

British Packet

AND

ARGENTINE NEWS.

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BUENOS AYRES, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1839.

[Vol. XIII.]

BUENOS AYRES.

We mentioned in our last the declaration of war against the government of Buenos Ayres by Don Fructuoso Rivera. This event has now been officially promulgated in Montevideo. The declaration sets forth that the naval forces of France in the River Plate, will be the allies of the Orientals, who have not hesitated to unite their arms to this powerful nation. The Governor of Corrientes, has, perhaps with the view to get rid of the blockade, promised to take part with the Montevideoan government, and made a treaty with it. The 7th article says, that the General in Chief (Rivera,) shall with common accord be authorised to negotiate with H. M. the King of the French, for the cessation of the blockade as it regards Corrientes, and for the free passage of its flag, provided it does not touch at any of the blockaded ports.

Upon the manner in which the war was proclaimed in Montevideo, we have received the following letter.—

Montevideo, 17th March, 1839.

"Speak, Sister, speak,
Is the deed done?"

MACHETH.

Yes, my friend, 'the deed is done.' The government of Montevideo has declared war against that of Buenos Ayres. They may at home call this 'a storm in a tea pot,' but here it is both vexatious and annoying. In my former letters, I more than hinted to you that Don Fructuoso Rivera, would be goaded on to this: he was satisfied with his good fortune, and willing to "let well alone," but he had committed himself too far with his allies to withdraw. I shall not enlarge upon the mission of the French agents to him and other et ceteras when they found he was hanging back; all this you know by the public papers and public report, and shall therefore proceed at once to other particulars, to the rejoicings, and again quoting the 'weird sisters,' ask—

"When lightning and great thunder,
Fill the air and earth with wonder,
What should we do? —
Rejoice—Rejoice—
We should rejoice."

Well, we did rejoice. We had a procession through the streets of Montevideo on the 12th inst., upon the occasion of proclaiming war.— It was attended by Argentine emigrants, Italians, Frenchmen, a "plentiful scarcity" of natives, music, fire-works and gun-firing. The hubbub was great, and the cries of *Muera Rosas* were mingled with those of *Viva la Republica*, &c. &c. The procession halted in front of the house of Monsieur Baradere, the French Consul, and saluted the flag of France with shouts of *Viva la France! Viva el Rey Ciudadano, el Rey de Julio!* On passing the house of Mr. Hood, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul General, they shouted *Vivan los Franceses!*— You who are perhaps acquainted with Mr. Hood, at least from report, know that he is made of sterner stuff than to care for *vivas* or *uerras*.

On the evening of the 16th, there was a *funcion* at the Theatre in honor of the celebration in question, to which the French Agents and the French Admiral Leblanc were invited, in the name of the Argentine emigrants and some Oriental citizens. Accordingly the French Consul, Messieurs Martigny, Roger and Baradere, and a number of French officers attended, the Admiral declining from indisposition. The Theatre was decorated with

the colours of the Oriental and Argentine Republics, and those of France, but the latter greatly predominated and cast the others into the shade. In front of the boxes were inscribed in large ornamented letters, *Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram*, mingled with the names of places in which our Republics have gained victories, such as *Tucuman, Ituzaingo, &c. &c.*— The French part of the show has caused some animadversion amongst a portion of the foreigners here: people do not like to be reminded of past mishaps, and *Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena and Wagram*, are doleful sounds to German ears. However, the Consuls three, M., R. and B., were not bound to know the ornaments which their entertainers had prepared in honor of their nation, and if they had, it would have been a breach of politeness in them to have interfered—therefore *Vive la bagatelle—Il n'y a que Paris*. You see I am brushing up my French since I have been in Montevideo, and am not such a fool as a *Porteño* friend of yours here, who forswears every thing French, and absolutely rushed out of the Theatre before Lapuerta spoke the address, because some one had ear-wigged him with intelligence that a placard inscribed *Martin Garcia*, in honour of the allied arms, was about to be displayed in the Theatre. *Appropos*, (French again,) of Lapuerta, I think he is a favourite of yours, and therefore I tell you with regret, that he has forgotten that great duty of a public performer, of avoiding the taking a conspicuous part in politics. He ought to have considered that his audience is made up of all parties, but he lent himself to read an address in French, and to compose and speak one in Spanish, with other conduct hostile to the government of Buenos Ayres. He is therefore lost to the Victoria Theatre of Buenos Ayres, where he first gained his South American fame, (unless Queen Victoria intercedes for him,) and perhaps missed the passing there of many happy years, in order to engage (the witches again,) in

"Double, double, toil and trouble."

He should also have recollected that he is a foreigner and a Spaniard, and that the very short time he has been in this country, did not authorise him to take so decided a part in its politics.

