

# British Packet

## AND

# ARGENTINE NEWS.

Nº. 672.]

BUENOS AYRES, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1839.

[Vol. XIII.]

### BUENOS AYRES.

The *Gaceta* of this day contains the proceedings of the extraordinary sitting of the House of Representatives of the 28th ultimo, convoked for the purpose of receiving the report of the first Vice-President, General Agustín Pinedo, relative to the assassination on the evening of the 27th, of its former President, Dr. Manuel V. de Maza. From this it appears, according to the testimony of the orderly Anastasio Ramirez, that the deed was committed whilst the deponent was occupied in one of the inner apartments of the edifice, and that he was entirely ignorant of the circumstances, having merely seen two unknown persons leave the house before he was aware of what had occurred. As soon as the event became known, the standing Committee of the House assembled for the purpose of adopting such measures as the emergency might seem to require. One of these was to devolve upon the Secretary, Dr. Lucas Gonzalez Peña, the duty of instituting a summary investigation of the affair for the purpose of laying it before the House, which duty being performed, the House was convoked. After the report of the standing Committee had been read, Señor Garrigós called the attention of the House to several important facts, a knowledge of which, he said, might be conducive to the discovery of the origin of the deed. He stated, that it was a matter of public notoriety that a conspiracy had been formed against the life of the Chief of the State and for the subversion of public order—that for this purpose several officers had been tampered with, but so far from lending themselves to such detestable machinations, they had hastened to acquaint the government of their existence, bringing with them unequivocal proofs of their assertions. The principal author of this horrid plot, said the hon. gentleman, was the son of the President of the House, and there were strong grounds to suspect the connivance of the latter thereat. When this transpired, continued the hon. gentleman, public indignation was raised to the highest pitch—a petition was got up by a numerous body of citizens, requiring the House to depose its President—and so far was the popular resentment carried, that the dwelling of the deceased was seriously assaulted on the night of the 26th. After this expression of the public feeling, the deceased was induced to resign not only the Presidency of that House, but also of the Chamber of Justice. Being thus divested of all immunity, observed the hon. gentleman, it appeared natural that the conspirators should apprehend from the known character of the late President, that being placed in the hands of the law, he would not preserve the silence they desired. They had, therefore, imposed it upon him, and in their accustomed manner. For, he continued, if the people highly exasperated, as they doubtless were,

had wished to carry to a greater extreme their demonstration of resentment, they would have done so before the object of their petition had been attained. But the event had taken place subsequently to the two resignations of the President, and, under such circumstances, it could only be in the interest of the conspirators to remove the apprehension which they must have necessarily felt lest they might be discovered in all their machinations, and suffer the condign punishment of their crimes.

The House resolved to leave the prosecution of the matter in the hands of the Executive.

#### Operations of the French blockading vessels.

29th ult. The *Sapho* (Commodore's ship) fired a gun at day break, upon which the French brigantine of war *Vigilante*, got under way and sailed to the northward. The French armed diate also sailed in the same direction.—A French brig of war at anchor S. E. hull down from the town. The blockading vessels displayed lights at night as a guide to their schooner of war *Forté*, which had hove in sight.

30th. The *Forté* arrived in the outer roads during the last night, and sailed this afternoon to the eastward. The French armed boat *Atréviedo* sailed to the northward. Two French brigs were in sight at anchor S. E. hull down from the town.

1st inst. No other news, except that one of the brigs above mentioned sailed during the last night.

2nd. The French schooner of war *Firmeza*, sailed during the last night; and this evening two of the blockaders' armed whale boats sailed to the northward. Arrived this morning French schooner of war *Eclair* from the eastward.—Brig at anchor S. E. as before.

3rd. Blockaders' beef boat arrived from Colonia and sailed again.

4th. Nothing new.

5th. The brig mentioned on 2nd inst., still at anchor hull down.

This day (6th inst.) completes the 466th day of the blockade.

#### Vista de la Ciudad de Buenos Ayres, mirando al Sud desde la Cupola de la Catedral.

The above picture will shortly be raffled;—some numbers however yet remain for sale, price 80 dollars each. An early application is recommended to those who desire to take chances.

THE WEATHER, during the week has been changeable. Thermometer 48 to 62. On 1st inst. it was at 62.

The 29th ult., being the day of "St. Peter and St. Paul," was kept as a close holiday in Buenos Ayres. The weather was fine, and the pedestrians and equestrians in the neighbourhood of town were numerous.

We attended the *matines* of St. Peter and St. Paul on the evening of the 28th, at the Cathedral Church. The High Altar was splendidly adorned and lit, the attendance of the clergy numerous, and the choir and music good. The

congregation however was but scanty, owing perhaps to its being a foggy night.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH PACKET.

