FRANCE.

On Saturday the 29th, there was a grand military fete of *im* entry into Paris of regiments from the Crimea. An *t*mense crowd thronged the streets and banners and *tri*umphal arches were abundant. The troops marched, amid the enthusiasm of the citizens, and formed around the Column of July. The military consisted of the following regiments:—The twentieth, thirty-ninth, and fifteenth regiments of the line, who distinguished themselves at the Malakoff; the first Chasseurs Zonaves, two regiments of Voltigeurs and Artillery of the Guard two regiments of Grenadiers, and the Gens d'armerie of the Guard.

The Emperor accompanied by Prince Napoleon rode to the Place de Bastile, and pronounced the following oration:

"Soldiers,—I come to meet you, as formerly the Roman senate went to the gates of Rome to meet its victorious legions. I come to tell you that you have deserved well of your country.—My emotion is great; for the happiness of seeing you again is mingled with painful regrets for those who are no more, and with painful disapointment that I was prevented myself leading you to battle.

"Soldiers of the Guard as well as soldiers of the Line, you are welcome—you, all of you, represent that Army of the East, whose courage and preseverance have once more glorified our eagles, and reconquered for France the rank that is due to her. Your country is attentive to all that is passing in the East, and receives you with the more pride than she measures your deeds by the obstinate resistance of the enemy.

"I have recalled you, notwithstanding the war is not yet over, because it is just to relieve, in their turn, the regiments that have most suffered. Thus, every man will be able to claim his share in glory, and the country, which keeps up a force of six hundred thousand men, interested that there should now be in France a numerous army, inured to war, and ready to march wherever it may be necessary. Preserve, then, your warlike habits, improve upon the experience you have acquired; hold yourselves in readiness to respond, if need be, to my call; but on this day forget the trials of a soldier's life—thank God for having spared you, and march proudly amid your brethren in arms and fellow citizens, whose plaudits await you.'

The troops afterwards defiled before the Emperor and Empress, Marshals Magnan and Canrobert, and the court.

Every soldier in Paris received two francs gratuity. Admiral Lyons and General Marmora are in Paris.

"Do you really believe, Dr. Johnson," said a Lichfield lady, "in the dead walking after death?" "Madam," said Johnson, "I have no doubt on the subject; I have heard the 'Dead March in Saul!'"

Nautical Queries.—Whether the white caps at sea are worn by the mermaids? Whether fog is mist when it is seen? Whether a ship is more intelligent when taught (taut)than otherwise? Whether a sail is necessarily crooked when it is "bent?"

Sound Maxims.—Pay your debts, so that others can pay theirs. Quarrel with no man, and then no man will quarrel with you. Send your children constantly to school, and look in now and then yourself to see what they are doing there. Keep your children in at night, for the evening air is bad for them. Feed your mind as well as your body, for that, you know, must go into the scales at last.

Somebody complains that he has not the pleasure of Sal Volatile's acquaintance; nor does he know whether Salt Peter is addicted to drinking.

A young coquette. A friend asked a pretty little child of six years old," Which do you love the best—your cat or your doll?" The little girl thought some time before answering, and then whispered in the ear of the questioner, "I love my cat best, but, please, don't tell my doll!"

Laugh on.—Laugh on, and never mind the censure of cynics. Joy is one of the greatest panaceas of life. It braces the nerves, makes the dance to pleasant music, and the very soul ring again with harmonious sounds. It is the delight of the good, makes sunshine when there would be all fog and gloom, promotes domestic happiness, drives away sorrow, and prepares the mind for the exigencies of the future; so laugh on, but laugh discreetly, and in due season. Exuberant mirth does not become any one.

"The fire is going out, Miss Filkins." "I know it, Mr. Green, and if you would act wisely, you would follow its example." It is annecessary to add that Green never thought of popping the question to that girl again.

How England is Warmed.—In noticing Lieutenant Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," an English Review thus illustrates the benefit which the climate of England derives from the Gulf stream. Those who heard the lectures of Prof. Guyot will read the extract with peculiar interest.

"Modern ingenuity has suggested a well known method of warming buildings by means of hot water. Now, the North-western parts of Europe are warmed, in an exactly similar manner—by the Gulf stream. The torrid zone is the furnace: the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, the boilers; the Gulf stream, the conducting pipe; from the bank of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the great hot air chamber, spread so as to present a large surface. Here the heat, conveyed into this warm air chamber of mid ocean, is taken up by the prevailing west winds, and dispensed over our own and other countries, where it is so much required.

Such, in short, is the influence of the Gulf stream upon our climate, that Ireland is clothed in robes of evergreen grass; while in the very same latitude, on the American side of the Atlantic, is the frost bound coast of Labrador. In 1818, the harbour of St. John's Newfoundland, was closed with ice so late in the season as June; yet the port of Liverpool, two degrees further north, has never been closed by frost in the severest winter. The Laplander cultivates barley in a latitude which in every other part of the world is doomed to perpetual sterility. The benefit thus conferred on our country by the Gulf stream is a remarkable accident in our condition. It obviously depends upon the Gulf of Mexico continuing to be a gulf, which however, it might easily cease to be. A subsidence of the Isthmus of Panama to the extent of a couple of hundred feet—and such subsidence has taken place in geological times all over the world—would allow the equatorial current of the Atlantic to pass through into the Pacific, instead of being reflected back to our coasts. Britain would then become a Labrador, and cease to be the seat of a numerous and powerful people."