The applause in the Theatre was vociferous, but at last the 'Nestor' of the evening, Señor Lamas, Chief of Police, advised those enthusiastic gentlemen not to set the skin before they killed the bear. 'Gentlemen,' said he, *basta de diversiones*, war has just been declared, when we have gloriously terminated it, then indeed—

"Over the water so gaily,
We'll have frolic and fun."

But until then you ought to think of nothing but fighting and conquering—*al campo—al campo*.

"The banner of war is unfurled."

This sensible address of the Chief of Police, was received with great applause.

The following energetic proclamation from the Governor of Entrerios, shows that he is fully prepared to meet the threatened storm: *The Governor and Captain General of the Province of Entre Rios, to its inhabitants.*

ENTRERIANOS:—The sacred duty of saving the country from the insults of a tyrant, calls me to the field of battle; I march with pleasure, and will endure with cheerful resignation the fatigues of the campaign, if my efforts crown your expectations.

Rivera, that ungrateful, unnatural American, has filled the measure of his atrocious crimes; not satisfied with having lacerated the bosom of his country, introducing anarchy into it, raising the standard of rebellion, and profaning the sanctuary of the law, he wishes likewise to humble and degrade it to the extreme, of making it drag the chains forged by a foreign hand, and that the Argentines should be subjected to the same ignominious fate. Execrable plan, perverse design, impossible however to be executed.

ENTRERIANOS:—The moment approaches in which this fatal man will be delivered over to justice for his enormous crimes. The avenging sword already glitters in the hands of six thousand Argentines, who when unshathing it have sworn to conquer or die, and to purge our country of the infamous wretches who infest and degrade it.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:—Be tranquil. The heroic sacrifices of your fellow countrymen, will shield you from the traitorous shafts, which the anarchist, with the detestable Unitarians and perfidious French have prepared against you. Your fortunes shall not be a prey to the cupidity of those vile adventurers, who in their delirium have flattered themselves with the infamous hope of bettering their miserable fate with the fruits of your labour. At the presence alone of the defenders of liberty, the satellites of the traitor despot will tremble. Their lawless host will be scattered like smoke before the wind; but if in their desperation they should dare to try the fortune of their arms, they will find a grave open in whatever spot they may choose for a field of battle. The justice of the cause we defend, the patriotic enthusiasm and glowing bravery of the troops I have the honor to command, presage me a day of glory for the country, which is the exclusive object of the sacrifices of your fellow countryman.

PASCUAL ECHAGUE.

The following is from the Governor of the Province of Santa Fé, relative to an action with some French and Riverista vessels.

Rosario, March 13th, 1839.

To H. E. Brigadier General, Illustrious Restaurator of the Laws, Don Juan Manuel de Rosas, Governor and Captain General of the Province of Buenos Ayres.

Without other elements of which to dispose than my determination to sustain the National dignity and the cause of Federation; and to make known to these wandering pirates and ambitious foreigners, the value of Argentine valour; I resolved to construct two batteries, which in less than ten days I completed, and had the glory and high satisfaction of having fought yesterday for the space of two hours, from 11 in the morning, the whole of the enemy's squadron, which has retreated lower down, leaving our river free; manifesting their impotence and receiving a practical lesson that freemen will not endure humiliation and abasement.

They have been roughly handled, and the corvette and two schooners much damaged. Their fire was active, but only injured a few cottages and a ball struck the front of the Church.

This glorious action ought to be considered a real triumph under all circumstances. I have therefore laid the particulars before your Excellency.

JUAN PABLO LÓPEZ.

Arrival of H. E. the Governor in town from his Quinta de Palermo.

His Excellency arrived in town on the 16th inst. On that night, at nearly midnight, about 100 persons, arm in arm, escorting a Piano Forte, proceeded to the private residence of H. E., in order to congratulate him on the late good news from Peru and Bolivia. Arrived in front of his house the Piano was placed on the pavement close to the window of his private office. Four amateurs then sang the National Anthem, accompanied by the Piano, which was followed by enthusiastic shouts of *Viva Nuestro Ilustre Restaurador! Viva la Republica de Chile y su benemerito ejercito! Mueran los Unitarios! Muera el tirano unitario Santa Cruz! Muera Frutos Rivera! Muera!—Muera!*

Two splendid rockets were then discharged, emitting in the air a profusion of lights, the effect was beautiful and elicited from the spectators a round of applause,—other rockets of the same description followed.

The duet *Del Narciso del maestro Mercadante* followed, and successively the military duet *Che bella vita é il militar.* The duet *Ah se de malinice* from Tancredi. The trio *Ni la festa de la Rosa. Sonz Un tiempo fué* (Trobador). Du. *Separado del bien que idolatro* (Ausencia). Duet from the Italian in Algiers, *Si inclinaci aprender bulle.*

SONG.

