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## THE TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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## THE MILLENNIUM.

BY R. W. W.

Ah, me! I fear that blessed time  
Will not come in my day.  
The signs which should foretell its birth,  
Look dim and far away.  
Till be the time when patriots turn  
Their backs "inside out,"  
And show their loyalty by what  
They do, not talk about.  
When Judas lives, who can't be bribed  
To set the guilty free;  
When pompous selfishness shall lose  
The pulse of charity;  
When slow-walkers and tailors learn  
To perform what they say,  
And when they promise coats and shoes,  
You're sure of them that day.  
When fashion stops a little while  
To show a bonnet, while in vogue,  
Runs half off them to death;  
When people cease to look with gifts,  
Then who were rich before,  
And learn to know the poorest poor,  
Who linger at their door;  
When Government Contractors lay  
Self-interest on the shelf,  
Nor rob the Treasury to add  
To their ill-gotten pelf;  
When lawyers can themselves believe  
That which they swear is true,  
Nor laugh in secret, when they've made  
You think that black is blue.  
When honest merit meets reward,  
And guilt its punishment,  
And Statesmen in our halls would be  
"Right, rather than President,"  
When gold again shall be at par,  
And cotton, too, is down;  
When men respect the lowly wise,  
More than the wealthy clown;  
When the rebellion buldies burst—  
O, I must live till then;  
When Union, Liberty and Right,  
Are safeguards for all men;  
When healthy stomachs, and clear heads  
Are said to be the rage,  
And a dyspeptic woman is  
The wonder of the age;  
When doctors, bless their hearts, shall find  
Their "respiration gone,"  
In short, when life's a lottery,  
And all the blanks are drawn,  
St. Albans, Vt., Jan. 2, 1865.

## The Golden Pippin.

Now, Ray, seriously, you are not vexed with me? You yourself would have been first to have bid me go."  
Far down the precipitous ledges of the mountain path the valley seemed to swim in mists of gold, while here and there, among the overhanging rocks, a deep-dyed sumach tossed its rest of crimson flames in the spire of a mid-October, and the coral-berried berries of the dogwood glowed like burning coals in the tangled wilderness of the woods. It was a very pretty background for wood nymph, or hamadryad, and Rachel Martin's attitude was unconsciously artistic as she played with the wild blue aster that covered her little basket of hickory nuts, spoils from the great old tree whose giant branches overtopped the whole forest.  
"She was plump and pretty, with round wondering blue eyes and a mouth like a magnified cranberry, while the roses on her cheek seemed to go and come with every breath she drew, and the faint touches of sunshine on her brow gave additional charm to her fresh rustic beauty. Mark Douglas leaned over the twisted beech root that separated them, and tried to take the brown hand in his, but it was drawn away with decided quickness.  
"Ray, dearest!"  
Ah, he did not see the blood manning to her cheek under the envious shadows of the atrocious "Shaker-bonnet"—he did not hear the quick, "Doubting of the petulant heart. "Dearest," indeed! When Leziah Truman's bean never so much went to Boston without asking her name, and Charley Jenkins had distinctly intimated that the whole programme of his future existence was to be indicated solely by Miss Martin's fish. Yes, it was all very well for Captain Mark to stay at home, officiating in the Home Guard department, and like the uniform, and didn't object to the martial eclat. But to go down among the rebels without so much as consulting her inclination, the spoiled beauty thought that was altogether a different thing.  
"I see you are in no mood to discuss the matter impartially, just now, Rachel," Captain Mark said, gravely.

"I had thought, I had hoped to find you feeling differently."  
"In no mood!" Rachel colored hot scarlet. What right had Mark Douglas to treat her like a naughty child?  
"I beg your pardon, Captain Douglas," she said, petulantly; "it isn't at all necessary to discuss a matter so perfectly indifferent to me."  
Now Mark Douglas was only a man, with all the infirmities incident to mankind. He bit his lip, and his brow grew dark.  
