

# The Lancaster Intelligencer

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TRIFLES.  
What are trifles—who may guess  
All a trifle's meaning, and  
Scattered ears on life's broad field  
For a wise one's gleaming,  
Numbly but with a gleaming eye,  
Frangit with pain or pleasure,  
In nature's mystic chain,  
Thought of trifle's meaning.

But a trifle seems a word  
All unkindly good  
Yet the life-long watch low  
For a goodly broken  
But a trifle seems a smile  
On a kind face beaming,  
Yet a faint heart's glow is strong,  
'Neath its gentle gleaming.  
Just a look may waken thought  
Full of proud and gloaming  
With a glad contentment;  
Little prayer of child or man,  
By their mother kneeling,  
Touch a word and weary heart,  
With a child-like feeling.  
But a flower's perfume may bear  
Back through years of sorrow,  
The sunny mood of life,  
With a bright thought,  
And a tress of alock hair,  
On a young heart parted,  
With a child-like tear,  
For the broken-hearted.

'Twas a single rain-drop fell  
On a green bud throbbing,  
Strutted by the daily sun,  
Lo, a flower is bursting;  
And an hour's light is long  
In a pathway dory,  
Spread an oak's broad shadows out,  
To refresh the weary traveler.

Trifling on the mountain-height,  
Through the beech trees stealing,  
See, a thread of silver light,  
Sunbeams are revealing;  
Drop by drop it gathers fast,  
Never resting, never  
Till it is a river's forth,  
In a glorious river.  
Trifles! each one hath a part  
In our pain or pleasure,  
Strutted by the daily sun,  
Of our life's brief measure;  
All unkindly good,  
Sincerely worth our heed,  
Oh, a trifle it may be,  
God's own work is gleaming.

THE MEN FOR THE TIMES.  
Give us the nerve of steel,  
And the arm of a fearless knight,  
And the sword that is ready still  
To battle for the right.  
Give us the eye to see,  
That honest truth is ready still  
To battle for the right.  
Give us the mind to feel,  
The suffering of the poor,  
And fearless power in the dying hour  
To help a suffering brother.  
Give us the clear, cool brain  
That is never afraid of a thing;  
But springing ever with bold endeavor,  
Wakes the world from its propping.  
Ah, give us the nerve of steel,  
And the arm of a fearless knight,  
And the sword that is ready still  
To battle for the right.

A restless, sad, longing little heart was beating under a worn calico dress, in a little room in Fourth street. Tears as warm and grief-swollen as any that gush from woman's eyes crept down the cheek a little way, paused, crept on a little further, waited, trembled, and then swelling as the bosom swells with sighs, ran down the maiden's cheek and fell upon the faded chin. Through and through, and through again, the finger of a nimble needle, shining with the never-ending attrition of muslin and linen and silk. The Argus eye thimble—nothing better than steel, though worn to the polish of silver—clicked against the needle, pressing it finger-clip, fretted and notched and blackened by many a weary day and many a weary night.

A cooking stove, one other chair, two beds, a few dishes on a shelf in the corner, a broom, a large stone pitcher, a bonnet and shawl, a few pieces of stove furniture, half a dozen plants in rough wooden boxes on the window sill, four or five books on the one table—these comprised the furniture. The room was elevated far above the noise and dust of the city street—above the usual sight of city pigeons even; in the fifth story; and the roof of the building had out of a corner of the ceiling. The little low windows—a pair of stunted ones—did the best they could with the sunlight, but were too much crowded by the falling roof to accomplish much.

Had you slipped noiselessly in—which you could not have done, in fact, for the sagging of the door and its heavy scraping upon the threshold—you would have been struck first by the bareness, and then by the singular neatness of the sitting room. A little black and white kitten would have glanced up at you from a soft bed of cotton in its own corner, or skipped, frightened, upon the smaller bed of the two; and the still figure in the window would have presented only a bowed head, but busy fingers, and a worn and faded print.

But if your tread had been heard upon the stairs, and mistaken for that of an old man, just before you reached the threshold, you would have heard a springing step upon the attic floor, the door would have scraped open with a good natured growl, a pair of black eyes would have shone out at you from a face wreathed in smiles, and possibly, in the shadow and haste, you might have got a pair of arms about your neck. At any rate, you would have followed a tall, lithe figure into the room, and on seeing you it would have found yourself rife with an expressive and proud face as ever shone from voluptuous plush, airy laces, rustling silk, and sparkling diamonds.

