

British Packet

AND

ARGENTINE NEWS.

N. 675.]

BUENOS AYRES, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1839.

[VOL. XIII.]

BUENOS AYRES.

We hear nothing more respecting the expedition noticed in our last, except a vague report that it has gone up the Parana.

Anniversary of the Ninth of July, and celebration of the day of Corpus Christi.

We find that the particulars we gave in our last respecting these *funciones* are pretty nearly all that occurred. The only additions we have to make are that the Bishop of the Diocese Dr. Mariano Medrano, attended the Cathedral, where High Mass and Te Deum were celebrated by the Dean Dr. Diego Estanislao Zavaleta.—The Sermon was preached by Friar Buenaventura Hidalgo. The procession of *Corpus Christi* was attended by all the clergy of this Capital, including the Dominican Friars.

Don Luis Souza Diaz, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the government of H. M. the Emperor of Brazil, near that charged with the Foreign Affairs of the Argentine Confederation.

We copy the following from the *Gaceta* of Monday last.

"Don Luis Souza Diaz, was on Saturday last received and recognised as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the government of H. M. the Emperor of Brazil, by our Illustrious Restaurator of the Laws.

"H. E. Señor Souza Diaz, was informed by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Don Felipe Arana, that our Illustrious Restaurator of the Laws, could not receive him at a public audience as is customary, owing to domestic affliction, from the recent decease of his beloved wife, and he would therefore delegate the Minister for Foreign Affairs to represent H. E. the Governor on the occasion. Señor Souza Diaz, however waived with the greatest pleasure all etiquette, and requested a private audience of our Illustrious Restaurator, in order to present to H. E. the credentials from his august Sovereign, inasmuch as he wished and in fact was specially enjoined so to do.

"In accordance with this request, H. E. our Illustrious Restaurator of the Laws, received H. E. Señor Souza Diaz at a private audience on Saturday the 20th inst., at 8 o'clock in the evening. As a mark of esteem, the Minister for Foreign Affairs proceeded in person to the government coach, with the escort, accompanied by General Manuel Corbalan, principal Aide-Camp to the government, in order to conduct H. E. Señor Souza Diaz, from his residence to that of H. E. the Governor, and at the conclusion of the audience H. E. the Minister Plenipotentiary returned to his residence in the same order.

"H. E. Señor Souza Diaz, in placing his credentials in the hands of our Illustrious Restaurator, pronounced an interesting speech which we have the satisfaction to publish together with the reply of H. E. the Governor, our Illustrious Restaurator, and the decree recognising that distinguished Brazilian as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the government of H. M. the Emperor of Brazil, near that of the Argentine Confederation.

"We sincerely wish every success to Señor

Souza Diaz, in his important diplomatic mission to draw closer the friendly relations which exist between both countries, as members of the great American family."

Señor Governor and Captain General.

I have the honor to present to Y. E. the letter of the Emperor my august Sovereign, which accredits me as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary near the person of Y. E. to whom the Foreign Affairs of the Argentine Confederation are confided.

In it Señor Governor you will find that H. I. M. desires through the medium of the appointment with which he has honored me, to give a new testimony of his consideration and of the sentiments which animate him towards the Argentine Republic.

As the faithful interpreter of these sentiments, it is my first duty to assure Y. E. in the most formal and positive manner, that the government of H. I. M. highly appreciating the friendly relations and good understanding which so happily exist between the Empire of Brazil and the Argentine Confederation, has nothing more at heart than to evince on all occasions the desire it feels to draw still closer between the two nations, that intimate and constant union, which their mutual interests demand and which may tend so much to the glory and prosperity of this portion of America.

This Señor Governor, it is my bounden duty to express on the present occasion in the name of my government.

It only remains for me individually to offer to Y. E. the protestations of my respect, and to assure you at the same time that nothing can give me greater satisfaction in the exercise of my honorable mission near Y. E., than to render myself worthy of your esteem and benevolence.

Excellent Sir,

It is highly satisfactory to the government charged with the Foreign Affairs of the Argentine Confederation, to receive and recognise in the distinguished person of Y. E. the representative of H. M. the Emperor of Brazil.

The government appreciates most highly the friendly sentiments which Y. E. in the name of H. M. has been pleased to express and is rejoiced at this opportunity to reiterate its sincere desire to preserve and draw closer the relations of reciprocal friendship and perfect intelligence between the Empire of Brazil and the Argentine Confederation.

Permit me Y. E. to manifest the grateful confidence with which I am animated. Y. E. will co-operate worthily with the friendly wishes of your government, and by your wisdom and prudence will render yourself a creditor to the esteem of the Argentine people.

Official Documents.

