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AND

ARGENTINE NEWS.

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[Vol. XIII.]

BUENOS AYRES.

With this number concludes the thirteenth year of the *British Packet*.

A communication in the *Gaceta* of Wednesday last, contains the particulars of a *francón* which took place on the 21st ult., in the parish of *La Piedad*, in celebration of the discovery of the plot against the life of H. E. the Governor Don Juan Manuel de Rosas. Early in the morning of the 21st, a procession left the parish Church under salutes of bell-ringing from the Church, music, rockets, &c., and proceeded to the private residence of the Governor in order to convey thence to the Church the portrait of H. E., which was effigied and carried, cheering for the Governor, and exclamations against the Unitarians, French, Juan Lavalle, &c. High Mass and Te Deum were celebrated at the Church, the congregation being immense, amongst whom were the Inspector-General, the Under Secretary of the House of Deputies, several members of the House of Representatives, and General and other military officers. A banquet was had out in the saloon of the house of the Cura of the parish José Tomas Garcia, to which the company, including the family of the Governor, adjourned after Divine Service.

The Cura in his address to the company, denounced the unitarians as assassins sold to the French, and exhorted all to *dejarlo en perichichi* rather than consent that they should fulfil their depraved intent. That the life of the Governor was most precious, as without him *no hay Patria, no hay Religion*. The Reverend Gentleman concluded his oration by exclaiming—*Vuestr thousand times the father of the country, Don Juan Manuel de Rosas, and perish all his enemies*—these were his sentiments, which he hoped would be conveyed to H. E., and that he, the Cura, and all the federals of the parish of *La Piedad*, were ready to sacrifice property and life in his defence.

Señor Garrigós said that he had been solicited by the daughter of H. E. the Governor, and the other ladies of the family, who had honored the company with their presence, to express their thanks and coincidence in the object of the meeting. He furthermore observed, that experience having proved the federal system to be the best calculated to promote the happiness of this country, and it being supported by the great mass of the population, any attempt against it would constitute High Treason. The opposition of a few wayward men, without country, religion, principles, or other object but that of blood and vengeance would only recoil upon themselves. The generosity evinced to the unitarians had been ill requited; the firmness and wisdom of H. E. the Governor, the valor and loyalty of the soldiers of the country, aided by the people who are now on the alert, will exterminate those who endeavor to overthrow the National system which the country had sworn to sustain at all cost. He averred that the Unitarians are sold to the French, and concluded by exclaiming—*Brindo por Nuestro Ilustre Restaurador de las Leyes*. His penetration will preserve his important life and save the country. *Mueran los asesinos unitarios y las asquerosas tiranías.*

General Guido, said that no object could be more praiseworthy than this patriotic meeting of Federals, in gratitude for the preservation of the Chief of the State. Friendship and gratitude imposed upon them their duty, no less than the conviction of the calamities which must have

fallen on the country had he been the victim of the crime meditated against his life; they thanks are due to that Providence which has preserved the Chief Magistrate and public tranquillity.— These sentiments are not those of party, because the common cause of a nation cannot be that of a party.

Several other gentlemen spoke and proposed toasts, including Don Saturnino Uzuco, Justice of Peace, Generals Pinós, Vidal and Corbalán, and Col. Agustín Rabelo.

Señor Garrigós, spoke in conclusion of the services rendered to the country by the Governor of the Province of Entre Ríos, Don Pascual Echagüe, stating that after having liberated the Province of Santa Fé from the domination of a foreign adventurer (Don Domingo Cullen) sold to French gold, he with the rapidity of lightning went to the Province of Corrientes, vanquished the ex-Governor Astrada, the ally of the traitor Cullen, and would shortly enter the Oriental territory with eight thousand brave fellows, who will soon restore the legal government and overthrow the incendiary Rivera who had got command by French co-operation.

Operations of the French blockading vessels.
27th ult. The French date of war sailed during the last night to the northward, and their brigantine of war San Martín this day to the eastward.

28th. There arrived amongst the blockaders during the last night two of their armed whale boats, and this day two of their launches from the northward, and their armed boat Atrevido from Colonia. A whale boat sailed to the northward.

