both that such conditions were not required, and that they were impossible to be fulfilled—the poor old mayor, in a few days, received a very curt and formal epistle from Monsieur le Procureur, requiring and commanding him to proceed forthwith in the matter of the marriage between Monsieur Dash, a British subject, and Mademoiselle Chose, born and now domiciled in Paris. After this, every thing marcha, as the French say, comme sur des roulettes. Nothing remained but to 'name the day;' and this, after a little becoming hesitation, was soon done. I enjoyed my revenge when I called on the mayor's clerk, who, Jack-like, had been quite as determined as his master not to marry us, and ordered him to affix the necessary notices or banns of marriage on the front of his office that very day.

And soon the happy day arrived, or rather the first of them, for people have two happy days in France—that is, if they can afford to devote two days from their ordinary avocations to the business of getting married. The first is devoted to the legal marriage before the civil authorities of the commune. This, although counting as the day of the wedding, the day on which you are legally one, in the unromantic matter-of-fact eye of the law, is not the day on which you really are become man and wife: it is not the day of the dressing, and feasting, and dancing, and weeping and leave-taking, and of all the other doings, grave and gay, incident to a wedding. Custom, more powerful than law and revolutions, still ordains that you shall have the priest's blessing as well as the mayor's; and the second day therefore, is *the* wedding-day par excellence—the day of elegant toilettes and elaborate repasts. The first day is a sort of business affair, which is passed over in comparative quiet, the gaities being reserved for the morrow, when the blushing bride, shrouded in her graceful veil, and crowned with white flowers, is led to the altar surrounded by troops of friends and relatives of the two families. It is certainly curious, that, in spite of the little hold which the mere ordinances of their religion have retained on the vast majority of the French people, marriages by the civil authority alone should be so extremely rare. It may be that the legal ceremony is too *sèche*—too prosaic for a people who are so given to display, and so fond of theatrical effect; but whether that be the cause or not, the fact is certain. Fery few persons dispense with the benediction of Monsieur le Cure.

The day at last arrived, then, which was to make the woman of my chioce legally mine, and in which, to use the Turkish phrase, my tormentor, the poor stupid old mayor, was to eat an immensity of dirt—to marry me in spite of his oft-reiterated phrase, 'On ne vous mariera pas.' Punctually, at the hour appointed, we came all to the Mairie, and in as short a time as it takes to tell it, we were married. Placing ourselves opposite Monsieur le Maire, at a table covered with green cloth, and accompanied by four witnesses and many relatives, we listened patiently to the captious clerk, while, with the usual legal drawl, he read over to us all the documents relating to the marriage. Then Monsieur le Maire, girding himself with the insignia of office, the tricoloured scarf, reminded us, in solemn tones of the respective rights and duties of married persons, and put to each of us the all-important question. Lastly, the 'yes' being pronounced by the gentleman very distinctly, and by the lady, if not very distinctly, at least sufficiently so to shew that there was no mistake, Monsieur le Maire declared, 'in the name of the law,' that we were married.

The Ministers and the War.—In one respect the public ought to know that there is a very marked improvement in the administation of the war over that which obtained last year. We have at last gained so much by the change of Ministry that we are now in grim earnest, straining every nerve and taxing every faculty to bring the struggle to an end. A committee of the Cabinet meets, we understand, every Tuesday, to superintend more immediately the operations of the war.—*Times*.

A great lord of France being entertained at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, she one day asked him how he liked her ladies, he replied, "it was hard to judge of stars in the presence of the sun."

A Toast by a Printer.—At the Franklin Festival, recently held in Lowell, the following sentiment was proposed, and most heartily responded to by the company. "The Printer—the Master of all Trades. He beats the farmer with his 'Hoe,' the carpenter with his *rule*, and the mason in *setting up tall colums*; he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending to his *case*, and beats the parson in the management of the Devil."

Despairing Lover.—"It's all gone goose!" as the youth said when his sweet heart jilted him.

INFLUENCE OF THE GULF STREAM ON CLIMATE.