VIVA LA FEDERACION!

Buenos Ayres, July 20th, 1839.

The government of Buenos Ayres, charged with the Foreign Affairs of the Provinces of the Argentine Confederation, on view of the credentials presented by H. E. Chevalier Don Luis Souza Diaz, has ordered and decreed—

Art. 1. H. E. Chevalier Don Luis de Souza Diaz, is recognized as Envoy Extraordinary and

Minister Plenipotentiary of H. M. the Emperor of Brazil near this government.

2. Let this be published.

ROSAS.
FELIPE ARANA.

The government of Buenos Ayres, charged with the Foreign Affairs of the Argentine Confederation.

Wishing to give to the government of the Republic of Peru, now liberated from the tyranny and onerous influence of the tyrant usurper Santa Cruz, an unequivocal proof of the ardent desire which animates the Argentine Confederation, to draw closer the ties of confraternity and sincere friendship, consonant with the general interests of the new world, and under bases of honorable and just reciprocity.

And having full confidence in the prudence, loyalty and wisdom of Brigadier General José de San Martín, veteran of the Independence, whose deeds the Peruvian people and their enlightened administration will know how to value, has authorised, named, and constituted him, as these presents he is named, authorised and constituted, as its Minister Plenipotentiary, near the government of the Republic of Peru, with the qualifications ordained in the decree of 17th inst., to which effect the present Diploma duly signed and sealed is issued.

Given in Buenos Ayres, on the 10th of July, in the year of our Lord 1839, 30th year of the Liberty, 24th of the Independence, and 10th of the Argentine Confederation.

JUAN MANUEL DE ROSAS.
FELIPE ARANA.

Señores José de Oromi, Pedro Torre, Diego Gozales and Domingo Domene, addressed a note to the government under date 20th inst., stating that as commissioners for the parish of Socorro, they are allowed one per cent. upon the amount collected in that parish, in virtue of the law of 12th April last, which allowance they make over in aid of the public treasury, suffering as the country does with the most praiseworthy resignation, the unjust and tyrannical blockade which the French have put on. The Commissioners, in their own name and in that of their federal parishioners, express their earnest desire that Heaven will bless H. E. the Governor with health and strength to fulfil the great work he has in hand, &c. &c.

Don Agustín Garrigos, Under Secretary of the Home Department, replied to the above same day, returning thanks in the name of the government.

A similar communication, under date 22nd inst., was forwarded to the government by Señores Julian J. Viron, Juan Barcelo, Santiago Rodriguez and Nicolas Lopez, Commissioners for the parish of San Telmo, which was replied to by the government on 24th.

On the 19th, 20th and 21st inst., the island of Martín García was distinctly seen from Buenos Ayres, with several small craft at anchor near it, and on the 19th Galicia, with the vessels in its harbour. These appearances generally denote wind and rain, which soon after took place.

THE WEATHER has been changeable during the week. On Sunday the thermometer stood at 57. On the following day 48. During the week 45 & 57.

Under the above unassuming title, "the Quarterly Review" of December last, has given a superb article, not confined as might be supposed to the subject of railroads, but embracing a variety of details, particularly as it regards "the power and effect of steam," all portrayed with a master hand. It commences thus—

There is, we humbly think, something impressively appalling in the reflection that everything in creation has been immutably fixed, by a strict entail, save and except the march, progressive or retrograde, of human reason.

The velocity of lightning, the sound of thunder, the power of wind, which still goods where it listeth, do not increase. The heat of the sun, the blueness of the sky, the freshness of mountain air, the solemn grandeur of the trackless ocean, remain unaltered. The nest of the bird improves no more than its plumage—the substitution of the beaver no more than its fur—the industry of the bee no more than his honey; and, lovely as is the melody of the English lark, yet the unaltered accents of its morning hymn daily proclaim the immutability of the world of heaven, that in the conjugation of the works of Nature there are no distinctions of tenses, for what is, what was, and what will be, are the same.

But it is not so with human reason. Man alone has the power to learn and know, and to his posterity whatever knowledge he acquires and thus our condition on earth may be improved ad infinitum by the labour, intelligence, and discoveries of those who have preceded us.

Human reason being therefore a fluctuating aëre, while brute instinct is fixed quantity, there is something encouraging in reflecting that the high degree of instinct with which animals are gifted, coupled with our promised dominion over every beast of the field, betokens the superior eminence which human intelligence is capable of attaining. For instance, the powerful eyesight of the eagle might have almost led a philosopher to prophesy the invention of the telescope, by which we have surpassed it—the astonishing sagacity of those birds of America, which from the luxury of a southern latitude annually return to a wilderness nearly a thousand miles distant, to build their nests on the very trees upon whose branches they were reared, might have led a philosopher to prophesy the very of the compass, which enables men, not only in one direction, but in all directions, to probe their way to the remotest regions of the earth.

