HURON SIGNAL.

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE. | "THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER." | TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME II. GODERICH, HURON DISTRICT, (C. W.) THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1849. NUMBER XXXV.

Cards.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL,
CAN be consulted at all hours, at the *British Hotel*. (LANCASTER'S.)
Goderich, Sept. 13th, 1848. 33—

ALEXANER WILKINSON,
Provincial Land Surveyor,
OFFICE AT GODERICH,
HURON DISTRICT.
Nov. 24, 9. 43

J. K. GOODING,
AUCTIONEER,
WILL attend SALES in any part of the District, on reasonable Terms. Apply at the *British Hotel*.
Goderich, March 9th 1849. 2v—5n

I. LEWIS,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &C.;
June, 1848. GODERICH.

JOHN J. E. LINTON,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner Queen's Bench,
AND CONVEYANCER,
STRATFORD.

Stokes,
CHEMIST and *DRUGGIST*,
WEST-STREET,
GODERICH.
March 8, 1849. 2v—5n

ALEXANDER MITCHELL,
AUCTIONEER.
BELL'S CORNERS,
SOUTH EASTHOPE.
March, 29, 1849. v2—n8

A. NASMYTH,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR:
WEST-STREET,
GODERICH.
Goderich, April 12, 1849. 2v—n10tf

DANIEL GORDON,
CABINET MAKER:
Three doors East of the Canada Co's. Office,
WEST-STREET.
GODERICH.
August 27th, 1849. 2v—n30

Dr. JOHN HYDE,
(LATE FROM EMBRO.)
MEDICAL HALL,
STRATFORD.
July 31, 1849. 2v—n26

1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND
FOR SALE IN
CANADA WEST.

THE CANADA COMPANY have for disposal, about 1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND dispersed throughout most of the Townships in Upper Canada—nearly 500,000 Acres are situated in the *Huron Tract*, well known as one of the most fertile parts of the Province—it has trebled its population in five years, and now contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants.

The LANDS are offered by way of *LEASE, for Ten Years, or for Sale. CASH DOWN—the plan of one fifth Cash, and the balance in Instalments being done away with.*

The Rents payable 1st February each year, are about the Interest at Six Per Cent. upon the price of the Land. Upon most of the Lots, when *LEASED*, NO MONEY IS REQUIRED DOWN—whilst upon the others, according to locality, one, two, or three years Rent, must be paid in advance,—but these payments will free the Settler from further calls until 2nd, 3rd or 4th year of his term of Lease.

The right to PURCHASE the FREEHOLD during the term, is secured to the Lessee at a fixed sum named in Lease, and an allowance is made according to anticipated payment.

Lists of Lands, and any further information can be obtained, (by application, if by letter post-paid) at the COMPANY'S OFFICES, *Toronto* and *Goderich*; of R. BIRDSALL, Esq., *Asphodel*, Colburne District; Dr. ALLING, *Guelph*, or J. C. W. DALY, Esq., *Stratford*, Huron District.
Goderich, March 17, 1848. 7

TEAS!! TEAS!!!

THE Subscriber in returning his most sincere thanks to his friends, and the public, for their most liberal patronage, begs leave to inform them that he has just IMPORTED a choice Lot of TEAS, &c., which he offers for Sale for CASH, BUTTER, WOOL, TIMOTHY SEED, WHEAT, or any other kind of Produce, lower than ever offered here before.

OHIO WHISKEY!!
And FINE SALT for Sale, cheap for Cash.
CHRISTOPHER CRABB.
Goderich, May 10th 1849. 2v—n18

FARM FOR SALE.
ONLY FIVE Miles from GODERICH.
LOT No. NINE, in the 9th Concession, Township of Colborne,
CONTAINING 100 ACRES,
Fifteen of which are cleared, and under cultivation. The Land is of excellent quality, and well watered. For further particulars apply to JAMES CLARK.
Claremont, August 29, 1849. 2v—n29tf

FARMER'S INN STRATFORD.
MRS. DOROTHY DOUGLAS, widow of the late Thomas Douglas, of the Farmer's Inn, Stratford, begs to return her thanks to the Inhabitants of Stratford, and the public generally, for the very liberal support which they received during the short time they have been in Stratford.

