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THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

BY LONGFLLOW.

There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between,

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of the flower is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of those flowrets gay,"
The reaper said and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he were once a child,

"They all shall bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again,
The flowers she most did love.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE POOR MAN'S BOOK.

The winds have blown the smoke away—
Cold is the forge and hush'd the mill;
The "toil-worn cotter" rests to-day—
Traffic is mute and labor is still.

The unharnessed horse feeds on the green,
The laboring ox rests in the shade;
A holy calm pervades the scene,
And beauty smiles from hill and glade.

The modest flowers that light the clod,
Like drops of sunshine from the sky,
Bow their sweet heads and worship God,
And send their fragrant praise on high,

Beneath his fig tree and the vine,
Beside the lowly cottage door,
The poor man reads the precious line
Of promise to the humble poor.

The Bible is the poor man's law,
Blessed boon to mortals given;
A ladder such as Jacob saw,
With angels coming down from heaven.

The Mint-Master's Daughter.

BY GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD.

Capt. John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made. His was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony the current coinage consisted of the gold and silver money of England, Portugal and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it, if he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it for a pile of pine boards. Musket balls were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampun, which was made of clam shells, and this strange kind of specie was likewise taken in payment of debt by English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country to pay their ministers; so that sometimes they had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood instead of silver and gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of sixpences and shillings. Capt. Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have one shilling out of every twenty, to pay him for his trouble of making them.

Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Capt. Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the pot melting together.

But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English bucaniers, who were little better than pirates, had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, six-pences and three-pences. Each had the date of 1652 on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Capt. Jno. Hull was entitled to put one shilling in his own pocket. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up the twentieth shilling, which he was continually dropping in his pocket. But Capt. Hull declared he was perfectly satisfied with the shilling, and well he might be, for so diligently did he labor, that in a few years his pockets, his money bags and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of his grand father's chair; and, as he worked so hard at the mint it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself on.

When the mint-master was grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came courting his daughter Betsy, a fine hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, indian puddings, doughnuts, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsy, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "you will find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plain coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waist-coat were sixpences and the knees of his small clothes were buttoned with silver three-pences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's arm-chair, and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peoni, a great red apple, or any other round and scarlet object.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-laced waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow them to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head because Governor Endicot had forbidden any man to wear it below his ears. But he was a very personable young man, and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master was also pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had said nothing at at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word or two to his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing; a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master; go into one side of the scales."

Miss Betsy—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of a why. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, (in which case she would have been a dear bargain,) she had not the least idea.

'And now,' said honest John Hull to his servants, 'bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed, was a hugh, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough to play hide and seek in. The servants tugged with their might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key out of his girdle, unlocked the chest and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewel began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in Massachusetts treasury. But it was the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at captain Hull's command, heaped double-handfulls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handfull after handfull were thrown in till plump and ponderous as she was, they weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell,' cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in his grand-father's chair; "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly and thank heaven for her, for it is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver."

We laughed heartily at this legend, and would hardly be convinced but grandfather had made it out of his own head. He assured us faithfully however that he had found it in the pages of a grave historian, and merely had tried to tell it in a funnier style.

"Well, grandfather," remarked Clara, "if wedding portions now-a-days were paid as Miss Betsy's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure, as many of them do."

WHAT IS HE RESERVED FOR?—There is a lad of 12 years, W. H. Waddell, living at Pocahontas, Arkansas, who, in the spring of 1850, was stabbed and the wound thought to be mortal; the same fall was knocked senseless and cold by lightning; in the fall of 1851, was run over by four mules and a wagon; last winter fell from the third story window, lighting upon a pile of stone; about six weeks since was shot, three balls entering his body. The hero of all these ugly accidents is still alive and healthy being reserved doubtless for some other kind of shuffling off this mortal coil.

The celebration of the Fourth of July cost the city authorities of New-York $45,000.

Cheap Tooth-Drawing.

Cheapness, with a very large class of persons, is ever the strongest recommendation of an article or the decisive reason for selecting a particular agent to perform a service. Such rarely enlarge in speaking of what they have bought, or had done, of the good quality of good work obtained, but on the low price at which the one or the other has been secured. As a general thing, they do not get any more than they bargain for, and in not a few cases, they receive far less.

We heard a story of one of these cheap individuals not long since, which provoked a smile. He had occasion for the services of a dentist, who was something of a humorist.