The strength and ferocity of the lion, the tiger, and the rhinoceros, might have foretold the invention of fire arms, which have empowered us, with fearless confidence, to seek rather than avoid every beast of the field.

The immense size of the whale, so fortified by the boisterous element in which it lives, might have led a man to prognosticate the simple apparatus by which it is now captured.

The speed of the horse—the strength of the ox—the acute sense of smell in the dog—the patient endurance of 'the ship of the desert,' the camel—the stupendous power of the elephant—and the intelligence, totally unobscured, have already, by the exertion of the human mind, one after another, been made subservient to the interests of man, for whose dominion they were created; and, though we cannot deny that in certain instances human reason has not yet surpassed brute instinct, yet we should remember that in science, as well as in religion, it has beneficently been declared to us, "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

If this train of reasoning had been applied to the sudden discovery of America, as well as to our almost simultaneous acquaintance with other immense uninhabited regions, whose mountains, plains, lakes, rivers, and cataracts, on a scale of stupendous magnificence, totally unvisited by the means we then possessed, had apparently been created altogether too large for us to grapple with,—if the same train of reasoning had been applied to the fearful increase of population, simultaneously observable among every nation on the globe,—it would surely only have been placing due confidence in the wisdom of that Providence which "knoweth our necessities before we ask," and "from these data prophesied the advent among us of some new gigantic power, strong enough to enable us not only to

traverse these new countries, but to mingle with their inhabitants with a facility proportionate to the increased wants of the human family.

This new gigantic power has very lately arrived; and, although the distances as well as difficulties we have to contend with have, during the last few centuries, greatly increased, and most true it is that we are at this moment more cramped than ever we were before the discovery of America to contend with the dangers which assail us by land and sea. In truth, we have not more power than at the present moment we have courage to wield; and, instead of being alarmed at the distances which separate us from remote nations, we actually tremble at the means we possess of approaching them, through the sudden subjugation of elements which have hitherto proverbially been invincible. Time and tide once waited for no man—now no man waits for them. Of the long-bowled tyranny of the winds, it may truly be said, "Et congruat dissona." Science has, at last, ended the quarrel which since the beginning had existed between fire and water, and by the union, or *belle alliance*, of these two furious elements, she has created that gigantic power of steam which the subject of the present paper our mind leads us for a few moments to consider.

The article occupies 60 pages of the Quarterly. Our extracts however, must from necessity be very limited. Here is one which relates to railroad travelling.

On recovering from the confusion consequent on passing rapidly through the air, one of the most pleasing novelties which first attract the attention of the traveller, is to see in his elbow-chair he joyously skims across the green fields of Harrow, to see the horses grazing at liberty, in rich pasture; for it reminds him that the power of steam has at last emancipated those noble quagmires from the coil and coaches they have so long and so gallantly undergone, and that thus, for the first time in the history of travelling on land, without the slightest infliction of animal suffering.

Although everybody comprehends perfectly well in theory what moving in a carriage at the rate, occasionally, of twenty-four or thirty miles an hour means, yet, until a person has performed it, he can scarcely conceive the sensation he experiences in practically finding every hour that he is gliding past some place which in ordinary travelling he would scarcely have reached under three or perhaps four hours' labour. The dashing at full steam-speed into the small black orifices of the tunnels—the midnight darkness that prevails there—the flashes of light which occasionally denote the wharfs—the sudden return to the joyous sunshine of this world—the figures of the company's green servants, who, as the train whisks past them, stand all in the same attitude, motionless as statues, with *white flags* (the emblem of safety) in their extended right hands—the occasional shrill plaintive whistle or scream, by which the engine, whenever necessary, scares the workmen from the rails—the meteor-like meeting of a return train, of which, *in transitu*, no more is seen than of the coloured figures on one of our stage-coaches, which appear only after slow exhibition before children, are by the showman rapidly drawn across the lens of his magic lantern,—all these sensations unite in making the traveller practically sensible of the nature of our stage-coach, which is not only his fellow-passenger, each seated in his armchair, but heavy goods, can now be transported.

In other parts we read—

Mr. Booth (secretary to the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company), whose very sensible letter to the Irish Railway Commissioners has been inserted in the appendix to this report, observes that a speed of thirty miles an hour, with the luxury of the smoothest motion which springs and cushions can afford, is considered by many as merely our starting-point. We ourselves humbly believe that that rate will ere long be doubled; and, if travellers can fly backwards and forwards at the rate of sixty miles, one can hardly say why infinitely lighter engines (on the tooth and pinion system for instance) might not, with larger driving wheels, travel on this iron orbit at the rate of 100 miles an hour; for, to return to the old argument, an accident at that pace could hardly do a passenger more mischief than at the rate to which we are already accustomed.