29th. The date arrived from Martín García. A balandra from the eastward was in sight at once.

30th. The balandra above mentioned sailed for Colonia, and the date for Martín García.

Two French launches were observed early this morning close to the mole. At day break they were at anchor in the inner roads, but shortly afterwards got under way and returned to the outer roads.

31st. Two French launches and one of their armed whale boats arrived from the northward. The Atrevido sailed during the last night. A balandra left the Boca this morning and proceeded to the outer roads, with movables appertaining to Señor Lisboa, late Chargé d'Affaires of Brazil.

1st inst. The Atrevido arrived during the last night, and sailed this afternoon to the northward in company with one of the blockaders armed whale boats.

2d. A launch came from the Perle and went on board the Sapho. A whale boat left the latter for the Perle.

In another part of our paper we have given an account of the proceedings of the blockading squadron on the anniversary of "the three glorious days."

It is said that Admiral Leblanc has recently visited the island of Martín García.

The French brigues of war Perle and their brig of war remain as noticed in our last, at anchor hull down.

This day (3rd inst.) completes the 40th day of the blockade.

THE WEATHER at the commencement of the week was mild, thermometer 50 & 56. On Thursday 4d, yesterday morning early 40 with frost, and ice nearly an inch in thickness, and the milk which came to town was frozen.

Official Documents.

VIVA LA FEDERACION!

Treasury bills in circulation on 1st inst., 4,415,600 dollars.

The *Gaceta Mercantil* of 29th ult., contains the particulars of the proceedings in the House of Representatives on its sitting of 11th ult.

The same paper contains the copy of a letter dated 24th ult., from Don Manuel Pueyrredon, to Colonel Bernardo Gonzalez, inviting him to join the expedition under Lavalle, averring that the latter has become quite an altered man, he being now more a federal than any of them, and he accuses Rosas with being the Unitarian.

Colonel Gonzalez immediately forwarded the letter enclosed in one from himself to the Inspector General General Agustín Viedma. The Colonel says in his letter, that he feels the highest indignation that the barbarous infamous unitarian renegade Manuel Pueyrredon, should have dared to offend his honor by addressing him in the manner he has, it being a proposition only fit for the banditti who have sold themselves to the bootless French, adding that such miserable outlaws led on by the Unitarian assassin Juan Lavalle, will sooner or later meet with condign punishment.

Señores José Marzano, Manuel José Arballo and Manuel A. Romeo, addressed a note to the government under date the 30th ult., stating that as Commissioners for the parish of San Nicolas, they are allowed one per cent. upon the amount collected in that parish, in virtue of the law of 12th April last, relative to the *Contribucion Directa*, which allowance they make over to the public treasury in aid as the communication says "of the war against the perfidious outlaw, barbarous unitarians, who with the corrupting gold of the French, are intent upon disturbing the tranquillity of the Argentine Republic, as also in the war against the bootless (asquerosos) Fre-chen, who have taken part with those outlaw unitarians."

The communication also congratulates the Governor upon the discovery of the plot against his life.

The House of Representatives of the Province under date 30th ult., passed a vote declaring that in virtue of the law of 5th December, 1828, has been re-est-blished the *recursos ordinarios de aplicacion* which had been abolished by the decree of 30th October, 1829, and that the revision instituted by said decree is now void and of no effect.

Friar Domingo Inchaurregui, Prior of the Convent of Predicadores, addressed a note to the government under date 24th ult., in his own name and in that of the community under his charge, expressing their gratitude to Brigadier General Juan Manuel de Rosas, Governor and Captain General of the Province, for his generous protection and for the decree of 22nd ult., restoring to them a small estate in the district of Quilmes, which they held before the Ecclesiastical Reform of unhappy memory, when the Convent was by an act of authority dissolved of all its means of subsistence.

The Rev. Prior states in conclusion, that he and his brethren offer constantly prayers to the Almighty for the life and happiness of H. E. the Governor, the progress of the National cause of Federation, &c. &c.

