

ring more fully into the particulars respecting the new scholar. She was an excellent woman, in whom there was a clear mind and true heart. Her kindness went forth like the sunshine and dew, to gladden others, especially the friendless and forlorn.

There was a nook in her heart for 'Tow-Headed Mate.' She soon won the confidence of this wild little being, who, in the course of a few weeks, was regularly seated at her feet by the side of Bertha, her dark, bright eyes, now gleaming as Mrs Earle talked of birds and flowers, or related some heroic deed of the revolution, and dimming with tears when she was led on to speak of her mother and the life she had lived in her island home. That 'queer old fock' had disappeared. 'Grannie' no longer presided at her toilette, and in Bertha's eyes her personal appearance was entirely changed.

A strange but very lovely creature was this little bird of the tropics. She soon made herself a nest in the hearts of the good Earls, and into their society her deep, impassioned nature found a healthy atmosphere. She soon became a very great favorite with Arthur and Bertha, though Arthur still maintained that her eyes were as bright and swift as his squirrel's.

Little Mate was highly gifted with all the power of a quick, intelligent mind. She made rapid progress in her studies, and, of course, in the good graces of her teacher. No one knew how or when she learned her lessons. Her eyes were forever wandering from her book to the fields, or fixed on the crows limbs of the old acacia that grew before the window in front of her seat, watching the motions of the old robin as he hovered over her nest, counting over and over again the four little soft black heads that invariably showed themselves whenever the mother bird returned from her short foraging expedition. Even Bertha Earle was obliged to confess that Mate never seemed to see her book ten minutes at a time. Yet at the hour of recitation she was always ready.

She was reserved and shy among her schoolmates. The impressions of her first reception were not readily effaced. She was 'Tow-Headed Mate,' the child of that old sailor, and few of them were very cordial to her. The Pierponts, in particular, whose father was a wealthy manufacturer, and who assumed a chief influence and importance among children, omitted no opportunity to treat her rudely and make her unhappy. Besides, she was ignorant of the names and uses of many things around her, and the interest with which she watched the going on of life, to her so new in many respects, and the eager curiosity with which she inquired about things that were familiar to the youngest child in school, constantly drew upon her the ridicule of her thoughtless companions. She seldom joined in their sports. Arthur and Bertha Earle, and a few others, treated her very kindly; but she generally shunned the play ground, not because she disliked play, but because she felt banished. Sometimes she would sit apart and watch the children's sport, with a look of loneliness that would soon draw Bertha to her side, though oftener she wandered away into the woodland pasture back of the school house, or down to the river, where she would lie on the bank and watch the shadows of the passing clouds, or the fish that spotted in the sunlit waters.

Mr Denbigh would have protected her from the rudeness with which she was so constantly assailed, but she never complained. Gustavus Pierpont teased her incessantly, because he said it was 'such capital fun, and there was no one to make a fuss about.' This boy, in addition to some other disagreeable characteristics, had formed habits of meanness and cruelty. By means of his age, arrogance and family influence, he, at the head of two or three boys as rude and as bad as himself, had dominated over the school children without much resistance, until the beginning of the present term, when Arthur Earle entered the school.

Arthur was an active, high spirited boy, brimful of animal spirits. But he was too generous, and too well directed by the influence of his excellent mother, to join in many of those sports which Gustavus and his associates called fun and frolic, and which generally had for the object the hunting and tormenting of the weak and defenceless. They ridiculed him and called him cowardly, until one day gave their 'bully' a sound beating for cruelly tormenting the little hunch-backed boy of his mother's wash woman.

To most of the scholars it was surprising that Mate outstripped them in their studies, and none were so chafed and annoyed by it as Helen Pierpont. She insisted that Mr Denbigh was partial to Mate, and with others tried all means to lessen her in his estimation, and not entirely without success, for Mate generally submitted to their ill usage without complaint. Therefore Helen encouraged her rude brother, and told him she was the fondest fellow in the world; 'one morning when he whispered to her to 'prepare for fun, for Tow-Head would catch it.' The night previous, he and Tom Bristow, having returned to the school-room on some pretence, found Mate's desk unlocked, and taking from it her neat copy book, they drew rude pictures of ships and fishes on the blank pages. Then putting it back they locked the desk with an old key of Tom's that happened to fit the lock; thus intending to make it appear to Mr Denbigh that no one could have opened the desk but herself.