It will be evident that the first effect of this increasing series is the gradual annihilation, approaching almost to the final extinction, of that space and of those distances which have hitherto been supposed unalterably to separate the various nations of the globe; and that in proportion as this shall be effected, the centralisation, whether for weal or woe, of the human family, must be accomplished. For instance, supposing that railroads, even at our present estimate of the rate of travelling, were to be suddenly established in all directions, so that the whole population of the country end, speaking metaphorically, at once advance en masse, and place their chairs nearer to the fireside of their metropolis, so that the time which now separates them to one another by two-thirds of the time which now respectively alienates them. If the rate were to be again sufficiently accelerated, this process would be repeated; our harbours, our dock yards, our towns, the whole of our rural population, would again not only draw nearer to each other by two-thirds, but all would proportionally approach the national hearth. At the same time, the magnitude of the surface of our country would be thereby, shrivel in size until it became not much bigger than our immense city, and yet by a sort of miracle every man's field would be found *not only as large as it always was, but as large as ever it was!*

The wooden walls of Old England (we mean our navy as it floated in the days of Nelson) do not afford the same protection to our island, since the invention of the steam engine, against wind and tide, and especially in calm weather, can penetrate our fogs for the purpose of invasion. Our insular defence, which during the reign of Napoleon amounted, in round numbers, precisely to the number of men actually then existed in a fleet's crossing the British Channel, has of course been suddenly weakened exactly in the same ratio; as that difficulty has been immensely diminished; and when we recall to mind with what vigour the sea-winds, against custom to look to the British navy for defence, it is melancholy to reflect that men of war, whose names in letters brighter than gold are mentioned in the annals of our country, might now, in a dead calm, be the cause of our assaults—without the power of pouring into them in return British broadsides, in the old boatman's phraseology, "as hot as their own steam." We shall, of course, be driven, indeed we have made too long neglected, to make the construction and application of the steam-engine one of the principal subjects of examination in the promotion of our rising generation of naval officers—and we have no doubt, if the Lords of the Admiralty will but require and encourage them to do so, they will eventually display and maintain in the new science the ability and character which distinguished their predecessors in the old. Still, however, the maritime defences of the country must be weakened, and we, accustomed as our brave sailors have been to the pure fresh breezes of the ocean, it is with a painful sensation that we read in Captain Aulsebrook's report upon a steam-sloop (as published by the Irish Railway Commissioners), "that there has been taken from the *Medon's Bos*, after a week's steaming, sixty men of the crew!"

On a more recent occasion, the Government of Old England be seized and fired by railways, resembling the straight cross-barred lines introduced across the countenance of a New Zealander, but some of our noblest establishments have, by the same means, what may almost be termed the sentence of death.

The first among these is our mail-coach establishment, so long our just pride, and still the admiration and wonder of all other countries.—These coaches, however, which I have hitherto with unerring accuracy conveyed our correspondence to the remotest points in the United Kingdom—those skilful coachmen who, against all weathers and in all seasons, have with rarely an exception kept their respective times—those guards who with unpretending courage have faithfully protected the commercial treasure committed to their charge, must, it is foreseen, be soon cast aside. Our immense stage system, with its attendant grooms, porters, and horsekeepers, is nearly also on its last legs.—Our posting system, with its expensive hotels, built at convenient sleeping-places by enterprising people for the comfort and luxury of travellers, post-houses, post-horses, and postil-

ions, is, we apprehend, in nearly-equal danger. Our public roads, as well as our private roads, have scarcely, at an enormous expense, been brought to a state of perfection, when it is notified to us that the M'Adam system has been supplanted by a new power which, by attraction, is to leave it deserted. It is estimated that there are about 20,000 commercial travellers—this intelligent body of men will be considerably injured. The communication from London to Leeds and Aberdeen, by canals, which, at great expense, had been fitted up for public convenience, is already superseded by the power of steam; and those noble American packets, so beautifully built, so liberally provided, and so easily navigated, are now about to make way for steamers, in the building of which the Boston, Liverpool, and New York overlanders are all furnished combining ag ass the 'old boys,' but faithful and veteran servants who his habits in all waters transacted their business with credit and success.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH PACKET.
SIR,

Every general rule has its exceptions, and every picture to nature its lights and shades:—There is much melody in the human voice; but like music, is in subject to discord. No sky, however bright and sunny, is free from being obscured by a passing cloud. Queen Sals has given us 'Woman's voice' as a general rule, and has drawn its picture without shades—he has given us sweet notes of harmony, but no discords. Sun-shine but no clouds. If you consider the following exceptions, shades, clouds and discords worthy of your notice, they are at your service.

