## THE FLOWERS AND THE STARS.

(From the Italian of Caterina Franceschi Ferrucci.)

BY JOHN READE.

Where are the sweet, life-giving airs
By which, new-waking from their wintry tomb.
And from the dewy ground
As each its joyous head up-rears,
The flowers shed around The flowers shed sround

Fresh, fragrant clouds of manifold perfume!

Where is the bush that on its tender stem,
beside the waters clear.

Was mirrored in the tiny stream

That rippied near!

Alas! through all the dales,
Where broom and myrtle blossomed in the sun,

Now sluggish frost prevails,

And, stiff and dead and white, the rills no longer run.

With sear leaves covered o'er, the arid ground, Touched by the feet, gives back a mournful sound. Which summons tears to eyes that miss the sight Of forms beloved, and saddens the foud heart. O mortal beauty, rapid is thy flight As, when it cleaves the air, the feathered dart, Or, as the cloud which night-winds chase Lest it should dim the moon's fair face!

On tireless wings doth Fortune move In its perpetual range; In swift succession change In swift succession change
Stormy desires and hope and fear and sorrow.
Ah, me! what profit can I borrow
From all that I did once so foodly love!
Only the pain of unforgotien grief.
A tomb tear-stained, loved names, a little dust.
Between birth's dawn and death's drear night.
There shines a gleam of troubled light,
Dire Death with Lite keeps evermore abreast,
And dole numeosured follows pleasure brief.

But, in this chanceful, changeful destiny,
And all the ruin time brings in his flight,
Fair tenants of serene immensity,
You sole endure nor damage nor despite.
When in the great-voiced depths of the vast sea
The sun from toil has sought release.
Bright stars, like God's own smile, you shed sweet peace,
With tremulous ray, on all around—
On lonely mountains and on woods profound.
And when through heaven's vast spaces you advance,
Encircling Cynthia in your golden dance,
More dear to me than day's full blaze of light
Is the pale glory of the silent night.

Is the pair glory of the silent night.

In the dark bosom of the formless void When first Erernai Love woke life and light And set the sun to shine, you heard the tide Of song angelic rise to heaven's height, And saw the untilled earth and ocean swarm With new-created life of every form.

Up from the earth's young forests rose the voice Of beasts and birds, by human eau unheard; The trees and waters by the winds were stirred; The smitten shores sent forth a thunderous noise. And when the bliss that made the world rejuice Was lost, and through the saidened air arose The awful sound of murderous blows.

You, in your spaceoos orbits, heard the cry, And that parental sigh.

That mourned a brother by a brother slain.

Since then, what crime or grief or pain,
Fair stars, is bidden from your conscious gaze?
Now 'its thefire that rages; now the deep,
Aroused to wrath, strikes terror and amaze.
To Nature's trembling bosom, till a heap
Of ruins tells the tale of man.
And of man's works, in one confusion hurled.
Many a time the sire affrighted world.
Has changed its language, worship, gods and laws?
How many corses in its rugged jaws.
Naked and sundered, has the ocean rolled,
With weapons useless? What a stream of blood,
Awful, with shattered spears and broken shields.
Has o'er the earth's lair surface flowed!
But you, secure in your celestial fields.
Havour glorious light unshorn of any force,
And, like its Author, never growing old.
Nor have the woes of this, our wretched race,
Bedimmed your splendour nor disturbed your peace. Bedimmed your splendour nor disturbed your peace.

In my life's flower-time, when the dreams of love Gladdened my heart, in gentle night's calm hour, How out with pensive e.g. s. I saw you move In your vast orths! And now, when hope and power floth fail me, I delight to watch you still From these sectioned valleys, and I will, If Fate do not gainsay my sad desire, When my last hour of life has come, expire With my face turned to you; and thus to you with accents hourse will say my last acten. Nay more; when 'neath the cypress and the sod, Fresh cut, my body lies (my soul with God); O dear companion stars, your gentle light Will tenderly illume death's dreary night. In my life's flower-time, when the dreams of love

As dies the rose,
As fades the lily 'neath the wintry blast,
So fades the lily 'neath the wintry blast,
So fade my fairest hopes, and weaker grows
My loving faith, and quenched is now the fire
Of that quick scorn of wrong and warm desire.
But, as the glorious stars for ever burn,
So live within me, deathless, unsubdued,
Thoughts which unfailing turn
My soul to what is true and good.
Thereby in vision I behold
Marrels before untold,
While through my heart there flows
A music whose sweet solace words cannot disclose;
Which doth my soul to holy deeds incite,
Guiding my will aright
And all my passions inling to repose.
Led by this inner prompting, undismayed,
I meet fate's haughty ire,
And, confident, aspire To life to come whose joys will never fade.

