Wild aster is a very common plant along our roadside, its flowers are radiate with rays, white, purple or blue. The plants are mostly annuals.

Cat's-tail is a tall weed, or flag, of the cat tail family, with long, flat leaves and having its flowers in a close cylindrical spike at the top of the stem. Its perennial root is usually found in or near a marsh. The leaves are sometimes used for seating chairs, making mats, etc. And last but not least, I will mention the beautiful pond or water lily, which is found in great abundance upon certain places on the rivers and in muddy ponds. Its rootstocks are large, thick and knotted deeply, imbedding themselves in the mud, and throwing up numerous long perforated stems, supporting rounded kidney shaped leaves. The flower stalk is also long and perforated, supporting a large pure white flower, of which the stamens are numerous and in several rows. The flowers open in the morning and close at night, throwing out a delicious perfume.

Thomas Baskerville, in 1839 made some good remarks on the supposed superiority of some plants over others; when in reality, every one is perfectly fitted for its place in the series of being.

Secretary Hoxie—I do not know that I have stated, that the object of these essays grew out of the question, "How shall we interest the young people in horticulture." You will at once see the difficulty a person has to labor under to give a complete description of plants and flowers without infringing on other's productions. The younglady, where she has taken extracts, has given the proper quotations. Most of the plants mentioned in this article are grouped together in this case before you, and will be placed in the library room of the Horticultural Society.

TREE PLANTING AND ARBOR DAY CELEBRATIONS.

BY JOHN B. PEASLEE, PH. D., PRESIDENT OF OHIO FORESTRY BUREAU.

I shall discuss this question with especial reference to the public schools, and shall draw largely upon a former address of mine delivered before the Ohio State Forestry Association in 1888. But before entering upon the discussion of tree planting and arbor day celebrations, I shall, in order to show the tremendous importance of properly distributed forests to the interests of state and nation, present to you a few of the warning lessons of history.

We are told in Holy Writ that at the time of Joshua, milk and honey were flowing into Canaan. Yes, it was then a country of wonderful fertility; the mountains of Lebanon were covered with dense forests, and
Palestine supported for centuries after, a large and ever increasing population, but the devastation of her forests, says Rothe, has brought about a general deterioration of the country, and to-day it is unable to maintain one-sixth of the population it did in the time of Solomon. A number of her beautiful rivers spoken of in the Bible are dry the greater part of the year, even the famous Jordan itself has become an insignificant stream. The hills of Galilee are sterile; the mountains of Lebanon rocky and barren except that a few of their cedars still stand—sad and lonely monuments of that once happy and prosperous country.

The Khanote of Bucharia was, when well watered, one of the most fertile regions of central Asia, but the devastation of her forests have, within thirty-five years, transformed this terrestrial paradise into an almost arid desert.

Under the reign of the Moorish calips, the Iberian peninsular, says Rothe, resembled a vast garden, yielding grain and fruit of every known variety, in the most perfect quality, and in endless abundance. The mountains of Spain were then covered with a luxurious growth of timber which was afterwards wantonly destroyed. Now nearly one-third of this entire area is unfit for agriculture because of the scarcity of rain and want of water; and the once delicious climate has become changeable and rough. Nowhere, says the Encyclopedia Britannica, are the evils of denudation more signally exemplified than in Spain. The political decadence of that once powerful country have been ascribed wholly to the destruction of her forests.

Again we learn from Phipps, that the evil consequences of the devastation of the natural forests on the east coast of the Adriatic sea, remain a terrible warning to the inhabitants of that once fertile region. The mountain range running along the coast, heavily timbered in the time of Constantine, is now destitute of soil, the naked rocks reflecting the hot rays of the sun, warn the stranger not to enter the sterile and inhospitable country.

Look at Sicily, says Rothe, once the great grain reservoir of Rome, but since this island has been dispoled of its forests, it has gradually lost its fertility and the mildness of its climate. The ruins of the once proud and opulent Syracuse lies in a desert covered with sand, which the hot Sirocco carried over the Mediterranean Sea from Africa. A few isolated, well-watered, and carefully cultivated districts of very limited extent, is all that is left to remind one of the by-gone glory of Sicily. Less than a generation ago the eastern portion of the famous West Indian island of Santa Cruz, was rich, populous and of tropical luxuriance, now deprived of its forests, has become dry and worthless. The island of Curacaoa, only fifteen miles distant from Vera Cruz, was at the beginning of this century a very garden of fertility, but forty-five years afterwards it was found to be an almost perfect desert—abandoned plantations, the ruins of beautiful villas and terraced gardens, and broad, arid wastes, without a blade of
grass, show how sudden a destruction had come upon this unfortunate island. The cause was the cutting down of the trees for export of their beautiful lumber. The philosopher, Boyle, says of the Dutch East Indian island of Ternate, long celebrated for its beauty and healthfulness, on which the clove tree grew in such plenty as to render their product almost valueless. But, in order to raise the price of the commodity, most of the spice forests were destroyed. Immediately, the island, previously cool, healthy and pleasant, became hot, dry and sickly, and unfit for human residence.

