

PLYMOUTH WEEKLY DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XIV.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1869.

NUMBER 28.

Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor sad;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.

I've seen your hands in this form and hue
A scented dream might be.

Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!

Though heart were weary and sad;
The poor hands were resting on me.

The children might be glad.

I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day.

I think how these hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Time has made them feeble now;

For time and pain have left their work
On hand, and heart, and brow.

And the end, sad to me,

When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will fold me.

But oh! beyond this shadow lamp,
Where all is bright and fair,

I know full well your old hands
Will prove of victory here.

Where crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,

And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

Selected Miscellany.

A FAMILY JAR, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

I REMEMBER it as though it had happened yesterday. It was the biggest row we ever had in our family.

It was one cold, rainy evening in the early part of December. We all sat down to the supper-table as usual, but not, apparently, in our usual good humor.

By "us" I mean the family, which consisted of father, mother, my two sisters, — Clara and Lizzie, — Bob and myself.

Bob Carver was one of our family, as he said, "by birth." His mother and my mother had been friends in girlhood, and had never outgrown their intimacy. Ever since Bob had lived in the city he had boarded at our house, and he seemed like one of us.

He was a jolly good fellow, and appeared to think a good deal of us all, especially Clara, who, by the way, did not seem to care particularly for him, though, of course, she liked him "well enough," as we all did.

The relations between these two had caused me some painful consideration. I liked Bob very well, and would have given to him all the love in my family more fully than by "brevet." Beside this regard for him made me feel a warm sympathy for his unreciprocated affection for Clara. I was in love myself, and thought that if Maggie Cranston showed as much indifference to me as Clara did sometimes toward Bob, that I should have been inexplicably miserable.

Beside this, Clara seemed to take a good deal of pleasure in the company of that stupid Jim Bayne, whose chief delight seemed to consist in talking about religion, politics and other subjects, which bored me intolerably. I was nineteen, and poetical.

It always seemed to me that Lizzie would have suited Bob better than Clara, anyhow. They were both fond of music, and often played and sang together; but they never got along smoothly together. They did not appear to agree about anything but music, and they quarreled about that. Yet they would still practice together. Their voices harmonized well, and I supposed they tolerated each other for the sake of the music.

I could never understand Lizzie's conduct toward Bob. It was absurd. Some of his ideas that she argued against with all her might, when he stated them, she as warmly defended in conversation with the rest of us. I believe she delighted in being contrary.

Mother sometimes rebuked her for her pertinacity to Bob, but father said it made no difference—it was customary for people to quarrel. He was quick to see his boy was not turned out well, and the buckwheat cakes showed a tendency to become sour.

Mother said something about the bread—said she had been over the baking nearly all day, and it seemed as though it never would rise. She said, "I think either the flour or the yeast is bad."

Father, just to be disagreeable, I suppose, said, "A bad workman always complains of his tools."

Mother flushed up instantly. She was a good bread-maker, and she knew it. She said, "That don't apply to me. We generally have good bread as any one. Don't you think so, Robert?"

Bob, who looked as though he was writing on some paper in mental arithmetic, said, "I don't know how to criticize the far at my boarding-house."

This was improving (?) things rapidly.—Bob calling our house his boarding-house.

After supper Bob went up to his room, and smoked a cigar, and afterward came down in a more social humor. In accordance with a previous arrangement, he and Lizzie sat down to practice an instrumental duet.

I sat in the parlor reading, and, so long as the music ran smoothly on, I paid no attention to it; but suddenly there was a discord, and then it ceased.

"You made a mistake there," said Bob, pointing to the music.

"No, it was you," said Lizzie, "and there it was," pointing at one of the two pieces with which the composer's disfigure paper.

"I beg pardon," said Bob; "but I could not have made such a mistake, as I am quite familiar with the piece. I played it with Miss Peterson the other evening, and she made the same mistake you did,—only she saw it when I pointed it out."

"Oh, yes; she would see that black was white, if you pointed it out. What has Miss Peterson to do with me?"

"I surely thought that you and I had lived long enough in the same house together, and were sufficiently intimate—if not friendly—to allow me to differ with you sometimes, and even to quote authori-

ty in support of my own opinion when it was at variance with yours."

"Whatever friendly relations there were need not continue. You have chosen to define your position in the house as that of a mere boarder, and as such, had no right to flout another young lady in my face, and claim that because she made a mistake, I must have done so, too. You talk queerly about this music, anyhow. If you are as familiar with the piece as you pretend, why did you practice it? I know you are not right about that mistake, and I don't believe you think you are, yourself."

