THE EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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All orders addressed to the publishers, post paid, will receive prompt attention.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

"LITTLE EMILY."

BY ABBY ALLIN.

"Sleep gives her to my arms again."

I SEE thee in my dreams, baby,
In visions of the night,
The blue eye, full of blessedness,
Is glancing on my sight:
Again upon my heart, baby,
The little hand is prest;
Again thy little nestling head
Is pillowed on my breast.

Again the music of thy breath
Falls softly on my ear,
In those dear old accustomed tones
I loved so well to hear!
Once more my lips are murmuring
Low words of love and prayer;
I strive to draw thee closer yet,
But clasp the vacant air!

And then, I wake to weep, baby,
Rememb'ring thou art dead;
And nevermore can my poor heart
Pillow thy little head!
I cannot hear thy voice, baby;
I cannot see thy face;
Nor watch thy growing charms, baby,
Nor welcome thine embrace!

I miss thee from my arms, baby;
I miss thee everywhere!
Yet thou art better cared for now
Than even by my care:
For angels have thee in thy charge,
Lofty and pure of heart!
For the gentle shepherd loves His lambs!
And one of them thou art!

THE STUDENTS.

"MY heart is sour, Fred, and I am angry with myself that it is so."

"The state of the heart, they say, is often beyond the dominion of the will, Heinrich," replied his friend.

"Aye, aye," retorted Heinrich, "but a man may relinquish his rational mastery in this affair; he may pamper himself with dreams of coming happiness, while each day warns him of the peril of the proceeding; he may cast a kind of strontium sunshine round his life, and wilfully shut his eyes to the fact that it is mere strontium. I have done so; and now that the glare is gone I find myself, as it were, upon the stage of a theatre as the day dawns, inspecting by the gray twilight the pictures which enchanted me last night, and finding them all daub and deformity."

In a room in the Wittergasse, Carburg, sat two students, who carried on the foregoing dialogue. It was winter, but the atmosphere of the room was rendered genial by the radiation from a black stove which reared itself in one corner to a height of six or seven feet. Both students were smoking, and upon the pipe of each—a pipe, by the way, the supplying of which in England would lie heavier upon a man than the window tax—was a portrait of the other."

"Only think of my attempting to make poetry, Fred!" pursued Heinrich.

"The thing would seem ridiculous, perhaps, were it not so very common," answered Fred. "But people in your state have a kind of music awoke within them which rejects the common law of utterance. The lover has as good a right to sing as the lark—high feelings demand high expression."

"This music of life would be very delightful," returned Heinrich, "did it not require two to produce it, the will or caprice of either being able to convert it for the other into a most dreary wail. Six months ago I had other melodies to cheer me. I had my work first of all, and retiring from this with the consciousness that I had done it, I was receptive of many delightful influences. Sun, moon, and stars were sources of pleasure to me. Alone in the forest I did not feel lonely; the tree leaves spoke and sung to me. I felt that a common life penetrated me and nature, and I rejoiced in the relationship. But I have forsaken these pleasures to pursue an *ignis fatuus;* I have bartered the forest for the ball-room, and the stars for a maiden's eyes; I have abandoned the changeless and the true, and based my happiness upon a mass of tinted vapour which is now melted and gone. I have been a fool, but a certain profit may be derived even from folly—the experience shall be laid at heart, and turned to some account."

The last sentence was uttered by Heinrich with a bitter energy, as if the individual had become dual, and one-half was acting the part of an exasperated schoolmaster towards the other. Heinrich No. 1,—he of the sun and the stars and the forest and the work, flourished his merciless thongs over Heinrich No. 2,—him of the poetry, ball-room, and bright eyes.

