

Chapter 13
Barranca - Yacol

"The fire which burnt Albania so long was at last extinguished. All the red blood has flowed, and the tears of our children have been wiped away. Now we hold the cord of federation and friendship." Colden's History of the Six Nations.

THE conqueror of Ciudadela had driven the last supporters of the Unitario system beyond the confines of the Republic. The guns were hushed, and the tramp of cavalry was no longer heard on the pampas. Facundo returned to San Juan, and disbanded his army; but he restored the nominal value of what money he had taken from San Juan by the spoils of Tucuman. What more was there to do? Peace was then the normal condition of the Republic, as war had been before.

The conquests of Quiroga had destroyed all feeling of independence in the provinces, all regularity of administration. Liberty had ceased, and Quiroga's name took the place of law. In this portion of the Republic all leaders were united in one, and Jujui, Salta, Catamarca, Tucuman, Rioja, San Juan, and Mendoza, remained under the sole influence of Quiroga. In a word, the Federals, had disappeared as well as the Unitarios, and the most complete unity existed in the person of the conqueror. Thus the undivided organization of the Republic which Rivadavia had attempted, and which had occasioned the contest, was realized in the interior at least, unless we can admit the existence of a confederation of cities which have lost all free will, and are at the mercy of a single leader. But in spite of the misapplication of common terms, the facts are too plain to be doubted. Facundo even spoke contemptuously of the much talked-of Confederation; proposed to his friends that they should choose a provincial for President of the Republic, and suggested Dr. José Santos Ortez, ex-governor of San Luis, his own friend and secretary. "He is not a rough gaucho like myself," he said, "but a scholar and an honest man; the man who knows how to do justice to his enemies, is worthy of confidence."

Thus it appears that Quiroga, after routing the Unitarios, went back to the old idea he entertained before the struggle -the advocacy of a presidency and the necessity of putting in order the affairs of the Republic. Yet some doubts troubled him. "Now, general," some one said to him, "the nation will be governed by Federal principles." "Hum," he answered, shaking his head, "there are still some obstacles in the way," and he added, with a significant look, "our friends below (Buenos Ayres) do not wish for a constitution."

When communications from Buenos Ayres came, and journals which gave the promotions of various officers who had commanded in the useless army of Cordova, Quiroga said to General Huidobro, "You see they have no titles to bestow upon my officers after all we have done here; we should belong to the port, to get anything." Knowing that Lopez was in possession of his Arabian horse, and did not send it to him, he was very angry, and exclaimed, "Ali, gaucho-stealer of cows, you will pay dearly for the pleasure of being well mounted!" And he continued his threats and abuse until his friends were alarmed at his indiscretion.

What did Quiroga intend to do now? He was governor of no province, and had no army

under his command; nothing remained to him but his arms and the terror of his name. On his way to Rioja he had left hidden in the woods all the guns, swords, and lances which he had collected in the eight cities he had overrun, numbering more than twelve thousand. He deposited in the city twenty-six pieces of artillery, with plenty of baggage and ammunition, and moreover he had sixteen hundred fine horses at pasture in the ravines of Cuyo. Rioja was the cradle of his power, the very centre of his influence in the provinces; at a signal its arsenal would equip twelve thousand men for war. Some may incline to doubt these facts, but even as late as 1841 arms were dug up that had been concealed at that time. In 1830 General Madrid took possession of a treasure of thirty thousand dollars belonging to Quiroga, and soon after it was said that fifteen more had been found. Quiroga wrote to him charging him with having taken thirty nine thousand dollars; and doubtless much more had been buried before the battle at Oncativo, during the time when so many cities were despoiled. As to the real amount concealed in those two parcels, Madrid afterwards thought that Quiroga gave it rightly, for the discoverer of the last parcel, having been taken prisoner, offered ten thousand dollars for his life, and when this was not accepted, committed suicide by cutting his throat.