"Rachel, you seem to have forgotten the engagement!"  
"Engagement," she repeated, sharply. "I am tired of an engagement that only fetters one party while the other is free as air."  
"Tired!" he hesitated a moment, as if vainly striving to command his voice. "Do you wish to be released, Ray?"  
She did not answer—perhaps she was not quite prepared for this phase of affairs.  
"Tell me—yes or no!" he demanded sternly.  
"Yes," she answered, with pettish abruptness.  
"Then good-by, Ray."  
Gone? Yes, he was gone. She watched him descending the mountain side with quick, even strides under the scarlet draperies of clinging vines, through patches of deep, still shadow into belts of golden sunshine, until the overhanging rock hid him from her view; yet it seemed so difficult to believe that he was really gone.  
She looked down at the tiny engagement-ring that sparkled on her forefinger—a simple turquoise set in virgin gold, whose blue glimmer shone dimly through her tears—and she could not but remember the tender words with which he had placed it on her finger.  
"Let it be a token between us, dearest, like the signet rings of old times. Wherever I may be, this ring will always bring my heart to its queen."  
And now!  
"I ought to have returned it," she pondered, shrinking as if the slender circlet of gold were a ring of fire. "I will—some time!"  
So Mark Douglas lost his sweet-heart, and marched down to Petersburg a solitary man, marveling, as many a one has done before him, on the inscrutable mysteries of the female heart.  
"Dretful keen wind, ain't it?" said the Widow Taylor, nutting the strings of her worsted hood; "powerful sharp frost last night! Deacon Pettibone's dahlias is black as soot, and all Miss Morrison's mornin'-glories is blasted. Thankee, Miss Martin, my feet is cold; won't you take the rocking-chair yourself? Why, Rachel, child, what ails you? all the neighbors are talkin' about how you've changed!"  
Rachel colored and turned away.  
"I am well enough."  
"I tell you what, Miss Martin," began Mrs. Taylor, in a mysterious whisper to the elderly lady, "you just take a double handful o' green willer bark, and bile it up well—or snakeroot tea ain't bad—and give her a pint noon and mornin'. It's the most strengthening! But I've come round to tell you what the Women's Committee have decided on."  
"Ah, indeed?" said Mrs. Martin, inquiringly.  
"We all feel to be dretful thankful the harvest's been so good, and—and—every thing's fetched up just about right," intoned the widow; "and so we thought it would be kind o' squarin' up with a merciful Providence to send a box or two o' things out to them poor soldiers that's a fightin' like all possessed! It's only accordin' to Scripser, you know, and it would be a kind o' nice little Thankgivin' gift, now wouldn't it?"  
The widow dropped her eyelids sanctimoniously, and went on:  
"Miss Darby's kindly gin us a bushel o' them sweet-potatoes they raised in the south pasture lot. They're a little damaged, not exactly fit for market; but there's no doubt the soldiers'll be glad to get 'em; and Mrs. Deacon Pettibone has giv' us a lot o' that fermented peach sass, and Desire Wallis has made up a sight o' brock marks, and Widow Smith has cooked a peck o' dough-nuts, without no sweetenin'. Sugar's so high, and tain't likely the soldiers care for sweet stuff. As for me, I reely don't like to tell about my mite; but I hunted up a few o' poor Deacon Taylor's old trowsers and coats in the garret—a little moth-eaten and rather tender but I hain't no doubt they'll be welcome. Old Jones has giv' us a half a pound o' tea and a pound o' candles, and Mr. Merriam contributes a set o' law books, that they tell is dretful in-

provin' readin'. And the Committee cal'c'lated you and Rachel would help us."  
"Of course we will," assented Mrs. Martin, recovering promptly from the momentary bewilderment and amusement caused by the Widow Taylor's valuable list of treasures; "and—"  
"Then I may as well be stirrin'," ejaculated the widow, jumping up; "for I've got to see Miss Dr. Davison and Squire Ladd yet to-night. Good-even't ye—and don't forget the willer-bark tea!"  