Mrs. Douglas begs to intimate that she intends carrying on the business as heretofore at the Old Stand, in her own name, and hopes by strict attention to the comfort of her guests, and moderate charges, to merit a share of the public patronage.
Stratford, 21st August, 1849. 2v—n29tf

TRAVELLER'S HOME,
STRASBURG, WATERLOO,
28th February, 1849.
THE Subscriber hereby intimates to his friends and the Travelling Public generally, that he has removed from New Aberdeen to the Village of Strasburgh, and will now be found in that well known house formerly occupied by Mr. Jones,—where he will be ready and able to conduce to the comfort of those who may honor him with their patronage. And while he returns thanks for past favors, he hopes, by strict attention to the wants and wishes of his customers, still to merit a continuance of their patronage.
JOHN ABEL.
N. B.—Good STABLES and attentive Grooms. v2—n4tf

TO BE SOLD,
AN excellent Farm, being Lot No. 12, Maitland Concession, Township of Goderich, containing 100 acres—30 of which is cleared. The land is of a superior quality, and well watered. It is situated exactly nine miles from the town of Goderich on the Huron Road, and at the junction of six different roads; and as it is in the center of a populous and prosperous locality, it is excellently adapted for a Tavern stand or a Store. This farm is well entitled to the attention of persons desirous of an eligible situation for business, and will be sold on very reasonable terms. For particulars apply to Thomas Dark, Tavern-keeper, Goderich, or to the proprietor
JONAS COPP,
Village of Harpurhey.
June 15, 1849. v2n19tf

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE
COMPANY.
THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent of the "CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO.," is prepared to receive proposals for Assurance, and will be happy to afford to any person the necessary information, as to the principles of the Institution.
JAMES WATSON.
Goderich, 13th June, 1849. v2n19tf

Blank Deeds and Memorials,
AND all kinds of DIVISION COURT BLANKS, and BLANK PROMISSORY NOTES, for sale at the Signal Office. Every discription of BOOK and JOB Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

LAND FOR SALE,
CHEAP FOR CASH!!
FIFTY-SIX Acres of excellent Land, being the West part of Lot 16, 7th Concession of Wawanosh, will be sold for less than the Government price. One half of the purchase money will be required down, and two years will be allowed for payment of the remainder. Intending purchasers may apply to Mr. JOHN ALLAN, Tavern Keeper, Goderich.
Goderich, 13th July, 1849. v2—23

STRATFORD HOTEL.
(LATE MAY'S.)
THE Subscriber informs his friends and the Travelling Public, that he has leased the large BRICK TAVERN, at the East end of Stratford, (now the county town of Perth,) lately occupied by Mr. Isaac May,—where he will be ready at all times to afford the usual comfort and supplies, and promote the personal convenience of his guests.

WINES and LIQUORS of the best description. A steady Hostler always in attendance. ALBERT G. HATCH.
Stratford, 18th July, 1849. 2v—n25tf

TO MILL PROPRIETORS.
A YOUNG MAN wanting a Situation as Miller—also a good Accountant. For further particulars apply by letter post paid, to F. G., Tuckersmith, Huron District, Canada West.
August 20th, 1849. 2v—n29tf

BURLINGTON
LADIES' ACADEMY.
THE ACADEMIC YEAR for 1849 and 50, will commence on *Thursday, the fourth day of October*, and close on the first Thursday of July. Circulars giving full information, may be obtained at the office of the *Huron Signal*, or by application to
D. C. VAN NORMAN,
Principal.
Hamilton, 7th August, 1849. 2v—n28—7t

CASH FOR WHEAT at the Goderich Mills.
W. PIPER.
Goderich, 30th March, 1849. 2v—n8tf

STRAYED.
CAME into the Enclosure of the subscriber, on or about the 1st day of July last, a YELLOW STEER, with a White Face, rising Five years old. The owner of the above Steer can take him away by proving property, and paying expenses.
JOHN CLENDENNING.
20th Lot, 5th and 6th Con.
Goderich, Sept. 15, 1849. 2v—n33tf

Poetry.

"BRING BACK MY FLOWERS."

A child sat by a limpid stream,
And gazed upon the tide beneath,
Upon her cheek was joy's bright beam,
And on her brow a blooming wreath:
Her lap was filled with blushing flowers,
And as the clear brook babbled by,
She scattered down the rosy showers,
With many a wild and joyous cry,
And laughed to see the mingling tide,
Upon its onward progress glide.

