

The Lancashire Daily

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.
CITY OF LANCASTER, TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1864.

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SONG.

One, fill a glass to overflow,
And let there be no more sorrow,
And if there's sunshine in our hearts,
'Twill light up our future days,
And make us feel that we are free,
As round the world we roam,
To kind words, in time, I've said,
That will be music to our ears,
And if we feel that we are free,
We'll sing them with our hearts,
And if we feel that we are free,
We'll sing them with our hearts,
And if we feel that we are free,
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THE HIGHWAYMAN'S BRIDAL.

A STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Mine were the days for gallant robbers, whose fine clothes, high bearing, reckless hardihood, and (frequently) good birth, took away from the superficial observer much of the darkness of crime actually surrounding their deeds and lives. You were divested of your rings and purses, often with all due ceremony, polished, that really rather desecrating, a toll to good manners, but submitting to a highway robbery—a robbery it is true, yet still it was more soothing to the feelings at the time, than being knocked down with the butt end of a pistol, or bullied as well as plundered. Fashion, too, capricious in this as in all else, directed the knights of the road above others, and in fact, interested themselves amazingly about the deeds of highwaymen, conspicuous for handsome person and braided countenance, or rather daring villainy. These fair clowns, also, were much concerned in their lettings' fatal ineffectualness and executions at the fatal Tyburn. But highwaymen had, in fact, long ago become, been still more popular in the preceding years; yet ever and anon, as the profession seemed to be on the verge of decay, and likely to dwindle down into mere commonplace theft and murder, some new candidate was sure to start up and revive the dying embers of the road robbery. It was in particular with reference to his brief day, for most of the qualities which I have described, as sometimes attributes of these knights of the road. He was well connected, too, his uncle being a clergyman in a high church appointment. His person was elegant, his manners courteous, and he was in an extraordinary degree. Amongst these in fashionable society in his real name, his deeds of robbery were the talk of the town under his assumed one. His proper designation was Richard Mowbray—that belonging to the road, his sole source of revenue, was Captain De Montmorency—a patronymic high enough, and which, as every body knows, had a high and noble sound, and to infer that an assumed name of distinction and the highwayman to be one and the same person; that was never known till the event which I am going to relate to you.

Richard Mowbray had spent his first small patrimony, years before his period at which this narrative commences, in the pleasures of the town. It had melted into riotous playthings, faro, billiards, and hazard. He had exhausted the kindness and forbearance of his relations, from whom he had borrowed and begged, till borrowing or begging had become impracticable. He had known most extremes of life; and moreover, when debts and poverty stared him grimly in the face, he knew not one useful art by which he could support existence, or pay dividends to his creditors.

What was to be done? He eluded a jail as he could, and one eventual night riding on horseback, and meditating gloomily on his evil fortunes, he met—covered by the darkness from all discovery—a traveler well mounted—plentifully laden with money-bags, and bearing likewise the burden of excessive fear.

It was a sudden thought—acted upon by moodiness. Resistance was not dreamed of. Mowbray made off with his booty, considerable enough to repair his exhausted finances, and to pay his most pressing creditors.

It was literally robbing Peter to pay Paul. And so by night, under the shelter of the darkness did the ruined gentleman become the highwayman. People who know his circumstances whispered their surprise when to satiate, a new light broke on the dawning atmosphere of his life. He loved, loved the dawning atmosphere of his life. He loved, loved the dawning atmosphere of his life. He loved, loved the dawning atmosphere of his life. He loved, loved the dawning atmosphere of his life.

ed her years. Flavia Hardcourt had just attained her sixteenth year—had never been to boarding school, and loved nothing so much as to read, and to be petted by her mother and father, an honest country gentleman, and a worthy magistrate. Flavia had never been to London, for Mr. Hardcourt resided at Aveling, a retired village, about twenty miles from the metropolis. Barring fox-hunting and hard drinking, the old gentleman, on his side, took pleasure only in the pretty, gentle girl, who from the hour of her birth, which event terminated her mother's existence, had made her his constant playmate and companion. And it was to this simple wild flower, that the gay man of pleasure, haughty, reckless, unprincipled, improvident, irreligious, and rash, presumed to lift his eyes, to elevate his heart, and, oh! stranger still, to this being, the moral antipodes of her pure self, did Flavia Hardcourt surrender her youthful, modest, inestimable love. It must have been her very childishness and purity that attracted the desperate robber—the hardened libertine, now about to commit his worst and most inexcusable crime. He had accidentally met Mr. Hardcourt at a country hunt—had, with others of his companions, been invited by honest gentlemen to a rustic fête, in honor of little Flavia's natal day—a day, he was wont to observe to him, remarkable for commemorating his greatest misfortune and his intensest happiness; and then and there the highwayman vowed to win and wear that pure bud of innocence, freshness and rare fragrance, or to perish in the attempt. Master Richard Mowbray! unscrupulous De Montmorency! I will relate how you kept your vow.

