

British Packet

AND

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[VOL. VIII.]

BUENOS AYRES.

No period has as yet been assigned for the celebration of the elections: the political agitation which at present prevails, is no doubt the cause of this delay.

The newspaper war in this city, has lately been carried to extremes unequalled, we should think, in the history of newspapers. Even the fair sex have not escaped in the general attack. Anecdotes of private life have been related, and contradicted, with all the acrimony of the most *ultra* party spirit. The words, villain, scoundrel, thief, adulterer, &c. &c., were the common expressions used upon these occasions; and a clergyman (the Rev. Juan Antonio Argerich,) was accused by one of the journals (*El Defensor*;) with having attempted to violate the chastity of his female slave. In fact, this paper war had proceeded to such frightful extremes, that the Government has been obliged to interfere; and the following journals are ordered to be prosecuted, viz.—*El Defensor de los Derechos del Pueblo*, *El Restaurador*, *El Constitucional*, *La Gaceta Mercantil*, *El Amigo del País*, and some publications which appear from time to time, such as *El Rayo*, *El Relámpago*, &c.

The above journals, therefore, like naughty boys at school, are ordered "to stand upon the form with the rod in their hands." The *Diario de la Tarde*, and *British Packet*, having been quiet and orderly, have escaped censure.

Since these prosecutions have been instituted, the warrior journals have assumed a more moderate tone; each declaring—"I struck him because he struck me; and if he keeps quiet, I'll keep quiet."

The Minister of Foreign Affairs (Señor Ugarteche,) called a meeting, on Wednesday last, of the Proprietors of the different Printing-Offices in this city; when he informed them of the determination of the Government to put the law in force against those who infringed upon the liberty of the Press, with regard to the female sex; and they were then requested to sign a document which had been prepared for the occasion: to which all of them assented, except Mr. Kiernan, on the part of the *Gaceta*, who stated that he would not consent to compromise the office under his charge, without a protecting clause. Señor Angelis, proprietor of the *Independencia* Printing-Office, although he signed the document, has forwarded a protest against it to the House of Representatives, in which he complains of the conduct of the Minister at the interview in question,—that his remarks were interlarded with violent language, denominating him (Señor Angelis,) a mercenary foreign writer, who lacerated the country which had received him into its bosom, and gave him food, &c.—that such language from a Minister of State, to a Citizen, uttered, too, in the very House of Government, was most unjustifiable. The Protest requests the Representatives to decide whether the Executive has the power to make a new classification of

personal offences, and employ other means to punish them than those which the law provides.

MONTEVIDEO.

On the 28th ult., at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, H. E. the President of the Oriental Republic of the Uruguay, (Don Fructuoso Rivera,) arrived in Montevideo. He was received at the gate of San Pedro by the civil and military authorities, and conducted to the Government House. He had previously issued a decree, stating that domestic peace being now completely re-established, in all parts of the Republic, he had therefore reassumed the supreme authority, which during his absence had been delegated to the Ministers.

In consequence of the above event, there had been an extraordinary *funcion* at the Theatre; and a grand public Ball, it was said, will immediately take place, (the Montevideanos are great amateurs of dancing,) with other demonstrations of joy.

It is proposed to establish a Commercial Room at Montevideo, and a Prospectus thereof appeared in the *Universal* of 28th ult. The subscription is to be 36 dollars (equal to 225 dollars Buenos Ayres currency,) per annum, to be paid in advance.

We received, by the brig *Barbados*, London papers to 5th August, Liverpool to the 6th.—We have only time to make the following extract:

(From the *Liverpool Standard*, of 6th August.)

"A full account of the fall of Lisbon, and the recognition of the invading flag by the British fleet under the command of Admiral Parker, will be found in another part of the *Standard*. The capital and nearly the whole of Portugal may now be said to be, if not actually under the dominion, certainly at the mercy of foreign pirates and English adventurers. The troops which Captain Napier landed in the Algarves, consisted chiefly of French and British mercenaries—men of desperate fortune—the scum of the gaols—the sweepings of every haunt of infamy in Paris and London; and with these wretches Count Villa Flor marched upon Lisbon, broke open the prisons, added some two or three thousand vagabonds more to his forces, hoisted the revolutionary, vulgarly called the constitutional flag, and proclaimed Donna Maria Queen of Portugal.

