

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.

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Love's Seasons and Reasons.

BY DR. MASCART.
I love my love in springtime,
For beauty fresh as May,
For cheeks like early roses,
For eyes as bright as day;
For breath like balmy flowers,
For smiles like sunrise clear;
I love my love in springtime,
And love her all the year.
I love my love in summer,
For promise warm and true,
For truth like noonday shining,
A light as old and new;
For wealth of bloom and freshness,
And shady comfort near,
I love my love in summer,
And love her all the year.
I love my love in autumn,
For fruit of gentle deeds,
For wisdom to be garnered,
To serve out future needs;
For virtues ripening ever,
Like harvest fall in ear,
I love my love in autumn,
And love her all the year.
I love my love in winter,
For charities untold,
For warmth of household welcome,
For looks that thaw the cold;
For hardships met and pastime,
And rich as Christmas cheer;
I love my love in winter,
And love her all the year.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, JAN. 18, 1858.

Change of State Administration.

This day closes the term for which James Pollock was chosen to the highest office within the gift of the people of Pennsylvania. His administration will long be remembered for the complication of difficulties which surrounded it, and the comparative success which has attended it. With Legislatures generally hostile to him politically, he has yet succeeded in accomplishing most of the measures contemplated by him. Personally, he has won universal esteem for the purity of his motives and the affability of his deportment. In the first Liquor Law and the non-election of U. S. Senator in 1855, as well as in some appointments, many of Gov. Pollock's best friends think that he erred, at the same time that they give him full credit for rectitude of intention, and ascribe to him only those differences of opinion which always may arise on practical questions, in which he may have judged rightly after all, although they think he arrived at wrong results.

The Sale of the Main Line of the Public Works—Reduction of the State Debt—Measures for the Efficiency of the Common School System—advocacy of Pennsylvania interests on the Tariff and Slavery questions—these and other truly American and Republican issues he has urged with an eye single to the best interests of "the whole country," and with marked ability and efficiency.

For the third time in his not long life, James Pollock retires to the proud ranks of American citizenship, with ought but his talents and his virtues to distinguish him from the mass of equal sovereigns among whom he may move. We doubt not his choice is for the delights of private life in preference to the cares and perplexities of high official station. It is understood that he will resume the practice of the law.

—WILLIAM F. PACKER will to-morrow take the gubernatorial chair. With less votes and less majority than Pollock had, yet Packer's majority is ample, and he is abundantly sustained by the Legislature, and by all the political departments of the Government. Whatever he does that is right, we shall rejoice in as sincerely as though he had been our first choice. His Inaugural Address we anticipate in season for our inside impression, and thereby to learn something of his probable course on the living issues of the day. Judging from the past, we should doubt whether he would advance the divorce of Public Works from the Administration, while we feel confident no backward steps will be taken in the cause of Free Education.

\$2,231,777 81.

The above figures indicate the amount which the State Debt—a debt that under every Loefsoefo Administration since the days of George Wolf had been largely increased—has been reduced during the three years of Gov. Pollock's term. Add to this the \$7,500,000 which the Public Works sold for, and we have a reduction of TEN MILLIONS of indebtedness.

We hope—but hardly expect—Gov. Packer may be so successful as to bring about a still further reduction of this burden, so that the happy time shall again arrive "when Pennsylvania is out of debt."
"Under which King?"... A fine looking darkey was sauntering about, when a gentleman asked whose property he was? "Well," said he, "I don't know; Captain—owned me this morning, but he has been playing *evnry* all day, and I don't know who I belong to now." So Buchanan and Douglas have been playing a game, and until it is ascertained who wins some of the Loefsoefo editors of Pennsylvania "don't know who they belong to," yet—
—As far as we have learned, while the Democratic "organs" of Union and Center counties have feared to take a decided stand on the Loefsoefo issue, the great mass of the rank and file appear to stand by Douglas.

GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.



We learn from the Philadelphia *Register* (to the Publisher of which we are also indebted for the above spirited Portrait,) that the immortal HAVELOCK is now 62 years old, having been born, 1795, in Bishopwearmouth, Sunderland, England. His father was a merchant. His oldest brother was distinguished under Wellington, and, soon after the battle of Waterloo, procured for Henry the commission of a Second Lieutenant in the army. After eight years' home service, Lieut. Havelock embarked for India, in 1824, and subsequently married a daughter of Rev. Dr. Marshman, a pioneer Missionary to Calcutta. In 1838, he was promoted to a Captaincy in the war of Afghanistan. Throughout this disastrous war he distinguished himself, and wrote a history of it, which was published in London. He was attached to the staff of Gen. Elphinstone, as Persian interpreter. His next active service was with Sir Robert Sale. He wrote all the despatches, which were highly commended by Sir George Murray. In the field he won no less commendation, for, like Cosar, he fought as well as he wrote. In the attack on Mahomed Akbar, whom he compelled to raise the siege, he displayed his heroic character by defeating the enemy with his own command, before the supporting columns could come up to his assistance. For this service he was promoted to the rank of Brevet Major, and made a Companion of the Bath. Never idle, he devoted himself afterwards to the defence of the frontiers in different parts of India, everywhere winning fresh distinction by his gallant services. In 1843 he aided in the defeat of the Maharrats at Gwalior, for which the next year he was made a Lieutenant Colonel. He served also in all the severe battles of the Sikh war which followed, by which the Sikh empire, so long the terror of Northern India, was completely overthrown.