He haunted Aveling Grange till the classic young lady, the old father's beloved darling, surrendered itself into the highwayman's keeping. Perhaps Mr. Hardcourt was not altogether best pleased at his dear Flavia's choice; but then she was his life—his hope—and he trusted even when he gave her to a husband, that her love and doing affection would still be all his own. Besides, Mowbray was well connected—boasted of his wealthy, whereas a very moderate portion of it would be hers. He was received into modish circles, into which the good magistrate could never pretend to penetrate; and, in short, with high bearing, his handsome person, and insinuating tongue, Mr. Hardcourt was gradually induced to bestow his treasure into the keeping of the prodigal, who numbered himself almost every night to have been the father of the young girl, whom he testified the utmost impatience to call wife.

It was during the time that Mr. Mowbray was paying his court at Aveling, that the neighborhood began to be alarmed by a series of highway robberies, which, it was said could have been perpetrated by a dashing, dashing knight of the road—Captain De Montmorency. No one could stir during the night without an attack, in which numbers certainly were not wanting.

"O, my dear, but we'll have him yet," said old Mr. Hardcourt, "I should glory myself in giving myself to Tyburn to see the fellow turned off. Ay, and I would take my little Flavia to see him go by in a cart, with a parson and a nosoggy—oh! my little girl!"

"Oh no, father," said Flavia, "I could not abide it, though he is such a dashing fellow, whose name makes me shiver with fear and terror whenever I hear it. I could never bear to see such a dreadful sight—it would haunt me till my death."

Does the gift of prophecy, involuntary though it be, lurk within us yet? Does the soul dimly shadow out its own fate, or that of its frail or perishable habitation? Sweet Flavia! unsuspecting, innocent girl! your lips then pronounced your own doom as irrevocably as though you had been some stern Sibyl, delivering inscrutable, unquestioned oracles, not a fair child in your girlish frock and sash, your brown hair, curling down your straight glossy tresses, your soft eyes shining through your blushes.

The betrothal pair were together to visit London.

"But I shall not dare," said the girl, as walking together in the old-fashioned Dutch garden, she leant her young, sinless head on her gaily lover's breast—"I shall not dare take such a journey, for fear of the highwayman, De Montmorency."

"Fear not, my dear Flavia; this breast shall be pierced through ere De Montmorency shall cause one fear in thee."

"Richard, sweetest, why do you leave us so early every evening—at sunset, I have remarked. These are not London habits. Ah, does any other than your poor Flavia attract you? Oh, Richard, I must die if it should be so, I could not live, and know you were false."

"Sweetest and best! my pure love, could any win me from you? Were it a queen, I think it not. I—the truth is, Flavia, I have a poor, sick friend—no farther from here. He is poor, sick, and—I—"

"Say no more, dearest. Oh, how much more I love you every day. How good, how noble, thus to sacrifice! And the blushing girl threw herself into her lover's arms."

Ah, how differently beat those two human hearts—one pregnant with love, goodness, charity, sympathy; the other rank with hypocrisy, dark with unbelief.

They came to town, unmolested, and you may be sure, the stranger, because a few days previously a terrible affair had occurred. Old Lord St. Hilary, the relic of the bean garçons of former days, had been robbed and maltreated. Men were by no means so favored as the bean seer. Above all, a family jewel of immense value had been taken from his person, and on recovering his wounds and fright, he swore vengeance. He took active measures to fulfill his vow.

The wedding was to take place at an old relation's, Mrs. Ducloux's house, and on the morning of the day, at length arrived. The marriage was celebrated, and the happy pair were in the act of being toasted by the father of the bride, when a strange noise was heard below, rude voices were raised, words muttered, and a rush followed towards the festive saloon. The company rose.

"What is it?" said Mr. Hardcourt.

The door was broken open for answer. The officers of justice filled the room—Two advanced.

"Come Captain," said they, "the game is up at last. It's an awkward time to arrest a gentleman on his wedding-day, but duty, my noble captain—duty must be done."

Entranced, frozen beyond resistance or appeal, the bridegroom was fettered, and the bride! she stood there, her hazel eyes

dilating, till they seemed about to spring from her head.

"My Richard, what is this?"

"Somewhere!" said Mr. Hardcourt, "release my son."

The men laughed. One of them was examining the necklace of Flavia. It contained a diamond in the centre worth a ransom. "Where did you get this, miss?" he said.

Her friends answered, for the terror-stricken girl was inarticulate, "Mr. Mowbray's wedding gift."

"Oh, oh!" This was the diamond Lord St. Hilary was so mad about. By your leave," and the gem was removed from the neck it encircled.

She comprehended something terrible. She found speech—"What do you take Mr. Mowbray for?" she said.

"Whom? Why, the renowned Captain Montmorency?"

A shriek—so fierce in its agony as to cause the criminal to rebound—struck on the ears of all present. Insensibility was followed, and Flavia was removed. So was her bridegroom—Newgate.