SIR,

You have lately amused us with some lines on Woman's eyes and Woman's lips. Are there none of your Correspondents that can oblige us with something on Woman's voice?—If they want inspiration let them go and hear Justina Piacentini.

Those melodious sounds that sweetly stealing to [the heart, Make every nerve and fibre bear a part;

Sounds that make,  
The heart strings quake—  
The Doctor would scarce deny,  
The Soul consists in harmony.

SPECTATOR.

The Brazilian corvette *Regeneration*, saluted the town on Thursday last, at 1 P. M. with 21 guns, which was returned from the Fort by a like number.

The *Regeneration* had the flag of this Republic at her fore whilst firing the salute.

#### ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The United States corvette *Fairfield*, in honor of this anniversary, had a flag at each mast head and a Jack on the bowsprit. The boisterous weather doubtless prevented any further display of flags. At 1 o'clock she fired the customary salute.

A party of North American gentlemen assembled at a village a few miles distant from town, and celebrated the day by a rural dinner, at which we understand the most conspicuous dish was that peculiar to this country—*carne con cuero*.

Mr. Slade, Consul of the United States, Captain Boorman, and a number of the officers of the *Fairfield*, were amongst the guests at this entertainment.

#### Official Documents.

##### VIVA LA FEDERACION!

Treasury bills in circulation on 1st inst., 4,419,600 dollars.

A decree dated 28th inst., appoints Dr. Pedro Medrano, to be President of the *Camara* for the present year; and Dr. Roque Saenz Peña, to occupy the vacant seat in the *Camara*.

Buenos Ayres, July 2nd, 1839.  
30th year of the Liberty, 24th of the Independence,  
And 10th of the Argentine Confederation.

To the Executive of the Province.

The Honorable House of Representatives of the Province, has appointed the Member Dr. Miguel Garcia, to be President of the Representation.

God preserve you many years.

The Vice-President of the Honorable House.

AGUSTIN PINEDO.

The Secretary—Manuel Irigoyen.

The *Gaceta Mercantil* of 4th and 5th inst., contains the particulars of the proceedings in the House of Representatives on its sittings of 17th and 19th ult.

We have received 21 copies of a work recently published in London, in one volume, entitled "Prison scenes and narrative of escape from France during the late war," by Seacombe Ellison.

It is illustrated with six plates, viz:—

1. Interior of the Round Tower in the Citadel of Verdun.
2. The Souterain at Bitché.—Dormitory of the Prisoners.
3. Court Yard in the Fort at Bitché.—Promenade of the Prisoners.
4. Entrance to the Port at Bitché, taken from the Fossé.—Escape of the Prisoners.
5. View of Bitché, with the Prisoners as they returned from Metz.
6. Plan of the Fort of Bitché.

The author, Mr. Seacombe Ellison, is an old Buenos Ayren; we had not however the pleasure of his acquaintance, he having quitted this capital before our arrival in it. He has in his "Prison scenes," given to the public a volume abounding with incident, rendered interesting by its truth, and mingled with observations which amuse from their very quaintness, making at the same time no pretensions to elaborate writing. His endurance whilst a prisoner in France, attempts to escape, recapture, final escape, wanderings through Germany to Trieste in the midst of winter, embarkation for England, &c. &c., are all minutely described, and with a candour highly honorable to the writer, for although he appears a decided "John Bull," abhorring French levity, &c. &c., yet with few exceptions he highly eulogises the conduct of the French officers, under whose charge the fortune of war had placed him, and pretty plainly demonstrates that the British prisoners in France, particularly the Irish portion of them, were enough to tire the patience of Job himself. Some of the Ibernians who managed to escape from French fortresses are well known in Buenos Ayres:—we would mention Admiral William Brown, Captain D. H. O'Brien, late of H. B. M.'s ship *Staney*, and Lieut. Christopher Tuthil, late 1st Lieutenant of that ship.

In pages 32, 33 and 34 of the work, we read:—

During my confinement in the citadel of Verdun, I became acquainted with Brown, afterwards the famous Admiral of Buenos Ayres. He was sent off to Metz prison, where he and Cecil formed a plan of escape; but Cecil obtained permission to return to Verdun before it was ripe for execution. B—— succeeded in the attempt, and reached England in safety. I met him afterwards in Rio Janeiro; and subsequently sat down next door neighbour to him in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres, and once was the depository of the casket of jewels presented by the government to his lady. His first exploit was in a large merchant ship, which the government armed, and sent him against Martin Garcia, a fortified rock, under which his ship grounded; but he succeeded in taking it, after losing his first lieutenant and a number of his men. He had then an addition made to his force of three or four more vessels, and attacked and beat all the vessels of war that the Spaniards in Montevideo could send out against him, while through his prowess that strongly-fortified place was taken. I saw him going to dine with the government, and to receive their congratulations, dressed in admiral's full uniform, with a large cocked hat, and a gay feather of many colours waving—the honours of the hero.