What is true of other parts of the world, in regard to the evils of deforestation is alarmingly true of many parts of our own country. In numerous places of my own state, Ohio, have the hillsides been largely washed away since their forests have been destroyed, leaving the bare rocks exposed to the hot rays of the summer sun. The storms blow unhindered over the country. The rainfall rushes in torrents into our stream causing frequent floods, and the climate once so steady has become changeable. The peach crop, so certain fifty years ago, can no longer be depended upon. Thousands of her springs and brooks that once gave forth a continuous flow, are now dry in midsummer. In this connection let me give you an example within my own personal experience, and gentlemen, I am confident that most of you can call to mind similar occurrences. When a boy, there was located on my father's farm, almost within sight of my old home, a never failing spring of crystal water, in a ravine bordered by hill slopes covered by a beautiful forest of pine. I dug out the spring, as we say in rural parlance, making a small pond of some twenty feet long by ten wide, and two or three feet deep. The upper end where the cool spring water bubbled up from the earth I covered over with flat stones, making a kind of bridge to serve as shelter and protection for the beautiful speckled trout, some twenty in number, with which I stocked my little pond. Oh, what delight I took in those happy boyhood days in daily feeding my pets, which became almost as tame as the chickens about our door. Years passed on, I left my native home to live in Ohio, and after the expiration of two years I returned to visit my parents. I went to see the spring, that spot so dear to my boyhood days, and, think of my surprise and amazement, when I found that no spring was there, only a few bare stones remained to mark the spot where the ever flowing spring once was. The cause of this was the cutting down of the pines that covered the slopes on either side. Since that time a growth of beautiful oaks has sprung up, and my spring has returned.

I am told that within the remembrance of the older settlers, the climate of this state, Wisconsin, was remarkably steady, the winters were long and cold, and the supply of snow ample and regular, and that late frosts in spring were unusual. The inhabitants now complain of sudden changes of temperature in all seasons of the year and of the irregularity of snowfall.

Ladies and gentlemen, the warning examples of history are almost innumerable. Every civilized country has them, but let us now turn from
their enumeration to consider for a few minutes what has been done by modern civilization to repair the wrongs of the past, and to educate the people of the present and future. The island of Ascension was entirely barren when first occupied in 1815, and supplies of water had to be brought frequently from England and the Cape of Good Hope. Since then trees have been planted and agriculture introduced. The effect has been marvelous. The supply of water is now excellent and ships visiting the island are abundantly supplied with vegetables of various kinds.

The Island of St. Helena was heavily wooded when first discovered in 1502, but became almost entirely denuded in the last century. The record shows accounts of repeated and almost periodical droughts, resulting in great loss of cattle and crops, but near the end of the century, through the foresight of the then governor, trees were brought from all parts of the world and planted, and forests seeds were sown. The consequence of this re-foresting are seen in a recent official report of the island which says: “For many years past, since the general growth of trees, we have been preserved from the scourge, and drouths such as were formerly recorded, are now altogether unknown. Our rainfall is now equal to that of England.

First and foremost of all nations of the earth in this great work, stands Germany. The progress made by Germany in tree-planting, says Phipps, is but a part of her general progress. The credit is given to the Great Frederick. It was part of the national policy of his day which raised Prussia from a small power to a great one, and to the energetic continuation of that policy, Germany owes Sodoma and Tedon. By this foresight, vast armies have been maintained, where once the scanty deserts would not nourish a flock of goats, and successive regiments of hardy soldiers have poured forth from a fertile soil where two hundred years ago the rugged debris of winter torrents, the thorn and the thistle, overspread a thirsty and impoverished land.

Germany to-day presents a model of systematic planting of millions of trees, and a complete system of forest management. In Prussia alone there are 10,000,000 acres of government forests, regularly and systematically planted and divided into periods and blocks. As year after year certain periods end, and the timber matures, the blocks are cut off, the land then cultivated for a few years and then replanted. The government’s forests bring in an annual income of more than $14,000,000, and after paying the 8,784 foresters and other forest employes, yields a net profit to the government of $7,500,000. This enormous income represents but a small part of the benefits that Prussia derives from her forests. The healthfulness of her climate, the productiveness of her soil, indeed her vast wealth, population and her political power, depend as has been seen, upon her artificial forests. In this connection let me say that nearly every government of Europe has large areas in systematically planted forests under the direct control of the government. Besides Italy, Denmark, Austria, Russia, 12—H. S.
Prussia, Saxony have each one or more schools of forestry, with great experimental stations attached, where young men are educated in the science of forest culture.

