

## THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

I love the banging hammer,  
The whirring of the plane,  
The cracking of the busy saw,  
The creaking of the crane;  
The ringing of the anvil,  
The grating of the drill,  
The clattering of the turning-lathe;  
The whirling of the mill:  
The buzzing of the spindle,  
The rattling of the loom,  
The puffing of the engine,  
And the fan's continuous boom—  
The clipping of the tailor's shears,  
The driving of the awl—  
The sounds of busy labor,  
I love, I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle  
The reaper's cheerful song,  
The drover's oft repeated shout  
As he spurs his stock along,  
The bustle of the market man,  
As he hies him to the town  
The hulloo from the tree top  
As the ripened fruit comes down;  
The busy sound of threshers  
As they clean the ripened grain,  
And the huskers, joke, and mirth, and glee,  
"Neath the moonlight on the plain,  
The kind voice of the dairy man,  
The shepherd's gentle call—  
These sounds of active industry;  
I love, I love them all.

For they tell my longing spirit  
Of the earnestness of life,  
How much of all its happiness  
Comes out of toil and strife:  
Not that toil and strife that fameth  
And murrureth all the way—  
Not the toil and strife that groaneth  
Beneath the tyrant's sway:  
But the toil and strife that springeth  
From a free and willing heart,  
A strife which over bringeth  
To the striver all his want.

Oh! there is a good in labor.  
If we labor but aright,  
That gives vigor to the day-time,  
And a sweeter sleep at night:  
A good that bringeth pleasure,  
Even to the toiling hours  
For duty cheers the spirit  
As the dew revives the flowers.

## THE FROGS AND THE CHESNUT BURS.

Many years ago, a young man, twenty-one years of age, and whom I will call Daniel, was hired to work on a farm by Mr. W—, a man of considerable note as a farmer, in Massachusetts. Mr. W— had a daughter and a hired girl, both about eighteen years of age, and Daniel being of a steady turn, was not talkative enough to suit their fancy, and after trying various plans and tricks, without success, to—as they said—ruse his ideas, they caught a large frog and put it into Daniel's bed. On going to bed, he soon discovered the whereabouts of his bedfellow, and pitched his frogship out of the window, and never afterwards betrayed the least sign of knowledge in regard to the joke.

About a month afterwards, Daniel found a lot of chesnut burs, nearly as sharp as thistles and contrived to deposit nearly half a peck in the girl's bed, and after the girls went to their room and had time to undress, he took a candle, went to the door and rattled the latch, when the girls put out their light and jumped unto bed, and such a squalling was seldom heard or seen before. Daniel now opened the door and stood in it with light in hand.

"Dan, torment your picture: I wish you were as far beyond the light-house as you are on this side," said Suky.

"Way what is the matter?—have you any frogs there?" said Dan.

"Dan if you don't shut the door and clear out, I will call Mrs. W—," continued Suky.

"I will call her myself, if you wish," said he.

"Daniel," said Anna W—, "if you will shut the door and go back to the kitchen, there shall be no more tricks or jokes put upon you by us for six months, at least."

Daniel, thinking he had punished the girls enough, shut the door and left them. A few moments after this, Suky came back to light her candle.

"I thought you had gone to bed Suky?" said Mrs. W—.

Suky made no reply, but looked daggers at Dan, and quickly returned. After this scrape the girls put no jokes or tricks upon Dan.—He was a steady, faithful man—saved every dollar of his earnings, and six years from that time owned a good farm, married Anna W—, and was three years first selectman of the town, which he afterwards represented in the State Legislature.

## The Fortune of Washington.

The British account of the Battle of King's Mountain, contains a letter from Col. Fergusson, who was killed there at the head of the British forces, in which the Colonel relates, to his brother Dr. Fergusson, of Scotland, the following curious incident showing one of the remarkable escapes of Washington, in time of imminent danger. The occurrence happened while Fergusson lay with part of his riflemen on the skirt of wood in front of Knyphausen's division. We quote from the National Intelligencer: "We had not lain long (says Fergusson in his letter) when a rebel officer, remarkable by a huzzar dress, passed towards our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a good bay horse, with a remarkably high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them and fire at them; but the idea disgusted me. I recalled the order. The huzzar, in returning made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us; upon which I had advanced from the woods towards him. Upon my calling he stopped, but after looking at me proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made sign for him to stop, levelling my piece at him; but he slowly continued his way. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty. So I let him alone. The day after I had been telling this story to some wounded officers, who lay in the same room with me, when one of our surgeons, who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in and told us that they had been informing him that General Washington, was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer, in a huzzar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was."