The lady—for a lady was the origin of it all—who caused Heinrich so much trouble, was not one calculated to subdue a man at a glance. Her beauty was not of that triumphant cast which suddenly fascinates the beholder. When Heinrich first saw her, she appeared to him to be a gentle, timid being—a weak snowdrop, which shook its pale petals in the slightest breeze. He saw her again, and imagined that the timidity had subsided a little. There was, indeed, an honesty and earnestness about Heinrich himself which was calculated to effect this. He soon discovered, however, that behind this physical timidity reposed a courage which nobody would have calculated on, and of which the possessor seemed perfectly unconscious. Heinrich was somewhat of a psychologist, and this discovery interested him. He watched her—her actions were the natural outflow of her spirit, untinctured by the slightest affectation. Heinrich had a notion that he could distinguish mere animal beauty from that which, permeating the countenance from within, fuses the features into thought and music; and he observed at times a depth of radiance in those eyes which led him to speculate on the purity and brightness of the soul from which that radiance emanated. She was the only girl whom Heinrich in the course of his life had thought that he could have dared to marry. He felt that she was worthy of his love, and he took no pains to check the growth of the seedling planted by this conviction. The utmost, however, he could gather from his intercourse with her was, that she did not hate him. This was the verdict of his calmer and truer hours; but, naturally enough, he permitted the delusion to creep in, that she evinced a partiality towards him. This he dreaded to forfeit. Alexander, with a world to gain, was braver than Alexander with a world to lose. This thought destroyed the spontaneity of Heinrich's action; he was anxious to please, fearful lest he should displease; and, thus fettered, he lost the power and independence which would have most effectually charmed the girl he loved.

The night previous to his conversation with Fred, Heinrich attended the periodical meeting of the Sonntags-gesellschaft. Three or four of the higher families of Carburg, a few of the professors of the university, and a number of the older students, formed the core of this society, each member of which could invite as many guests as he pleased. On Sunday evenings, once a fortnight, the society came together. Plays, charades, and dancing filled up the time until twelve o'clock, at which hour the meeting usually separated.

On the night in question, the lady above described, whom we shall call hereafter Helen, was also present. Heinrich did not pay her his usual attention on this occasion, for a doubt had insinuated itself into his mind as to whether it was agreeable to her. Before supper, however, he summoned resolution to ask her if she would permit him to lead her to table. She replied that she was engaged, and he retired accordingly. There was nothing new in the fact of a lady's being engaged, the circumstance had occurred to him a hundred times before, but he accepted it as an evil omen in his present state of mind. He saw Helen led to table by Herr Crick, a gentleman whom Tennyson might have had in his eye when he penned the "Character." Heinrich was one of the few who had pierced the enamel which surrounded this person, and found an intriguer within; and, though he had strong faith in the capacity of the maiden to distinguish true from false, he, nevertheless, would have rather seen her in any other company than that of Herr Crick.

Dancing was resumed after supper. At a certain period of the dance, a basket full of little knots of ribbon, having various devices, was placed in the middle of the room. The ladies were led in turn to the basket; each chose a knot and presented it to some one of the gentlemen standing round, who took the giver's hand and danced with her round the room. These little knots were often messengers of pleasure and of hope—sometimes the contrary.—Helen was led to the basket, she chose a knot, and, approaching the portion of the ring where Heinrich stood, gave it—to Herr Crick, who stood at his side.

Up to this moment the image of the maiden had lain like a bright daguerreotype upon his brain. A canker now attacked it, and the bliss of contemplating it was no more. He had sense enough to know that this was a subjective phenomenon, that the maiden had not changed, but had merely revealed to him the peril of the dream in which he had indulged. There was a steadiness and decision about her action which banished the thought that it was the result of levity. "She is right," he thought. "I have been a fool and a coxcomb, and now the penalty is come."

A stroke of calamity is often accompanied by psychological results, the reverse of those which might be anticipated. It was so in the present case. Heinrich mingled with his companions, none knew the nature of the change that had suddenly come upon him, and it surprised even himself. He did not quiver; he was as rigid as a rock. His brain became clear and his glance concentrated. He felt a sudden accession of intellectual power, enabling him, as it were, to crush in an instant problems which, under ordinary circumstances, he might have nibled at for months. Nor was it the energy of despair which thus took possession of him; he never once contemplated the thought of suicide. He confronted the fact of his position valiantly, and the swelling of his heart seemed only to exalt him into clearer day.

On the evening of the next day, Heinrich and his friend Fred sat together in the room of the former, and carried on the dialogue with which we have introduced our narrative.

