

to-day, after a long discussion, passed a resolution to submit to the people the question of striking the word white from the constitution.

The Ohio Legislature still hesitates on the question of equal suffrage.

Toronto, 20.

Ten Fenians, recently found guilty, were to-day sentenced to be hanged March 5th.

Galveston, 30.

The new assistant commissioner of Freedmen's Bureau has abolished the order in regard to labor, and freedmen can now contract like anybody else for the best they can get.

Miscellaneous.

SABBATH PHYSIOLOGY.

The Almighty rested one-seventh of the times of the creation, commanding man to observe an equal repose. The neglect of this injunction will always, sooner or later, bring mental, moral or physical death.

Rest is an invariable law of animal life. The busy heart beats, beats ever, from infancy to age, and yet for a large part of the time it is in a state of repose.

William Pitt died of apoplexy at the age of forty-seven. When the destinies of nations hung in a large measure on his doings, he felt compelled to give an unremitting attention to the affairs of State. Sabbath brought no rest to him, and soon the unwilling brain gave signs of exhaustion. But his presence in Parliament was conceived to be indispensable for explanation and defense of the public policy. Under such circumstances it was his custom to eat heartily of substantial food, meat highly seasoned, just before going to his place, in order to afford the body that strength and to excite the mind in that activity deemed necessary to the high tension. Both brain and body perished prematurely.

Not long ago, one of the most active business men of England found his affairs so extended that he deliberately determined to devote his Sabbaths to his accounts. He had a mind of a wide grasp. His views were so comprehensive, so far seeing; that wealth came in upon him like a flood. He purchased a country seat at a cost of four hundred thousand dollars, determining that he would now have rest and quiet. But it was to late. As he stepped on his threshold, after a survey of his late purchase, he became apoplectic. Although life was not destroyed, he only lives to be the wreck of a man.

It used to be said that a brick kiln "must" be kept burning over Sabbath; it is now known to be a fallacy. Even now it is a received opinion that iron blast furnaces will bring ruin if not kept in continual operation. Eighteen years ago an Englishman determined to keep the Sabbath holy as to them, with the result, as his books testified, that he made more in six days than he did before in seven; that he made more iron in a given time, in proportion to the hands and the number and size of the furnaces, than any establishment in England which was kept in operation during the Sabbath.

In our own New York the mind of a man who had half a million in a year, went out in the night of madness, put upon it by a variety of enterprises, every one of which succeeded.

"It will take about five years to clear them off," said an observant master of an Ohio canal boat, alluding to the wearing out influences on the boatmen, who worked on Sabbaths as well as on other days. As to the boatmen and firemen on steamers on the western rivers which never lay by on the Sabbaths, seven years is the average of life. The observance, therefore, of the seventh portion of our time for the purpose of rest is demonstrably a physiological necessity, a law of our natures.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

CEMENT FOR ROOMS.—M. Sarel, of Paris, uses a coating for walls which is said to be superior to pure gypsum. The oxide of zinc is mixed with size, made up like a wash, and applied to a wall, ceiling or wainscot. Afterwards the chloride of zinc, made into a wash in the same way is applied. The oxide and chloride immediately combine and form a kind of cement, smooth and polished as glass, and possessing the advantages of oil paint, yet without any objectionable smell.

IN THE OMNIBUS—A SKETCH.

A mighty woman with a bundle, a cross woman with a baby, an unfortunate woman with a dog, an old gentleman with an ear trumpet, a beaming young lady with an expansive crinoline, and the usual complement of nothing-particular-people, including mine self, John Hays, gentleman at large. I would not have been inside if I could have helped it; nor in any omnibus at all if I could have avoided it; and judging from the surrounding faces, we were all in the same plight. We were all hot, and we all hated one another. When a fellow-creature is visibly radiating the caloric one already has in excess, hatred for him, or even her, follows in logical sequence, and we were waiting for more passengers.

"Please help me in, I'm blind!" it was the tiniest, sweetest voice; we all turned to see a little girl lay her hand confidently on the conductor's arm. I took her from him as fearfully as if she had been in truth what she looked like, my parion Clytie, the same pure, sweet face, with the delicate features and drooping white eyelids; but the sadness of her pallor was relieved by the vivid dark color of her hair, which fell in soft thick rolls upon her neck.

"Is there a dog here?" she said.

"Yes, darling," said the dog's owner, as he handed it to the child, looking uncomfortable no longer, the blind face turned up to hers seemed to charm away its nervousness.

"What a dear little fellow," said Clytie, and the rough terrier grew popular.

