

British Packet

AND

ARGENTINE NEWS.

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BUENOS AYRES, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1839.

[Vol. XIV.]

BUENOS AYRES.

"Now comes the tug of war." The subjoined despatch from General Pascual Echague, confirms the report current in the commencement of the week, of the passage of the Uruguay by the Argentine Confederate army, and its entrance into the Oriental State. It appears that the passage was effected at different periods and at different fords, and was ultimately facilitated by the pilot-boat *Star of the South*, (late tender to the American frigate Independence,) and some other small craft belonging to the Rivera government, which, with their Commander, Capt. Melo, had gone over to General Echague. The expeditionary army is said to consist of upwards of 6000 chosen troops. In their first operations they met with no resistance, having occupied the towns of Belen, Salto and Sandu without opposition. According to the latest accounts from Montevideo, Don Frutos Rivera had gone in the direction of the Yaguaron, for the purpose, it was supposed, of placing himself in contact with the Republicans of Rio Grande, with whom he was endeavouring to form an offensive and defensive alliance. Several guerilla parties inimical to the Riveristas had sprung up in the Oriental territory, the most formidable of which were commanded by Colonels Manuel Lavalleja and Olivera. The government of Montevideo, in a proclamation issued on the 9th inst., betrays considerable alarm at the approach of the coming crisis.

Head Quarters, on the Oriental coast, in the vicinity of Salto, August 2, 1839.

The General in Chief of the army of operations of the Argentine Confederation, against the traitor unitarian Rivera, to H. E. the Governor and Captain General of the Province of Buenos Ayres, &c. &c.

I have the honor to make known to Y. E., that the army under my command is now on the territory of the Oriental Republic, thus commencing its military operations for the purpose of destroying the power of the anarchist unitarian Rivera, who, not content with deposing its legally constituted authorities and annulling its laws, subsequently had the audacity to provoke a war with the Argentine Republic, protecting the debased unitarians in their iniquitous enterprises against the Argentine Confederation, and allying himself with the perfidious agents of France, in order better to obtain the object of his abominable plans.

It is highly satisfactory to announce to Y. E. that from the first steps of the army of the Argentine Confederation on the Oriental territory, the effects of that public opinion which condemns the Rebel Chief and his adherents, have exhibited themselves in the most marked manner, as well as the difference which exists between the soldiers of American independence, and the slaves of an odious despot; all good Orientals having received the army as the Restorers of their laws and public liberties,—the enemy has fled in all directions, abandoning the camp to the brave soldiers who march under my orders, even when our parties have encountered in the enemy superiority of numbers.

The army crossed the Uruguay at different passes, without encountering the least resistance either in the passage or on the Oriental shore, and will with the least possible delay, advance to the Queguay, where the enemy is posted, in order to give them battle, should they have the temerity to await our approach.

I feel confident, Excellent Sir, that very shortly I shall have the pleasure of announcing to Y. E. that the Oriental Republic is freed

from the wretch who now oppresses and degrades it, and that with his existence will expire the hopes of the barbarous unitarians, and the illusions of conquest which have been cherished by the piratical ambitious French.

In the mean time, I have the pleasure of reiterating to Y. E. the expression of my most distinguished consideration.

PASCUAL ECHAGUE.

The *Gaceta* has during the week, continued the insertion of congratulatory communications addressed to the Governor, on the discovery of the plot against his life. They are from the Collector General and the General charged with the Resguardo, Justice of Peace and Commandant of Fortin de Areco, Justice of Peace and Commandant of Fort Azul, chiefs and employes of the treasury, finance, home and foreign departments, Captain of the government escort, President of the Chamber of Justice, Medical Board, President of the mint, Post-Master General, Commandant of the Park of Artillery, in their own names, &c. &c.

These communications are equally pungent with those noticed in our four last numbers, expressing abhorrence of the plot, determination to defend the person of H. E. the Governor at every sacrifice, venting execrations on the unitarians and the French agents, averring that the latter talk of civilisation yet encourage piracy, rebellion and invasion, forming a strong contrast to the conduct of the Governor, who with all these provocations, the interruption of commerce, &c. &c., has respected the persons and property of Frenchmen, and refrained from those measures which have in similar cases been adopted by the great Potentates of Europe.

One of the communications after expressing the ardent feelings of the writers on the discovery of the plot and other matters, concludes as follows—

Glory to the Almighty for so many benefits. Glory to the Father of the Country, the worthy Citizen, Restorator of our Laws.

Glory to the governments of the Argentine Confederation.

Glory to the loyal and valiant Federals, who now defend the Independence of the country.

Shame and opprobrium to the miserable renegade unitarians and loathsome (*asquerosos*) dirty (*sucios*) French tyrants.

