

## CODLIN MOTH.

A fruit was kindly given to me,  
 'Twas fair as that which had upon it,  
 "Da pulcharrissima mihi,"  
 And perfumed like all Araby,  
 An apple worthy of a sonnet;  
 But faugh! all thought of song inditing  
 Was banished by the act of biting.

O fulsome worm! art thou some breed  
 Which was engendered at the eating  
 Of that first fruit of which we read?  
 Is thence thy treachery—thy greed?  
 Thy gift, to give repellant greeting  
 To sharp desire? and teach us mortals  
 Disgust will haunt e'en pleasure's portals?

Alas! dear Eve, appearance caught her;  
 Had she but guessed a worm was in it,  
 She, like her wiser modern daughter,  
 Discreet, by what her nature taught her,  
 Had spurned that apple in a minute,  
 Or, eyed it with a dainty pout,  
 Then, deftly cut the traitor out.

How wonderful! that bite particular  
 Of that one typic, worry apple,  
 Should make humanity vermicular—  
 Destroy man's moral perpendicular—  
 And place a knob upon the "thrapple"  
 Of all his masculine posterity—  
 'Twould seem a very mythy verity.

But that the thesis is well backed—  
 "Man's but a worm," affirms the preacher,  
 If other evidence be lacked—  
 His inborn and fruit-fustive nack,  
 Corroborates the *ortho*-teacher;  
 Judged by his tricks, the human wriggler  
 Is but a true gigantic wiggler.

O turn-coat moth! alas, to wit,  
 What else is man! Both seek disguise;  
 Both in some seeming harmless flit  
 Can drop a mischief-working nit,  
 To hatch into an enterprise,  
 That shall despoil a brother-neighbour's,  
 Appropriate his fruit and labor.

They name you in mellifluous Latin,  
 O *carpo-capsa pomonella*!  
 They say you sleep in finest satin,  
 As soft as millionaires grow fat in,  
 And yet you're but a fellow fellow,  
 That theft of fruit—that slimy train,  
 Decide you of the meanest strain.

This muddling kinskip of a worm  
 I fain must leave to Willie Saunders,  
 Who, just by squinting at your squirm,  
 Can trace you back to *proto*-germ,  
 Unvail your transmutative wonders,  
 That scientist, when on his nettle,  
 Can ev'ry doubt about you settle.

S. P. MONEE, *Louville, Ont*

PELARGONIUMS DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ALBANY.—These two new varieties belong to the regal class, distinguished by the crisped appearance of the petals, at first sight giving the flower the appearance of being semi-double, though in reality it is not so. Duke of Albany has large flowers of a deep crimson-maroon colour, with a narrow margin of rosy lake and a lighter coloured centre. Duchess of Albany has purplish violet coloured blooms, with the upper petals marked with maroon. Both are very fine sorts, and will no doubt become popular as they become better known.—*The Garden.*

PEACHES IN A COLD CLIMATE.—A gentleman who has resided in Dakota, where the thermometer usually goes twenty below zero in winter, and last year sunk to thirty-eight below, informs us that he raises annually good crops of peaches. The trees are planted in a line at the foot of a steep sloping bank and inclined towards it. On the approach of winter, a slight bending brings them into contact with the ground, to which they are held by a weight, or by a forked stake driven into the ground. They then receive a thick covering of hay, straw or cornstalks, which enables them to obtain warmth from the ground. In the spring the covering is removed, and a few short stakes serve as props to raise the tree and its principal branches to its original position.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE LOMBARD PLUM—Is more planted than any other plum, as it is supposed to be hardy and partly proof against the curculio. This is owing to its great bearing; as if the curculio took half, there would in general be more left than the tree could properly ripen. This habit of overbearing causes it to be a very short-lived tree, as it gets so weakened after bearing two or three large crops that the first severe winter kills it, or injures it so that it will die in a few years. The only remedy for this is heavy manuring and thinning out the fruit when small fully one-half or two-thirds. What is left, owing to increased size, will give a heavier yield and bring a higher price than if all were left on. The fruit is purple, of only medium size and quality, and will only bring about half as much per bushel as Bradshaw, Pond's Seedling, white or yellow Egg, and other large varieties.—*New York Witness.*