

phosphate of lime contained in bones is an indispensable ingredient in forming the seeds of the sea plant. The gluten in this grain contains phosphorus, which the sulphate of lime (gypsum,) will furnish. The plant also needs potash, soda magnesia and chlorine; all of which the common salt, or ashes leached to obtain lye, will supply. The liquid excretions as well as the dung of animals found in elements most useful in forming wheat. But an excess of manure will be ruinous to the crop. And *why* this is so, let us now consider. Suppose, for an experiment, one should make 2000 bushels of ripe wheat, including both straw and grain, and add a heap of manure for feeding a second crop of wheat plants. Let this manure be spread over the ground eight or ten inches deep, so that the plants should have to organize their tissues, seed, &c., from the appropriate elements contained in the manure. Could a large yield of good seeds be thus obtained? We think not. Why not? Every thing the kernels of wheat need, as well as all that the straw and leaves require, would be present in great abundance. The difficulty is this: Nature designs that this plant shall derive from the atmosphere, through the medium of its roots and leaves, a large portion of the carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen, used in organizing its seed. Hence, to feed wheat plants with an excess of these elements in the form of manure, is to inflict a *surfeit* and *disease* on the same. All organized beings, whether vegetable or animal, may be injured, more or less, by having an excess of nutritious matter thrown into their circulating systems. Wheat can endure a surfeit far less than corn, oats, or barley. There is a *natural limit* beyond which we cannot carry a plant or animal in the use of its most appropriate food. But in regard to wheat culture, we are far behind the maximum of product consistent with the highest profit. Something can be added on most farms, by the droppings of domestic animals, applied directly to wheat fallows. They are not generally too rich for a dose of barn-yard manure; especially if it be well rooted, and contain an admixture of gypsum, salt, ashes, and lime. Do not spare the clover seed, the plaster, nor the leached ashes, where you wish to enrich your soil. *Tennessee Farmer.*

#### The Farmer--To Young Men.

What honest vocation can be named that does not tribute, in a greater degree, to the enjoyment of mankind? It may be humble indeed,

but it goes to swell the mighty aggregate; it may be the rill that trickles from the mountain side, but it diffuses *fertility* through the valley and mingles its drops at last with the ocean. The American Farmer's true motto is and must be—marked upon our foreheads, written on our plowshares, and cannelled in the earth—"INDUSTRY—*labor is honorable, and idleness is dishonorable.*" Let us exhort those of you who are devoted to intellectual pursuits, to cherish on your part, an exalted and a just idea of the dignity and value of the farmer, and to make that opinion known in your works, and seen in the earnest of your actions; and the farmers of this country will be vast in number, and respectable in character.

We are indebted to the farmer for the most gladsome spectacle the sun beholds in its course—a land of cultivated and fertile fields, with a splendid variety of golden fruits in plenteous profusion. Give to the farmer the honor and credit of the annual spectacles of the golden harvests, which carry plenty and happiness alike to the palace and cottage. Old Ireland now looks to the American farmer for bread, and is thankful for the surplus of our bountiful fields.

*Be Economical.*—Save all you can. You need not be poor forever. Who are the rich! Very generally they are those whose only capital at one and twenty was a fund of industry and economy. They were not too proud to do any kind of labor that brought cash into their pockets—nor did they let it depart without an equivalent. Young man, why cannot you follow in their footsteps? You have energies—arouse them. You have talents—bring them out. You have ambition—kindle it into a flame. As true as you live, if you cherish unworthy pride in your bosom, and fear to soil your hands and tan your skin, you will never rise a step higher than you now are. Stir yourself, then—earn and save—dig and keep digging, and you *must* prosper.—*Ohio Cult.*

*Apple Tart.*—Peel, core and quarter eight or ten russet apples or lemon pippins; lay them closely in a dish, adding lemon juice if the apples are not very sharp, add lemon peel and sugar. Some cooks put in two or three cloves, others quince marmalade; but as the flavoring ingredients are not always liked, they are better omitted. Cover the dish with puff paste, and bake an hour and a quarter.

Though a man without riches be poor, a man with nothing but riches is poorer.