Thus the interior had now a chief; he who had been conquered at Oncativo, and who had in Buenos Ayres only been entrusted with a few hundred convicts, was now the second, if not the first in power. To make the division of the Republic into two parts more decided, the provinces bordering on the Plata had made a league or confederation by which their liberties and independence were mutually assured; though a certain kind of feudalism still existed in the persons of Lopez of Santa Fé, Ferré, and Rosas, leaders sprung from the people whom they governed. Rosas had already begun to influence public affairs very decidedly. After the victory over Lavalle, he was made governor of Buenos Ayres, and until 1832 filled the office as well as any other would have done. I must not omit a significant fact. From the first, Rosas demanded to be invested with absolute power, but was strongly opposed by his partisans in the city. By persuasions and deceptions he succeeded in obtaining it during the war of Cordova, and when that was ended, he was eagerly desired to give up this unlimited power. The city of Buenos Ayres did not then imagine that it could exist as an absolute government, whatever the principles of its political parties might be. Rosas, however, resisted, gently but ably. "It is not that I wish to make use of such power," he said, "but, as my secretary, Garcia Zúñiga, says, the schoolmaster must hold his whip in hand that his authority may be respected." He considered this comparison entirely appropriate, and repeated it frequently, -the citizens were the children, the governor, man and master.

Rosas was obliged to yield; but the ex-governor had no intention of becoming a mere citizen; the labor and patience of many years were about to bring their reward. During his legal term of service he learned all the entrances to the citadel, and all the ill-fortified points; and if he then left the government, it was only to take it by assault from the outside, without any constitutional restrictions, without being fettered by responsibility to any one. He laid down the truncheon to take up first the sword, and afterward the battle-axe. Not long before he resigned the government, a great expedition, led by himself, was prepared to extend and protect the southern boundaries of the province which were exposed to frequent invasions of the savages.

Everything was arranged on a large scale: an army composed of three divisions was to form a line of four hundred leagues, from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza. Quiroga was to command the forces of the interior, while Rosas, with his division, followed the Atlantic coast. The magnificence and utility of the enterprise concealed from the eyes of the people the political manoeuvre hidden under this plausible pretext. For what could be more desirable than to secure the southern frontier by making a large river the boundary between it and the Indians, and protecting it with a line of forts; a very practicable design, which had already been clearly marked out in the voyage of Cruz from the city of Concepcion, in Chili.

But Rosas had no idea of engaging in any enterprise which tended only toward the good of the Republic. His troops marched as far as Rio Colorado, moving slowly, and making observations on the soil, climate, and other circumstances of the country through which they passed. They destroyed some Indian huts, and took a few poor prisoners; and this was all that was effected by the great expedition, which left the frontier as defenseless as it had been before, and is still. The divisions of Mendoza and San Luis returned equally unsuccessful from the deserts of the south. Rosas then raised for the first time his red flag, like that of Algiers, and assumed the title of Hero of the Desert, in addition to that already acquired, of Restorer of the Laws—those same laws which he was now about to destroy.

Facundo, too keen to be deceived as to the object of the expedition, remained at San Juan until the divisions of the interior returned. The division commanded by Huidobro, which had been in the desert opposite San Luis, marched towards Cordova, and its approach put a stop to a rebellion headed by the Castillos, the object of which was to take the government from the Reinafés who were under the influence of Lopez. This rebellion was evidently gotten up at the instigation of Facundo; its leaders were from San Juan, the residence of Quiroga, and their supporters were his well-known partisans. The journals of the time, however, say nothing about Facundo's connection with that movement; and when Huidobro retired to his provincial home, and Arridondo, with other leaders of the rebellion, was shot, there was nothing more to be said or done; for the war about to begin between the two parties of the Republic, between the two leaders who were contending for supremacy, was to be a war of ambushes, snares, and treachery. It was a silent combat; not a trial of strength between armies, but between audacity on one side, and skill and cunning on the other. This struggle between Quiroga and Rosas is but little understood, though it lasted five years. Each hated and despised the other, and neither lost sight of the other for a moment, for each felt that his Iffe and success depended on the result of this terrible game.

Perhaps it will be well to make a political chart of the Republic from 1822, that the reader may better comprehend the following operations.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Region of the Andes

Unity under the Influence of Quiroga

Jujui, Rioja, Salta, San Juan,

Borders of the Plata

Confederation Under the League of La Plata

Corrientes - Ferré

Tucuman, Mendoza,
Catamarca, San Luis.

Entre Rios, Santa Fé, Cordoba - *Lopez*
Buenos Ayres -*Rosas*

FEUDAL FACTION.
Santiago del Estero - *Ibarra*.