The Relief of Lucknow.
There has probably been no triumph of the British arms, since the fall of Louisbourg, in the island of Cape Breton, now about a hundred years ago, which has given such universal pleasure, to the inhabitants of this country, as the relief of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell. Since then, the struggle of the Revolution and the war of 1812 (the only wars of any importance we have ever had) had their effect on the national mind, and a triumph of Great Britain has seemed to our citizens generally as an accession of power to a very dangerous rival.
If the Sepoys had fought like men, instead of conducting themselves like devils, it would not have been difficult for them to have secured aid from this country to a very considerable extent. Surgeons would have gone to their sick, and officers in abundance; nor would it have been difficult to make this struggle out as a second war of independence. But several causes have combined by degrees, to turn the whole tide of public sympathy against the natives, and unequivocally in favor of the gallant defenders of Lucknow.
It was, in the first place, a war of unheard-of atrocities against women and children. Scenes such as those at Delhi and at Cawnpore may have been enacted, but were never so recorded, in the whole world's history. Every circumstance has combined to give a thrill of tragic interest to the narratives of this war that will make it ever stand on record as one of the most exciting pages of human history.
Its sudden commencement, and its sudden close, have all conspired to make it fill a very unusual place in the minds of men. That the King of Delhi and his sons, receiving, up to that moment, from the British nation, an almost fabulous revenue, an unheard-of pension, should have murdered with outrageous hor-

in a land where it was the settled policy of the rulers to keep back from the natives Christianity in every form and shape. Nothing, in fact, had saved him long before from being cashiered, but the superior order and discipline of his regiment.
This man, who had marched his men more miles, and fought more battles in fewer days, and with greater and more important victories, than any man, probably, since the days of Lord Clive, Wellington himself not excepted, was now enclosed in Lucknow, with scarce fifteen hundred men, and half as many women and children, and surrounded by seventy thousand devils in human form, thirsting for human blood, and the renewal of the scenes of Cawnpore. These horrors he had first witnessed, and, to avert their renewal at Lucknow, had allowed himself to be enclosed. His whole warfare was for the defence of innocent women and children. No retaliatory vengeance has been exhibited in a single edict—not even when his troops were flushed with victory, and the massacre of Cawnpore was first before his eyes.
But he, in the pursuit of this, the noblest deed of human, of Christian heroism, had been closed around in deepest peril, and at times with scarce a ray of hope. Not until this last mail, was there more than a bare possibility of escape. Had he fallen, there would have been another Cawnpore. Had he fallen, the triumph of right and of a Hero had been reserved for another world, instead of being realized in this. The Commander-in-Chief rushed to his rescue in such haste as to be nearly captured, with all his staff, at one point, and wounded in hard fighting at another. Days of desperate conflict ensued, and Lucknow is relieved. No such triumph has accrued to British arms since Waterloo. And it has placed on the pedestal of fame a hero of as utterly different stripe from Wellington, as Cromwell and his Roundheads were from the Cavaliers.—*Philad. Ledger.*

They'd Like to Try.
General —, of Mississippi, was of the old school and the best stamp. He treated his slaves kindly, gave them abundant provision and clothing, and forbade his overseer to chastise them without his permission. The General was a Church member, and daily had family prayers. He was anxious to have his slaves attend family worship, and many of them did so for a time. At length, he was surprised and grieved to see that they all absented themselves from family worship. What it meant, he could not conjecture. All his efforts to get them in, proved abortive. They seemed determined not to come. The General had a trusty female slave, who was the wife of a man belonging to a neighboring plantation. This man's name was Isaac. He was a faithful, trusty servant, and was promoted by his colored brethren to the dignity of an exhorter. Isaac usually was permitted to go to the General's plantation on Saturday night, and spend the Sabbath with his wife. On Sunday evening he went into prayers, but none of the rest. After prayers, the General said to Isaac that he was much grieved that his servants would not come to prayers. "You see, Isaac, there is not one in. Now, there must be some reason, and I want to know what it is. I thought Polly might have told you." Isaac was a good deal embarrassed; said he was sorry it was so; he told Polly they ought to come in.
"But," said the General, "you know, Isaac, what's the matter. I won't insist on your telling me, but I would like to have you." "Well, Massa," said Isaac, "I will tell you, but you know I think they do wrong in not coming in. They say they don't believe you are a Christian." "Why," said the General, "I am surprised they think I'm not a Christian. Don't I treat them well, feed them and clothe them, and forbid the overseer to abuse them?" "Yes, Massa," said Isaac, "I know you do all this, but they think there is something further back—they say if Massa was a Christian, he would give them their freedom." "Why, Isaac, what do you mean? they couldn't take care of themselves." "Yes, Massa, said Isaac, "BUT THEY'D LIKE TO TRY."—*Boston Post.*