Some time afterwards he was sent round Cape Horn, to cruise against the old Spaniards; here again he was fortunate, and soon filled his ship with valuable spoil. Subsequently, a number of merchant vessels were purchased for him and armed against the Brazilians, who were blockading the river Plate, with numerous frigates, sloops, and various descriptions of vessels of war, amounting to twenty-five or thirty sail. These he contrived to annoy in different ways (until peace was made) passing up and down the river at his pleasure, and preventing them doing any further harm than merely keeping up the blockade; which they by no means closely effected.

In page 71 and 72—

On our way we met fourteen of our countrymen chained together, among whom were some old acquaintances, Messrs. Tuthil, Ashworth, and Brine, marching jocularly along, hallooing and singing, with as much apparent joy as if they were on their way homewards. "Where are you going?" we asked. "To Metz." "What for?" "To be tried for setting the *souterain* on fire, and attempting to blow up the magazine." In fact they had been attempting to escape by a passage that led from the *souterain* outside the fort; they had cut through one wooden door, undermined an iron one, and trying to force a third, the noise alarmed a sentinel, and put an end to their career. They underwent a long trial, and were all condemned, some to ten years and others to seven in the galleys. Then the president of the court martial rose and addressed them as follows: "Gentlemen, for your sakes and that of your countrymen I have given you a fair trial, in order to show you that you stand legally condemned; but, as a portion of you are British officers, I, to show the respect I have for your honourable profession, shall not put the law in force; you are all pardoned, and I trust you will never again be guilty of the same offence; if you are, you must not expect the same lenity."

This was indeed noble conduct of the French authority.

In page 80 and 81—

I have heard it said that Wirion (Commandant at Verdun) once remarked, that the *detenus* were the sweepings of England, and that the masters of merchant ships and the midshipmen were the sweepings of the sweepings. Then let the reader suppose that the inhabitants of the fortress of Bitché were the sweepings of these sweepings, and he may form some idea of the character of its inhabitants. I do not mean to imply that they were all bad—there were some excellent ones, save their being determined prison breakers. Still it was the place where were congregated the dissolute, the abandoned, the profligate, the drunken, the reckless, the debtor; the refuse of the other *depôts*. We had the misfortune to be quartered in the same room with a man in whom all these characteristics met, except that of drunkenness—a man of gentlemanly manners, and of the most insinuating address; so much so, that during the time he had permission to go occasionally into the town, he obtained all his supplies *gratis*; and when that permission was withdrawn, he obtained the same from the woman that kept the canteen.

And our author further observes, that "on the road from Verdun to Bitché, so often traversed by bad subjects, there was not a *gendarme* stationed on it, that would give the least credence to an Englishman's word."

We conclude with the following extract—

The second night, when K—— and I went to the *Aigle-d'or*, the landlady was very indignant, and refused to take us in, telling us to go and ask for a bed where we had eaten our dinner; and perhaps she was right, for we had not called for any thing in her house. In consequence, high words ensued; K—— being spokesman, told her we were billeted upon her house—that we would have a bed; and that if she did not order us one directly, we would fetch the police. This quieted her, and we were shewn into a room. We had scarcely laid down, when a servant-girl came to tell us we must turn out directly, as a French captain and his lady had just arrived; and that our room being the only single-bedded one in the house they could have, they must have it, and that we must go to another. This was certainly no unreasonable request, and we ought to have consented; but the severe scolding we had just had still vibrated in our ears, and we refused to comply. Another message to the same effect came up, and an answer returned, that as we had possession, we would keep it. By-and-by the captain himself came, and by way of taking military possession of the room, hung up his hat, and sword, and retired, without uttering a word. Then came his lady, her maid, and the chamber-maid, and told us, if we did not turn out immediately, they would turn us upon the floor; and, suiting the action to the word, commenced hostilities, by pulling off the bed-clothes. "Now, Messieurs, will you get up?" "Non, Madame," was the reply; and in an instant the three, going on one side, reversed our situation; in-

stead of our lying upon the bed, the bed lay upon us; in fact, we were floored. This was all done with the greatest good-humour, and much to our amusement; and finding the lady in a playful mood, we protracted the scene.—Hitherto we had been passive, but now began to act rather upon the offensive; and the lady, not liking our resistance, or perhaps fancying that we exceeded the laws of honourable warfare, coolly took down her husband's sword, drew it, and pinned us both up in a corner.—Finding further resistance vain, we begged for quarter, which was granted, with a smile; the capitulation was amicably arranged, and we marched out with our baggage, leaving the room to the victorious heroine, who had so courageously obtained possession. She saw us next morning, and smiled archly.