Indeed, while the tear drops were falling under the pressure of thoughts which the heart could not possibly hide under its lifting lid, a step was heard upon the stairs, the staircase did creak, like the stage-driver's horse, with the news of a coming; the door did open, and a pair of arms were flung passionately about the neck of a white-haired old man. Jennie had been crying of thoughts aroused by a brief walk in a populous street that afternoon. She avoided these better thoroughfares when she could, hurrying along where the streets are narrow and dingy—where the glittering of silk and the trembling of plumes is seldom seen—where bright eyes

and fair faces radiate only from faded and worn surroundings. But this afternoon her errand to the store had taken her through one of the comely streets. Indeed, it stood itself on a very corner of Main street, around which human tides swept, eddying every hour. She had seen poverty, comfort and wealth—pliancy, comeliness, beauty—stupidity, sense, intellect.

Sitting at her low window in the dull, unseemly room, worn, tired, discouraged with the labors and forebodings of life, Jennie's thoughts could not be less than bright tears. She was thinking of the crowded street; of the laughing eyes; of the hazy tread; of faces brimming with careless merriment and conscious beauty. She had seen hundreds in that one street—hundreds of maidens to whom she was consciously superior. And this was not egotism in the weeping girl. Does the doe imagine itself a snail, or the eagle fancy itself a blue jay? This it wrong that all this beauty, all this innate refinement, all this spirit and taste and mentality, should be wasted upon a man who does not appreciate for which we all long and strive? And if Jennie wept that her scant and faded calico had drawn forth tears, as though it were herself and not the accident of covering; and if she wept that simple-minded and narrow-thoughted girls carried themselves proudly, and won attention, while she slipped meanly into by-ways, and shrank from the observation which was cold and contemptuous, can we blame her? She was a woman, with a woman's beauty, and a woman's power. But alas! Jennie was caged by circumstances, her jewels covered with the dust of labor, her young life hidden, and dull, and sad.

Besides, an incident at the store had wounded her severely, and re-awakened her consciousness of weakness and semi-degradation. It was this: She had taken a bundle of work to the inspecting clerk, and thence had been directed to the woman's beauty, and a woman's power. But alas! Jennie was caged by circumstances, her jewels covered with the dust of labor, her young life hidden, and dull, and sad.

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was just in time to save him. Without a word, the daughter held him a moment, till she could glance into his face, and then, with a strength which she could not command when roused, bore him to the nearest bed and laid him there. 'Father! father!' Not a word nor sign of consciousness. Jennie bathed his temples with water, rubbed his arms, his hands, his chest, called on him, kissed him, and wept. His lips were cold.

'What is it, father?' and the daughter's ear is close by the trembling lips. 'I have heard faintly—from—Robert! Robert! Robert!—he is the voice is too faint to be heard—the lips cease to move—the old man is dead. No cries of 'Father, dear father!' no chafing of hands, no bathing of that calm, snow-fingering brow will bring back the soul now freed at last from its cheerless imprisonment of eighty years.

Straighten the stiffening limbs, lone daughter; close tighter the eyelids: he is gone. And the secret hidden in that unfinished sentence—'I, too, is gone, and vainly will you try to fathom its import. The blow was a terrible one. Not alone that this was her father, but the best, the noblest, the dearest of fathers. Not alone that this was her stay and companion, but her only support and her only friend. Now she was alone. Alone.

When all hope of restoration was gone, Jennie stood erect a little way from the bed, her head buried in her hands, and led the tide of loss and loneliness sweep over her. At that instant of time she drank the full cup of tears and every bitter ingredient. This made her heart. Another nature might have sunk; she was lifted, strengthened. All the energies of her heart came into active life; and now, fearful or quiet, busy or still, she was the same strong, self-conscious woman she had ever been. She was even stronger and more calm.

A quick step upon the stairs and a careless knock at the door. It was the bright-faced lad with a bundle for the day. 'Mr. Brewer says as how this is nicer work, as you may send back the other work, as he said the little fellow, boy-like, as he came abruptly into the room, his face beaming with pleasure and exercise. 'Oh, Miss Dell!' and the boy fell into a wretched, almost morose, and the cashier, after fumbling as long as possible, handed her the silver she had been directed to. The bright-faced lad with a bundle for the day. 'Mr. Brewer says as how this is nicer work, as you may send back the other work, as he said the little fellow, boy-like, as he came abruptly into the room, his face beaming with pleasure and exercise. 'Oh, Miss Dell!' and the boy fell into a wretched, almost morose, and the cashier, after fumbling as long as possible, handed her the silver she had been directed to.

