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The Model Wife.

About a week ago, one night,
I went with Jacob Lee,
To visit his aunt Polly White,
And drink a cup of tea.

Full fifty times in Jacob's life
He had averred to me,
That Polly was a model wife,
And so I went to see.

We found her with her main and might
A-chopping by the door.
"She never thinks of asking White,"
Said Jake, 'to do a chore.'

"But milks the cows through cold and wet,
At risk of life and limb,
And every six-pence she can get,
She duly gives to him.

And, as you presently will see,
As true as I'm alive,
Though she is only forty-three,
She looks like sixty-five!

Seeing her changed to such a fright,
From what in youth she was,
'Tis natural that Uncle White
Should scold her, as he does.

And she, dear patient angel, grieves
And suffers all the while;"
I really think that Jake believes
Good women never smile.

Ere yet her visitors she spied,
Enthusiasm grew
To such a pitch, he ran and cried:
"Aunt Polly, how d'ye do?"

Her husband, in a drunken fit,
Was lying on the bed:
"Poor man, he isn't well a bit,"
Was all Aunt Polly said.

She sat down by him on a stool,
Shaking and pale with fear,
And every time he said "You fool!"
She told us he said "Dear!"

And every time she gave him gin,
She whispered me and Jake,
It was a bitter medicine
The doctor made him take.

And often as he swore an oath,
She filled another glass,
And like a good wife told us both
He taught the Bible-class!

At last she got him out of bed,
And though he couldn't stir,
She held him on his legs, and said
That he was holding her!

Propping him up against the wall
At tea, the best she could,
She said to us, "He gave us all
These tea things—ain't he good?"

But Jacob said, though Mr. White
Perhaps had bought the delf,
His dear Aunt Polly sewed at night,
And paid for it herself.

Then with an accent rendered sweet
By such true worth, he said:
"You see she gives him all the meat,
And eats a crust of bread."

Once when he growled that she was grown
As hamely as a crow,
She said to us in under tone:
"Out of his head, you know."

And when for this he gave her blame,
She hid her patient face
Under her withered hands, the same
As if he said the grace.

And while some drops of anguish fell
From the full fountain near,
She smiled and said she couldn't tell
When she had shed a tear.

I felt my soul within me stir
When finishing his praise,
Jake said: "No model wife like her
Can live out half her days!"

That wretched night in sleep I cried,
Believing in my fright,
That every married woman died
The same as Polly White.

And spite of all that I could do,
When I was wide awake,
I thought that every man I knew
Was very much like Jake.

VERY SAD.—Four gentlemen have recently returned from Canada, having encountered a terrible ordeal of fire and smoke in that vast district which has been laid in ruins by the late conflagration. They themselves barely escaped with their lives, and were the witnesses of many sad spectacles of desolation and death. They related a touching incident concerning a family whose house was attacked by the fire in the night, and who hurriedly escaped through the blinding smoke—all except ONE. There were five children, the eldest being sixteen and the youngest three. Three times the father rushed into the burning house, each time rescuing a child. The mother was almost insensible from fright, and he had to drag her out by main force. A little one, seven years old, the pet of the family, stood and said: "Take Janie and Mollie, (the two younger ones) first, papa!" and waited patiently until her turn. By some means, in the confusion of the hour, he thought she had been rescued, until her voice, now in tones of alarm, cried out: "Oh! papa, take me, take ME, too! Come, papa—come, papa!" The father dashed toward the house, which was now tottering in the flames—but too late! He had hardly placed his foot upon the stairs when the roof fell in, and the entire structure came tumbling down. "Ah!" he exclaimed in relating the story, "I would have gone and died with her, but I remembered the others. But I'll never forgive myself, never, never!"