The Captain was doubtless aware how tenacious Englishmen are of their habitations, and was apprehensive that, if he had interfered, blows might have ensued, and finally blood would have been shed; but by leaving the management to his wife, this was happily avoided, and the affair pleasantly terminated without loss on either side, save that of some portion of delicacy, a commodity, as far as experience enables me to judge, not in much estimation with the females of France.

We think our readers will from these extracts form some idea of the work, which we have placed for sale at Mr. Stedman's library, No. 30, Calle de la Cathedral. Price 15 dollars currency.

Admiral Leblanc has addressed a letter to the Editors of the Montevideo journal *Nacional*, on the Atalaya affair, which was published in that journal of 17th ult., in French and in Spanish. The following is a translation of it.—

The Journals published in Buenos Ayres, are accustomed when speaking of the existing differences, between France and the government of that Province, or of the conduct of the French agents charged to defend here the interests and dignity of their country, to have as little regard for truth as for urbanity, moderation of language, and the choice of their expressions.

The only feeling which their gross and ridiculous declamations produced was to induce us to preserve a silence, which no one could misunderstand. Their accusations however in the report they published relative to the expedition to the Arroyo of the Atalaya, against the vessels destroyed there for breking the blockade, ought not to pass without receiving the contradiction they merit.

They assert that the Atalaya, was attacked by more than 500 men, conveyed in 17 launches. It would appear that the Messrs. Argentine Chiefs who counted them, were in one of those delusions of mind which tends to magnify objects, inasmuch as with more calmness and attention they might have discovered that they had before them only 15 launches, carrying 200 instead of 500 men; and with more respect for truth and esteem for the infantry, Majors Valle and Garmendia, would not have neglected to accord honorable mention to the 200 infantry ranged in line behind their cavalry, whereas it is to the latter alone they attribute all the honours of the day. There is in this omission a partiality insulting to the infantry, at which no doubt they must have felt very sore.

As it regards the flight of the French troops at the approach of 70 Argentines, *faithful sons of liberty*, it has not existed except in the brilliant imagination of Majors Valle and Garmendia, who appear to have passed the day of the 9th May, under the influence of the most flattering illusions; it is on the contrary known, and foreigners disinterested in the question, have witnessed that the infantry and cavalry manoeuvred with admirable precision to augment the distance which separated them from the brave French seamen, who disembarked to protect those of their comrades occupied in destroying the blockade breaking vessels, and that the shot from the brig of war *Bordeleuse*, constantly traced a line which served to limit the ardor of the *sons of liberty*. It is also known that the French seamen after having accomplished their duty, re-embarked without molestation, and left the Arroyo of the Atalaya without being in any way incommoded by their terrible adversaries.

It is also necessary to deprive them of the trophy by which they falsely pretend to do honor to their valour, by making known that no French sailor was killed either on shore or in the boats, and that the number of wounded is limited to one, struck by a musquet ball, in the boat of the Sapho. His wound is slight.

I conceive it would be derogatory to the dignity and honorable character which French officers and seamen have ever upheld, to reply to the odious and calumnious imputation, of their having appropriated to themselves property of the destroyed vessels. I abandon this accusation to its authors, they only can merit it.

The long and verbose reflections contained in this article of the journals of Buenos Ayres, resemble those with which they generally fill their columns, and are unworthy of refutation, they are only a forced filler up of pages, which would be often destitute, were they devoted solely to the propagation of facts and rational ideas.

(Signed) The Rear Admiral,  
L. LEBLANC.

The style of writing assumed by the Admiral, seems to have made an unfavourable impression amongst his friends in Montevideo, and called forth some rather caustic remarks from the government journal *Revista del Plata*, which stated that half a dozen such letters, would go far to ruin the French cause in the opinion of all Argentines, inasmuch as it took an unwarrantable liberty with the Argentine name, and indulged in a strain of irony quite out of place.

We hear that Admiral Leblanc has since made the "amende honorable."

We scarcely need say that in Buenos Ayres, the assertions of the Admiral are throughout flatly contradicted.

A correspondent has sent us a poetical effusion on the letter in question, which we cannot insert in full, although we are persuaded that Admiral Leblanc would laugh heartily at it. It is headed as follows—

SONG FOR THE SEASON.  
AIR.—*Blue bonnets over the border.*  
FIRST VERSE.

Write, write, dear Admiral and blockader,  
Fill up your pages, write in good order,  
Write, write, of Valle and Garmendia,  
Why leave the margin? come nearer the arroyo.