But you say, these countries have monarchical forms of governments. The few have absolute power, and are therefore able to make the necessary provisions for the restoration, and conservation of forests, but in a republic, the people are the source of authority and as they do not see the dangers that threaten them, the necessary legislation cannot be had. You are right, laws will not be enacted in advance of the general sentiment of the people. What must be done? Educate the people. Impress the people with the great importance of the subject. The time has come when the people must be awakened to the importance of preserving their forests and of planting trees, or our country must suffer the terrible consequences of their neglect before another half century has passed away. "The wealth, beauty and healthfulness of the country," as Whittier justly says, "largely depends upon the conservation of our forests and the planting of trees."

How can these truths be impressed most effectively upon the minds of our people. In the first place, forestry associations should be organized in every city, town, village and school district in the country, whose object shall be to plant trees along the streets, by the roadsides, in parks and commons, around public buildings, in waste places, to distribute information in regard to trees and forestry among the people, and to encourage tree-planting in every way possible. These associations in conjunction with the public schools should hold Arbor day celebrations.

The youth of our country especially must be instructed in the value and utility of forests, their influence upon climate, soil, productions, etc., correct sentiments in regard to trees must be implanted in them if the best interests of our country in regard to forests are to be subserved. And the most impressive and attractive means of imparting the instruction and of interesting the children on the subject is through the celebration of tree planting, it is also the surest and best way of calling the attention of the people at large to it. The schools are thoroughly organized, and organization assures success of the celebrations, and as parents, relatives, and friends — indeed everybody is interested in the exercises of the children — so the whole community is awakened. There is nothing truer than the old German proverb: "What you would have appear in the nation's life you must first introduce into the public schools." It is therefore exceedingly important that the legislature of every state in the union designate a day to be known as "Arbor Day," and make it the duty of the public schools to take part in the proper celebration of the day. The celebrations should take place, if possible, about the trees, in the open air. To the objection that the best time to transplant trees is too early in the season to make it judicious to hold out-door celebrations, I have to say, that the celebrations will be just as effective if the trees are planted previously and the ceremonies performed on that day. The most important thing to be gained by
the celebrations is not the number of trees planted on these occasions (indeed, it is not absolutely necessary that any be planted, as the celebrations may take place around trees already growing), but the instilling into the minds of the children and older persons correct sentiments in regard to trees, and the storing of the minds with information relating to forests and to the distinguished persons in whose honor or memory, each tree or group is planted or dedicated, as the case may be; for I would have all the trees around which the celebrations take place dedicated to great authors, statesmen, soldiers—in brief, to famous men and women whose lives have reflected honor upon our country, to the pioneers and distinguished citizens of each township, village or city, and thus "make trees," as Holmes says, "monuments of history and character." In every place where sufficient ground can be obtained, either in public parks or elsewhere, I would have memorial groves planted, and the Arbor Day celebrations take place in them.

Let there be a citizens' "Memorial Grove," for which there shall be planted from year to year by loving hands of relatives and friends of those who have died; let there be a "Pioneer Grove," in which all citizens, young and old, shall annually join in paying just tribute to the memory of those who endured the hardships and privations of a pioneer life.

"The vanish freeman, one by one,
    In death's enlightened realm to sleep:
And oh! degenerate is the son,
Who would not some memorial keep."

Let there be an "Authors' Grove" in which the school children shall honor by living monuments, the great men and women in literature, so that while they learn to love and reverence trees, they will at the same time become interested in the writings of our distinguished and worthy authors. Let there be a "Soldiers' Grove," devoted to the memory of our patriotic dead. Yes,

Plant beautiful trees in honor of those,
    Whose memory you revere;
And more beautiful still they'll become
    With each revolving year.

In this connection let me say that the Grand Army Posts of New York state, a few years ago (and I hope do so yet), followed the recommendation of mine and planted trees, instead of strewn flowers, in honor of their dead comrades. How much nobler, and grander, and more enduring the living growing trees than the cut and withering flowers.

Have you never thought what monuments the trees, monarchs of the vegetable world become? They are more durable than marble itself. Their grandeur will challenge the admiration of the beholders when the coeval marble monument at their base will lie in ruins, defaced by age and crum-
bling into dust. Think of it, the life of an oak is two thousand years, that of the rock maple, from eight to nine hundred, of the elm, from three hundred and fifty to five hundred years, and there are living to day, trees whose age is estimated at more than five thousand years, while marble exposed to air and water, and subject to the changes of heat and cold, scarcely holds its own a generation, and frequently crumbles to pieces in seventy years. Well may the great historian, Benson J. Lossing, say: "What conqueror in any part of life's broad field of battle could desire a more beautiful, a more noble, a more patriotic monument than a tree, planted by joyous children as a memorial of his achievements? what earnest, honest worker with hand and brain for the benefit of his fellowmen, could desire a more pleasing recognition of their usefulness than such a monument, a symbol of his or her own production, ever growing, ever blooming and ever bearing wholesome fruit."