There is also a communication from the military chiefs Gervacio Espinosa, Juan Pedro Luna, Antonio Espinosa and Bruno Quintana, assuring H. E. that they had returned to their country, to take part in its just defence, having resisted every vile suggestion to the contrary.—They had no ignoble motives as their enemies had insinuated, but are determined to make every sacrifice for the federal cause, and for the worthy person of H. E. the Governor, Don Juan Manuel de Rosas, convinced as they are that it is he alone who can render the country happy.

Extract from the leading article of the *Gaceta* of Monday last.

"In the present question with the French enemies of American liberty, we see on one side, the luminous incontrovertible principles of justice, which the Argentine government worthily upholds, and on the other, the perfidious aggressions, the piratical hostilities, the ferocious plots of assassination, desolation and blood, with which the French have sustained their loathsome cause allied to barbarous unitarian banditti. The treachery and feiocity of

the loathsome French form a singular contrast with the dignity and generous conduct of the government of the Argentine nation; the injustice and irritating tyranny of these pretended conquerors of America, with the noble and moderate yet firm and unbending march of the illustrious Magistrate whom with such perfidy and barbarity it has been sought to assassinate. These are the pretended men of moderation and peace, the vaunters of a civilisation which they have stained with infamous acts of piracy, the apologetists of a refinement which they have belied before the world, engaging in a crusade of vandalism and ferocious extermination, allying themselves with assassins, banditti, barbarous renegade unitarians, men unworthy, perverse and loathsome, whom the American soil rejects and whom all freemen view with indignation and contempt.

"But what do they pretend? What can the blind filthy French expect in union with the vile barbarous unitarian horde? The Argentines will never yield: they will never bow their free heads to an abhorred yoke: this land will be first converted into a gory field of battle, in which the tyrannical treacherous French will find death and extermination ere it ceases to tyrannical and humiliating conditions, which justice repels and national honor repudiates. Even should France send numerous hosts from the other side of the Atlantic nothing could be effected, nothing would be the result. The people would be excited by ardent patriotic ire, and a vast sepulchre would be open in every part for the French and for the vile savage instruments of their treacherous tyranny.

"If justice be denied to the Argentines, if it be pretended to humiliate their honor, if it be sought to despise their rights, they will wage war by every possible means in all times and under all circumstances. Accursed be the peace purchased with dishonor and infamy!... This land of liberty does not recognise any other empire than that of justice, and will not yield except to reason. It will disappear a thousand times rather than consent to its eternal opprobrium and shame. It will know how to fulfil gallantly the duty it owes itself, America, and the cause of liberty all over the world."

Official Documents.

VIVA LA FEDERACION!

The Commissioners for the collection of the *Contribucion Directa* in the district of San Antonio de Areco, addressed under date 31st ult., a note to the government, making over to the public treasury the one per cent commission which they are allowed on the sum collected. The Commissioners add in their own name and in that of their federal parishioners, that they view the blockade as being most unjust, &c.

A similar communication under date 5th inst., was forwarded to the government by the Commissioners for Arrecifes.

The government replied to the above, returning thanks in the name of the country.

The *Gaceta Mercantil* of 13th inst., contains the particulars of the proceedings in the House of Representatives on its sitting of 30th ult.

A note to the government dated 7th inst., from Don Juan Manuel de Luca, Postmaster General, annexes a list of Postmasters in the county districts, who have offered to provide horses gratis for the service of the government.

The government replied to the above same day, expressing its grateful thanks.

A despatch to the Governor dated Guardia de Lujan 9th inst., from Colonel Antonio Ramirez, Commandant in Chief of the Department of the North, states, that having received information from persons who had fled from the barbarous unitarians and loathsome tyrannical French pirates, miserable enemies of the American Continent, that they were forcing indigent families away from the islands and sending them to Martin Garcia to the barbarous Lavalle and his loathsome allies in order to augment their force; he, the Colonel, sent in a chalana (boat) a reconnoitering party consisting of a sergeant, corporal and eight soldiers, with orders to fire upon and endeavour to provoke the enemy to land, "but," says the despatch, "I was deceived, Excellent Sir, for the cowardly vile slaves fled. It is, however, satisfactory to inform Y. E., that ten men sufficed to put them to a shameful flight. This trifling essay has left in our power two chalana's, some armament and a prisoner, who avers that the Commandant is severely wounded with others of his followers.

"It is my duty to notice to Y. E. the gallant conduct of the sergeant, corporal and eight soldiers, who sustained a lively fire against the unitarian barbarians, vile slaves sold to French gold, and enrolled with the vandal *parduzco* traitor Rivera, alike an enemy with the loathsome French to America.

"God preserve Y. E. many years.

"Excellent Sir,

"ANTONIO RAMIREZ."

