

trying to raise a mutiny in the fleet; this man's case was heard, and he was condemned to death and beheaded.

Only three ships went on from Port St. Julian. On the 20th of August they came to the mouth of the Strait of Magellan. "With a sermon and prayers of thanksgiving they entered the narrow Strait with much wind, frequent turnings and many dangers." It was indeed a dangerous place, crooked and rocky, with rapid and irregular tides, a volcano blazing on one hand, snow-covered peaks all round them, and the cold very great. They landed on an island near the west end, and named it Elizabetha in honour of the Queen. Here they found many evergreen trees and strange animals and birds. On the 6th of September they entered the Pacific and found it very rough and stormy. A great tempest separated the ships and blew them far to the west. Drake was anxious to get into warmer latitudes, but another tempest drove them to the south of Cape Horn; one ship, the "Marigold," was lost, and now only the "Golden Hind" and the "Elizabeth" remained. In October a third heavy storm drove the admiral's ship out to sea from the harbour where the two were anchored, and after waiting for weeks, and despairing of getting a fair wind for Peru, Captain Winter "gave over the voyage, full sore against the mariner's minds," and returned to England. Meanwhile Drake had many misfortunes: baffling winds and storms and loss of men and attacks from the natives. But at the end of November the "Golden Hind" was going on northward, and her crew seized a richly laden Spanish ship. At Tarapaca they carried off some Spanish treasure, and at Arica they took two treasure ships. At Callao, and again further north, they captured more Spanish ships, until, when they came to Panama, they were fairly laden with gold and silver and precious stones. At Aquapulca Drake put in to refit his ship. His plan was now to try to find a northeast passage out of the Pacific. He therefore went up the coast of North America, which he called New Albion, in honour of his own country, and put in at a harbour which is thought to be San Francisco. There he stayed for a month. The weather was so cold and unfavorable that he gave up his plan of sailing further north, and on the 23rd of July directed his course to the Philippines. On his way he touched at some islands which he called the "Islands of Thieves" from the ways of the natives. In October the "Golden Hind" coasted the Philippines, and in November they reached Ternate, one of the Moluccas. The King received Drake in a very friendly and respectful manner, and made offers of a trade alliance with England. Fifty years after, the King's son wrote a letter to King James, saying that he and

his father before him had daily expected and hoped for the return of the great Captain Francis Drake. From Ternate the ship sailed to the Celebes, and in January, 1580, the last misfortune of the voyage happened her, for she ran ashore, and was only got off by throwing overboard eight guns and some of the cargo. Part of March was spent in Java, where they were feasted by the natives, and from Java they sailed for the Cape of Good Hope. They did not stop there, but went up the coast until they came to Sierra Leone, where they took in water and fruit. On the 26th of September, 1580, "which," says the narrative, "was Monday in the first ordinary reckoning of those that had stayed at home in one place or country (but in our computation was the Lord's day, or Sunday), we safely, with joyful minds and thankful hearts to God, arrived at Plimouth, the place of our first setting forth, after we had spent two years, ten months and some odd days beside in seeing the wonders of the Lord in the deep, in discerning so many admirable things, in going through with so many strange adventures, in escaping out of so many dangers, and overcoming so many difficulties, in this our compassing of this nether globe, and passing round about the world, which we have related."

Drake was received with general joy by all his friends and townspeople, who had feared he was lost. For several days he was feasted and honoured by the Devonshire people, and then he sailed the "Golden Hind" round to Deptford. But if he expected to be welcomed by the Queen and her courtiers, he was disappointed. The trouble was that he had taken a great deal of treasure from the Spaniards, and fought Spanish ships, when England and Spain were supposed to be at peace. So the Queen did not like to praise Drake for fear of offending the Spaniards, and perhaps causing them to make war. However, all the people were very proud of Drake's deeds, and they crowded in the streets to see him, and wrote books and songs in his praise. And at last, after several months, the Queen went on board the "Golden Hind" and knighted the captain, so that he was now Sir Francis Drake. He lived until 1595, and fought against the Spanish Armada, and distinguished himself in other deeds. He died on board his own ship in the West Indies and was buried at sea. A modern poet has written these lines about him:

"Drake, he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,  
(Capten, art tha' sleepin' there below?)  
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,  
And dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the sound,  
Call him where ye sail to meet the foe;  
When the old trade's plyin' and the old flag's flyin',  
They shall find him ware'n,  
Wakin', as they found him long ago."