

The Standard

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.
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To Teaching Immigrants.
Wanted 1000 good cooks or house-maids, wages £20.
Wanted 10,000 farm-laborers, wages £25.
Wanted 100 men of capital (at least £1000) having some idea of sheep-farming. Profit 40 per cent per annum.
Wanted 600 nice young men, with high connections, fashionable tastes, good education, and no capital. They will not be expected to take off their gloves, but after enjoying a brief visit to Buenos Ayres, will be favored with a passage home as distressed British subjects.

The Standard.
"All tibi quidem nil vel non quidem dicitur."—Cicero.
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

ENGLISH PACKET REVIEW.

OUR POLITICAL CHAPTER.

There are many foreigners in the habit of saying "Buenos Ayres will be a fine country, one thousand years hence," as if this and the other S. American republics were destined to undergo a long period of industrial lethargy and political disorder, before taking their places among the rising nations of Christendom. If we consider, however, the steady progress of General Mitre in a right direction, and the rapid development of the arts of peace in B. Ayres, we may reasonably hope that the next generation will see the Argentine republic a great and prosperous nation.

As a straw indicates the direction of the current, so we may prognosticate much from the result of the late elections. Six deputies were to be elected to Congress, for this province, and two lists of candidates were drawn up by the rival Clubs which arrogated to themselves the right of directing the public mind. Each list contained two or three excellent men, most apt for the vacant office; nor did it matter a pin which side prevailed. But the ultra party, nick named Catalanes, always foremost in every disturbance or revolution, had begun to regard President Mitre as a traitor, because he was friendly to peace, and they resolved to make the elections a cloak for their designs. Accordingly the *Nacional* and *Tribuna*, two incendiary papers, commenced a series of articles, charging the National Government with coercion, fraud, tyranny &c. and comparing Gen. Mitre's friends and supporters to the satellites of Rosas, called 'Restauradores.'

At the same time Governor Saavedra was unfortunately seduced by his minister Acosta and other anti-nationalists to declare open hostility to the President's policy, and the national official organ mentions cases in which the Provincial authorities threatened to shoot or banish to the frontier any person who voted in opposition to Sor Acosta's wishes. Such is the mockery of republican liberty! In this state of affairs most of the citizens adopted our policy, embracing neither party, since both had been instrumental in causing a collision.

Grave fears were entertained of a riot in the city as had happened shortly before when some lives were lost, on the day of election. But President Mitre took suitable precautions, and the riot backed by the two factious journals was defeated without any serious disorder. In the country districts a still more overpowering majority was in favor of those calling themselves Mitre's friends. The rejection of such men as Sres. Riestra and Peña would be in itself no victory, but every honest man in Buenos Ayres rejoiced to see the revolutionary party crushed, in the wholesale defeat of a list which had the misfortune to be supported by such an element. The French paper came out with a sweeping denunciation which was at once responded to by twenty challenges to mortal combat, for the rage of defeat was heightened by the ungenerous jeers of the conquerors. The rejected candidates, lost not their temper, for they were really passive, and perhaps had little ambition to be hoisted into Congress on the shoulders of dangerous constituents. At present, thank God, the ultra-party is annihilated and hangs its diminished head: even the editor of the *Tribuna* had to lay down his pen, meditating voluntary exile, being succeeded by his brother just arrived from Paris.

The revolution in Cordoba was happily suppressed, almost without bloodshed, although the rebels had at first gained possession of the barracks. The Governor, Ferreira, is accused of tyrannical outrages, but it is certainly no easy task to rule Argentina. The other provinces are quite tranquil, although we hear rumours of an Indian invasion on the frontiers of San Luis. Even Catamarca, the standing sore of the republic, seems mending. San Juan is likely soon to have a new Governor, Sor Sarmiento having definitively accepted the post of Minister at Washington. Governor Cullen of Santa Fe has resigned though ill-health, being succeeded by an energetic man named Oroño. It is not clear whether Gen. Urquiza will abandon the reins of power in Entre Rios: some say he will be succeeded by his son, Diógenes Urquiza, but probably not before his death.

Flores' rebellion continues in the B. Oriental, without more hope of a speedy termination than existed ten months ago. All interest for the filibuster seems to have died out in Buenos Ayres, for we hear of no new efforts, either by the Minister of War or Revolutionary committee, to send them fresh aid or supplies.

This month although the shortest in the year has been fraught with more good omens for La Plata than any for a long season.

INDUSTRIAL REVIEW.