CURED OF CRYPING.—A babe, nine or ten months old, step-child of Abraham Wittemeyer, who lives between Millin and Perysville, Pa., was frozen to death one night during the cold weather in November. The inhuman parents tried to break it of crying by putting it in its cradle and pushing it back under the bed. They did so one night, and the child cried until it was exhausted; the parents fell asleep, and in the morning when they awoke it was lying or dead—both legs frozen to the knees, and its arms stiff up to the elbows.
The Boston Post is responsible for the following:
Some joker (undoubtedly wanting a rib) has lately delivered a humorous speech. By asking it with the difference between the old equinoctial and the new equinoctial. As no one this day ever calls on him, he has, by beginning, perhaps, the time, would invest. The author responds, to the general inquiry. One catches it, however, that there is death. Col Fremont's estate in Maryland, Pa., is secured at \$275,000.

What the Wind Says.

"Do you know what the December wind says, grandpa?" asked a little child at an old merchant's knee.
"No, puss, what does it?" he answered, stroking her fair hair.
"Remember the poor?" grandpa. When it comes down the chimney it roars, "Remember the poor;" when it puts its great mouth to the keyhole it whistles, "Remember the poor;" when it strikes through a crack in the door it whistles it; and, grandpa, when it blows your beautiful silver hair in the street, and you shiver and hutton up your coat, does it not get at your ear and say so too, in a still small voice, grandpa?"
"Why, what does the child mean?" cried grandpa, who, I am afraid, had been used to shut his heart against such words. "You want a new muff and tippet, I reckon; a pretty way to get them out of your old grandfather."
"No, grandpa," said the child earnestly, shaking her head, "no, it's the no muff and tippet children I'm thinking of; my mother always remembers them, and so do I try."
After the next storm, the old merchant sent fifty dollars to the treasurer of a relief society, and said, "Call for more when you want it." The treasurer started with surprise, for it was the first time he had ever collected more than a dollar from him, and that, he thought, came gradually.

A Custom House has been building in New Orleans for the last nineteen years, and it is not finished yet! It is estimated that it will cost over \$5,000,000 when it is done. The New York Custom House, which does ten times more business than that of New Orleans, cost about \$1,250,000. This is a specimen of Democratic management of Uncle Sam's treasure. A big haul for the one-horse slaveholding amalgamating city of New Orleans, and a small one for the commercial caputrium of the nation.