Mr Denbigh was indeed sorely displeased to find her book thus disfigured. When he called Mate to his desk and pointed to the disfigured pages, she would have declared her innocence; but he sternly bade her beware, told her the key of the desk had been in her own possession, and pointed to her name, evidently in her own hand writing, beneath some of the pictures. The poor child was silent. A sense of indignation

kept back the gathering tears, though every tone and syllable of that severe reprimand went to her heart. At noon she did not go to the dining room as usual, but slipped out and fled to the grove by the river, like a stricken deer. When she could no longer hear the shouts of the children in the play-ground, she threw herself down in the shade of an old beach tree and wept. At length, exhausted, she fell into an uneasy slumber, broken at first by convulsive sobs. These ceased at last, and then a smile was on her parted lips, which showed the working of a happy dream, in which she was at her old home, playing with her brother Claude, while the dark eyes of her mother were bent on them fondly.

As she lay thus, Gustavus Pierpont and Tom Bristow came hurrying along the foot-path. They had nearly passed her, when Tom discerned her and exclaimed,

'By George, Gustavus, if here ain't Tow-Head! And been crying, too. Well, ain't she a real stuffy one?'

Stuffy enough. But if Arthur Earle had been at school to day, he would have suspected our trick. He knows about your key, and he would have done something to bring us out; he is just mean enough. His mother makes as much fuss over Tow-Head as if she was Queen Victoria. Come, let us give her a crown, Tom; it will be capital fun; and running to the hedge, he gathered a quantity of burrs and flung them violently among the short, thick curls, which, thanks to Mrs. Denbigh's care, now covered Mate's head.

She awoke and sprang up with a scream, and the next moment Gustavus lay stretched on the ground, covering and writhing beneath the flashing eye of Arthur Earle. Arthur's sudden appearance startled Tom Bristow at first, and he returned to flee. Then he would have gone to the assistance of his companion. But he again shrank back, and Arthur, taking Mate's hand and casting at them a glance of indignation, went towards the school-house.

The bell had rung and the children were in their places. A suppressed laugh went round the room when he entered and led her up to the teacher's desk. But the room grew hushed and still as he related what had just occurred, repeated the conversation to which he had listened, and made known to Mr. Denbigh how constantly Mate was ill treated by Gustavus and others. All understood what was meant by the trick; and, on some inquiry, the teacher became assured of the whole truth.

What a movement of feeling there was around the school room! But when Mr. Denbigh laid his hand on Mate's head, and confessed that he had acted hastily, and called her his good, noble-hearted little girl, she leant her face on Arthur's shoulder and wept—she was so happy.

She lost her curls, for the burrs were so matted in her thick hair that Mrs. Denbigh was obliged to shave it off; but she gained friends and a better footing among her school-mates. Gustavus and Tom were expelled from the school, and Miss Pierpont withdrew Helen from it in great anger.

At the end of two years, Jake Mayo took away Mate. He said 'a very great lady, a friend of his captain's wife, had promised to take care of her.'

Eight years have passed, and those same eight years, which have not failed to leave their iron traces on human hearts and brows, have separated and scattered on the ways of life the company of children we saw in the school-room and on the play ground at Broadbrook. The Pierponts are still in the place. Helen is now a handsome, haughty-looking young lady of nineteen. Gustavus is a vulgar, overbearing, disolute young man, a source of anxiety to his father and the pet of his mother, who speaks of his reckless extravagance, coarse passions and rude manners, as so many evidences of extraordinary smartness and spirit. Mrs. Pierpont is more assuming and resolutely gravel than ever. She has a cousin, whose husband, a brawling politician has succeeded in gaining the situation of under clerk in one of the departments at Washington. This circumstance has sensibly affected the tone of her voice, as her visitors do not fail to observe, when she talks to them of 'my cousin, Mr. Secretary Emmons.'

Mr. Denbigh has left the place, and Tow-Headed Mate is forgotten by all save the Earle family. Bertha Earle is a native, graceful girl; not very beautiful, but rich in that ever cheerful goodness which is so much better than beauty. Mrs. Earle's heart, just now, is unusually alive with good and happy feelings, for Arthur, who has succeeded in his course of study, even beyond her expectations, has just been admitted to the bar under the most flattering circumstances. He has studied in Philadelphia under the eye of his uncle, and has just written to say that, in a few days he shall be at home, and that he will be accompanied by a friend, a naval lieutenant.