"What do you ask for pulling a tooth?" he asked of Forceps, on entering his office. A swollen and inflamed cheek, showed that he stood in need of professional aid.

"Fifty cents," was replied.

"Never gave but a quarter," said the sufferer, in as decided a voice as pain would allow him to assume.

"My charge is fifty cents," returned the operator in quite as determined a manner.

"Can't pay so much. Quarter is enough.—You only have to put on your irons, and it is out in three seconds. Wish I had as much as I could do at pulling teeth for a quarter a piece. Come, now, friend, money is money these times. Don't you never pull teeth for a quarter?"

"Sometimes," replied the dentist, whose sense of the ludicrous was already touched, and whose natural love for a practical joke had become excited.

"Then you'll pull mine out for that price?" said the patient.

"O yes, if you wish me to do so," was answered.

Down sat the patient, and the dentist was soon cutting away at his gum in the coolest and most deliberate way imaginable.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the snfferer, so soon as the gum-cutting operation was over, "My friend, you did hurt me dreadfully."

The dentist now applied a pair of forceps to the offending tooth, and gave it a wrench which fairly brought the patient to his feet.

"Is it out, doctor?" was eagerly asked.

"Not yet," cooly replied the dentist. "Sit down again, and I'll make another trial."

So the man sat down once more, and the forceps were again applied. There was another severe wrench, but the tooth refused to come.

"Mercy on us doctor! Is this the way you pull teeth?" screamed the patient, as he seized the dentist's hand with a nervous grip.

"It's the way I pull teeth for a quarter," replied the dentist, with a twinkle in his eyes, which the other, even in his pain did not fail to see.

"Pull mine for fifty cents, then," quickly screamed the writhing victim.

"That's the way it's done," said Forceps a moment after, as with a dextrous motion of his practised hand he removed with comparatively slight pain, the tooth from its socket, and held it up to the patient's view.

The half dollar was paid, and the man departed with a dawning perception in his mind, that cheap things are, sometimes, the dearest a man can buy.

A YOUNG and beautiful, but poor widow, was about to marry an old rich widower. Her friends wished to know what she wished to marry him for? She replied, "pure love—I love the ground (meaning farm, probably,) on which he walks, and the very house in which lives." There is platonic love for you. There is none of your school-girl foolishness in that.

There is an old toper in Maine who is making quite a fortune out of the anti-liquor law.—He goes into New Hampshire, and gets fuddled, and when he comes back charges his neighbors twelve-and-a-half cents for smelling his breath. He'll do.

MEAN.—The man who is too stingy to subscribe for his own District paper, passed through this village last week. He was bare-footed, and he dug into the ground with his toes as he went along, to see if he could not root up a five cent piece.

Vermonters live to a great age as is well known. There are two men up there so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there are no neighbors who can remember.

A cobbler in Mobile, who also professes to teach music, has the following sign over his door:

"Delightful task to mend the tender boot.
And teach the young idea how to flute."

Old Dr. Rand was once called to visit a hypochondriac lady, who fancied she had swallowed a mouse.

"Nonsense," cried the Doctor; "its all fudge!"

"Oh, no, Doctor," said the patient, "it's a live mouse; I feel it now trying to gnaw out. Oh! what can I do?"

"Do!" exclaimed the old man, "there's but one thing you can do; you must swallow a cat."

COUNTERFEITERS ABOUT.—The Wadesboro (North Carolina) Argus learns that on Thursday, the 25th ultimo, a fellow calling himself Smith, and who said he was from Richmond county, passed through the lower part of that county, having with him a number of counterfeit bills on the Bank of the State of North Carolina, of the denomination of four dollars, several of which he succeeded in passing off to persons on his way. The counterfeit is very base, and may be readily detected. The fellow spoken of is of medium size, dark complexion, has a down look, and wears rather course clothes, with a small cap. His mode of operation is to stop at each house on the road and have his horse fed, or get a meal for himself, and in payment offer one of his counterfeits. He passed down the Dumas ferry road.

From the American Farmer.

PRIZE ESSAY,

On the Comparative Value of different Manures, To which was awarded the Premium of the Maryland State Agricultural Society.—By WM. D. GRESHAM, *of King and Queen Co., Va*

The liberal offer of the "Maryland State Agricultural Society," for the "best essay on the comparative value of different manures, founded upon actual experiment," has no doubt awakened a spirit of emulation among Farmers, and will bring forth to the public an account of the experiments which they have been so anxiously and carefully practising for several years past, with a view to the improvement of their worn-out land.