The task was concluded—justice was appeased—the robber was doomed. And his innocent and unpolluted victim—For days her life had hung on a thread—But youth and health closed for a short time the gates of death. She recovered. Reiving as from a dreadful dream, she could scarcely believe in the terrible event, which, torn as she had swept over her. She desired her father to repeat its circumstances. Weeping, and his venerable grey hairs white with sorrow, Mr. Hardcourt complied. She heard the recital in silence. Presently, clasping her father's hand—"Dear parent," she said, "when I pass in bitter earnest, I must be there. It is necessary. He comprehended her meaning but too well.

"The day after to-morrow," he replied.

"Father, I must be there."

"My Flavia, my dearest daughter!"

"Father, I must be there! Do you remember your jest? Ah, it has come to pass in bitter earnest. I must be there. No word will be pacified, she persisted. Her physician at length urged them to give her her way. It would, he said, be less dangerous than denial.

Near Tyburn seats were erected. Windows and balconies were let out on hire. One of these last, the most private, was secured by a heavy door, and in the room was taken thither, a close carriage, accompanied by her parent and an aged nurse. She shed no tears, heaved not a single sigh, and suffered herself to be led to the window with strange, immovable calmness. Soon shouts and the swelling murmur of a dense crowd reached her ears. The procession was arriving. The gallows was not in sight, but the redoubtable would pass close. It came on nearer, nearer—more like a triumph, that dismal sight, than a human fellow man hastening to eternity.

She clenched her hands, and rose up, straining her fair white throat to catch a glimpse of the fatal block. Yes, there he was, dressed gaily, the ominous nosoggy flaunting in his breast, did despair in his heart, reaching from thence to his face. As in the past passed Flavia's window, by chance he raised his hot, bearded eyes; they rested on his bride, his pure virgin wife. The wretched man uttered a yell of agony, and cast himself from the horse, to the ground. She continued gazing the smile frozen on her face, her eyes glassy, motionless, fixed.

They never recovered their natural intelligence. Fixed and stony, they bore her, stricken blind, from the dismal scene, and cast himself from the horse, to the ground. She continued gazing the smile frozen on her face, her eyes glassy, motionless, fixed.

She turned her dying eyes expressively to her father, and then looked at the silver, but a word she uttered, the arch of speech had ceased their office; "the heaven and the wheel broken at the cistern." The little girl then went aloud, and, stooping down wiped the dying sweat from her mother's face. The king, much affected, asked the child her name, and of her family, and how long her mother had been ill. Just as that moment another gipsy girl, much older, came out of breath to the spot. She had been to the town of W—, and brought some medicine for her dying mother. Observing a stranger, she courted modestly, and hastening to her mother, knelt down by her side, kissed her pallid lips, and burst into tears.

"What, my dear child," said his majesty, "can be done for you?"

"Oh sir," she replied, "my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her, before she died. I ran all the way, before she was light, this morning, to W—, and asked for a minister; but no one could be got to come with me to pray with my dear mother."

The dying woman seemed sensible of what her daughter was saying, and her contentment was much agitated. The air was again rent with the cries of the distressed daughters. The king, full of kindness instantly endeavored to comfort them. He said:

"I am a minister, and God has sent me to instruct and comfort your mother."

He then sat down on a pack by the side of the dying girl, and taking the hand of the dying girl, discoursed on the demerit of sin and the nature of redemption. He then pointed her to Christ, the all-sufficient Savior. While doing this, the poor creature seemed to gather consolation and hope; her eyes sparkled with brightness, and her countenance became animated. She looked up—she smiled; but it was the last smile; it was the glimmering of expiring nature. As the expression of peace, however, remained strong in her countenance, she was not till one time elapsed that they perceived the struggling spirit had left mortality.

It was at this moment that some of his majesty's attendants, who had missed him at the chase, and had been riding through the forest in search of him, rode up, and found him comforting the afflicted gypsies. It was an affecting sight, and worthy of being recorded in the annals of the world. He now rose up, put some gold into the hands of the afflicted girls, promised them his protection, and bade them look to Heaven. He then wiped the tears from his eyes, and mounted his horse. His attendants greatly affected, stood in silent grief. Lord St. Hilary, turning on his heels, and pointing to the breathless creature, and to the weeping girls, said with strong emotion:

"Who, my lord, who, thinkest thou was neighbor unto these?"

LABOR AND KNOWLEDGE.

I have not time to dwell now on the second reason, by which I suggested that labor should be the basis of our civilization. I have not time to dwell now on the second reason, by which I suggested that labor should be the basis of our civilization. I have not time to dwell now on the second reason, by which I suggested that labor should be the basis of our civilization.

neymen, a profound geologist, and master of a clear and charming English style. But how many of us are there, who are the poet, and the geologist; how far fuller the consciousness of being; how much larger the daily draft of that admiration, hope and love, which are the life and voice of souls.

—Rufus Choate's *Danvers Address*.

The question is often asked, what is the proper age at which to be married? Adam took Eve to his bosom before he was a year old, and old Parr married at the age of one hundred and twenty; we consider, therefore, that anywhere between those two points will answer.

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