"Gloria eterna á los hijos de Oriente,
Y á la noble Argos na nacion;
Cuya espada invencible á la Patria,
Restituye su gloria y honor.

CHORUS.

Federales no gastan calzones,
Solo si un buen chiripá,—
Pero traen en sus lanzas escritos,
Libertad, Libertad, Libertad."

A variety of other songs were sung.

The vocal talent of the singers was of the first order, and their exertions afforded infinite gratification. His Excellency the Governor came several times to the window, and thanked the company. He must have been high y gratified at the scene. His daughter Doña Manuela came to the door and acknowledged in her usual courteous manner the attentions she received from the company.

The balconies in the street were thronged with ladies and gentlemen, and the serenade concluded about 1 o'clock in the morning of the 17th.

Since the arrival of the news from Peru and Bolivia, the visits of congratulation from town to H. E. the Governor at his Quinta, were so numerous that six head of cattle were daily killed and consumed at His Excellency's table.

Señor Perez Mascayano, Chargé d'Affaires of the Republic of Chili, near this government, quitted Buenos Ayres for Chili on Sunday last. He was attended for several miles out of town by Don Felipe Arans, Minister for Foreign Affairs; the Under Secretary of the Home Department, Don Agustin Garrigos; the Assessor General, Dr. Baldomero Garcia; Don Miguel Riglos; the Inspector General, General Agustin Pinedo; and Generals Tomas Guido, Lucio Mancilla, Mariano Benito Rolon and Celestino Vidal.

Señor Mascayano we hear has been called hence by family affairs. He carries with him the respect of every one who had the happiness of his acquaintance. His manners were most amiable, and in addition to other accomplishments, he conversed fluently in French and in English.

BOAT RACE.

A race between two whale boats to the outer roads and back took place on Saturday last, the result of which was celebrated on Sunday and Monday, by the masts of the winning boat and another being decorated with flags and inscriptions—of the latter there were *Viva la Federacion. Viva la suerte. Muera la envidia.—2000 contra 1000;* and bank notes to the amount of 2000 dollars were pasted on pocket handkerchiefs, and displayed from a flag staff. The flag of the Guardia Argentina, were also

in attendance on the beach close to the boats. Who shall say after this that our boatmen are poor.

The evening of Monday last was peculiarly calm and fine, in consequence of which the Alameda was crowded with visitors. The band (engaged in the celebration of the whale boat sports,) performed some very pretty and martial music.

On Sunday the Alameda was well attended, and the equestrians of both sexes passed in numbers.

'St. Patrick's Day' was celebrated in Buenos Ayres, with the usual demonstrations at various private parties.

A portion of the seamen and marines of H. B. M's ship Actæon, came on shore on Tuesday last "on liberty." Jack soon got on horseback, and was seen galloping about in all directions.

THE WEATHER, has been reasonable since our last—the thermometer on Monday was at 79. During the week 72 to 79.

We have received London papers to 14th January. The following is from "the Morning Chronicle," Ministerial paper of that date.

All the French papers of Saturday, of all colours, are in arms and indignant at a casual observation of ours, to the effect that the surrender in four hours of the fortress of St. Jean d'Ulloa, considered impregnable, might have been obtained by gold. We by no means asserted the fact; but merely supposed it not improbable that the surrender might have been effected in the way alluded to. It is but just, however, to copy the following observations on the subject from the *Weekly Chronicle*, understood to be from the pen of Mr. Ward, who speaks from local knowledge, having been Consul General at Mexico.

"The *Morning Chronicle* supposes that gold, not gunpowder, has been the secret of so easy a victory; but this supposition is contradicted by the fact that four hundred men of the Mexican garrison were killed, and also by the character of the governor, General Rincon, whom we know to be both a brave and an honourable man.

"The want of science on the part of the Mexicans, which rendered a numerous artillery worse than useless, and the depopulated state of the fortress itself, upon which we do not suppose a dollar has been expended since the Spaniards surrendered it in 1825, sufficiently account for the result. The precision with which the French shells were thrown seems to have been irresistible, and the fall of the Observatory, at an early period of the attack, caused a great slaughter amongst the Mexicans, and must have seriously embarrassed all their subsequent proceedings."

We saw nothing in the supposition injurious to French honour, and the idea of wounding the feelings of our very susceptible neighbours never once entered our head. We will observe, however, frankly to our French contemporaries, that we no longer look upon French feats of arms as we might have done three or four years ago, when there were hopes of cordial amity between the nations. But when, in despite of many professions of friendship, and the bare signature of certain treaties, we find every effort of France strenuously pushed in quarters where it is calculated to excite English jealousy, whilst efforts are relaxed wherever they might possibly be in accordance with English interests, we can only say that the French must not be astonished to find our sympathies diminish, if not our jealousies increase. The fault, let them remember, is theirs, not ours.