The second day after the burial, when the body had been laid to rest, a different step was heard upon the stairs, and an enterprising knock at the door. Mr. Brewer entered without a word, gave his hand, and sat down. Then gently alluding to her loss, asking to look on the features of her father, noticing her plants in the window, he led the conversation into appropriate channels, and without a single profession, made Jennie to feel that here was a true and sympathetic friend.

Gradually the talk resounded from the sad topics of the chamber of death to more general subjects—to such thoughts as we find written in books, and such conclusions as we reach in long meditations and careful analyses. In this her visitor was struck with the clearness and stretch of thought of the humble girl at his side. And she found herself roused and quickened by the outpouring influence of a superior but congenial mind.

Thence the conversation was brought gently to personal affairs, where, at length, a point was gained at which Mr. Brewer ventured to ask: 'Have you no other friends but this?' 'None in all the world, except, perhaps, a brother.' Mr. Brewer could scarcely ask a further question. Breaking the silence, Jennie said: 'My younger brother, Robert, left us three years ago—he was the first of his kind in the rush to California, thinking that though only a boy, he might bring back gold enough to make his father comfortable for life. We heard of his arrival and a promising beginning, but nothing since. Two years ago we came to live at this end of the city, and possibly at that time he changed his location. At any rate his letters were never reached us, nor have our letters reached him. The other day, when father came home, he had received tidings from him, for he said so just as he was dying, but the news itself died on his lips, and I have no clue whatever to its nature. Brother Robert was a noble boy, Sir, the bravest and best boy I ever knew.'

Just here the tears would come, and a long silence followed. Mr. Brewer had brought a purse with a little gold in it, thinking to slip it into the hand of the girl whose trials had so touched his sympathy; but when he arose to go he seemed impossible; he did not dare to do it; he could only ask, 'Can I be of any service to you?' 'I thank you very much for your call, Mr. Brewer—very much. There is only one thing you can do for me—employ me if my work pleases you.'

No need to follow the plain board coffin through a rough oaken case for a father—to its place among the silent poor in the great city cemetery. If the faded shawl tucked close to the poor girl's form, chilled by the autumn wind, dropping tears upon her face, and she alone by the poor man's grave, under the turf alone, he had received tidings from him, for he said so just as he was dying, but the news itself died on his lips, and I have no clue whatever to its nature. Brother Robert was a noble boy, Sir, the bravest and best boy I ever knew.'

months in which she sat and sewed in the humble attic room. Alas for the struggling, toiled, brave, and weary girl! These visits, so comforting at first, were coming to be a source of grief, and especially in prospect of the next, and went as a kind, disinterested friend, always considerate and sympathetic, but always self-possessed. Knowing nothing of the man but what she saw in her own home. He never talked of himself. The lad who came and went with bundles had once or twice spoken of a father in a manner which evoked her tears. 'My father was a husband, and this was his son. That was all; but it was decisive. And yet, though settled on this from the first, a time wore on the companionship and sympathy of her one visitor grew into a need, and then a necessity. No reasonings, no wilful checkings, no self-condemnation even, could stay the growth of that giant presence by which at last she was covered and overpowered. In vain Jennie flashed indignation on herself that she should love the loved of another woman heart—a husband and father. In vain she wept, and struggled, and prayed. The chains grew tighter and tighter, holding her to a misery to which all the sadnesses of her life bore no comparison.

The afternoon sun of a September Sabbath, bath-washed in a cherry light the dark, sea-washed hull of an ocean steamer coming up the bay to the crowded pier. At the same moment, Jennie's friend turned down a dull, dark street, entered a doorway, and ascended creaking stairs. It was one of the pleasantest of Jennie's rooms that far away over the brick houses, with their smoked and smoking chimneys, lay the always changing picture of the bay. To-day, after a long discussion of the beauties and blemishes, first of 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' and then of 'De Quincey's Confession,' with other and minor talk, Jennie touched upon the scenery of the bay, with its white winged butterflies and the black beetle that, an hour or two before, had been crawling upon the board.

'I always think,' she said, 'when I look out upon the harbor, that perhaps some day it will bring my brave brother home to me; and then I shall not be alone, nor unhappy, nor tired any more. Oh, if I could only know whether he is living or dead—whether I shall ever have him again!'

The tears would come, and her eyes were all glistening as she looked into the face of her friend. Mr. Brewer seemed absent, yet present; tender, yet ill at ease. The thought darted into her mind: 'Perhaps he knows more of my brother than I'—it was so now a thing to see him perturbed. 'Have I ever told you anything of myself?' he asked at length. 'Never.'