LAST VERSE.

War's trump is sounding—topics abounding,  
Put in your *Packet* my high mettled story,  
Else Critics will many a day, speak of your *Packet*  
[and say,  
It sided with *Love*—and not with *Glory*.

In respect to the affair at the Saucos, noticed in our last, the *Gaceta* of 26th ult. speaks most indignantly, denouncing it a new crime, a new act of savage barbarism, another Atalaya affair, unworthy of civilization, unworthy of France and its government, insulting to America, to all freemen, and that it will be regarded as execrable by all nations. That the burning of these five defenceless vessels, is disgraceful to the agents of a powerful nation like France, who have been the instigators of it; they too who descent so much on their moderation, and vaunt so elaborately on the principles of justice, humanity and civilization. The article concludes as follows—

"Is this piratical aggression in accordance with the protection so much insisted upon by the French agents in favor of their fellow citizens resident in this country? Let the world decide."

In this operation at the Saucos, the French according to their own account, lost an officer and two men killed and 8 wounded. The bodies of the killed were conveyed to Montevideo and interred there.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH THEATRES COMPARED.  
Notwithstanding the usual volatility and the natural frivolity of the Parisians, they never talk,\*

\* Nor will they permit others. I remember I was in a box at the theatre du Vaudeville, aside a Parisian bourgeois, as intensely fixed all the while on the stage, as a culprit on the judge at the Old Bailey, I happened to whisper a remark once or twice to my friend, when she tapped me with her fan: "Monsieur, ayez la complaisance de vous taire. Vous ne voyez pas ce qui se fait la bas!"

not even whisper, during a performance; whereas John Bull, with all his reputation for closeness and gravity, *does nothing but talk* from beginning to end. It is a pity they have not better actors. English actors, a French audience, and such dramatic authors as both nations boast, combined, would approach very near the perfection of the drama. I doubt if Miss Smithson and the others will ever have patience to play before their boisterous countrymen again; the superior attention of a French audience will have completely spoiled them; while, on the other hand, their superior acting will as completely have spoiled them. Sentinels, more numerous than at the English theatres, guard all the avenues, and preserve order in the interior as well. There are no *Mister Bond's* there. This is all very well for a military nation like France, but it would not do here. Up- roarious John Bull would not relish the frown of a musket inside a playhouse; it is incompatible with his notions of civil liberty.

Whatever superior comfort John may have at his fire-side, the French have certainly more of it at a theatre. Thus, instead of the pully- hauling of our ragamuffin mobs, the visitors who await the opening of the doors are arranged regularly in files of two or three abreast; and, although the crowd consists probably of hundreds, no pressure or inconvenience is felt, and every person is quietly and gently admitted in his turn. There are equally excellent arrangements for leaving the theatre, when not the smallest confusion or uproar takes place. Their theatres are less profusely decorated than ours; but their mode of lighting them has some resemblance to ours. An enormous chandelier, or rather a double row of Argand lamps, is suspended from the centre, which diffuses a gentle and agreeable light through the whole house. Ladies are not, as with us, admitted into the pit, except at some of the minor theatres; and, oddly enough, their pit is *cheaper* than the gallery. Again, when

"Sentiments trapping all, huzzing, clapping all,  
Show how much sap in all heads in the house!"  
when, so often injudiciously, an English audience clap an actor during his speech, the business must be suspended and all effect annihilated, by his *stopping* very graciously to *acknowledge* their favours! "They order these things better in France;" a French actor never sacrifices his author to any such personal nonsense.— After the successful performance of a new piece, the name of the author is loudly demanded, and his appearance on the stage required. The moment he is seen, the house rings with acclamation; he replies with a few humble verses and retires. I think we might very well adopt this custom ourselves, as also their manner of remunerating the authors of successful pieces, which appears to me infinitely more judicious than our own. They are allowed a certain share of the profits during life, and the benefit descends to their families for ten years after their decease; which regulation extends through every theatre in France.—And here I would notice that curious anomaly: the French, a decidedly more dramatic people, do yet, compared with us, consider players a degraded class of individuals, and actually refuse them Christian burial!

I would also advert to a disgusting practice, prevalent among them, of *spilling* during the performance. At the Theatre du Vaudeville, I remember seeing a dashing young lover turn aside from his mistress whom he was apostrophizing very ardently, to—weep?—no, gentle reader,—to spit on the floor! So much for the purity of the French "boards!"