Thomas H. Hicks, the newly elected Governor of Maryland, in his Inaugural Address, speaks as follows: "The people of Maryland have always looked with pride on their share in the great compromises of 1820 and 1850, and with very different feelings on the flagrant violation of these compromises, and their destruction by 'designing men,' in 1854. The name of one of Maryland's ablest sons is for ever associated with the Missouri Compromise."
Eclipses.—In the year 1858, there will be five eclipses—two of the sun, two of the moon, and one of the Democratic party. The latter will be caused by the Little Giant getting between "the Sun of Wheatland" and the public opinion. As this occultation will be total in all the Northern States, we advise our readers to get their smoked glasses ready at the earliest possible moment.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*
John Gruber, so long the publisher of Gruber's German Almanac, died recently at Hagerstown, Md., aged 90 years. He at one time held commission as Justice of the Peace, in Lancaster county, from Benjamin Franklin, then Governor of Pennsylvania.
Pirate Walker "demands" to be sent back to Nicaragua. We wish they would send him back, with a rope around his neck, and present the rope to the authorities whose people he has robbed and murdered.
Philip S. White, so long the head man of the Sons of Temperance order, has relapsed into intemperate habits. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."
Mr. Cook, the New York Bank Superintendent, says that only \$5,830 have been lost in three years past under their free banking system.
Some wag in Washington asserts that the Administration must have nigger in some way; it is niggers in Kansas, and then Niggeragus.
There is said to be not an Administration paper now in Illinois. But one is to be started at Chicago and sustained upon Government paper.
Nicholas Paredell O'Gorman, one of the great Catholic leaders of Ireland, died on the 2d ult., in his 80th year.
Gov. Ranney, of Texas, died on the 17th ultimo of consumption. He had been confined to his bed for several months.
The Trustees for the Indiana Institute for the Blind have hired a woman to teach a brass band.
Poets seldom make good astronomers. They so love women, they cannot see other heavenly bodies.
The *Journal of Commerce* estimates that there is now a stock of 805,500 barrels of flour in New York.
The message of Gov. Wise of Virginia, is more than twice as long as that of the President of the United States.
It is said there are several thousand Irishmen in the United States who make their living by being naturalized.
Work has been resumed in one of the great mills of Lancaster.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.
Reading, a few weeks since, one of De Quincy's papers—"Three Memorable Murders,"—recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of one of the most mysterious domestic dramas that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the flight of time to develop.
The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the Old Dominion, where the head waters of the Rappahannock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.
The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forest-crowned ranges of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.
At the interesting point of these ridges nestles a little hamlet, named, from its elevated position, Altamont.
At the period at which our story opens the four estates, in the four angles of the irregular mountain cross, were owned as follows:
The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was the life property of Madame Andler, a Virginian lady of the old school.
The western and most valuable estate was the inheritance of Honora Pauls, an orphan heiress, granddaughter and ward of Madame Andler.
The northern and smallest one, called, from being the deepest vale of the four—Hawes Hole—was the property of old Hugh Hawes, a widower of gloomy temper, parsimonious habits, and almost fabulous wealth.
The southern farm—named, from the extravagant cost of the elegant mansion-house, elaborate out-buildings, and highly ornamented grounds, which had absorbed the means of the late owner, "Farquhar's Folly"—was the heavily mortgaged patrimony of Godfrey Farquhar Dulanie, the grandson of Hugh Hawes, and now a young aspirant for legal honors at the University of Virginia.

But little benefit to the heir was to be hoped from the inheritance of his father's burdened property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawes had bought up in his own name all the claims against the estate of Farquhar's Folly—doubtless to prevent a foreclosure, and to save the property for his grandson.
But, unhappily, Godfrey had mortally offended the despotic old man by declining an agricultural life, and persisting in the study of a profession—a course that had resulted in his own disinheritance.
To make this punishment more bitter to his grandson, the old man had taken into favor his nephew, Dr. Henry Hawes, whom he had established near himself at Farquhar's Folly.
At this time, the disinherited heir, having finished a term at the University, had come down to spend a part of his vacation in his native place.
It was upon the Saturday evening of his arrival that he found the little hotel, and, indeed, the whole village of Altamont, in a great state of excitement, from the fact that the celebrated heiress, Miss Honora Pauls, had just stopped there, and passed through on her way home.
Those who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her face, vied with each other in praise of her many charms, while those who had not, listened with eagerness, and looked forward to indemnifying themselves by seeing her at church the next morning.
The next day, Godfrey Dulanie attended church, where he saw and fell in love with the most beautiful and intellectual looking girl he had ever beheld. From the cheapness and simplicity of her attire, he supposed her to be some poor dependent of Madame Andler's, in whose power she sat. Godfrey was completely captivated, and he resolved at once to woo, and, if possible, win this lovely being for his wife, poor girl though she was. He was glad she was poor, because she could for that reason be more easily won. But on accompanying Mr. Willoughby, the clergyman, and his brother-in-law, Ernest Heine, home after church, what was his astonishment and dismay at being introduced to the supposed "poor girl," whom he found to be no other than the celebrated Honora Pauls, the greatest heiress and belle, as well as the best and noblest girl, in the State of Virginia. She greeted him cordially, and in a few minutes the company were busily engaged in conversation. The topic of "hospital punishment" having been started, Godfrey turned to Honora, and said:
"I take an especial personal interest in having capital punishment abolished—Miss Pauls, do you believe in astrology?"
Honora started, fixed her eyes intently upon the questioner, and then, withdrawing them answered—
"Sir, why did you ask me if I believe in astrology?"
"Because, Miss Pauls, I was about to relate for your amusement a prediction that was made concerning myself, by a professor of that black art."
"A prediction," exclaimed "Mr. Willoughby."
"Yes, Mr. Willoughby, it was."

Some joker (undoubtedly wanting a rib) has lately delivered a humorous speech. By asking it with the difference between the old equinoctial and the new equinoctial. As no one this day ever calls on him, he has, by beginning, perhaps, the time, would invest. The author responds, to the general inquiry. One catches it, however, that there is death. Col Fremont's estate in Maryland, Pa., is secured at \$275,000.