

GARDEN TOWN.

(For the Canadian Horticulturist.)

Miss Lucy Lettuce retired to bed
 One evening when the sky was red.
 Bye-and-by Miss Lucy arose,
 And dress'd herself in her finest clothes
 Of delicate green and gauzy brown,
 The sweetest maiden in Garden Town.

She called to her neighbour, Miss Polly Pea,
 "Polly, I am invited out to tea."
 I heard cook say to John in the stable,
 "Bring Lucy Lettuce in to table."
 And what do you think, that sour old sinner,
 Miss Rachel Rhubarb, was out to dinner.

She piques herself on her pedigree,
 And her foggie old relative "Gregory."
 She's but a vulgar village fixture;
 All make grimaces at her mixture.
 Bah! the meanest grubs in Garden Town
 Shy from her with scornful frown.

But Polly, I wish that you and I
 Could be as easily passed by.
 I noticed this morning, when you arose,
 How pale and pinched was the curl on your nose
 Those loafing dudes, the worms, I fear,
 Are undermining your health, my dear.

There's our cousins Caboage, on the next block,
 You know they have come of a hardy stock.
 Well, those very same scamps, I hear folks say,
 Revel and feast with their night and day:
 So this riotous life and "do-as-you-please,"
 Was ended in hopeless heart disease!

See Celia Celery, tall and fair,
 Aristocratic in her air.
 She is the elite of Garden Town,
 With green top-knots and eery gown,
 Why should she feel so very crusty,
 I've seen her look both old and rusty.

And she looks down with haughty mein
 On dear, wee, modest Betty Bean.
 Friend of the great Bonanza King,
 The muscle of stalwart western men
 Was got from thee, thou peerless gem.
 Could I compare you with such trash
 As wishy-washy Suky Squash?

Oh, I should feel myself a felon
 To equal thee to Watermelon.
 Look! Pat Potatoe opes his eyes,
 While I laud Betty to the skies,
 And Sissy Sage, a very Plate,
 With flaring red-head Tom Tomato.

Miss Onion, you are too impressive;
 I'll pass you, lest I weep excessive.

Tho' mummies bowed to you the knee,
 I cannot choose but turn from thee
 And leave thee with thy Leeks and Garlic.
 Come near me and you'll find me warlike.

Patricia Parsley, if you knew
 How ancient builders copied you.
 Your Gothic leaf I've traced on tombs—
 Seen carved on grandly pillared domes—
 And "Parsley Peel," the weaver chief,
 His daughter traced thy lovely leaf;
 On costly fabrics now we see
 Designs of foliage all from thee.

Ah, who is he there by the wall,
 Poising and bowing to old Sol?
 The Sunflower, looking proudly mild
 Since patronized by Oscar Wilde.
 He's warning me 'tis growing late,
 And Father Thyme rejects to wait—
 Nurse Dolly Dew is hastening down
 To bathe the maids of Garden Town.

Montreal.

GRANDMA GOWAN.

THE POTATO BEETLE.—An Ohio farmer, in relation to killing the potato beetle, says:—"Take equal parts of copperas and slaked lime, using five pounds of each for twenty gallons of water, and sprinkle it on the vines with a brush. I had a field alive with beetles, and after one dose not a single live one could be found, and besides, it benefits the plant."—*Farmer and Fruit Grower.*

YELLOW TRANSPARENT.—I found out a curious thing about the Yellow Transparent Apple last year. My "original tree" (from the one cion I got from Washington in 1870) is in grass, in a rather poor spot, and bore an immense crop; but the fruit was so small that it was not gathered for market, as that of the others was, in August. The fruit hung on, growing better and better, and whiter and whiter, until the last of September, and visitors, when they came around to that tree, declared the apples to be the best on the place. They were the size of Fameuse, as white as the whitest ivory, and really equal to Early Harvest, which I cannot say they are when gathered in August, though they are very eatable then. This apple is the best shipper and keeper of any early apple I know.—*T. H., in Rural New-Yorker.*