Have you ne'er thought how our homes, our villages, our towns and cities are beautified by trees? We are to-night in perhaps the most beautiful little city on the continent of America; what has made it so? I need not answer that question. It is on the tongue of every member of this audience — the trees! Who can visit Detroit without exclaiming, "Oh, how beautiful!" What has made it so? The trees! Trees not only beautify our homes and make them more healthful, attractive and valuable, but they indicate refinement, enterprise and culture.

Should the celebration of planting memorial trees, the preparation for which affords ample opportunity for imparting all needful information in regard to trees and forests, become general in our country, the time would not be far distant when such a public sentiment would be formed as would lead to beautifying, by trees, of every city, town and village in the United States, as well as the public highways, church and school grounds, and the homes of the people in the country. In truth, within the next twenty-five years, the general aspect of many parts of our country would be changed through the natural effect of these Arbor Day celebrations. Pastor Oberlin, after whom Oberlin College, in Ohio, is named, required each boy and girl, before he would administer the ordinance of confirmation, to bring a certificate that he or she had planted two trees. If but the youth of our country, could be led to plant their two trees each, how, by the children alone, could our county be enriched and beautified in the next fifty years.

**ORIGIN OF ARBOR DAY.**

Arbor day, for the planting trees for economic purposes, originated in Nebraska in 1872, and within the next ten years was adopted in two other comparatively treeless states. It grew out of the absolute necessity the people of these states felt for wood, lumber, etc., and he who planted the most trees received a reward from the state. Besides, a certain reduction in taxes was made to those who planted a certain number of acres of trees, but the plan of celebrating Arbor Day, or Arbor Day as now celebrated,
originated in Cincinnati, in 1882, at the time of the organization of the American Forestry Congress, and has since been adopted by twenty-seven states and three territories, and the Dominion of Canada, and the "Cincinnati plan" of celebrating tree planting, as it has been appropriately called, has crossed the Atlantic and found its way into England, Scotland, Austria and Germany.

In order to indicate the character and scope of Arbor Day celebrations I will give a brief description of the celebrations held by the Cincinnati public schools in Eden Park. At the request of the projectors (of whom I was one) of the American Forestry Congress, which was organized in Cincinnati in the spring of 1882, the Ohio legislature passed a joint resolution authorizing the governor of the state to issue a proclamation each year in which he should designate a day in April as "Arbor Day," and call upon the citizens of the state to devote that day to tree-planting. In accordance with the resolution, the proclamation was issued, designating the 27th of April of that year as "Arbor Day." Acting in the spirit of the governor's proclamation, the board of education of that city decided by a unanimous vote to dismiss the schools for that day, thus giving the schools an opportunity of participating in the tree-planting celebration.

It occurred to me, as chairman of the Arbor Day committee and as superintendent of schools, that it would be an important thing for the schools to plant trees in honor and memory of American authors, to be known as "Authors' Grove." At the request of the committee, the board of public works set apart about six acres in Eden Park for this grove. Selections on trees and forestry were sent to the various schools to be memorized by the pupils, also information concerning historic trees of our country, and many facts in history giving the effects upon climate, soil, productions, etc., both of the destruction and of the renewal of forests, were given to the scholars; these formed the basis of composition in the upper grades. In addition to the above, the teachers were required to give sketches of the lives of their respective authors, and the pupils to learn selections from their writings.

The boys of the several schools were organized into companies under the name of "Forestry Cadets," as the "Emerson Forestry Cadets" of Hughes high school, the "Longfellow Forestry Cadets" of the Eleventh district school, the "Holmes Forestry Cadets" of the Second district school, etc. The boys not organized into companies and the girls were called "Foresteri," as the "Whittier Foresteri," the "Franklin Foresteri," and so on.

That the part taken by the pupils in the actual planting of the trees may not be misunderstood, I will state that experienced men employed by the city, did most of the work of setting out the trees previous to Arbor Day, and the pupils finished the setting by filling around each tree a little soil left in heaps for this purpose. At a given signal, the pupils, upward of 17,000 in number, arranged themselves, each school around its special author's tree or group, and the exercises began. In general these exercises
consisted of reading by the pupils their compositions on forestry; of reciting individually and in concert the selections on trees; of giving sketches of the lives and writings of their chosen authors; of declaiming extracts from their works; of reading letters from living authors or from relatives and friends of those who have passed away; of singing; of the ceremony of throwing the soil, each pupil in turn, about the tree, and of appropriate talks by teachers and others. At the expiration of the time allotted to this part of the programme, the pupils come together, and assisted by instrumental music sing our national songs and others appropriate to the occasion. After this the pupils were dismissed to enjoy themselves in their own way in the great park. Thus ended what, perhaps, were the most interesting and profitable lessons the pupils ever had in a single day; for, in participating in the planting of this grove they not only obtained a better knowledge of the American authors and their works, but learned to care for and protect trees. Besides, the importance of forestry was impressed upon the minds of thousands of children by the celebration, few of whom knew before the existence of such a subject. The attention of the parents and the people in general, was attracted to it.