Of late, Arthur has become an object of great interest to Mrs. Pierpont and her daughter, and, for more than a week, they too have been thinking with busy fancies, that in a few days he will be at home, accompanied by that Lieutenant Mayo, of whom he has written so much to his family. For a month or two Lieutenant Mayo has been in Washington, and Mrs. Pierpont, having inquired particularly of her great cousin, was fully persuaded that it was quite important to her and her family to become acquainted with him.

'He is indeed a very proper person,' writes Mrs. Secretary Emmons; 'he is the *clere* of Commodore S. His mother was a Spanish lady of rank, whose family was compelled to quit Spain during a revolution. They came to Cuba, but were unfortunate and became very destitute. She being left alone, married unfortunately; but through her, her children inherit immense wealth, to which Commodore S has succeeded in establishing their

claims. His father and mother are both dead. Tell Helen to look her best when he comes for he is worth attending to.'

This account of the lieutenant was in the main correct, though Mrs. Secretary certainly had not his mother's authority for saying her marriage had been unfortunate. Mrs. Pierpont and Helen were now very busy with plans and anticipations. It was settled that, immediately on the stranger's arrival, they would give a very select party. 'And how fortunate it is, Judge Mercer's nieces, the Misses Edgecombe, will be in town,' said Helen.

Arthur and his friend arrived and were immediately the theme of all tongues. The ladies, young and old, discussed their personal appearance, some giving the palm to one, and some to another. The blue eyes, the glossy brown hair and broad open brow of Arthur Earle contrasted finely with the black eyes and finely chiselled, though somewhat haughty features of the dark haired Southerner. Miss Helen gave her vote in favor of the latter. 'His smile was so fascinating,' she observed to her mother. 'He was so *Dyonic*, so corsair-like; he had so much of that indescribable something which immediately distinguishes the natural born gentleman from the vulgar herd, that no one could help being interested in him.'

'Yes,' replied mamma, 'but do not entirely forget Arthur Earle. He will do a fine fortune, and they say he is going to be a very distinguished man. You are not sure of what may happen; therefore do not overlook him.' Helen practised nautical songs; she felt a sudden interest in conchology. She talked of naval battles, corsairs and the Flying Dutchman; quoted from Byron and Falconer; took to reading Cooper's Red Rover; and talked eloquently of ships, compared them to the doves, clouds, and winged thoughts, &c.

Lieut. Mayo was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Pierpont, where the mother was all suavity, and the father too much occupied with business to think of such things as daughters. On one occasion, when he was there with Arthur and Bertha, the conversation turned upon their names. After a discussion of the old question, 'What's in a name?' during which Helen maintained that vulgar persons always had vulgar names—they began to trace or guess the probable origin of their own family names. Helen turned to Lieutenant Mayo, and said, with one of her sweetest smiles,

'Can you tell me why your name sounds so familiar to me? I am sure I have heard it before, yet I cannot tell where. It should be an English name.'

'I presume you met some person of the same name at the house of your cousin, Mrs. Secretary Emmons. One meets a great many foreigners at her house, especially English people,' observed Mrs. Pierpont.

'We once had a schoolmate of that name,' said Bertha, 'a little girl, Helen. Do you not recollect her?'

'What, Tow-Headed Mate? How can you remind us of that disgusting creature?' Helen replied; 'I had almost forgotten her and her horrid old father. It makes me nervous to think of them. Surely her name was not like that of our friend.' It was spelled and pronounced differently.

The young men exchanged glances, and a singular smile played on the young officer's lip as he replied,

'My name is a very common one, Miss Helen. It is borne by many a brave but rough handed tar in both English and American marines, whose claim to aristocracy is quite as good as mine.'

'What a disagreeable girl Bertha Earle is,' said Helen to her mother, when she returned after having accompanied her visitors across the lawn on their departure. 'How could she speak of that low creature as our school-mate, and in such a connection too, with Lieutenant Mayo. I know by his answer, that he felt it. She has no tact, no delicacy, and if she thinks to make an impression on him—if he was invited to visit us here with an idea that he might be caught—she may as well set her heart at rest at once.'

'If that is their plan, it was not good policy to introduce him there,' replied the mother laughing; 'at least, I judge so from the expression of his face this morning, as his glance rested alternately on you and her, while you were bending over the embroidery yonder.'

Helen's interest in nautical matters cooled somewhat when the young man departed to their professional duties, though occasional 'kind embraces,' forwarded through the medium of Arthur's letters and duly communicated by Bertha, kept it alive. She continued to amuse herself with shell work, and her friends, when asked to play, by giving them 'A life on the ocean wave,' or something about sea and sailors.