The *Gazeta Mercantil* of 27th ult., contains a General Statement of the number of vessels which have entered the port of Buenos Ayres, from sea, during the first six months of the year 1838, as also the sailings for the same period; with an account of the articles imported and exported, their value, duties paid thereon, tonnage of the vessels and port dues; from which it appears that in the period above-named, there have—

Arrived 88 vessels.—Tonnage 18,506.

<i>Dollars. Rs.</i>	
Imports valued in current money	11,800,374 4
Additional imports valued in specie	118,481 4
Duties on imports received in current money	4,256,778 6
Port dues received in current money	20,277 1
Additional port dues received in specie	51 3

Sailed 135 vessels.—Tonnage 28,676.

<i>Dollars. Rs.</i>	
Exports valued in current money	11,800,381 7
Additional exports valued in specie	41,399 2
Duties on exports received in current money	524,777 6
Reshipments valued in current money	224,354 1
Duties thereon received in do.	4,792 1
Transhipments valued in do.	9,422 4
Duties thereon received in do.	630 3
Returns valued in do.	6,460 1
Duties thereon received in do.	620 3
Port dues received in do.	23,285 6
Do. received in specie	245 8

The *Gazeta Mercantil* of same date, also contains a General Statement of the number of coasting vessels which have entered the port of Buenos Ayres, during the first six months of the year 1838, as also the sailings for the same period; with an account of the articles imported and exported, their value, duties paid thereon, from which it appears that in the period above-named, there have—

Arrived 457 coasters.—Tonnage 6767.

<i>Dollars. Rs.</i>	
Imports valued in current money	6,722,015 2
Additional imports valued in specie	29,850 4
Duties on imports received in current money	71,418 1

Sailed 1114 coasters.—Tonnage 3826.

<i>Dollars. Rs.</i>	
Exports valued in current money	4,574,504 3
Reshipments valued in do.	37,488 1
Duties thereon received in do.	7,288
Transhipments valued in do.	174,000
Duties thereon received in do.	2,451 0
Returns valued in do.	10,041
Duties thereon received in do.	1,151 4
Do. received in specie	301 1

The Statements for the first six months of the year 1837, were published in our No. 592.—And those for the second, in No. 625.

“The three glorious days,” or as the period has been termed by the French *La grande Semaine*.

This anniversary was celebrated by the blockading squadron off this port with more éclat this year than on the preceding one, the weather being more favourable.

On 27th ult., the flags of the blockaders were hoisted half mast, as mourning for those who fell on the days in question.

On 28th, they sent up top-gallant masts, yards, &c.

On 29th, each vessel, including the *Perle* and the *brig* (both at anchor) hoisted and displayed a large French flag at mast head, jack on bowsprit, &c. At mid-day each fired a salute of 21 guns, in which they were accompanied by H. B. M.'s ship *Calliope*, and Brazilian corvette *Regeneration*, both of which had French flag all day at fore. The United States ship *Patriot* did not salute or make any display.

A number of French boats were astern of the *Sapho* and *Camille* with French flags hoisted. The batteries on the island of Martin Garcia saluted on the occasion.

The French corvette *Camille*, and H. B. M.'s ship *Calliope*, were in the outer roads on the anniversary last year as well as this.

After the heat of the great contest in the streets of Paris had subsided, a woman was seen running about and eagerly examining every dead body in her way. She was looking for her husband. A gentleman who was watching

her progress for some time, endeavoured to console her with the hope of his yet being alive. “No,” said she, “he must be killed; I have not seen eyes on him since the morning— I hope in God I shall find his body, for he has got the key of the street door in his pocket!”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH PACKET, &c.

The remarks of “Inog” are just, but as mine was only meant as a general outline, it did not admit of shade.