"It will be observed that Villa Flor entered Lisbon with some fifteen hundred men only. The march from Lagos to the capital is about seventy miles, and his route lay through a populous part of the kingdom; but we find that he entered with his original retinue of scamps and plunderers; not a single native of the country, whom he did not press, having joined his standard. This shows that the inhabitants have yet made no demonstrations favourable to Don Pedro. They consider the affair in the light of a British invasion; and we have no doubt that the Count so represented it to be, thereby impressing the natives with a belief that as British soldiers are invincible, all resistance was vain.

"What Marshal Bourmont is doing before Oporto, we have yet to learn, as no authentic accounts of his movements have yet been received. It has, however, been reported that he had raised the siege, which, seeing the state of affairs, is not improbable. Whether he will march upon the metropolis and endeavour to regain what is lost, or decide the contest in one grand struggle, remains to be seen. It is calculated that he has still about twenty thousand men in the vicinity of Oporto. The Duke de Cadaval, one of the ablest

of the Portuguese nobles, and himself nearly allied to the throne, left Lisbon at the head of three or four thousand men. With these and the guerrillas, Don Miguel might still muster a powerful force, and if the soldiers could be depended on, there would be little difficulty in retaking the city. If this, however, cannot be done, and Don Pedro be permitted to take quiet possession, then will begin the more terrible struggle for the spoil. The mercenaries will not be content with a stinted compensation for their infamous services. They will not be satisfied with barren titles or honours. They will demand some hard cash, or, if this be not forthcoming, they will perhaps make a division of the land, and become for the future the wine growers of England—the manufacturers of light port for the citizens of London.

"At all events, Portugal is a ruined country. The damage done by this invasion will not be repaired by the labours of the next ten years. England, the 'ancient ally' of Portugal, during the reign of William the Fourth and the Whig administration, has had the distinguished honour of being the secret abettor of this aggression and calamity. Our national renown has been tarished by this foul blot on our shield of arms. Instead of sheltering the weak, and maintaining justice in a foreign cause, according to solemn treaties; she has played the money game of Louis Philip, and fanned the flames of revolution which it will take years to subdue. If Portugal is to be constitutionalised, so also must Spain. It is impossible that revolutionary principles can be restricted within an ideal line; they must excite discontents in the adjacent kingdom; and if they do, France, perhaps, will do as much for the one nation as she has done for the other."

"RIO JANEIRO, September 11, 1833.

"To the Editor of the *British Packet*."

"DEAR SIR.—I addressed you by the *Cockatrice* packet, and now take up my pen for the purpose of informing you of an incident which is making a great deal of noise here. A man of the name of Clemente, the responsible Editor of an incendiary paper entitled "*O Brazil Afflicto*," asserted in the columns of this periodical, that the daughters, and, moreover, the wife of General Lima, the Regent, were "*meritizes*." A more impudent calumny, was never forged. Though the family are not rich, they have ever been reputed honest; and surely poverty is not a crime. The calumniator was of course called before the competent tribunal, where he appeared on the morning of the 9th inst. Being there asked what proof he could bring of his former assertion, he replied that he had had *personal communication* with all of them himself. This was too much to be borne. The Jury, who were *caramurus*, appeared favorably disposed to the prisoner; and young Lima, an Esauigu, the son of the Regent, therefore retired from the Court, and waiting until Clemente passed down the street on his way home, he rushed upon him and cut him down.

"Having done this, he immediately surrendered himself to the officers of justice. Clemente, the wounded man, is still alive; but no hopes are entertained of his recovery. That he richly deserved his fate, is most certain; and what renders his crime still blacker, is, that having been thrown into prison in consequence of his having been connected with a party of anarchists who attempted to form a counter-revolution, he was released through the compassion of Lima

himself, who regarded him as a noisy simpleton, more his own enemy than that of any one else.

"Many people will doubtless blame Lima, for not having called his adversary out in duel; yet those who are acquainted with the customs of Brazil, must be aware that he might as well have called on the dead to rise. The man who had calumniated the honor of his family, would have refused to meet him in the field. Duels are utterly unknown here. There were, therefore, only two paths which Lima could pursue,—private assassination, or open homicide: and certainly the one which he has followed is by far the more honorable. Such calumnies as those uttered by Clemente, can only be washed out in blood. If the circumstance had occurred in cultivated Europe, what would have been the result?—The injured man would have called out the calumniator, and the calumniator would probably have shot him through the head, and denominated this satisfaction. A pretty satisfaction truly, both to the murdered man and his family!—upon my word, I must confess that I consider the plan which Lima has adopted, to be in many respects preferable to the European one. Nothing would have been easier than for him to have procured the assassination of the man, but he disdained to do it.