Mrs. Martin and Rachel both burst out laughing as the door closed.  
"Poor Mrs. Taylor!" said Mrs. Martin.  
"Mama, how can she?" demanded Rachel indignantly. "Such a box for the soldiers! Why, it would only aggravate them!"  
"Never mind, Ray, dear," said her mother soothingly; "I'll make up a lot of real nice doughnuts, and pack 'em around the biggest pair of turkeys father can find, with a box of little pumpkin pies; and you shall send a barrel of those golden pippins from the old tree beyond the brook—the tree Mark Douglas liked so well. They're in the garret in that old green chest; and be sure and put in plenty o' good straw to prevent their mellerin' against each other."  
Rachel obeyed; and Mrs. Martin never had the least idea of the tears she shed, with her trim little figure half way into the barrel, as she packed the great fair yellow apples among the yellow straw. If the golden pippins could only have spoken, what a Thanksgiving story they might have told to the Army of the Potomac!  
Mr. Martin's broad face beamed with satisfaction as he harnessed up old Dolly to carry the box and barrel to Boston.  
"It's just like you women-folks to keep thinkin' of such things," he declared. "Now it never wouldn't ha' come into my great wooden head—and jest to think how much better our Thanksgiving dinner 'll taste for remembrance! The poor fellows that's a fightin' for us! Gee up, Dolly!"  
And Mr. Martin winked his misty eyes and cracked his whip simultaneously.  
"I—don't—see—where—it—can—be!"  
The golden vapors were all faded away from the sweet valley now—the gray November sky stretched its dreary canopy of clouds over the glens and forests, and the yellow leaves were raining sadly down around Ray Martin's feet as she hurriedly traversed the mountain path, pushing aside the red and russet drifts with eager tremulous fingers, and searching as if for some precious lost talisman.  
"Oh, to think that I should have dropped it!" she faltered, half aloud.  
"While I wore it I could fancy our parting was but a dream. Oh, where could I have lost it!"  
And she sat down on the twisted beech-root and cried heartily, while the moaning of the chill wind brought back an echoing cadence to her ears.  
"A barrel of golden pippins! O Mars! isn't it jolly?"  
The first lieutenant executed an impromptu hurra around the barrel as Captain Douglas pried up the cover with a hammer.  
"We're very much obliged to Company A," said the latter sedately. "I hope you didn't forget that Jennings?"  
"Oh, of course I did the polite. Company A was so obliging as to send us the barrel, and keep the great Leviathan of a box for its own delectation. I just wish you could have seen Dodsley's face when he opened it?"  
"What do you mean?"  
"Such a conglomeration of decayed Carolina potatoes, sour sweetmeats, old rags, and law books! I didn't stop to investigate very closely, however; it was my interest to roll the barrel down hill as far as possible, least Dodsley should repent of his generosity. I confess I was a little nervous while you were opening the barrel, lest it should contain cold victuals and pine kindlings. Hullo! what's this?" he exclaimed, taking a slip of paper that had lain beneath the lid; "A Thanksgiving remembrance!" Much obliged to you my unknown friend. I'll keep my Thanksgiving now."  
Douglas caught the slip from his friend's hand; a deep blush rose to his cheek as he recognized May Martin's delicate and rather peculiar hand writing.  
"The same old apples that used to lie like spheres of gold in the long

grass of the river meadow! I thought I knew them, he pondered. "Jennings—"  
But Jennings had dodged out to promulgate the good tidings among his fellow officers. At the same instant Mark Douglas's eye caught a foreign glitter among the yellow straw.  
The turquoise ring!  
His heart gave a sudden leap as he remembered the careless, half-romantic words with which he had placed it on her finger. And then came the revelation of feeling.  
"What a fool I am! as if she could have known the destination of this chance gift!"  
