

A SPRINGTIDE PHANTASY.

How one is mystified by the ancient sages—
Their quaint beliefs and weird, majestic dreams,
Revealed to us on scrolls and yellowed pages.
Who knows who named the deities,
And ascribed to each some power to rule
The course of human destinies?
Luna to reign o'er night, Neptune o'er sea,
The fates, the goddesses, muses, and all the powers that
be.
Fit field for fancy's range and wildest vagaries,
To read anew the constellation's mysteries.

All nature aroused from its long winter's rest
By threatening winds, when trees seem dead,
When lashed to fury the wild waves crest
Reflects the clouds, lowering like sheets of lead.

The flames from the furnace of the god of fires
Spread far, leaving a fiery trail;
His avails ring amidst confusion dire;
The giants swear Jove's fires shall never fail.

And Erebus floods with gloom, from the lower world,
The dome, now shaded by veil of murky night;
The mighty hissing thunder-bolts are hurled,
Preceded by the lightning's quivering light.

The Furies tramp the clouds in frantic glee,
On the lightning a chain descend, while mortals sleep,
Midst thunder's roar and storm-wind's rage,
Their fearful revelry on earth they keep.

And all the occupants of hell seem loosed
To speed their hate in forest cry:
Before the dread cavalcade that shunts,
The spirits of Hades madly fly.

From out this chaos the artillery of heaven swells
A chorus wild and strong,
And earth, that stately held her course,
Hears, echoes the stirring strains along.

What a glorious thought! the earth serene
Rolls through the elemental wars, and rage and scorn,
She gazes on her satellites, a queen,
Refreshed to greet the morn.

The crescent moon shines soft in rough changing days,
Filling the vacant disc with refulgent light,
Smiling on stirring nature's new-born ways,
Keeping her regular watch on earth by night.

All nature wakes, with joy ring out the song:
Ye lakes, ye rivers, dashing bold and free,
Drive out the storm-king, he has reigned too long;
Break up his dozing, drift it out to sea.

Old Sol awakes, shakes up his smouldering fires,
Directs the rays of heat towards the world,
Straightway the rival king in tears retires,
His kingdom shattered, into the waters hurled.

He draws the vapours from the vasty deep,
Spreads it in clouds that fleck the changing sky;
Commands the rains over the earth to sweep,
Tempests the falling drops with South wind's sigh.

Great Jove gathers from the four winds of Heaven
Soft vernal air, breathes swift o'er hill o'er dale,
And budding trees unfurling silken leaves,
Are wooed and strengthened by the gentle gale.

And Flora sings along the milky way,
As dy her winged steeds all golden shod,
Swift, swift, stay not, for by night, by day,
I scatter seeds on forest and meadow sod.

The presence of the goddess the wild flower feels,
And presses from its tangled mossy bed
To catch the smiles of Flora, as she kneels
To shower the colours from her flower-crowned head.

A colour touches millions of grassy blades,
And leaves that shield the wild-flower's tiny bells:
On banks, and fields, and sunny sloping glades,
Spring buttercups and daisies in mossy dells.

She hears Diana, with her woodland nymphs,
Calling the feathered messengers of song:
So shy the huntress, that only a passing glimpse
Is had of all her lovely sporting throng.

She bids the swallows, homeward turning wing,
From lands of Southern palm and jessamine vine,
From the land of fragrant orange groves, to bring
A proof that we welcome the glad Spring time.

And yet the powers of one little god to tell,
You bear his voice in song when zephyrs swell
From the winds of Eolian isles;
Even the great gods and goddesses of old
Bowed down before this loving sprite, we're told,
So full of wicked wiles.

And still on Cupid's winsome dimpled cheek,
The very mischief plays at hide-and-seek:
He pulls the quills from off his mother's doves:
He knows he's stealing what his mother loves.
From these dainty quills he fashions weapons slight,
For invisible must be his arrow's flight;
In palace, cottage, cabin, his haunts are there,
Among the assembled brave, and lovely fair.