The *Gaceta Mercantil* of 12th inst., contains the account of a "solemn function" celebrated at Quilmes on the 8th, upon the occasion of the consecration of the Church called Nuestra Señora del Rosario, which has been re-built on the ground belonging to Brevet Colonel Fabian Rosas, who in accordance with the inhabitants of that district, had dedicated it to the memory of the *Ilustre Argentina, heroína de la Confederación, la Señora Doña Encarnación Ezcurra de Rosas, digna esposa del Ilustre Restaurador de las Leyes*, H. E. the Governor and Captain General of the Province, Brigadier General Juan Manuel de Rosas. H. E. had been requested to be the sponsor in the benediction of the Church, to which he consented, but as urgent business prevented him from attending, he appointed Colonel Prudencio Rosas to officiate for him.

The observances appear to have been upon an enlarged scale, triumphal arches were erected, federal flags waved from every house, and the portrait of H. E. was borne in procession to the Church, attended by music, troops, and numerous citizens. After the benediction High Mass was celebrated, and a sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Miguel Garcia.

At the conclusion of Divine Service, the portrait of the Governor, amidst gun-firing, &c., was conducted to the house of Colonel Fabian Rosas, where a banquet was laid out and a ball took place. Señores Garrigós, Lahitte, Carlos Ezcurra, Colonels Prudencio Rosas, Fabian Rosas, Ramon Rodriguez, Ramon de Isla, and the Assessor General Don Baldomero Garcia, addressed the company, in which they dwelt strongly upon the present political state of the country, denominating the conduct of H. E. the Governor as that of a true patriot, and that his disinterested noble and generous example had excited that enthusiasm and determination which would crush the "infamous unitarians" and the "despicable intrigues of the French agents." Señor Lahitte the *Fiscal del Estado*, concluded his oration as follows:—

Viva la Patria! Viva la Confederación Argentina! Viva el Ilustre General Rosas, Restaurador de nuestras Leyes! Mueran los Unitarios! Mueran los alevosos Franceses!

Colonel Fabian Rosas, under date Capilla de Rosas 9th inst., addressed a communication to H. E. the Governor, with the particulars of the above-mentioned function.

Doña Clara Taylor, had a dinner party at her house on the day of Santa Clara (12th inst.). Amongst the company were Doña Maria Josefa Ezcurra, Rev. José Antonio Picasarri, Mr. Mandeville and Captain Herbert. The daughter of H. E. the Governor (Doña Manuela) was to have been present, but she had this morning accompanied her father to his quinta.

The band of the Marines attended in an adjoining room, and performed during dinner.

BAD THINGS.—An unfaithful servant, a smoky house, a stumbling horse, a scolding wife, an aching tooth, an empty purse, an undutiful child, an incessant talker, hogs that break through enclosures, a dull razor, mosquitoes, a fop, and a subscriber that won't pay for his paper.—*American paper.*

From the *New Monthly Magazine.*

THE GAUCHOS,

A TALE OF THE PAMPAS.

(Continued from our last.)

"But his sudden change of countenance and action, and his mysterious words! You will excuse me, my dear Señor, but my curiosity is on the rack to know what is to be known of that man," said Ord.

Don José went on making a *papar cigarillo*, but I could see that his countenance was working with feelings which he was attempting to suppress. When he had finished his little cigar, struck a light solemnly with his flint and tinder, applied it to the weed, and puffed a few times, he looked up to us both with a grave aspect. "Señores," said he, "you will excuse me that I have felt some hesitation in explaining the words of the wretch who assaulted us, since such explanation involves the disclosure of matters relating to my own family which I naturally feel some reluctance to speak of. But," continued he, waving his hand, as he saw that we were about to interrupt him, "the sight of that Gaucho brought so strongly to my mind features with which I was familiar in youth, and which I afterwards saw fixed in the rigidity of death, that I felt for a moment as if a supernatural being stood before me, and when he uttered at the same time the name of my brother,—whose image he bore!"

"Your brother!" exclaimed Ord and I in a breath.

"The story is briefly this," said Don José, with an expression of features like that of one who has resolved to bear patiently something unpleasant:—"Before my father married, he had been attached to a young lady, whose beauty was greater than either her rank or her virtue, and who bore him a son, named Leonardo de Pelasgu, after his mother. By an unfortunate arrangement, the boy was brought up in my father's house till about fifteen or sixteen years of age, when first his violent and fierce disposition began to display itself. His mother was still alive, and it is probable that, from her, he had acquired ideas of his own consequence, which, in the end, proved his ruin. It was indeed rumoured that my father had been married to his mother, and this false report, reaching the ears of Leonardo, would most probably inflame his haughty and revengeful nature. It happened, one day, that my mother reproved him with a good deal of asperity for some ebullition of passion to which he had given vent, and even had the imprudence to call him 'bastard!' and to apply to his mother a name which I will not repeat. I remember, to this day, the deadly paleness which struck into the features of Leonardo at this insult, and how his lips became compressed until the blood sprang from them. But this was only for a moment; he walked firmly to the place where I was seated, dragged me to my mother's side, and suddenly unsheathed a knife which it was his humour to wear. 'Behold, Señora, the bastard!' he said, 'and be assured that it is only my father's blood which keeps my knife from drinking that of this boy.'