"Do they let you go far alone?" said the cross woman.

"Oh, yes." The little creature gave a low, glad laugh of triumph. "I've been to the blind school; I can do everything for myself now."

"Would you mind saying that again, my dear? I am very deaf," said the old gentleman. She repeated her sentence, adding with an odd womanish pity, "It must be so sad to be deaf."

I said, involuntarily, "You don't look as though you were ever sad."

"Oh no, now that Emy is well."

"Who is Emy?"

"Why, my little sister. Oh, such a little darling; but she was ill for a long time."

Clytie's voice faltered, as though she were living over again a great sorrow.

"But she is well now," I said.

"Oh yes."

"Have you many sisters and brothers?" said the young lady.

"No, only Emy, and one brother, baby Tom, he's such a great, fat fellow, and you can't think how he laughs."

If it was anything like the musical rill his sister sent rippling through the air, I should like to have heard that baby laugh.

"What does he laugh at?" said the cross old woman.

"Oh everything; at Emy and me, when we play Punch and Judy; and at dinner, when there's dumplings, and sometimes he lies on the floor and laughs at himself; we laugh to, it's so funny." The little one's mirth was infectious; we all joined in, with various modulations of the roar of the deaf gentleman, who couldn't stop himself, and setting us off again, little Clytie, clapping her soft gloved hand till she made the dog bark, and the conductor looked to say, "Well, if I ever saw such a row."

"Euston road, please," said Clytie, turning into a business woman all at once. The unwelcome place seemed to come directly; as I turned from helping the child out I saw the cross woman's face breaking up into tears.

"It's queer," she said, "but I feel like to cry to see her so merry."

I was unpleasantly conscious of what my dear mother used to call the apple in my throat, so I was grateful to the deaf gentleman for saying "Eh," and saving the effort of replying. We all fell into quietness, but it was curious to notice how forbearing we grew to one another; the child's great loss, worn like a flower crown on the head of some pictured saint, made our petty discomforts all melt away. The young lady began to play with the baby, the old gentleman with the dog, and I, who object to all gratuities, on the principle of never having any money to spare, was absolutely pleased when the mighty woman handed back her change to her vanquished foe, saying:

"Never mind the penny, conductor."

Even the cross woman grew quite interesting over a reminiscence of a

youth she had known when a girl, who had recovered his sight after being blind for a year.

I think, if, instead of being a plucked service candidate, I could be a woman with a mission, I would choose that of my own little Clytie.

LESSONS TO HOUSE BUYERS—HOW A FISHERMAN PAID FOR HIS HOMESTEAD.

The Gloucester (Mass.) Advertiser tells the following instructive story:

Several years ago there resided in—a fisherman whose surname was Peter. He had quite a large family, and had purchased a house, giving as part payment a mortgage on the building. Time passed off and he got in arrears, and the mortgage threatened to foreclose. This was a severe blow to Peter, as he knew not where to go or how to relieve himself. In his trouble he applied to a well known financier in town, who listened to his story, blamed him for his negligence, gave him some good advice, and concluded by saying that he would help him out of the difficulty, and put him in the way of paying for the house, if he would solemnly agree to follow out his instructions, and if he deviated in the least, he would have nothing further to do with him. Peter assented to this and received the money to pay up the mortgage, amounting to \$5,000. "Now," said his benefactor, "I want you to own that house as soon as possible, and to do so you must give me your note, and upon your return from every trip of fishing, I want you to immediately come to my house, and tell me how much you have earned, and how much you can afford to pay towards the house without distressing yourself and family. I shall watch you, and if you fail to come even once, then you will lose your house." Peter promised and went his way. A fortnight passed, and one morning Peter knocked at the door of his patron.

"Walk in," was the response.

"How much did you make this trip?"

"Forty dollars, sir."

"How much can you pay towards the house?"

"Thirty, sir."

The amount was duly endorsed on the note, and Peter again left. At the return from every trip he never failed to report himself. Although sometimes he could not pay but one dollar, yet he was always kindly received and encouraged. At the expiration of two years he made his last payment, interest and principal, and received a clear title to his house, which is owned and occupied by his own family to this day, who would have been poorly off indeed, had he not left them at his decease a place of shelter.

There is a moral to this sketch, which is, that those desirous of owning property must make a beginning, and add to the amount from their earnings, even if the sums are sometimes small. They all help to swell the aggregate and teach lessons of economy which in themselves is more valuable than the money saved. Young men, save a portion of your earnings, and invest them where they will be safe, instead of spending them foolishly, as is to often the case in these days.

