Finding their ship was dragging, they put canvas on her and got away. Low, black clouds were scudding over them, and it rained in torrents. The sea ran high and broke on the rocks in an awful surf which lighted the black night. Making desperately for the space between two islands, they got into the open sea without striking, but only to hurry into a worse tempest. The great seas broke into them; guns and water-butts plunged about the decks. They thought their last day had come, but, with only a bonnet bent to the foremast, contrived to weather it. When

they reached Spain their ship was little better than a wreck.

While Recalde was riding out the storm in Dingle Bay, Medina Sidonia, having a pilot who knew his business, had given Ireland a wide berth, and was making the best of his way homeward. September 18 he still had fifty sail with him. Then the gale burst upon them, and the duke, being very short of provisions, would not wait for stragglers, but headed his ship, the *San Martin*, for Santander, with all the canvas she would bear. At daybreak, September 21, he arrived, quite alone, off that port. The *San Martin* would not work in the light air, and the vast, smooth billows threw her nearer and nearer the rocks. She fired guns of distress, and pilot-boats put off and towed her out of danger. The duke, who was so weak with fever and dysentery that he could hardly stand, went ashore at once with most of the noblemen. "I cannot express to your Majesty," he wrote, "the sufferings we have been through." The wine was low in the casks. Many a ship's crew had been a fortnight without water. Of the sick aboard the *San Martin*, one hundred and eighty had died, including three of the four pilots. The rest were down with an ugly contagious fever. The duke said he was taking measures to have provisions sent down and the sick cared for. It was certainly a time for prompt decision and tireless energy, but the commander-in-chief confessed that he had "no health nor head for anything." A few days later he wrote Philip's secretary of state, Idiaquez, that nothing would induce him to go aboard the *San Martin* again. "For," he said, "knowing as I do nothing of the sea or of war, I should be sacrificing myself without doing his Majesty any good. So please act in these naval matters as if I were dead. I have said many times that I am unfit for a command at sea; I will not serve again, though it cost me my head. I am too weak to write with my own hand or to leave this town." And then, fearing that he too had death in his bones, he added: "To-day died Admiral de las Alas, who has done the best service of all at sea."

Before Sidonia, crowding sail across the Bay of Biscay, had sighted the blue hills of Spain, King Philip, after agonizing weeks of alternate hopes and fears, had at last been forced to yield to the certainty of disaster. Mendoza's news of victory had been followed by a letter from Parma telling of the fight off Gravelines. This reverse, said Idiaquez, "has afflicted his Majesty incredibly," and "his distress increases day by day. Not that his health has suffered. Thank God, he is well and his courage superior to any trial; but having undertaken this invasion from holy, Christian zeal, he is overcome with grief at having been unable to do the Almighty so acceptable a service, after thinking himself so near the goal." When men talked to him of wreaking speedy vengeance for this blow to Spain's prestige, he replied, with a feeble resignation that shows how disaster had stunned him: "In that which it pleases God to do there is neither loss nor gain of reputation." This, however, was only a passing moment of apathy. For no one felt more keenly than Philip this awful disgrace to Spanish arms. He still hoped the Armada would turn on the enemy and join the Duke of Parma and his Flanders army in the invasion; and later, while Sidonia was tearing headlong past the Irish coast, Philip even suggested that Parma might cross alone to England. "It will be easy enough to conquer the country," he said, and then "perhaps our Armada can come back and station itself in the Thames to support you." Soon, however, the king got his admiral's despatch from the Orkneys, and then his letter from Santander, with its tale of rout, sickness, and death. "I render His Divine Majesty most hearty thanks," said Philip, when the truth burst upon him at length, though not yet in its appalling fullness, "by whose generous hand I am gifted with such power that I could easily, if I chose, place another fleet upon the seas. Nor is it of very great importance that a running stream should be sometimes intercepted if the fountain from which it flows remains inexhaustible." And to Sidonia's dismal letters from Santander the long-suffering king replied without betraying in the slightest the terrible shock to which he had been subjected. His fondest hopes were dashed to the ground. The great enterprise in which had culminated the tireless striving of a lifetime had ended, largely by his admiral's fault, in ignominious, overwhelming disaster. Yet he has no word of blame for the inefficient Medina Sidonia, whom he still addresses, with perhaps unconscious irony, as his "Captain General of the Ocean Sea." "I have been much grieved," says Philip, "to hear of your illness. I charge you to take good care of yourself, and hope that you will soon be able to resume your duties with the zeal you have always manifested in my service."