"I do not blame her," continued Heinrich, "and when I use the term *ignis fatuus* I dont mean to apply it to her. The thing was my own creation solely. I collected her words and looks, and tinged them with my own hopes. Like a fellow who sets out with a theory, and then hunts for facts to support it, instead of first waiting humbly for the fact and placing it at the foundation. I have had my theory—bright and beautiful enough, but now in ruins. *She*, however, may banish uneasiness from her mind; I shall see her again, and show her that her hints have been accepted. Beim Himmel, she has no spaniel at her feet! Fred, my dear fellow, I bless the gods that I am a worker; this fact is my solace at present; my work is my medicine; on this fulcrum I know that I can poise myself, and, after a little time, look out once more upon the world unchagrined and self-possessed.

A fortnight's struggle set Heinrich again in equilibrium. At the end of a fortnight, he stood once more in the Sonntags-gesellschaft, and trod the floor of the ball-room with assurance of a man who feels that he has subdued a stubborn foe. Helen was there, and so was Herr Crick, and so was Fred. There is a mystic transmission of intelligence between minds, and this without a word indicated to Helen that a change had come over Heinrich. He neither sought her nor avoided her; he spoke to her kindly, almost affectionately; in fact, in this respect, he went farther than he should have ventured in his days of thraldom. He did it without second thought, without ulterior object, and, therefore, with dignity and freedom. Herr Crick joined them once while they conversed together; after a little time, Heinrich walked away, and left Helen and him to continue the conversation.

The maiden was not prepared for this exhibition of character on the part of Heinrich. It was a new quality to her; but one between which and her own moral constitution there was the strongest affinity. A kind of spiritual gravitation operated between both, which threatened more and more the orbit in which her life had hitherto revolved, and finally changed that orbit. As the earth folds the moon in its everlasting embrace, and bends her from her forward course without an effort, so this strong man laid hold with silent force upon the maiden's feelings, and held them by an irresistible attraction.

Heinrich had long speculated upon going to America, and the time drew near when the speculation was to be converted into fact. The summer had dawned, periodical land parties were formed, and excursions made through the forest. Heinrich and Helen often met on such occasions. The maiden grew paler as the time of his leaving drew near. Fred remarked this, but Heinrich did not. About a week before his departure, a party was projected to the Glasskopf. It was Whitsuntide, and the sun beamed radiant all day. The party met in Fefer's garden, and walked thence to the rim of the forest. Here, under the primeval beeches, the tablecloths, were very gracefully spread, fowls were dissected, sausages sliced, and maitrank poured out bounteously. After the repast, little coteries dived into the forest.—Heinrich and Fred strolled off alone, and remained away until the sound of a distant horn, at sunset, warned them that the party was collecting for home. They turned in the direction of the sound. A long summer's day had just ended, and the sun teemed his last beaker of golden light from the crown of the Frauenberg. The souls of both were interpenetrated with the beauty and repose of the scene around them. In this mood, they opened the wicket of a little burial-ground which lay athwart their path, and which contained one green grave. At the head of the grave rose a pillar, with rough rock fragments clumped around its base; at the foot sprung three tall pines, which spread their sombre branches, like hearse plumes, over the dead. The grave was that of an ancient forester, who had taken up his final lodging amid the scenes which most delighted him. As the friends entered, a lady, who appeared to have been reading the epitaph, retreated towards a gate at the opposite side of the enclosure—both knew that it was Helen.

"Fraulein!" exclaimed Fred, impulsively, "you are surely not afraid of us."

The maiden stopped and turned; the friends advanced towards her; to Heinrich she appeared the same trembling snowdrop as when he first beheld her.

"It is a fitting place to say good bye," said Fred. "You will hardly have an opportunity of seeing each other again—would that I could have witnessed your union, instead of your separation.

"Fred!" exclaimed Heinrich, "don't talk so; old memories, though subdued, are not killed."

What are the memories?" demanded Fred.

"Shall I tell him?" asked Heinrich, turning laughing to Helen.

A low "yes" was the maiden's reply.

"Well, Helen," said he, taking her hand, "what he wants me to confess is this:—that I once loved *you;* that for your sake I have struggled against that love and subdued it, and that now I stand before you with the heart of a brother, and pray God to bless you."