It should be stated here that while "Authors' Grove" was being planted by the children, "Pioneers' Grove," "Citizens' Memorial Grove," "Presidents' Grove" were planted or more properly dedicated by the older people, and "Battle Grove," by the old soldiers and their friends, some person being selected in each instance to make appropriate remarks, or to plant each tree, as it was called. After this speeches were made by distinguished citizens from Cincinnati or elsewhere. It was estimated that more than 50,000 people were in attendance at the inauguration of this grand work.

The sentiment of the scholars in regard to trees, which was one of the direct results of the celebration, is clearly indicated by the fact that although there were thousands of children on each Arbor Day celebrated in Eden Park, not one injured a tree in any manner. In contrast to this, a prominent writer for one of the leading journals of England, in an article strongly advocating the adoption of the "Cincinnati plan" of celebrating tree planting, says, that in Epping Park, on every public holiday, the authorities employ a large force of special policemen to keep the people from wantonly injuring and destroying trees, and that, notwithstanding all the care and precaution taken to prevent it, trees are mutilated on all these public days.

How true are the words which that great American historian, J. T. Headley, wrote in regard to celebrating Arbor Day by public schools: "We sometimes forget that the highest aim of education is to form right character — and that is accomplished more by impressions made upon the heart than by knowledge imparted to the mind.

"The awakening of our best sympathies — the cultivation of our best and purest tastes — strengthening the desire to be useful and good, and directing youthful ambition to unselfish ends — such are the objects of true educa-
TREE PLANTING.

Again, the trees which the children plant or which they assist in dedicating, will become dearer to them as year after year rolls on. As the trees grow, and their branches expand in beauty, so will the love for them increase in the hearts of those by whom they were planted or dedicated, and long before the children reach old age they will almost venerate these green and living memorials of youthful and happy days; and as those who have loved and cared for pets will ever be the friends of our dumb animals, so will they ever be the friends of our forest trees. From the individual to the general is the law of our nature. Show me a man who in childhood had a pet, and I'll show you a lover of animals. Show me a person who in youth planted a tree that has lived and flourished, and I'll show you a friend of trees and of forest culture. In this I speak from experience. The pets I had when a child led me to join the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." The trees I planted in early boyhood in front of my old New Hampshire home have led me to advocate tree planting and Arbor Day celebrations.

As a further illustration of what I have said, I will relate one incident in the lives of Alice and Phoebe Cary, Ohio's greatest daughters. In 1832, when Alice was twelve years old, and Phoebe only eight, as these little girls were returning home from school one day, they found a small tree, which a farmer had grubbed up and thrown into the road. One of them picked it up, and said to the other, "Let us plant it." As soon as said, these happy children ran to the opposite side of the road, and with sticks—for they had no other implements—they dug out the earth, and in the hole thus made they placed treelet; around it with their tiny hands they drew the loosened mud and pressed it down with their little feet. With what interest they hastened on their way to and from school, to see if it were growing; and how they clapped their little hands for joy when they saw the buds start and the leaves begin to form; with what delight did they watch it grow through the sunny days of summer; with what anxiety did they await its fate through the storms of winter, and when at last the long looked for spring came, with what feeling of mingled hope and fear did they seek again this tree.

But I must not pursue the subject further. It is enough to know that when these two sisters grew to womanhood, and removed to New York city, they never returned to their old home without paying a visit to the tree that they had planted, and that was scarcely less dear to them than the friends of their childhood days. They planted and cared for it in growth; they loved it in age. The tree is the large and beautiful sycamore which one sees in passing along the Hamilton turnpike from College Hill to Mt. Pleasant, Hamilton county, Ohio.
OLD LIBERTY ELM.

It was the custom of our New England ancestors to plant trees in the early settlement of our country, and dedicate them to liberty. Many of these liberty trees, consecrated by our forefathers, are still standing. I remember, when a boy, the interest I felt in "Old Liberty Elm" that then stood in Boston. That old tree was planted by a school master, long before the Revolutionary war, and dedicated by him to the independence of the colonies. Around that tree, before the Revolution, the citizens of Boston used to gather to listen to the advocates of our country's freedom; around it, during the war, they met to offer up thanks and supplications to Almighty God, for the success of the patriot armies, and, after the terrible struggle had ended, the people were wont to assemble from year to year, in the shadow of that old tree, to celebrate the liberty and independence of our country. It stood there till within a few years, a living monument of the patriotism of the citizens of Boston. The sight of that tree awakened patriotic emotions in every true American heart, and when at last, that old tree fell, the bells in all the churches of Boston were tolled, and a feeling of sadness spread over the city and state, even in Ohio, there were eyes that moistened with tears when the news came that "Old Liberty Elm" had fallen in a storm. Such was the veneration in which it was held.

WASHINGTON ELM.