It is not my design on this occasion, to introduce any new theory, supported by novel experiments; but I shall attempt to compile and arrange my various plans and experiments, in such a manner as to make them striking and illustrative of the benefits received, and to corroborate those who have preceded in this noble cause. Already have the essays of Stabler and others, given an inpetus to the improvement of soils, which has placed them high in the estimation of the farming community, and will cause their names long to be cherished by this benefittsd class. Nor can I fail to mention the great advantage that has been given to that community by Edmund Ruffin, the pioneer in the cause of the improved agriculture in Virginia, the truths of whose writings and practical experiments have so eminently rewarded the agriculturist.

The anxious desire of the Maryland State Agricultural Society for the diffusion of practical knowledge, and of rendering itself useful, has placed it high in the estimation of the farmers throughout the Union, and commands for it an unprecedented respect. Nothing is more calculated to give so great an impetus to that spirit of improvement which is now abroad in the land, than the annaal meetings of this society; where the agriculturists of the different sections of the country are assembled—where an interchange of views and plans are discussed or weighed, and where the practical results of land and labor are brought together in competition.

Although my experiments with the different manures have not been as extensive as I would have wished, yet so fully have I been convinced of the great benefit I have received, that at the risk of being considered but a "*novice*" in the science of agriculture, I have determined to give them.

Lime.—I shall commence with lime, which I regard as the basis of all permanent improvement, the most important element towards the improvement of worn-out lands, and without which, in some form, all attempts to resuscitate them will be vain and fruitless. From various experiments I have made with the different kinds of lime, I have become convinced that shell lime is the most valuable and efficacious. The superior fertilizing qualities of shell lime, is in part attributable to the phosphorus contained in the oyster shell. I have also applied stone lime from New York and Baltimore, and can with certainty say, the Baltimore surpasses that from New York; our soil contains magnesia, and on that account the alum stone lime acts more promply than the magnesian limes of Pennsylvania and New York.

The properties of Lime.—The properties of lime have been so often described and written upon, that it would be unnecessary for me to occupy much time and space in going into detail; but so necessary is it, for all to understand some of them, that "line upon line" cannot be too often repeated.

We know lime to be an essential element of all productive soils, and upon its presence in a manner depends all improvement; so powerfully has it acted upon our acid soils, abounding in sorrel grass, that its application can with great distinctness be traced in the first crops. "In correcting the acidity of our soils, and decomposing the poisonous metallic salts," it has acted most beneficially. Lime renders our soils which seem to be packed and close with a scanty supply of grass, much more pulverous and easy to be cultivated; giving a life like appearance, and renders the cultivation much more agreeable to the farmer—it tends to break down the tenacity of stiff clays, improves their friability, and prepares them to be acted upon by the atmosphere; while on the other hand, upon light soils it acts equally beneficial, in increacing their tenacity, improves their power of retention, any may prevent in a measure, the loss of nutritive manures by exhalation. Lime tends to convert the inert vegetable matter which remains in the land, into food; and thus performs the office of a solvent of inert vegetable matter into nutritious food for the growth of plants—it is the agent to decompose and feed the land with such vegetable matter as would otherwise remain undecomposed, and in this manner may be regarded as an essential element of the soil.