And time flew on—and flower by flower
Was cast upon the sunny stream,
But when the shades of eve did lower,
She woke as from her blissful dream:
"Bring back my flowers," she wildly cried
"Bring back my flowers I flung to thee,"
But echo's voice alone replied,
As danced the streamlet down the lea:
And still amid night's gloomy hours,
In vain she cried—"bring back my flowers."

Oh, maiden! who on time's swift stream,
Dost gaily see the moments flee,
In this poor child's delusive dream,
An emblem thou mayest find of *thee!*
Each moment is a perfumed rose,
Into thy hand by mercy given,
That thou its fragrance might dispose,
And let its incense rise to heaven:
Else when death's shadow o'er thee lowers,
Thy heart will wail—"bring back my flowers."

From the Tales of the Borders.

THE LEGEND OF FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

Continued from our last.

In a short time she arrived at the churchyard, and saw, through the interstices of the surrounding trees, the heir of Kirkpatrick sitting a green tumulus, the grave of one who had doubtless loved as they now loved, waiting for her who was beyond the trysting hour. In a moment longer she was in his arms, and the stillness of the dead was invaded by the stifled sighs, the burning whispers the rushing pressure of ardent, impatient lovers. The rising graves, and the mossy tomb-stones, and the white scattered bones that had escaped the sexton's eye and glittered in the moonbeams, were equally neglected and overlooked; and no fear of fairy, ghost, or gnome, or gowl, entered where love left no room but for his own engrossing sacrifices. The simple monument of love of "Mary of the Lee," that rose by their side, had often brought the tears to Helen's eyes; but Mary of the Lee was now forgotten. "There is a time and a place for all things" but love, whose rule is general over the flowery lee and the green grave, the mid-day hour and the dreary key stone of night's black arch.

"What kept ye, sweet Helen, love?" whispered Kirkpatrick in her ear, as she lay entranced in love's dream on his bosom.

"By that question, good Adam," answered she, according to the mode of familiar address of her day, "there hangs a secret that oppresses your Helen, and drinks up all the joys of our affection."

"Speak it forth, my gentle Helen," said Fleming. "What is it? The secrecy of our meeting? I have been meditating a resolution to address your father, and this will confirm me. He can have no objections to my suit, save that I am a friend of the Johnstones and an open warrior; while your cousin, whom you rejected before you saw me, is a concealed mosstrooper and a secret man-slayer."

"There, there," muttered Helen, with trembling emotion—"there, Adam, you have hit the bleeding part of my heart. I did not say to you that I had rejected Blacket House before I saw you; but you were entitled to make that supposition, because I told you that I never received his love; but, alas! Adam, there is a distinction there; and, small as it may seem, its effects may be great upon the fortunes and happiness of your Helen. It is true I have never received his love; but it is equally true that his love, having overgrown the thought of a possibility of rejection, has overlooked my negative indications, and put down my silence for consent. Yes, Adam, yes—even now Blacket House thinks I love him; and, oh! the full responsibility of my apathy rises before me like a threatening giant; my father and mother have, I fear, taken for granted that I am to become the wedded wife of my cousin."

"Helen, this does indeed surprise me," replied Kirkpatrick, thoughtfully and sorrowfully. "I thought I had a sufficient objection to overcome on the part of your father, when I had to conquer the prejudices of clanship, and soothe his fears of my ardent spirit for the foray. But this changes all, and my difficulties are increased from the height of Kirconnel Lee to the towering Criffel." And he sat silent for a time, and mused thoughtfully. "But why, my love," he continued, "have you allowed this dangerous delusion to rest so long undisturbed, that it has become a conviction that may only be removed with danger to us all?"

"Ask me not, Adam," replied she with a full heart, "what I cannot explain.—While the tongue of Blacket House's friendship was changing to love, I, whose thoughts were otherwise directed, perceived not the change; and when the truth appeared to me, my love for my father and mother, against the placid stream of whose life I have ever trembled to throw the smallest pebble of a daughter's disobedience, prevented me, day by day, from making the avowed that I could not love their choice. The difficulty increased with the hour; and, oh! my love for you crowned it at last with impossibility."

"That should rather have removed the difficulty," answered he. "Explain, sweet Helen. You are dealing in shadowy parables."

