

THE WORLD'S SECOND CHILDHOOD.

Some theorists hold that the stages of progress through which mankind has passed, in rising from barbarism to civilization, correspond to periods in the life of the individual: Infancy, boyhood, youth and manhood are a synopsis of history. As races have decayed, the correspondence ought to go on; perhaps, to present a parallel of old age with a tottering civilization. But unhappily, there is a widespread impression that nations decline from moral causes, and that otherwise they would be, if not immortal, at least like the "Wandering Jew," in respect to the lease of life. It will not answer to represent a degenerate epoch as a type of man's old age, since the world does not lack honorable examples of it. There are veterans who have ripened in years, and whose powers have not been weakened by dissoluteness: The correspondence to such an old age the race has not reached. When it does come, it will be laden with blessings.

On the nature of maturer years in the world's history already begins to disclose itself. There are signs that men will recover the thoughts and feelings of the fresh days when the race was young, just as the genuine old man becomes childlike again. This childlikeness consists in repossessing the images and thoughts of early years, with an added power to discern their worth,—not in the fatuity, helplessness and querulousness of a senile wreck. Indeed, there is no manner of resemblance between the infirmities of old age and childhood. The real correspondence, when it exists, is beautiful, and usually is reserved for the advancing years of the pure and healthful.

The youthful thoughts of the race were highly imaginative, and therefore poetical. Hence it is that the legends and myths of every race, which belong to their prehistoric times, are the great store-house of its song. Hence it is, also, that the literature of a people begins with the psalmist, the rhapsodist, the *minnesinger*, the bard, and the troubadour.

Before men had created the conventions of an established society, they had no heroes to celebrate and no legends to perpetuate. They had only nature to exercise their imagination upon. The awe with which she inspired them caused them to regard as her sentiment. With them, "Animated Nature" meant a great deal more than Goldsmith's natural history; for nothing was inert. Everything was instinct with conscious soul and purpose. The forms in which this sentiment worked itself out, were as various as the races. But the essential principle was the same, whether the Hebrew conceived of the earthquake as the tread of the Almighty, or the Scandinavian of the thunder as the echo of Thor's hammer; whether the Egyptian typified omniscience by the hawk's head, or the Greek subjected the seas to Poseidon's trident. In proportion as a race was gifted with the talent for animating nature; it was poetic; and, as the Greeks had a genius for personification beyond other races, they have created such a store of themes for song that the poets of all subsequent European nations have perpetuated them in new strains. This gift Macaulay, in his essay on Shelley, declares to be the essential spirit of the poetical faculty.

Now, imagination is the parent of reverence, and religion is contemplative with its awakening. Without imagination, faith is impossible, since it cannot present to itself spiritual objects of association or trust. Herein lies the explanation of the fact that there has never been any age of high art which has not been connected with religion. However much priestcraft may have detained art among runes, trials and hieroglyphs, the singer and the sculptor must have free scope from their imagination, which reached its highest flight when exalted by faith.

"After art comes science." Thus far, science, with its rigid precision, has been accounted destructive of faith. The realm of knowledge has never yet been coincident with that of belief; and for this reason it has been held that science is incapable of art. Its synthesis has not been beauty but machinery. Yet there is no reason why a still higher synthesis shall not make the machine beautiful. There is no real antagonism between utility and art, and science only alters the grouping of things, but does not take from them any of their marvellousness.

There is at present a marked drift towards the recovery of man's early attitude towards nature. Our poets reanimate the landscapes which a century ago were voiceless. The dreary, didactic measures and the conventional themes which comprised a generation of poets who took to philosophy and society for themes, have been displaced by a more romantic spirit. Psychologists now write verse, just as painters study anatomy, the better to draw life figures.

