

Isturitz was the Prime Minister of all Spain, and on this day had he only maintained half the courage he showed when his predecessor Mendizibal was deposed, the day would have been his. But their hearts failed them,—utterly failed them when they saw some of their best friends join the legions of nationals, and they fled. Every one knows how they fled. Every one has heard how Quesada fled!

His had been the fortune to disperse multitudes of fiery men, fearlessly opposing them in their revolutionary attempts; but when Madrid reposed in the silence of night, and no foe was near, his proud spirit drooped, and he fell a prey to feelings which, could they have been suppressed, the name of Quesada would now be emblazoned on the escutcheon where proud and noble deeds are alone written, and history would give the worthy man an imperishable name.

He stood through the day, like a mighty bulwark of conscious strength, stemming the tide of political fury, with a dignity that would have graced the conqueror of the world; but when his comrades forsook him, when Isturitz, and Galiano fled to France, the Duke of Rivas to Gibraltar, he could not stand without followers, and he too fled disguised as a citizen.

Fled when every cry of "La Granja" and "La Constitucion" had died away; fled when the city reposed in peace; fled when the guards were willing and eager to release the captive Queen, and to burn the paper which had caused so much trouble;—fled when reinforcements were approaching, at only a distance of a few leagues! It may not be amiss to record again the fate of this hero. There is a celebrated coffee house in the Calle d'Alcala, capable of holding several hundred men. On the evening of this day, a band of fierce looking nationals entered this house, marching arm in arm, stamping upon the floor and singing the following wretched stanza:

"Que es lo que abaja
Por abuel cerro?
Ta ra ra ra ra.

Son los huesos de Quesada,
Que los trae un perro
Ta ra ra ra ra."

Of which the following translation has been made:

"What down the hill comes hurrying there?
With a hey, with a ho, a sword and a gun?
Quesada's bones, which a hound doth bear,
Hurrah, brave brothers!—the work is done!"

A large bowl of coffee was placed before them. They called for cups, and untying a blue handkerchief, took from it a bloody hand with two or three dissevered fingers, and with these were the contents of the bowl stirred,—after which they drank the coffee even to the very dregs!

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