"Think you so, Adam?" said she, sighing. "Ah, then, is man's love different from woman's! The one can look an obstacle in the face; the other turns from it with terror, and flees. See you not that by telling my parents I could not love Blacket House, I would have been conjuring up a bad angel to cross, with his black wing, the secret, but sweet path of our affection. The very possibility of being separated from you—too dear, Adam, as you are to this beating heart—made me tremble at the articulation of that charmed word which contains all my happiness on earth. You have stolen my heart from my father and mother, my sweet woods and bowers, my bright moon and Kirtle; and think you what it would be for me to lose him in whom all is centred?"

"Ah! Helen, Helen, this is unlike the majesty of that mind that roved the blue fields of the heavens, and searched the hidden springs of the love that reigns through all created things. That such thoughts should be alied to that weakness which increases inevitable danger by flying from it. I could not have supposed to be exemplified by my maid of Kirconnel. Yet is that trembling fear not a greater proof of my Helen's love than an outspoken rejection of twenty rival suitors? It is—I feel it is; and who will chide a fault of earth that hangs by a virtue of heaven? Dear, devoted, cherished object of my first passion, what has the simple heir of Kirkpatrick to give in exchange for the devotion of such a being?"

And the impassioned youth pressed her closer and closer to his breast, while he spread over her shoulders the falling cloak to shield her from the autumn dews.

They sat for some time silent—the difficulty of their situation being for a brief period forgotten and lost in the tumult of the rising feelings of a strong mutual passion.

"But this must not be allowed to continue," again said Kirkpatrick. "It is *necessary*, Helen, that you do this duty to yourself, to Blacket House, your parents, and to me. Call up the necessary fortitude, my love. Tell your mother that you cannot love Blacket House. I know the pain it will produce to you and to them; but, alas! there are many positions in this world where we can only get to the object of our desires through painful means. Pain is, indeed, the price of most of our pleasures; and, when we do not pay that price, we become bankrupt in our best feelings, and die wretched. When the path is free, I shall come forward and claim my Helen in the face of the world. Will you, will you, love?"

And he bent his head and repeated the question in soft tones beneath the cloak that covered her head; while she, in muffled accents, replied—

"I will, I will, Adam, though I should die with the last word of the declaration."

A heavy groan at this moment fell upon their ear. Adam started hastily up; and Helen, roused from her love's dream, stood petrified with fear. They looked around them in every direction; but the proximity of the place where they had been sitting to the edge of the wood, rendered it easy for an intruder to overhear their discourse, and to escape among the trees in an instant.—Helen's fears again fell on Blacket House, and she whispered to Adam what she had observed previous to her leaving the house. He conceived them to be well-founded; and, as the thought of man who could kill his enemies in disguise, and deny the deed, flashed upon his mind, he felt for his sword, and the smiled at the precipitude of his defensive precaution. It was necessary, however, that Helen should now hurry home; and, surmounting the turf-like of the burying ground, they, with rapid steps, made for Kirconnel House, at a little distance from which they parted with a close embrace. Helen stood for a moment, and looked after her lover; then, wrapping her cloak round head, she moved quickly round the edge of the enclosed lawn, and was on the eve of running forward to the wicket, when Blacket House stood before her. He looked for a moment sternly at her, spoke not a word, and then dashed away into the wood. Terrified still more, Helen hurried away, and got into the house and her own chamber before the full extent of her danger opened, with all its probable consequences, upon her mind. Having undressed herself, she retired to her couch, and meditated on the extraordinary position in which she was now placed. She had now been discovered by Blacket House, who, no doubt, knew well that she had that night had a secret meeting with Kirkpatrick—a partisan of his antagonists, the Johnstones. The discovery of a rival had come on him with the discovery of a delusion under which he had sighed, and dreamed, and hoped for years. It was probable, nay, certain, that the communication she intended to make to her father and mother, that she could not love Blacket House, would be received along with the elucidating commentary, that the lover now despised had discovered her love intercourse with the heir of Kirkpatrick. She would, therefore, get no credit for her statement that she never loved her cousin; but would be set down as a breaker of pledges, and one who traitorously amused herself with the broken hopes of her unfortunate lovers. Whether she made the communication or not, it would be made by Blacket House, whose fear of losing the object of his affections, or his revenge—whichever of the two moved him—would force him to the immediate disclosure. The serenity of the domestic peace and happiness of Kirconnel House would be clouded for the first time, and that by the disobedience of one who had heretofore been held to contribute in no small degree, to that which she was to be the means of destroying, perhaps for ever. The contrast between the confidence, the hope, and the affection which she had been, by her parents, contemplated, and fondly cherished, during all the bygone part of her life, and the new-discovered treachery into which her secret love for a stranger would be construed, was a thought she could scarcely bear. These and a thousand other things passed through her thoughts with a rapidity which did not lessen the burning pain of their impress upon her mind; and the repetition of a thousand reflections, fears, and hopes, produced in the end a confusion that terrified sleep from her pillow, and consigned her to the powers of anguish for the remainder of the night and morning.