Another of these "liberty elms" now stands in Cambridge, Mass. Under the shade of this venerable tree, Washington first took command of the continental army, July 3d, 1775. How the affection of every lover of his country clings around that tree. What care has been taken of it, what marks of esteem have been shown it by the citizens of Cambridge, may be judged by those who have seen it standing, as it does, in the center of a great public thoroughfare, its trunk protected by an iron fence, from injury from passing vehicles, which, for more than a century, have turned out in deference to this monarch of the revolution.

In this connection let me say, that a few years ago, a number of American scientists, in order to determine the amount of moisture given out by forest trees, selected the "Washington Elm," on which to make their experiments. They calculated that the leaves of this tree would cover, with a single layer, 200,000 square feet of space, and that they gave out every fair day, during the growing season, 15,500 pounds or 7$\frac{1}{2}$ tons of moisture to the atmosphere.

I will close by reciting that beautiful poem, so familiar to you all, entitled, "Woodman, Spare that Tree."

In a letter to a friend, dated New York, February 1, 1857, Mr. Morris, the author, gave in substance the following account of how he came to write this poem.

Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, an old gentleman, he invited me to turn down a little woodland pass, not far
from Bloomingdale. "Your object?" inquired I. Merely to look once more at an old oak tree planted by my grandfather long before I was born, under which I used to play when a boy, and where my sisters played with me. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters—all are gone; nothing but the old tree remains"; and a paleness spread over his fine countenance, and tears came to his eyes. After a moment's pause, he added: "Don't think me foolish, I don't know how it is, I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend." These words were scarcely uttered when the old gentleman cried out: "There it is." Near the tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. "You're not going to cut that tree down, surely." "Yes, but I am, though," said the woodman. "What for," inquired the old gentleman with choked emotion. "What for?" I like that. Well, I tell you, I want the tree for firewood. "What is the tree worth to you for firewood?" "Why, when down, about $10." "Suppose I should give you that sum," said the old gentleman, "would you let it stand?" "Yes." "You are sure of that?" "Positive." "Then give me a bond to that effect." We went into the little cottage in which my companion was born, and which is now occupied by the woodman. I drew up the bond. It was signed, and the money paid over. As we left, the young girl, the daughter of the woodman, assured us that while she lived the tree should not be cut. These circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song I send you.

Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot;  
There woodman let it stand;  
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,—  
And wouldst thou hack it down?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
Oh, spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies!
When but an idle boy
  I sought its grateful shade
In all their gushing joy,
   Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
   My father pressed my hand —
Forgive that foolish tear
   But let that old oak stand.

My heart strings round thee cling,
   Close as thy book, old friend;
Here shall the wild-bird sing
   And still thy branches bend,
Old tree! the storm still brave!
   And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
   Thy ax shall harm it not.

DISCUSSION.

President—Ladies and gentlemen, we have a little time that we might give to the discussion of this magnificent paper.

Mr. Hoxie—I presume there are many who will say we have no need to save our trees, especially those in the northern part of the state. History shows there is a need of the conservation of our forests. Unless we do, the time is coming when we will have to live in a country destitute of trees. The object of this paper is that the people in the state of Wisconsin may see the importance of it, and that it may awaken a greater interest in purchasing land for public parks before it is beyond their reach. I was in hopes Mr. Currie from Milwaukee would have been here to help discuss this question. In Milwaukee they have no public park like some of our cities. Every year the land gets higher and higher. Steps have been taken to inaugurate a movement in that direction, but nothing has come of it. That is one reason why we wanted Mr. Peaslee here to talk on this matter. Every village ought to have its public park—five acres, two acres or only one—where the young
can get out, and the old can go in their declining years and rest in the shade of the trees. Forty years ago I saw that famous old oak tree on Boston common, limbs and branches supported with bands and rods of iron. The decay of age some years ago leveled it to the ground, but the spot is marked by a monument to commemorate its history in the time of the early colonies.

I would like to hear from Hon. M. A. Thayer, of Sparta, in connection with this paper.

Mr. Thayer — Mr. President: My knowledge in this matter is too limited for me to give any information to this audience who have just listened to Mr. Peaslee’s paper. I feel to agree though with Mr. Peaslee on the point of early association. I have had some experience in tree planting, and when I came to Wisconsin 34 years ago, and as I began to engage in business, I made it a point that any property I ever owned should have plenty of trees planted on it. It became my fortune to engage in the real estate business in Sparta, and I followed the same rule then. In the early days we were trading and trafficking, and did not pay much attention to beautifying our yards, but I made it a point that shade trees should be set before those premises on the street line. I also became agent for many pieces of property at that time, and made a point of insisting that the owners of such property should set out, or pay for the setting out of trees. I did all in my power to influence the city council or city fathers to enact an ordinance compelling the owners of lots to place trees in front of their property.