THE NEGRO VOTE.—The following is an estimate of the negro vote admitted to the ballot box by the action of the fifteenth amendment, and which appears at the polls for the first time this fall. It is based on the negro population in the respective States in 1860, and is computed in the ratio of one voter to six persons:

States.	Negro population.	New voters
California,	4,036	681
Connecticut,	8,627	1,438
Delaware,	31,627	3,604
Illinois,	7,628	1,271
Indiana,	14,428	1,905
Iowa,	1,069	178
Kentucky,	236,167	39,361
Maine,	1,327	221
Maryland,	174,131	28,522
Massachusetts,	9,602	1,609
Michigan,	6,799	1,133
Minnesota,	259	62
New Hampshire,	494	82
New Jersey,	25,336	4,233
New York,	49,005	8,198
Ohio,	36,673	6,112
Oregon,	128	21
Pennsylvania,	56,849	9,475
Rhode Island,	3,952	659
Vermont,	709	118
Wisconsin,	1,171	195

A landlord in Newark, N. J., the other day ejected a poor sick woman from her wretched home into the street. This brutal treatment occasioned the poor woman's death three hours thereafter. In the meantime the heartless landlord had the unparalleled audacity to notify the overseer of the poor that he had turned the woman out, sold the furniture, pocketed the proceeds, and that the unfortunate creature was dying on the sidewalk! And since then it has been shown that the woman was not in debt to the wretch, the sale of the furniture more than covering the paltry indebedness of a few dollars.

The Drunkard's Vow.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

Good bye, Jim Brown, you have got the last cent of my money that you will ever get," said a poor miserable looking wretch, as he turned to leave the bar-room of a hotel, where a large company sat drinking and carousing.

"I guess that when you find a few cents I shall get them, Jake," answered the besotted landlord with a sneer, "but I tell you again that you will get no more rum until you pay off the old debt."

"Good bye, Jim Brown," said old Jake again, "you will never get one cent of it, nor will you ever sell me another glass of rum."

"Goin' to sign the pledge, Jake?" said another voice, "guess 'twill not do you much good if you do, for you like rum too well to keep it long."

"May be I shall sign the pledge," was the reply, "but I consider my word here, just as sacred and binding as a written pledge, and so I solemnly swear before God and man never to touch another drop of the accursed poison so long as I live," and Jake retreated towards the door as he said this.

"Hold on Jake, don't go yet," called out another voice still, "come back and I will treat you. Here, landlord, give him a good glass of rum to make him better natured." But Jake never looked toward the speaker, and still kept moving slowly toward the door.

"You will try in vain, I guess," he slowly said, "for I have drank my last glass of liquor, God helping me," and old Jake Bell walked away.

"Wonder what has got into the old fool," said one of the bar-room loungers, "for I never knew him to refuse a glass of rum before."

"Guess he'll come back before many days go by," was heard from another part of the bar room.

"Suppose that old Jake should reform," said one that had not spoken before. "I never saw him with such a fit on, and if he should stick to what he has said, landlord Brown has lost one of his best customers."

"And a few shillings besides," chimed in another voice.

"Guess he has not lost much by old Jake Bell, for if I'm not mistaken his money has been quite an advantage to Jim Brown for a number of years," was the reply.

"Stop your noise, will you," said the landlord with a scowl upon his face, "I'll take care of old Jake."

"Perhaps he'll take care of himself," was the reply, "and I think he would do quite as well, and his wife and children would be the gainers."

"Stop your internal noise, Bill Grey, or leave this room," yelled the landlord, growing black with passion.

"If I do go," said Bill quietly, "I shall go as old Jake did, never to come back again. You know that what Bill Grey says he means."

"Well, then, hold your tongue," replied the landlord, a little cooled down by Bill's last remark.

Susan Bell sat by an humble window of her humble home, looking out upon the beautiful landscape bathed with the golden rays of the setting sun. There was an expression of pain and sadness resting upon her face, and occasionally a tear gleamed in her faded eyes. We doubt if the glory of the field and sky had awakened one cheerful thought in her heart, and if it did the dark cloud of misery soon turned the rays of sunlight to gloom again. Ah! the bright hopes of other days had long ago died out from the heart of Susan Bell, and the grim shadows of earthly wretchedness had long stood arrayed around her pathway. But away in the dim long ago, this now wretched woman had seen bright days of happiness, though they appeared now like some fairy dream, which cast its mocking glory upon the barren waters of life. Rum, the demon of earthly happiness, had destroyed the hopes of poor Susan Bell, and driven peace and plenty away from the once cheerful fireside. Rum had ruined the prospects of Jacob Bell and made him a miserable besotted wretch. In other days he had been loved and respected, for he possessed many noble qualities, and he did fair to be a man of more than ordinary usefulness in the world.