A kind of sympathetic motion stirred the maiden's lips, and she murmured "God bless you!"

"Nay, Heinrich! nay, Helen! not so," exclaimed Fred. "This infernal delusion must not blind you. Do not contravene the manifest design of heaven who made you for each other. Go together, in the name of God!"

A deathlier paleness overspread the maiden's cheek. The sun had sunk, and the west glowed like the gates of heaven, beside which, half lost amid the amber, one bright star stood sentinel. A million thoughts rushed simultaneously upon the brain of Heinrich, and the long-quelled fervour of his heart now rose welling to his lips. "Fred," he muttered, in a condensed whisper; as if unconscious of the maiden's presence, "do you think she would come?"

"Will you go, Helen?" asked Fred.—"Come, my girl, let me answer for you—you will!"

"I will," replied the maiden.

The arms of a man were around her in an instant, and the heart of a man throbbed against her lily cheek. He kissed it till its roses kindled, and——the fairies danced more joyously that night round the grave of the old forester.

THAT BIG FIDDLE.

The following incident really took place not long since in one of the principal music stores in Camp street. A bushy headed youth—an acquaintance of ours—a great wag in the bargain, and second guardian of the store aforesaid—was lazily engaged in humming an air from Strakosch's new opera and dusting a "piccolo," when a bold, rough voice, within a foot of his ear, alarmed his sensibilities with the question.

"Stranger, d'you sell fiddles?"

"Fiddles?" said "piccolo."

"Ya-as, fiddles."

"Stringed instruments?" queried the youth gravely.

"Ya-as strings," said the owner of the voice somewhat puzzled.

"Such instrument as ancient Uncle Edward requested should be suspended on the wall?"

"No, I don't want them; I axed for a fiddle!"

"What kind of a fiddle will you have, sir; a Stradearius, an Amati, or a violin?" inquired bushy-head, looking business like.

"I don't want none of them fixings stranger; I jist ax you fur a raal, rake-down fiddle—regular Virginny!"

"Oh! I understand: you want a fiddle." Said the Hoosier—for he was one of that much-abused race—"you see, stranger, my old woman tuk on mighty strong agin' my comin down to New Orleans—I come down on Uncle Abrums flat boat, I did—and 'd'you see, I want to gin her some good music when I arrive back!—My old woman likes music, stranger, and so do I—I'm a break-down on the Arkansaw traveller—I tell yeou I am!"

And the tall Hoosier, dwadling over the counter, laughed confidently to bushy-head. The latter looking sympathisingly on the pattern husband, and proceeded to show him a variety of "stringed instruments."

Hoosier tried them all with "Arkansaw traveller," and said "them would do."—He fixed on one that pleased him more than the rest, put his hand in his pocket, half drew out an old, greasy buckskin wallet, and asked the price of "that ere one."

"One hundred dollars!" coolly replied the sales youth.

"Wha-at,

"One hundred dollars."

The wallet disappeared, and the Hoosier looked as if some one were choking him.

"Here is one cheaper—only eighty dollars."

The Hoosier continued being choked.

"Ah! this one, sir, is a splendid fellow—just listen to the tone—I'll let you have it, being it's you for two hundred dollars!"

The Hoosier eyes rolled wildly as he heard the price. His hands disappeared entirely in the immense pockets of his yellow-dyed trowserloons. There was a look of black despair in his countenance, as he exclaimed:

"Old woman, good-bye to your fiddle!"

"Why sir, what price did you think I was going to ask for this instrument?'

"Jist about what our John gin for his, stranger—only a five."

"Is that the kind you want?" said bushy-head, looking surprised; "why didn't you say so before. We have plenty of them. Come this way and I will show you one."

The wag gravely proceeded to uncase an immense double bass. It stood about a foot higher than he did. The Hoosier was astonished. He fell back a foot or two, and gazed in silence on the formidable instrument.

The seller busily proceeded to tune it, and offered it to the Hoosier, requesting him to strike up the "Farewell."

The Hoosier was a study for a painter as he reared back and roared out:

"Whar's the the man that plays on that big fiddle? I want to see him."