The mode of applying Lime.—I have now been using lime some eight or ten years, and had I not been able to have procured it for my land, I should long since have found a home in our "western wilds," for I am certain I could have never improved them without the use of lime or other calcareous earths; for stable and putrescent manures did not after one or two crops exhibit any very apparent effect. The mode I have adopted in applying lime, has been made easy, and never interferes with my other farming operations. So soon as I have finished my corn crop, say about 10th or 15th July, I order my lime from Baltimore, and commence checking off my land with stakes twenty-one feet long. I check the field entirely over each way, each check contains forty-nine square yards; in the middle of the square I scrape a small space sufficiently large to hold a half bushel of lime, which is deposited from the wagon and the hands go on immediately and spread it, the square being perfectly visible; the hands can in this manner apply it over the whole space with great accuracy. The application is within a fraction of fifty bushels of lime to the acre, as each check contains 49 sqr. yards; and if we allow 4900 square yards to make an acre, it would be exactly fifty bushels to the acre. but it is sufficiently near for all practical purposes. I consider it much more beneficial to apply it over the grass, than upon land after it is ploughed; I would advise in all cases, to spread it upon the surface; and if the farmer can spare the capital as long, that it should be applied two or three years before it is broken up. My reason for thus applying lime, is, that it is not only more convenient, and can be more accurately done, but that it more thoroughly mixes with the soil by the rains and frosts of winter. I have, however, derived very great and permanent benefit from applying it in the summer and breaking it up the following spring—fifty bushels is a good application for the first dressing, unless the land should be exceedingly rich, when it would bear a much larger quantity. My mode is to apply fifty bushels the first application, and to follow it with a second application of fifty bushels more when the land again comes into regular cultivation. From all the agricultural information I have upon the lasting benefit of lime upon land, is that one hundred bushels to the acre is a sufficient quantity for almost all land, and that its fertility can be brought to any extent of improvement, provided it is followed by other agents and manures; its effects will last from fifteen to twenty years, and no other application be needed for that space of time. It would be irrelevant and out of place for me here to impress the importance of draining and deep ploughing in conjunction with any and all manures, as essential in the permanent improvement of all worn out lands—let him who expects to reap a crop upon wet or badly ploughed land by the mere application of lime, or any other manure, be at once undeceived.

The necessity of following lime with other agents and assistants in improving soils.—Lime being an agent in the soil, it is necessary that it should be followed by such other manures as the land may stand in need of, as a soil may abound with lime, and other properties for production not being present, it would not of course supply them. As lime combines with inert vegetable matter in the soil, and converts it into food for plants, how necessary is it to follow our applications of lime with the grasses? and above all I place *Clover*, which in conjunction with lime I have never yet seen fail to produce a fine crop, and upon which plaster acts beneficially. I have applied plaster in small quantities, yet I have received but little apparent benefit, unless applied to clover—nor have I been successful in raising clover unless preceded by an application of lime; and in conjunction with lime it is a great renovator. My preference has long been given to clover not only for the purposes of food for stock, but the best of all the grasses for the improvement of the soil. In the words of a distinguished farmer, speaking of the action of clover upon land, he says, "under the dense shade of its foliage and in the moisture thus preserved at the surface of the soil, some subtle process seems to be conducted, some natural chemistry or agricultural alchemy, which we do not thoroughly understand, but which ensures fertility," we know however that clover has deep roots and draws some of its nutriment from the depths of the soil below the plough's range; and that it extracts from the atmosphere both carbon and ammonia in larger quantities than other plants.

The mode of turning in green crops after an application of lime or marl is one much resorted to by our farmers, and the pea more than any other crop used; especially the black and shinney pea; the mode adopted is to fallow their lands and sow the pea in the month of May, and in the fall to plough them in the land in the green state, and in this manner impart great benefit to the wheat as well as lasting benefit to the land. Another mode is to sow the pea in their corn fields, as they are working their corn the last time, (say from the 25th June to 15th July,) the pea is sown as soon as the corn is worked, and cultivators or rakes follow, which both covers the pea and prepares the land for the better growth of corn and a dry spell of weather.

Green crops contain in their substance not only all they have drawn from the soil, but a great portion they have drawn from the air; plough in these living plants and you necessarily add to the soil more than they have taken from it, and of course you make it richer in organic matter. No subject claims the attention of the farmer of greater importance, than that of turning in green crops for the improvement of their lands, especially after an application of lime or marl. The subject has already claimed the attention of the Essayist and all agricultural journals.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INTEMPERANCE.—Drunkenness seems to me a stupid, brutal vice. The understanding has a greater share in other vices and there are some which, if a man may say it, have something generous in them. There are some in which there is a mixture of knowledge, diligence, valour, prudence, dexterity, and cunning; whereas this is altogether corporeal and terrestrial: other vices indeed disturb the understanding, but this totally overthrows it, and locks up all the senses; Lucretius remarks—

"When fumes of wine have filled the swelling veins,
Unusual weight throughout the body reigns;
The legs, so nimble in the race before,
Can now exert their wonted power no more;
Falters the tongue, tears gush into the eyes,
And hiccups, noise, and jarring tumults rise."

The worst estate of a man is that in which he loses the knowledge and government of himself; and it is said amongst other things upon the subject that, as must or wort fermenting in a vessel drives up everything that is at the bottom to the top so wine makes those who drink it intemperatelly blab out the greatest secrets of another.—So Horace.

"The secret cares and counsels of the wise
Are known, when you to Bacchus sacrifice."—*Montaigne.*