Friend “Inog,” no doubt you are right, a picture should not be all in light—Some dark tints, should be displayed, As there is no light without a shade. I stand corrected, take the hint, But pray allow them in a neutral tint; For the scowling looks of a devilish vixen Is not the subject I choose to fix on— Much less that curse of married life, The eternal noise of a scolding wife! Tho’ once I own, I had a notion, Of sketching out perpetual motion; But then again, I thought it wrong, To put it like a woman’s tongue on strings. So to the light that I’ve combined, We’ll add a weak and fickle mind, A self-will’d beauty, prone to strife, An uncommon thing in life— Sometimes sweet, and sometimes acid, Sometimes turbulent and sometimes placid. With *peas and pouts*, so clearly pure, Sweet contrariety, is the soul of Love; Those I think, will form a shade, Come down upon the lights I made— Improve the sketch in every feature, And make it truer still to nature. In short, I think it now may do, Friend Inog—what think you?

Queen Sabé.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE GAUCHOS,

A TALE OF THE PAMPAS.

It is about three years since I first became acquainted with a young Englishman, named Ord, who having, on the death of his father, come into possession of some valuable estates in the West Indies, was at that time engaged in examining the value and management of his patrimony. In the prosecution of this object he visited Cuba, where my father, whose mercantile transactions were connected with his, resides, and where Ord remained for, some weeks. He had a complete passion for the sea, and in the course of many pleasure-trips among the neighbouring islands, in a fine little schooner which he had brought from England, we became the most intimate friends. There was a noble, almost a wild, enthusiasm about his character, which, though it harmonized well with his athletic and handsome appearance, would have appeared Quixotic, had it not been borne out by his utter contempt of danger, when danger really existed. I will give one instance out of many. We were beating up against a stiff south-east breeze off Cape Tibouron, in Hispaniola, when one of our men, who had gone solo to take in a reef in the fore-top-sail, sung out to those below that a piratical galleon was bearing down upon us with all sail set. Ord and I were at that time in the cabin, and, having examined every sea subject of consequence, half-dressed with ennui, were engaged separately and almost silently; I, in turning over a set of engravings of sea-fights, and Ord, cursing these “piping times of peace,” in lazily sitting up at a few of the ropes of rigging, which he was making as a model. Immediately however, that the man, entering the cabin, doffed his cap, and smothering down his hair, told his story. Ord uttered a loud whoop of delight, and springing up with a haste which snapped half the spars of his beloved frigate, rushed on deck.

The man at the helm was waiting for the expected order to put the vessel about, and the crew were at the sheets and braces ready to execute the manoeuvre; but Ord, singing out “steady,” seized a spyglass and ran up the shrouds to examine the pirate. In a minute or two he came down, with a joyous expression of countenance, and seeing that his men were keeping the manoeuvre, he said, “I was well-wishing the bloody dispositions of these pirates, he addressed them thus—

“My lads! there is just a score of strapping negroes in the galleon bearing down upon us; of course they will be well supplied with cutlasses and small arms, but they have not a single piece of metal among them; now, you all know well enough that the little *Petrel* (the name of our schooner) has the legs of these luffards, and my wish is to send a message from our long Tom among you in a friendly way; we can run when we can do no better—so all you will be willing to stand by my captain, draw off to the weather side, and if there be any of you who are afraid of a few naked blacks, in a long boat with a log sail, find you present stations—”

Our crew consisted of three Englishmen, a Scotchman, a Dutchman, and four or five negroes; and it was curious to observe the effect of their captain’s speech upon them. The Englishmen gave three loud cheers, and sprang to the weather side of our little craft; the Scotchman, more slowly, but quite as determinedly, followed, muttering, that “it was by no means prudent, but damn him, if he was crawling the dunghill crew,” while the Dutchman, without uttering a word, tared his quarters in his cheek, squirted the juice thereof over the lee bulwark, and, hitching up his trousers, walked after his companions. The negroes alone remained motionless, and seemed only terrified at the idea of attacking these cowardly and remorseless pirates, of whose atrocities they had heard and seen so much, and cast fearful glances towards the nearing galleon, as if they feared their long knives already at their throats.