Lopez, of Santa Fé, extended his influence by means of Echague, a creature of his, and over Cordova through the Reinafés. Ferré, a man of independent spirit, kept Corrientes out of the struggle until 1839. Under the rule of Beron de Astrada, that province turned against Rosas, who, with his increase of power, had regarded the League as of no effect. This same Ferré was led by his narrow provincial spirit to denounce Lavalle as a deserter in 1840, for having crossed the Paraná with the army of Corrientes; and after the battle of Chaaguazu he took the victorious army from General Paz, thus losing the important advantages which might have been secured by that victory. Ferré in these proceedings and others, was actuated by the spirit of provincial independence which had grown up during the war with Spain. Thus the same feeling which had thrown Corrientes into opposition to the Unitario constitution in 1826, made it in 1838 oppose Rosas, who was attempting a centralization of power. Thence came Ferré's mistakes, and the misfortunes which followed the battle of Chaaguazu, making it of no use to the Republic, the general, or the province itself; for if the rest of the Republic should be consolidated under Rosas, Corrientes could not maintain its feudal and federal independence.

The southern expedition being ended, or rather stopped, for it had neither plan nor end, Facundo marched to Buenos Ayres with Barcala and his chosen band, and entered the city without taking the trouble to announce his arrival. Such neglect of ordinary forms might be commented upon were it not entirely characteristic. What brought Quiroga to Buenos Ayres at this time? Was it another invasion like that of Mendoza in the very stronghold of his rival? Or did this barbarian at last desire to live amidst the luxuries of civilization? It is probable that all these causes urged Facundo to his ill-advised journey to Buenos Ayres. Power instructs, and Quiroga had all the high qualities of mind which enable a man to adapt himself to any new position, whatever it may be. He established himself in Buenos Ayres, and was soon surrounded by the principal men of the place; he bought shares in the public funds to the amount of six hundred thousand dollars; played for various stakes; spoke contemptuously of Rosas; declared himself a Unitario among Unitarios, and talked continually about the constitution. His past life, his barbarous deeds, little known at Buenos Ayres, were explained and excused by the desire of conquest, and the necessity of self-preservation. His present conduct was temperate, his manner dignified and imposing, though he still wore the *chaqueta*, the striped poncho, and long hair and beard.

During his residence at Buenos Ayres, Quiroga made some trials of his personal strength. As he was walking, wrapped up as usual in his poncho, he saw a man with his knife drawn, refusing to yield to a policeman; and seizing the fellow, disarmed him, and carried him to the station; he had not given the policeman his name, but was recognized at the station by an officer,

and next day the papers all related the story. He heard one day that an apothecary had spoken contemptuously of his barbarity in the provinces, and went to his office to inquire about it, but this time was not very successful; the physician, nothing daunted, told him that he would not be able to ill-treat people in Buenos Ayres as he had done in the provinces, and the story was circulated with great satisfaction in the city. Yet this Buenos Ayres, so proud of its institutions, was, before the end of a year, to be treated with greater barbarity than the interior had ever received at the hands of Quiroga. The police once went to Quiroga's house in search of him, and he overcame his first impulse to defend himself, feeling that there was a greater power than his, and that he might at any time be imprisoned should he take his defense into his own hands. Quiroga's sons were in the best schools, and he made them wear the European dress; and when one of them insisted on leaving his studies for the army, he was placed by his father in one of the regiments as drummer, until he should repent of his folly.

Quiroga used to declare that the only writers good for anything were the Varelas, who had abused him so much, and that the only honest men in the Republic were Rivadavia and Paz. To the Unitarios he said that he only wanted a secretary like Dr. Ocampo,-a politician who could write out a constitution, and he would march with it to San Luis, and thence show it to the whole Republic at the point of a lance. Quiroga represented himself as the leader of a new attempt to organize the Republic, and he might be said to have conspired openly had he done more than talk. His natural habit of idleness, and of expecting everything from terror, and perhaps the novelty of surrounding circumstances, prevented him from acting with energy, and at last put him in the power of his rival. There is no proof that Quiroga proposed any immediate action, unless it be found in his understanding with the governors of the interior, and his indiscreet words, repeated by both parties, though the Unitarios did not dare to trust their cause to such hands, and the Federals looked upon him as a deserter from their ranks.