Early in the next summer quite a sensation was created by the announcement of Arthur's marriage to the sister of Lieutenant Mayo, and the additional intelligence, that the happy couple, accompanied by the brother, were coming to spend a few weeks at Broadbrook. The evening after their arrival Mrs. Earle would spend with her children alone. But for the second evening a large party was invited. Many fair young faces were there, bright with the pleasure they felt in Arthur's happiness, and with dreams of their own future, among whom Helen Pierpont was most conspicuous, as well by the magnificence of her dress as by her personal attractions. But all had to yield the palm to Arthur's young bride. They could not readily tell the mysterious charm that drew them to look at her again and again. Beautiful and graceful as she was, there was nothing in her face and form, or in her rich, creamy, but perfectly tintless complexion that quite accounted for it. And then her rich brown hair had a visible tinge of pale gold that was in singular contrast with her long eyelashes, which were brilliant

ly black. Yet whoever looked earnestly into those large dark eyes, watched their changeable expression, and felt their intense, concentrated light, presently began to understand the charm, while he felt it more strongly than ever.

There were music and dancing, and it was perhaps the proudest and happiest moment of Helen Pierpont's life, when the young lieutenant led her out as a partner in the first set of cotillions; and afterward, when she promenaded the room leaning on his arm with the consciousness that half the eyes in the room were fixed on them, the excitement of her vanity was not lessened. 'We are by far the most striking couple in the room,' she thought, 'just made for each other.' She spoke of his sister, whose beauty and grace she praised without finding words sufficient to express her admiration. 'She is such a love of a creature,' she said, 'a perfect houri, so like my idea of a princess, and then the expression of her face is so like yours. She does not seem to me like a stranger but rather like a being I have seen before in some beautiful dream.'

Mayo smiled mischievously, as he replied 'I suppose my sister is not altogether a stranger to you, Miss Helen. At least she tells me she has met you before. Mary,' he continued, turning to his sister, who stood with Arthur in the midst of a gay group, 'Mary, did you not tell me that you and Miss Pierpont are acquaintances?'

One of the richest of gleaming smiles broke over the young bride's face, as she answered,

'Yes, Claude, and I have some other old acquaintances here, who, I perceive, do not recognize me. Certainly Miss Pierpont must remember Tow-Headed Mate.'

Confusion, smiles and congratulations followed this announcement. Helen found herself standing alone with her brother Gustavus who increased her embarrassment by saying loud enough to be overheard by Mrs. Earle, 'And so Tow-Head was somebody after all. She has got to be a devilish fine girl, and is rich too as a princess. Well, sis, your dish is upset this time.'

An hour afterward, Helen threw herself on the sofa in her mother's room, and with tears related the events of the evening. At last she tried to console herself by saying, 'Well, after all, they are the children of that vulgar old sailor.'

There is to be another wedding. Bertha is to become the wife of Claude Mayo. It is said that Mrs. Earle is going to Philadelphia to reside with her children; and as the Earle's house and grounds are for sale, this is probably true.

THE COMMERCIAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1847.

CHARTER SECURED.

One Hundred Thousand Dollars, and upwards, have been subscribed to the Capital Stock of the Commercial Bank—this secures the Charter.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

The election which recently took place in Connecticut, has resulted in the choice of CLARK BISSELL, whig for Governor, by 800 majority. All the whig Congressmen are re-elected and the Legislature is also whig.

THE VANDERBILT.

It will be recollected that the Company, in obedience to public opinion, excited by the enemies of our Line, had the *Vanderbilt* taken off and put under repairs.

On examination, it was found that her timbers were perfectly sound, her seams well corked, and that she was every way sea-worthy. Nevertheless, she has been thoroughly overhauled; newly sheathed; guards cut down, and all parts modelled after the *Gov. Dudley*.

This work was performed under the superintendence of Capt. LAWTON, who takes command of the *Vanderbilt*. He is a man of decidedly practical talents, and will do honor, we dare say, to the station he occupies, as he has been faithful to the late trust reposed in him by the Company.

The *Vanderbilt* took a trial trip, on Thursday, and went below the Dram Tree. She is improved in speed, and made a very handsome appearance—being newly painted, &c.

The line now consists of the *Gov. Dudley*, the *Gladiator* and the *Vanderbilt*, and will compare favorably with any Line in the Union, for speed, safety and the comfort of Travellers.