Yet above the cold and calculating voice of reason, a far more welcome tone kept repeating to the ear of his heart, with perpetual refrain.  
"She has called me back to her! she has called me back!"  
The twilight of Thanksgiving Eve was brooding darkly over Mr. Martin's great old-fashioned kitchen, where the glow of pine logs afforded the only illumination, and a shrill voiced cricket piped behind the chimney bricks. Ray saw the red gleams flickering on the leafless maples across the road, as she walked slowly down the sloping path, with a gray shawl wrapped round her head, and fresh carnations, born of the sharp, keen wind, on her cheeks. She started in quick affright as a footstep sounded among the rustling leaves at her side, and a gentle touch fell on her arm.  
"Ray!"  
And then she knew that the troubled dream was over.  
The old clock behind the strings of red pepper had chimed nine before Rachel thought of the question that would have been most natural to ask first.  
"But how—why—what made you come back?"  
"You summoned me, Ray."  
"I? Never, Mark."  
He held up the turquoise ring with an arch look of defiance, and all at once the truth broke upon her.  
"Let me put it on your finger once again, Ray, never to be removed except for the wedding-ring of gold!"  
She let her head droop an instant upon his shoulder, and then looked up through sparkling tears.  
"Oh, Mark, I think this will be the most real Thanksgiving of my life!"  
FAMILY COUNSELOR.—In the family the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household and nowhere else. I have known such men. They are good fathers and kind husbands. If you have seen them in their own house you would have thought that they were perfect angels, almost; but if you had seen them on the street, or in the store, or anywhere else out of the house, you would have thought them almost demonic. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get home we say to ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and am now going to be natural." So we sit down, and we are ugly and snappish, and blunt, and disagreeable. We lay aside those thousand little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, that makes the hardest thing like velvet, and that makes life pleasant. We expend our politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will generally bring silver and gold.  
MEDICAL USE OF SALT.—The Medical World says, in many cases of disordered stomach, a tablespoonful of salt is a certain cure. In a violent interminal pain termed colic, a teaspoonful of salt, dissolved in a pint of cold water, taken as soon as possible, with a short nap immediately after, is one of the most effectual and speedy remedies known. The same will relieve a person who seems almost dead from a very heavy fall. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing; if not, until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy. In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed; all the bandages removed from the neck, and cool aperient procured, if possible. In case of severe bleeding at the lungs, when other remedies failed, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood.

The model American soldier is patient and enduring; likes campfire; is good-natured and jolly, and makes fun for his comrades; is always ready for any duty; does all the cooking for his tent-mates and himself; washes a shirt occasionally for a tent-mate; has his knapsack always ready to start at a moment's notice; spends all day Sunday cleaning his gun; can eat raw pork on a march; don't drink much water on a march; don't consider it healthy; sleeps with his boots and cap on; carries his pockets full of ammunition; has his tent up and supper cooked just ten minutes after a halt; knows where to find plenty of rail fences; always has plenty of straw to sleep on; don't have a high opinion of officers; wouldn't do any thing for the colonel if twas to save his life; thinks the major ought to have something to do to prevent him from getting lazy; thinks his captain a first-rate fellow, and helps to put up his tent; won't stand any nonsense from the lieutenant; don't like battles better than anybody else, but is ready to do his duty; tries to take care of his health; has recruited, and intends to see the thing through; sends home all his pay; intends to buy land and settle down when the war is over; considers it foolish to get drunk; never spends money at the sutler's; helps the new recruit strap on his knapsack; advises him not to eat much grease; wants him to take care of his health; never gets angry except when talking about rebels; swears a little then; can't help it; is willing to sacrifice his life to put down the rebellion; believes Abe Lincoln an honest man; will vote for him or any other man that will put down this rebellion; thinks army contractors and officers with big salaries have kept the war going too long; is willing to do his duty any way, and hopes, when the war is over, to see Jeff. Davis and the copperheads go to destruction together.  