INCOS.

"'Tis true none will presume deny
The magic power of woman's eye,
Neither will they deny the bliss
That may be found in woman's kiss:—
But while I admit there is a choice,
Between those charms and woman's voice—
That it may soothe the mind and grief
And give the aching heart relief,
It may likewise a poison prove,
And all our fondest wishes remove.
'Tis sweet to hear her say "Love, yes,"
When our wish she needs no less;
But our heart is filled with woe,
When to our suit she replies "no."
But what is still far worse than this,
And nays the husband's hope of bliss,
Is when the soft and dulcet sound
In his wife's voice is no more found—
Instead of "Love," and "yes my dear,"
The harshest sounds grate on his ear,
Where the faint smile of love had been
None but the darkest frowns are seen—
And angry looks plainly betray,
Much more than woman's tongue can say;
This to some, healing balm may be,
But surely 'tis not so to me.
But here I stop—and to be brief,
I'll frankly tell you my belief,
A smoky woman and scolding wife
Are a great curse to human life.

Permit me to say in conclusion, lest 'Queen Sals' should have reason to think that in a spirit of anger to the fair sex, that I admit the brightness of his picture, that I admit his to be the general rule, and mine the exception; for I assure him no one is more sensible than myself, that—

Man's cares and troubles can't compare
With those dear woman has to bear.
For woman's cares are never ended,
And with anxiety are ever blended.
The tedious, irksome house-hold cares
She without murm'ring daily bears,
Tho' her young infant at the breast,
Deprives her of her nightly rest.
Whether in sickness or in health,
Either in indigence or wealth,
Who like dear woman will stand by
And poverty and death defy!
Tho' delicate, the plainest fare,
With one she loves she'll freely share;
And in distress forsake him never,
When once she loves, she loves for ever.

THE COTTER'S DAUGHTER.

Founded on facts.

It was a cold stormy night in December, and the green logs as they blazed and crackled on

the Cotter's hearth, were rendered more delightful, more truly comfortable, by the contrast with the icy showers of snow and sleet which swept against the frail casement, making all without cheerless and miserable.

The Cotter was a handsome, intelligent old man, and afforded me much information upon glebes, and flocks, and rural economy; while his spouse, a venerable matron, was humming to herself some long since forgotten ballad, and industriously twisting and twirling about her long knitting needles, that promised soon to produce a pair of formidable winter hose.—Their son, a stout, healthy young peasant of three-and-twenty, was sitting in the spacious chimney-corner, sharing his frugal supper of bread and cheese with a large, shaggy sheep dog, who sat on his haunches wistfully watching every mouthful, and snap, snap, snapping, and dextrously catching every morsel that was cast to him.

We were all suddenly started, however, by his loud bark; when, jumping up, he rushed, or rather flew towards the door.

"Whew! whew!" whistled the youth—"Whoy—what the dickens ails thee, Rover?" said he, rising and following him to the door to learn the cause of his alarm. "What! he's gone again, ey?" for the dog was silent—"What do thee sniff at, boy? 'On' look at 'un fyther; how the beast whines and waggles his stump o' tail!—it's some 'un he knows for sartain." I'd lay a wager it wur Bill Miles com'd about the narrow fyther."

"Did thee hear any knock, lad?" said the father.

"No!" replied the youth; "but mayhap Bill peep'd thro' the lool in the shutter, and is a bit dis'd'k like at seeing a gentleman here.—Bill's 'is thee, Master Miles?" continued the boy, yawning. "Lord! the wind whistles so 'e can't hear me. Shall I unlatch the door, fyther?"

"Ay, lad, do, an thou wilt," replied the old man; "Rover's wiser nor we be—a dog 'll scent a friend, when a man would't know 'un."

Rover still continued his low, importunate whine, and began to scratch against the door. The lad threw it open—the dog brushed past him in an instant, and his quick, short, continuous yelping, expressed his immoderate joy and recognition.

"Hollo! where be'ist thee Bill?" said the young peasant, stepping over the threshold.—"Come, none of thee tricks upon travellers, Master Bill; I see thee beside the rick 'un!" and quitting the door for half a minute, he again hastily entered the cot. The rich colour of robust health had fled from his cheeks—his lips quivered—and he looked like one bereft of his senses, or under the influence of some frightful apparition.

The dumb rose up—her work fell from her trembling hands—

"What's the matter?" said she.

"What's frighted thee, lad?" said the old man, rising.