While he thus gave himself up to dangerous indolence, the serpent which was to crush him in its folds, drew nearer and nearer. In the year 1833, Rosas, while nominally occupied with the great expedition, kept his army in the south, and narrowly watched Buenos Ayres and the progress of Balcarce's government. The province of Buenos Ayres soon presented a most singular spectacle. Imagine what would happen if a large comet should approach the earth: first a general disturbance, then deep, far-off rumblings, then oscillations of the earth attracted from its orbit, then a mighty convulsion followed by the upheaval of mountains, and finally the deluge and chaos that have preceded the successive creations on our globe. Such was the influence exerted by Rosas in 1834. The government of Buenos Ayres became more and more restricted, more embarrassed in its movement, more dependent on the "hero of the desert." Every communication from him was a reproach to the governor, exorbitant requisitions for the army or some unprecedented demand. Soon the civil authorities lost all influence over the country population, and complaint was made to Rosas, who was supposed to control the peasantry; but in a short time the same disregard of authority spread rapidly over the city itself, until it became no uncommon thing for armed men to ride through the streets, now and then firing upon the citizens. This disorganization of society increased daily, and it was not difficult to trace an influence from the camp of Rosas to the country districts,-from these to the suburbs of the city, and thence to a

certain class of men within the city. The government of Balcarce succumbed to this power from without, and the partisans of Rosas worked hard to open the way for him, but the Federal party of the city made constant opposition. The chamber of representatives assembled in the midst of the confusion caused by the resignation of Balcarce, and chose General Viamont governor, who readily accepted the office.

For a short time order seemed to be re-established, and the city once more breathed freely, but soon the same confusion began again, and the same outrages were committed in the streets. It is impossible to describe the state of constant alarm in which the people lived during two years of this strange and systematic persecution. Frequently, without any apparent cause, people were seen running through the streets, the noise of closing doors was heard from house to house; some whisper had passed around-some one had observed a suspicious looking group of men, or the clatter of hoofs had been heard.

On one of these occasions Quiroga was passing by a street, and seeing well-dressed men running without knowing for what, he looked contemptuously at a group of armed ruffians, and said, "It would not have been so, had I been here."

"And what would you have done, general?" asked his companion, "you have no influence over these people."

Quiroga raised his head, and with flashing eyes, answered, "Look you, if I should go into the street, and say to the first man I met, 'Follow me,' would he not follow?"

There was such an overpowering energy in Quiroga's words, and his figure was so imposing, that they rarely failed to impress strongly.

General Viamont resigned at last, because he saw that he could not govern; that there was a powerful hand holding the reins of the administration; and no one could be found to succeed him, none dared accept the office. After awhile, however, Dr. Maza was placed at the head of the government, and as he was the old master and friend of Rosas, it was hoped that a remedy had been found for the evil. A vain hope, for the distress increased rather than diminished. Anchorena petitioned the governor to repress the social disorders, knowing that this was not in his power, that the police force would not obey; that the real power came from without.

General Guido and Dr. Alcorta, in the chamber of representatives, earnestly protested against the violent commotion in which the city was kept, but the evil still increased, and to aggravate it, Rosas, from his camp, reproached the governor with the disorders which he himself had fomented. Finally a committee of representatives went to offer him the government, saying that he alone could put an end to the suffering which they had endured for two years. But Rosas refused, and then there were new commissions, and new persuasions, until Rosas consented to do the people the favor of governing them, on condition that the legal term of three years should be extended to five years, and that the "highest public power" should be given him; an expression

invented by himself, he alone understanding its meaning.

In the midst of these arrangements between Rosas and the city of Buenos Ayres, news came of a difficulty between the governors of Salta, Tucuman, and Santiago del Estero, which might result in war. Five years had passed since the Unitarios disappeared from the political world, and two since the city Federals had lost their influence in the government, but had courage to exact conditions which made capitulation tolerable. While the "city" surrendered at discretion, with its institutions, its liberties, etc., Rosas was carrying on complicated machinations outside. He was evidently in communication with Lopez of Santa Fé, and there was even a conference between the two leaders. The government of Cordova was under the influence of Lopez, who had placed the Reinafés at its head. Facundo was now invited to go and use his influence to settle the difficulties which had arisen in the northern part of the Republic, no one else being chosen to aid him in this mission of peace. He refused at first, then hesitated, and finally accepted.

It was on the 18th of December, in 1835, that Facundo took leave of the city, saying to his friends, "If I succeed, you will see me again, if not, farewell forever." At the last moment this intrepid man was assailed by dark presentiments; it will be remembered that something similar happened to Napoleon when he was leaving the Tuilleries for Waterloo.