But he became entangled in the snares of intemperance, so down he went upon the fearful road of sin and ruin. Four children had once made music in his home, but after he began his career of shame, disease laid its hand upon two of them and they died. Mrs. Bell did not murmur as the death angel claimed them, for she saw the storm that was gathering in the western sky. Soon it came, and then she daily thanked God that there were only two to suffer the abuses of a drunken father, and bear the heavy load of want and poverty. Jim Brown had taken the earnings of the husband and father for many long years, and in return gave him the deadly poison that made him a brute and deadened every impulse of nobleness.

"He has gone to Brown's as usual," said Susan Bell to herself. "O how I wish that he would not go there so often. He never will even try to reform as long as he goes there to spend his leisure hours." A tear dropped from the eye of the drunkard's wife as she looked in the direction of the village tavern. "But it will do no good to hope any longer, for he will never do any better," she said half aloud.

The sun went down behind the western mountain and twilight began to gather over the earth. Still Susan Bell sat by the low window looking toward the now lighted bar-room.

"He is coming," she said, as she discovered the well known form in the twilight. "How strange that Jacob should be coming home so early; I wonder what it all means."

Jacob Bell walked steadily into the house, and in a pleasant voice asked, "Susan, will you get me some supper for I am very hungry?"

"We have but little to eat Jacob," was the reply, "but I will get you what we have."

"Have we any coffee?" he again asked in the same pleasant voice.

"We have none," answered Susan, "but perhaps I can borrow a little of Mrs. Blake."

"Have we any tea or sugar, Susan?" was the next inquiry.

"None," was the low reply.

"Then I will go and purchase some," said Jacob. "Mr. Grant is owing me for a half a day's work, and I guess that he can pay me."

Saying this he walked out of the house, and went in the direction to Mr. Grant's. Susan Bell's heart beat very fast at the strange conduct of her husband. "Oh if he does not stop at Brown's," she said.

He did not stop at Brown's altho' a dozen voices called to him while he was passing by. "I think that you will not succeed," he only said, and then walked towards home.

"Now make me a strong cup of coffee, Susan," he said, as he placed several small packages upon the table.

Susan quickly obeyed, and in a short time Jacob sat down to a better supper than he had had before for many a day.

"I am very weary," he only said, as he finished the meal. "Please call me very early in the morning, Susan, for I am going to work for Mr. Grant to-morow. I have taken the job of building his barn and want to get it well started this week."

Then he retired for the night, and soon Susan heard the deep regular breathing, and she knew that he was not under the influence of liquor. After visiting the couch of little Jennie she also retired, but not to sleep, for all through the long night were her thoughts busy in trying to arrive at some conclusion in regard to the strange conduct of her husband. The day came with its beautiful splendor, and just as the morning sun began to bathe the tall western mountain Mrs. Bell gently spoke her husband's name.

He answered as kindly as the evening before, and soon arose to prepare for the labors of the day. "Will you make me a strong cup of coffee, Susan," he asked, "I want nothing but the coffee," he continued, "for I am not hungry."

His wife said nothing but quickly prepared the coffee. After drinking two large cups he arose to go.

"Have you enough flour to last today," he asked as he was about to pass out.

"We have a little," was the reply.

"The day passed away at last, and just as the sun was setting, Jacob Bell entered the door of his home.

"Here are three dollars, Susan," he said, handing some money to his wife. "Take it and use it as you think best. Herbert can bring home whatever you want, for he will not work any longer for Mr. Hill. He is not strong enough to do such work as he has been in the habit of doing. He will go to school the remainder of the summer."

Mrs. Bell said not a word: she only hoped and prayed.

Another day passed away and three dollars more were placed in her hands. A week also went by and her husband had worked every day, and had not visited Jim Brown once in that time. Then he come home one night with a new suit of clothes on.

"They were a present to me," he said, in reply to Susan's inquiring looks. "Mr. Grant gave them to me?"

"And why did he do it Jacob?" now asked Susan in a trembling voice.