"Yours truly,

"PHILO FLUMINENSE."

"P. S.—By a vessel which arrived last night from Oporto, in 47 days, we learn that the cause of Don Pedro is prospering. In this we rejoice; for although we have but a poor opinion of him, we consider him a less dangerous character than Don Miguel; and, moreover, if he can only establish himself there, it is not probable that he will wish to return to Brazil. The present administration is by no means faultless; but the country is at all events governed by men, and not by pimps, and valets, and priests, and prostitutes, as in the time of Don Pedro I.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

To the Editor of the British Packet.

SIR,—The recent establishment of a Temperance Society in this city, naturally calls for an examination of its principles and pretensions. Its professed object,—the prevention of drunkenness and the reclaiming of drunkards,—is unquestionably good; but whether the means to be employed for the attainment of this end are equally unobjectionable, is what remains to be proved. Be it clearly understood, that we are not the champions of intemperance. The prevalence of this vice, especially among the foreign population of this country, is lamentable in the extreme. Many of its victims have already sunk into a premature grave; and many more, inveigled in its deceitful toils, are now sacrificing their usefulness and respectability, their health and happiness, and hastening forward to the same ignominious termination of their career. A certain cure for this sore evil, is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Temperance Societies are a professed remedy, and as such, merit an attentive and impartial examination. The novelty of the design may captivate some, whilst it repels others; the candid inquirer after truth will pause ere he adopts, as he must assent when convinced. As the measure is entirely new amongst us, we must content ourselves with an analysis of its principles, for as yet its operations have been too limited to afford any thing like satisfactory experience,—the best and safest of all evidence. It is true we have heard a great deal of its wonder-working influence; but we have heard more than we have seen. These representations come to us from the known friends and avowed champions of the cause, and must be received with a certain degree of qualification. Their Reports present us with a numerical amount of confirmed drunkards reclaimed; but the initiated may perhaps doubt whether many confirmed drunkards ever consented to even a temporary suspension of their besetting vice. We feel warranted in assuming, that by far the greater part of those who have entered into these associations, were decent respectable people, who foresaw the pernicious conse-

quences of dissipation, and wished to guard themselves and others against it; but neither were, nor probably would have become, confirmed drunkards. Such reformation, therefore, is in a great measure fanciful. Like fanatics of a different class, they lead a deeper hue to the crime, that the subsequent conversion may appear to greater advantage. We do not advance this as an argument against Temperance Societies; but simply to shew that their boasted results are not to be implicitly relied upon. In short, they are still only in their infancy; and the best of all evidence,—the evidence of experience,—is necessarily wanting. In default of this, we can only have recourse to first principles and analogy, leaving the confirmation or refutation of our doctrines to Time, the great Revealer of Truth.

We proceed then to observe, that the principle of absolute abstinence, the grand characteristic of these societies, is unreasonably and fallacious. It must here be remembered, that the most zealous advocates of temperance, or absolute abstinence, do not consider the use of spirituous liquors as in itself sinful or prejudicial: nay, they tacitly admit more than this, when they reserve to themselves the privilege of using them for medicinal purposes. In this it is clearly implied, that their operation on our system may be sanitary and advantageous, and consequently the whole difficulty consists in using them aright. Indeed no man in his senses will attempt to deny, that a moderate use of them may occasionally be beneficial. After violent exertion, and especially after exposure to intense cold or to damp, a moderate quantity of this "liquid poison" is known to be highly advantageous. It diffuses a general heat throughout the system, quickens the circulation of the blood, counteracts the listlessness of exhaustion, and, in a word, tends to make a man comfortable. Must I then forego this privilege, or brand this mercy of a bountiful God with the characters of infamy, merely that others may not abuse it, or injure themselves by it?—This is an unreasonable requisition; a romantic virtue; and, we may add, an insuperable barrier to the general adoption and permanency of such societies.