"Oh! fyther!—oh! mother!"—exclaimed he, drawing them hastily on one side and whispering something in a low, and almost inaudible voice.

The old woman raised her hands in supplication and tattered to her chin—while the Cotter, bursting out into a proxyam of violent rage, clutched his son's arm, and exclaimed in a loud voice:—

"Make fast the door, boy, an thou'nt not have my curse on thee—I tell 'ee, she shan't come in here!—No—never—never—there's a polson in her breath—a' will spurn her from me!—A pest on her!—What; wilt not do my bidding?"

"Oh! fyther, fyther!" cried the young peasant, whose heart seemed overcharged with grief, "It be a cold, raw night—ye' wou'dna

kick a cur from the door to perish in the storm! Doan't be hot and hasty, fyther, thou art not uncharitable—On me knees!"—

"Paha!" exclaimed the enraged father, only exasperated by his remonstrances. "Whoy talk 'ee to me, son—I am dead—dead!—Mine own hand shan't bar the door agin 'ee!"—adding with bitterness—"let her die!"—and stepping past his prostrate son, was about to execute his purpose—when, a young girl, whose once gay and flimsy raiment was drenched and stained, and torn by the violence of the storm, appeared at the door. The old man recoiled with a shudder—she was pale as death—and her trembling limbs seemed scarcely able to support her—a profusion of light brown hair hung dishevelled, and torn by the violence of her neck and shoulders, and in disorder about her person. She stretched forth her arms and pronounced the name of "Father!" but further utterance was prevented by the convulsive sobs that heaved her bosom.

"Mary—woman!" cried the old man, trembling—"Call me not fyther—thou art none of mine—thou hast no fyther now—nor I a daughter—thou art a serpent that hath stung the bosom that cherished thee! Go to the fiawing villain, the black hearted syrophant that dragged thee from our arms—Go to our happy home to misery and pollution—go, and bless him for breaking thy poor old fyther's heart!"

Overcome by these heart-rending reproaches, the distressed girl fainted; but the strong-arm of the youth, Cotter supported her—for her tender-hearted youth, moved by his fallen sister's sorrows, had ventured again to intercede.

"Hah! touch not her defiled and loathsome body," cried the old man—"thrust her from the door, and let her find a grave where she may." Boy! wilt thou dar disobey me!" and he raised his clenched hand, while anger flashed from his eye.

"Strike! fyther—strike me!" said the poor lad, bursting into tears—"fell me to the 'arth! Kill me, an show wilt—I care not, but I'll never turn my heart agin poor Mary!—Beast's thy my sister! Did thee not teach me to love her? Poor lass!—do you want it all now, fyther—far she shan't do want and broken hearted!—Nay, thee art kind and good, fyther—I know thee art—I see thee eyes be full o' tears—and thee—thou wast east her away from thee, I know thee want. Mother, speak to 'un; speak to sister Mary too;—it be our own Mary! Doant 'ee kill her 'ye unkindness!"

The old man, moved by his affectionate entreaties, no longer offered any opposition to his son's wishes, but hiding his face in his hands, he fled from the affecting scene to an adjoining room.

Her venerable mother having recovered from the shock of her lost daughter's sudden appearance, now rose to the assistance of the unfortunate, and by the aid of restoratives brought poor Mary to the full sense of her wretchedness. She was speedily conveyed to the suno humble pallet, to which, in the days of her innocence and peace, she had always retired so light-hearted and joyously, but where also now found a lasting sleep—an eternal repose!—Yes, poor Mary died!—and having won the forgiveness and blessing of her offended parents, death was welcome to her.

The Mirror.

Advertisement.

NOTICE.

FOR SALE, at Mr. Steadman's Library, No. 50, Calle de la Catedral, (Prison Scenes), or narrative of an escape from France during the late war. By Susanna ELLSON. Price 15 dollars.



MERCHANT VESSELS

In the Port of Buenos Ayres, on 25th of July, 1850.

NOTE.

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 Honvezgilde Guillevin. (Capitaine de Corvette.)

BRITISH. Ship Calliope, 28 guns, Captain Thomas Herbert.

AMERICAN. Corvette Fairfield, 24 guns, Captain Thomas Bosman.

BRAZILIAN. Corvette Regeneration, 26 guns, Captain Joze Joaquin Raposo.



MARINE LIST.



Port of Buenos Ayres.

July 20.—Wind N.
No arrivals or sailings.

July 21.—Wind N. W. shifted in the afternoon to S. S. W.
No arrivals.
Sailed, H. B. M.'s ship *Atreton*, 26 guns, Captain Robert Russel, for Montevideo.

July 22.—Wind E. strong.
No arrivals or sailings.