"If I tell you, then you will know my secret. But I think I will. It was because I signed the pledge."

"Have you signed the pledge, Jacob?" asked the wife in a voice choked with emotion.

"Yes," he quietly answered, "and with God's help I will keep it. Jim Brown has got the last cent of my money that he ever gets."

"Why did you take this step?" Susan asked in a very quiet voice.

"I cannot really tell you yet Mr. Grant I think was the true cause of it. He has talked so earnestly and kindly to me of late, that I saw myself as I never did before. And then about a week since I went into Jim Brown's bar-room and asked him to trust me for a drink. I was owing him a few shillings and as he was nearly drunk himself, he refused to trust me. I was mad with passion and then I made a vow before all present, never to drink another drop of liquor, and as I have before, God helping me I will never taste the accursed poison again."

Susan Bell silently thanked God and earnestly prayed that He would help her husband to keep his vow sacred.

Five years have passed away with their sunshine and shadow, and still Jacob Bell keeps his vow. The old brown house has been transformed by his skillful hand, and now it is the prettiest cottage in B. Thrift and plenty manifest themselves all about it, for it is no longer a drunkard's home. Mr. Jacob Bell looks much younger than he did five years ago, and for some reason, people do not call him "old Jake." The village tavern still stands, but Jim Brown died nearly two years since with "delirium tremens." Another rumseller fills his place, but Jacob Bell has never spoken to him. Thus did the drunkard keep his vow.—*Temperance Patriot.*

BISMARCK'S CALCULATIONS.—One of the sharp Parisian journalists investigating the cause of the war, attributes it to the plebiscite. Count Bismarck, he says, carefully watched all that was done in Paris early in the year. "Of the army," he said, "285,657 soldiers voted Yes, and 46,210 voted No—total, 331,877. This," he argued, "is the full amount that Napoleon can bring into the field at a short notice." Therefore, Moltke taking the same view, preparations for accepting the expected challenge from the Emperor were quietly but earnestly made in Germany, and when the challenge came a German army marched into France, instead of a French army invading Germany. It appears that, as Bismarck had counted, Napoleon had only 350,000 soldiers ready for action.

If brooks are, as the poets call them the most joyous things in nature, what are they always murmuring about?

Intolerance of Free Masonry.

One of the most convincing signs of the weakness and wickedness of Free-Masonry is its intolerance of discussion. Since the night when the body of the fated Morgan sank beneath the waters of the Niagara river, it has been the instinctive policy of Masons to suppress and stifle all investigation of the pretensions of the order. Anti-masonic meetings and addresses are the only matters of public interest which the papers systematically refuse fairly to report. The calmest opposition to their claims, raises the cry of persecution and provokes bitter and often violent resentment. Perhaps the latest instance of this method of argument is recounted in the American Wesleyan. The Rev. D. P. Rathbun was invited to lecture on Masonry while spending a few days in Sullivan Co., Pa. After consenting to do so he was met by a man who claimed to be a free mason and proved himself such by Masonic signs, who entered into conversation with him about the proposed lecture, vehemently extolled the Fraternity, declaring that no such brotherly love exists in any church on earth, inquired his residence, and whether there were any Masons there, and what was his nearest railroad station. He then said: "I do not think you understand Masonry, or you would not oppose it." Mr. Rathbun, who, we infer, has been a Mason, stepped up to him and whispered in his ear, at which he became violently excited and with an oath told him to "keep his head shut." At the lecture this same man interrupted the speaker and disturbed the assembly. Mr. Rathbun replied in Masonic language, "We met yesterday on the level, let us now part on the square," but received a blasphemous reply. Soon after Mr. Rathbun's return to his home at Buena Vista, New York, he was seized at night in his own barn whither he was decoyed by a noise made for the purpose, was beaten, choked, carried on a rail till his flesh was torn, dragged by the feet through a quagmire, into which he was afterwards thrown and stamped upon by two men, one standing on his head and the other on his hips until life was almost extinct. Then drawing him out, they applied spirits of turpentine to his lacerated flesh, and after further indignities left him with the significant remark; "*This is not meeting on a level and parting on the square.*" Previously to this assault Mr. Rathbun had found a paper posted up in his barn, containing a drawing of a coffin and the Masonic emblem of a pair of scales. In the light of these facts men will judge who were the agents in this outrage, but the public will know little of it, for it will be mentioned in very few papers.—*Christian Statesman.*