Contemporaneously with new processes of scientific research, there has come an awakening of the primitive awe of nature, and the imagination is fascinated and quickened thereby. The old categories of Aristotle and Kant, with their dreary and lifeless classifications, have given way to inductive methods; and so the stiff, stilted groups of the earlier times begin to flex with motion, and to march in orderly evolutions. The law of their procession is no longer the logic of the human mind, but something outside of us. The doctrine of the correlation of forces has changed the cabinet into a history and the museum into a laboratory. In words now but the poet's genius to clothe operations of nature with sentient life, and forthwith the human spirit holds communion

with stream and forest, with landscape and skies. What is this but second childhood, when the young spirit converses with the things about it as if they were animate, and sympathized with or obstructed its moods? Take, for example, a very ancient description of a raging storm, and compare it with a recent one of a clearing rain, and observe how rich they are in personification and identical in spirit. The first is from the old Greek, Alceus, as Merivale renders him:

"Joy descends in sleet and snow;  
Howls the vexed and angry deep;  
Every stream forgets to flow,  
Bound in winter's icy sleep;  
Ocean wags and forest howls  
To the blast responsive roar."

The companion verses are from one of Longfellow's interludes in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn":

"A sudden wind from out the West  
Blow all its trumpets loud and shrill:  
The windows rattled with the blast,  
The oak-trees shouted as it passed;  
And straight, as if by fear possessed,  
The cloud encampment on the hill  
Broke up, and fluttering flag and tent  
Vanished into the firmament.  
And down the valley fled again  
The rear of the retreating rain."

How the animation of human sentiment passes into the storm at the hands of both the old and the young magician! And the mind which can enjoy such imaginations half shares the tender and better spirit of that weird, old system, which sought to reconcile the faiths of Persia and India. As the Spanish Jew, Edrehi, renders it, we have little more than the correlation of forces personified, when he half intimates his persuasion:

"That life in all its forms is one;  
And that its secret conduits run,  
Unseen, but in unbroken line,  
From the great fountain-head divine,  
Through man and beast, through grain and grass,  
How'er we struggle, strive and cry,  
From death there can be no escape,  
And no escape from life, alas!  
Because we cannot die, but pass  
From one into another shape,  
It is but into life we die."

Taine ends his "History of English Literature" by adverting to Goethe as the herald of a new epoch, when man shall not be in revolt to the invisible powers, nor beat wild passions out on adverse destiny. "Who," he asks, "will not feel ennobled, when he finds that this pile of laws results in a regular series of forms, that matter has thought for its goal, and that this ideal, from which, through so many errors, all the aspirations of men depend, is also the centre, whereto converge, through so many obstacles, all the forces of the universe? In this employment of science, and in this conception of things, there is a new art, a new morality, a new policy, a new religion; and it is, in the present time, our task to discover them." Now, there may be a vast difference between the science of the nineteenth century and the speculations of Manes, in whom the early awe of Magian and Brahmin revived; but there is a close correspondence of feeling between the Persian legend which incorporated a living soul in the soil, that cried out with pain when the husband man turned the sod, and the song of Goethe's "Earth-Spirit." We give Carlyle's version:

"In being's floods, in action's storm,  
I walk and work, above, beneath;  
Work and weave in endless motion,  
Birth and death, an infinite thread;  
A seizing and giving the fire of living,  
'Twas thus at the roaring loom of time I ply,  
And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by."

When such conceptions as these rule the human mind, nature will again be to it as she was to the first generations of the race, and reverence and faith will have new scope, while art will minister again to them. Towards such a consummation, a bold hand has just stretched out its grasp. The author of "Ecce Homo" has just published a work on "Natural Religion," the aim of which is to show the sufficiency of modern scientific conceptions to satisfy the imagination and the emotions, and to furnish the basis of a religious cult. The mystery of nature, which research not only still leaves untouched, but enhances, by everywhere bringing us to its boundaries, is the divine abode; and the operation of nature are sacraments of approach thereto. The very skeptics of England are amused at the venture which makes the doubter a theist, in spite of himself. But the book belongs to the times, and serves to mark the drift of modern thought and feeling. It serves to show how the world, in its old age, is making room for the reverence, the imaginative art, and the confidence in unseen powers, which brightened its youth with song and worship.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, MONTREAL.