He had scarcely made half a day's journey when a muddy brook stopped his carriage. The travelling attendant came up and tried to get it over; new horses were put in, and every effort made to move the carriage, but in vain, and Quiroga falling into a rage, ordered the man himself to be harnessed to the vehicle. His brutality and terrorism appeared again as soon as he found himself without the city. This first obstacle being overcome, he went on across the pampas, always travelling until two o'clock in the night, and starting again at four. He was accompanied by Dr. Ortez, his secretary, and a well-known young man, who had been prevented from continuing the journey in his own carriage by the loss of a wheel soon after starting.

At every post Facundo eagerly asked how long it was since a courier from Buenos Ayres had passed; the usual answer was, "about an hour," after which he called hurriedly for horses, and drove on rapidly. Their comfort was not increased by the rain, which fell in torrents two or three days. On entering the province of Santa Fé, Quiroga's anxiety increased, and it became absolute agony when, on reaching the post at Pavon, he found that the post-master was absent, and that there were no horses to be had immediately. His companions saw no cause for this mood, and were astonished to find this man who was a terror to the whole Republic, a prey to what seemed groundless fears.

When the carriage once more started, he muttered in a low tone to himself, "If I only get beyond the boundaries of Santa FÉ, it is enough."

At last they arrived at Cordova, at half-past nine at night, just an hour after the courier from Buenos Ayres, who had preceded them all the way. One of the Reinafés hastened to the post-station where Facundo still sat in his carriage calling for horses, and greeting him

respectfully, invited him to pass the night in the city where the governor had already prepared for his reception. But to each renewed offer of hospitality, Quiroga only answered by a call for horses, until Reinafé retired mortified, and Facundo set out again at twelve o'clock at night. Meanwhile the city of Cordova was filled with mysterious rumors; the friends of the young man who had by chance come with Quiroga, and who stopped at Cordova, his native place, went to see him in crowds, seeming to be much astonished at finding him alive. They informed him that he had a narrow escape; that Quiroga was to have been assassinated at a certain place; that the assassins were engaged and the pistols purchased; but he had escaped them by his haste, for the courier had scarcely arrived and announced his coming, when he appeared himself, frustrating all their plans. Never was such a thing undertaken with so little secrecy; the whole city knew all the particulars of the crime intended by the government, and Quiroga's assassination was the only subject of conversation.

Quiroga arrived at his destination, settled the difficulties between the hostile governors, and started back to Cordova, in spite of the reiterated entreaties of the governors of Santiago and Tucuman, who offered him a large escort, and advised him to return by way of Cuyo. It would seem that some avenging spirit made him obstinately persist in defying his enemies, without escort, and without any means of defense, when he might have gone by the Cuyo road, disinterred his immense deposit of arms at Rioja, and armed the eight provinces which were under his influence. He knew all; had received repeated intimations in Santiago del Estero; he knew the danger he had escaped by his rapid progress; knew the greater one which awaited him, for his enemies had not given up their design. "To Cordova!" he cried to the postilion, as if Cordova was to be the end of his journey.

Before they reached the post-station of Ojo del Agua, a young man came out of the woods into the road, and asked at the carriage for Dr. Ortez, who got out and heard from the young man, that Santos Perez with a military company was stationed near a place called Barranca-Yacco; that as the carriage passed they were to fire into it from both sides, and afterwards kill the postilions; no one was to escape; the orders were positive. The young man, who had formerly been befriended by Ortez, now came to save him, and had a horse ready at a little distance for him to ride. The secretary, astounded by this news, told Quiroga what he had heard and urged him to save himself. Facundo questioned the young man again, and thanked him for the information, but told him he might make himself easy, adding in a loud voice, "The man is not born who will kill Quiroga; at a word from me to-morrow, that whole company will put itself under my command, and escort me to Cordova."

These words of Quiroga, which I have but recently learned, explain why he so strangely persisted in defying death. Pride and faith in the terror of his name, urged him on to the fatal catastrophe. I had already so accounted for it in my own mind, before I had the confirmation of his words.