FRANKLIN ON FREEMASONRY.—Freemasonry has, I admit, its secrets. It has secrets peculiar to itself; but of what do these principally consist? They consist of signs and tokens, which serve as testimonials of character and qualifications which are confessed after the instruction and examination. These are of no small value: they speak a universal language, and are a passport to the support and attention of the world. They cannot be lost so long as memory retains its power. Let the possessor of them be expatriated, shipwrecked or imprisoned—let him be stripped of everything he has in the world, still their credentials remain and are available for use as circumstances may require. The good effects which they have produced are established by the incontestable facts of history. They have stayed the uplifted hand of the destroyer; they have subdued the rancor of malevolence, and broken down the barrier of political animosity and sectarian alienation. On the battlefield, in the solitudes of the uncultivated forest, or in the busy haunts of the crowded city, they have made men of the most hostile feelings, and the most diversified conditions, rush to the aid of each other, with special joy and satisfaction that they have been able to afford relief to a brother Mason.

ANOTHER "GIANT" DISCOVERED.—A Milton, Wisconsin, correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel writes: To-day as the hired help of Mr. Stanley were digging for the purpose of laying the foundation of a barn, they struck a large bone that had the appearance of a human skull, but of such enormous size that they thought it must belong to some animal. It was found in a slight mound on the east side of a hill overlooking Rock River, and in the town of Janesville, Section 6. Dr. Towndrow, a gentleman of fortune, chanced to be passing as the workmen were cleaning the dirt from the skull, and at their request got over the fence and examined it and pronounced it as belonging to the human family. The men fell to work and exhumed the entire skeleton. It was found in a fair state of preservation. The skull measured 32 1-2 inches in circumference and the thigh bones 44 1-2 in length. The doctor thought that when living he could not have been less than thirteen feet in height. The teeth were all in the jaws and were of enormous size. The doctor extracted one which measured one inch and a half in length. The most remarkable part of this strange discovery is the fact that the lower limbs from near the knee to the end of the toes are entirely petrified, the flesh having changed to stone and the parts being perfect in shape. As he was buried in a sitting posture, the doctor thought that the action of the lower strata of soil produced this marvellous change. Dr. Towndrow promptly offered Mr. Stanley ten thousand dollars for the skeleton, which Mr. Stanley promptly accepted. The doctor will arrange the bones in position, when he will exhibit it.

New Orleans has had the enjoyment of seeing another trapeze man nearly break every bone in his body by a fall from the ceiling to the stage.

A fool and his hair are soon parted

Legislature of Vermont.

Friday, Oct. 21, 1870.

SENATE.

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Morgan of Northfield.

Journal of yesterday read and approved.

Bills introduced and referred—By Mr. Carpenter, by request, relating to witnesses in prosecutions for selling intoxicating liquors; to judiciary com.

By Mr. Eddy, fixing the salaries of the Secretary and assistant Secretary of the Senate, and the Clerk and assistant Clerks of the House of Representatives; to com on finance.

By Mr. Hastings, relating to chattel mortgages; to jud. com.

Mr. Heath called up the joint resolution providing for a joint committee for re-districting the State. He believed that since the introduction of that resolution it had become evident that such a measure was injudicious at the present time, the census returns showing an increase of population that will probable entitle us still to retain our three members of Congress. He thought we ought not to go so far as to admit the possibility of a reduction in our Congressional delegation, as would be done by the passage of this resolution.

Mr. Pingry was not sure that this resolution was essential, but he thought some provision should be made to provide for the contingency. He suggested that a law be passed changing the day of the next election from the first Tuesday in September, to the first Tuesday in November.

Mr. Benedict favored the resolution. The resolution only proposed to refer to a committee a subject which certainly was entitled to consideration. The Governor has recommended a re-districting in his message, and it would be a courtesy to him and to the House which had sent the resolution to the Senate, to adopt it. Furthermore if the State was to keep its present representation, it would be proper to consider the matter of re-districting, the present division of districts being in some respects inconvenient and unsatisfactory.

