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Sir Walter Raleigh's Last Testament

Walter Raleigh

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The District Attorney's Office In Denver

By FOSTER CLINE, District Attorney

MANY times in Denver there has been agitation for a public defender for indigent defendants appearing in the West Side Court. Having in mind the purpose of a public defender and the cooperation that should exist between the District Attorney and the public defender, it has been my policy to invite assigned counsel to confer with me in reference to their cases with a view of endeavoring to mutually agree as to the disposition of these cases.

I submit the following data in reference to this work during the year of 1927. Of the 99 cases of appointment, 7 of these cases were dismissed; nolo contendere entered in 16; pleas of guilty 41; verdicts of guilty by a jury, 28; verdicts of not guilty by a

jury, 7. Amount paid out for assigned counsel in these cases, \$2,430.

Honorable Frank McDonough and Honorable James Starkweather have presided as judges in the West Side Court during the year of 1927 and it is largely due to their policy of insisting that cases be tried when called and useless delays prohibited, that of the approximately 418 criminal cases filed in the West Side Court during 1927 there remain but about 28 cases for trial at the close of the 1927 jury year.

It might be of interest to the Bar to know that the total number of cases filed in 1927 does not exceed those of 1925 or 1926. There appears to be no crime wave in Denver, and there exists the closest cooperation between all law enforcing agencies of the City, including State and Federal authorities.

Sir Walter Raleigh's Last Testament

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S letter to his wife. This was his last letter to his wife, and really the last which he ever wrote:

"You shall now receive (my dear wife) 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 by my will present you with sorrows (dear Besse) let them go into the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not God's will that I should see you any more in this life, bear it patiently, and with a heart like thyself. First I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or words

can rehearse, for your many travails, and care taken for me; which though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world. Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself many days, but by your travels seek to help your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child. Thy mourning cannot avail me, I am but dust. Thirdly, you shall understand that my land was conveyed bona fide to my child: The writings were drawn at Midsummer was twelve months, my honest cousin Brett can testify so much, and Dolberry, too, can remember somewhat therein. And I trust my

blood will quench their malice that have cruelly murdered me, and that they will not seek also to kill thee and thine with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct thee I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial. And I perceive that my death was determined from the first day. Most sorry I am, God knows, that being thus surprised with death I can have you in no better estate. God is my witness, I meant you all my office of wines, or all that I could have purchased by selling it, half my stuff, and all my jewels, but some one for the boy; but God hath prevented all my resolutions, that great God that ruleth all in all: but if you can live free from want, care for no more, the rest is but vanity. Love God, and begin betimes to repose yourself upon him, and therein shall you find true and lasting riches, and endless comfort: For the rest, when you have travelled and wearied your thoughts over all forts of worldly cogitations, you shall but sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to love and fear God whilst he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow with him; and then God will be a husband to you, and a father to him; a husband and a father which cannot be taken from you. Bailey oweth me 200 livers and Adrian 600 livers in Jersey. I also have much owing me besides. The arrearages of the wines will pay your debts. And howsoever you do, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men. When I am gone, no doubt you shall be sought to, for the world thinks that I was very rich. But take heed of the pretenses of men, and their affections, for they last not but in honest and worthy men; and no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey, and afterwards to be despised. I speak not this (God knows) to dissuade you from marriage, for it will be best for you both in respect of the world and of God. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine,

death hath cut us asunder; and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who chose you, and loved you in his happiest times. Get those letters (if possible) which I writ to the Lords, wherein I sued for my life: God is my witness, it was for you and yours that I desired life; but it is true that I disdained myself for begging of it: For know it (my dear wife) that your son is the son of a true man, and who, in his own respect, despiseth death and all his mishapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much, God he knows how hardly I steal this time while others sleep, and it is also time that I should separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied thee; and either lay it at Sherburne (and if the land continue) or in Exeter—Church by my father and mother. I can say no more, time and death call me away; the everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipotent God, that Almighty God, who is goodness itself, the true life and light, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife farewell. Bless my poor boy. Pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in his arms. Written with the dying hand of sometimes thy husband, but now alas overthrown.

WALTER RALEIGH."

Note:—Written Wednesday night, October 28, 1618.

(Contributed by William J. McPherson of the Denver Bar).

We suppose the lawers understand it perfectly, but what puzzles the lay mind a little is how Mr. Doheny got all his leases from Mr. Fall by fraud and corruption, but nobody's guilty. —*Ohio State Journal*.