O thou, my first sweet care, on whom now smiles. The season new of years yet fresh and green. Thee love with its entirements gay beguiles, To pleasing fancies, fugitive desires;

And tender hope leading. To pleasing fancies, fugitive desires;
And tender hope inspires
Of bliss which few, alas i can ever win.
How fair to thee life opens this fair day i
Whereler thou turnest, flowers deck thy way—
Lifes and violets; not a cloud obscures
The sun, and every object lures.

But ah! trust not the flowers. Trust not the sky serene — E'en now the tempest lowers. And the dread thunder rolls and lightnings glare, O'er the late beauteous scene. O et the late beauteous scene.
Ah i leave, then, leave the rose,
Whose petals, delicate and fair,
The ruthiers whitlwind strews,
Or cruel frost smites dead.
And raise thine eyes to where
The stars shine overhead,
To Heaven, whose hope is balm for all our woes.

This poem was addressed by the authoress to her son. Antonio, on the completion of his twentieth

## THE CROPS IN CANADA.

great and bitter cry is coming up from our English farmers about agriculture being paralyzed by the present "universal" depres-But the fact is, England is overstocked with farmers and farm-labourers. Let them emigrate in greater numbers and see whether there is depression in our colonies. Why, there is no time for it; at any rate, not in Canada.

The sub-tropical summers of the Dominion

bring on the crops apace. What though the snows and frosts of winter hover over the land until April, and the spring ploughings be de-tained until May. There have been months of ice and snow, when—presto! all is changed, and it is summer. Up spring the young wheat and barley and oats as if by magic. Directly the cereals are in the ground, all hands turn to the maize-fields, and then, when the "planting" is over, the farmers give a hasty glance at their cereals. But there is no time for hoeing the wheat and barley, as in England; or, if there be, no hands can be spared besides, the fields of clover and timothy-grass are all but ready for the mowing machines. The hay-harvest over, the Indian corn wants "cultivating," and that done, the cereals are too far ad-

vanced for working amongst.
Indian Corn is very largely grown in Canada. The maize-fields are always beautiful: they present a highly picturesque appearance while still young; but when the stakes, with their great waving leaves, get nine or ten feet high, then do the maize fields make the handsomest show of any mundane crop. Canadians, it is well known, are an intensely loyal people, and as all fears of a night-frost are over by the Queen's Birthday, May 24 is generally recognized as the day for planting. The field, having been reduced to the proper friability, is marked out into four-feet squares, and then, at a distance of four feet every way, the corn is planted, five or six seeds to a "hill." By the way, in Canada and the States "corn" applied only to maize—never to wheat, barley, &c., as in the Old Country. We said the cereals spring up as if by magic. But so ra-pidly does the corn come up, you can positively hear it growing.

Go out into one of the maize-fields on a warm still evening in July, and listen; a night when there is not wind enough to stir an aspen leaf. Perchance the stillness of the sultry summer evening is being broken by the "Canadian nightingales," as the batrachian denizens of the forest swamps are called. Myriads of frogs are perhaps making the woods ring with their melody. But presently there is a lull in the concert, the whistling dies away and you stoop and listen. Yes, unquestionably the corn is growing; you can hear the joints in the corn-stalks cracking all over the field. If it be a moonlight night, you will be tempted to linger there, for Dian's soft light gives a charm-ing effect to the maize-fields—especially in September, when the corn-tassels and leaves are fully developed. In September, there will be no frog-concerts to disturb your train of thought the hibernators having by this time grown so accustomed to life as to cease trilling out their raptures. But animal life will not be altogether wanting; for if the corn-field be near some -and there are few farms quite destitute of bush-it is sure to be invaded by the racoons that come forth by night to feast on the ripening maize: pretty little animals, somewhat larger than our English foxes. But though engaging and amusing creatures to the stranger and the tourist, these beautiful little furry manimals are regarded with extreme aversion by the farmer. The farmers might forgive the marauders if they would content themselves with eating the corn "clean;" but the mischievous things pul: down ear after ear, tear apart the husks, and taking a nibble here and nibble there, leave woeful waste behind them. The farmers, however, have their revenge. No sooner have the shades of night stolen over the land than out come the coons into the maize-fields for their supper; and out come the farmer and his men, with their dogs. The hounds are sent into the standing crop to drive away the intruders. A deep baying from the dogs soon ensues, and, after a short chase, the 'coons make for the bush to "tree,' The tree containing the refugees is soon cut down, and then follows an exciting scrimmage between 'coons, dogs, and men; and capital fun it is, this 'coon-hunting. Of the larger game that are apt to prowl out of their legitimate domains we say nothing, since it is not of the backwoods we are speaking, but of 'cleared' settlements.