But the principle is not more unreasonable than fallacious. All public societies for a specific purpose, tend to propagate and cherish a delusion of the most pernicious tendency. In the present case, they give a prominence to temperance, as if it were the only virtue it behooved us to possess. Elevated to the rank of a public virtue, as the efforts of the associated naturally tend to do, many will come to regard it as a scape-goat for every private vice. The populace, under the guidance of crafty and insidious leaders, may easily be led into this species of heroic virtue; but never without serious injury to their general character. It destroys the nice and delicate equilibrium that ought to be maintained amongst all the Christian virtues; for it holds to reason, that if one be brought prominently into the light, another must be left proportionably in the shade. There is much sound philosophy in the injunction, "be temperate in all things." Vows of voluntary poverty, vows of perpetual chastity, pledges of total abstinence, are all the mere knight-errantry of morals; and have nothing in common with the calm and dignified virtue which shrinks from observation, and weeps in secret over the want it cannot relieve, or the evil it cannot remedy. Christ did not offer up his private devotions in public that he might shame the world into piety; and perhaps the temperance of the temperate might be more efficacious as an example to others, when reflected in their general walk and conversation, in their growing prosperity and acknowledged respectability, than when blazoned forth in the annals of a Temperance Society.

But that this should be the debasing tendency of such institutions, will appear less wonderful, when we consider the basis on which they rest. They clearly presuppose the bulk of mankind a herd of unreflecting beings, unable to see the line of demarcation between right and wrong, between the use and the abuse of a thing. This humble estimate of common capacity, is the natural harbinger of a low standard of morals; and if further evidence be wanted to confirm this unwelcome truth, we may have assurance made doubly sure, by the avowal of those who had the idea of putting "virtue into leading-strings." God deliver us equally from the leading-strings of the Priest and the Politician! The thing wanted is full-grown, manly, independent virtue;—a virtue rooted in conviction, strengthened by reflection, and confirmed by habit. The evils of intemperance are sufficiently palpable. Every man capable of the slightest degree of observation or reflection, has a thousand more powerful motives to temperance, than the example of any associa-

tion; and he that cannot extricate himself from its seduction, without a pledge of total abstinence to his fellow-mortals, has reason to fear that his temperance does not reach the character of virtue; unless it be the trashy leading-string virtue that some people would seem content with.

The politician, however, may accept the boon that the moralist would reject; apart then from its great moral tendency, let us enquire for a moment, what are likely to be its direct effects on general society. Will this simple pledge of total abstinence alone save us from the pollution of drunkenness? It is scarcely to be expected that a body of men, who regard any species of abstinence as in itself innocent, will entirely abstain from it individually and collectively, on the mere impulse of benevolence, or a disinterested regard to public welfare. These are not the motives that bind and actuate human society. Public benevolence is by far too weak a principle to cope with personal gratification. Some will contrive the mean of reconciling the respectability of public temperance, with the sweets of secret enjoyment; whilst others, breaking through all restraint, and setting at naught their solemn pledge, will be cast back on society with a brand of infamy, that will more than counterbalance their short-lived temperance. The temptation to hypocrisy is too great to be resisted, the motive to perseverance too weak to sustain the tear and wear of life. The temperance of a few temperate men may be rendered more conspicuous; but any permanent amelioration in the mass of society can scarcely be anticipated. Public virtues, like every other valuable production, are of slow growth; whilst Temperance Societies may very aptly be compared to their great antipodes, spirituous liquors,—both give an immediate but unnatural stimulus, that we may expect to be followed by a corresponding languor and inaction. A temporary popularity is no criterion of true merit. The Crusades, once the admiration of the world, are now remembered only as a splendid monument of human folly;—the pretended austerities of the Monastic life have become stale and unpopular;—and time, we have no doubt, will sober down the Temperance-Society Mania, bequeathing to its now dotting Parent, a similar reversion of glory and renown.

NEMO.

To the Editor of the British Packet.

3 o'Clock P. M., Buenos Ayres, 21st Sept., 1833.

SIR,—I was this afternoon standing very quietly on a shelf at a corner house in your street, corked up in a glass bottle, when the bar-keeper happened to read aloud a couple of communications in your paper, one of which was signed by a name that I never remember to have heard mentioned in the house I was residing in before; but the other signature, which was O L, I have heard repeated by the inmates twenty times a day. I can assure you, Sir, I was ready to burst my bottle with indignation, at hearing myself so vilely calumniated by your two correspondents. I cannot say that it caused my blood to boil in my veins, because I am not possessed of either; but I can assure you that it caused my spirit to boil in my bottle, and if one of Fahrenheit's thermometers had been dipped into me at the time, it would immediately have rose to — degrees.