Our neighbours are very, very refined, and of such delicate nerves, that the bare idea of a murder, execution, or assassination, is insupportable;—so that Horatius in Corneille's tragedy, when he kills his sister, runs after her and murders her in the side scenes; groans, shrieks, and cries *en coulisses* (behind the scenes) are

allowable; but the public must not see the bloody deed. How are we to account for this mawkish sensibility? The same public which in the morning would crowd in thousands to see an execution, would in the evening cry out shame on a sham representation of it on the stage! How consistently they must have insisted on this dramatic dogma *during the revolution!* How very delicately now'd must they be who could enact such a revolution. How very sensitive they, who, during its most bloody periods, and after daily spectacles of bloodshed at their very doors, could attend theatres at all, as we have seen they heartlessly did every night of their lives! So much for their consistency! One other instance of their *absurdity*, and the curtain shall drop. "The French have such an aversion to any of their dramatis personae dying on the stage, that in the opera of Artaxerxes, when Artabanes falls lifeless in the arms of the attendants, he generally gives a little kick with his foot, as the curtain drops, to show that he has not violated the rules, by dying on the stage!"

We have seen the French and English theatres are at present very differently organized; but this will not long be the case. The remarkable dramatic union now in progress between the two countries, will certainly lead to the adoption of each other's dramatic excellencies.

The Mirror.

CHART OF HEALTH.—*Love*.—A complaint of the heart growing out of an inordinate longing after something difficult to obtain. It attacks persons of both sexes, generally between the ages of fifteen and thirty; some have been known to have it at the age of sixty. *Symptoms*.—Absence of mind; giving things wrong names; calling tears nectar, and sighs zephyrs; a fondness of poetry and music; gazing on the moon and stars; loss of appetite; neglect of business; loathing for all things—save one; blood-shot eyes, and a constant desire to sigh. *Effect*.—A strong heart-burn; pulse high; stupidly eloquent eyes; sleeplessness, and all that sort of thing. At times, imaginations bright—bowers of roses, winged cupids, and buttered peas; and then again, oceans of tears, racks, torments, and pistols. *Cure*.—Get married.

The Mirror.

#### Advertisements.

### INSTRUCTION.

A Teacher of the English and French languages, living in the neighbourhood of the *Recorta*, respectfully offers his services to families residing either in that part of the suburbs or in town. A line directed to N N., left at the office of this paper, will be duly attended to.

### NOTICE.

IS HEREBY GIVEN.

To those who may be interested in the refining of their flocks, that the undersigned has on sale *Pure blooded Saxony Rams*, reared in this country from pure blooded *Ewos* with *Saxony and Silesia Bucks*, that cost in Germany 30*0* silver dollars each.

Said Rams are warranted to be free from the scab and all other distempers, and will be sold at very low prices. Those wishing to purchase will please call at No. 54, Calle del 25 de Mayo.

JACOB C. FLINT.

### FOR SALE.

A Complete collection of the *British Packet* newspaper, from December 1831 to the present date. Also a complete collection of the publication called works and documents, relative to the ancient and modern history of the Provinces of the River Plata, with notes and dissertations by Don Pedro de Angella. Apply at Mr. Steadman's library, No. 30, Calle de la Cathedral.

### MERCHANT VESSELS

In the Port of Buenos Ayres, on 4th of July, 1839.

NONE.

### FOREIGN VESSELS OF WAR.

**FRENCH.** Corvette *Sapho*, 25 guns, Captain Pierre Joseph Thibault, with Commodore's broad pendant.

Corvette *Camille*, 20 guns, Commandante Pierre Louis Hemenegilde Guillevin. (Capitaine de Corvette.)

**BRITISH.** Ship *Actaon*, 26 guns, Captain Robert Russell.

**AMERICAN.** Corvette *Fairfield*, 24 guns, Captain Charles Boorman.

**BRAZILIAN.** Corvette *Regeneracion*.

## MARINE LIST.

### Port of Buenos Ayres.

- June 29.—Wind N. E. opposite coast visible.  
No arrivals or sailings.
- June 30.—Wind N. shifted to W. in the afternoon,  
slight rain, opposite coast visible.  
No arrivals or sailings.
- July 1.—Wind N. shifted to S. S. E. in the after-  
noon. hazy.  
No arrivals or sailings.
- July 2.—Wind S. S. W.  
No arrivals or sailings.
- July 3.—Wind E. strong.  
No arrivals or sailings.
- July 4.—Wind E. half a gale.  
Arrived, Brazilian corvette Regeneration.
- July 5.—Wind E. strong, hazy and heavy rain all  
day.  
No arrivals or sailings.  
Regeneration's boat not on shore at sun-set.

### Shipping Memoranda.

- ARRIVED AT MONTEVIDEO.
- 15th ult., Brazilian schooner Dos Hermanos, from  
Pernambuco 29th ult., to Peixoto.
- 19th, Brazilian zamacas Fiamaya, from Bahia 19th  
May, to P. Ramon.