"So saying, he quietly replaced his knife, told me to look to my mother, who was fainting, and strode out of the apartment. He never returned to the house; but before he went, he broke open my father's cash-box, and took a purse of one hundred dollars, leaving his note for the sum. The first time we heard of him was about two years afterwards, when a fierce-looking fellow, on horseback, rode into the *patio* of our house, and threw a bag of dollars into the counting-room, saying, that was from Leonardo.

"Many years after I had occasion to cross the Sierra Morena to look after some property which had come into my possession on the death of my father. This road had always been infested by banditti, and the passengers in our conveyance had concealed their money in various places, in order to escape the search of the robbers, should they attack us. Our suspicions were confirmed; we were stopped by a band of horsemen, who made us alight from the vehicle,

while they rifled our trunks. We were made to lie down, with our faces to the ground.—While in this position, I heard one, who appeared to be the captain of the banditti, and who was turning over some papers in my portmanteau, utter, in a tone of surprise, 'Ha! Echeverría!' I looked up suddenly, and recognized, in the wild and ruthless features of the robber, my brother Leonardo. At that moment, a bullet whistled over my head, and he fell backwards. Two or three shots followed in quick succession, and a small body of foot-soldiers, who had been stationed in that part of the Sierra to put down the banditti, rushed from a cove which lined the road. A short struggle ensued, and the robbers retreated; but, before our baggage was replaced in the carriage, and while I was yet bending over Leonardo's lifeless body, they again rushed forward, and succeeded in bearing off the corpse of their commander.—They were hotly pursued by the soldiers, but escaped by means of their horses, and their superior knowledge of the passes.

"Since that time I have never heard any thing of these banditti; they had probably sought out other scenes to carry on their depredations, and Leonardo doubtless found a grave among the unfrequented crags of the Sierra Morena. Yet so strong was the resemblance to Leonardo in the tone of voice of the desperado who attacked us to-day, and so strong was the similarity between his features, and those which imagination gives to my unfortunate brother, such as time and misfortune, had he lived, might have, by this time, produced in him, that, had I not seen with my own eyes his lifeless body stretched upon the road in Spain, I would have believed that he stood before me this evening on the Alameda of Buenos Ayres. But it must be imagination alone; and the Gaucho, who uttered his name, may have been one of his friends,—possibly one of his band, who still in his intoxication retains a respect for the memory of his captain. And now, Señor," continued Don José, addressing Ord, "let me entreat you to give up your intention of crossing the plains,—a Gaucho never forgets or forgives a blow,—and though surrounded by the civil authorities here, I scorn the threats he uttered against my house; yet be assured, that if ever he gets on your track in the Pampas, he will dog you like a blood-hound, till he has revenged the insult with your life."

This was the substance of Don José's story. It will readily be imagined that a resolute and romantic mind, like that of my friend, was not to be driven from its purpose by fear of the revenge of a wretched Gaucho, and we therefore made no change in our plans respecting our excursion to the Andes. Indeed, Ord affected to consider the threats of the Gaucho as only the worldly rage of intoxication, and he set down the fears of Don José to the natural timidity of age, and the effect of his quiet pursuits. The very night before our departure, however, a circumstance occurred, which showed that some concealed enemy was watching our movements.—My friend and myself had been spending the evening with Don José and his lovely daughter. When I said before that the Doña Louisa, with all her fascination, cultivated no other accomplishments than Spanish ladies in general possessed, I ought to have made exception in behalf of one accomplishment which her countrywomen seldom excel in,—but of which she was an exquisite mistress,—music. She sang divinely; except herself, indeed, I never heard a Spanish woman attempt to sing, without feeling my ears set on edge by the shrill discord, and this is excessively strange, considering the sweetness and harmony of their speech in common conversation. Just before we left Don José's hospitable house,—(little anticipating that the members of the party should never again meet together in the same place!)—the young lady sang a mournful old Spanish ballad, said to have been composed by Ferdinand Pizarro, in the prison which was his only home for twenty seven years. We were all deeply affected, and Ord, whose sensibilities were acute to a painful degree, could not restrain his tears. It was in this frame of mind that we bade adieu to Don José and his daughter, when, almost ere we had left the gate of the *patio*, a *lasso** was thrown over Ord's body, and he was instantly dragged

* It is possible that some readers may require to be informed, that the *lasso* of the South Americans is composed of plaited thongs of raw leather, softened with grease, and with a running noose at one end, which is thrown with astonishing dexterity over any part of the object of pursuit.

to the ground. He had, however, presence of mind to unsheath his knife and cut the thongs, when the villains, who appeared to be two in number, fell back out of the shadow of the wall into the moonlight, from the resistance which the weight they were dragging had presented being suddenly removed. Before Ord or I could attempt to secure either of them, they were gone, but my friend declared his firm belief that one of them was the identical Gaucho, whom he had struck a few evenings before on the Alameda.

