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By H. J. STAHLER.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

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The Muse.

From Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Preaching of the Trees.

At midnight hours, when silence reigns Through all the woodland spaces, Began the boughs and the trees To wave and whisper in the breeze, All talking in their places.

The Rosebush dances with look of joy, And perfume breathing in glowing; A Rose's life is quickly past;

Then let me, while the time shall last, Be readily, gaily blooming."

The Aspen whispers "Sunken day!"

Not me thy gladdening birth!

They die, they die, deadly dart,

That quivers in the Rose's head—

My shuddering soul is grieved!"

The slender Poplar speaks, and seems To stretch her green boughs higher;

Up yonder life's pure river flows,

Sweeter murmurs, brightly glow,

To that I still aspire."

The Willow looks to earth and sighs:

"My arm to fold thee yearns;

I let my hair down to thee;

Embrace therein thy flowers for me,

As mother her child adores!"

And next the wealthy Plum-tree sighs:

"Alas! my treasures crush me!

This land with which my shoulders groan,

Take it if not mine alone!

By robbing you reflect me!"

The Fir-tree speaks in cheerful mood:

"A blossom here I never;

But steadfastness is all my store;

In snarler's heat, in winter's roar,

I keep my green forest!"

The proud and lofty Oak-tree speaks:

"God's thunderbolts confound me!

And yet no storm can bow me down,

Strength is my atom's strength my crown;

My weak ones gather round me!"

The Pine kept close to him,

Her ten little round him clinging;

He who no strength of his own,

Or loves not well to stand alone,

May to a friend be clinging."

Mistletoe, now half forgot, says:

"And still to me cause creeping,

Low whispered words, upon the air,

While by the grave alone stood there

The Cypress mately weeping.

Oh! might they reach one human heart,

These tender accents creeping!

What wonder if they do not reach?

The tree by starlight only preaches,

When we must needs be sleeping.

Story Book.

The Old Musket.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY SKETCHER.

It was on the evening of one of the anniversaries of our Independence, that a party were assembled in the parlor of a comfortable looking house in the city of Philadelphia. The room in which they were congregated was neatly though not richly furnished, and betokened that the inmates of the mansion were in independent, if not in wealthy circumstances. It was evident this evening, that, in honor of the event which was there being celebrated, as well as of the day, so dear to every American, more than usual care and taste had been expended upon the appearance of the apartment. Garlands of roses, yet wet and sparkling with dewy spray, were wreathed with exquisitely strewed around the room, depending from the sides and ceiling, to the chandelier in the centre, whose light of dreamy softness fell upon the surrounding objects with fine effect. Vases of rare exotics were arranged around at intervals, filling the apartment with their delicious fragrance. The window curtains, of snowy whiteness, were looped up by ribbons of red and white, in imitation of the national flag; while over the door, by which the guests entered, was suspended a mimic flag of our country, evidently from its richness of embroidery, the work of some one of the gender sex. Hanging each other, on opposite sides, were suspended against the walls portraits of Washington and Lafayette, each of which was surrounded by wreaths of green and laurel. But, what more highly all attracted the attention of the room, was an object of ancient appearance, which was hung by silken cords immediately below the first-named portrait, an old musket, whose battered appearance bore evidence of the long and hard war. The stock resembled a tree trunk, and was profusely covered with dents and scratches, and the wood, of good pine, had lost, to a certain extent, its original color.

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hung fondly upon her husband's arm; it was by his request that it was placed there. Oh, here he is; perhaps he will be good enough to tell us something about it; will you, grandfather?"

As she spoke, an old man of venerable appearance entered the room, and seated himself near by. He was one of those monuments of olden time, that the eye loves to dwell upon—one of those rare sights in our days, a half-hearty old man. His locks, that fell loosely about his neck, were bleached with the frost of some eighty winters and his brow bore the impress of time's iron hand. His cheeks, though somewhat wrinkled, were still ruddy, and his clear grey eyes yet sparkled with the buoyancy of youthful vivacity.—His dress consisted of a coat of black, cut in the fashion of seventy-six; breeches and silk hose; a capacious waist-coat of buck; easy shoes and silver buckles. Besides which, like a true gentleman of "the old school," he wore a frilled bosom to his shirt, and ruffled wristbands, fastened with a plain, but of solid gold. It needed not, indeed, a second glance to pronounce him a branch of the revolutionary stock.

In answer to his grand-daughter, he said:

"I will readily accede to your request, and relate the story connected with the old musket. It was for this reason I had it here exhibited. Sit down, my young friends, and listen, for it is on such a day the old soldier loves to talk."