A good dram, and a threat of keel-hauling them, however, presently put them all right, and they bustled about with great alacrity to get the long “*don*” (a long barrelled gun, which we carried, and which was generally stationed amidships) placed astern, with the muzzled depressed, and covered with a tarpaulin. For my own part, as I was more familiar than Ord with the barbarous practices of our pirates, I confess that I did not enter into the affair with the joyousness which he seemed to feel. I knew that a moment of irresolution, a chance shot, or a sheet missing a ray, might place the pirates alongside of us, and send us all to nothing for us but torture and death. However, I had every confidence in the excellence of our soldier, in Ord’s coolness, and, above all, in a long Tom’s accuracy of aim, and in the cool side of the gun as their principal defence for every glance at the approaching pirates was followed by me directed to the manœuvre of one of our companions, who, under cover of the tarpaulin, was kneeling, and ready with what he called his “grab,” being several pounds of grape shot, old spike nails, and so forth.

We were still standing off on the starboard tack, and the pirates not at all expediting the warm reception we were preparing for them, bearing down with a flowing sheet upon us, when Ord, halting them through a speaking trumpet, ordered them to stand clear, or he would fire upon them. The only answer to this summons was a loud discordant laugh, which, coming down the wind to us, sounded as if they were already alongside. Turning round with a calmness in his face, Ord nodded to his gun, who, having before received their instructions, rounded the little *Petrel* on the beam, and set her way on the larboard tack with a celerity which could scarcely have been surpassed by the sea-bird whose name she bore. But, though the manœuvre was performed by the most admirable dexterity, it placed the galleon of the pirates for a moment within a hundred yards of us; and as, with our sheets close-hauled, we stretched away from them, a shower of bullets discovered their vexation on being thus baffled. Most of the balls fell short, though two or three rattled through the cabin windows, and one, whizzing between Ord and the man at the helm, snapped off one of the spokes of the wheel, and buried itself in the mainmast of the little *Petrel*. “The rifle,” said the helmsman, with great *sang froid*, “and you, I thank you, in the bow of the boat fired; I can see the long barrel shining yet; none of your clumsy muskets could have sent a ball so far as that of the little *Petrel*,” he raised his hand down the splintered wheel-spoke, as a person might examine the wounded limb of his friend. “Never mind,” said Ord, “we’ll return their civility presently;” and lifting his hat, he threw down the pirates, who had taken the boat down, and with sails and sweeps were labouring in our wake.

Meantime we got “long Tom’s” nose, as the

seaman jocosely called it, leveled, and ready for being thrust out on the board-starter, the carpenter, with his axe, standing ready to smash the bulwark, which yet concealed the gun from our pursuers. They were soon so near us that we could perfectly distinguish every individual of their crew, and hence, looking wretchedly at them, I was as near I looked. Most of them were nearly naked to the waist, wore a belt, at which hung pistols and a cutlass, girded their breeches. A tall, gray-headed negro stood at the bow of the vessel, and, leaning on his arm by the foremast, and the other resting upon the long Spanish-barrelled gun which our steersman had before ordered. "I could hit him now, Sir, if you would trust me with your rifle for a moment," said the man, casting another glance at his partially-shattered vessel. "Whether Ord was puffed with that congenial pride in his vessel, and that desire to revenge an injury done to her, which every true seaman possesses, and which the wish of the helmsman discovered, I do not know; but, putting his rifle into the man's hand, and taking his place at the wheel, he simply desired him to make sure.— Never did I see gratitude more forcibly developed than in the expression of his countenance, as he did I ever behold more intense agony displayed in human features than a moment prior to his. The gun which he was raising dropped from his grasp upon the deck, and his arm chattered at the blow, quivering and trembled at his side. A glance at the smoking muzzle of the old pirate's rifle showed the cause of this sudden injury; while it gave proof of the quickness and deadliness of his aim. At this moment, the men forward and the other galleys were making from the shore, which we were now at no great distance from; and, looking round, we saw two or three large boats pulling lustily out of a creek, where they had been concealed by the spreading cocomo-trees and thick-tangled underwood.