The capture of the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, does not seem to have inclined the Mexican government to peace, on the contrary, it declares that it will hold out against the French to the last, and has refused to ratify the convention entered into between the French and Mexican Commanders at Vera Cruz.

The American schooner 'Henry the Fourth,' 41 days from New York, had put into Rio Janeiro, on her voyage to California, bringing papers with accounts of the Mexicans having advanced in force on Vera Cruz, and compelled the French after a smart action to evacuate it and retire to the fort of San Juan de Ulloa, with considerable loss. It is added that General Santa Ana, the Commander of the Mexican force was wounded, and that the French Prince Joinville, who was in Vera Cruz at the time of the attack, narrowly escaped being made prisoner.

Extracts from Letters in 'Blackwood's Magazine' of September last, purporting to be those of an Attaché of the French Embassy which attended the Coronation of Queen Victoria.

As the time was approaching when the procession was to move, I returned to our friend's house. The streets had now assumed a new appearance. The moving crowd moved no longer, it had formed solid masses on the trottoir; the police force had taken their stand along the line in front of the masses; the troops were spread in front of the police; the space in the centre was gravelled over, and kept clear for the carriages; and what was infinitely more to the purpose, in the way of ornament, the ladies had taken their places in the balconies. This view was worth all that I had seen, and worth all the gilded carriages that I ever hope to see.

Let me pause a moment to recover my breath, and I shall give you my final opinion of the beauty of English women. They are the only women in the world who can venture to show their faces in daylight! Let this be said without any undue qualification of my homage for foreign beauty in general, and French beauty in particular.

But it was made for the light of chandeliers. Its poignancy, like gunpowder, sleeps until it is touched by flame. It is a fine picture, but the picture requires to be placed in the right position, to be shaded by draperies, and coloured by contrast, and a hundred other ingenieties, which amply exercise the taste and talents of the possessor. In fact, its finest effect is like every other fine thing in our country; it is theatrical. The scene must not be approached too near, nor glared on with too much light, nor dimmed with too little—but the lamps are essential, and then we have nothing to do but gaze, and be—undone.

For an hour or two we had amused ourselves with the spectacle of the carriages conveying the nobility to the Cathedral. Next to the women, by far the finest things in England are the horses. The Duke of Northumberland's steeds, covered with blue ribbons, the Duke of Devonshire's, the Duke of Buccleuch's, and a multitude of others, were superb animals. And the prices given for them are superb. An English gentleman, who seemed fully conversant with such matters, told me that the Duchess of Kent's horses cost each upwards of 8000 francs! But those English nobles are the richest in the world. Many of them could buy a German principality, princes and all, and even their tenth class could swallow up a dozen of our majors. This enormous opulence arises from two things, the possession of pedigree, and the absence of pride. Some of the noble families reach back to the Normans, and are like mighty rivers whose course is perpetually swelled by smaller rivers falling into their course. These families gradually become the deposit of a succession of minor families. But when the English noble family decays in its exchequer, it seldom exhibits any scruple whatever, to recruit its losses by an alliance with the commercial classes. A handsome girl is not thought the worse for bringing a couple of millions of francs in her hand. She gains her grand object, a title; the honest trader who has made her dower gains his grand object, the honour of having a peer for a son-in-law; the peer gains his grand object, a sum sufficient to pay off the incumbrances of the family estate; and the bargain thus plenses every body but the maiden aunt and the Herald's College, for whom nobody cares.

THE REVIEW.

DEAR ALPHONSE—

Since the coronation London has been a ground of entertainments—balloons in the public gardens—fetes at the palace—and dinners at the ambassadors'. The eternal succession has absorbed all our faculties. The life of a diplomatist in this country is no trifle. Between trying to recollect the faces of the well-dressed multitude to whom you are perpetually introduced, and to whom you must afterwards bow on pain of death; sitting out three interminable courses every day; and afterwards either doing the honours of the embassy at home, or doing your own abroad, in the midst of some nightly thousands, with the thermometer at 90 degrees, and Musard's band stunning you with Polonaises for twelve hours together; I have had serious thoughts of abandoning all hope of being minister for foreign affairs in my time, and retiring to the comparative solitudes of Paris.

But, to-day, we have had something of a higher kind to take off a little of our ennui.—The English artillery, taken as a whole, is known to be one of the finest corps in their army. The English themselves speak of it as the finest corps in Europe. I had, accordingly, some curiosity to see its performances: not that I have quite got rid of that salutary idea which makes a Frenchman in every part of the globe think that France can do every thing better than any other people, but that the remarkable coolness with which an Englishman generally makes an assertion has some effect in making you believe it to be a fact. The want of this coolness does us prodigious harm in the matter of imposing on mankind. We throw too much credence into our statement to win credibility.