The steamer leaves us after a happy termination of the long talk of elections. The people, we are happy to say, manfully supported the Government of President Mitre, although it is alleged every species of trickery was resorted to at the urns; in fact it is idle now to suppose, after the lamentable experience we all have had of civil wars in this country during recent years, that a handful of mad politicians will be allowed to plunge us into anarchy and bloodshed. Many were of opinion that as the anti-national party were indefatigable in their exertions they would carry the day at the elections, but the result has proved most unmistakably that Buenos Ayres wishes for peace, and peace we must have at any cost.

The La Plata, which is posted for sailing for Liverpool on the 2nd March, takes home the first bale of ginned cotton ever shipped from Buenos Ayres by the 'Standard.' We consign it to Messrs. Stollerfoht and Co. of Liverpool, and hope it will prove a satisfactory specimen of South American cotton. We hope to ship as the season advances several hundred bales. There is no longer any doubt as to cotton in these countries; owing to many causes the planting has been rather limited this year; but next year we hope to establish clean ginned cotton as one of the staples of the Argentine Republic.

The Minister of the interior, Dr. Rawson, who is the son of an American, is we are happy to say taking the subject of emigration under his particular attention, and through his exertions we understand an emigration society is about to be established in Rosario, which will materially advance the Republic, as we are greatly in want of a laboring population in the interior.

The continued delays experienced by Mr. Wheelwright in the Argentine Central Railway enterprise has greatly disheartened his best friends in Rosario, and many think that as Mr. W. has transferred his interest in the road to Mr. Brassy the road will never be made. We have done our best to combat this idea, in as much as Mr. Brassy is a far more influential personage in England than Mr. W., but in Rosario and elsewhere the people will not believe this, and it is even said that in order to carry out his railway speculations in the Province of Buenos Ayres, he has transferred his connection with the Argentine Central road. It is to be hoped that the company will be duly helped, and the stock introduced on the London Exchange as early as possible, in order to meet the anxious expectations of the people in this country.

The present state of the Argentine provinces is all that could be desired: peace reigns throughout this immense territory, industrial pursuits occupy the inhabitants, trade is reviving, and in fact everything is beginning to look better with us. In the province of San Juan the greatest activity is noticeable. Mr. Rickard has arrived out with his machinery; the three furnaces are completed. A third call of 25 per cent. has been made on the stock, so as to enable the company to purchase quartz. Under the auspices of Mr. Rickard the

affairs of the company seem in a rather prosperous condition. We have been informed by a gentleman recently arrived from San Juan that in the month of March it was expected the company would commence operations, but owing to the great distance and high freight, the silver would be forwarded to Valparaiso for the present.

The National Government has just concluded a contract with the French engineering firm, Sordaux and Co. for making Artesian wells in the province of Rioja. It is a happy omen to find the public money now being sunk in industrial pursuits, where recently two million dollars were wasted in civil war. The cost is defrayed out of the Public bonds for Roads and Bridges voted by Congress. The object of these wells is to provide water on parts of the high road, now difficult for travelling, owing to the want of post-houses in the desert.

Corrientes commands some interest with the proximate hope of a small cotton-crop—say 1000 or 1500 bales. More important still is General Perre's mission to open a road through the Gran Chaco. This would be an immense gain to internal commerce, placing Corrientes and the upper Paraná within one fourth of the present distance from Salta and other provinces inland.

We regret to say that in the province of Buenos Ayres farmers have suffered severely from the drought, being obliged to drive their sheep to the frontier lands, and in many cases into the adjoining province of Santa Fe. Happily, however, we have at last had torrents of rain, and our countrymen are now returning to their own farms, but the drought has been the most frightful experienced in this country for the last fifty years.

In the city of Buenos Ayres, trade although not very brisk, is not to say dull. Our importers and exporters have been pretty busy, and many of our salaristas in Barracas have commenced operations, which has caused a perceptible stir in our market.

In our last review we mentioned the inauguration of the last section of the Northern railway. The traffic has increased so prodigiously that the tramway to the centre is found wholly insufficient, and the Co. has just received permission to substitute steam-power between the Retiro and Plaza Mayo. For this it will be necessary to lay down a more solid way.

The Western line progresses at a snail's pace in the works of prolongation, and will form a ridiculous contrast when Messrs Peto and Betts begin the Great Southern: the ceremony of turning the first sod of the latter will take place next week.