Gradually the other shattered remnants of the fleet, which had set forth amid such high

hopes, crawled, wreck after wreck, into the ports of Galicia. It was only a few short weeks since Lope de Vega, Spain's sweetest singer, who himself took part in the expedition, loving, like England's Sidney, to do the noble deeds he sang, had composed his sonnet to the "Famosa Armada de estandartes llena," and bidden it "sail forth and set the world ablaze." And this was the wretched end of it all. It was touching to see the men when they caught sight once more of their native shores. "Such," says one of the Armada priests, "were the rejoicings in our ships that we thought everybody gone mad for very gladness." But in this case the joy came too soon. Before they could make the harbor a storm struck them, as violent as any of the whole voyage. They had to scud all night under bare poles. Many a ship's mast went by the board. The priest relates how, having at last succumbed to his hardships, he was down with the fever. That awful night, however, officers and men came trembling to his berth to be shriven. But the danger passed quickly, and the next day they sailed into Santander harbor. Boats came out to them with grapes. They had got home at last. The sight of fresh food and sweet water made Spain seem a paradise. For, verily, concludes the priest, the sea is only "sky and water, bad days and worse nights. 'T is well named the Briny, for 't is but bitterness."

Even after their arrival in Spain the men continued to die, as if stricken with the pest. They could not get well aboard their ships, which were foul and stinking. For a time there were no doctors, no medicines, no wholesome food. Oquendo had no sooner reached his own town of San Sebastian than, refusing to go ashore to see wife and child, he lay down and died of the pestilence and a broken heart. Recalde, too, finally reached Corunna. Sickness and famine had killed nearly two hundred of his ship's company, and the mortality would not cease. He himself, having done all a brave man could for the honor of his country's flag, was so far fortunate as to survive only a few days the ignominy of this return to Spain.

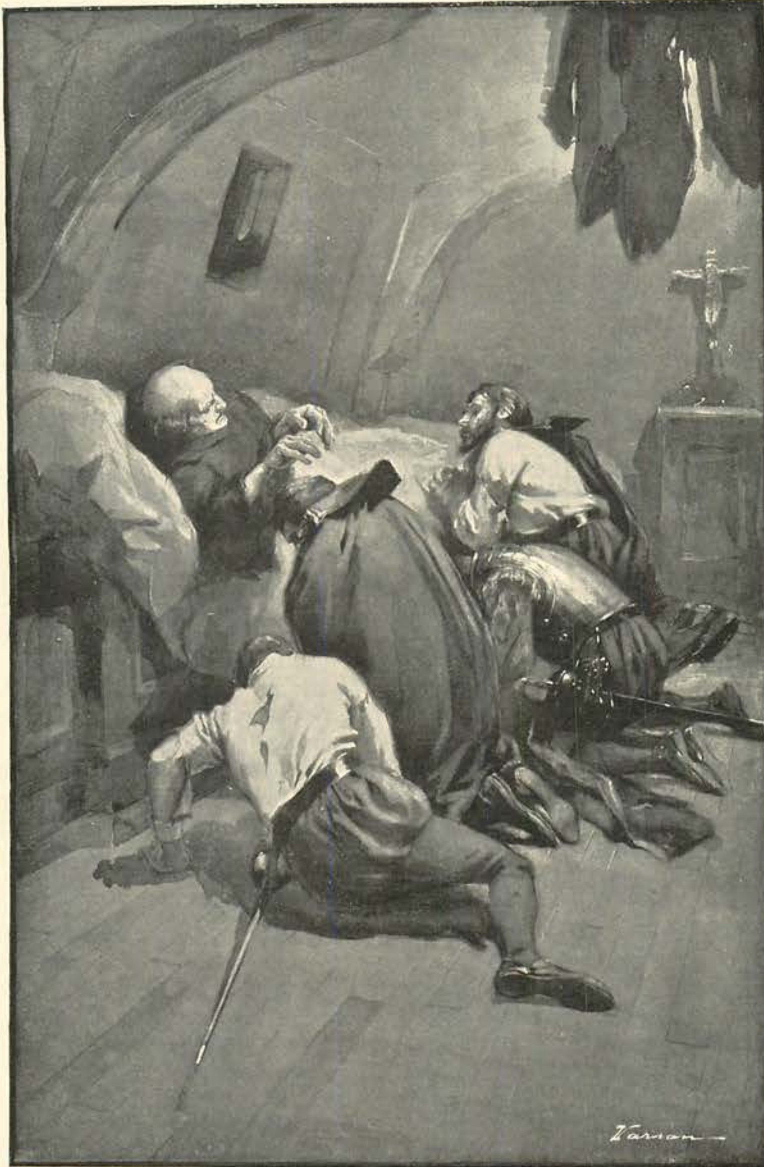
Not till now had Philip fully realized the awful magnitude of the disaster that had befallen him. Of the great fleet that sailed out of Corunna in July, little more than half ever returned, and these were all torn, strained, and water-logged. Less than a dozen sail had been missing on the morrow of Gravelines; the rest foundered or went ashore during the mad career homeward. Of the twenty-five thousand men it is doubtful if a third ever saw Spain again, and of this miserable remnant many got home only to die.