As the review was to be some miles from London, at the chief station of the artillery in England, I rose two hours before my time, breakfasted with unusual despatch, and, after discharging those petty cares of the toilet which form so important a part of our duty, I ordered my horse, and, exactly at an hour before noon, galloped towards the scene. You will have to learn that, though Woolwich, the place of rendezvous, is perhaps three leagues from what is called London, it is actually almost a part of this monster-metropolis—a monster which is evidently proceeding to devour every field for fifty miles round; and which will soon make a wide range of grass as remarkable a curiosity to the eyes of the citizens as a rhinoceros. The road, though broad, level, and admirably kept in order, as are all the high-roads of this country, was lined through the chief part of the distance with houses—some of those *guinguettes*, surrounded with full-length paintings of Wellington, Howe, Mi Lord Grey, and other warlike and civil lights and disturbers of the restful world; the paintings, of course, wholly inferior to our French signs, for we are excellent at mediocrity, but exhibiting all the honour that could be given by remorseless embroidery and gigantic epaulettes. At intervals rows of private houses, called by the general name of terraces, stretched along, and now and then a pretty villa peeped from its bowery trellis and ivy shades, as if to remind the passenger that he was not still in the heart of the most inordinately collected brick on the face of the earth.

The visitants, including all the foreign Ambassadors, all their suites, military and civil, a crowd of generals, and a following crowd of fashionable people, in dashing equipages, now began to pour along. The inhabitants of the houses on both sides flocked to their windows to their best apparel; we thus had a preliminary review of our own; and if of popular curiosity could stamp popular distinction, many a man, as simple as your friend, became unconsciously a public character. The cavalcade continued to rush on, now and then a little impeded by the obstinacy of some noble driver of a four-wheeled carriage and four, who insisted on taking his

own way, and overtaking everybody's else; the sight of a dragon posted across the road to prevent our running out of the train; or the approach of some supereminant personage to whom all the inferior world were bound to yield. I myself drew up in succession to a shoal of Ambassadors, took off my cap with all humility to his Highness of Nemours, who rushed by me on a fierce, fast-trotting English horse, too rapidly, I fear, to have been sensible of my loyalty in a strange land, and made a salutation, worthy of a dragoman, to his Highness Mahommed Ben Ali Ben Oglou, representative of the Sublime Porte, and through him representative of the Sun and Moon. He was worthy of the magnitude of his mission; long-bearded and grim, equally vast and venerable, with the look of a dreamer and diplomatist of the first water; the whole idea, however, much diluted by a pair of spectacles.

The review ground lies beyond Woolwich, part of it along the banks of the Thames, which here are low, and part of it on an elevated plain inland. The day happened to be remarkably fine; bright, without the intolerable heat with which the English summer generally qualifies its fine days, and which makes it a matter of prudence not to be too eager in wishing to get rid of its native fog and rain.—This fog and rain, too, have the effect of giving the soil that proverbial verdure, which I am beginning to think the most delicious feature of any landscape whatever. My eyes have been so burned out with the hard, dry, tannic-coloured fields of the Continent, from the first day when the primrose peeps from its leaf, to the day when the trees of the forest, like our belles of Paris, dress for winter, by undressing themselves of all their vegetable draperies, that the sight of grass existing beyond the first week of sun shine is an absolute relief to my angry imagination. I, who have seen the far-famed slopes of Lausanne, resembling nothing but a colossal brown loaf, the Pyrenees, as if they had been covered with a tanned bull's hide, and looked from the Rhigi itself on a circle of hills and valleys that might have rivalled the ash-hole of a furnace a hundred and fifty miles round, see the English landscape with a delight which I shall not pine for my nationality by attempting to describe. Now, as far as the eye could stretch, the earth was covered with a carpet greener than ever was wrought in the looms of D'ambousson, and nearly as soft; light and elastic to the tread; breathing the very air of health, and seconding with infinite effect the surrounding picturesque residences of the richer English, who certainly, in those matters, have the luckiest taste of any people alive.

At length the rocket practice began. The target was instantly knocked down; and the discharges followed each other so fast, that, as whoever attempted to plant it again would have been inevitably pierced like a bleeding heart on a seal, the rockets had nothing to do but to beat it about, and treat it as Achilles did Hector when he had him fairly on the ground.