The International Chess Tourney of 1883 is now attracting much more general attention, and is receiving more notice from the public journals of the day, than any previous enterprise of a similar nature. Although the number of contestants in it is small, they are nearly all men of extraordinary skill, and there appears to be a desire on the part of the great body of chessplayers in England and elsewhere to know something more than merely the name and standing of those who are doing their best to attain a high position in one of the most important chess encounters which the world has ever witnessed. Chess columns are filled with remarks on the tourney, and in some

cases especial arrangements have been made in order that interesting particulars may be furnished for the benefit of their readers.

The *Glasgow Weekly Herald* has the advantage of regular communications from the seat of war dispatched by Mr. Blackburne, than whom no one is better able, from his long intercourse with the chess-giant of the day, and, also, from his wonderful ability as a chessplayer, to furnish reliable information.

The following extracts from a communication of his (dated April 25, 1883, will well repay perusal:

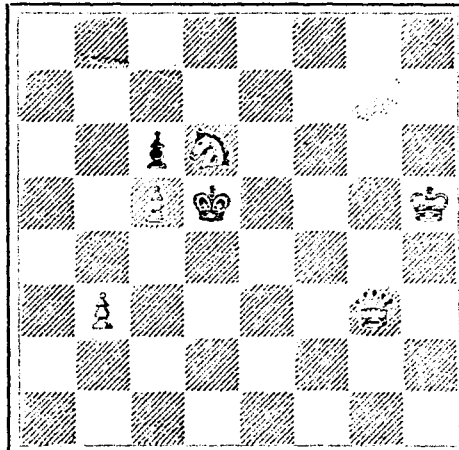
"To begin with 'La Grande Nation,' there is M. Rosenthal, who, although not a Frenchman, is the representative of that country, which produced a Philidor a century ago—the first on record who played three games simultaneously *sans voir*, and who left us his legacy in the 'smothered mate.' Rosenthal has a dark, swarthy appearance, with a quick, lively glance of the eye, a resolute look united to a bland expression, the characteristic of *bon ton*. He was the only player that scored against Blackburne in the Vienna Tournament of 1873. His opponent is Mr. Bird, and the contrast between the two men is very marked—the latter is of large build, a florid complexion, mobile features, and thoroughly English in style and manners. He is one of the two survivors of the tournament of 1851, and has fairly kept abreast of the strongest players these 30 years.

Next to them sit Captain Mackenzie and Mr. James Mason, who were drawn for the first encounter together; and here, too, there is a singular diversity of contour and temperament. The Captain has a noble expression of countenance, calm and dignified in his deportment, with a self-possession that never deserts him, and indicates considerable mental power; whilst Mr. Mason is of small stature, a fresh, almost boyish look, with a peculiar rollicking expression, truly *Hibernian*, that never is at rest, and which to some might seem to lack that concentration of thought necessary in a sustained contest. Yet he gave a good account of himself in last year's tournament at Vienna, and he won the first prize in the Philadelphia Tournament a few years ago, whereas his opponent has won in every other that has taken place in the United States since 1862."

PROBLEM No. 43.

By A. Cyril Pearson.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 43.

White. Black.  
1 Kt to K6. 1 K to B3.  
2 Q to Q B ch. 2 P takes Q.  
3 Kt to Q B7 mate.

GAME 591st.

(From *Lancet and War*.)

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

The following curious though interesting game was played in the Major Tourney.

(Scottish Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Rosenthal.) BLACK.—(Mr. Bird.)

