

"HE THAT SPARES THE BAD, INJURES THE GOOD."

return with it to his native land when the newly-appointed Viceroy Blasco Nunez placed an embargo upon outgoing vessels, which effectually prevented him and his fortune from leaving the country.

In the narrow limits of this sketch it would be impossible even to give an outline of the momentous events which took place in Peru, and which has been so graphically described by the pen of Prescott, but on the breaking out of the great rebellion under Gonzalo Pizarro, (on whom his brother's mantle had fallen) Gonzalo and Carbajal, together with a large number of the rebel leaders, were taken prisoners by the royalists after a severe and bloody engagement.—The last moments of Carbajal are thus described:—

Captured red-handed in the act of rebellion, there was but little hope for mercy, and Carbajal was accordingly sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, the execution to take place the following day upon the field of battle. When his doom was communicated to him, he listened with his usual equanimity, and exclaimed, "They can but kill me!" with the air of a man who had long been prepared for the worst. When people came to gaze upon the fierce and aged soldier who had made his name so terrible throughout the land, some of them would revile him, whom he answered mockingly; whilst with others he would converse freely and even humorously. One cavalier of rank whose life he had spared when in power coming to see him, expressed his great desire to serve him. "What service can you do me?" said the prisoner; "Can you save my life? If you cannot do that you can do nothing. If I spared your life as you say, it was probably because I did not think it worth while to take it."*

The night before Carbajal's death, many religiously disposed persons called upon him and exhorted him to avail himself of the last consolations of the church, but the old warrior laughed them to scorn. "Of what use would it be?" inquired he. "I have nothing that lies heavy upon my conscience unless it be the debt of half a real to a shopkeeper in Seville, which I forgot to pay before leaving the country." When the time arrived for the dread sentence to be carried into effect, his arms were pinioned, and he was conveyed to the gallows upon a hurdle (in reality a basket) drawn by two mules. As the soldiers forced his corpulent body into this ignominious vehicle, he remarked, in his usual jesting style, "Cradles for infants, and a cradle for the old man, it seems?" On his way to the place of execution, despite his frequently expressed disinclination, he was attended by several priests, who urged him in his last moments to give some sign of repentance—if only by repeating a *Pater-Noster* or an *Ave Maria*. With revolting profanity, Carbajal repeated the words "*Pater-Noster*" and "*Ave Maria*?" and then relapsed into a profound silence, which he maintained until his tongue was silenced for ever. He died, as he had lived, with a scoff on his lips.

At the time of Carbajal's death he was eighty-four years of age, but, to use the language of Prescott, "the fires of youth glowed fierce and unquenchable in his bosom."

Additional Notes to March.

THE EVENTS SEEN IN A LONG LIFE.

(2).—HORACE WALPOLE, (Earl of Orford) the youngest son of the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole, died at the ripe old age of eighty, and his correspondence (published in nine volumes) extended over the lengthened period of sixty-two years, from 1735 to 1797. When near his sixtieth year, in writing on the eventful times in which he had lived, he remarked:—

"As I was an infant when my father became Minister, I came into the world at five years old; knew half the remaining Courts of King William and Queen Anne, or heard them talked of as fresh; being the youngest and favourite child, was carried to almost the first

* The atrocities recorded of Carbajal when at the summit of his power are incredible: out of three hundred and forty executions, according to Fernandez, three hundred were by Carbajal. He took a diabolical pleasure, it is said, in amusing himself with the sufferings of his victims, and in their hour of execution would give utterance to frightful jests that made them taste more keenly the bitterness of death.

operas; kissed the hand of George the First, and am now hearing the frolics of his great-great-grandson;—no, all this cannot have happened in one life! I have seen a mistress of James the Second; the Duke of Marlborough's burial; three or four wars; the whole career, victories, and death of Lord Chatham; the loss of America; and the second conflagration of London by Lord George Gordon—and yet I am not so old as Methuseleh by four or five centuries."

Walpole had been elected to Parliament in 1741, but although he retained his seat during twenty-eight years, he distinguished himself in debate only upon two occasions. He retired from Parliament in 1768, and led a life of literary ease at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, where he formed a collection of books, and works of art and curiosity, and set up a printing-press, from which proceeded several elegant works.

He succeeded to the title of Earl of Orford on the death of his nephew, but as it had always been his habit to despise titles, on many occasions, he signed his letters—"The uncle of the late Earl of Orford." This title became extinct at his own death.

LORD CAMDEN IN THE STOCKS!

(27).—Six hours in the stocks, or a fine of five shillings, was the punishment attached to drunkenness by statute 21 James I. The stocks, as instruments of punishment, have long been disused; they are, however, still to be seen in some parts of England. The stocks was a simple arrangement for exposing the culprit on a bench, and he was confined by having his ankles laid in holes, under a movable board.

A ludicrous story is related of Chief-Justice Camden (Charles Pratt), that being on a visit to Lord Dacre, in Essex, he walked out with a gentleman, and at no great distance from the house of his host came upon the village stocks. The Chief-justice, thinking he should like to know what the punishment was, asked his companion to open the stocks and put him in. His friend was remarkable for absence of mind, and on this occasion, taking a book from his pocket, he sauntered on, and completely forgot the judge and his situation. After some time, the Chief-justice, having had enough of the stocks, vainly tried to release himself. He appealed to a labourer who happened to pass. "No, no, old gentleman," was the reply, "you were not set there for nothing!" and the unfortunate experimentalist had to remain till he was released by a servant whom his host, surprised at his long absence, had sent in search of him.



As a pendant to this story, it is related that some years afterwards, on the trial of an action for false imprisonment against a magistrate by some fellow whom he had set in the stocks, on the counsel for the defendant ridiculing the charge, and declaring it was no punishment at all, Lord Camden leaned over and whispered, "Brother, were you ever in the stocks?" The counsel indignantly replied, "Never, my lord!"—"Then I have been," said the Chief-justice, "and I can assure you it is not the trifle you represent."



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