You have seen the rocket practice at our camps. But I, at least, have seen nothing comparable to the skill, rapidity, and precision to which the service has been brought here. Our artillerymen are quick, clever, and brave; this is only saying that they are French. But the Englishman's quietness of movement, dexterity, and attention to things which our impatience overlooks as trifles, gives him the true qualities for an artilleryman. The rocket, which we have found so difficult to manage, and which even the diligence of the Germans has often found so dangerous, is here a weapon as much under command as the bayonet. In the discharges, whether single or in volleys, no failure, no recoil, no disaster of any kind took place; and those tremendous fire-works continued sweeping over the field with a steadiness and a strength which, against troops, must have been devastating. The very flight of the Congreve rocket

is startling; it springs from the ground in a volume of flame, and then rushes along with a continued roar, with its large head blazing, and striking point-blank, and with tremendous force, at the distance of a mile or more. In a siege it is already extremely formidable. It bursts through roofs; it fixes itself wherever it can bore its way; and it inflames every thing that is combustible. Stone walls only can repel it, and that not always. This weapon may be regarded as almost exclusively English in its use, as well as its origin. It will be like the English bow in the fifteenth century.

Advertisements.

ON SALE.

Calle de la Piedad, No. 140.

OLD Bottled Madeira Wine, in cases of three dozens each. 16 4.

NOTICE.

OLD English bottled Port, Sherry of excellent flavor, Champagne, Pressed Ginger, Black and Green Teas, Sugar Candy, &c. &c., are on sale by the package, at Anderson, Weller & Co's Stores.

NOTICE.

TO BRITISH SUBJECTS.

THE Undersigned, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, hereby gives notice, that a General Meeting of the Subscribers to the Scotch Presbyterian Church, will be held at their Chapel on Tuesday the 26th inst. at 1 o'clock, for the purpose of nominating and appointing the Trustees of this establishment for the present year.

CHARLES GRIFFITHS,

H. B. M's Consul.

British Consulate,
Buenos Ayres, 16th March, 1839.

HIDE ROPE.

THE Undersigned original inventor of the hide rope, solicits the attention and patronage of the Commanding officers of men of war, owners and captains of vessels of all nations, for his manufacture established in Buenos Ayres, with an exclusive privilege granted by the Superior Government of the Argentine Republic.

For further particulars apply at the Store, No. 28, on the beach, opposite the landing place of Buenos Ayres.

Orders left there for any quantities will be attended to and fulfilled in a very short time.

MANUEL LORENZO AMARAL.

WANTED.

A Confidential person, who understands the management of Sheep, to commence with a considerable flock on slurs.

Apply at No. 59, Calle del 25 de Mayo.

NOTICE.

THE Scotch National School, will be open for the admission of boys from the 1st of April.

The terms of instruction may be known by application at the School-room, Scotch Presbyterian Church.

March 20th, 1839.

Shipping Memoranda.

The American brig Cashier, from Rio Janeiro for Montevideo, with an assorted cargo, consigned to Nicholson, Green & Co., got aground on 'Bold Point,' close to Montevideo, on the night of 17th inst. Boats were sent to her assistance from the American ships of war, and removed part of her cargo, and it was supposed she would be got off without material damage.

ARRIVED AT MONTEVIDEO.

- 14th inst., American barque Sagamore, Moore, from Rio Janeiro 28th ult., to Zimmerman & Co.
- " British brig Leander, Hayward, from Lisbon 26th December, to Parlane & Co.
- 15th, British brig Calder, Turner, from Island Mayo 29th January, to Nicholson, Green & Co.
- " Hamburg brig Vesta, from Lisbon 29th December, to Aldana.
- " American ship Black Warrior, from Batavia 1st December, with rice, to Southgate & Co.
- 16th, British barque Chalco, from Liverpool 14th January, to Tayleur & Co.
- " British brig Lucretia, from Liverpool 17th January, to Brownell, Staggans & Co.

MERCHANT VESSELS

In the Port of Buenos Ayres, on 21st of March, 1839.

NONE.

FOREIGN VESSELS OF WAR.

- FRENCH. Corvette Ariadne, 32 guns, Captain Du Haut Cilly, with Commodore's broad pendant.
- Corvette Sapho, 28 guns, Captain Pierre Joseph Thibault.
- Brig Alerte, 22 guns, Captain Charles Olivier.
- BRITISH. Ship Acteon, 26 guns, Captain Robert Russell.
- Packet Cockatrice, 6 guns, Lieut John Douglas, Commander.

- " British brig Fame, from Liverpool 17th January, to Purlane & Co.
- " American brig Sophia and Eliza, Green, from New York 7th January, Island Mayo 11th ult., with 80 moyos salt, to Zimmermann & Co.
- " American brig Carrol, from Rio Janeiro 6th inst., with 90 moyos salt, to Zimmermann & Co.
- " Hamburg galliot Adolf Gustave, from Lisbon 9th January, to Zimmermann & Co.



MARINE LIST.