Upon this he moved a chair close beside her, but so as not to meet her glance, and told the story of his life down to the present hour. It was told concisely, but all the prominent facts were there. Then changing his place, taking her cold hand, and looking into her eyes, he brought tears to them again, and blushed to her face, by the question, 'Will you trust me and love me?' Jennie whispered—she couldn't find her voice.

'Will I? I always have.' 'When I have found words for other sentences, and Jennie had been talking, Mr. Brewer exclaimed, 'Married! I never even loved before.' A slow step was heard on the staircase, a gentle rap at the door, and a pale young man entered. 'Jennie!' 'Robert!'

And the maiden had another joy added to the sweetest bliss of life. But Robert had come home to die—no in the rush to California, thinking that though only a boy, he might bring back gold enough to make his father comfortable for life. We heard of his arrival and a promising beginning, but nothing since. Two years ago we came to live at this end of the city, and possibly at that time he changed his location. At any rate his letters were never reached us, nor have our letters reached him. The other day, when father came home, he had received tidings from him, for he said so just as he was dying, but the news itself died on his lips, and I have no clue whatever to its nature. Brother Robert was a noble boy, Sir, the bravest and best boy I ever knew.'

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**FASHION.**  
Oh! that is not fashionable! It is out of date—no style about it! How often we hear these expressions fall from the lips of young ladies. Fashion! Style! How I hate the words! There is nothing independent in their sound, they are trite and arbitrary. Away with fashion and style! Is there any heart, any feeling, where fashion rules? Alas! no. To be fashionable in style, one is obliged to alter his or her style of dress, manner of living, way of receiving visitors, and even the manner in which to get married—at least every season. The latest, most approved, and generally adopted style extant of entering upon the married state, is to have the ceremony performed in a church, and immediately set out upon the wedding tour. After being absent two or three weeks, the happy pair return and give a grand reception. Heaven spare me from attending any more of these fashionable affairs! The most ridiculous thing about them is the manner guests are expected to enter the room in which the bridal party stand in state to receive their friends. An usher occupies the place near the entrance, and when a lady and gentleman go through the doorway, the usher (if he offers his arm to the lady, she is expected to accept it; inquires of her escort their names, and then conducts the lady to the bridal party, her escort following on behind them more like a dog following his master than anything I can think of. Then the usher—ten chances to one a perfect stranger to the guests—introduces them to the bridal party. Was even anything so absurd? It is expected that people invited are acquainted with the bride or groom, or both—but they must be introduced by a stranger. Truly, this is an age of improvements—a progressive age!

Oh! give me the good old fashioned manner of getting married. There was some heart in the festivities attendant upon the nuptials of our parents and grandparents. Then a friend was not afraid to grasp the bride heartily by the hand, imprint a kiss upon her brow, and wish her long health and happiness. Madam, she is expected simply to touch the end of her gloved fingers, bow, and pass on. To whisper a hearty wish for her future would be vulgar, and out of date! Oh! deliver me from the tyrannical sway of King Fashion.

**The Female Fiend.**  
The female fiend is seen in all parts of the country. She is confined to no special locality. In the church—on the special walk—in the lecture room—amid a party of girls, or in the company of matrons—everywhere, you will see the female fiend. But she delights above all things to squat down by the hearthstone, and spit her venom in the very bosom of her home. She has neither horns, nor cloven foot, nor forked tail. She wears the exterior of woman, and very often a neatly dressed, and modest looking and amiable spoken woman. Her voice is low and persuasive. She sets homes on fire with a hint. She separates husbands and wives with a lie, cleverly told and with expressions of affection. She takes up old family quarrels—knows everything that has happened to every man and woman in the neighborhood within twenty years—and it is her work to plant hatred in the Home, suspicion among friends, and discord on earth wherever she goes. The female fiend may be virtuous, (as far as the body is concerned) or she may be unchaste, but her soul is the soul of a prostitute. She has a low opinion of her own sex. She believes every woman to be in heart a liar, and therefore she lets no occasion pass without doing her best to make it appear that Miss Jones is a corrupt girl, and that Mrs. Smith is an unchaste wife. She is always sure that Mr. Smith never goes out with good intentions; nay, she is satisfied that he goes out to mingle with the abandoned. She knows matters about this one and that one which she could tell if she would, and she would tell the roofs would come off the houses—only she doesn't choose to tell. So dexteros a hater is the female fiend.