The cool decision which President Mitre displayed in suppressing all descriptions of disturbances at the late elections has tended greatly to increase confidence in his government, and the general opinion is that he will rule the country with a firm hand, and totally suppress the revolutionary spirit which it was feared was apparent.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The grievances complained of by the master of the English barque *Jhelum* do not seem exaggerated. We have received a copy of the charter-party which we will publish to-morrow. So many tons should be discharged daily, that the vessel was left for an interval of thirty-eight days without lighters. The Western railway president tries to lay the blame on Mr. Santamaria, saying the latter must pay demurrage if proved. The case is now before the Tribunals and Capt. Stannus will be for some time paying out law-costs instead of a cable.

There is still some talk of a duel between the fiery French editor and the Argentine officer 'whose hand was so given to shaking, that he could not fight with pistols.' Surely they had better 'shake hands' over the affair, which is the more ludicrous as Sor Orma belonged to the Cocido club, not to the one attacked by *Le Progress*.

The opera of *Rigoletto* on Wednesday evening was poorly attended, the audience hardly numbering 600. Mme. Briol sang with her usual success, and was called before the curtain after the 2nd act. Lelmi broke down once, but retrieved himself in the chassonnette 'La donna è mobile,' when Mollo's graceful acting elicited great applause. Celestino played *Rigoletto* almost as well as we could have expected from Mirate, for whom Verdi is said to have composed this opera.

The acrobats, Buisley brothers, perform Zampallacrotati and other feats at Colon Theatre on Sunday evening. We are glad they have recovered from their recent accidents, and learn that they excel the famous Lees brothers. On the same night the French Buffes play at the Victoria.

We read, in the 'Pueblo,' of three ruffians who had broken into and plundered a house at the Cinco Esquinas,

but one Sor. Fernandez succeeded in seizing them and handing them over to the police. It is a great shame, that the examination and trial of such delinquents are not published. The public would be more on its guard, and some clue be, probably, discovered as to their haunts and associates.

The 'Tribuna' has an attack on General Emilio Mitre, because he supported his Presidential brother at the late elections. If this is to be M. Varela's manner of defending the National policy, we hardly think he will be invited to the tea-parties at No. 144 Calle San Martin, next May.

Don Carlos Paz's resignation of militia secretary came like a bomb-shell on the Provincial Government. His heroic valedictory has been indicted by Governor Saavedra as libellous, since he insinuates that Minister Acosta stole the Nat. Guard registers for the purpose of putting down 'fictitious voters.' Meantime it is said Dr. Paz has overdrawn his salary, and cannot pay up.

President Mitre's official organ accuses the Provincial authorities of having forged the voting returns of 25 de Mayo, by altering the number actually polled, 167, to 635. This, it says, will account for stealing the militia registers from the office of Dr. Paz. It is said a similar attempt was unsuccessfully tried at Mor Chiquita. Minister Acosta ought to come before the public, or resign his portfolio. What must our European readers think of such doings?

THE WAR IN MONTEVIDEO.

As many young men have recently come out to settle in the Banda Oriental, we warn intending immigrants that they must be prepared to change the venue to Buenos Ayres. Flores' campaign against the Government may last four or five years more, as he cannot take the capital, and the Blancos cannot face him in the open country.

His recent siege of Montevideo was as before: he had about two thousand men and was only able to cut off communications with the campaign. Finding food for his horses growing short he raised the siege and now continues his vagabond tactics roaming at will, from place to place. It is said he intends fighting Servando Gomez, who has an army of 3000 men, but past movements show that neither party wishes to come to a deadly encounter.

Meantime President Berro's term of office expiring on March 1st, the senators were convoked to elect a 'locum-tenens,' and the choice fell on Sr. Aguirre. This will probably have little influence on the course of events, and we may expect a repetition of crossing and croaking the Rio Negro, until an indefinite period.

PARANA.

By the 'Litoral' of that city, we see that a foreigner's house has been broken open, and the owner placed in solitary confinement by the authorities. It would appear that a French basque had been to use an euphemism being looking at some people drinking and getting excited, had amused himself by shouting in the streets, 'hurrah for somebody, and down with some other party.' He was pursued by the whole of the police of the city, seven in number, but managed to reach the shelter of his own house. About 11 or 12 the same night, a commissary of the police, attended by two or three men, presented themselves before his house, demanding entrance, which was refused, and they forced open the door and seized the unhappy votary of Bacchus. Liberty Wilkes stated that an Englishman's house was his castle, that the rain might enter it, and the wind whistle round it, but the king could not. Were he here in Calle B-lerano, he would find that his misquotation was decidedly wrong, for the serenitas, as representatives of Argentine authority, do constantly whistle round our house. We do not suppose that President Mitre could ever lower himself to be a perpetrator of a practical joke, and such a joke as to whistle round a man's house; and we hope that we may enjoy the rest of an Englishman's privileges, and that we be safe from rain entering our house.