Port of Buenos Ayres.

- March 16.—Wind N.
- No arrivals or sailings.
- March 17.—Wind N. E. shifted to E. in the afternoon.
- No arrivals or sailings.
- March 18.—Wind N.
- No arrivals or sailings.
- March 19.—Wind E. slight rain before sun-rise.
- Arrived, H. B. M's packet schooner Cockatrice, Lieut. John Douglas, Commander, from Rio Janeiro 7th inst., arrived at Montevideo 17th, sailed thence 18th, with the mail of H. B. M's packet Swift, from Falmouth 4th January.
- Passenger from Rio Janeiro to Montevideo, Mr. Martin Perfumo.

Passengers from Rio Janeiro to Buenos Ayres, The Rev. W. Armstrong, Mrs. Robillard and three children.

Passengers from Montevideo to Buenos Ayres, Messrs. Dominick, Lees, Bailey, Giffard, Halbach, Schreuder, Grasso, Salvaringa, Gomez, Calvo, Ellice, Señora Manuela Gestal and child, Señora Rosario Villaruel and daughter, Mrs. Schreuder and Miss Schreuder, and Señora Maria Martin.

March 20.—Wind S. S. E.

No arrivals.

Sailed, Oriental packet schooner Relampago, Antonio Mascardi, for Montevideo.

Oriental packet schooner Rosa, Juan Bautista Schiaffino, for Montevideo.

March 21.—Wind E. slight rain.

Arrived, French brig of war Lutin, 8 guns, Captain Duperrier, from a cruise, and sailed again immediately.

March 22.—Wind E. strong, slight rain in the evening.

No arrivals or sailings.

The French brig of war Lutin, was in sight at anchor to the E.

Operations of the French blockading vessels.

16th inst. Two French launches arrived during the last night from a cruise to the northward, and the French armed boat Atravido this morning—as also the blockaders 'beef boat' from Colonia. The Atravido and beef boat sailed again in the evening.

17th. Nothing new.

18th. A chaloupe under the French flag, with a whale boat astern, arrived in the outer roads this morning from the northward. She is probably a prize chaloupe, taken into the service of H. M. Louis Philippe. She evidently brought cargo on blockaders account, which she discharged during the day into the Ariadne.

The schooner Anibal, bound to Montevideo by blockaders permission, came out of the Riachuelo to day and anchored off the Custom-house. Long after night-fall—that is to say about 9 o'clock, French launches came in and took her away with them to the outer roads.—The Ariadne, Sapho and Alerte, displayed lights until a late hour, as a guide to the launches and their convoy.

19th. Nothing new.

20th. The French cutter of war Tupac Amaru, a French armed whale boat, and a small balandra appertaining to the blockaders, arrived from the eastward,—and their 'beef boat' from the northward and sailed again.

21st. The Atravido arrived, and the Tupac Amaru sailed during the last night. The latter came in again this afternoon from off Las Conchas in company with a French launch.—

The French brig of war Lutin, arrived this morning from the eastward, and sailed again immediately in the same direction, after having had communication with the French Commodore.

22nd. The Lutin came in sight this morning, but she anchored to the eastward, hull down from the town.

This day (23rd inst.) completes the 361st day of the blockade.

Notwithstanding that Admiral Leblanc, on instituting the present blockade, expressly declared that it only embraced the littoral of the River Plate, we understand that two American vessels have been ordered away by some French men of war from the Loberia, a port situated beyond Cape St. Anthony. The Americans it seems never considered the blockade to extend thus far, even on paper, and we believe that neither does the British Government recognise it to that extent. The present occasion will doubtless afford an opportunity for the clearing up of this point.

There has been an important memorial lying for signature for some time past, at the North and South American Coffee-house, on the subject of steam navigation between England, Brazil, and the River de la Plata. The packet establishment existing between Falmouth and Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, is so irregular, that there is a communication with the important ports of Pernambuco and Bahia only six times in the year, the trade winds and currents of the ocean preventing any sailing packet from touching at those places excepting during one half the year, and there is undoubtedly an extensive loss to the revenue from the present obstruction of the business by the merchant vessels, which arrive in so much shorter time from the ports of Brazil; and, accordingly, the memorial to the Treasury sets forth these inconveniences to the merchants and loss to the government, and prays that a monthly line of steam packets should be established from Falmouth to Madeira, the Canaries, the Cape de Verd Islands, Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Ayres, thus shortening the voyage about one-half in respect to time. The present average passage outwards to Rio de Janeiro is 56 days, and homewards 74; whereas the steam-packets, it is estimated in the memorial, could very easily accomplish the same passage in 30 days outwards and 36 days home, although this, it may be observed, is about double the time corresponding to the performances of the Great Western steam-ship across the much less favourable seas between England and New York. The probability is, therefore, that the improvements in steam navigation will render the passage two-thirds shorter between Falmouth and the various ports of Brazil, and yet it would appear that there would be no difficulty in obtaining contractors for the voyage of twelve monthly mails outwards and homewards by first rate steam-ships, for the allowance of 40,000*l.* per annum, which is now expended on the sailing packets on the same line. The Post-office revenue, it is reasoned, would be very largely increased; for a change in the system, which would cause the whole of the correspondence to be conveyed in steam-packets, that would be only one-third or one-half of the time upon the sea, and as the expense to the government would be the same as for the present unsatisfactory line of sailing vessels, and as the commercial and political advantages are evidently so extensive and valuable, from thus bringing, as it were, so many of the finest of the South American countries within one-third of the present distance from England, it is to be hoped that this important memorial may meet with proper consideration from the Treasury and Board of Trade.—Amongst the signatures are the names of Baring, Gladstone, Rothschilds, and other eminent mercantile, banking, and manufacturing firms.—*London paper.*