Maize is rarely ripe before the end of September, and this year will not be cut until October, the season being a backward one.

Very fine wheat is grown in the Dominion and where the land is new there are immense yields; eighty bushels to the acre being no-thing uncommon; but Canadians have a sad habit of impoverishing their land by growing wheat several years in succession. At the Paris Exhibition of 1862 Canadian wheat took first prize, and again at New York in 1876. The other cereals are also largely cultivated.

In Canada, far more than in England, the romance of haymaking and harvesting is a thing of the past. Harvest homes are only heard of in poetry and some benighted shires in England. The whetting of scythes and sickles has given place to the sharp click of machinery. Down goes the corn before the seissor-like knives of the reaping-muchines like a continuous fall of rain. Time was when each field took more than

a week to cut. But what find we now? In the morning a golden mass of waving grain; in the evening the crops not only cut and bound into sheaves, but stooked and the fields swept. The scarcity of hands has sharpened the wit of the colonists, for necessity is the mother of inven-It is to Canada and the States that the English yeomen owe nearly all the recent improvements in machinery. As with the grain, so with the hay. It is all over in a few days. The farmers of Ontario and Quebec have little time for tedding; and, indeed, the warm skies of the Dominion suck up the moisture from the hay after a single "turning." When the crop is not a very heavy one, the hay is cut one day and hauled the next; at other times tedding ma-

In storing their hay Canadian farmers are much wiser in their generation than their English brethren. Notwithstanding the proverbial fickleness of our climate, Englishmen persist in stacking; whereas in the Dominion they take every waggon-load into a capacious barn. The loads are pitched alternately into separate "mows" on either side of the gangway, to give additional time for the hay to dry. The barn-doors are at each extremity of the building, so as to allow the waggons being driven in on one side and out at the other; the doors are left open day and night, thus affording a free current of air. If rain be apprehended an extra load can be left standing inside the barn; and, in case of damp weather, the hay can be pitched into the mows in a loose state and be trampled down afterwards; whereas in England the loads must be brought up to the ricks per-fectly dry to allow for the "building" and trampling down. No wonder so much of our hay is little better than straw. Nor is the folly of rick-building evinced only at harvest-time, for whenever the hay is cut into there is a fresh exposure to the weather.

In noticing the crops of the Dominion we must not forget its fruit. No country in the world produces finer apples and pears, especially the parts bordered by Lakes Erie, Ontario and South Huron. Almost every farm in this district -- the garden of Canada-- has its orchard or orchards; and so profitable are the pomaceous sarvests that the planting of fresh orchards has become almost a mania in these parts. Great care is taken of the young trees, which are generally planted forty feet apart. In order that the grounds may not be unproductive while the young trees are growing-they take about ten years to come into regular bearingpeach-trees are planted between the apple-trees These commence bearing in the second or third year, and, having exhausted themselves by the time apples are ready, are cut down after standing the ten years; but in the meantime they have been very productive and profitable—indeed, so profitable are they that peach orchards are planted out quite independently of apples. The peaches are very large and luscious, some of the varieties attaining the proportions of a fair-sized apple.

There is scarcely a pleasanter phase of Cana-dian farm-life than the time of the apple harvest. The hurry and skurry of the summer work is over, and the October days are delight-fully clear and cool. The orehards are a sight worth seeing. On the ground, dotted in amongst the trees, are tempting heaps of "Baldwins," Spitzenbergs," American Golden Russets, "Bartlett" pears, and other choice varieties; and at each pile are barrels, some packed, others in course of packing. The ring of the hammers, that send home the nails into the battel-heads, sound pleasantly in the tranquil air; and the flitting to and fro of the applepickers with their baskets, gives one an idea of comparative rest-so different is the peaceful scene to the helter-skelter of the more important harvests of July and August. To have some blea of the quantities of apples and pears grown in the district under notice, one should see the storehouses at the various ports on the shores of Lakes Eric and Onterio, waiting to disgorge their stock of barrels into the steamers bound for Montreal and Quebec.

Editors are chary of their space, else we should have liked to say a word or two on the vineyards of South-Western Ontario.

THE Marquis of Lorne has had the honour of having the newest revolver invented by the New York manufacturer, Hutchison, named after him. "The Marquis of Lorne Revolver" has been largely patronized by the Russian Government. It is a five shot 32-calibre pistol.

