

"A MAN'S OWN MANNERS COMMONLY FRAME HIS FORTUNE."

ceived—and, indeed, disbelieved—by the authorities, who regarded the enthusiast as a base-born braggart and needy adventurer. However, nothing daunted, Pizarro was enabled to return to Peru in 1531, in time to avail himself of the advantage of the civil war then waging between the legitimate monarch, Huascar, and his half-brother, Atahualpa, the reigning Inca. Offering his sword to the latter, he was allowed to take command of a band of Europeans, and march into the interior. Swift of action as of purpose, the treacherous Spaniard marched upon the capital, where he made the unsuspecting Inca prisoner in his own palace—even whilst partaking of his hospitality. Then commenced that cruel system of extortion and persecution which he pursued throughout the remainder of his career. Brutalities, such as those which in a less remote age Warren Hastings was accused of towards the natives of India, Pizarro prosecuted towards the natives of Peru. He commenced this fell career by extorting from his royal prisoner a house full of precious metals, valued at two millions of English money; after which he had him brought to a trial on a false charge of conspiracy, and condemned to be burnt, granting in his Christian mercy to the prisoner, as a reward for embracing the faith of the Conqueror, permission to be strangled before being burnt! Pizarro had at length become such a despicable tyrant, that he was not only feared and hated by the Peruvians, but by his own followers, between one of whom, named Almagro, and Pizarro a feud sprang up, which ended in the cruel death of the former. The rule of Pizarro at length became so obnoxious that a conspiracy was formed for his assassination—a terrible scene—in which the son of the murdered Almagro took part, and which may be thus briefly related:—

"Surrounded at his table after dinner by a few of his most faithful adherents, Pizarro was reclining at his ease, probably maturing fresh conquests to add to his insatiate ambition, but little suspecting the impending fate soon to overtake him. Suddenly, with the impetuosity of an avalanche, his dreams were dispelled by the loud clanking of armour, many and heavy footsteps, boisterous and angry words, crashing and opening of doors, in a brief interval revealing in the imperfect light the glimmering of hostile blades. In the mind of Pizarro all doubts were now dispelled—they came as foes, and as enemies he prepared for his defence. Hastily he ordered the door to be secured, whilst he and his half-brother, Alcañtra, buckled on their armour. In the confusion that ensued the order was disobeyed, and his enemies were upon him ere he was prepared. Hastily seizing a sword, he confronted his foes with determination. 'What, ho!' he cried, 'traitors, have ye come to kill me in my own house?' As he spoke, he plunged his sword into the body of the nearest man. They were fighting in a narrow passage, where only one man could advance at a time. Pizarro defended this passage bravely. The conspirators drew back, and there was a moment's pause. 'Why do we loiter?' cried one. 'Down with the traitor!' They rushed forward. One man was thrown into the arms of Pizarro, who ran him through with his sword; but at that moment he received a wound in his throat, and reeling, sank on the floor, while the conspirators seized the opportunity of plunging their swords into his body. 'Jesu!' exclaimed the dying man, and tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent down his head to kiss it, when a stroke, more friendly than the rest, put an end to his existence."

Thus, on the 26th June, 1541, after six years of despotism, cruelty, and conquest—after giving vast provinces to Spain, and filling her coffers with treasure wrung mercilessly from the unfortunate natives—perished the most remarkable man of his day.

Additional Notes to June.

BRAVE TOM BROWN.

(16).—The battle of **DETRINGEN** was fought betwixt the British, Hanoverian, and Hessian army, commanded by King George II. of England and the Earl of Stair, and the French army under Marshal Noailles and the Duc de Grammont. The French were defeated with great loss. At this battle a private of the name of **THOMAS BROWN**, who had not been more than a year in the service, singularly distinguished himself by his

intrepidity. After having two horses killed under him, and losing two fingers of his left hand, seeing the regimental standard borne off by some of the enemy, in consequence of a wound received by the coraet, he galloped into the midst of the enemy, shot the soldier who was carrying off the standard; and having seized it, and thrust it between his thigh and saddle, he gallantly fought his way back through the hostile ranks, and though covered with wounds, bore the prize in triumph to his comrades, who greeted him with three cheers. In this valiant exploit Brown received eight wounds in his face, head and neck; three balls went through his hat, and two lodged in his back, whence they could never be extracted. The fame of Tom Brown, like **Slaw the Waterloo** life-guardsmen, soon spread through the kingdom; his health was drank with enthusiasm, his achievement was painted on sign-posts, and prints representing his person and heroic deeds were sold in abundance. He retired on a pension of £30 a-year, to the town of Yarm (where there is still a sign that commemorates his valour), and died there in January, 1746.

THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

(29).—The trial of the seven bishops (Canterbury, Bath, Chichester, St. Asaph, Bristol, Ely, and Peterborough) who had been previously sent to the Tower of London by James II., for refusing to read a declaration for liberty of conscience (intending to bring the Roman Catholics into ecclesiastical and civil power) was a momentous period in English history, and operated powerfully in effecting the change of dynasty. Lord Macaulay makes a good point of the zeal of the people of Cornwall in behalf of their fellow-countryman, **TRELAWNY**, Bishop of Bristol, who was one of the seven. This dignity was the son of Sir Jonathan Trelawny, of Trelawny, in Cornwall, baronet, "and whom they revered less as a ruler of the Church than as the head of an honourable house, and the heir through twenty descents of ancestors who had been of great note before the Normans had set foot on English ground." The bishop enjoyed a very high popularity in his native district, and the prompt acquittal of the bishops alone prevented the people from rising in arms. A song was made for the occasion, which resounded in every house, in every highway, and in every street; and the burden of the ballad is still remembered—though the exact original of the song was lost, but which, in the following, has been happily restored by the Rev. R. S. Hawker, of Morwenstow, Cornwall:—

"A good sword and a trusty hand!

A merry heart and true!

King James's men shall understand!

What Cornish lads can do!

And have they fix'd the where and when?

And shall Trelawny die?

Here's twenty thousand Cornish men

Will know the reason why!"

[The miners from the caverns re-echoed the song with the variation:—

"Then twenty thousand under ground

Will know the reason why!"]

Out spake their captain brave and bold;

A merry wight was he;

"If London Tower were Michael's Hold,

We'll set Trelawny free!

We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,

The Severn is no stay,

With one and all, and hand to hand,

And who shall bid us nay!

And when we come to London Wall,

A pleasant sight to view;

Come forth! come forth! ye cowards all,

Here's men as good as you.

Trelawny he's in keep and hold,

Trelawny he may die;

But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold

Will know the reason why!"

It is worthy of remark that the opposition which Trelawny had presented to the acts of King James did not prevent his Majesty from afterwards advancing him to the see of Exeter, an event which happened just before the Revolution. By Queen Anne he was afterwards translated to Winchester, in which see he died in 1721.