With jovial air he equips those tailless birds,
And puts their pretty heads, o'er loving words,
Although I stole your tails, ye gentle things,
I left unhurt your lily-silvered wings.
Then wave your pinions swift, Oh, swift!
For I bear to gods and men one precious gift,
Unseen I pass through firmly bolted gates,
Awakening loves in the spring of human fates.

Now, by all the powers of the deities we're blessed,
The gods of heaven and earth have done their best
To perfect Nature's ways.
The blood bounds madly through our youthful veins:
We cannot help but join the glorious strains
Of Philomel's sweet lays.

Hail, hail, all hail, fair Spring!
All nature blooms, youth breathes on all around;
Orpheus directs his harmonious band
To flood with music the verdant land;
Luna will bless the harvest with her light,
And Father Time will smile o'er plenty in his flight.

Port Dalhousie, Ont.

CLARA REARD.

ALGIERS.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

Algiers, situated partly on the E. side and at the foot of a high bluff, 500 feet in height, is in 36°, 47', 20 N. lat., and 0°, 44' oriental long. Its population within the walls is about 60,000: French, 16,162; nat. Jews, 6,947; Spanish, 10,433; Italians, 2,455; Anglo-Maltese, 1,573; Germans, 173; Mussulmans, 10,519; divers, 647. The topography of this old nest of pirates (*forbans*) is represented by a large semi-circle faced to the E. by the harbour. To the E. N. E. is the Cap Caxine, on which is a light-house—then Point Cascade—the village of *Saint-Eugène*, on the heights of which appear pro-

minently the fine church called *Notre Dame d'Afrique*—the *cité* Bugeaud or suburb *Bab-el-Oued*, where the city walls begin. At the other end of the city comes the suburb *Bab-Azoun* or *Agha*—the villages of *Isly* or *Mustapha-Inferieur*—*Mustapha-Supérieur*—*Hamma*—*Hussein-dey*—*Kouba*—the Spanish village called *Fond-de-l'Eau*—ending to the S. E. with the Cap Matifou, on which is a light-house and where the ruins of the ancient Roman city *Rus-gium* are seen. A spur of the Atlas range of mountains forms the background. The bay or harbour is rendered safe by two long piers, the northern one about 2,200 feet, the southern one about 3,610 feet, in length, made of strong masonry, at the ends of which fine batteries are erected. The width of the inlet is over 1,000 feet. The military port is to the north, with its grand, spacious stores and offices, part of which were built by the Turks. To the south lies merchantmen and steamers. The wharves, stone, are about 6,000 feet in length and are wide. The railway station to Oran and many other buildings for steamship offices, Customs, &c., are met there. The depth of the water in the harbour varies from 15 to 60 feet; but the finest feature of the port, which gives it an air of true elegance and majesty, such I have seen nowhere else, even at Liverpool, consists in the wonderful piece of architecture that borders the back part of the wharves, enclosing 350 stores or vaults, the whole of fine cut-stone. Two long and wide double ramps lead up a zigzag way to the upper street or Boulevard de la République, the whole length ornamented with an iron balustrade of a beautiful design, as well as the top portion of the boulevard over the stores, where an elegant promenade exists the whole length. Some of these stores, reaching up directly to the Boulevard, are three stories high, while others, situated differently in the artistic plan, which bears somewhat an oriental character, are of but one and two stories. Three monumental covered stair-cases are established at suitable intervals; also, five bastions for the purpose of military defence, which communicate with one another by a continuous underground passage made back of the vaults. This grand work is 3,450 feet in length, or of a superficial area of utilized space of 144,000 feet. The first stone was placed by the Imperatrice Eugénie in 1860, and in 1865 the whole work was terminated. The cost was seven and a half million of francs. Messrs. Peto, Bittis, the contractors, acquiring the property for 20 years, sold their rights in 1866 to the Algiers Land and Warehousing Company. Mr. J. Monk Jackson, the principal engineer, is the agent of the new company. This true English gentleman, well-known by many in Montreal, was one of the staff of engineers employed on the Victoria Bridge, and constructed the Saint-Anne's and Vaudreuil bridges. He also keeps a banking house and obligingly extends to foreigners the use of his office and English and American papers.