THE Paris Figure states that the Empress Eugenie has informed the Vatican of her intention to undertake a pilgrimage to Loretto to say masses for the soul of Napoleon III, and of the Prince Imperial. The Pope has asked the Empress to visit Rome on this occasion, and Her Majesty is said to have accepted the in-

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

To Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal,-Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreyl .- Correct solution received of Pro-J. D. Montreal.-Correct solution received of Problem

No. 244.

M., Montreal.—In your solution of Problem No. 224 We cannot make out your first move. Send again.

G.E.J., Edmondville, Ont.-Communication received. Many thanks.

OCTOBER 25, 1879.

The following lists, showing the standing of the competitors in the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney, have just been received from Mr. Shaw, the Conductor. It will be perceived that but few games have now to be played, two players having already completed their number, and it is evident that several others will soon follow their example.

## THE CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Continuation of list of games concluded (from April 21st, 1879, to October 10th, 1879.

No.	PLAYERS.	WON BY.
76	Clayson or Sanuders	Snunders.
77	Shaw es. Braithwale	Braithwaite.
78	Saunders er. Black	Saunders.
79	Braithwaite rs. Kittson	Braithwaite.
50	Wylde vs. Henderson	Henderson.
81	Saunders vs. Kittson.	
82	Wylders, Kittson	Kittaon.
83	Saunders vs. Henderson	Henderson.
84	Kittson vs Black	
85	Kittson vs. Clawson	
Eti	Narraway et, Gibson	
87	Murphy et. Ryall	

J. W. SHAW,

Conductor of Toursey.

Totals of games played, to October 16th, 1879.

NAME.	PLAYED.	won.
W. H. Hicks	7	5
John Hemlerson	12	10
A. Saunders	.1 11	84
J. W. Shaw	13	84
M. J. Murphy	. 11	6
C. A. Boivin		21
W. Braithwaite		10
Dr. J. Ryall		61
H. N. Kittson		5
G. Gibson		:34
J. E. Narraway		61
J. Clawson		5
J. T. Wylde		3
J. G. Poster, C.R		21
G. P. Black		1 1

On Saturday evening, the 11th last, a special meeting of the Montreal Chess Club was held at the Gynasium, Mansheid street, when a new code of rules was adopted, after they had been carefully considered by the members present. The Club will meet as usual on Tuesday and Saturday evenings, in the library of the Gynnasium. The Secretary, Mr. John Henderson, 172 St. Hypolite street, will receive applications for membership.

A proposition was brought before the meeting to the effect that the Montreal Club should on-operate with the Manhattan Chess Club of New York in the proposed scheme of holding a grand Congress in that city next January.

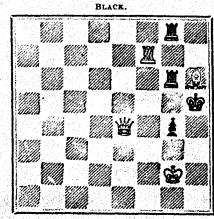
We are inform it that the annual meeting of the Sea-forth Chess Club took place on the 3rd Inst., when Dr. Coleman was elected President; Vr. Cameron Brace-Beld, Vice President; Dr. Vercee, Secretary, and Mr. G. Ellinckson, Treasurer. The club will meet at Carmi-chaul's liotel, every Friday evening, when chess and chequer players will be heartly welcome. We are also informed that the Seaforth Club will be glad to have a ame by telegraph with the Montreal Club or any other these Club so inclined.

Mr. Blackburge not having been lately heard of in councet on with that department of chess which he has made specially his own, it will please his many admirers to learn that he was down at Huntingdon last week, and there showed that his mental boards were not at all monthy. As per oaual the serious business of matching one brain, relying upon itself, against divers other brains, optically assisted, was preceded by an exhibition of simultaneous play. This took place on the 17th inst., when seventee of the dite of Huntingdon Chess sat down to see what they could do. It was satisfactorily demonstrated to them that they were not able to do very much; in other words, Mr. Blackburne defeated them all. On the 19th the blindfold match took place, Mr. Blackburne having then ten opponents. He woo seven games, and drew the other three. As to one of those draws, there is reason to suppose that but for the clock giving out, what was, might have been otherwise. At any rate, Mr. Blackburne was three Pawns ahead at the finish, and not in other respects anything to complain of —Land and Water.

We hope to be able to insert one of the above mentioned ten games in our next Column.—ED, (), I. N.

We hasten to say that in copying the conditions of the Tourney Problem of Rev. H. R. Dodd, taken from the Hutdergield Magazine of August last, and inserted in our Column of the Eth September last, a mistake occurred. The Black pieces have a Blaupy issued of a Kuight. The other pieces are correct.

PROBLEM No. 247. (Br W. S. Pavitt.)



WHITE White to play and mate in three moves

GAME 393ND.

(From the Chess Monthly.)

Played recently at the St. George's Chess Club London, between Prof. Wayte and Mr. Lindany, in the Displacement Tourney.