July 23.—Wind E. shifted to N. E. in the afternoon, strong till 4 p.m. at night.
No arrivals or sailings.

July 24.—Wind S. rain all last night.
No arrivals.
Sailed, H. B. M.'s packet schooner *Cockatrice*, Lieut. John Douglas, Commander, for Montevideo and Rio Janeiro.

Passengers for Montevideo, Messrs. W. A. Rhodes, Langston, James Sterling, David Sterling, Williams, Patrick Drury, Señores Pablo Olave, Leopoldo Olave, José Carrea, Montecello, Antonio Magallanes, Francisco Pizarro, Pascual Vilela, Juan Larrea, Martin Olazabal, Pedro Leitesguerra, Luis Fernandez, Carlos Monssau; Señores Juan Vilela, don Prudencia Vilela; Señorita Vilela; Mrs. Seivon, Louisa Seimon, and Señor Olave as servant. In all 24.

The packet was to have sailed yesterday, but the strong head wind prevented the embarkation of the mail.

We hear that eight of the passengers inserted in the above list, were not in time to get on board the packet, and that she having sailed without them, the blockading Commodore gave them a passage in a ketch to Montevideo.

July 25.—Wind E. strong, rain.

No arrivals or sailings.

July 26.—Wind E. strong, foggy, slight rain.
No arrivals or sailings.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

On 21st inst., was repeated the drama of *Angelo*. We did not attend.

Nothing (except when there are operatic performances, and even the dullness of the Theatre at the present moment. We never remember less exertion to cater for the public in what may be called the National drama, and we were therefore not sorry to read the article which appeared upon the subject in a late number of the *Diario de la Tarde*. Coalitions are generally unthankful and unprofitable affairs for all parties, particularly so it regards theatrics.

A lyrical performance was advertised for Tuesday last, but it was postponed on account of the indisposition of Señora Piacentini.—Neither Señor Vacani nor Señor Mariangeli were to appear in it. How is this, that the first *Buffy* in South America as it Vacani, has so few opportunities of exhibiting his talents when he can now display them to so great an advantage.

An opera-house in Buenos Ayres, with good operatic performers, would be a *peper money* fortune to its proprietor, and perhaps paper money like some wines will improve by keeping.

The columns of the *Gaceta* have during the week been chiefly occupied with congratulatory communications, addressed to the Governor, on the discovery of the plot against his life. They are from the Justices of Peace of Matanza, Lobos, Fort Azul, San Andres de Giles, Camunas, Quimsa, San Antonio de Arco, Pilar, parishes of Pilar, San Nicolas, Cathedral (north), San Telmo, in their own names, and in that of their federal parishioners. General Pacheco, Commandant of the northern department of the Province; Lieut. Colonel Benito Millan, of the Barrancas division; Lieut. Colonel Echevarria, Commandant at Tapaluen; Lieut. Colonel Manuel C. Garcia, of Fort Azul; Colonel Nicolas Grande, of the division of the South; Colonel Vicente Gonzales, Commandant Pedro Lorea, Brevet Col. Santiago Villamayor, Commandants José Suarez, Domingo Aguilar, Manuel Angulo, José Maria de la Plaza; Colonel

Narciso del Valle, Juan Garay, all in their own names and in that of the officers and soldiers under their command.

These communications are in the same strain as those noticed in our last. They one and all allege, that the unitarians corrupted by French gold, are the authors of the plot, and that it is to the opprobrium of France that its agents have allied themselves with a faction whose deeds past and present are so truly detestable. The unitarians succeed, the country must be drenched with blood, but that they cannot succeed except over the dead bodies of the mass of the community the federals, who have sworn to uphold the system of federation, and will to that end give defiance the prop of that system, the Chief of the Republic, the father of the country, Don Juan Manuel de Rosas, and terribly avenge any outrage offered to him; mercy to the unitarians being now out of the question.

This slight notice is of course qualified.—The communications themselves when speaking of the Unitarians, the French, and Don Fructuoso Rivera, indulge in unmeasured terms of reproach.

The following is an extract from the address of Colonel Bernardo Echevarria, to the troops under his command.

“COMRADES.—The God of the country, who incessantly watches for the preservation of those who will not submit it to a foreign yoke, or faller in the sacred oath to be free or perish has saved our illustrious Restaurator of the Laws from the traitorous knife, intended to cut the thread of his interesting and precious life, and leave our dear country and its sons in miserable orphanage.

“The wretches, assassins, cowards, the ungrateful barbarous traitors, Dr. Manuel Vicente de Maza and his insignificant son the ex-Major Ramon Maza, were the vile instruments who were to have executed this most savage act; but the illustrious eye of Providence has made them dearly pay for their abominable iniquity.”