Do you imagine, Mr. Editor, that we Spirits are not possessed of feeling, the same as that vile compound of clay called man? and that we can bear to hear ourselves and our best patrons and friends so vilely abused, without resenting it?—No, no, Sir; we are not composed of such poor stuff, little as you may think of us, as not to be sensible of an affront, either direct or indirect; neither do we want spirit to resent an injury: all we want is a lump of clay in the form of a hand, to hold a pen with, and we could then give vent to our fiery indignation in a spirited communication.

Before I proceed, you must know, Sir, that this effusion would perhaps never have evaporated from the bottle in which I was confined, and reached you, only for the following very fortunate event.—Just at the time I was in a complete fermentation, and before the dregs of my anger had time to settle in my bottle's bottom, a worthy Jack Tar happened to pop in, and while my jailor (i. e. the pulpiter) went out, (in consequence of the sudden shock his system had sustained through the awful wish of your correspondent, about Othello's occupation,) the sailor taking advantage of his absence, immediately showed me away in his pea-jacket starboard pocket. I heard him say a fair exchange was no robbery, and saw him put a bottle of water in my place.

The jolly tar immediately conveyed me into a

back room, and very soon swallowed me (my casing excepted.) He then sat down with the laudable intention of writing a letter to Mr. A. B. C., to offer himself as a candidate to the Temperance Society now forming in this city, and had just commenced with Mr.,—when, thinking to myself that he was not in a fit state to write upon so serious a subject, I exerted the well-known power I possess over mortals, and threw him into a sound sleep. I intend to keep his hand in constant motion until I finish this letter and direct it to you, not doubting but some honest man will forward it to your office.

Now, Mr. Editor, your two aforesaid correspondents accuse us spirituous liquors of atrocities even amounting to murder, &c. &c.; but what hurts me more than I can find words to express, is that one of them insinuates that I was "boiled in the Devil's tea-kettle!" Surely flesh and blood would never allow so vile an assertion to pass, without contradicting it; and why should we Spirits, especially the better sort of us like myself, who am at the least 32 degrees and a half! No, no, Sir; I can assure you on the faith of an injured spirit, that we are possessed of very strong notions of probity and honour, and that we have no more connexion with the Devil, or his tea-kettle, than what you have,—or perhaps not so much. Well, well, we will say no more about so scandalous a report, but will cork up our resentment until another time.

In the first place, then, I wish to ask my enemies, if man is a free agent?—If they allow that, all our said power over him ceases to exist.

Secondly; would it not be the double-distilled essence of folly, if a parcel of *Quid nuncs* were to elect themselves into a Society with a view to abolish the use of razors, merely because an incalculable number of human beings have, instead of shaving themselves with them, frequently converted them from the harmless design of the makers, and used them to cut their confounded throats? Would it not be considered a silly speculation to forbid the drinking of water, because a vast number of people, by throwing themselves into rivers, have drunk so much of it that they have died in consequence? Then which of you who are sportsmen, would give up the pleasure of shooting, because men are apt to abuse the use of gunpowder by making game of each other, and shooting themselves with it?

I hope, Sir, your prejudice will not prevent you from believing us equally as harmless in our nature, as razors, water, or gunpowder; but, at the same time, if a greater number of people should prefer burning their bowels out by swallowing us, instead of killing themselves with either of the other three before-mentioned useful articles, that is no fault of ours; and since that is the case, why should they talk of banishing us from their society?

I would have your two correspondents soberly to consider of the thousands of hands, as well as mouths, that we give employment to in manufacturing us; then let them calculate the net proceeds of the revenue we annually present to his Majesty the King of Great Britain; and then, if they are humane men and loyal subjects, they will surely blush at the thought of throwing so many honest, hard-working people out of employment, and causing the exchequer of their Sovereign to be a few millions minus, through an idle prejudice.

I confess that I agree with Mr. O. L., in one remark of his remarks, which is, that none but the most stupid and incorrigible of fools would ever make use of us as the instrument of their destruction; therefore, since that is the case, let us alone to weed such rubbish from the face of the earth, where there will be more room and employment for the industrious and sober-minded part of the community, who will then be able, if in England, to get a bit of *beef* to their bread; or if in Buenos Ayres, a bit of *bread* to their beef.