Hugh Miller, in the *Edinburgh Witness*, thus writes:—"Britain and Ireland owe genial, equable warmth that ripens year after year their luxuriant crops, and renders their winters so mild, that the sea never freezes around their shores, *not*, at least directly, to the distant sun. Like apartments heated by pipes of steam or hot water, or greenhouses heated by flues, they derive their warmth from a heating agent laterally applied. They are heated by warm water. The Great Gulf Stream which, issuing from the Straits of Florida, strikes diagonally across the Atlantic, and, impinging on our coasts, casts upon them not unfrequently the productions of the West Indies, and always a considerable portion of the warmth of the West Indies, is generally recognized as the heating agent which gives to our country a climate so much more mild and genial than that of any other country whatever similiarly situated. Wherever its influence is felt—and it extends as far north as the southern shores of Iceland, Nova Zembla, and the North Cape—the sea in winter tells of its meliorating effects, by never freezing; it remains open, like those portions of a reservoir or canal into which the heated water of a steam boiler is supposed to escape. In some seasons—an effect of unknown causes—the Gulf Stream impinges more strongly against our coasts than at others; it did so in 1775, when Benjamin Franklin made his recorded observations upon it—the first of any value which we possess; and again during the three mild, winters that immediately preceded the last severe one, and which owed their mildness apparently to that very circumstance. It was found during the latter seasons, that the temperature of the sea around our western coasts rose from one and a half to two degrees above its ordinary average; and our readers must remember how, during these seasons, every partial freezing that set in at once yielded to a thaw whenever a puff of wind from the west carried into the atmosphere the caloric of the water over which it swept. The amount of heat discharged into the Atlantic by this great ocean current is enormous. 'A simple calculation,' says Lieutenant Maury, 'will show that the quantity of heat, discharged over the Atlantic from the waters of the Gulf Stream in a winter day, would be sufficient to raise the whole column of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Islands from the freezing point to summer heat.' 'It is the influence of this stream upon climate,' he adds, 'that makes Erin the Emerald Isle of the sea, and clothes the shores of Albion with evergreen robes; while in the same latitude on the other side, the shores of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice.'"

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A Travelling Library.—Professor Porson, the celebrated Grecian, was once travelling in a stage-coach, where a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too, roused the slumbering professor from a kind of dog sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles: I do not happen to recollect it there."

"O, sir," replied the tyro, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and from Sophocles, too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college."

The Professor, applying his hand to his great-coat pocket, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him, if he could be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, "Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides."

"Then perhaps, sir," said the Professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book."

The young Oxonian again returned to his task, but with no better success, muttering, however, to himself, a vow never again to quote Greek in a stage-coach. The tittering of the ladies informed him plainly that he had got into a hobble. At last, "Why, sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recolleet now; yes, now I perfectly remember that the passage is in Æschylus."

The inexorable Professor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished freshman vociferated, "Coachman! holloa, coachman! let me out; I say instantly let me out! There's a fellow here has the whole Bodleian library in his pocket."

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THE NEW CASTLE OF BALMORAL.

The building is of the Scotch baronial style of architecture modified in some of its details, so as to combine the more bold and prominent features of the ancient stronghold with the more domestic character of modern civilization. Entering by the main porch, the hall opens to the corridor, which runs along to the centre of the building, from which the grand staircase conducts to the royal private apartments on the first floor; the dining-room and drawing-room, with the billiard-room and library, occupy the ground floor, and are spacious and most commodious apartments. The private rooms of the Queen front the west, and look up the valley of the Dee on the wild pass of Invercauld with its overhanging cliffs, and the Craig-en-Gowan mountains in the distance. The apartments of Prince Albert look to the South, where the lawn stretches out to the foot of Craig-en-Gowan, and command an extensive view of the deer forest of Ballochbrine; while the Prince of Wales' rooms on the north side look on a scene in which the pastoral and romantic are richly blended. The whole of this portion of the Castle is fire-proof, on the plan of Fox and Barrett, and well lighted with the purest plateglass. The furnishings of the royal apartments are of the plainest and most substantial character. All the appointments are distinguished by that simplicity of style and purity of taste for which the Royal Family are so remarkable. The carpets are of clan tartan, which is the prevailing pattern of the drawing-room furnishings, and wherever an ornament is necessary to round off an angle or soften a projection, the flower of the Scotch thistle is used. The furniture is of African ash, a kind of wood resembling American maple, and everywhere presenting the same characteristics of usefulness which the furnishings exhibit throughout. It is pleasing to know while these undertakings have been entered on for the accommodation of the Royal Family, the Queen and the Prince have been most attentive to the moral and social wants of the people on the estates. Abergeldie, Birkhall, and Balmoral may be said to constitute the royal domains, and although the population is considerable, yet every tenant has his lease, every family has the privilege of a school, and new and comfortable cottages are taking the place of the old mud huts of the poor. The schools are visited by the Queen and Prince, and habits of economy and forethought are encouraged among the people.