REVIVAL OF TOKENS.

It would appear that in Parana, a party rejoicing in the name of Jose Macia, by profession a saladerista, has taken it into his head that his name is as good as that of the Government, and feeling convinced that all right-minded people must hold the same opinion, he has commenced issuing 'billetes' in his name for various sums ranging from a medio to 2 reales, Bolivian money. If he can only persuade any one to take his money for a legal tender, he will be a lucky man, but it will be a hard thing to do. This we can vouch for, as we have seen that small game tried before and fail.

When metallic currency became so scarce in the States, and before the issue of 'Greenbacks,' it was customary for barkeepers to hand their customers small 'billetes' for change, and which were taken again at their proper value. So long as the barkeepers kept the power of issue on their own side, they thought it was a remarkably fair little speculation, but they never, for one moment, entertained the idea that their customers should also play at it. We remember the look of horror and disgust of a well known barkeeper, near the Bowling-green, New York, when a half-tight loafer coolly handed a piece of paper in payment for sundry drinks. 'Hullo! what's this?' 'Don't ye see? Can't ye read? Aint it plain enough?' 'Good for 50 cents, Luggins.' 'Oh! said the barkeeper. 'Let Mr. Macia take warning, or perhaps some fine morning he will find a man 'paying for his hides, with paper bearing 'Good for ten dollars, Martinez.'

SAN PEDRO GONE CRAZY.

When the steamer Paven arrived at San Pedro, with the news of the victory of the Cocidos, the good folks there went completely out of their senses with joy. They commenced by firing off innumerable rockets, and in the Plaza singing the national anthem, and hurra-ing for General Mitre. In the evening there was a ball given, at which some 40 ladies assisted, and dancing with the members of the Club Pueblo made them forget for a moment their past troubles.

This is knocking out one nail with another. For how many of those unfortunate San Pedro politicians are not suffering from worse troubles than those they endured before? How many of them are over head and ears in love? and how many of them are not obliged to confess that they have been, not refused, but 'declined with thanks,' at the end of the season?

When we mentioned to a friend of ours, Diógenes It—, as an instance of the splendour of the ball, 40 ladies being present, he only granted and said 'shaw! women would rather than not dance at all, dance with the company of mankind.' Like most epigrammatic sayings, we fear that Mr. Diógenes' remark has a little truth for foundation, but that, at the same time, somewhat overdrawn.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

What must strike a stranger very forcibly is the horrible cruelty practised to horses in all parts of this province. Frequently we have seen a couple of bagfuls of bones, by stretch of imagination yeelp horses, harnessed to a cart, and a ruffian, called a driver, armed with a heavy stock whip, lashing it into these unfortunate quadrupeds. Darwin mentions the winning smile with which a gaucho requested him to dig his persuaders into a half dead horse, and on the naturalist refusing to take act or part in such a proceeding, the gaucho, mistaking his motive, exclaimed, 'Oh! it is my horse.'

On one occasion we ourselves saw a 'mayoral' of one of the camp diligences break the handle of a spade, with which he had been trying to dig the wheel out of the mud, over one of the horse's backs.

Seriously a day passes—but there are instances of horses falling in the streets and unable to rise, still less to draw the immense weights with which the carts are loaded. That angelic body of men, true descendants of the 'nil admirari' savages, the police, seem to think that so long as they themselves are not in the shafts, they are not bound to interfere.

A French philosopher, in his travels, saw a man driving a harrow, to which were attached a jackass and his own wife. The driver was dispensing his blows pretty equally between the quadruped and the biped. After the manner of travelling philosophers he began to moralise upon the sight, and the upshot of his reflections was, not pity for the woman, but for the jackass, which he considered the more ill-used of the two, inasmuch as the man and woman were of the same species, but poor Neddy was lowered in the scale of creation by being driven by a greater and lower brute than himself.

VIRGIN CAMPS.