Why your correspondent, O. L., would wish to see the day when my good friends and protectors, the tavern-keepers, would cry "*Othello's occupation's gone*," I cannot conceive; or what benefit would result from a respectable class of the community being reduced to beggary, through a vain attempt to reclaim the most useless and depraved part. From a twelvemonth's observation that I made while standing on my self, I could not help inwardly congratulating myself upon being the *spiritual* cause of a deal of money passing from the hands of those who were continually putting it to the worst of uses, into the pockets of others who knew how to set a proper value upon so useful an article.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

A RUN SPIRIT.

To the Editor of the British Packet.

Buenos Ayres, October 2d, 1833.

My dear Mr. Editor,

I think it would be a sad pity that all the credit of "*Temperance*" should be run away with by your sex; and if, as from your wonted gallantry I cannot doubt, you are of the same opinion, you will allow a corner of your valuable paper for a hint that it would (in our joint opinions, my dear Mr. Editor,) be highly proper, in these days of high combs, big bonnets, broad ribands, wide sleeves and capacious skirts, to attempt the establishment of an association to be called the "*BUENOS-AYRES FOREIGN LADIES' MODERATION-IN-DRESS-FROM-HEAD-TO-FOOT SOCIETY.*"

Believe me, my dear Mr. Editor,

Your servant and countrywoman,

FANNY.

P. S.—You are at liberty to publish this, postscript and all, if you please. I wonder how I shall look in print!

Festival of "Nuestra Señora de las Mercedes."—The above mentioned festival was in this year celebrated with more than usual pomp. After the *Novena* came the *Vespers*, then the grand *funcion* on the day of *las Mercedes*, (24th ult.) and on each day salutes were fired from small cannon placed on the pavement in front of the Church; and at night there were incessant discharges of rockets, and other fire-works. We attended the *Vespers* on the 23d;—the Choir on this occasion was accompanied by part of the

Orchestra of the Theatre. *Nra. Señora de las Mercedes* was dressed in a very lady-like style, and the High Altar was gorgeous: the other altars were also splendid. We are told that the decorations were superintended by various fair *Damas*. The High Altar did indeed make

"A glorious show.
On its table still behold
The cup of consecrated gold."

The congregation was immense, the greater part of whom consisted of females, (they are decidedly more devout than us men.) Refreshments of coffee, chocolate, &c., were provided in the Refectory; and a band of military music, which was stationed in front of the Church, performed *arias* from the *Italiana*, *Cenerentola*, &c. No exterior procession took place, in consequence of the boisterous weather.

Two Funeral Orationes have been published in the journals of this city, upon Señores Paso, and Andrade. We regret that we have not room fully to notice them.

H. B. M's brig *Snake*, fired a salute of 17 guns on 20th ult, which was returned from the Fort by a like number. On Tuesday last she exercised great-guns, by firing at a mark, &c.

Four Indians, three men and one woman, of the tribe called *Charrans*, natives of Montevideo, copper coloured, with very black hair, are now in Paris, and are amongst "the lions."—(*London paper, of July.*)

FOREIGN MERCHANT VESSELS

IN THE PORT OF BUENOS AYRES, ON THE 3d OF OCTOBER, 1833.