Among those still missing was Don Alonso de Leyva, one of the most honored officers of Spain, who, in case of mishap to Medina Sidonia, was to have succeeded to the chief command. With him was a brilliant company of high-born youths, whose fathers had been willing that they should serve under no other. King and people hoped against hope that their idol was tarrying only to win fresh laurels on Irish battle-fields; and, indeed, the news that he had saved twenty-six ships and raised Ireland came to make the heart of Spain beat for a moment more gladly. But the tragic truth was soon known, and may be briefly told.

The English guns had played such havoc with Leyva's ship, the *Rata*, that she was in no condition for the perilous voyage around Scotland and Ireland. She succeeded, however, in getting as far as Mayo, but was there found to be utterly unseaworthy. Leyva, therefore, ran for shelter into Blacksod Bay. Here the *Rata* was slowly settling, as the water gained obstinately on the pumps, when a Spanish hulk, by chance, put into the same roadstead. She took off Leyva and his people, and, after setting fire to the ship on which Leyva had fought so nobly in the Channel, they all sailed away for Spain. But contrary winds baffled them and drove the unweatherly hulk back to Donegal Bay. Here a wild storm burst upon them. Cables parted, and the hulk drove ashore near Killybegs. All hands got safe to the beach, but a lurch of the ship had thrown Leyva against the capstan so violently that he could neither walk nor ride. So they carried him after a few days to the great galleass *Girona*, which had gone ashore at a point nineteen miles distant. Here they all remained a fortnight, till, having called to their aid "some such lewd carpenters as those savage and brutish people had there in the country," they had patched up the galleass with planks from another wreck. Then, hearing that the lord deputy, Fitzwilliam, was approaching with troops, Leyva took "the choice men of the whole company" aboard the galleass, and got away. "The refuse" were left to wander up and down through woods and bogs, venturing forth now and then to beg an alms. Among this refuse was a Tipperary man, who describes Leyva as "tall and slender, of a whitely complexion, of a flaxen and smooth hair, of behaviour mild and temperate, of

speech good and deliberate, greatly reverenced not only by his own men, but generally of all the whole company."

It was October 26 when the galleass put to sea. Leyva laid his course for Scotland, and had almost reached the Giant's Causeway when, skirting the coast of Antrim too closely, they dashed upon the rocks of Bunboys, near the huge, sheer cliffs from which Dunluce Castle looked down upon the boiling sea. The galleass was soon ground to pieces, and all hands perished, save five who succeeded in swimming to land. The bodies of the drowned were gradually washed ashore. Their whitening bones and three brass guns, which glistened in fine weather far under water on the reefs of Bunboys, remained for a time to mark the spot where Leyva met his fate.




DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.
"CAME TREMBLING . . . TO BE SHRIVEN."

Over a year passed, and it seemed as if the last tale of shipwreck and suffering must have long since been told. But one day in the late autumn of 1589 a courier brought the king a long letter from Captain Cuellar

of the *San Pedro*, who was supposed to have perished with the rest in Ireland. He had just arrived in Antwerp, after a year of the strangest adventures that ever a man had, and wrote the king a lively account of them, hoping, he said, in his trivial cavalier fashion, that his Majesty might while away an after-dinner hour over it.

At Gravelines, he wrote, he had been in the thickest of the fray, and his ship was riddled with great shot. He had scarcely closed his eyes for ten days, and after the English gave up their pursuit he went below to snatch a little rest. While he was asleep his pilot crowded sail and went on ahead of Medina Sidonia, to plug a shot-hole through which the water was streaming. He was about lowering sail when a pinnace came alongside, with orders to hang Cuellar and De Avila, captain of a hulk which had also sailed too far ahead. Cuellar, gasping with rage, asked how they dared put such shame upon an officer who had served the king so loyally. "Ask my men here," he cried, "and if one of them says aught against me, you can pull me asunder with four boats." But he wasted his breath. It was useless, the messengers said, to appeal to the duke, who had shut himself up in his cabin and wanted to be left alone. But when Cuellar was taken to the auditor-general's ship, that officer refused to execute him without a warrant under the duke's own hand, and the duke finally sent word to spare him. De Avila, however, was sent to the yard-arm. Cuellar stayed aboard the auditor's ship, which, with two others, went ashore in a gale on the coast of Sligo. The beach shelved so gradually that they struck far from shore. The huge seas broke clean over them, and they were fast going to pieces. Some of the noblemen got into a ship's boat, with their ducats and jewels, and had the hatch battened down over them. A number of seamen threw themselves into the boat after their betters, and, since the hatch was closed, had to cling as best they could to the slippery deck. They had scarcely got clear of the wreck when a great sea swept them all overboard, and capsized the boat, which was buffeted gradually shoreward, and finally tossed, keel uppermost, on the beach. A band of savages came to strip off her ironwork, and, ripping up the deck, found the noblemen all dead. They took the treasure and clothing, leaving the naked bodies to rot on the sand. Meanwhile Cuellar, crouched on the poop-royal, was watching the awful scene. Many of his comrades, throwing away the gold chains and money which weighed them down, sprang into the boiling sea, and sank, never to rise again. Others were clinging desperately to casks or planks. Above the roar of the tempest rose the shrieks of men crying to God for mercy. The shore was covered with natives, who rushed about madly and seemed overjoyed at the dreadful spectacle. The moment a Spaniard staggered on to the beach, half a hundred of these wild men fell upon him, beating him and stripping him. Cuellar, seeing that in a quarter of an hour there would be nothing left of his ship to cling to, threw himself upon a mass of woodwork that was floating near. The auditor, heavy with the gold he had sewn into doublet and small-clothes, followed him. The waves dashed against them and stunned them with bits of floating wreckage. The auditor was soon swept off, and went down, shrieking a prayer. Cuellar clung to his frail raft, and, before he knew it, was swept to the shore, more dead than alive. He was covered with blood, and in such miserable plight that the savages thought him unworthy of notice. So, parched with thirst, and suffering agony from the salt in his wounds, he crawled away, meeting many Spaniards, stark naked, and shivering with terror and the cruel cold. One of these joined him, and at dusk they lay down in a deserted tract among the reeds. Two armed men came by, and, taking pity, covered them with reeds before hurrying on to join the wreckers. Cuellar woke only to find his companion dead. Leaving him a prey, like hundreds of others, for wolves and ravens, he dragged himself to a monastery near by, but found it in ruins and empty but for a dozen Spaniards hanged among the charred remains of the chapel. Hastening from this horrid place, he met two Spaniards, naked and wounded. Desperate with pain and hunger, they resolved to go back together to the scene of their shipwreck, in the hope of finding food. They recognized two officers among the ghastly bodies which strewed the beach, and buried them at the water's edge. They had scarcely got them covered with sand when a hundred men rushed up to see if they were hiding treasure. Their leader took pity, and showed them a path leading inland to his own village. Cuellar, barefoot and crippled, was unable to keep up with his companions. As he was limping through a wood, three men darted out from behind the rocks, followed by a girl of extreme beauty. After transferring from his neck to the girl's a gold chain adorned with holy relics which he wore