This, of course, from the uncertain light, and the hurry and confusion of the whole affair, could be but a surmise; but it was one which filled him with fear, on account of his betrothed bride and her father. It was his determination to defer his journey on the morrow till he had warned Don José to be on his guard, and informed him of this fresh attack. With this resolve we proceeded to our hotel. The result of our deliberations,—influenced, I fear, considerably by my desire to set out on our journey,—was the contrary of this. I was sure that if the Doña Louisa and her father were made acquainted with our adventure, they would use their influence to prevent us from leaving the town.— Besides I was by no means convinced that Ord was correct in believing he had been set upon by the Gaucho whom he had struck down, and if such were not the case, we were terrifying the Señor Echeverría and his daughter without cause. These considerations, to which Ord, from his own desire to escape all impurity on the subject of our journey, was willing to give their full weight, determined him not to speak to Don José of our adventure, but simply to send a verbal message to him, advising him to be cautious in leaving his *casa* after nightfall.— The next afternoon, we were a hundred miles from Buenos Ayres, at a station where there was a very good *posada*, or inn, and where most of the horses which were sent to the coast were reclaimed from their original wild state. A number of Gauchos were struggling about the *corral*,* and a few young men from the town were standing round a remarkable handsome and powerful colt, which had just been taken from the herd. One of the young men, who wished to purchase the animal, had offered a handsome reward to any of the Gauchos who would back him, but such was the fierceness and strength which he had displayed under three or four *lassos* that none of them were willing to attempt it. At length an old Gaucho, with a grizzled beard, and a cool calm snake-like eye, held out his hand for the sum which the young man had offered, buckled his saddle carefully on the colt's back, and, having examined his powerful Mameluke bit, and the straps of his long spiked spurs, desired the thongs to be loosened, and vaulting upon the maddened brute, dashed off with the speed of lightning. At this moment I felt my arm pressed by Ord, who whispered, when he had got me from the circle, "By Heaven! that is the man! and he is already on our track."

This explained to me the quick furtive glances which I had observed the old Gaucho pass towards us,—but I answered nothing, deliberating in my own mind what was to be done when the rascal should come back from his perilous ride.

In breaking a horse in South America,—for after the first severe gallop, or backing as it is called, he seldom requires any further training,—the Gaucho generally gallops him at full speed in a circle of two or three miles in diameter, accordingly as his disposition displays itself.— The vast plains afford the most perfect facility for the purpose in question, and however it may militate against the experience of horsebreakers

* An inclosure generally 30 or 40 yards in diameter, formed of strong stakes driven into the ground, in which the cattle destined for slaughter or the saddle are placed. In the Pampas, the corral is usually placed fifty or a hundred yards from the Gaucho's hut.

in Europe, nothing is more certain than that, when a horse is taken by a *lasso* from the plains, he requires nothing more than a gallop of five or six miles under a Gaucho bit and spur to fit him for every duty he may afterwards have to fulfil in that country. But it was in vain that, in the present case, we looked for the curve in the rider's course. He progressed, or seemed to progress, till the eyes of the most sanguine among us could not even pretend to see his *poncho* streaming in the wind which his speed created, nor the waving of his *montero* cap as his flying form cut against the clear settling sky.

While we were yet wondering at this extraordinary circumstance, the night, which falls, as every body knows, with astonishing quickness in these low latitudes, closed over us, and the whole party retired to the *posada*.

To persons less peculiarly interested than we were in the motions of the Gaucho, it might have been highly amusing to notice the various ways in which the surprise and vexation of our companions were displayed. None of the Gauchos near us knew, or at least would confess that they knew, the fellow who had absconded. They said that he must be some man "beyond the clover ground,"* and that they had never seen him near the coast before.— They were, however, highly indignant at his bad faith, and proffered to the intended purchaser of the colt the best unbroken horse in the corral as a remuneration for his disappointment. The young men, I remember, were not to be convinced by the Gauchos for some time that they had not been imposed on by one of their own number, who wished to retain the noble animal for himself; and their disputes during the first part of the night, and their noisy discussions afterwards, when they had adjusted the matter over their brandy, kept Ord and myself from enjoying a particle of sleep. In the morning accordingly we rose unrefreshed, but I could see that it was not the want of rest alone which had driven the colour from my friend's cheek, and the lustre from his eye. A presentiment of evil had come over his mind, which he declared himself unable to resist. It was in vain I laboured to remove it by attempting to engage him in conversation respecting his future prospects; this only increased his melancholy.— When I found this to be the case, I urged him to return to Buenos Ayres, but he expressed his determination to proceed. I thought that the excitement of new scenes, and the glorious feeling of liberty which is felt in sweeping across the plains at full speed, would presently remove his depression, and therefore hurried on our preparations for departure; and our peons, or guides, driving before them the horses intended to relieve those we rode, were presently on the way to the next station.