She rose with a burning cheek and a high fluttering pulse, produced by the fever of mind under which she still laboured. She opened the casement to let in the cool breeze of morning to brace her nerves, and enable her to stand an interview with her father and mother, who might already (for Blacket House was at Kirconnel at all hours) be in possession of the secret of what they conceived to be their once loved Helen's disobedience and treachery. Her own communication, which she had pledged herself to Kirkpatrick to make, was now invested with treble terrors; and though she felt that her safety and happiness depended upon an open declaration, she felt herself totally unable to make it. Trembling and irresolute, she approached the parlour where her father and mother, along with herself, were in the habit of taking their morning meal. They were there; and there was another there—it was Blacket House. He looked at her as she entered, with a calm, but mysterious eye, which fluttered her nerves again, and forced her to stand for a moment in the middle of the apartment, irresolute whether to go forward or retreat. She fearfully threw her eye over the faces of her parents. There was no change there; the ordinary placidity of their wonted manner, and the kindly love-greeting borne in their mellow voices, startled her—so strong had been her conviction that all was disclosed. Her parents were destitute of guile; and an instant's thought satisfied her that they were still in their ignorance of the secret. But Blacket House continued his dark gaze in silence; and even this—a decided alteration in his manner—was unnoticed by the unsuspecting couple, who threw their fond eyes on their loving daughter as their only remaining pride and solace. What meant this? The new turn taken by the stream of her difficulty and danger surprised and confused her; but, calming by the influence of her parents' kindness, she sat down and went through the forms of the morning meal without exhibiting a discomposure that might attract the notice of these loving beings, who searched her face only for the indications of health and the beams of her pleasure. Her comparative composure enabled her to collect her thoughts; and she thought she now discovered a reason for this seeming forbearance or discretion of Blacket House—a man little formed for these or any other virtues: he intended to *sell* his knowledge at the price of a hand that never could be his but by this or some other means of compulsion. The moment this thought—and, under all the circumstances, it was a reasonable one—entered her mind, she trembled at the power of the dark-eyed silent being who sat there and gazed upon her in revengeful triumph.—For relief, she turned her eyes to her parents; yet she saw there the smile that approved his suit, and the confidence that would believe his declaration. Her own Kirkpatrick was absent; and she dared not meet him to receive the assistance of his advice, to enable her to support herself under her trial, or devise a plan suited to the changed circumstances, for her relief. She hurried over her meal, and hastened again to her apartment, to confirm herself in the opinion she had formed of Blacket House's intentions. Every thought tended to add to her conviction that she was correct, and told her that he never would succeed in his schemes. He would now, for certain, endeavour to see her alone, and lay before her the danger into which she had plunged herself, and the bargain by which she would be relieved from it. But she would defeat him; she would renounce her walks in the woods, desert for a time her bowers, and bid adieu to her silver Kirtle. She would keep her apartment under a pretence of slight indisposition—far from an untruth—and, in the meantime, try to devise some mode of relief from her painful situation.

But the solitude of her parents interfered, in some degree, with these plans. They discoved that she was not so ill as to be unable to seek what might do her service—her former walks and amusements around Kirconnel Lee; and thus was she obliged to yield to kindness; yet she contrived to have her parents near her, so as to deprive Blacket House of an opportunity of communicating to her his imputed plan of enforcing his suit. As yet, his silence had been continued; her parents were still in ignorance; and it was only (so she argued) because he had not hitherto found her alone, that his dreaded communication had not as yet been made. On the occasion of her first walk, however, she, by some untoward chance, was left in one of the arbours alone, and the opportunity (the first that had occured) was seized by him—Blacket House was again before her, and all her fears were in a moment roused. Their eyes met with an intelligence they had never before possessed. Every passing thought seemed to be mutually read, while a few words of ordinary import seemed to be only as a preparation to his expected statement. Helen did not dare to leave him; she feared to rouse his anger, and yet she wanted courage to reply with ordinary pertinence to his remarks. His eye was constantly fixed on her, and the few words he uttered came with difficulty and pain; yet was there not the slightest allusion to the secret he undoubtedly held locked up in his breast.—Was he not to bring forward his threat of exposing her, as a wrenching instrument, to force from her a consent that he was satisfied would never be given voluntarily?—There was no indication of any such issue. What could be the true meaning of this dark-minded man's conduct? Again he had disappointed her fearful anticipations. He had not told her parents; he was not to tell herself. What then was he to do? She could not answer her self-put question; and her surprise when he parted from her, after a short conversation conducted with difficulty, with his secret unapproached, and the mysterious stare of his illegible eye, was not less than her terror of her anticipated issue when she first encountered him.