### VICTORIA THEATRE.

On 29th ult., was performed *Quince años há.*  
On 30th, "Thirty years of the life of a gam-  
bler."

We did not attend on either of those eve-  
nings.

On 4th, *El Grande Gobernador.* We have  
described the plot in former numbers. A force  
followed.

The night was gloomy, cold and boisterous,  
and the house was very thinly attended.

In the boxes were General Mancilla, Captain  
Barman, of the United States ship *Fairfield*,  
and several of his officers.

In Blackwood's Magazine of April last, is an  
article headed "France and her Electors,"  
which commences as follows—

France has arrived at another crisis. It is  
one of no ordinary importance; and the results  
which will spring from it involve nothing short  
of the peace or war of the whole world. When  
we make use of this language, we do so ad-  
visedly. It is not for the purpose of rounding a  
period, or of exciting attention. If the Con-  
servative cause in France shall now be defeated,  
and if Louis Philippe shall be reduced to accept  
for ministers men imposed upon him by a ma-  
jority of the Chamber of Deputies, who will  
then be not his ministers, but the ministers of a  
faction—from that moment there is not only  
an end to the *Charta* and to the Royalty of  
France, and not only will that country then  
practically become a republic—but from that  
hour all the friends of propagandism, war, re-  
volution, anarchy, and mob government, will be  
let loose—and Europe must be up and defend  
herself, from the aggressions, insults, bad faith,  
encroachments, and violence of modern French  
democrats. We propose, in this article, to es-  
tablish by indisputable facts the truth of these  
assertions—facts which we have selected from  
a mass of materials, and to which we could add  
at pleasure; and facts which will open the eyes  
of the most unconcerned to the present danger-  
ous and alarming condition not only of France,  
but of the whole of Europe. The geographical  
position of France, the character of her people,  
the general adoption of her language on the  
Continent, the diffusion of her *madra* vile li-  
terature, the nature of her political institutions,  
and of the professed experiments she has been  
making in the science of government for the  
last half century, as well as the influence she  
exerts over the leaders of the democratic par-  
ties of all countries, give an importance to her

movements, and a weight to her decisions,  
which cannot be too constantly felt or too fre-  
quently referred to. We invite, then, the best  
attention of our thinking readers to the follow-  
ing view of the state of France with reference  
to her elections—such elections having been re-  
sorted to by the King of the French as the *only*  
and *last* means for preserving the remains of a  
monarchy which can date its origin from Pha-  
ramond and Clodion, Clulderic and Clovis.—  
The defeat of Louis Philippe is the defeat of the  
French monarchy, and its defeat is nothing  
short of war to the hilt against all the monarchi-  
cal institutions of Europe. We approach,  
then, this subject with natural anxiety and just  
alarm; we shall exaggerate nothing—but we  
shall not conceal any facts which are calculated  
to present, in its true light, the present situa-  
tion of the country whose decisions and destinies must  
have so powerful an operation over the futurity  
of the whole of Europe.

The article then proceeds at considerable  
length, from which we make the following ex-  
tracts—