It was now that Ord's perfect coolness and resolute courage displayed themselves; he put the helm into my hands, and, giving the word "easy about," to his men, took up the rifle which the wounded man dropped. The old negro was leading his piece, and we could even hear his chuckling laugh at the success of his late exploit. Immediately Ord presented himself over the taffrail there was a general volley at him by the crew of the vessel, and which he stood as unmoved as a rock, until, catching his opportunity, as our vessel hung on the top of a wave, he fired, and the old negro tumbling headlong among his companions, while his gun was discharged by the shot, showed that the Petrel and her steersman were fully avenged. "About ship," cried Ord, as he laid his rifle carefully down on the deck, and looked at me with a half-suppressed smile of triumph. Every thing was so silent that the creaking of the ropes, and flapping of the wet canvases, as our sails gybed, were heard distinctly, but in an instant the little craft was about, and, getting hold of the wind, began to skip over the waves for the edging. The pirates were now on our larboard quarter, and within a few ears' length of us, when Ord, with a hand steady as its own, were writing an invitation to dinner, took the opportunity of long "T" on the deck, received a lighted match from a seaman with a bow, then nodded to the carpenter, who broke away the obstructing bulwark with one blow of his axe. I still think I see the horrified countenances of the pirates, and their quick dilated glances as they discovered the gun, and their confused oaths, and the rattling of the oars and cordage as they attempted to escape the expected range of the shot. At this moment of untold anxiety, whatever lives depended upon the coolness of our captain, and the success of his discharge, I caught a glimpse of his features. He was, with his head turned from the gun, blowing gently at the match to keep it clear from ashes; his countenance was thoughtful, pale, but calm and resolved; the next instant it was shrouded in the smoke, as kneeling he stretched forward and applied the match to the gun's charge. We were not an instant in doubt. Ord had seized the moment when the partial confusion of the pirates had placed their galley within twenty feet of us, her huge sail shivering, and herself almost motionless on the crest of a wave. Before that wave had lifted the little Petrel,—before the smoke was blown and drifted by,—the crash and the plunge, and the horrible yells of the scattered and mangled wretches, assured us of their destruction.—

Their boat, and great part of her slaughtered crew, whirled down into the deep, as our very stern, while a few, who had not been wounded, struggled for a little time, and went down one by one as their strength failed. A stiff breeze, and a flowing sheet, soon picked us out of hearing of their dreadful cries for help. A few of sight of their still more dreadful features, convulsed with agony, and their eyes turned up white in the last death-wrestle. The next morning we entered St. Jago, to place our wounded man under proper care.

I have here only described an occurrence which is commonplace enough among the West Indian islands; but I wished that an opinion should be formed of my friend rather from his actions than from any epithets of mine. A determined courage, and a high love of romantic enterprise, were indeed the prominent traits in his character, and the story I have told will furnish a sufficiently familiar notion of it on these points; but how can I ever convey an idea of the interest, the fascination, which his gentleness, his polished manners, his deep and ardent feelings, tinged as they were by his chivalrous nature, created about him, making him the envy of the one sex and the idol of the other? Thrown so completely together as we were in the cabin of his little schooner, perhaps learned more of his character during that short period of his friendship than years of observation, under other circumstances, would have possessed me to; and never did I behold such sensitive and strong feelings, combined with such manly dignity and firmness, as were combined in his character. I remember to have seen him burst into tears, and his frame quiver with emotion, when reading aloud to me that last mournful scene in "Romeo and Juliet" and half an hour after he was at the helm of his little bark, in one of the most dreadful hurricanes I have ever seen, calmly and collectedly giving forth his orders in a voice which was above even the roar of the tempest, and with a skill and coolness which alone could have encouraged the terrified seamen, and saved us from certain destruction. Such was the gallant youth for whom was reserved one of the darkest destinies which the weird sisters ever wove for man.

Some time after the adventure I have related, Ord, having shipped a quantity of red cloth for ponchos, brittle-hits, spurs, &c., in a bottom for Buenos Ayres, suddenly determined on accompanying the vessel himself, in order, as he said, "to have a gallop across the Pampas, and see how the Indians rove." He proceeded on his order; and, in a few days, he was seen, and, after a quick and delightful run down the coast of South America, we found ourselves, early one delicious morning, swinging at anchor in the Rio de la Plata, with the domes of the cathedral, and the tops of the houses of Buenos Ayres rising above the faint, treeless, and ill-defined shores,—for banks they cannot be called,—of the ample river.