Concluded in our next.

THE TROUBLE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND AMERICANS.

A good deal of excitement was caused through the City by the report that Mr. Poussin, the Envoy from France to our Government, had received his passports without having asked for them, and stocks fell in consequence.

The facts, as we have them on good authority, are as follows:—Some weeks since Mr. Poussin made upon the Government at Washington a demand for indemnity for a French ship damaged or captured at Vera Cruz in the Mexican War. Several letters were exchanged between the Envoy and Mr. Clayton on the subject, in the course of which the former indulged in remarks which were deemed positively insulting to our Government. In consequence of this the correspondence with him was suspended, and a copy of the offensive letter was transmitted directly to Paris, with the expressed wish that he should be recalled without delay. We are informed that Mr. De Tocqueville, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, replied, maintaining the same ground as had been taken by Mr. Poussin, and declining to recall him. It is, however, reported on the other hand, that answer has been received from Paris, but that, having waited a sufficient time in vain, the dismissal of the Envoy has taken place; but we have reasons of supposing the version we have given above to be more authentic. It was, no doubt, this very matter which carried the President suddenly back to Washington from his northern tour. We are told that the question of Mr. Rives' reception at Paris was not involved in the affair.

It has been said Mr. Poussin received his dismissal some days since, but we understand that such was not the case. He has been staying in this city recently, and left for Washington yesterday.

The frigate *Portsmouth*, under orders for the Mediterranean, was yesterday countermanded, by telegraph despatch from Washington. This is supposed to have some connection with the difficulty.

At a recent meeting of the Cabinet, it was decided that the position taken in reference to the question out of which the affair has grown, could not be receded from. We presume this is as it should be, and though it may seem to render the issue more grave, it is not too much to say that there is no danger of a serious rupture between the two countries. At this time of day the United States and France are not going to war about such a matter. We have no fear for the national honor in the hands of Gen. Taylor and his Cabinet; nor is our confidence in this respect any the less, because we believe this question will be settled by peaceful negociation, without serious harm to anybody except the frightened sellers of stocks, and for losses of that sort we cannot feel any very deep sympathy. There will be peace, and an honorable peace; of that let every body be assured.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The fear of trouble between France and this country, consequent on the dismissal of M. Poussin, the French Minister, had a depressing effect on the market, and the Government Stocks declined 1 to 2 per ct.

The dismissal of M. Poussin, the French Minister, has been the theme of conversation all day. M. Poussin, it is said, claimed of Mr. Clayton and the Americans, indemnity for French property destroyed at the bombardment of Vera Cruz. Mr. Clayton took the matter into consideration, and a correspondence ensued some weeks ago; but M. Poussin pressed the claim so indeceorously, not to say imperiously, that the matter being referred to Gen. Taylor, the General instantly demanded his recall by the French Government, who took the matter up, and Mr. De Tocqueville writes by the last steamer that he saw errors on both sides, and declined to recall Poussin whereupon the latter was dismissed by the President. Rumor adds, however, but not till he had written another letter. Poussin received his *conge* last week, and must have been aware of it some days ago. The correspondence is said to have been very sharp, and it is feared it may lead to serious difficulties between the two Governments.

Private letters received from Washington to-day say that the circumstances which led to the dismissal are of a most aggravated character, and that serious difficulties are apprehended. The Government has taken high ground, and will not retract, no matter what the consequences may be.—The *Tribune* says:—We understand that the position of Poussin is sustained by his Government.

By the following article from the Boston *Traveller*, it would appear that this is not the only difficulty standing in the way of an *entente cordiale* between the two Republics:

FRANCE AND THE UTITED STATES.—IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.—Intelligence has been received, through a private letter, by the last steamer, that the French Government will see with great displeasure the return of Mr. Rives as Minister of the U.