

The Lancaster Intelligencer

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.
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PRAYER FOR THE UNION.
BY HENRY CLAY FRISVOLD.
A land of law and gospel grace,
Of richest fruits and flowers,
God's Eden of the Western World,
The shrine of Freedom's glory,
Our hallowed flag of stars and stripes,
That men in freedom breathe,
The hopes of millions yet unborn—
E'en depths of hell before it!
Ours! Ours! Ours! Ours!
For Thou hast taught us through Thy Son,
That those who love Thy law and will,
No human hand should ever sever,
The hero-souls, whose prophet dreams
Shine out in classic story,
Find here, at last, the "Promised Land"
The shrine of Freedom's glory,
Our hallowed flag of stars and stripes,
That men in freedom breathe,
The hopes of millions yet unborn—
E'en depths of hell before it!
Ours! Ours! Ours! Ours!
For Thou hast taught us through Thy Son,
That those who love Thy law and will,
No human hand should ever sever,

none of your hurrying and nonsense, but having their brandy-and-water first comfortably, and ordering a steak and some oysters for their supper against they came back, and then walking coolly into the pit, when the 'rush' had gone in, as all sensible people do, and did when Mr. Donoue was a young man, except when the celebrated Master Betty was at the height of his popularity, and then, sir, then Mr. Donoue perfectly well remembered getting a holiday from business, and going to the pit door at eleven o'clock in the afternoon, and waiting there till six in the afternoon, with some sandwiches in a pocket-handkerchief, and some wine in a phial, and fainting, after all, with the fatigue before the play began; in which situation he was lifted out of the pit into one of the dress boxes, sir, by five of the finest women of that day, sir, who compassionated his situation and administered restoratives, and sent a black servant, six foot high in blue and silver livery, next morning, with their compliments, and to know how he found himself, sir—by G—! Between the acts of Mr. Donoue, and Mr. Harris, and Mr. Jennings used to stand up, and look round the house, and Jones—knowing fellow, that Jones—know fellow—pointed out the fashionable celebrated lady So-and-So in the boxes, at the mention of whose name Mr. Donoue, after brushing up his hair, and adjusting his neckerchief, would inspect the aforesaid lady So-and-So through an immense glass, and remark either that she was a 'fine woman—a very fine woman, indeed,' or that 'there might be a little more of her—oh, Jones! just as the case might happen to be. When the dancing began, John Donoue and the other old boys were particularly anxious to see what was going forward on the stage, and Jones—wicked dog, that Jones—whispered little critical remarks into the ears of John Donoue, which John Donoue retailed to Mr. Harris, and Mr. Harris to Mr. Jennings, and then they all four laughed till the tears ran down, out of their eyes.

which made him feel more affectionate than ever; in pursuance of which affection, and actuated by which feeling, Mr. John Donoue sounded the young lady on her matrimonial engagements, when the young lady denied having formed any such engagements at all—she could bear the mere, they were such deceivers; thereupon Mr. John Donoue inquired whether this sweeping condemnation was meant to include other than very young men; to which the young lady blushed deeply—and said she had never heard of such a thing. Mr. John Donoue had made her blush, of course she did blush—and Mr. John Donoue was a long time drinking the brandy-and-water; and the young lady said, 'Ha! done, sir,' very often; and at last John Donoue went home to bed, and dreamt of his first wife, and his second wife, and the young lady, and partridges, and oysters, and brandy-and-water, and disinterested attachments.

But he was much changed. The pallor of sadness was a hopeless expression on his face. Yet he took me kindly by the hand, and told me, with peculiar earnestness, that he had sent for me to confess one life-deception.

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A. B. Alder, M.D., is a distinguished surgeon and a specialist in the treatment of all the diseases of the eye. He has been in the service of the Philadelphia Dispensary since 1845, and has since that time been in the service of the Philadelphia Dispensary. He has been in the service of the Philadelphia Dispensary since 1845, and has since that time been in the service of the Philadelphia Dispensary.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.
BY JOHN G. BAZEL.
How goes the money? Well, I'm sure it isn't hard to tell.
It goes for rent and water rates,
It goes for bread and butter and tea,
It goes for hats and coats and shoes,
It goes for the money goes?
How goes the money? Sure, I know it didn't go for rum;
It goes for schools and Sabbath chimes,
It goes for charity and some times
For missions and such things as those—
And that's the way the money goes.

—not by an earthquake, or some other dreadful convulsion of nature, the reader would be inclined to suppose, but by the simple agency of an oyster; and thus it happened: Mr. John Donoue was returning one night from the Sir Somebody's Head, to his residence in Currier-street—not tipsy, but rather excited, for it was Mr. Jennings's birthday, and they had had a brace of partridges for supper, and a brace of extra glasses afterward, and Jones had been more than ordinarily amusing himself with his eyes rested on a newly-opened oyster-shop, or a magnificent scene, with natives laid one deep in circular marble basins in the windows, together with little round barrels of oysters directed to lords and baronets, colonels and captains, in every part of the habitable globe.

Sir Roger Inkleby's Story.
BY KIT KELVIN.
"There is a special provision in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not now, it will come."—HAMILTON.
An excellent man was Roger Inkleby. As full of wisdom as experience, and as regularity could command by the will of God. It was my good fortune to know him in the prime of his silver locks. With a smile as pleasant as a heart, and a mind as clear as a crystal, he was a man of high intelligence and kind thoughts: with a will to execute strong as life; with advice serious as valuable; with sympathy warm as his friendship, was Roger Inkleby. He was called Sir Roger to perpetuate his universal benevolence. An evening passed with him became one better than the enjoyment of the evaporating frivolities of gayer life. But he is now entombed with the worm of the grave, yet his memory is preserved, and his virtues framed for memory.

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BEAUTIFUL SILKS.

A MISPLACED ATTACHMENT.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.
If we had to make a classification of society, there is a particular kind of men whom we should immediately set down under the head of 'Old Boys'; and a column of most extensive dimensions the old boys would require. To that precise cause the rapid advance of old boy population is to be traced, we are unable to determine, it would be an interesting and curious speculation, but as we have not sufficient space to devote to it here, we simply state the fact that the number of old boys have been gradually augmenting within the last few years, and that they are at this moment alarmingly on the increase.

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SIR ROGER INKLEBY'S STORY.

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