The night which the travellers passed at the post-station of Ojo del Agua, was one of great agony to the unhappy secretary, who was going to a certain death without the half-savage valor

and rashness which inspired Quiroga; death never seems more terrible than when imposed by the senseless bravado of a friend, and when there would be no dishonor in avoiding it. Dr. Ortez took the post-master aside and asked him about the report he had heard, promising not to abuse his confidence; he was told that Santos Perez had been there with his company of thirty men not an hour before, and they were then stationed at the appointed place, fully armed; that all who accompanied Quiroga were to be killed, as Perez himself had said. This corroboration of the information before received did not alter the determination of Quiroga, who, after taking a cup of chocolate, as usual, slept profoundly; unlike Ortez who lay awake thinking of his wife and children whom he would see no more, and only because he could not incur the charge of disloyalty to his friend,-a friend more to be feared than many enemies. At midnight, his agony becoming insupportable, he got up with a faint hope of receiving some comfort from the post-master. But the man could only repeat what he had already told, and showed unfeigned anxiety himself, for, as he said, the two postilions he was obliged to provide would have to share the same fate. Ortez then aroused Quiroga, and made one more attempt to dissuade him from his purpose, saying that he could not accompany him if he persisted. Quiroga laughed at his fears, and gave him to understand that his own anger would be more dangerous than anything he could meet at Barranca-Yacco; so that the unfortunate man could only submit. Quiroga then called his strong negro servant and set him to cleaning some arms; this was all he could be induced to do in the way of precaution.

Daylight came at last, and the carriage started, accompanied by two postilions, one of whom was a mere lad and nephew of one of the company which lay in wait for them; two couriers who accidentally joined the party, and the negro who went on horseback. They soon reached the fatal spot, two discharges were fired into the carriages from each side of the road, but without wounding any one; then the soldiers rushing up sword in hand, disabled the horses in a moment, and cut to pieces the driver and couriers. Quiroga meanwhile put his head out of the window and said to the commander of the company, "What is all this?" His only answer was a ball through his head. Santos Perez then passed his sword several times through the body, and when the butchery was completed, had the carriage filled with dead bodies, and dragged into the woods, with the murdered postilion still on his seat. The young lad alone was alive, and Perez seeing him, asked who he was. His sergeant replied, that the boy was a nephew of his, and that he would answer for him with his life. Without a word, Perez walked up to the sergeant, shot him through the heart, and then seizing the boy by the arm, threw him on the ground and cut his throat in spite of his childish cries for mercy. Yet in after life the death cries of this lad became a pursuing torment to him, and sounded in his ears, sleeping or waking, wherever he might be. Facundo had said of all the deeds he had committed, but one remorse troubled him, which was for the death of the twenty-six officers shot at Mendoza.

This Santos Perez was a gaucho-outlaw, celebrated in all the Sierra and city of Cordova for the many murders he had committed, for his bold audacity and extraordinary adventures. While General Paz was at Cordova this man had gathered about him a large band of the most lawless men, and occupied one of the wild mountain districts. With higher ideas, he would have been equal to Quiroga, as it was, he was only his assassin. He was very tall, had a pale, handsome

face, with a curly black beard.

Perez was long pursued as a criminal by the government, and more than four hundred men were sent out to look for him. Once he narrowly escaped being poisoned by Reinafé; at another time a party sent to take him was commanded by an old friend of his, who sent for him under pretense of having something to say to him. Perez went down to him, saying, "Here I am, what is wanted?" and when the captain hesitated a moment with embarrassment, he turned on his heel, saying contemptuously, "I knew you wanted to betray me, and only came to make sure of it;" and before they could seize him, he had disappeared. After numerous escapes of this kind, he was at last delivered up to justice through a woman's revenge. He had beaten his mistress one night, and when he had fallen asleep, she went out and told some policemen where he was, having first removed his pistols from beside his pillow. Being suddenly awakened, and seeing himself surrounded by armed men, he reached out his arm, and then said, quietly, "I surrender, they have taken my pistols."

An immense crowd assembled in the streets when he was carried into Buenos Ayres, and showered upon him every kind of abusive epithet, but he only held his head the higher, and murmured disdainfully, "If I but had my knife." He was followed with execrations as he walked to the scaffold, and his gigantic form, like that of Danton, towered above the crowd around him. The government of Buenos Ayres gave great solemnity to the execution of Quiroga's assassins; the blood-stained, ball pierced carriage was long exposed to public view, and lithographs of Quiroga, and of those executed on the scaffold, were distributed among the people. But the impartial historian will one day expose the real instigator of the assassination.