Mr. Grandey thought sufficient courtesy had been shown the Governor by the consideration of the resolution. He saw no necessity for suggesting to Congress the propriety of reducing the Vermont delegation. No one claims that there will not be a sufficient opportunity to consider the subject of re-districting the State at the next session, if such action shall be necessary. He hoped the resolution would be defeated.

Mr. Pingry said that in case Congress shall at its next session make a new apportionment, as the present law stands we must elect our members on the first Tuesday of September or before the meeting of the next Legislature. He did not think it would suggest to Congress that we feared losing a member should a bill be adopted changing the time of election.

Mr. Gardner could see no objection to the appointment of a committee to examine the subject. The report of such a committee could do no harm, and after hearing it the Senate would be much better prepared to intelligently decide whether the State should be re-districted at the present session.

The resolution was then adopted.

AFTERNOON.

Reports.—By Mr. Pingry, for judiciary committee, with amendment to s. 32, in amendment of sec. 23, of chap. 119, g. s., entitled "of offenses against public policy;" amendment agreed to and third reading ordered.

By Mr. Ross, for same committee, against s. 34, to provide tax receipt stub-books for town, city, village and school district collectors; third reading refused.

HOUSE.

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Fisk, chaplain of the Senate.

The journal of yesterday was read and approved.

By Mr. Slade of Middlebury, to consolidate the outstanding bonded debt of the State and provide for payment of the same and interest thereon; to com. on ways and means.

By Mr. Tracy of Shelburne, in amendment of an act to regulate railroad crossings; to com. on railroads.

By Mr. Poland of Montpelier, to incorporate the Montpelier Manufacturing Company; to com. on corporations.

By Mr. Richmond of Woodstock, to pay the widow of the late Gov. P. T. Washburne the sum therein named; to com. on claims.

By Mr. Phelps of Grafton, to protect the rights of married women; to com. on judiciary.

Reports—From com. on banks, in favor of h. 70, taxing deposits in savings banks, with proposals of amendment, which was agreed to; third reading ordered at 2 1-2o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

From com. on corporations, in favor of h. 82, to incorporate the Burlington Prospecting Co.; with amendments, which were agreed to and the bill ordered to third reading.

From com. on corporations, in favor of h. 89, to incorporate the Shelburne Cheese Company; third reading ordered.

From com. on banks, in favor of h. 119 to revive, extend and continue the Stark Bank; third reading ordered.

From com. on banks, in favor of h. 114, to incorporate the Brattleboro Savings Bank, with amendment, which was agreed to; third reading ordered.

From com. on corporations in favor of h. 106, to incorporate the Pioneer Manufacturing Co; third reading ordered.

AFTERNOON.

Mr. Hall of Swanton, moved that the committee composed of the members from Bennington county be relieved from the consideration of h. 128, to incorporate the Northern Railroad Company; which motion was agreed to. Mr. Hall moved that the bill be referred to a select committee of seven to be appointed by the Speaker.

Mr. Wood of Fairhaven, opposed the motion, on the ground that it should go to its appropriate committee, the committee on railroads. The appointment of so many special committee was unnecessary, and he should oppose the proposed reference.

Mr. Hall said that a portion of the present railroad committee had a similar bill under consideration and passed upon it, reporting against it. He thought the committee itself would desire to be relieved from the consideration of the bill, and for that reason he moved a special committee.

Mr. Wood cited precedents in the reference of similar bills, and thought there was no good reason for its reference to any other than its appropriate committee.

The motion to refer to a special committee of seven was then agreed to—Ayes 105, Nays 55.

Mr. Bull of Hancock moved to reconsider the vote refusing the passage of h. 103, providing for the appointment of an engrossing clerk and the better preservation of the laws of the State.

On the question of reconsideration, Mr. Slade of Middlebury, demanded the yeas and nays.

Mr. Ballard of Fairfax, opposed the motion to reconsider, being opposed to the passage of the bill. He believed that it is necessary that bills should be engrossed to enable the Speaker properly to discharge the duties of his office. Amendments are made to bills, and they go to the Senate, where further am