you nature will do hers. Violate her laws and sooner or later she will be reveuged.

An apple tree is not a thing of to-day or to-morrow—of this year, or the next. It will live on long after you have passed away, and your children and your children's children will pluck and eat of its fruit, remembering and blessing the hand that planted it. No gorgeous tomb may enclose your remains, nor stately column mark the spot, no costly marble record your deeds, yet there stands that graceful tree, a living monument, a growing record.

I say to you plant the apple tree, plant it for pleasure, plant it for profit. It is the rich man's necessity, the poor man's luxury; plant it in the garden, plant it in the field, on the hillside and on the level. Plant it to-day, that while yet in the full vigor of manhood you may enjoy it. It will add much to the comfort of your declining years, be a solace to you in your old age, and when you are called from this to another world, leave a rich inheritance, a lasting memento to your children. Do this, for more than this you cannot do.

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SONG OF THE APPLE SEED.

BY TAG.

Within this shall of bronze I hold
O, maiden sweet and fair!
Gems costlier than pearls and gold
And perfumes rich and rare;
But hide me in the loosened mould
And nourish me with care,
Give me to feel the breath of spring,
And summer dews and air;
And sapphire shoot and emerald blade
Shall hence anon appear
And lengthened sprig and sturdy stem
Arise and flourish there;
And shade and shelter shall afford
And fruit and fragrance bear,
And spicy flagons for the board
And garlands for your hair.

Queens of a hundred flowery Mays,
Shall seek me year by year,
To weave their brilliant coronals
And deck their gala gear.

Bird cradles shall beneatly swung
—When summer songsters pair—
In leafy bower on bough and branch
With wondrous craft and care.

And bird and bee and butterfly,
Here find their noontide lair
And toil and song and beauty join.
In joyous concert there.

And laughing girls with sunny curls,
To this loved tryst repair,
And ruddy apples pluck and part
To each fair self a share.

With timid hope and nimble haste,
Then all shall cut and pare;
And loving thoughts and loved-one's names
The numbered seeds declare.

And men from over seas shall send
Their messengers to bear,
Treasures of golden meed to win,
A luxury so rare.

Not Ceylon's groves, nor Scio's vine
Shall offer gifts so fair;
Nor golden fruitage of the line,
The palm of victory share.

But years and travel shall at last,
My force and beauty wear—
—As human strength and human zest
By human toil and care—
Yet may thy happy life and mine,
O, maiden sweet and fair!
ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES.

In compensation and in years,
In good extent compare.
And dying may thy memory live
For many an after year.
Like rapture after melody,
Or solace after prayer.

AFTER THOUGHT.

One word of heed I offer Thee,
O, maiden sweet and fair!
Life hath no safer sentiment,
Than this:—"enjoy but spare."
Pluck not, with wasteful hands, my gems
To decorate your hair.
Best when you seek for fruit withal'
You find my branches bare.

PROCEEDINGS

Of the First Agricultural Convention of the Northern Wisconsin Agricultural and Mechanical Association, held at the city of Appleton, March 4th and 5th, 1874.

BERTCHY'S HALL, 2:30 P. M., March 4, 1874.

Convention called to order by the President, J. M. Smith, of Green Bay, who stated the object of the convention in an appropriate address.

A paper was then read by Rev. P. S. Bennett, of Appleton. Subject: "A Horticultural Review of the Year." This paper brought forth considerable discussion, in which E. H. Benton, Capt. E. Powers, John Day, D. Huntley, L. Perrot, H. Ryan, J. M. Smith, and M. H. P. Bogan took part, and many valuable thoughts were brought out.

Mr. Benton gave a minute description of the curculio, and how he mastered them. It is to be regretted that his remarks were not written out, that they might have been given to the whole public.

A paper was next read by Z. C. Fairbanks. Subject, "The