

remains over the winter, curled up, not transforming to a chrysalis until the spring, if at all. I have often found these worms in these warts—a dozen and more in some; but never had them come to anything unless I shook them upon the earth, when they would burrow immediately, and in a day or so would be discovered in a chrysalis state. But to conclude, as some authors have done, that the weevil makes these warts is simply absurd. She has no saw, no instrument which can perforate to consume the soft pulp of the plum. If it were not for detaching the stone, and allowing the air to enter and penetrate the interior, the worm itself would do very little harm to the plum. It is the air admitted, causing the decay, and not that the worm consumes so much, that destroys the fruit. Many suppose that this insect cannot fly; but this is an error. Because they can perceive no joining of the wing-cases they conclude there is none. But they fly well; the under wings are full and strong. Like those of other beetles, these are beautifully marked on the edges with brown, while the wing covers are a light horny yellow on the lower portions. This is really all that can be said or written about this insect; and you can easily conceive yourself that it is all that is needed.

If you will examine the roots of a plum tree which has been infested, at the end of the season, you will see how utterly useless are washes, nets, etc., etc. Scrape the roots free of soil in the fall, before frost, throwing around them lime or ashes, and this insect will gradually disappear.—*Harper's Monthly.*

FRUIT GROWER'S ASSOCIATION OF U. C

EDITOR OF THE AGRICULTURIST,—DEAR SIR: Will you please notice in the July number of the Agriculturist, that the next regular meeting of the U. C. Fruit Growers' Association will be held in the "Agricultural Hall," in the City of Toronto, on Wednesday the 15th day of July, at 2 o'clock, p.m.

Your most obedient Servant,

D. W. BEADLE, Sec.

June 16th, 1863.

WHAT AILS MY GRAPE?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGRICULTURIST.—The following conversation will explain the occasion of the above enquiry, and perhaps account for it.

Mr. James. What ails my grapes! all my fine prospects of weighty Humberghs, Chasselas's and Frontignans are no more.

Mr. Richard. In fact, I am sorry to hear you say so. What is the matter?

Mr. J. The matter! I declare my discouragement is great. I begin to think that we cannot raise grapes in a cold grapery. I am disappointed.

Mr. R. And perhaps unreasonably so. Do you fancy that grape growing under glass is wholly exempt from partial failure and occasional disappointment, can you name the walk in life, the occupation or the scheme in which disappointment is not frequently met with? You cannot. And are you to doom the cold grapery, which has had splendid success, for years, in other cases, because through some negligence of yours you are this one season balked of a great crop? But tell me what is the matter, and perhaps I may be able to account for it.

Mr. J. The matter, I tell you I have lost my crop. Those fine stout canes, which were so well ripened, haven't a live bud for several feet. Only at the extremities are there a few. Now tell me why that is so.

Mr. R. Did you keep your cold grapery closed the whole winter?

Mr. J. I did so.

Mr. R. Now for your comfort, for the old saying is, that misery loves company, let me tell you that my grapes are just in as bad a condition, one in particular. I left it last fall, after pruning, about ten feet long. It was a thick well ripened cane. This spring the buds are all dead except for about two feet at the end farthest from the root. I account for it thus: During March, and the first part of April I was from home, and the grapery was neglected. There were many fine clear days when it became so warm as to start the sap, and render the bud tender. Cold, sharp weather followed and froze them. The extremities being better covered escaped. So you see the matter is very simple.

Mr. J. Well I believe you are right, I am not alone in my misery, for other graperies have suffered in like manner. But would you advise opening the house in winter.

Mr. R. I certainly would in all fine, moderate weather. So as to let the heat escape William Churilton says, only he ought to have put it in large letters, "Let the house remain open through the winter, except in stormy, wet or very severe weather." Allen says, "As the spring advances, and the power of the sun increases, open the windows and doors of the house to let the heat escape, and to prevent the vines bursting their buds, shutting up again before night." You thought that all your labor and care were at an end, when last fall, you had pruned and laid down your vines, and covered them so nicely, but it was a mistake. For your comfort some little attention is required during the long winter months, but especially towards the approach of spring. I say, for your comfort, for how would you feel, if you could bestow no pain on your beloved vines for so dreary a length of time?

Mr. J. That is all very well, but what am I to do now. What would you advise?

Mr. R. Fruit the large canes all you can