"At the time of the breaking out of the American Revolution, there lived some twelve or fifteen miles west of the Schuylkill river, a wealthy farmer and his wife, whom shall call by the name of Carlton. They had but one child, a son, named Charles, whom they dearly loved. He was youth not without many faults, of a warm heart and willing hand; proud of his own will, and testing oppression. He was eighteen years of age at this period, strongly built, and it was said not without some personal attractions. When the war first broke out, his breast burned with indignation at the oppressions of the mother country, and he would fain have gone forth to add his mite in aid of the cause of freedom; but the thought of how great would be the grief of his parents, should he fall, induced him to forego his wishes, and he remained at home, a silent, though not an uninterested spectator of the struggle which was going on.

"The battles of Lexington, Bunker Hill, and others, had already been fought, when one day he mounted his horse, and rode into town, as was his daily custom, to hear the latest news. It was noon when he started from home, and when he reached the city the afternoon was pretty well advanced.

"Leaving his horse at the stable of a friend of his father, he proceeded toward the Delaware, near, and upon whose bank, the principal part of the city then stood, its habitations not extending much beyond Tenth or Eleventh street, the intervening space between which and the Schuylkill, was then filled with farm-houses, country-seats, and cottages.

"The friend, at whose stable Charles Carlton left his horse, lived on the outskirts of the city, in the vicinity of Chestnut street. Accordingly, he struck into that street—it had a different appearance then to what it has now—and proceeded along, gazing at whatever caught his fancy, until at length he had been doing something to it, and it had been left in his father's chamber. What was he now to do? He could not enter there for fear of disturbing him, and he must have some kind of arms. After a moment's pause, he thought of his old musket, which he had brought with him from his grandfather, who had brought it with him from England when he emigrated, and who had often used it in the wars of the mother country against France. Gliding noiselessly from the house, he secured the piece, and was soon trudging towards Philadelphia, from which place recruits were despatched every morning to the headquarters, at New York.

"I will not tire you with a detail of the many engagements in which he participated after he joined the army. Suffice it to say, he did honor to the cause in which he was engaged at New York, Fort Washington, Fort Lee, Trenton, and Princeton, and won a name in his regiment for undaunted bravery and courage.

"Many were the sufferings and trials he passed through, in that dark and gloomy period of the Revolution when the Sun of Liberty was obscured by the lowering clouds of adversity, and despair reigned predominant in the breasts of the weaker portion of men. Those were indeed the times that tried men's souls. Whether on the bloody field, or to some march—whether in the summer's heat, or the winter's cold—their sufferings were beyond description. Charles bore his with a stony heart, for the consciousness, that it was his duty, to bear it, and he murmured not, but many and many a time did he pace his friendly arm to interpose to save the old man's. But at length, while holly engrossed with several athletic Britons, they were in the thickest of the fray, leading their gallant troops to victory or death!—Peace be to their ashes, and rest to their souls!

"In the fight that night, Charles Carlton acted a gallant part. Many a Briton fell by the old musket—but its主人, he fell a bloody, lifeless corpse upon the sword before him.

"When the battle ceased, Charles dug a grave with his own hands, and laid the body in, just as the rosy sun appeared in the brightening East.—He knelt down, and braved a prayer for the departed soul; then turning away with inquieting eyes, bid farewell to the sergeant's lonely grave.

"The battle of Princeton, you know, occurred in January, and it was not until the following December, when the army retired to winter quarters at Valley Forge, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, that Charles could get leave of absence to fulfill his mission, and visit his home, which he had not done since he first left, though he had written to his parents frequently.

"Aye, and that is the brave Washington," said the one who Charles had addressed.

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They were the President, John Hancock, and the Secretary, Charles Thompson. The latter held a document in his hand, which, after a short pause, he read aloud. It was that celebrated and ever-to-be-remembered instrument, the glorious Declaration of our Independence. Who can describe the tumultuous throbings of those hearts? The death-like silence with which they listened, told how deep an interest they felt. Not a footfall was heard, not a word was spoken, and breaths were drawn stifly at the full, clear voice of the Secretary.

After that the old man, whose name was Sinclair, treated him with a father's affection, and made him his companion and confident. He told him that he was a native of Scotland, and had once been wealthy, but having by misfortune been reduced, his pride would not allow him to remain in his native place after his loss of fortune; and with what little he could command he had come to America a few years previous, accompanied by his daughter, a young girl of eighteen, a little boy eight years old, the son of a daughter, who with her husband was dead, and an old and faithful servant. He had built a small cottage upon the banks of the Schuylkill, a few miles above Philadelphia