THE AXE.—The other day I was holding a man by the hand—as firm in its outer texture as leather, and his sun-burnt face was as inflexible as parchment; he was pouring forth a tirade of contempt on those who complain that they can get nothing to do, as an excuse for becoming idle loafers.

Said I, "Jeff, what do you work at? You look hearty and happy, what are you working at?"

"Why," said he, "I bought me an axe three years ago that cost two dollars. That was all the money I had. I went to chopping wood by the cord. I have done nothing else, and have earned more than \$600; drank no grog; paid no doctor; and have bought me a little farm in the Hoosier State, and shall be married next week to a girl who has earned \$200 since she was eighteen. My old axe I shall keep in the drawer, and buy me a new one to cut my wood with."

After I left him I thought to myself, "That axe and no grog." They are two things that make a man in this world. How small a capital that axe—how sure of success with the motto, "No grog!" And then a farm and wife, the best of all.

—A child, like a letter, often goes astray through being badly directed.

A SUCCESSFUL SOLDIER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE CAREER OF MARSHAL VAILLANT.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says: The following letter, addressed by Marshal Vaillant to a working farrier of the Côte d'Or, of the same name, who desired to know whether they were related, has appeared in some of the papers. It is curious and characteristic, and, as it has not been contradicted by the personage most interested, may be considered as genuine:

Sir: You have written me an excellent letter. The writer must be an honest man, and I should feel very proud to be related to him, though I don't know whether we shall be able to clear up that point. My father, whom I was so unfortunate as to lose in 1823, had been district secretary at Dijon, and afterwards Secretary General of Prefecture of the Côte d'Or in 1815. He was named representative during the Hundred Days, then dismissed from his post at the prefecture, and imprisoned for being a Bonapartist. I was at that time with the army behind the Loire. My father died poor, but esteemed by every one. I don't think he had a single enemy. I do not resemble him in any way. He was slight of frame, and I am big and burly. He was gentle in manner, and I pass for being surly and boorish. (A fact.) In a word, he had as many fine and excellent qualities as people say I have defects, and I believe those who say so are not mistaken.

My father brought up a large family—now reduced in number. I have an unmarried sister at Dijon; another who is a widow, and one of whose sons, M. Girrode, is engineer *des ponts et chaussées* at Chatillon-sur-Seine. He is therefore a near neighbor of yours. I had a younger brother whom I had the misfortune to lose in 1815. My father had an elder brother who died librarian of the town of Dijon. My grandfather kept a little silk mercer's shop in the Palace St. Vincent at Dijon. His father had been a shoemaker. I cannot go further back; my quarters of nobility stop with the shoemaker. I have heard say that one of my great uncles had been in the army and was wounded in Canada. My father married a young woman named Canquoin. A brother of my mother died parish priest at Genlis (Côte d'Or). He was an excellent man, and we all greatly regretted him. His brother had some post in the registry office. We lost him in 1839.

I have no children, and it is the greatest sorrow which Heaven could visit me with. I never asked it for wealth or honors, and it has given me what I had no desire for, and taken from me my stepson, the child of my wife. We must submit to its decrees. I was born at Dijon on the 6th of December, 1790; but I have hardly any recollection of my mother. We were very poor. We were tenderly brought up, but amidst privations of every sort. The servant who took care of us is still living at Dijon; my sisters and I love her like a mother, and she loves us as if we were her own children. God vouchsafes no longer faithful creatures like this good woman, who received us when we came into the world, and she showed towards us a love such as it is impossible for me to express. She refused twenty offers of marriage to stay with us, and yet we must have been a sad trouble to her.

I entered the Polytechnic School at sixteen, and I left it to enter the Engineers. The grade which of all others gave me the greatest pleasure was that of corporal at the Polytechnic School. I went through the campaign of Russia, and that of 1815. I was made prisoner at the close of 1813. I was at Waterloo. I was wounded during the defence of Paris in 1815. I had a leg fractured by a musket ball at the siege of Algiers in 1830. My commanding officer said they were satisfied with me at the siege of Antwerp in 1832; and the Emperor said he was satisfied with me at the siege of Rome. Such, sir, is my history almost complete. I should be greatly pleased if you find in it any proofs of a community of origin between your family and mine. I pray you to receive the assurance of my perfect esteem, and to believe me your devoted servant,

MARSHAL VAILLANT.

—An Editor, speaking of a large and fat contemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay.—"I expect I am," said the fat man, "from the way the donkeys are nibbling at me;"