The aspect of Algiers at first sight is bewitching. Its lofty towering rock dotted closely with white buildings, which the eastern sun render dazzling, reminds one of fairy tales heard in youth. From the deck of the steamer the eye becomes enchanted at the sight, and seeks not in vain for the emblems of the Orient. Here and there the minarets and domes of the mosques pierce the skies among the closely packed portion of the old city. The first is *Ismail-el-Djedid*, or, in French, *Mosque de la Pêcherie*, about which a singular legend is told. It seems that a Christian captive had been employed as the architect and builder of this mosque, but it somehow leaked out that the bold one had dared to give to it the detested sign or form of the Latin Cross, upon which the Dey had him impaled. The city clock is in the minaret of this old building, which is situated on la Place du Gouvernement, close to the wharves. The said minaret, it is claimed, was added to the mosque in 1322 or 1323. Near by is another, larger and finer, on *rue de la Marine*, called *Ismail-Kebir*, the principal portion of which dates back to the middle of the tenth century. Its elegant modern peristyle, with fine white marble columns, taken from an old mosque, Gada, destroyed, presents a beautiful front appearance. Before the French occupation Algiers had 166 mosques, now the number is but 21. On Friday, the Mahomedan holiday, the mosques are much frequented by men between twelve and one, the only hour obligatory, during which the faithful must lay aside every kind of business. Women are not seen entering the mosques; their inferior condition in the East is such as to forbid them that privilege, and even that of eating with their lords. The Mahomedans have a great many devotional exercises; they have five daily prayers, the first beginning at sunrise. Before entering a mosque they take off their *sebbas*, shoes, and go through extensive ablutions at a running fountain within one of the inner courts. When within the holy precincts, which are always without seats, altar, or ornament of any kind, they stand facing the East, or the Mecca, and prostrate themselves three times, muttering, meanwhile, their prayers. The floor, covered with carpets and matings, and the whole interior sparkling with whitewash, presents an air of solemnity which the peculiar style of Moorish architecture enhances much. Neither the Mufti (kind of bishop) nor the Imam (canon) when officiating in the *mihrab* (sort of niche simulating a pulpit), reading passages from the Koran, or addressing the faithful, wear any kind of sacerdotal vestments. A *taleb* is sometimes deputed by the first to act in their stead. Like the Jews in their synagogues, the Maho-

medans in their mosques, keep on their *chachia* (red cap) or their turbans. During the feast of *Ramadan*, lasting a month, the followers of Mahomet keep strict Lent and severe fasting. The Koran is held in such deep veneration that none dare question its authority, and, furthermore, it is used altogether in the light of a civil code as well as in a religious sense. The practice of circumcision is adhered to by Mahomedans.

But I have somewhat anticipated the ordinary common course of description. In retracing my footsteps I, therefore, find myself almost at once on the first square of Algiers—la Place du Gouvernement—where the best hotels, cafes and restaurants are found in goodly number facing its three built sides. The east frontage is a wide open space, from which a fine view of the bay is obtained. Here is the terminus of the street railways. In the middle of this much frequented square is a splendid equestrian statue, in bronze, of the Duke of Orleans, erected by the citizens in 1845 and executed by Marochetti. The military bands are often seen here toward evening performing, attracting great crowds attired in all kinds of costumes. This modern quarter of the city, extending afar north and south, is very well built in stone. All along the boulevard, the main streets of Bab-Azoun and Bab-el-Oued, the three, four and five story buildings are finished with arcades, to serve as a protection from the sun in summer and from the rain in winter. In this vicinity there used to be the palaces of the Deys and Pachas, called the *Iyénina* quarter, some of which, higher up, were the headquarters of the Janissaries, are still standing and are now occupied as the Governor's house, court-houses and museum. The Roman Catholic Church, alongside of the Governor's house, was before 1832 the mosque *Ketchoua*, the finest mosque of Algiers. On a little square, close to the great square, called Mahon, were sold at public auction the Christian captives; now only vegetables, fruit and second-hand furniture are quoted there. To the south is met an open market, on la Place de Chartres, where the greatest variety of European and tropical fruits, vegetables, flowers, &c., are seen, and further on "The Square," where a pretty enclosed garden garnished with blooming trees and shrubs exhibit their gorgeous colors and scents. The front of the square, to the east, reveals the expanding bay and beautiful Mediterranean, whose waters and the sky blend together in the softest bluish tints, smiling most tenderly when the rushing wind, *sirocco*, does not intervene to disturb their placid and voluptuous equanimity. The theatre, a fine stone building, and other first-class structures, set off this square to great advantage. There is, indeed, about the whole modern quarter of the city such features of airiness and cleanliness, combined with tastefulness, and even the narrow and crooked Arab streets and lanes adjoining, are so municipally supervised, kept clean and tidy, that the tourist may well wonder at finding such a state of things in the old musty Orient. Orderly and artistic France is well reflected in this her pearly colony.

