

CANADA THISTLES.

Mr. Cyrus W. Summer of Westminster, writes that he is highly pleased with the manner we recommended to extirpate Canada Thistles. We advocated the use of salt in fire, which he carried out, and much to his gratification he has found that he has killed all. He has advised his neighbors to do likewise, but states they do not properly attend to it. We would recommend again any party troubled with this noxious weed to try an experiment, as we hold that they ought to, as those who allow thistles to seed, gives his clean and energetic neighbor the trouble to clean his land over again.

WHO ATE ROGER WILLIAMS?

The truth that matter passes from the animal back to the vegetable, and from the vegetable to the animal kingdom again, received a curious illustration, not long since.

For the purpose of erecting a suitable monument in memory of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, his private burying ground was searched for the graves of himself and wife. It was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shape of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter.

The rusting hinges and nails, and a round wooden knot, alone remained in one grave, while a single lock of braided hair was found in the other. Near the grave stood an apple tree. This had sent down two main roots into the very presence of the confined dead. The larger root, pushing its way to the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, had made a turn as if passing around it, and followed the direction of the back-bone to the hips.

Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heels, when both turned upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which made the whole bear a striking resemblance to the human form. There were the graves, but their occupants had disappeared; the bones even had vanished. There stood the thief—the guilty apple tree—caught in the very act of robbery. The spoliation was complete.

The organic matter, the flesh, the bones of Roger Williams, had passed into an apple tree. The elements had been absorbed by the roots, transmuted into woody fibre, which could now be burned as fuel, or carved into ornaments; had bloomed into fragrant blossoms, which delighted the eye of the passer-by, and scattered the sweetest perfume of spring; more than that—had been converted into luscious fruit, which, from year to year, had been gathered and eaten. How pertinent, then, is the question, "Who ate Roger Williams?"—STEEL & CHEMISTRY.

HICKORY GROVE.

This is the name given to a farm in Benton county, Indiana, owned by Messrs. Fowler & Eurl, of La Fayette, and under the immediate supervision of Mr. A. L. Raub. The farm contains 26,000 acres, and is one of the finest tracts of land, of equal extent, to be

found either in Indiana or Illinois. It lies on the dividing ridge between the Illinois and Wabash river basins, and is abundantly supplied with pure, living water. The farm is entirely prairie, except a small grove of beautiful hickory timber. To make up for this deficiency, a grove of 20 acres of poplars was planted two years ago, which are doing nicely, and preparations are making to plant out a grove of 20 acres of maples next year. Thirteen thousand acres of the farm are now under first class board and post fences, requiring 42 miles in length. There are also 70 miles of Osage hedge started on the place, and preparations making for setting a large amount more next season. There are at this time about 4,000 head of cattle feeding. They are divided into herds of 500 to 700, and mostly kept inclosed in pastures of 2,000 to 3,000 acres—a part of them are herded outside the fenced portions of the farm during the day, and brought in at night. Our attention was particularly attracted to the management of the herds in the pastures. It is very common to keep cattle very close together in herding, while in these large enclosures they are taught to separate and scatter all over the lot, never congregating in a body, except at drinking time. The manager assured us they did much better than when allowed to huddle together. One lot of a thousand head of Cherokee cattle, brought on to the farm last fall, presented one of the finest conditioned lots of cattle we have ever seen together. They would average near 1,500 lbs., many going over that now. They were all in perfect health, and their sleek, glossy coats shone in the bright sun like silver.—RURAL AMERICAN.

GAME FOWLS.



Having given you representations of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Implements, Fruit, Flowers, Roots, &c., of the best kinds, we now give you a representation of Game Fowl, not because we commend this class of birds before others, but they hold the same position among fowls as the race-horse does among horses. Both have their admirers, and promote gambling to a considerable extent. They are a handsome well-made bird, very active, and will drive birds of twice their size. We do not consider them as profitable for farmers as the Dorking. We have raised them but prefer the Dorking for all purposes,

that we require poultry for, still each class of poultry have their admirers, and some are more suited for different purposes. The best representation of the different breeds of poultry is found in "Prang's Poultry of the World," which is offered for a prize.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

FARMERS' CLUBS.

Although the farmer has hitherto paid but little attention to education, yet the present indications are very encouraging. A spirit of inquiry and rivalry has sprung up all over the country. Fairs are more generally attended, clubs for discussion and experiment are formed, and agricultural papers much better sustained. One of the most important means of exciting the interest of farmers' in improvements in agriculture is in the formation of farmers' clubs. They have uniformly had a good effect. Wherever clubs have been formed by a few persevering individuals, who would see that the meetings were always held at the appointed time, a general interest has soon been awakened in them.—And these club discussions are admirably calculated to correct erroneous ideas of those taking part in them. One comes with some pet theory, which he supposes himself abundantly able to maintain, but soon discovers, when subjected to sharp criticism, that he has built upon the "baseless fabric of a vision."

Another comes with some innovation upon immemorial custom, and he finds himself beset by conservative ideas on every side, but having experimented and become familiar with the question, he is able to parry all their thrusts, explain all their objections, and, although not perhaps able to convert them at once to its practice, yet he has made an impression which will have its effect in the end.

The principal reason that farmers make such slow progress in their business—are so slow to adopt improvements—is to be found in their isolated situation, their want of social intercourse. Not many men adopt new things alone. They fear the unfavorable opinion of neighbors. Men prefer to be in magnetic equilibrium with the "rest of mankind." They go with the crowd—move in masses and are carried along by social contagion. They seem to be excited only by social contact, and to progress only with the current. This law of our natures shows the great importance of these clubs to the farmer. A man who would be very timid to adopt an improvement urged upon him alone, would enter into it with zeal when adopted by the club—when he had the countenance and encouragement of his neighbors. Mechanics are congregated in cities, have frequent intercourse with each other, and are swift to adopt a labor-saving invention in their business.

But farmers are scattered over the country, and occupy themselves too constantly with physical labor on the farm. Too much muscular exercise wears the body and indisposes the mind to exertion. The farmer has too long regarded his calling as a physical mission, requiring little or no effort of the mind, but a constant tension of muscle. Anything which should induce them to congregate together socially would be a great