

provement as the common species, succeeding well in all sections.

3rd. Letters from North-western men, showing the reliability of the Siberian sorts, and the almost complete failure of the common apple at the north.

4th. Inference from this that we must look to the Siberian species alone for hard and valuable varieties for that section.

5th. Commercial and social importance of a reliable and good winter fruit for the north.

6th. The Marengo Siberians are the first winter sorts of this species that have been brought to notice.

7th. A full account and description of the tree of Marengo Siberian apple No. 1.

8th. F. R. Elliott's description of the season and quality of the fruit.

9th. Notices and descriptions of the same from Charles Downing, Dr. Warder, and from western horticulturists and horticultural journals.

10th. Home testimony and references.

11th. Exposure of imposture and fraudulent appropriation of name.

The *Marengo Republican* says of the circular: "This is a neat little treatise of 16 pages on the Siberian species of the apple, commonly, but erroneously, we think, called crabs. It contains some new ideas, which in our opinion, will prove of value to the horticulturist interest and of course to the country at large. We advise all who wish to keep posted on the new discoveries and theories in fruit-growing, to send ten cents to the author and procure a copy."

Sent post-paid on receipt of ten cents. One stamp for prices.

Address C. ANDREWS, Marengo, Ills.

The Farm.

AGRICULTURE AS AN ART.

To the Editor of the ONTARIO FARMER:

SIR,—As theology has been well defined "the mother of science," so may agriculture be justly entitled the mother of the arts, for, indeed, all arts are derived from and sustained by it.

From the earliest ages in the history of mankind, we find that nations in any way approaching civilization have naturally directed their attention to this matter. In fact, the science of agriculture is coeval with man's existence, for we are expressly informed in Holy Writ that Cain was "a tiller of the ground," and, although this is the first notice we have of it in the sacred volume, it is not improbable that Adam himself may have combined the two-fold occupation of agriculturist and horticulturist.

At the present day, in all countries, the

greater portion of the inhabitants are engaged in this necessary occupation. Nevertheless, in this 19th century of ours—the century of reforms—the century of gas, steam, and electricity—we may ask is agriculture advancing with the age, and holding that position to which it is justly entitled? True, many improvements have been made in the *modus operandi* and the implements of the art, but in the science of agriculture, and more especially in its relation to chemistry, I fear we are rather behind than in advance. This, I think, may, to a great extent, be attributed to the indifference towards it, evinced in our common school system of education. Its existence, either as a science or an art, for it is both, seems to be completely ignored in such institutions, for what reason I am at a loss to understand. Our youths acquire a smattering of geology and mineralogy and physiology, and, in fact, most if not all, of the *ologies*, but at the same time they are as ignorant of the nature of soils, and the manner by which they may be made productive, as the veriest boor on a farm.

There is an anecdote related of "a girl of the period," city-bred of course, who happened to secure the affections of a "son of the soil," and who on the first morning of her induction as mistress of the farmstead naively asked one of the dairy-maids, "Mary, which of the cows gives the buttermilk?" How many of our young men, if questioned on the fundamental principles of ordinary farming, would be compelled to make a similar display of their ignorance.

It is to be deplored, that young men in general shrink with aversion from farm labor, as if there were something contaminating in contact with their mother earth. But how false this idea is. Can there be any pursuit more healthy and innocent, more invigorating to the system, more honorable, or more independent?

Answer this query if you can ye dyspeptic specimens of humanity, attired in man-millinery, who listlessly lounge behind the counters of drapery establishments—occupying the places that nature intended for the weaker sex—and whose greatest physical strength seems to be exerted in the blandishments of a smile, when some fair customer condescends to make a purchase. Answer it, pale clerk, doomed to the desk day after day, to whom a breath of heaven, cooling the throbbing brow and wasting cheeks, is a luxury seldom enjoyed. Answer it all who are perforce obliged to work and live in a vitiated atmosphere, and then compare your condition with that of the rosy cheeked child of nature to whom existence is a pleasure, and eternity a hope.

In conclusion, I trust that the art of agriculture may yet attain its true position in this province, and that more attention will be paid to it in the future instruction of our young people.

J. M.

Toronto, 7th March, 1869.