On Thursday evening, H. E. the Governor was again serenaded in front of his private residence, in the street *Restaurador*, in honour of the late gratifying news from Peru and Bolivia. This serenade we understand was got up by the Custom-House officers; the particulars of which (should we obtain them) we will give in our next number.

A communication in the *Gaceta Mercantil* of 16th inst., states that a solemn Mass and Te Deum were celebrated on the 14th, at the Church of our Lady *del Socorro*, as a thanksgiving to the Almighty for the visible protection dispensed to the Americans in the destruction of the ominous unitarian tyrant Santa Cruz; a lesson (it adds) to the wicked and deluded men, who by means of their coalition, think they can enslave this country, but whose chastisement is not far distant.

Amongst the congregation (which was numerous) were Colonels José Monteseoca, Francisco Quevedo, and a number of military officers.

The late partial eclipse of the Sun on 15th inst.

A person, the accuracy of whose observations may be relied on, informs us that he lost the opportunity of seeing the beginning of the late eclipse, by confiding in the longitude of Buenos Ayres as stated in our English books of navigation. He observed the true altitude of the Sun's centre at the instant of last contact or end of the eclipse, and found it to be 46° 13' 36", and the corresponding time 9h. 59m. 12s. A. M. As these are true data sufficient for the finding the true longitude, it is not improbable that it will be attended to. The greatest quantity of the eclipse was 9 digits.

A SMILE.

A jeweller, in America, advertises that he has a number of precious stones to dispose of; adding, that they sparkle like the tears of a young widow.—*American paper.*

ABSENCE OF MIND.

A fond mother took her darling on her knee, and then a loaf, intending to make bread and butter for it, as people say hereabouts; but, by a strange fatality, she buttered the child's face, and cut its head off before she discovered her mistake.—*American paper.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication with the account of the festivities at the house of Mr. Welsh, on St. Patrick's Day, came too late for insertion this week. It shall appear in our next.

PRICES CURRENT.

Doublons, Spanish	253	a	dollars each.
Do. Patriot	252	a	do. do.
Plata macuquina	13	14	do. for one
Dollars, Spanish	15	a	do. each.
Do Patriot and Patacones	14	15	do. do.
Six per cent Stock	49	a	do: per ct.
Bank Shares	none		
Exchange on England	4	a	pence per dol
Do. Rio Janeiro	500	a	nominal.
Do. Montevideo	154	a	per patacon
Do. United States	12	13	per U.S. dolla
Hides, Ox, best	35	a	40 dls. p. pesado.
Do. country	32	a	35 do. do.
Do. weighing 23 to 24lbs	34	a	36 do. do.
Do. salted	32	a	33 do. do.
Do. Horse	12	a	14 do. each.
Nutria Skins	4	a	5 <i>l.</i> do. per lb
Chinchilli Skins	50	a	55 do. per dozen
Wool, common	11	a	14 do. per arr ^{bs}
Do. picked	23	a	25 do. do.
Sheep skins per dozen	20	a	22 per 27 <i>lb.</i>
Calf skins per dozen	20	a	30
Deer skins per dozen	11	a	12
Hair, long	65	a	75 do. per arr ^{bs}
Do. mixed	36	a	40 do. do.
Jerked Beef	20	a	22 do. quintal.
Tallow, melted	17	a	18 do. per arr ^{bs}
Horns	250	a	300 per mil.
Flour, (North American)	none		
Salt, on board	none		
Discount	1	a	3 per cent. per month

The highest price of Doublons during the week 254 dollars. The lowest price 250 dollars.

The highest rate of Exchange upon England during the week 4 pence. The lowest ditto 4 pence.

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ALEXANDER BRANDEE, Responsible Editor.