"He plays to-night at Wynen's concert in the Lyceum Hall."

"He does! Give me a ticket, stranger; I want to see that man!"

We departed as the Hoosier was paying for his ticket, and loudly calculating the height of the man that played "that big fiddle!"

THE NEW POSTAGE LAW.

INSTRUCTIONS OF POSTMASTER GENERAL.

The Postmaster-General has issued a series of instructions to Deputy-Postmasters in relation to the new Postage-Law, which goes into operation after the 30th instant. The present five and ten cent postage stamps will not be received for postage after the 30th instant, but persons holding them can have them redeemed by the Postmaster from whom they were purchased, or by the nearest Postmaster authorized to sell them, at any time between 1st July and the 30th September.

New stamps, for 12 and 3 cents, and one cent are to be issued; and one or more of the principal offices, in each county, will be supplied with them, from which other offices can obtain them, by pre-paying for the amounts required.

A postmaster may not refuse to mail and forward a letter as prepaid because the stamp upon it was not purchased at his office. If the stamp be genuine, and have not been used before in payment, it must be respected.

Postage stamps may be used in the prepayment of postage on letters to foreign countries, in all cases where such pre-payment can be made in money.

There are various other instructions given in relation to the duties of postmasters, but as these officers will be furnished with copies of the directions, we omit them, and proceed to give entire the "Decisions under the new Postage Act, made by the Postmaster General, after consultation with the Attorney General." They are as follows:—

The postage on all bound books and on all other printed matter, *except newspapers and periodicals published at intervals not exceeding three months and sent from the office of publication to actual and bona fide subscribers*, must be pre-paid.

If the amonut paid and marked on such printed matter is not sufficient to pay the whole postage due, the excess of weight beyond that paid for, is to be charged with double the rate which would have been charged if prepaid, and the postage on such excess collected at the office of delivery. If by the neglect of a Postmaster, such matter is sent without any prepayment, the double pre-paid rate must be collected on delivery. Postage must be charged on all letters, newspapers, and other matter according to the distance on the route *by which they are forwarded;* and this (unless otherwise directed by the sender) must be the route by which they will soonest reach their destination, although that may not be the shortest route.

On letters to and from Great Britain (*and the Continent of Europe when sent through England*) the rates of postage and modes of rating will be the same as heretofore, except as to letters to or from California and Oregon, in respect to which special instructions will be hereafter given.

On all letters *to or from the Continent of Europe not sent through England*, the United States inland and sea postage will in all cases be combined, and will be twenty cents the single rate without regard to the distance the same are carried within the United States. The mode of rating will be the same as heretofore. [Full tabular statements in regard to the rates of postage, both foreign and inland, will soon be published.]

Subscribers to periodicals, to obtain the benefit of the provision in regard to prepayment, must pay the full quarter's postage before the delivery of the first number, when there are several numbers to be delivered during the quarter. If, by reason of any increase in the size of the periodical, or otherwise, it shall appear that the whole quarter's postage was not so paid in advance, the subscriber will lose the benefit of pre payment, and the numbers received during the whole quarter will be charged with the double or unpaid rate, and the subscriber will be credited with only the amount paid in advance.

Under the provisions of the 2d section of the new postage act, *no newspapers other than those published weekly, only*, are entitled to circulate free of postage in the counties where published. The office of publication is the office where the newspaper is printed.

In determining newspaper postages, the distances are to be computed from the office of publication, and not from the county line of the county in which the paper is published; and the distance is also to be computed over the route on which it is carried.

Newspapers published weekly only, in a county adjoining the Canada line, may be sent free to Canada provided they do not leave the county of publication until they cross the line into Canada.

Newspaper publishers may send and receive their exchange newspapers to and from Canada free of charge.

A newspaper is not a periodical within the meaning and intent of the provision which requires the postage on periodicals to be paid in advance, and declares that the postage thereon shall be one-half of the rates previously specified in the 2d section of the act. All subscribers to newspapers were and still are required by the provisions of the 30th section of the act of March, 1825, to pay one quarter's postage in advance; but by so doing they are not entitled to have the postage reduced below the established rates.