VESSELS AND CAPTAINS' NAMES.	CONSIGNEES.	DESTINATION, &c.
BRITISH.		
Brig New Holland, Thompson,	S. Lezica, Bros.	Loading for Liverpool.
Brig Phionela, Spratt,	Parlane, Macalister & Co.	Loading for Liverpool.
Brig Florville, King,	Renau, Macfarlane & Co.	Loading for Liverpool.
Brig Thales, Isbister,	Zumaran & Trezerra,	Loading for Liverpool.
Barque Esk, Dixon,	Dickson & Co.	Loading for Liverpool.
Brig Wave, Bellord,	Lafone, Robinson & Co.	Loading for Brazil.
Brig Livorno, Cooper,	Rodriguez, Bros.,	Patagonia.
Brig Alert, Snowden,	Hugh C. Smith,	Loading for Liverpool, via Montevideo.
Brig Fairy, Stephens,	Parlane, Macalister & Co.	Loading for Liverpool.
Barque Hevellyn, Roadie,	Lafone, Robinson & Co.	Discharging.
Brig Caroline, Broad,	Rodger, Reed & Co.	Loading for Liverpool.
Brig Iceni, Lacy,	Horne & Alsogaray,	Loading for Cowes for orders.
Brig Sarah, Sadler,	Bertram, Delisle & Co.	Discharging.
Brig Patriot, Guild,	Horne & Alsogaray,	Liverpool.
Brig Cleopatra, M'Lean,	Daniel Gowland & Co.	Loading for Havana.
Brig Hortensia, Reed,	Duguid,	Discharging.
Brig Barba dos, Christian,	Alfred Barber,	Discharging.
AMERICAN.		
Brig Amazon, Lefavour,	Daniel Gowland & Co.	Loading for Havana.
Ship Hamilton, Langdon,	John Langdon,	Loading for Havana.
Brig Heroine, Snowden,	Zimmermann, Frazier & Co.	Loading for Philadelphia.
Brig Cornelia, Beard,	Zimmermann, Frazier & Co.	Loading for Baltimore.
Brig Orient, Ellis,	Davison, Durr & Co.	Loading for New York.
Brig Edward, Calder,	Zimmermann, Frazier & Co.	Discharging.
FRENCH.		
Brig Godefroy, Hugues,	Cornet & Prat,	Loading for Havana.
Brig Joseph, Lamand,	Branlio Costa,	Loading for Bourdeaux.
Brig Claire, Siamant,	Cochard & Co.	Loading for Havre de Grace.
Brig Pontone, Guichon,	Aymes, Bros.,	Loading for Havre de Grace, via M.Video.
HAMBURG.		
Barque Courier, Hinrichsen,	S. Lezica, Bros.	Loading for Cowes, for orders.
SARDINIAN.		
Brig Piccola Giorgio, Dellepiane,	Pedralles & Cabot,	Rio Janeiro.
Polacore Concordia, Amaldeo,	Pedro A. Plover,	Cadiz, Barcelona, and Genoa.
Polacore San José, Revello,	Pedro A. Plover,	Loading for Cadiz, Barcelona, & Genoa.
Ship Gloria, Bava,	Amadeo & Caprile,	Loading for Cadiz and Genoa.
Polacore San José, Goriera,	Amadeo & Caprile,	Loading for Barcelona and Genoa.
Zumacore Aguirre, Colombino,	Pedro A. Plover,	Loading for Havana.
Polacore Carlo Feliz, Buzzolini,	Pedro A. Plover,	Loading for ports in the Mediterranean.
Ship Aurora, Rizzo,	Pedro A. Plover,	Loading for Cadiz and Barcelona.
Brig Colombo, Ardito,	J. Gestal,	Discharging.
NEAPOLITAN.		
Brig Ferrer, Castellano,	Pedralles & Cabot,	Loading for Rio Janeiro.
BRAZILIAN.		
Brig Eloisa, Meirelles,	Pedro A. Plover,	Loading for Rio Janeiro.
Brig Nra. Señora de Ayuda, Pello,	José Gestal,	Paraguay.
Schooner-brig Novo Yehal, Parheco,	A. M. Pinto,	Rio Grande.
Schooner-brig Piranga, Diaz,	M. A. Ramos,	Santos.
Brig San José Americano, Matoso,	C. J. Moreira,	Brazil.
Schooner-brig Cacique, Oliveira,	M. A. Ramos,	Paraguay.
Zumacore Pensamiento Feliz, Labrador,	M. A. Ramos,	Brazil.
Brig Rufina Graciosa, Oliveira,	M. A. Ramos,	Paraguay.
PORTUGUESE.		
Brig Sardade, Cardozo,	M. A. Ramos,	Uncertain.
BREMEN.		
Barque Mary, N. Kuyter,	Zimmermann, Frazier & Co.	Discharging.
AUSTRIAN.		
Brig Principe Bathiany, Emile,	Amadeo & Caprile,	Discharging.
TUSCAN.		
Brig Esperanza, Shephard,	Davison, Durr & Co.	Loading for Malaga.
DANISH.		
Schooner-brig Comet, Steding,	J. J. Klieck,	Discharging.

FOREIGN VESSELS OF WAR.

BRITISH.—Brig *Snake*, (16 guns,) Captain William Robertson.
AMERICAN.—Corvette *Natchez*, (16 guns,) Captain John F. Zantlinger.

