either with or without consultation as they may deem best. Mr. Plumb is to report for the northern and northeastern portions of the state; Mr. Peffer for southern and southeastern portions; and Mr. Hatch for the western portion.

The programme for the evening session was now announced, after which Mr. Wakefield read his paper.

THAT APPLE.

By J. Wakefield, Fremont.

We have chosen the apple for our subject upon the present occasion. What more appropriate for a horticultural gathering? We might talk about small fruits, the grapes, the raspberry, the blackberry, the gooseberry, and that berry of berries, the strawberry, and perhaps find something interesting. We might also speak of flowers, the beautiful flowers, how much they adorn and beautify home, and make even farm life lose half its load of care, anxiety and weariness, and under it so pleasant and desirable.

We love flowers, we were raised among them in the far east. We were taught that love by one who is now where flowers never whither, and who learned us to lisp their names among our earliest articulations.

But we forget. We were to speak of that apple, and will confine ourselves to our subject.

What will the apple of the future be? The apple of the present is certainly, in beauty and flavor, more desirable than the apple of the past. But has not beauty and flavor been purchased at the expense of hardiness? Is it not a fact that our finest grained, best flavored apples are generally, if not always, the tenderest. We some times fear that it is with apples as with humans, the best loved die first.

If some enterprising genius could manage to originate an apple, possessing the flavor of the peach, with the size of the pumpkin, and at the same time capable of withstanding the usual amount of neglect and abuse, his fortune
would be assured, and he would prove a greater benefactor than the speculative Yankee who first taught our grandmother how to make pumpkin pies, and our grandfather the art of manufacturing wooden nutmegs.

How beautiful its early, fragrant blossoms, and what can be more charming than the ripe, showy apple? But the apple is not merely ornamental. There is probably no fruit that is used in so many different ways. Eaten alone, when ripe, it is simply delicious. It may be justly styled the king of fruits. How eagerly the child devours it, even when not ripe, in spite of those three evils which so afflict disobedient childhood—the worms, the stomach ache, and the doctor.

Then there's the pie, the green apple pie, "such as mother used to make," you know—juicy, rich, tart, double crusted, and with its own apple pie flavor. Other pies may be good, but for downright enjoyment, give us what we used to cry for so much when young—the never-to-be-forgotten apple pie—excelled by none, and equalled only by that pie of pies—the New England pumpkin pie, that peculiar Yankee invention, with its unsurpassed semi-creamy consistency and pumpkin deliciousness!

Then we have the apple sauce, the rich cider apple sauce, O, my! but isn't it perfectly delicious? What grown up boy has forgotten the big tub that used to stand in the back room containing the "forbidden fruit," which would be tested now and then in spite of maternal threats and spankings? We've been there ourselves and know all about it.

Baked apples are good, baked sweet apples and milk, or cream, if milk is scarce, are not bad to have in a large family of small children. They make a cheap and healthful diet, and it is our opinion that children raised that way make better men and better women than those raised in the usual manner—on crab apples and whiskey.

There is another preparation of the apple, known by the ancients as "cider," that used to be very popular, and would be still, but for its scarcity. Some decry it, and perhaps with reason, but our predilection for it is as strong as ever,
even when we were in the habit of taking ours through a straw.

With its beauty and usefulness there is lots of fun to be got out of the apple. Did you ever attend an "apple paring bee?" Of course you have; so have we. It used to take about an equal number of both sexes, that is to say, of boys and girls, to make a successful bee. Let us for a moment fancy ourselves at one of the many that we have all attended, seated around the table, how nimble our fingers try to be, quartering and coring the fruit, after the pearers have denuded it of its beautiful covering, and fitting it for the stringers.

Ever and anon an eye, just one, is furtively raised to the old-fashioned clock on the mantle piece, to note the near approach of the short hand to the figures denoting the hour of nine, the time for fun to commence. Then work ceases, and play begins. Everything is hustled out of the way, and—but who does not remember that old-fashioned game, called "Snap-and-buss'-em," and lots of other plays, as easily learned, and nearly as delightful? Dear, dear, but the memory of those good, old times will come once in awhile, and make us almost wish ourselves boys and girls again.