A few years ago I had the satisfaction of knowing and appreciating how much had been done by that little effort. We had a cyclone go through the city, and the next week we removed over four hundred loads of trees and limbs that had been planted, and still the next season no one could have told that there was a tree missing. The satisfaction of that little work has been more to me personally than any other thing that I have ever did in that city, and I wish that there was a way to impress upon everybody present, every farmer in the community, every man that owns a small house and lot, every man that owns a vacant lot,
either in town or country, that he would make a resolution that trees should be planted in front of his premises. There is no good that will last so long, there is no satisfaction that will be so great to any man, as a protection of that kind around his lot. Do it yourselves and teach your children to do it, and in the long years to come no satisfaction will prove so great to them as that duty performed.

Mr. Robbins, of Platteville — Forty-two years ago next June, an elm tree was set out on my place by one who has gone across the river. It is a beautiful tree. I would not take a thousand dollars for it to-day. I would like to have a clause in my will that my children should never destroy it after I am gone, but that it should stay there until it is destroyed by some natural process. A man who has never set out a tree should be ashamed of himself. Around my house are the trees set out forty years ago. No storm has destroyed them though wind and storms have taken trees within twenty rods of them. They are undisturbed. I can be there with my children in the delightful cool shade while the sun is hot overhead. It will afford a protection for me and my grandchildren as well.

Mr. Clinton Babbitt, Beloit, Wis.— When I came to this convention, a place where I have had such a variety of experiences, I made up my mind I wouldn't say a word; I would see how the boys ran it, but when I heard this paper and the remarks of the gentleman upon it, I was back in New Hampshire and my experience in the old Granite state was brought vividly before my mind. A great many years ago, when a boy, uncle John Reed said to me, "Clinton, let us go up and get a nice elm and set it out on the common," and I went along with him and he planted it, with my assistance. "Now," said he, "some day when you go back to this old place and lay down under the shade of this tree you will think of me and you will be glad that you assisted in planting this tree."

Many years passed and I returned a stranger to my native place. All were gone in whom I was interested. I would not have been known if I had told my name. My father, my mother, my sister, all the members of our family
and the man who helped me plant the tree, were all gone. The tree was large and beautiful. I went away without telling whom I was and came back to this western country. I again returned to my native place, but this time in company with a gentleman from Boston, a man of great wealth and great experience. He was also born in that place. He insisted upon my staying with him at a friend's house, as his guest also. I thought I would slip away unobserved and go to the old church and sit again under the shade of that tree. I cannot describe the emotions I felt that evening time. I can't do it. I left that tree and went to another that was planted by my father, an elm, under which I had played high spy as we used to call it. I can not tell to you the emotions of that hour, no one knowing I was there where so many I had known and loved had passed away. I have been there once since and taken my daughters with me and shown them those trees I loved so well. I believe that the impressions given by that tree planting made on me was the reason why to-day I have in my own front yard thirty-five of those beautiful elm trees in this beautiful commonwealth of Wisconsin. I have had the pleasure of entertaining on that ground some of our most distinguished men in this state. It is a pleasure to think that I have entertained in that grove at Beloit, the honored governor of the state of Wisconsin, a man who has done so much in this great commonwealth for the farmers of Wisconsin. I say to you, gentlemen, inculcate in the minds of your boys and girls this idea, that a tree represents something grand and noble, inculcate in their minds that it represents life and strength.

A Member — I would like to hear from the Rev. Mr. Gordon on this subject.

Mr. Gordon — Mr. Chairman, I have been requested to thank my old friend, Mr. Peaslee, who has come so far to say so well what he has said, and I also wish to state that I had no idea of making a speech. Mr. Peaslee for a long time was superintendent of the schools in the great city of Cincinnati, has been for a great many years of the opinion that the planting of trees should be a public school
movement in the United States. We are indebted to Mr. Peaslee that he should come so far to give us this paper on this subject, and we wish to return to him our sincere thanks for his assistance in this matter.

Tree planting is especially necessary in this country where tree murder is so common. Tree murder is the crime of America against the universe. It has taken them years to become the beautiful trees you find them now. You destroy the work of many centuries, you level the long results of myriads of years, the silent working of a long age. These trees we found here so splendid in their grandeur, have been sacrificed in almost a criminal way. I know the place upon which I live would be worth more to-day, if the white oaks had been left there. They were sold for four dollars a piece, for railroad wood. I would like to pay one hundred dollars for them, to have them back. Many of us feel that way. There is a piece of land in our place covered with beautiful trees. A lady said, "somebody will cut that timber all off that point some day. Let me buy that land." All right, was the reply. She bought the land to preserve the trees for the beauty of Jefferson county, and handed the deed to me to keep.