"Five years have passed since then, Clara and Lizzie got married, of course, and I stood up at their wedding. Clara keeps house. Bob and Lizzie still live at home, and father insists that they always shall."

"If a man had given Bob Carver the lie so directly, I suppose he would have knocked him down. As it was, he jumped up, without a word, and went to his room."

"I don't think Jim Bayne so stupid as I once did. Three years in the fish and oil business, as junior member of the firm of Martin & Son, have damaged my poetic enthusiasm, while Bayne's seems, somehow or other, on the increase."

"I have not married Maggie Cranston. In fact, I do not know her. We did not keep up our acquaintance long after she left the boarding-school where she was when I so fully expected to marry her, and thought I could not get along without her."

"I am still a youthful bachelor, awaiting an opportunity to quarrel with some young lady, as Bob Carver did with our Lizzie; but I don't want any nineteen-year-old brothers on hand at the reconciliation."

From our Special Correspondent.

METROPOLITAN ECHOES.

NEW YORK, March 13, 1869.

You would scarcely believe it, but to-day we actually found blooming along one of the more sheltered walks of Central Park some few of those small but adventurous flowers which, in this strange climate, thrust their bold heads up through the frosted ground and proclaim the advent of spring. And spring is indeed at hand. We stand just on the threshold of that fresh, bright season which is ever most charming in the city. And from now until the heats of July shall drive us seaward and mountainward, the great metropolis will flash and glitter, and attract and fascinate, as at no other time, and not as if no anguished human souls or breaking hearts were hid beneath its tinted cloak.

Speaking of the Park, which we New Yorkers regard as a sort of earthly paradise, recalls the practical and far from complimentary estimate placed upon it by an old Western farmer whom we encountered in one of its grander avenues the other day. "All very well—all very well," said he, in dubious admiration; "but it's a thunderin' pity to waste so much nice ground just for a lot o' folks to knock around in, when it 'ud make such a bully farm."

There is a grotto in our ears to-day, from which the city appears now never to be wholly free, respecting the dullness of trade; but only to us tireless "newsmongers" who dive beneath the outward semblance of metropolitan life, is the cause apparent. New York has, like Paris, the happy faculty of presenting always something for us, whatever may be its hidden financial sufferings, the bicker and pleasure-seeking within its walls catches no echoing wail thereof. To the superficial observer, the great city's career is one long holiday. The brilliant colors of recently displayed spring fashions lend a peculiar descriptive charm to this hour of commercial distress, for who stops to think of prosy, dull, unpleasant things when Broadway rolls before us with its drifting tides of gaiety and beauty, and the grand old thoroughfare seems transformed into a long and lovely green-house, filled with animated bouquets? You would hardly think it "Lent," and this a city which counts its pretended observance thereof by tens of thousands!

Certain mysterious movements on the part of the metropolitan "Sorosis" are reported, the exact purpose of which cannot yet be definitely diagnosed. We shall direct a sharp look out after them, however, in the interest of our readers, and to the public posted.

Train's remarkable "open" letter to Vanderbilt is much discussed in social circles about town, but it does not appear that the "severely severe" epistle has annihilated our thorough old Commodore, for we saw him on Broadway yesterday, looking quite as stubborly alive as ever. One of his many fast teams had a race with a velocipede, and was soon less alarmed at the novel and peculiar competitor brought against them, something very like a runaway resulted and V. Lopelope, Esq., was easily distanced. Still, the novelty-loving world of this metropolis persists in believing in Velocipedes, and so the mania continues to rage in spite of frightened horses, to say nothing of bruised human in scores, who have been its willing victims. Central Park is occasionally overrun with these odd two-wheeled machines, and accidents of a serious nature have become so frequent that some official measures must soon be taken to regulate the speed of the "go-devil" (as it is sometimes called) in the localities where it may be used. There is great interest in velocipede exercise, no doubt; but poor pedestrians should have some security against destruction by enthusiastic riders in the Park, and they will soon demand it.

Father asked him, "What?" and he replied, "Potatoes."

He helped himself to a spoonful, and then deliberately took a spoonful of butter.

Mother significantly asked him if he thought smoking agreed with him, and he told her yes, he considered it a delightful exercise; and as he gave her this novel assurance, he reached for the matches and poured it over his potatoes and butter.

I believe Clara saw the state of affairs at once, and shared Lizzie's joy to the greatest possible degree.

Father and mother seemed to accept the "era of good feeling" without explanation, while Bob was insincere.

He asked father about the sermon, and on being assured that it was an excellent one, said he would take a little of it.

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