A PERILOUS POSITION.—Joseph Seigfried, who has contracted to paint the spire of the Presbyterian Church on Main street, ascended on Thursday afternoon, to within some six feet of the top by ingeniously attaching a block and tackle to a hook, and fastening the lower end to a large basket. He took passage for the upper region in that frail barque, and reached the elevation of 152 feet from the ground. Having been drawn as high as the apparatus would admit, and wishing to fasten a wire to the top most spire, he climbed up the rope and stood upon the tackle block, holding with one hand to some projecting piece of tin, while he arranged the wire with the other. While in this perilous position he felt himself growing weak, and his grasp relaxing. He immediately slipped down into his basket,

where he lay nearly exhausted, some ten minutes, with his head projecting over one side of the receptacle, and his feet over the opposite.—Had Mr. S. fallen from the peak of the steeple he would never have known what hurt him!—*Chillicothe (Ohio) Gazette.*

## JOSEPH DENHAM OR THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

A TEMPERANCE AND RELIGIOUS TALE.

Continued.

Luther, her youngest child, who had been feeble from infancy, was lying in his little bed, while Mary a sweet girl of thirteen, was seated by him telling him stories she had heard to amuse him until their mother should come in; they were the only inmates. Mary instantly arose to assist her mother in removing her bonnet and shawl. "You have been unusually late from home to night mother," said Mary, "not being accustomed to be left alone so long, we began to be alarmed about you. You are weary ma, sit down," and as she looked up, being of a quick perceptive nature, that glance was sufficient to convince her, that her mother was in deep sorrow, and fearful lest her own feelings should betray themselves, endeavoured to assume a mock air of cheerfulness. It was almost impossible for Mary to banish from her face all traces of that anxiety which her heart could not suppress, and as a smile for a moment would light up her countenance, an attentive observer could not fail to notice that something was preying upon her youthful spirit. But Mrs. Denham was too much absorbed with her own thoughts and feelings to observe her agitation, and the tearful eye of her daughter was unnoticed. "Luther has appeared much easier since he awoke, you know mother you left him sleeping. He suffered me to carry him to the door; he was so delighted to look out upon the fields and trees; how glad I shall be when he can walk about again, and come into the school room, he has been sick so long, poor boy." Mrs. Denham stooped and kissed the brow of her invalid child, while her tears fell on his pale thin face. "Ma dear, do not cry so; you often tell me not to weep, that if I am patient and good, when I die I shall go to that blessed home where God will wipe all tears from our eyes; you are good mother, and will go there too, won't you?" and as he spoke he encircled her neck with his puny arms. Most keenly did she feel his rebuke, and as she brushed aside the clustering curls from his forehead, resolved for the future to be more resigned to the will of Heaven. "Were you alone all the evening? I had some business with the minister this evening, and when I get into conversation with the good old man, the time passes away more rapidly than I am aware of. I flattered myself Joseph would spend this his last evening in the village at home, and was informed on my way home that it is his intention to leave tomorrow evening. Has he not really been home since I went away? It was with a great effort Mary could answer in a firm voice, that he had indeed been home. And why did he not remain, did he say he would come in again? No ma, he did not, he was only in for a short time, Edward Lawson was with him and proposed their going down to the factory, where I think they are. They appeared to go in that direction. Ma, I do not like the appearance of young Lawson. Whenever Joseph was warned of a drunkard's fate he would fly in a passion at once and deny ever tasting liquor, and termed his informant a foul slanderer; but by the frequency of the draught he had grown bolder and bolder, until he was not ashamed to reel into his home, and salute it with the drunkard's hollow unmeaning laugh, and drunkard's curses that rolled from his tongue, and that of his