1 P to K4. 1 P to K4.  
2 Kt to Q B3. 2 Kt to Q B3.  
3 P to Q4. 3 P takes P.  
4 B to Q B4. 4 B to B4.  
5 Castles. 5 P to Q3.  
6 P to Q B3. 6 B to K Kt3.  
7 P to Kt3. 7 B takes Kt.  
8 B takes P ch. 8 K to B sq.  
9 P takes P (to). 9 Kt to K B3 (to).  
10 B to Q5. 10 Q to B sq.  
11 B to K6. 11 Q to K sq.  
12 B to B5. 12 B to Kt3.  
13 B to B4. 13 Q to R4.  
14 Kt to Q2. 14 R to K sq.  
15 Q to Q sq. 15 Q to K sq.  
16 K to R sq (to). 16 K to Kt2.  
17 B to R3. 17 P takes P.  
18 P takes P. 18 Kt takes B.  
19 P takes Kt. 19 Q to Q sq.  
20 B to Q7 (to). 20 Q takes Q (to).  
21 Q to Kt4. 21 P to K R4.  
22 B takes Q. 22 Kt to Kt3.  
23 B to K3. 23 R to R3.  
24 P to K B4 (to). 24 R to Kt3.  
25 Kt to B3. 25 K to K2.  
26 Kt to Q1. 26 Kt to R5 (to).  
27 Q R to Kt sq. 27 R to B2.  
28 P to Q R4. 28 Q R to K B sq.  
29 P to B3. 29 B takes Kt.  
30 P takes B. 30 P to Q Kt5.  
31 Q R to B sq. 31 P to K4.  
32 P takes P. 32 Q takes P.  
33 R to K Kt sq. 33 Q R to P2.  
34 P to K5. 34 R takes P (to).  
35 B takes R. 35 Kt takes B.  
36 R to K6. 36 Kt to Q7.  
37 P to K6. 37 R to B7.  
38 K to K sq. 38 R to K7.  
39 R takes P ch. 39 K to B3.  
40 R takes R P. 40 K takes P.  
41 R to R6. 41 K to Q4.  
42 R takes Kt P. 42 R to R7.  
43 R to K B sq. 43 P to B7.  
44 R to K R6. 44 P to B6.  
45 R takes P ch. 45 K to B5.  
46 R to R8. 46 P to K7.  
47 R to B sq. 47 K to Q7.

Drawn Game.

NOTES.

(a) Doubtless better than B takes Kt, which, however, is not saying much.  
(b) Kt to K4 has claims to consideration. Hazards and hopes spring therefrom. We do not pretend to balance them.

(c) A strong and very promising move.  
(d) He has but this or B to Kt3, and the latter has an unpleasant taste.

(e) A shrewd device and best resource.

(f) He obviously cannot take the Knight, but query whether he could not obviate further embarrassment by 21 Kt to Kt3, 22 to Q to B5 ch, Q takes Q, 23 B takes Q, Kt to B7, which displays a fairly comfortable end game, and such as ought to win with a Pawn ahead.

(g) The advance of this Pawn rehabilitates White's games. To prevent such advance was the object of the variation given in our last note.

(h) 25 B takes Kt, 27 P takes B, Kt to B sq has not a promising aspect, but it is this or the next move, and the latter we should in our own case most decidedly reject.

(i) Mr. Bird has no doubt intended this sacrifice for some time past. It gave good hopes of a draw, but such a result is not satisfactory after having been a Pawn ahead. An attractive position soon arises, and without pinning absolute approval to the line adopted, we must commend both parties for the skill displayed at various stages.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

LONDON, May 21.—In the chess tournament to-day Blackburne, Zukertort, and Mason beat Rosenthal, Eastish and Winawer. Mackenzie beat Mortimer.

LONDON, May 22.—In the chess tournament to-day Mackenzie and English-Noa and Winawer played drawn games; Rosenthal defeated Stenitz.

LONDON, May 23.—In the chess tournament to-day Mason and English played drawn games; Winawer defeated Noa, and Rosenthal beat Mackenzie.



BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT.

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city and at its branches on and after

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The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders

Will be held at the Bank on

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The chair to be taken at one o'clock.

By order of the Board,  
W. J. BUCHANAN,  
General Manager.

Montreal, 20th April, 1883.

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