It is unnecessary to relate the occurrences which took place during our journey. Without any greater accident than an occasional fall from our horses into a *biscachero*,† or a blow

* The plains between Buenos Ayres and the Cordilleras may be divided into three broad belts, the first of which, nearest the Atlantic, about 180 miles in breadth, is covered, during one part of the year, with thick clover; the second belt, about 450 miles broad, with long grass; the third, reaching to the foot of the Cordilleras, with stunted trees and bushes placed at considerable distance apart.

† The *biscacheros* are holes burrowed in the ground by an animal called a *biscachio*, and were it not for the soft nature of the plains, it would be extremely dangerous to cross them on horseback, as it is in many instances impossible to avoid the *biscacheros*, and the speed at which the horses go would generally render a fall on hard ground mortal. The "balls" spoken of consist of three brass globes which the Gauchos wheel round their heads, till they acquire sufficient impetus, and then they are darted with such force and dexterity as to bring down a bird in its flight, or to stun the strongest bull, stallion, gama, or lion. The *lasso* and the balls are in the hands of the Gauchos from their earliest years,—hence their inimitable skill in using them.

on the head from the balls of the Gauchos in our awkward attempts to use them, and without any greater privations than the occasional delay or sometimes total want of our supper after a fatiguing ride, we fulfilled the intention of our expedition.

We generally rode above a hundred miles every day, having changed our horses eight or ten times during that distance, and after cutting our supper from a huge shapeless piece of beef roasted on a rude iron spit stuck into the ground,—or perhaps having procured the greater luxury of a fowl baked in the fashion of the gypsies, and having washed it down with a draught of wine, we lay down in the hut, or more commonly in the open air, with our saddle for a pillow, and the sky for our canopy.

When we reached the foot of the Cordilleras, we exchanged our horses for mules, and after crossing the Andes by a route which torrents, precipices, and the fear of robbers, combined to render somewhat perilous, we arrived at length at Santiago in Chili.

(To be continued.)

THE WEATHER has been variable during the week, thermometer 54 a 64.—On Monday it was at 64.

Advertisements.

NOTICE.

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

NOTICE.

FOR SALE, at Mr. Steadman's Library, No. 30, Calle de la Catedral, 'Prison Scenes,' or narrative of an escape from France during the late war. By Seacombe Ellison. Price 15 dollars.

Interesting Notice.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT, next door to No. 5, Calle de Mexico, two squares towards the River from the barracks of the Restauradores.

Andrés Gueñá, has the honor to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has opened an establishment for the manufacture of strings for musical instruments (*cuerdas armonicas*) of all classes and colours, whether of cast-iron or any other sort for every description of instruments, finished in the highest perfection, superior in their quality, and at a price more moderate than those which are produced in the best manufactories of Europe. He also makes cords for the use of hatters, watchmakers and machinists.

Those who wish to favor him with their orders, will please apply at the place above-mentioned, or at the comb-shop next door to Baldraco's confectionery Calle de la Victoria, where for greater convenience to his customers, he has placed some of the strings in question at the same price as at the manufactory, with the understanding that on trial they have proved to be of the very best quality. a9 5t

NOTICE.

SPIRITS AND WINES AT REDUCED PRICES.

CHARLES ZEIGLER, respectfully informs his customers, that he has reduced the prices of his liquors as follows:

French Brandy at \$20 per gallon, (the same quality he sold before at \$30).

Best Holland Gin at \$18 per gallon.

Superior Sherry Wine at \$14 per do.

Cataluña Claret do, at \$11 per do.

Also a few boxes of the best old Port Wine, 3 dozens each; London Porter and Cider.

Smoked tongues at \$10 per dozen.

Montegrado cheese at 8 rs. per lb.

NOTICE.

WARWICK INGLES, Upholsterer and Mattress maker, takes the earliest opportunity of acquainting the Ladies and Gentlemen of Buenos Ayres, that he has removed his Upholstery and Mattress Warehouse from No. 51, Calle del Peru, to No. 53, Calle de la Federacion, one square and a half from the Plaza de la Victoria, where by his assiduity and attention, he hopes to merit a continuance of that liberal patronage he has already received.

Buenos Ayres, 12th August, 1869.

MERCHANT VESSELS

In the Port of Buenos Ayres, on 15th of August, 1869.

NONE.

FOREIGN VESSELS OF WAR.

FRENCH. Corvette Sapho, 28 guns, Captain Pierre Joseph Thibault, with Commodore's broad pennant.

Corvette Camille, 20 guns, Commandante Pierre Louis Hemenegildo Guillemin. (Capitaine de Corvette.)

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

Ship Acteon, 26 guns, Captain Robert Russell.

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



MARINE LIST.



Port of Buenos Ayres.

August 10.—Wind N. hazy.

No arrivals or sailings.

August 11.—Wind E. strong at night.

No arrivals or sailings.

August 12.—Wind N. N. W. hazy, shifted to S. in the evening, with slight rain.

