

y Calvo, and Alexandro Carril. Quiroga asked the latter how much he would give for his life.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," he answered, trembling.

"And you, sir," asked Quiroga, of the other, "how much will you give?"

"I can only give four thousand," said Castro. "I am only a merchant and have no property."

They sent to San Juan for the money, and behold thirty thousand dollars collected for the war at a very small cost. While waiting for the money, Facundo lodged them under a carob-tree, and employed them in making cartridges, paying them two reals a day for their work.

The governor of San Juan, hearing of the efforts made by the family of Carril to collect this ransom, took advantage of the knowledge. As governor of the city he could not exactly shoot his own citizens, though an independent Federal, and neither did he have the power to extort money from the Unitarios. But he ordered all the political prisoners in the gaols to be sent to the camp at Atilas to join the army. The mothers and wives understood what fate they were to expect, and first one, and then another and another, succeeded in scraping together the sums necessary to keep back their sons and husbands from the den of the Tiger. Thus Quiroga governed in San Juan merely by the terror of his name.

When the brothers Aldao were all powerful in Mendoza, and had not left in Rioja one man, old or young, married or single, who was able to carry arms, Facundo transported his head-quarters to San Juan, where there were still many wealthy Unitarios. There he soon ordered six hundred lashes to a citizen noted for his influence, talent, and wealth, and walked himself by the side of the cart which carried his expiring victim through the streets; for Facundo was very careful about this part of his administration; and not at all like Rosas, who, from his private room where he was taking his *maté*, sent Mazorqueros to ex-

ecute the atrocities afterward charged upon the *federal enthusiasm* of the people. Not thinking this example sufficient, Facundo seized upon an old man, whom he accused—or scarcely troubled himself to accuse—of having served as a guide to some fugitives, and had him shot without permitting him to speak a word; for this heaven-sent defender of the faith cared very little whether his victims confessed or not.

Public opinion being thus prepared, there were no sacrifices the city of San Juan was not ready to make for the defense of the Confederation; contributions were given in without remonstrance, and arms appeared as if by magic. The Aldaos triumphed in the incapacity of the Unitarios to violate the treaty of Pilar, and then Quiroga left for Mendoza. There no additional terror was needed, for the daily executions ordered by the monk Aldao had paralyzed the city; but Facundo thought it necessary to justify the terror carried everywhere by his name. Some young men of San Juan had been made prisoners, and these, at least, belonged to him. He asked one of them how many guns he could furnish by the end of four days; the young man answered that if he might have time to send to Chili for them, he would do all he could. Quiroga repeated, "How many can you furnish now?"

"None," was the answer; and the next moment his body was taken away to be buried, six others soon following. The same question was put orally or in writing to the prisoners from Mendoza, and the answers were more or less satisfactory. Among these was a General Alvarado, who was brought before Facundo.

"Sit down, General," he said. "How soon can you deliver six thousand dollars for your ransom?"

"Sir, I cannot bring it at all; I have no money."

"But you have friends who would not let you be shot," said Quiroga.

"No, sir; I have none. I was only passing through the prov-

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ince when I was induced by the public wish to take charge of the government."

"Where would you like to go?" continued Quiroga, after a moment of silence.

"Wherever you may order, sir."

"What do you think of San Juan?"

"Just as you please, sir."

"How much money do you need?"

"None, I thank you, sir."

Facundo went to a desk and opening a bag of gold, said, "Take what you need, General."

"Thanks, sir, nothing."

An hour later the carriage of General Alvarado was at his door with his baggage in it, and also General Villafañe, who conducted him to San Juan, and on his arrival there, gave him a hundred ounces of gold from General Quiroga, begging him not to refuse it.

This would seem to prove that Quiroga's heart was not entirely dead to noble impressions. Alvarado was an old soldier, a grave and prudent general, who had given him no trouble. He afterward said of him,—“That Alvarado is a good soldier, but he doesn't understand our warfare.”

At San Juan they brought before him a Frenchman named Barreau, who had written about him as only a Frenchman can write. Facundo asked him if he was the author of the abusive articles, and was answered in the affirmative.

"Then what do you expect?"

"Death, sir," said the man; but Quiroga threw him a purse, saying, "There, take that, and go somewhere else to be hung."

At Tucuman, Quiroga one day lay stretched on a bench, when an Andalusian came up and asked for the General.

"He is in there," said Quiroga; "what do you want with him?"

"I have come to pay the four hundred dollars' contribution he has charged upon me,—the fellow gets his living easy."

"Do you know the General, friend?"

"No, and I don't want to know him, the rogue!"

"Come in and take a drink," said Quiroga, but at that moment an aide came up, and began: "General—."

"General!" cried the man, opening his eyes, "so you are the General! Ah, General," he continued, falling on his knees, "I am a poor devil,—you wouldn't be the ruin of me,—the money is all ready, General,—come, don't be angry, now!"

Facundo burst into a loud laugh, told the man to make himself easy, and giving him back the contribution, only took two hundred of it as a loan, which he afterwards faithfully repaid. Two years after this, a paralyzed beggar called out to him in the streets of Buenos Ayres,—

"Good-bye, General, I am the Andalusian of Tucuman, and I'm paralyzed." Facundo gave him six dollars.

These things prove the theory, which the modern drama has exhibited with so much brilliancy, namely, that in the darkest characters of history there will always be found a ray of light, however totally it seems sometimes to vanish.

But let us resume the course of public events. After the solemn inauguration of terror in Mendoza, Facundo retired to Retamo, whither the Aldao brothers had carried a contribution of a hundred thousand dollars extorted from the Unitarios. There they gambled day and night, playing for enormous stakes, until Facundo had won the hundred thousand dollars.

A year passed in preparations for the war, and at the end of 1830 a new and formidable army, composed of divisions recruited in Rioja, San Juan, Mendoza, and San Luis, marched against Cordova. General Paz, desirous of avoiding bloodshed, though sure of winning new laurels should an engagement take place, sent Major Pawnero, an officer of prudence, energy, and