From the *Charleston Courier* of April 8th.

Capture of Vera Cruz.

SURRENDER OF THE CASTLE OF ST. JUAN D'ULLOA. IN ADVANCE OF THE MAIL.

It is source of much gratification to us to be enabled to lay before our readers the glorious news that Vera Cruz has fallen into the possession of the American forces, and the supposed impregnable Castle of St. Juan d'Ulloa, has also been surrendered to our army.

This pleasing intelligence was received at Pensacola, by the United States war steamer *Princeton*, arrived at that place, and was brought to this city by our exclusive private express, which will also convey the intelligence to the Northern Papers associated with us in this enterprise, in advance of the mail. To the Conductors of the Express we tender our sincere thanks for the energy they have displayed.

With the name of TAYLOR, the hero who has won imperishable honors by the successive victories he has obtained against odds unparalleled in the annals of warfare, is to be associated that of SCOTT, who must now be characterized as the "Hero of Two Wars." To both

should be awarded the laurel wreath—both richly deserve it, and to both every true patriot will accord it with heart-felt sincerity. The brave and lion-hearted men whom they commanded have also their claims to praise, and none of the gallant spirits, from him who led to the private who performed the most unimportant, but perhaps most effectual duty, should ever be forgotten by the American people. "Republics are ungrateful," it is said, but that it has been demonstrated with our country we deny. No individual participant in the glorious victories that have been achieved under the Star Spangled Banner of our Union, but receives that award most dear to the heart of a freeman, the warm thanks and congratulations of his countrymen, which to the patriot is above all price, while the war-worn or disabled soldier who has served his country, has but to substantiate his claims to insure not only respect, but relief and gratitude.

The capture of the Castle of St. Juan de Ulloa, that strong hold of our enemy has fallen, and the powers of Europe will now be made to feel that we are not only able to defend our own soil, but exhibit our military prowess abroad when the occasion requires an exhibition of our strength.

We have no disposition to boast. That Mexico is unable to withstand us when we really put forth our strength, we never for a moment doubted—but none more sincerely desire that this comparatively bloodless victory will lead to an arrangement of our difficulties with that hapless country, than ourselves.

That this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, will now be the consequence, is hardly to be questioned.—Beaten at every point, and that, too, with every odds in favor of our enemy, there can be no inducement on their part to continue a contest which, if carried out, must result in the subjugation of their country. A treaty of peace or an abandonment of the Halls of the Montezumas is the alternative of the Mexicans. It matters not who may wield the sceptre of power, uncertain as it is in that distracted Republic, "to this complexion" they must shortly come.

The reception of this cheering intelligence brought an immense crowd around our office yesterday afternoon, to whom we freely distributed our extras, and have provided for the call that may be made on us this morning by printing a larger edition of our paper than usual. Through the attention of our Express conductors we are also able to furnish our readers with later commercial intelligence from New Orleans, having received from them the *Times* of that place of Saturday last, from which we have extracted copiously.

FROM OUR EXTRA OF YESTERDAY.

Glorious News.

By private Express for Courier Office exclusively.

Office of the Herald & Tribune, MOBILE, APRIL 4. AMERICAN ARMS AGAIN VICTORIOUS!

SAN JUAN DE ULLOA IS OURS. The Pensacola Gazette received a few moments ago, brought over the following glorious news.

The U. States war steamer *Princeton*, bearing the broad pennant of Com. Conner, arrived at this port this morning, and came to anchor off our wharf, at half past nine o'clock; exchanging salutes with the Navy Yard as she passed. The *Princeton* sailed from Vera Cruz on the 29th ultimo, and brings the glorious intelligence of the reduction of that city with the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and the entire, unconditional surrender to our arms.

We understand that the *Princeton* brought a bearer of despatches for Washington. He is now waiting at Hall's Landing, to convey the glorious tidings eastward.

We are indebted to one of the officers of the P. for the following summary of the proceedings in this most brilliant achievement—an achievement that will redound more to the glory of our Army and Marine, among the nations abroad, than any that yet had place in our military annals.

March 6th.—Disembarkation of troops commenced.

13th.—Investment of the city completed.

18th.—Trenches opened at night. 22d.—City summoned to surrender—on refusal, seven mortars opened a fire of bombs.

24th.—Navy Battery, three long 32 pounders and three 68 pounders—Paixhan guns—opened a fire in the morning; distance 700 yards.

