

## The Standard

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Subscription to the Standard \$30 per month.

Advertisements. Not exceeding six lines inserted three times for \$5.

To Correspondents. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

To I. tending Immigrants. Wanted 1000 good cooks or house-maids, wages £20.

The Standard. "All tati quidem nil vel non audem dicere" - 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.

As a straw indicates the direction of the current, so we may prognosticate much from the result of the late elections.

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.'

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.

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.

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.

Flores' rebellion continues in the B. Oriental, without more hope of a speedy termination than existed ten months ago.

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 talked 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.

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 surrendered his connection with the Argentine Central road.

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.

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 to Buenos Ayres it was thought that 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.

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 Parana within one fourth of the present distance from Salta and our 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 saladeros 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 trainway 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.

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. Mue. Briol sang with her usual success, and was called before the curtain after the 2nd act. Leimi broke down once, but retrieved herself in the chansonette "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 Zampallero-stunt 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 Mar 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 electors 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 recrossing 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 looked 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-Igrano, he would find that his misquotation was decidedly wrong, for the serenos, as representatives of Argentine authority, do not 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 re-joining in the name of Jose Macia, by profession a saladeroist, 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. It had 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? Cant 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 Pavon 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, Diogenes 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. Diogenes' 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 yeapt 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.

Secretly 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 CAPS.

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 Pavon. 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 'curios,' 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. Altamayer, 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 any 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 seca." 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 stamping and thumping to the ecstatic delight of a diversified crowd of washerwomen. In vain I tossed and turned on my 'cetre,' 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.