"To take it coolly" is an old lesson of soldier life, which was in all probability the test of *savoir faire* and social supremacy among the camps of the primal Aryans or antediluvian Celts, as well as the "Peds" and "Johnny Rebs" of the present day. And they have certainly attained to great excellence in the art. "I have seen soldiers chase hares," says the writer of an army letter, "and pick blackberries, when a shower of the leaden messengers of death was falling thick and fast around them, and do many other cool and foolish things. But the following, which actually took place at Mine Run, surpasses any thing I remember to have ever seen or heard: One of those biting cold mornings, while the armies of Meade and Lee were staring at each other across the little rivulet known as Mine Run, when moments appeared to be hours and hours days, so near at hand seemed the deadly strife, a solitary sheep leisurely walked along the run on the rebel side. A rebel vidette fired and killed the sheep, and dropping his gun advanced to remove the prize. In an instant he was covered by a gun in the hands of a Union vidette, who said: "Davide is the word, or you are a dead Johnny." This proposition was assented to, and there, between the two skirmish lines, Mr. Rebel skinned the sheep, took one half and moved back with it to his post, when his challenger, in turn, dropping his gun, crossed the run, got the other half of the sheep, and resumed the duties of his post, amidst the cheers of his comrades who expected to help him eat it."  
A WOMAN'S IDEA OF TROUSERS.—A young New England mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of colored trousers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before so that they might be changed about and wear evenly—and so she fashioned them. Their effect when donned by the little victim was ludicrous in the extreme. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garments, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," burst into a roar of laughter and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."  
COPYING WRITING.—If a little sugar be added to the ink, a copy of the writing may easily be taken off by laying a sheet of unsized paper, dampened with a sponge, on the written paper, and passing over it a flat-iron moderately heated.

The females of some of the Indian tribes, in order to keep silence, fill their mouths with water. Our women fill their mouths with tea, and gossip more than ever.  
The American Soldier.  
Historical Record.  
The following is a list of the Presidents and Vice Presidents of the United States, as well as those who were candidates for each office since the organization of the Government:  
1789. George Washington and John Adams, two terms, no opposition.  
1797. John Adams, opposed by Thomas Jefferson, who, having the next highest electoral vote, became Vice President.  
1801. Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr; beating John Adams and Chas. C. Pickney.  
1805. Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton; beating Charles C. Pickney and Rufus King.  
1809. James Madison and George Clinton; beating Charles C. Pickney.  
1813. James Madison and Elbridge Gerry; beating De Witt Clinton.  
1817. James Madison and Daniel D. Tompkins; beating Rufus King.  
1821. James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins; beating John Quincy Adams.  
1825. John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun; beating Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, and Mr. Crawford—there being four candidates for President, and Albert Gallatin for Vice President.  
1829. Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun; beating John Quincy Adams and Richard Rush.  
1833. Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren; beating Henry Clay, John Floyd, and Wm. Wirt, for President, and Wm. Wilkins, John Sergeant, and Henry Lee, for Vice President.  
1837. Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson; beating Wm. H. Harrison, Hugh L. White, and Daniel Webster, for President, and John Tyler for Vice President.  
1841. Wm. H. Harrison and John Tyler; beating Martin Van Buren and Littleton W. Tazewell. Harrison died one month after his inauguration, and John Tyler became President for the remainder of the term.  
1845. James K. Polk and George M. Dallas; beating Henry Clay and Theodore Frelinghuysen.  
1849. Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore; beating Lewis Cass and Martin Van Buren, for President, and Wm. O. Butler and Charles F. Adams, for Vice President. Taylor died July 9, 1850, and Fillmore became President.  
1853. Franklin Pierce and William R. King; beating Winfield Scott and W. A. Graham.  
1857. James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge; beating John C. Fremont and Millard Fillmore, for President, and Wm. L. Dayton and A. J. Donelson, for Vice President.  