under his shirt, they dressed his wounds with herbs, gave him oat-bread and milk, and then showed him a range of hills behind which lived an Irish chieftain who loved the King of Spain. As he was toiling thither he met a band of savage men, who beat and stripped him. But he wrapped himself as best he could in ferns and an old bit of sedge matting, and plodded on. Seeking shelter, one night, in a deserted hut, he found sheaves of oats piled up on the floor, and was thanking God for so soft a bed when he was startled by three figures dimly outlined in the gloom. He thought of devils, but they proved to be fugitive Spaniards like himself. It was a sorry group—Cuellar in his old matting, and they stark naked. Cuellar bade them pluck up heart and follow him to O'Rourke's country. They slept that night buried in the oats, supperless but for mulberries and cresses. All the next day men were mowing in the adjoining fields; but after the moon rose, Cuellar and his comrades wrapped wisps of straw about them, and set forth into the cold autumn night. Arriving at O'Rourke's town, they were told that he had gone off to fight the English. A kindly villager gave Cuellar an old blanket, full of lice, which he was only too glad to accept. Wrapped in this loathsome garment, he set out alone for the stronghold of a chieftain who, he was told, lived in open rebellion against the queen. On his way thither he met a blacksmith, who guided him, under false pretenses, to his hut in a lonely ravine, and set him to blowing the bellows. Cuellar worked for him a week, fearing to be thrown into the fire if he refused. Finally a friendly priest came that way, rated the smith roundly for his cruelty, and got an escort to guide Cuellar to the castle whither he was bound. Here he stayed three months, with ten other shipwrecked Spaniards whom he found there. The host's comely wife found favor in Cuellar's eyes, and he used to amuse her and the other women by telling their fortunes.

He gave the king a curious description of the Irish among whom he found himself. They lived among their rugged hills, he said, like wild beasts. Their dwellings were thatched huts. The men had heavy bodies, but their arms and legs were shapely, and their features good. Their hair grew in a tuft down to the eyes. They wore tight small-clothes, and short coats of coarse goats' hair, and in cold weather wrapped blankets about them. They were as fleet as deer, and no hardship was too great for them. The women had, as a rule, handsome faces but bad figures. They wore only a shift and a blanket, and round the head a linen cloth, tied in front. They were very industrious, and good housewives, after their own manner. The people ate but once a day, and then at night. Their ordinary diet was oat-bread and butter. They would not touch the sparkling mountain water, and drank only buttermilk. On holidays they ate half-cooked flesh, without bread or salt. When at home they slept on damp, freshly cut rushes, spread on the ground. The people of the different villages were constantly attacking and plundering one another, but were always ready to unite against the English, whom they could generally keep at bay by flooding the country. When, however, the English appeared in force, they flew to the mountains with their women and their herds. Though they called themselves Christians, and heard mass, there was no justice among them, and everybody did as he pleased.