Conversion of a Desert into a Lake.—Captian William Allen of the British navy, has published a book advocating the conversion of the Arabian Desert into an ocean. The author believes, that the great valley extending from the southern depression of the Lebanon range to the head of the Gulf of Akaba, the eastern branch of the head of the Red Sea, has been once an ocean. It is in many places 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and in it are situated the Dead Sea and the Sea of Tiberias. He believes that this ocean, being cut off from the Red Sea by the rise of land at the southern extremity, and being only fed by small streams, gradually became dried by solar evaporation. He proposes to cut a canal of adequate size from the head of the Gulf of Akaba to the Dead Sea, and another from the Mediterranean, near Mount Carmel, across the plain of Esdraelon, to the fissure in the mountain range of Lebanon. By this means the Mediterranean would rush in, with a fall of 1300 feet, fill up the valley, and substitute an ocean of 2000 square miles in extent, for a barren, useless desert; thus making the navigation to India as short as the overland route, spreading fertility over a now arid country, and opening up the fertile regions of Palestine to settlement and cultivation. The conception is a magnificent one, but no sufficient survey has been made to determine its practicability or its cost.

Melancholy and Fatal Casualitx——We are informed that a fatal accident occurred at Kentville, N. S., on Friday last. It appears that on that evening, a number of young men had assembled to make a demonstration in celebration of the fall of Sebastopol. Everything passed off well, until they began to return to their homes, when a gun was fired by a man named Eaton, the charge of which entered the back of a young man named Chas. Harris, killing him instantly. The deceased was the son of J. D. Harris, Esq., and was much esteemed by his relatives and acquaintances—*Cour*.

The Czar and his Council at Loggerheads.—The *Morning Chronicle* publishes the following, but without giving any authority for the same:—"The celebrated dispatch from Prince Gortschakoff, announcing that 'Our works are suffering,' caused a great impression at St. Petersburg, and the Emperor immediately summoned a kind of Council of War, composed of the most experienced officers, and demanded their advice on the best means of reestablishing the *morale* of his troops, and lessening the bad effect of the defeat of Tchernaya. He also ordered an inquiry into the conduct of General Read, who had been accused by Prince Gortschakoff of not following the instructions of his general-in-chief. Turning then to Prince Menschikoff, who, with General Dannenberg, had received a summons to the council, the Emperor asked why, when he was commanding at Sebastopol, he had not followed up the system" of constant attacks on the enemy at a time when the allies were discouraged by months of useless toil and by disease, and before they had received the reinforcements which have since been so constantly pouring in. The Prince replied, that he was obliged to give up the system because the army was then actually in want of ammunition. At this answer, the Emperor turned sharply round on Prince Dolgorouky, the Minister of War, and reproached him bitterly with his inconceivable negligence in leaving the Russian army in want of so necessary an article. The Prince replied roughly, that the assertion of the ex-Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea was false, and that the Russian army never was deficient anywhere in rations and ammunition, and certainly not in the Crimea. Prince Menschikoff, whose haughtiness and temper are notorious, retorted that the Minister of War knew nothing about what he was saying, and that he did not consider him competent to offer any opinion on the matter, as he had neither invented, nor handled, nor burnt powder. It is hard to tell to what lengths the altercation might have been carried, according to the account we have received, had not the Emperor terminated the sitting, by ordering Count Alexis Orloff to investigate the truth of these conflicting assertions."

To Keep Fish Fresh.—Draw the fish and remove the gills, then insert a piece of charcoal in their mouths, and two or three pieces between the sides. If they are to be conveyed any distance, wrap each fish separately in paper, and place them in a box. Fish thus preserved will keep fresh for several days.

Remedy for Blistered Feet.—Pedestrians whose feet are apt to blister during long journeys should rub the feet, at night, with spirits mixed with tallow dropped from a candle into the palm of the hand; on the following morning, no blister will exist, for the spirits possess healing power, and the tallow keeps the skin soft and pliant.—*Galton's Art of Travel.*

A few nights ago, a Mr. Bodkin, who had been out, on going home late, borrowed an umbrella, and when his wife's tongue tongue was loosened, he sat up in bed and suddenly spread out the *parapluie*.

'What are you going to do with that?' said his wife.

'Why, my dear, I expected a very heavy storm to-night, and so I came prepared.' In a few minutes Mrs. Bodkin, appeared to be asleep.

The pearl fishery is quite successfully prosecuted on the coast of California.

Every respectable lawyer in Buffalo has refused to aid slavehunters in the enforcement of the fugitive slave law.

A Queer Comparison.— Sebastopol is somewhat in the position of a man who is declared a bankrupt—for before it was bombarded, it received a summons to surrender!