1861. Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin; beating John Bell, Stephen A. Douglas, and John C. Breckinridge, for President, and Edward Everett, Herschel V. Johnson, and Joseph Lane, for Vice President.  
1864. Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson; beating Gen. George B. McClellan and George H. Pendleton.  
Panther Hunt.  
A British traveller in Brazil gives the following account of a panther hunt near the Villa de Fernaba:  
"Finding I still persisted in my favorite pursuit, the Governor good-naturedly resolved on gratifying me with the spectacle of a panther hunt. Accompanied by his sons, we rode out early in the morning to an extensive plain, in the centre of which was a jungle; into this the Vaqueiros had succeeded in driving, on the previous night, a large panther, preparatory to the morning's sport. We took our station on an eminence which commanded a view of the centre field. The loud barking of the dogs, the wild cries of the huntsmen as they galloped round the skirts of the jungle, cheering on the dogs, formed an animated scene. Aroused in his lair, the panther, furious with rage, sprang forth to meet his enemies. The Vaqueiro nearest to the point from which he had issued now advanced to the attack. He exhibited a beautiful sight, whirling in the air his lasso and urging forward with the spur the spirited little steed on which he was mounted, whose dilated nostrils, fiery eyeballs and erect mane, proclaimed his instinctive dread of the enemy in his front. The panther crouched in the act to spring on his advancing foe, but he was forestalled by the well skilled assailant, who, at the distance of twenty yards, threw his lasso with unerring aim. Scarcely had it left his hand before the well trained horse wheeled round and flew across the plain, dragging after him the already disabled panther, for with such beautiful precision had the lasso been thrown, that the fore paw of the animal was fairly strapped

to his neck. The whole party now dashed forward to be in at the death. The Vaqueiro, slackening his pace, gradually shortened the length of the cord till he brought his enemy within a few yards of him, and then, in less time than I can narrate it, saw him leap from his saddle, his broad knife gleaming in the morning sunbeam, and with the rapidity of lightning leaving the cloud, it was buried in the heart of the panther."  
KISSING.—Josh Billings says there is "one cold, blue, lean kiss, that always makes him shiver to see. Two persons (of the female persuasion) who have witnessed a grate menny younger and more pulpy daz, meet in some public place, and not having saw each other for 24 hours the kiss innegately; then the tork about the weather, and the young man who preached yesterday, and then the kiss innegately, and then the tork about luff at what the sa tev each other, and kiss again innegately. This kind of kissing always puts me in mind of two old flints trying to strike fire."  
At Aberdeen, Scotland, evening services lately held in one of the churches have been discontinued on account of the bad behavior of the young people of the congregation. There were many young men and young women who made the church a place of resort for the sole purpose apparently of having "a lark" and meeting afterwards. Laughing aloud, paper-pellet throwing, lucifer-match lighting, and whole sets of lads and lassies, from opposite sides of the church, walking out in dozens by preconcerted signals, were common occurrences. So bad did things become, latterly that the male and female portion of the gathering were kept separate by the one sex being only allowed to the galleries of the church, while the other were confined below. Even this did not cure the evil, and so the church was closed.  
WHAT TO DO WITH TROUBLES.—When we are fully conscious that the cup of adversity lifted to our lips by the hand of God, is lifted by one who tenderly loves us, and whom we supremely love, it becomes sweet—even as the bitter waters of Marah become sweet when touched by the wand of the prophet. Says a great writer—alluding to a fact in natural history—"The cutting, irritating grain of sand, which by accident or incaution has got within the shell of the pearl oyster, incites the living inmate to secrete from its own resources the means of coating the intrusive substance, and a pearl is the result. And is it not, or may it not be even so with the irregularities and unevenness of health and fortune in our own case? We, too, may turn diseases into pearls."  
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAND.—Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as to the shape of the beautiful member whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the two goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented for his examination, he replied at last: "I give it up; the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand is the hand that gives."