

of Spanish music with a grand flourish, when Don Gomez was gently touched by the person sitting next him, and, facing his companion, he was surprised at thus accidentally falling upon Don Pedro. Of course there was a great amount of small talk on common-place affairs, before the political claimed a share. Then Don Gomez for the first time saw Spain unmasked, and caught a glimpse of the wrong and villainy that lay beneath the by no means smooth exterior, which, in a certain measure, explained the bloody and disgusting under current, which was only too surely undermining the prosperity of his unhappy country.

Strange proceedings had been enacted at the capital during the past few days. An armed body of disloyal men, who were formerly connected with the Queen's own body guard, had entered Queen Christina's apartments at La Granja in the pinery, on the opposite side of the Guadarama hills, about eleven or twelve leagues distant from Madrid. They had brought a paper with them, desiring, even ordering her, to sign it, which she indignantly refused to do, at the same time ordering them to withdraw. Finding themselves baffled thus far, they dragged her to an open court where Munos stood, chained and blindfolded.

"Swear to the constitution, you she rogue!" cried the sergeant Garcia.

"Never!" was the spirited answer of the descendant of the Neopolitan Bourbon, "never!"

"Then your cortejo dies!"

Munos was led to the wall and made to kneel.

"Now, my lads, send a dozen bullets through his heart!"

The muskets were levelled; Garcia's hand falling upon the other, which was the signal to fire, was slowly descending,—another moment and Munos would be riddled with bullets.

"Hold! I sign!"

On the same day was heard, at Madrid, the loud cry "La Granja!" and "Viva la Constitution!" followed, which but one day before would have been punished as a capital offence.

The succeeding day had witnessed a transaction in Madrid, that Spain, or indeed that Europe, had never seen before!

When all Madrid was rife with disloyal cries, when the greater part of the citizens had collected themselves together for the purpose of revolutionizing the country, a solitary horseman dashed down the calle de Carretas into the square at a gallop, with a drawn sword in his hand. Two mounted officers, in a few moments followed. The crowd, about the Puerta del Sol drew back as the great Quesada galloped into the midst of the riotous multitude. Nationals flew away in every direction:—"LONG LIVE THE ABSOLUTE QUEEN!" he cried, slapping a national with the flat of his sabre.

Quesada's triumph was short lived.

That day of triumph was his last;—but it was sufficient to show to the world that one weak man had stayed the tide of a great revolution for an entire day!