The industrious division about this neighborhood, along the sinuous, intermingling, zigzag streets, is a most curious, interesting sight to behold. Small shops, *magasins*, in untold number, are met at every step, where the natives of every race are seen manufacturing their oriental wares or such goods as are of common use. As a rule these artisans are fine looking men, with large, soft gazelle eyes, and very clean in their fanciful and at times richly embroidered dress. With their coquettish *chachia*, or red cap lightly held on the top, sideways, of their shaven heads, often adorned with sprigs of rich scented flowers, such as the yellow *cassia*, the prominent, musing-like brows of the young men seem to reflect on their light brown, transparent epidermis all the poetic fancies of by-gone ages, as well as the smiling realities of the present. They are heard humming songs or sacred verses from the Koran while working, seeming as content as birds at the opening of spring. The old, enturbaned and as grave in mien and expression as at the time of Moses, ply on their avocations silently like automatons, looking occasionally only, over their spectacles, at passers-by, as if they were peering within themselves instead of outwardly.

(To be continued.)

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks. Also solution to Problem No. 273.

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 271; also solution of Problem for Young Players No. 268.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 270. Correct.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Solution of Problem No. 272. Correct. If in solution of Problem No. 274 the White B is moved to B4 for first move, Black's reply is P to Q 4, and there is no mate next move. Your solution of No. 273 is not correct. Problem 271 cannot be solved in two moves by R takes P (ch). If Q takes P for second move the Black B covers. In Problem No. 270 the second move P to B4 is correct, and the P cannot be taken en passant.

The arrangements for the match between Rosenthal and Zukertort seem to be surrounded with difficulties. It is a long talked-of affair, and something we conclude will have to be done after so much has been said of the matter. When it does begin, we suppose from the standing of the competitors we may expect a treat. They have had ample time for preparation, and it is

natural to surmise that after so many negotiations nothing will occur to mar the contest when once the play commences. The chief difficulty, according to the latest accounts from the old country, is the temperature of the air during the time the contest is going on. It appears that they have no Vennor in Europe to arrange these matters beforehand. Rosenthal appears to dread hot weather. It is good for him that he has not to play in Canada during some of our hot days in the month of August. Some players during a contest get so warm with excitement that they are always at the boiling point whatever the surrounding temperature may be. But these, many would say, are only ordinary players. Nevertheless chess is chess to them, and this is a notable characteristic of our game.

The following extract from *Land and Water* contains news which will be gratifying to all chessplayers.

It is encouraging to see the game of chess receiving so much attention in France, and we have no doubt the organization of the great national tournament will ultimately lead to a spread of interest in the game among all classes of society in that enlightened country.

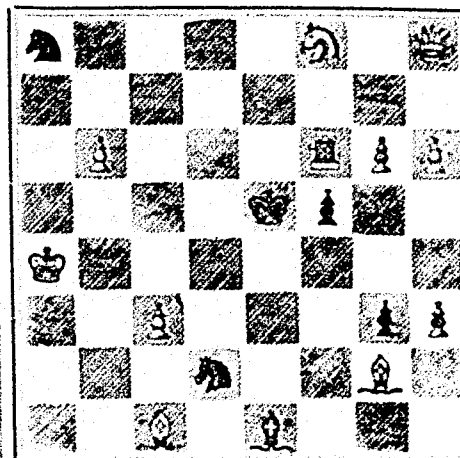
La Revue of last Saturday contains the important intelligence that the President of the French Republic has consented to give four objects of art of Sévres workmanship to be competed for as prizes in a national chess tournament. These trophies, which are valued at 6,000 francs, consist of (1) a grand Rivoli cup, (2) a coffee service, composed of a dozen pieces, (3) a grand vase, and (4) two smaller vases. A description of these magnificent presents is given in La Revue, and they are evidently of a most choice character, as, indeed, would be inferred from their estimated value. A committee of twenty Parisian chessplayers has been formed for the purpose of organizing what will be the first national chess tournament of France; and we have no doubt, that, owing to the generous initiative of the French Government it will be a great success.