The Colliery Villages in the North.—Outside is coal, dirt and gloom; inside all is sprightly and showy, at least in the one best room, and in times of tidiness. The one best room on the ground floor commonly contains an eight-day clock, a good mahogany chest of drawers, and a fine four-post bedstead, perhaps with carved posts of old mahogany. A newly-married couple considers these articles as indispensable to matrimonial felicity; and they will begin life with a debt incurred by these luxuries, which they dearly discharge by instalments. Good living is no rarity with these people. Coals are obtained for nothing, or a mere nominal charge, and large fires glow in the cottages. In the fine evenings of summer and autumn, the visitors may watch dozens of pitmen wending their homeward way after work, disappearing into cottages,—then re-appearing with washed persons: and, having cast off all marks and garments of blackness, forth they sally in cloth coats to a neighbour's cot, or not unfrequently to the Wesleyan chapel.

We were at a friend's not long since, when a girl of two summers stood a full half hour by the wall in the evening, and grasped at the shadows, as our rocking chair cast them swaying before her—Eagerly the child would clutch them, as they glided from her hands, she would shout and laugh in her wild glee, till the room rang again. It was amusing to see the child, and pleasant to hear her laughter; but like a shadow, the reflection came, that it will be so through life. Hope will lure to reach for that which will elude the grasp, and at an age when disappointment will be deeper than now. We remembered one, too, himself a child of two summers, grasping at the smoke wreath from an extinguished candle, and his look of wonder as he found not the curling vapor in his palm. Life itself was but a smoke wreath to him, curling upward in beauty for a moment, and then vanishing from earth.—Cayuga Chief.

A Curious Murder.—One of the most remarkable murders of this century, has lately been perpetrated in the city of New Haven, in the State of Connecticut. A sect calling themselves the "Wakemanites," led by a woman who appears to be mad, were in the habit of holding nightly meetings at the house of one Christopher Sly. The widow Wakeman, the leader, professes to have risen from the dead, and her followers, about a dozen in number, also held to the same belief. A short time since she imagined that Justus Mathews, one of the sect, was haunted with an evil spirit that would take her life and occasion the destruction of the world. Mathews believed the same thing, and appears to have been willing to be put to death, rather than that the prophetess should be injured, by the evil spirit that was in him. Accordingly, one night they tied a bandage over his eyes and fastened his hands behind his back, and after praying, Sly took a hazel stick, "witch hazel" was procured for the purpose, and struck him a heavy blow upon the head.—He fell without a groan, Sly then took a knife and raised up his head, and cut his throat several times across, then plunged a fork several times into his breast and killed him. At the examination, all the parties gave a full account of the particulars, with the utmost unconcern, being under the impression that they had acted perfectly right in putting the man to death.—all of them appear to be insane. The widow Wakeman is 70 years old, has had 17 children, nine of whom are living, and has been a widow 20 years. She states, that her husband killed her—that she was dead seven hours—that two angels raised her and took her to heaven where she saw all the dead—that on her return to earth, she saw her dead body lying there, and felt very bad, because she had got back to this wicked world, &c. The whole account affords a horrid picture of the pitiable state the human mind can assume while inflicted with derangement.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Dead Horse is worth $17 1-2 in New York. His hide is sold to the tanners, his bones are burned and sold to the sugar refiners for refining purposes, and to the farmers for manure; his meat is pressed and the grease is used by the soap and candle makers; while the entrails and remnants are fed to hogs. to make food for home consumption. The average death of horses in that city is twenty-two daily!

Hints.—It is as cheapto raise one ton of grass or clover as a ton of burdocks or pig-weeds. It costs no more to raise a hundred bushels of 'Baldwins,' than a hundred bushels of cider apples.

A 'cheap plough' at $5, costing in one season $3, in repairs, and $3 more in lost time to teams, men, and by retarding cops, is a dearer plough than one at $10, requiring no repairs.

A cow bought for $10, whose milk but just pays her keeping, affords less profit than one at $30, giving double the value of milk afforded by the former.

A common dasher-churn at $2, used 100 times a year is not so economical a purchase as a Kendall churn at $4, requiring but half the labour to work it.

A ten-acre field costing $50 per acre, and improved at $20 more, so as to give double crops, is much more valuable and profitable than 20 acres unimproved. costing the same money.

The man who loses half an hour of time worth one shilling, and wears his wagon and team equal to two shillings more, by going over a long and rough road, to avoid a plank-road toll of a sixpence, loses just two and sixpence by the operation. To the loaded wagon, the loss is much greater than in smaller loads.—*Albany Cultivator.*

The Four Points.—I find a scamp robbing my henroost and address him thus:—"You, sir, loose that black cock out of the bag; give up those eggs; put down that stick; and come out of that." He resists; I collar him, and take him before a magistrate. On the road, we meet a trusty friend of the captive, who makes the appeal—"Did you not, when you first saw this gentleman whom you are treating so rudely, profess a specific purpose, stated in, four points; and now unblushingly discard your orginal avowal of definite intention, and elated by unexpected success, drag an unfortunate young man before a brutal justice. Upon any further misunderstanding with gentlemen of our class, can you ever be believed?"—*Spectator.*

A contemporary, speaking of the report on gentlemen's dress, says: "There is not much change in gentlemen's pantaloons this month.

An eminent painter was once asked what he mixed his colour with, in order to produce so extrordinary an effect. "I mix them with brains, sir!" was his answer.

"No man," says Mrs. Partington, "was better calculated to judge of pork than my dear husband was; when he was living, poor man, he knew what good hogs were, for he had been brought up among 'em from his childhood."

He who says all he likes, will often hear what he does not like.

I really can't express my thanks," as the boy said to a schoolmaster when he gave him a threshing.

What do we often drop, but never stoop to pick up?—Answer; A hint.