Operations of the French blockading vessels.

20th inst. The French armed boat *Atrevido*, sailed during the last night, and this day the French armed schooner (late Cayman) and the latter anchored S. E. near the French barque in the *Perle*, which bore up and the latter brig of war noticed in our last, were still at anchor half down, as also another French brig somewhat more to the northward of those two. A launch from the *Perle* and a whale boat from the first mentioned brig came to the outer roads and went alongside the *Sapho*. A French launch arrived from the northward.

21st. A French ketch of war and one of their balandras were at anchor this morning near the *Perle*. They got under way in the afternoon upon the wind shifting to S. S. W. and came to the outer roads. We did not see the schooner (late Cayman) to day. A balandra from Colonia arrived amongst the blockaders, and the *Atrevido* from Martin Garcia.

22d. The *Atrevido* sailed for Martin Garcia. At day-break this morning two French launches were observed off the mole. The wind shifted during the night and blew pretty fresh from the eastward, which doubtless inspired these launches (coming little Isaacs) with the hope of falling in with some little steamer, and conducting them before the “Sergeant of the night,” on the charge of endeavouring to break the blockade, but they were disappointed, and slowly “winded their way” back to the outer roads.

23d. No news.
24th. The ketch sailed for Montevideo with 8 passengers (amongst them some families) led behind by H. B. M.'s packet *Cockatrice*. We know not if the ketch was previously bound to Montevideo, but even this would not detract from the consideration and kindness of the blockading Commodore in giving those passengers a passage.

25th. There arrived amongst the blockaders this day—one of their launches from a cruise to the northward, a balandra from Martin Garcia, and the boat with lateen sail from the *Perle*. She sailed again to the eastward.

26th. The French armed dote and brigantine of war *San Martin* arrived. The former from the northward the latter from the eastward. Two balandras sailed for Martin Garcia.

The *Perle* and the *brig remain* at anchor as before half down. The other brig noticed on 20th as being to the northward, has disappeared.

This day (27th inst.) completes the 457th day of the blockade.

Edward Leeson Ball, Esq., Grandson of Sir Alexander Ball, late Governor of the Island of Malta, is appointed to be Secretary of Her Majesty's Legation to the Argentine Republic.

Lieut. Col. Manuel del Carmen, addressed a proclamation on the 9th inst., the anniversary of the *Independence*, to the troops under his command, exhorting them to shed the last drop of their blood in defence of the *Independence* so nobly upheld by the Secretary and Captain General of the Province, Don Juan Manuel de Rosas, whose conduct has been applauded by the Legislatures of free nations, and the proceedings of those who have traversed the ocean to insult the country energetically executed by a thousand generous virtues even in Europe itself.

The fine weather of Sunday last, attracted numerous visitors to the Alameda, including a number of ladies.

Advertisements.

WANTED.

A Cook who understands his business, and can bring good recommendation of character. Apply at No. 65, Calle de la Reconquista.

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 manufactures 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.

PRICES CURRENT.

All the prices of gold and silver to be taken as nominal.

Doublings, Spanish,	241	343 dollars each.
Do. Patriot	241	342 do. do.
Plata macuquas	134	133 do. for one Dollar, Spanish
Do. Patriot	143	a do. each.
Do Patriot and Patacanes	14	144 do. do.
Six per cent Stock	83	a do. per ct.
Bank Shares	some	
Exchange on England	31	a pence per dol
Do. Rio Janeiro	4	a nominal.
Do. Montevideo	143	n per patacon
Do. United States	31	a per U.S. dollar
Hides, Ox, best	37	425 disp. p. cada
Do. country	31	34 do. do.
Do weighing 23 to 24lbs 33	34	do. do.
Do. salted	31	32 do. do.
Do. Horse	13	14 do. each.
Nutris Skins	54	6 do. per doz.
Chinchilla Skins	50	60 do. per dozen
Wool, common	29	15 do. per arroba
Do. packed	27	29 do. do.
Sheep skins per dozen	19	21 per 27lb.
Calf skins per dozen	29	31
Deer skins per dozen	11	12
Hair, long	70	75 do. per arroba
Do. mixed	40	do. do.
Jerked Beef	15	18 do. quintal.
Tallow, melted	15	17 do. per arroba
Horns	150	3 a 400 per mil.
Flour, (Rio Janeiro)	1	a new per fan
Salt, on board	1	1 1/2 pr. ct. month.

The highest price of Doublings during the week, 343 dollars. The lowest price 240 dollars.

The highest rate of Exchange upon England during the week 31 pence. The lowest ditto 31 pence.

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