No arrivals or sailings.

August 13.—Wind S.

Arrived, United States corvette Fairfield, 24 guns, Captain Charles Boardman, from Montevideo 11th inst.

August 14.—Wind S. S. E. strong, shifted to N. in the afternoon.

Arrived, H. B. M.'s ship Actæon, 26 guns, Captain Robert Russel, from Montevideo 12th inst.

August 15.—Wind S. S. W. strong, slight rain before sun-rise.

No arrivals or sailings.

August 16.—Wind S. thick haze.

No arrivals or sailings.

Shipping Memoranda.

ARRIVED AT MONTEVIDEO.

- July 15th, Spanish brig Copernico, from Barcelona 14th April, Gibraltar 29th do., to A. Aldana.
- " 17th, American brigantine Drymo, Howe, from New York 14th April, to Zimmermann & Co.
- " 19th, Spanish brig Sentinela, from Rio Janeiro 29th ult., to Zumaran and Tresera.
- " " Hamburg galliot Carl Heinrich, from Cetta 28th April, to Rodger, Brothers & Co.
- " 20th, British brig Anvity, from Lisbon 14th May, to Parlano, M'Lean & Co.
- " " Belgian brig Windhound, from Lisbon 19th May, to John Gowland.
- " 21st, Brazilian patache D. sensor Felix, from Bahia 26th May, to Bajareo.
- " 25th, Spanish barque Dos Amigos, from Tarragona 14th May, to Rios & Co.
- " " Oriental brig Bella Bernardina, from Rio Janeiro 29th ult., to Figueiros.
- " 26th, French brig Louisa, from Cetta 12th May, to Nicholson, Green & Co.
- " " Brazilian brigantine Caboclo, from Paragua 5th ult., to Peixoto.
- 1st inst., Oriental brig Rapido, from Rio Janeiro 16th ult., to Costa.
- 10th, British brig Forth, Glen, from Bonsviata 14th June, with 100 moyos salt, to Lafone.
- 12th, British barque George the Fourth, from Lisbon.

SAILED FROM MONTEVIDEO.

- 30th ult., H. B. M.'s packet Cockatrice, for Rio Janeiro.

We inserted in our last by mistake, that the American brig Metamora had arrived at Montevideo.—She had not arrived on 11th inst.

Our communications with Montevideo are from present circumstances so interrupted that we are unable to obtain a correct list of arrivals there.

The French corvette Active, Captain de la Tresoriere, got ashore on the Island of Lobos about 6th inst., and remained there according to the last accounts, although it was supposed by some that she would be got off.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

On 11th inst., was performed *El Cid* and a farce.

On 15th, "Edward in Scotland" and a farce. We were not present on either of these evenings.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH PACKET.

SIR,

Incog is really a very fastidious sort of person, he reminds me of the man that was being flogged, hit him where they would there was no pleasing him—however, as he was good enough to add some shadows to my sketch on Woman, allow me to return the favor on his picture of the defects of man.

Oh! wondrous news! the mighty genius hail! Who boldly says, that Human Nature's frail!

And placed the thing beyond all doubt,
What penetration! Oh! to find it out—
Poor chance had I with him to cope,
Unless indeed I had Time's telescope.
Of things unknown, but yet to come,
Of peace or war, of shot or bomb;
At distance seeing, and thus discerning,
Assert the facts, and shew my learning;
If by these means, I thus could fix it,
Who would dare deny, my *ipse dixit*.
Invention rare, the thought's divine,
To think how glorious I should shine—
Amongst the Nobs, the Gent's and Jews,
A perfect oracle of news!
O my stars, to think the racket
It would make in the Gazette & British Packet,
Then would I, like others preach,
And little boys these truth's I'd teach,
That life of sweet and sour is made—
A bitter kind of Lemonade.
That naughty man, is prone to roam,
And leave his darling wife at home,
Who o'er her work in silence bent,
Like Patience on a monument;
Smiling at thought's, her mind enthral,
The last new fashion or the next grand ball.
For facts are facts, and well you know,
They love a *little* finery and show—
Whilst he, that's if the truth they say,
Is every evening at the play,
And rolling on from vice to vice,
Like a filthy Walrus, upon the ice;
Or gliding swiftly, at nothing bating,
Something like a Dutchman skaiting—
For vice is like a raw recruit,
"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute."
The first step past, no fear he feels,
But laughs to scorn the glittering steels—
That o'er his head, with fearful glare
Flash, like meteors in the air;
And onward moves, in dangers track,
Without a thought of looking back.
Or *worse** still, like Flemish boors,
Who spend the day in *crabbage* or *all fours*;
In drink and smoke waste all the night,
Then reeling home by morning's light
Abuse their wives, who with good reason,
Think "Love for Love" is no high treason;
And doubtless shew a proper sense
In trusting still to Providence,
To rid her of this loathsome he,
And grant a Cavalier servente.
That *faithful* men indeed are few,
Is alas! no doubt too true;
In love and *politics* they truly say,
They fawn and smile, but to betray:
That rascal Man! so lost to honor's sway,
He sells himself for lust or pay.