The female fiend is found everywhere. She does a large business in a small neighborhood. She spits vitriol and brimstone in country towns. In the city, she is more circumscribed in her operations; but even there she manages to drive a brisk traffic for the good of her master, the Devil. She works more mischief in the world than any prostitute, gambler, or murderer, that ever lived. She cultivates lying into a business, and makes slanders one of her fine arts. Avoid the female fiend. Shun her in church—at the evening party—in the sidewalk—in the Home—shun her as you would cholera or murder. Keep her out of the company of your wife and sister; for the sake of all that you hold dear, never permit your family to come under the circle of the female fiend.

As a matter of curiosity, let us ask you, reader, have you a female fiend in your neighborhood? Some years ago, an old sign painter, who was very cross, very gruff, and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the Ten Commandments on some tablets in a church not five miles from Buffalo. He worked two days at it, and at the end of the second day the pastor of the church came to see how the work progressed. The old man stood by, smoking a short pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his eyes over the tablets. 'Oh!' said the pastor, as his familiar eye detected something wrong in the wording of the precepts: 'Why, you careless old person, you have left out one of the commandments entirely out; don't you see?' 'No; no such thing,' said the old man, putting on his spectacles; 'no; nothing left out—where?' 'Why, there,' persisted the pastor; 'look at them in the Bible; you have left some of the commandments out.' 'Well, what if I have?' said old Ostinatus, as he ran his eye complacently over his work; 'what if I have? There's more there now than you'll keep?' 'Another and a more correct artist,' was employed the next day.

Small boy on tip-toe to companions—Sh-b, stop your noise, all of you! Companion—Hello, Tommy, what's up now? Small boy—We've got a new baby—very weak and tired—walked all the way from heaven last night—must get kicked up a row around here.

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**BANKRUPTCY.**  
Illustrated.—Two merchants were standing in Wall street discussing on bankruptcy, when one of them saw a real live Yankee lumbering down the street with a knife and a stick in his hands. 'Now for some sport,' said one of the merchants. 'Well, call his opinion of bankruptcy, or rather his idea.' He hailed the Yankee with: 'Halloo, friend, can you tell us the meaning of bankruptcy?' 'Well, I reckon I kin—and skin me if I don't.' 'Please explain.' 'Well, you must find me a five for about five minutes.' 'Here it is—now proceed.' 'Well, now I owe Zeks. Smith five cents, Sam Brown, the tailor five dollars for this 'ere coat, and you five.'

'Oh, give out, I'm a bankrupt, and you come in for a share with the rest,' and he left the astonished merchant to whistle for his five. The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveler tells the following very good story:—A story is told upon Rayner, the eminent physician here. He was called in six weeks ago to attend a sick child. The child—it was the only child of wealthy parents—recovered its health. A few days after Rayner had discontinued his visits, the mother of the little invalid called on the Doctor. She said: 'My Dear Doctor, there are services rendered in this world which money cannot pay. I know not how we could adequately reward you for your kindness and attentions and skill to poor Ernest. And I have thought that, perhaps, you would be good enough to accept this little porte-monnaie—a mere trifle—but which I embroidered.' 'Porte-monnaie!' roughly replied the Doctor. 'Madame, is not a sentimental profession. When we are called in to visit sick people, we want their fees and not their gratitude. Gratitude—humbly! I'd like to see gratitude make the pot boil, and I have not only to make my pot boil, but I have got my horse to feed, Madame, and daughters to portion, Madame—and gratitude won't aid me to do any of these things. Money is what is wanted—money, Madame—yes, money.' The lady was, as you may imagine, confounded by the want of indignation talent, and she could only stammer: 'But—Doctor—what is your fee?' 'My fee is two thousand francs—and I tell you, Madame, there is no use screaming about it. I will not take one sou less.' The lady did not scream. She quietly opened the porte-monnaie; 'I embroidered,' unrolled the five bank notes in it, gave two to the doctor, placed the other three in the porte-monnaie, and the latter in her pocket, and bowed profoundly. 'Good morning, Doctor,' and made her exit.

In my time, Miss, said a stern aunt, 'the men looked at the women's faces instead of their ankles.' 'Ah! but, my dear aunt,' retorted the young lady, 'you see the world has improved, and is more civilized than you would be. It looks more to the understanding.' A few days since, a friend of mine, walking down town, saw a little boy pinching his younger brother, who was crying bitterly. 'Why, my boy,' said she to the young tormentor, 'don't you know you are doing very wrong?' 'Why, yes, I do know, but you did kill your brother?'

'Why,' he replied, 'of course I should put on my new black pants and go to the funeral!'

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