The tree is one of the golden mile stones of the human life; it is like the hearth stone and chimney corner of the homestead. We all have in our memories fully as much connected with the great trees we have left behind in the homes of our boyhood, as of the hearth stones and chimney corners we have lived around. You know one of the forces of the golden milestone; it is the center from which to measure off the distances, and the trees of our boyhood are the golden milestones from which we reckon events, as well as from the hearth stones upon the inside of the house. An old elm or a splendid tree of whatever character, is a thing that most men, the old men and the grand men, have connected with home and hearth stone, mother and father. The one memory includes the other, recalling home joys and sorrows, deaths and marriages, all the happiness of our old associations. So I am glad, Mr. Peaslee, that your work is beginning to show fruit all over the western country, and
the children are learning from you and those you are associated with in work, that it is a delightful and beautiful thing to plant trees, and if we can only couple it with a certain responsibility that as custodians of the soil we should do all in our power to beautify it and add to its value. We say we reside upon and own the land. Yes, we have a deed of the land but we do not own it all. A man who paints his house should paint it with a view of pleasing his neighbor who has to look at it, and not merely have the preservation of the timber it is built of as the end in view. A man who lays out his land with trees will add to the beauty and value of the place he lives in. It is a crime against society, a crime against the universe to unnecessarily and wantonly cut down a beautiful tree.

President Smith—I do not want Mr. Peaslee to go home with the idea that everybody in Wisconsin is a tree destroyer; we are not quite as bad as that, I think. There is a gentleman from Wisconsin who has made his home in California, whom my wife and myself with our party visited two years ago this winter. He invited our party out to his place to take dinner and show us around. There were trees all over, trees everywhere, on the road side, in rows, on this side and over there, everywhere. We asked where in the world all those beautiful trees came from. They had been set there by him, and all were native trees, planted by his own hand. That man is a Wisconsin man.

Mr. Kellogg—Mr. President, when Mr. Peaslee spoke of oaks two thousand years old he brought to my remembrance a time when a boy, my father and I with a yoke of oxen drew one of those monsters on a sled without a flake of snow, to mill. That old tree made a thousand feet of lumber. This one oak was one of the oak monsters near the lake shore in Kenosha county.

I have planted so many trees that they have become a nuisance. I have trees around the house now, planted when I did not know anything, and I have held my own pretty well ever since. Planted too thickly they are a great nuisance. They were planted in 1854, and I would caution those who are setting out trees not to get them too close.
You will see all over the country the farmers’ yards when they have trees in them, you will see two rows of Balsam fir running from the gate to the front door. What do they amount to? They do not add to the comeliness; may do for a wind brake. I wish the time would come when I could see surrounding the farms of Wisconsin, a wind brake of Norway spruce. After they once had them they would not take ten dollars a tree for every tree set in the wind brake. Why is it the farmers have lived so long without any protection for their cattle except wire fences? Trees are a great protection for cattle, and every farmer should attend to it that he has them planted in his pastures. There is a time to plant and there is a time to cut out. I have just cut down twenty-one acres of timber in the city of Janesville, and have been making it into wood. Too many trees are a nuisance and a pest, and you better take them out of the way. The blue jays are bringing oaks and planting them on the forty where I live. They carry seed a long distance, and I do not know but what all those trees may become a monarch of the forest in the future.

Mr. Allen — One of the most tender spots to me is the public school yard near which I live. I went with my own team and got a couple of trees and set them out in the school yard, and now, sir, after forty years of time, having lived there forty-five years, the most pleasant spot for me to go to is among the trees I then planted.

President — As interesting a portion of our entire convention has been this afternoon, the papers and discussion connected with it, and we will continue another branch of it this evening by Mr. Currie of Milwaukee, and Sacred and Historic Trees by Mrs. A. C. Neville.

Resolution presented by Mr. Goodrich:

Whereas, For some reason, (which the ordinary farmer does not understand), it was arranged that we could buy our excursion tickets Sunday, when we should be in church), and that we should come Monday, and pay $2 hotel bills, waiting, in order to save $1 in fare; therefore

Resolved, That the honorable president of our State Agricultural Society be requested to confer with the railroad officers, and arrange that those who, in order to get here were required to pay full fare, shall be returned free.
Resolution adopted.*
Mr. Thayer—I wish to offer a resolution.

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the recommendation of Prof. Goff in relation to the organization of fruit stations for testing the rust of apples and small fruits and that we urge the society to carry it into effect as early as convenient.

Adopted.

Mr. Hatch—I wish to offer another resolution:

Resolved, That the members of the Wisconsin State Horticultural Society tender to the department of Agriculture at Washington, thanks for the experimental work conducted in Wisconsin during 1889.

Mr. Hoxie—I move the adoption of Mr. Hatch's resolution.

Adopted.

THURSDAY, Feb. 6th, 7:30 P. M.

President Smith—I think that the most of this audience were present at the afternoon session. We are going to continue in the same line this evening, and papers will be presented by able writers who have given thought and study to the subjects.

It has been said by some one that he could judge of the civilization of a country by traveling through it and looking at the cemeteries. If this is true I am afraid in going over some portions of the United States he would think our civilization needed repairing. The first paper is

*Hon. John Mitchell conferred with the officers of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road, and members of the convention purchasing tickets on their road were returned free by presenting certificates of attendance.—SECRETARY.