Payments in advance on newspapers and periodicals, *can only be made by the subscribers at the post office where they are to be delivered.* The postage on newspapers, periodicals, and other matter, not chargeable with letter postage, when sent out of the United States, must be pre-paid at the full rate. *Publishers* may pre-pay postage on their issue, but can have no deduction of postage on account of such prepayment. When a periodical is published only quarterly, the actual and bona fide subscriber for such periodical may pay in advance, and have the benefit of the advance payment, provided he pays to the postmaster at the office where he is to receive the periodical, before its delivery.—If a periodical is published less frequently than quarterly, the postage must be prepaid and at the full rate.

Letters mailed before the 1st day of July, though delivered after, will, in all cases, be charged with postage at the rates in force at the time of the mailing thereof.

N. K. HALL, Postmaster General.

Post Office Department, June 11, 1851.

MR. WEBSTER'S HABITS OF LIFE.—Mr. Webster was sixty-nine years old last February. During the whole active period of his life, he has risen very early, and still-oftener up before five o'clock than after it—and getting through more work before the majority of lawyers and statesmen have breakfasted, than most of the better sort of them do in the whole day. In the summer season, when he is at Marshfield or at Franklin, he is generally out among his fine cattle, for his pleasure and health, by four o'clock in the morning; and in the course of the forenoon he often walks more miles, with his gun on his shoulder, or catches more fish, than most young sportsmen can in twice the time. His spirits are generally fresh, and, for his years, gay, except when anxious about the business of the country; his external senses are unimpaired; he is quick of hearing as he ever was—much more so than some like to have him; he can read the finest print without spectacles, as he could at twenty. In short, his physical powers are *preserved to a degree most extraordinary*, considering his age; and as to his intellectual faculties, his marvelous memory, the promptness with which he can command all his vast resources, his wise judgment of affairs, his massive power—never so formidable as when assailed—all these are untouched, and fill with wonder all who approach him. —*Boston Cour.*

AN OLD PRINTER.—A. W. Scowell, a printer, 80 years of age—the oldest in the United States—commenced his apprenticeship of seven years in the King's Printing Office, London, in 1784, sixty-eight years ago. The Boston Mail says:

He was a soldier under Sir John Moore, at Corinna, in Spain, in 1809, where he received a ball in his right arm. He was present at the burial of Sir John, and remembers the minutest particulars of the scene. He was also with the Duke of Wellington through his whole campaign, and lost an ancle bone by a grape shot in the battle of Waterloo. This veteran typo, after all this hard service, is one of the swiftest and best compositors in Boston.

A NEW INSTRUMENT OF DESTRUCTION.—A rifle capable of firing 25 balls every minute, including the time of loading, was shown to the editor of the Newark Advertiser, a day or two since, as an important improvement in fire arms.

Under the barrel, in the place of the ordinary ramrod, is an iron tube containing the 25 balls, and by cocking the gun a ball is brought up in the barrel and the same operation also brings up from the breech a "pill" of priming. The charge of powder is contained in the ball, which is not round, but oblong, and having an opening which is corked shut after the powder has been introduced. The quantity of powder is only 28 grains, and drives the ball with greater force than the large charge in an ordinary gun.

Fanny Elsler has recently returned from Moscow to Vienna. Her professional campaign in this ancient capital of the Czars must have gratified her as much as any of her triumphs in our large cities. Her performances at Moscow were twenty-two, with a golden harvest. Besides garlands and bouquets, composed of the costliest hot-house flowers, white pigeons were thrown on the stage. Her horses were taken from her carriage, and the goddess was drawn by her admirers to her splendid apartments. Rich carpets were spread in the street where she was to alight. She is about to retire from the stage to her princely domain in Styria.—*Paris letter N. Y. Jour. Com.*

MORE WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Among the prominent benevolent objects of the day we perceive the call of a convention for the formation of a society for the amelioration of the condition of women with *snoring husbands!*

PROVERB ILLUSTRATED.—At Peoria Ill., on the 12th ult., Rev. Mr. Pierce married Mr. Henry W. Seing to Miss Ellen *Hurd*. The bride was but 15. This is fulfilling the juvenile adjunct that children should be *seen* and not *heard*.

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