25th.—Another battery of four twenty four pounders and three mortars opened. This day the Navy Battery opened a breach in the wall of the city; the fire was very destructive to the town.

26th.—Early in the morning the enemy proposed for a surrender. Commissioners on the American side—Generals,

Worth and Pillow, and Col. Totten.

29th.—Negotiations completed—city and castle surrendered—Mexican troops marched out and laid down their arms. The American troops occupied the city and batteries of the town and castle—at noon of that day the American Ensign was hoisted over both, and was saluted by our vessels.

The garrison, of about 4,000 men, laying down their arms as prisoners of war, and being sent to their homes on parole. Five Generals, 60 inferior officers, and 270 company officers being amongst the prisoners.

The total loss of the American army, from the day of landing, (March 9,) is 65 persons, killed and wounded.

Officers Killed.—Captain John R. Vinton, 2d Artillery; Captain Alburis; 2d Infantry; Midshipman T. R. Shubrick, navy.

Officers Wounded.—Lieut. Colonel Dickinson, South Carolina Volunteers, severely; Lieut. A. S. Baldwin, navy, slightly; Lieut. Delozin Davidson, 2d Infantry, very slightly; Lieut. Lewis Neill, 2d Dragoons, severely. All the wounded are doing well.

Of the Mexicans, the slaughter is said to have been immense. The commanding General was stationed in the city, while his second in command held the Castle. Their regular force was about 3,000, and they had about the same number of irregulars. Outside the city was Gen. La Vega with a force of from 6,000 to 10,000 cavalry. Colonel Harney, with between 200 and 400 U. S. dragoons, charged on and repulsed this immense force with terrible carnage; scattering them in all directions. They had barricaded a bridge, to protect themselves, but our artillery soon knocked away this obstacle, and gave Harney's command a chance at them.

"Let slip the dogs of war, and cry havoc."

In the attack on the town and Castle only our smaller vessels, drawing not over nine feet, were available. But few shot and shells were thrown into the Castle—the attack being mainly on the town. None of the enemy's missiles struck our vessels; and midshipman Shubrick, who was killed, was serving a battery on shore. With the city the hopes of the enemy fell, as they had not provisions in the Castle to sustain a protracted siege.

The *Princeton* is commanded by Captain Engle; as she sailed from Vera Cruz, Com. Conner's flag was saluted from the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa.

The Commodore is a passenger vessel, having been built by J. GOODES, of New York, and is the largest vessel of the kind ever built in England. Perry before the commencement of operations. The P. having landed, &c., bearer of despatches for Washington, and Col. Totten, at this place, sails immediately for Philadelphia, via Havana. We have not been able to obtain a list of her officers; and, indeed, owing to the lateness of her arrival, we have been compelled to throw together the foregoing particulars in the utmost possible haste.

Santa Anna—The insurrection at the capital had assumed such a grave aspect, that it was currently reported and believed in Vera Cruz, Santa Anna had marched thither, at the head of 4,000, in order to quell it, and re-establish order.

From the N. Y. Tribune of the 6th inst.

TWO DAYS

LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE PACKET SHIPS NORTHUMBERLAND AND COLUMBIA.

COTTON MARKET UNCHANGED.

Money Market Easy.

PRICE OF CORN RISING.

RECONCILIATION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

By the arrival at this port of the packet-ship Northumberland from London and the Columbia from Liverpool, we have advices from both those cities to the 6th ult.—two days later than those received by the *Hibernia*.

The Cotton Market remains unchanged. The Money Market is easy.

The price of corn is rising. A full reconciliation has taken place between M. Guizot and Lord Normanby.

FRANCE. The *Journal des Debates* devotes a long article to the question of the establishment of a line of communication by steam between the ports of France and the continent of America, and urges upon the Chamber of Deputies the necessity of adopting the bill now before it for that purpose.

The *Constitutionnel* makes some remarks upon the Bank question, from which we gather that it, upon the whole, approves of the conduct of the Bank throughout the money crises, and entertains an expectation that the measures recently adopted by the Bank to prevent a further drain of money will be found to be sufficient for the existing exigency.

The *Courrier Francais* says: To celebrate their reconciliation, M. Guizot will in a few days give to Normanby a grand dinner, to which the whole of the corps diplomatique will be invited. The *Courrier* is a very apt, however, to state as facts what are merely probabilities.

The Chamber of Deputies met on Wednesday.