During Cuellar's stay an English force came out to punish those chiefs who were concealing Spaniards. Cuellar offered to defend the castle with his ten fellow-countrymen; for it stood in the middle of a broad lake, and was almost impregnable. So the chief left them a supply of arms and provisions, and then fled to the mountains with all his people and his flocks. Cuellar and his comrades were besieged a fortnight. The English laid waste the country, and tried to frighten the little garrison by hanging two Spaniards before their eyes. Finally heavy snow-storms drove them away. Cuellar's grateful host wanted to keep him always, and offered him one of his fair sisters to wife. Alarmed at this prospect, Cuellar contrived to escape, soon after New Year's day, with four of his friends. After long wanderings he got to Dunluce, where Leyva had perished, and saw in the huts of the natives jewels and other relics of his disaster. Finally he reached the house of a good Irish bishop, who procured a pinnace and sent him off to Scotland with a dozen other fugitive Spaniards. They were hospitably received by the Catholic families of Edinburgh, and soon learned that many of their comrades had likewise found an asylum in Scotland. In fact, their number was so considerable as to cause Elizabeth some uneasiness, and a few months after Cuellar's arrival she sent her ambassador Ashby a safe-conduct for all the fugitives. The Spanish officers soon succeeded in collecting seven hundred scattered castaways, nearly half of whom were "some

sick, some lame, and such miserable creatures as they will never be able to do any service."[1] Ashby, however, was determined to retain the safe-conduct unless satisfaction was given for an English trumpeter whom a gang of Spaniards had murdered one night in Edinburgh. "And so," he said, "let them take their hap as it will fall out." He hoped, if they met either the queen's ships or the Hollanders without safe-conduct, they would "have their deserts"; for "they are poor and proud, and not able to resist any force that shall encounter them."

Four Scottish ships were chartered to take them to Flanders, and in these they all embarked, Cuellar with the rest. Passport or no passport, off Dunkirk they did meet a squadron of Dutch ships, which immediately gave them chase. Two of their vessels escaped by running ashore. Cuellar and his shipmates, not succeeding in following this example, threw themselves into the sea. Several were drowned, but Cuellar got ashore by clinging to a plank. Meanwhile the Dutch had caught the fourth vessel, and killed nearly every Spaniard in her.

Thus Cuellar's letter ended, as it had begun, with shipwreck and bloodshed. Entertaining enough for us, it was dreary reading for the king. It only brought back with fresh sharpness the painful memories of the fatal year 1588, and made him peer with melancholy foreboding into the future of the country the glory of which was the breath of his life. For the catastrophe of the Armada had been the startling outward manifestation of inner weakness and decay. It was the voice of history proclaiming to the world that the days of Spain's greatness were numbered.

[1] Ashby to Walsingham.

# THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.[1]

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

WITH A FANCIFUL REPRODUCTION BY A. CASTAIGNE.

## THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

IT is an old device of city life to increase the precious square feet of standing-room by introducing house-stories as multipliers. The herdsman and the farmer lead, perforce, a one-storied life; they have no use for mother earth except they be admitted on the ground floor. But the city man uses area over and over again. Compactness is the demand, and now that he has discovered the elevator, he threatens to go up until horizontal distances are matched by vertical.

Such multiplication of areas has thus far in the world's history been applied to private holdings rather than to the public space in streets and squares. The old Greek house, with its adobe walls, rarely essayed more than a second story; but Babylon was early famed for its three- and four-storied houses. In Rome, before Nero's conflagration, the buildings rose to altitudes unworthy of their slender foundations and the narrow streets they faced, and Augustus was obliged by edict to fix their height at seventy feet. Martial tells of a poor sinner who had to climb two hundred stairs to reach his lodging-room. In Tyre, so Strabo says, the houses were taller even than at Rome.

The application of the same idea to public spaces is scantly represented in ultra-modern times by the elevated railways, and the resulting two-storied streets of New York, and by proposed two- or three-storied piers; but even here there is nothing new under the sun. The hanging, or "pensile," constructions of ancient architects embody the whole of the two-story theory. Thus the architect Sostratus of Cnidus is said to have been the first to construct a hanging, or pensile, promenade—*i. e.*, a public promenade raised on piers of masonry. We hear, too, of pensile baths and a pensile theater, which means no more than that they were raised on arches; and Pliny calls Rome itself almost a pensile city, so thoroughly is it undermined by its system of sewers.

The famous pensile gardens of Babylon were built in the midst of the crowded city, and were so constructed as to leave a part, at least, of the space at the ground-level beneath them open to traffic, or available for rooms and offices. Nebuchadnezzar had married him a wife, the Median princess

[1] See previous articles in THE CENTURY for April and May, 1898.