Among those gentlemen to whom Ord brought letters of introduction, was a rich, old Spanish merchant, who possessed all the dignified hospitality and politeness of his countryman, while the grave pomposity and solemn pride, which is no less characteristic of the Spaniards, had been in a great measure destroyed by his intercourse with strangers and the influence of his commercial pursuits.

From the very first he seemed to have a partiality for my friend, and every day we spent some hours at his house. But it was not that his balcony was the coolest, that his patio was shaded best from the heat of the noon, or that his roof received the freshest breeze from the far stretching Plata; far less was it the excellence of his never-ending dinners, the flavour of his divine harlot, or foam-spraying champagne, which attracted Ord to the case of Don José Maria Echoberría; there was another motive, more irresistible than any of those, which, in

the shape of Doña Louisa, the merchant's only daughter, offered as lovely and as powerful an attraction to an enthusiastic cavalier, as ever youth, beauty, and innocence displayed to mortal man.

From the first time that he breathed the usual devoted address to her of "A los pies de usted, Señora!" I saw that he was stricken by her surpassing loveliness; and what was a creature of grace, simplicity, and witchery, well fitted to strengthen and render indelible such a first impression. She was about sixteen years of age; but sixteen summers kindle a different degree of loveliness and grace in the form of a Spaniard, more especially a South American Spaniard, from those created in an inhabitant of these colder countries. Doña Louisa had already, by nature, the deep-black melancholy eye, full of feeling and slumbering passion,—the exquisitely rounded form, and the voluptuous grace of matured loveliness,—while her early age, and the retired mode of life which she had led, gave a piquancy and naïveté to her manners which early youth, among Spaniards at least, alone possesses. The flexibility and unlearned elegance of her gestures and motions seemed (to use a fanciful expression) like the acted language of the soul, whose impulses gave birth to them; in fact, I never saw a creature so perfectly fascinating. Nor did this admiration become in the least diminished, as is too often the case with beauties, on longer acquaintance with Doña Louisa. Not that she was a whit more learned, or accomplished, according to our meaning of the terms, than the rest of her fair countrywomen, who have as little book learning, or systematic accomplishments, as possible. A beautiful Spanish girl, indeed, needs none of these things; her eye is a soul of itself, and speaks, as it were, by divine inspiration all the living and dead languages; she can utter the most beautiful sentiments without dividing her lips, merely with her fan, wrist, and fingers, while, or almost without perceptible elevation of her smooth, symmetrical features, is more convincing than a syllogism. Her walk is the very music of motion; and Doña Louisa so far excelled in this natural harmony, that I remember Ord whispering to me, as she crossed the patio to meet us,—"Milton, in a vision, must have seen her when he wrote,—

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love!"
(To be continued.)

Advertisements.

TO ECONOMISTS.

TWO Ruas a pound will be paid for clean cotton and lineas rags of all descriptions, at No. 64, Calle del 25 de Mayo.

NOTICE.

OLD English bottled PORT, Sherry of excellent flavour, Champagne, Preserved Ginger, Black and Green Teas, Sugar Candy, &c., &c., on sale by the packers, at Anderson, Welch & Co's. Stores.

NOTICE.

FOR SALE, by Mr. Streetman's Library, No. 30, Arroyo de la Catedral, "Francis Scroon," or narrative of an escape from France during the late war. By Seacombe Ellison. Price 15 dollars.

HIDE ROPE.

THE Undersigned original inventor of the hide rope, solicits the attention and patronage of the Commanding officers of men of war, officers 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.

MERCHANT VESSELS

In the Port of Buenos Ayres, on 1st of August, 1859.

NOTE.

FOREIGN VESSELS OF WAR.

FRENCH. Corvette Sapho, 26 guns, Captain Pierre Joseph Thibault, with Commodore's board pendant.

Corvette Camille, 20 guns, Commandants Pierre Louis Hemonégue Guillemin. (Capitaine de Corvette.)

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

AMERICAN. Corvette Fairfeld, 24 guns, Captain Charles Boorman.

BRAZILIAN. Corvette Regeneration, 26 guns, Captain José Joaquim Raposo.