There is no reliance to be placed on French  
assurances, and no confidence to be reposed in  
even French conduct. Look at the language,  
as published in the official and other records,  
which was made use of to Charles X. and to  
the royal family, even up to the period of the  
Revolution. Did the King appear at the Cham-  
ber? He was received with shouts of "Vive le  
Roi!" Did his majesty receive congratulatory  
addresses on occasion of the capture of Algiers?  
They were full of protestations of devotedness  
to the monarchy. Did the Duke d'Angoulême  
journey to Marseilles, Toulon, and the south of  
France, to superintend the departure of the  
Algiers expedition? Every where the air re-  
sounded with the cries of "Vive le Dauphin!  
Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!" At Aix,  
the co-citizens of the republican Thiers, who  
was at that very moment labouring in the  
*National* of 1830 to overthrow the monarchy, were  
so loud in their demonstrations of affected loy-  
alty, that there seemed exaggeration in their  
zeal, whilst the procureur-général said—"Ce  
jour est beau pour nous, monseigneur, et les  
acclamations d'une population fidèle montrent  
toujours à votre altesse royale comment les pro-  
vengaux savent aimer leur roi." At Marseilles,  
the prefect, in the midst of the citizens, ex-  
claimed—"Monseigneur, la France est bien  
heureuse; son Dauphin, comme son Roi, ont un  
cœur d'or et un corps de fer." When the fleet  
sailed for Algiers, the cries, *Vive le Roi!* and  
*Vive le Dauphin!* were so often repeated, and  
so loud, that a correspondent of that period  
wrote word, though himself a royalist, "that  
the enthusiasm was almost excessive," and the  
crews of the vessel sailed from the port with  
yet "seven" and "seven times seven more  
cheers." When the Duke d'Angoulême ap-  
peared at Lyons, the Academy of Sciences,  
Belles Lettres, and the Fine Arts, undertook to  
address him; and the following is a specimen  
of the language they adopted towards a family,  
whom three months afterwards they tranquilly  
belied expelled from France by 93 deputies out  
of a Chamber of 450:—"Où, Monseigneur,  
nous croyons que la liberté ne peut exister qu'  
avec l'ordre—que l'ordre n'a d'autre garant  
qu'un pouvoir fort et protecteur—que le pouvoir  
n'est fort qu'autant qu'il est stable, et que la  
stabilité est inseparable de la légitimité. C'est  
à la royauté. Monseigneur, que les communes  
durent leurs franchises; c'est à la royauté, lé-  
gitime que nous devons la Charte; c'est elle  
qui la main tiendra; c'est elle seule que peut la  
maintenir; et ce n'est qu'à l'abri des droits sacrés  
et imprescriptibles du trône que fleuriront les li-  
bertés publiques." Did the Duchess d'Angou-  
lême proceed, even in July 1830, to the baths  
of Vichy for her health? Every where she  
was received with shouts of "Vivent les Bour-  
bons!" Whenever she appeared in public, the  
people were in transports of joy—and even up  
to the 13th July, the inhabitants of Lyons pro-  
fessed their ardent loyalty to the inauguration  
of the portrait of the King. As to the ad-  
dresses presented to Charles X. by all classes,  
on occasion of the conquest of Algiers, they were  
so complimentary as to be fulsome; and could  
the French have been believed, no people could  
be more loyal, or more monarchical. And yet,  
this very Count Portalis, this very Baron Se-  
guier, these very same public functionaries who  
stimulated the King, by their speeches and ad-  
dresses, to arm himself with the power vested  
in him by the *Charta*, and to "save the mo-

narchy," but a few weeks afterwards reproached  
him for complying with their insidious counsels,  
and were the first and foremost to hail the new  
King of the French. It has often been asked,  
who would have thought, that those who on the  
13th of July, crowded the Tuileries, and almost  
the Carrousel, to congratulate the monarch that  
the white flag of the Bourbons floated on the  
palace of the Cassaubas, would, on the 28th of  
the same month, aid in tearing it down, from  
one end of the French dominions to another,  
and placed in its stead the tri-coloured banner  
of the Revolution? Why, those only would  
have believed it to be possible, who knew the  
French character, and who were aware that no  
reliance could be placed in them. When they  
professed loyalty, they were *not* loyal. When  
they vowed an eternal gratitude to their prin-  
ces, they did not feel what they professed.—  
When they shouted at the opera, *Vive le Roi!*  
on occasion of the news from Africa, they ut-  
tered a lying cry; and when the 221 deputies  
assured the King of their devotion to his fa-  
mily, his person, and his prerogatives, they pro-  
nounced in the face of Heaven and of the  
world, one of the most audacious falsehoods  
which the pages of sacred or profane history  
have ever recorded.

### Birth.

On 30th ult., the lady of Thomas Duguid,  
Esq., of a son.

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Do. United States . . . . .	124 a 125 per U.S. dollar
Hides, Ox, best . . . . .	36 a 38½ p. pessada
Do. country . . . . .	31 a 33 do. do.
Do. weighing 23 to 24lbs . . . . .	32 a 34 do. do.
Do. salted . . . . .	30 a 32 do. do.
Do. Horse . . . . .	12 a 14 do. ench.
Nutria Skins . . . . .	5½ a 5½ do. per lb.
Chinchilli Skins . . . . .	55 a 60 do. per dozen
Wool, common . . . . .	12 a 15 do. per arr'ba
Do. picked . . . . .	27 a 29 do. do.
Sheep skins per dozen . . . . .	18 a 20 per 27lb.
Calf skins per dozen . . . . .	29 a 31
Deer skins per dozen . . . . .	11 a 12
Hair, long . . . . .	70 a 75 do. per arr'ba
Do. mixed . . . . .	35 a 38 do. do.
Jerked Beef . . . . .	16 a 18 do. quintal.
Tallow, melted . . . . .	15 a 17 do. per arr'ba
Horns . . . . .	200 a 250 per mil.
Flour, (North American) . . . . .	a none
Salt, on board . . . . .	a none per fan
Discount . . . . .	1 a 1½ pr ct. pr. month

The highest price of Doublons during the week,  
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The highest rate of Exchange upon England dur-  
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