How fond the average boy is of that delightful sport called apple packing. We still remember our first and last lesson, brought to a sudden termination by being treed by an ugly mastiff, en-tailing upon us the loss of the most dilatory portion of our trousers, and teaching us a valuable lesson.

The apple was early spoken of by profane as well as sacred writers. It is a native of the eastern hemisphere. Apples are mentioned by such early writers as Theophratus, Herodotus, and Columella. It is described by Pliny as "a fruit with a tender skin, that can be easily pared off." He also tells us of crabs, as being smaller, "and for their harsh sourness they have many a foul word and shrewd curse given them." How true of the modern crab, even to the "shrewd curse."

The cultivated apple was found, so Pliny tells us, in the
villas, near the city, "some trees yielding more profit than a small farm, and which brought about the invention of grafting." We have the names of some of the first grafters, Martius, Cestius, Manlius and Claudius. We are told of the "quince apple" that smelled like a quince, produced by grafting the quince on the apple stock. Pliny also gravely tells us of changing the fruit to the color of blood, by grafting it on the mulberry. Who will dare to charge the ancients with being numskulls? Columella wrote some years before Pliny. He gives us three methods of grafting, as handed down to him "by the ancients." So, the art of grafting is not exactly a modern art, as many suppose.

The apple was introduced into the American Colonies at an early period. The "Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay, in New England," caused apple seeds to be brought from England as early as 1629. The Pilgrims cultivated apples near Plymouth, soon after their arrival. In 1636. Rev. Wm. Blackstone planted the first orchard in Rhode Island, near Pawtucket. In Connecticut the apple was planted previous to 1645. In 1647, apples were grafted in Virginia upon the wild crab.

When was the first cider made? We have exhausted our resources in the effort to solve that important question. We copy an extract from a work now before us: "The making of cider was introduced into Britain by the Normans, who, it is said, obtained the art from Spain, where it is no longer practiced. This liquor is supposed to have been first known however, in Africa, from its being mentioned by the African fathers, Tertulliaw and Augustine and was introduced by the Carthaginians into Biscay, a province unfriendly to the vine, on which account it became the substitute in other countries."

If age is any sign of respectability, the apple is entitled to be ranked the most respectable of fruits. It certainly belongs to a very ancient family. Its fame is coeval, or nearly coeval with its creation. It may be improved by cultivation, or it may degenerate from neglect, but it will remain, what it ever has been, the fruit for the craving millions—the poor man’s food, and the rich man’s luxury.
After listening to Mr. Wakefield's paper the Convention adjourned until 7:30 P. M.

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EVENING SESSION.

WEDNESDAY, June 24, 1885.

The convention was called to order by President Smith at 7:30 o'clock.

The committee on programme had arranged to have the paper of Mr. Gibson, on "Shall We Plant Crab Apples." Mr. Gibson was not present, but the following letter was read by Mr. Plumb:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen;

When it was decided to hold this session of the State Horticultural Society at Weyauwega, I was requested by some of the members of the County Horticultural Society to furnish a paper for this meeting. I consented to do so, and chose for my subject, "Shall We Encourage the Planting of Crab Apples." At that time, with my fruit cellar well filled with choice standard apples, I thought it unnecessary to grow such inferior fruit as crab-apples, but upon looking over my orchard this week and finding my standards all dead or dying, the crabs all thrifty and loaded with fruit, poor though it may be, I could not condemn them, and concluded to withhold my paper from the Society, and offer this as my apology for doing so. I find after more than thirty years' experience in growing apples in Wisconsin, I have learned but little about the business. I do not know how to save my trees. Brother horticulturists, can you tell me how?

Respectfully,

HOLLIS GIBSON.

LIND, Waupaca County, Wisconsin.

The following report was presented by J. P. Roe:

REPORT ON CONDITION OF WISCONSIN FRUIT IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION, AT DATE OF MARCH 30, 1885.

By J. P. ROE.

About the latter part of February or the 1st of March, a request was received from Mr. Springer that notes should be made of the keeping qualities of the seedlings from his section. At the date of his letter we were too ill to attend to it in person and requested a friend to give it his attention. This he promised to do but we fear that it was overlooked.