San Nicolas, Feb. 20th, 1864.
To the Editors of the Standard.
Gentlemen,

Let it not be supposed that I write for diversion—far from it. Conscious that many of my fellow countrymen are at present wandering about with their flocks at all points of the compass, I wish that they should be saved the expense of a journey to the virgin camps of the Paven. I arrived after a

rather tedious gallop at San Nicolas, which though destitute of beggars is as far as I have seen full of destitution and beggary. The elections had just taken place, and although I heard from a garrulous 'dulpero' that the whole town was full of 'cruidos,' in the hope of driving the capital from Buenos Ayres to this miserable hotbed of half-famished politicians, still I was told with no small astonishment that the Club del Pueblo or National party had gained the day by a most sweeping majority. The town of San Nicolas reminded me strongly of a man elegantly dressed, but without shoes or stockings: it is a town full of stately azotea buildings without tenants, shops without goods, and a plaza twice the size of Buenos Ayres, but without a soul to walk in it. Each evening the band plays to the 'paraisos' and empty seats. I enquired for the best hotel, and being told that it was the Comercio in the plaza, I repaired to that delectable abode which is like every thing else in that deceptive village, grand and good looking outwardly, but hollow and dirty within. Meeting a rather obese nigger at the door I enquired for the owner, and was told that *we were* all proprietors. This rather amused me, as I had no idea when I left the Villa Luxan to be called the owner of such a stately looking mansion. Enquiring for dinner I was informed that *the Club* did not dine until seven o'clock; on asking for tea I was informed tea was only served at nine. Brandy then let me have, shouted I. Oh ye divinities what rot gut—I will not attempt to describe to you, Messrs. Editors, the quality of liquor brought me, suffice it to say that I collared the ruffian waiter and like the latitat server in my own sweet native land, made the fellow drink off half a tumbler of it—all the doctors of this pretentious place were called in to cure him. I left the place, look for the owner of the mythical 15 leagues of Santa Feino virginity. After peregrinating through squares of blue painted dwelling houses, shops without counters, and mud ranchos without tenants, I at last made out the abode of Sr. Altamayo, who received me with characteristic expressions. I immediately proceeded to business and began about the 15 leagues. 'Ah yes,' he replied, 'some dozens of people have been to see me on the matter: last week I intended to sell but since I came here I have heard that a square league of land in that worn out, used up, demoralized, abandoned, half ruined partido called the Villa Luxan has sold for one million ten thousand paper dollars; now my land is virgin soil—no sheep or cattle have ever munged its pasture, and although worth five times the value of luxan land I am prepared to sell it at the same rate.'

'What do you mean?' shouted I, 'have I not been told by the man in charge of the estancia that the price is four reales a yard?' 'Ah, yes,' he replied, 'last week if you called on me I should have sold at that rate, but now I am not to be taken in; and if you want camp very cheap I think you had better go back to Luxan, where I hear the people are selling their estancias almost for nothing in consequence of the sea.' Perceiving that I could do nothing with such a customer, I bid him good bye, with very strong recommendations in English as to where he and his virgin lands, ought to be sent.

I returned to the hotel, and found that dinner was ready. The Club of San Nicolas was seated around the table—but what a club! Composed apparently of a set of hair dressers and pulperos: as usual, politics was the subject of conversation. Unable even to feed in such company, I left the table with the intention of hunting up some of the parties to whom Mr. Parker gave me letters. I saw them all, but they were all on the one word. Virgin camps had gone up, and sheep-farmers were flocking up daily. No land would be rented for more than two or three years; and as for selling, people would not be so foolish as to sell their properties for a trifle.

Greatly disheartened, I returned to the hotel to rest after the fatigues and disappointments of the day; but, oh! Mr. Editor—will you believe it?—some ruffian had seized himself before the old out-of-tune piano in the club-room, there kept stumping and thumping to the ecstatic delight of a diversified crowd of washerwomen. In vain I tossed and turned on my 'catre.' The noise of that awful pianist was too much for me. After turning the matter over, I resolved upon the course to pursue. I strutted into the room where the San Nicolas musician was at work, and complimenting him in the blindest manner for his kindness in thus, as it were, enlivening the monotony of the place, I invited him to take a drink. Brandy I called for—brandy I gave him. Your readers, who do not know what San Nicolas brandy is, may congratulate themselves on the fact. The musician I left stretched at full length in the hall, with his head resting on a scraper more like a piece of a scythe than anything else. I turned in and slept well, and started off early the following morning to see another virgin estancia close to Pergamino, the particulars of my journey I will send you in my next.

Yours, &c.,
A RAMBLING SHEPHERD.