The telegraphic chess match between the Montreal and Quebec Clubs will take place on Thursday evening next, May 6th. There will be twelve players on each side, and a close contest is expected. The play on the part of the Montreal Club will be carried on at the gymnasium, Mansfield street.

PROBLEM No. 273.

By J. W. Abbott.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 465TH.

One of eight blindfold simultaneous games played by Mr. Blackburne in London, Eng., in 1875.

White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) Black.—(Mr. J. Wilson.)

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|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 3 |
| 2. P to Q 4 | 2. P to Q 4 |
| 3. Q Kt to B 3 | 3. B to Kt 5 |
| 4. P takes P | 4. P takes P |
| 5. Kt to B 3 | 5. Kt to K B 3 |
| 6. B to Q 3 | 6. B to Kt 5 |
| 7. Castles | 7. Castles |
| 8. Kt to K 2 | 8. B takes Kt |
| 9. P takes B | 9. Kt to K 4 |
| 10. Kt to K 3 | 10. Q Kt to B 3 |
| 11. K to R 4 | 11. Kt to K 2 |
| 12. R to K Kt sq | 12. P to K B 4 |
| 13. Q to B 4 | 13. R to B 2 |
| 14. Q to R 3 | 14. Q to Q 2 |
| 15. B to K Kt 4 | 15. Kt to Q 3 |
| 16. P to B 3 | 16. B to K 4 |
| 17. Kt to R 3 | 17. Kt to K 3 |
| 18. Q to K 4 | 18. Q to K B sq |
| 19. B to K 4 | 19. Kt takes B |
| 20. Kt takes Kt | 20. P to B 3 |
| 21. Kt to K 6 | 21. R to K 3 |
| 22. Kt to K 5 | 22. P to K Kt 3 |
| 23. Kt takes R | 23. Q takes Kt |
| 24. R takes R (ch) | 24. Q takes R |
| 25. B takes P | 25. Kt takes B |
| 26. Q takes Kt | 26. Q to K 7 |
| 27. Q to K 4 | 27. Q takes K B P |
| 28. P to K B 4 | 28. B to B 2 |
| 29. Q to B 8 (ch) | 29. K to K 2 |
| 30. Q takes B (ch) | 30. K to R 3 |
| 31. P to K R 3 | 31. Q to B 6 (ch) |
| 32. K to R 2 | 32. Q to B 7 (ch) |
| 33. R to Kt 2 | 33. Q to B 8 |
| 34. Q to K 5 | Resigns. |

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 273.

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| 1. Kt to B 4 | 1. Any move |
| 2. Mates accordingly | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 271.

WHITE. BLACK.

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|----------------------|--------------|
| 1. Kt to Q Kt 8 | 1. K moves |
| 2. R to K Kt 6 | 2. Any move. |
| 3. Mates accordingly | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 272

White. Black.

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| K at Kt 5 | K at K R 4 |
| Kt at K 7 | B at Q Kt 6 |
| Kt at K Kt 4 | Kt at Q R 5 |
| Pawns at K R 4 and Q 4 | Pawns at K 3, Q 4, K R 2, K Kt 3 and Q Kt 3 |

White to play and mate in three moves.

The annual report of the New York Female Auxiliary Bible Society, just issued, shows that during the year the sum of \$12,553.00 had been spent by the society in charitable work. The main work of the society is the support of a company of women who spend their whole time in visiting the hospitals, jails, and various charitable institutions of the city, to read the Bible to the inmates.