QUIEN SABE.

* Mr. Editor, if any critic should object to the word *worse* as an improper degree of comparison therefore inadmissible. I beg to refer him to Skatkspear as an authority or precedent. Oh Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain. Then throw away the *worse* part of it.

The venerable Don Leon Ortiz de Rosas, father of his Excellency the Governor, expired at his residence in Reconquista Street, on Tuesday last, at mid-day, at the advanced age of 79 years.

On Wednesday his remains were conveyed to the Cathedral Church. In the accompaniment were Don Felipe Arana, Minister for Foreign Affairs; Don Manuel Insiarte, Minister of Finance, a deputation from the House of Representatives, the Friars of Saint Francis and Saint Dominic, many of the principal employes, civil and military, and numerous private individuals, native and foreign.

An imposing funeral ceremony was performed at the Church by the Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by the Canons of the Cathedral and principal Ecclesiastics.

In consequence of the above event, the daily papers have since Tuesday been published in mourning.

Operations of the French blockading vessels.

10th inst. The French brigantine of war Vigilante, diate of war, and armed boat Atravido, arrived in the outer roads and sailed again in the evening, the former to the eastward and the two latter to the northward. The Sapho and Camille displayed lights at night, probably as a guide to their boat cruisers.

11th. A French cutter arrived in the outer roads during the last night, apparently the Tupa Amarú.

12th. The French ketch of war arrived from Montevideo.

13th. The diate came in this morning from the northward, and sailed in the afternoon for the same destination. The ketch sailed to the eastward. The cutter above-mentioned having drove last night to the northward, was taken in tow this day by two French launches and brought close to the Sapho. A French brig of war was in sight to day N. E. for a short time.

14th. A balandra arrived in the outer roads from the northward and sailed again for the same destination. The Atravido arrived, supposed from Colonia. She sailed this evening for Martin Garcia.

15th. This morning at day break a large topsail balandra was observed aground beyond the Retiro, and four French launches near her. Some 6 pounds from the Retiro, were promptly brought down to the beach and opened fire on the launches, apparently without doing any mischief. The latter however retired, some soldiers were put on board the balandra, she was got off, made sail, with Argentine flag at main, and anchored about 10 A. M. opposite the Custom house, where she discharged cargo into the numerous carts in attendance.

These operations, added to its being a fine day and moreover a holiday, attracted numerous spectators to the water side.

The cutter or balandra mentioned on 11th sailed to the northward.

16th. Diate arrived and sailed to northward. Perle and brig as per last.

This day (17th inst.) completes the 50th day of the blockade.

"Assumption Day" (15th inst.), was kept as a close holiday in Buenos Ayres.

Married.

On Tuesday 13th inst., at the British Episcopal Church, by the Rev. William Armstrong, Edmund Mackinlay, Esq., to Caroline Matilda, second daughter of James Burton, Esq.

PRICES CURRENT.

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

Doubloons, Spanish	242 a	dollars each.
Do. Patriot	241 a	do. do.
Plata macuquina	12½ a 1¼	do. for one
Dollars, Spanish	14½ a	do. each.
Do Patriot and Patacones	14 a 14½	do. do.
Six per cent Stock	58 a	do. per ct.
Bank Shares	none	
Exchange on England	3½ a 3¾	pence per dol
Do. Rio Janeiro	a	nominal.
Do. Montevideo	14½ a 14½	per patacon
Do. United States	12 a	per U.S. dollar
Hides, Ox, best	37 a 38	dis. p. pesado
Do. country	30 a 33	do. do.
Do. weighing 23 to 24lbs	32 a 33	do. do.
Do. salted	30 a 31	do. do.
Do. Horse	12 a 14	do. ench.
Nutria Skins	5½ a 6	do. per lb.
Chinchilli Skins	55 a 60	do. per dozen
Wool, common	12 a 15	do. per arr'ba
Do. pick'd	26 a 27	do. do.
Sheep skins per dozen	19 a 21	per 30lb.
Calf skins per dozen	28 a 30	
Deer skins per dozen	11 a 12	
Hair, long	70 a 75	do. per arr'ba
Do. mixed	34 a 36	do. do.
Jerked Beef	18 a 18	do. quintal.
Tallow, melted	15 a 17	do. per arr'ba
Horns	200 a	400 per mil.
Flour, (North American)	a none	per fan
Salt, on board	a none	per fan
Discount	1 a 1½	pr. ct. pr. month

The highest price of Doubloons during the week, 242 dollars. The lowest price 239 dollars.

The highest rate of Exchange upon England during the week 3½ pence. The lowest ditto 3¾ pence.

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ALEXANDER BRANDEY, Responsible Editor.