progressed. Meantime the earth from the interior was removed by a force of men and animals and carried to the shore. This process was going on simultaneously from each end and in less than a year the two shields had cut their way through a distance of over 6,000 feet, and one day last week the workmen shook hands from the opposite sides through an opening in the remaining wall of earth and the great undertaking has been proven a practical success. It now remains to cut out the approaches for a distance of more than half a mile on each side and lay the tracks, whereupon the trains of the Grand Trunk Railway can run unbroken from the eastern to the western terminus, passing under the great river through a dry cylinder twenty feet in diameter. To a Canadian railway company, therefore, belongs the honour of completing by far the greatest river tunnel in the world and of demonstrating the practicability of a method of tunnelling which will probably become general under similar conditions. The possession of an unbroken line across—or under—the international boundary will give the Grand Trunk Railway Company a considerable advantage over its competitors between Canadian and United States points and will doubtless tend to force the Michigan Central and Canadian Pacific Companies to obtain equal facilities by tunnelling under or bridging the Detroit River.—*The Railway Age.*

ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLE.

The total of the United States census is close upon 65,000,000, giving, with our own country, upwards of 70,000,000 English-speaking people on this continent. It is estimated that the British census of 1891 will carry the number of English-speaking people to 120,000,000. The figures are startling; the increase wonderful. It is an increase of 20 millions since 1881. Is not English the most spoken tongue? Certain it is that no continental European tongue may compete with it—neither Spanish nor Russian, the two most spoken. Some will have it that more men speak Mandarin than English. But they have only guess-work for it, the speakers of Mandarin never having been numbered. It has been shown that many of the dialects of the Chinese are practically separate languages, whereas English is one and the same throughout at Manchester and Melbourne, Chicago and Calcutta. *The Widest Spoken Tongue*, at any rate, is unquestionably English. More than a third of the whole human race is under the direct influence of the English-speaking people, whose language is native and dominant throughout an area of more than 10,000,000 square miles—more than a fifth of the whole habitable globe. In the United Kingdom, in the United States, in British America, in Jamaica, and numerous other West India islands, in South Africa nearly up to the Zambesi, in Australia, in Tasmania, in New Zealand, in the isles of the Pacific, English has become the mother tongue of the millions. It is, moreover, the official tongue of India, where the knowledge of it is daily spreading among the 260 millions. It is the language of international commerce of China and Japan, and the language, also, of the high seas, being spoken in every maritime port on earth. It has the greatest literature, and more than half of the entire world's newspaper press is printed in it. Yet in Shakespeare's time English was confined to three Kingdoms, and spoken only by 5,000,000 folk.—*Canadian Exchange.*

THE LITERATURE OF FACT AND THE LITERATURE OF POWER.

In reading the travels of Goethe, or of Sterne, of Dr. Johnston, or of Serjeant Kinglake, the interest is quite unlike that which attaches to the travels of writers like Vaillant, Stephens, Mitchell, Stanley, or even that which attaches to the romantic personal experiences of writers like Mungo Park and Du Chaillu. With the latter group of writers that fascinates us is mainly the new thing seen; with the former group what fascinates us is not so much the new thing seen as the new way of seeing it. The difference between them is, of course, a difference of kind. One belongs to the literature of fact, the other to the literature of power. To say that one is better than the other would be absurd; but in these days, when man's instinct for wonder can only be satisfied by new and still newer stories of expeditions into Central Africa, or by the latest telegrams about the Argonauts of Mashonaland and Mount Hampden, it is as well to remind the world that there was a time when that instinct for wonder could be satisfied by books recording the effect produced by scenes not now upon some new and remarkable personality—books like Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," or Musæus' "Physiognomical Travels," or Byron's "Childe Harold," or Kinglake's "Eöthen." In a word, it is as well to remind the world that books of travel may be not only historical documents, but literature. But in doing so we are confronted by a question that at first seems puzzling: How is it that among all the books of travel that have been written since Herodotus blended history, poetry, philosophy, and travel in one unapproachable and delightful amalgam, so few have passed into literature? Consider that all true literature is a reflex of the life of nature or else a reflex of the life of man, and consider the enormous mass of material for literature that has been collected since Herodotus wrote, and then try to answer the question: Why has the "literature of power," instead of fully utilizing the literature of fact, been obliged so often to spin its web, spider-like, out of its own bowels? The real world is as full of material suggestive of every possible phase of the human soul as is the imaginative world of the poets. The mountaineer who could describe the scenery of the Andes as vividly as Milton describes the landscapes of Eden and of hell, or as Spenser describes the home of Morpheus in the "Faerie Queene," or as Coleridge describes the scenery of "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" would outclimb all the mountaineers of Parnassus. What is the cause of the enormous waste of material and waste of power when the wonders of the external world are left by the poet to be described by the man of fact? The cause seems to be this: the literary artist, as a rule, has that "inner eye" which Wordsworth speaks of, and none other. The subjective power which makes a man a literary artist, which gives him his subtle sense of style in prose and music in verse, is rarely combined with the objective power which is given to born travellers. Sometimes, however, they are combined, as we see in the case of Sir Richard Burton and certain other travellers of our time. In some considerable degree they are combined in Victor Hugo. Not only does he see clearly, but he sees with eyes that are the windows of a new personality. As a rule it is the scientific observer, and not the poetic, who knows that both the lakes and rivers, and also the ocean itself, exhibit a variety of colours second only to the variety that the sky can display. Owing, it is said, to the varying nature of the salts suspended, the only water which can ever be properly called blue is that which is at once pure and deep. So various in colour are the ocean waves, that sometimes to exclaim,

Roll on, thou dark green ocean, roll!

or even

Roll on, thou sallow ocean, roll!

would be far more accurately descriptive of them than Byron's famous line about the ocean's "dark blue." It is the trained eye of the scientist, as a rule, that sees such differences as these. By the poet's "inner eye" the azure hue of the Lake of Geneva, the Lake of Lucerne's wonderful deep green, the mysterious blue of the St. Lawrence and the Rhone, are generalized with the emerald green of the Rhine. By most French poets, save Victor Hugo and Theophile Gautier, adjectives of colour are used in a conventional way and for ornamentation, not for classification. The exceptions we have named are remarkable, if we remember that the genius of both poets is essentially lyrical. For not even music is a more subjective art than literature, and, of course, the most subjective form of literary art is poetry, which is nothing more than the musical expression of the reflection of the external world in the emotions of man. And as to the lyrist, if it is true that before a musician like Weber can assimilate the beauty of a landscape he has to translate the mental image of it into absolute music, it is equally true that before a man like Shelley can do the same he has to translate the image of the landscape into metrical language. And although all this subjectivity of the poet is more clearly seen in the case of the pure lyrist, it is seen in all poets—save, perhaps, in three—Homer, Chaucer, and Scott.—*London Athenæum.*

LINCOLN'S MELANCHOLY.

HIS SYMPATHETIC NATURE AND HIS EARLY MISFORTUNES.

Those who saw much of Abraham Lincoln during the later years of his life were greatly impressed with the expression of profound melancholy his face always wore in repose.

Mr. Lincoln was of a peculiarly sympathetic and kindly nature. These strong characteristics influenced, very happily, as it proved, his entire political career. They would not seem, at first glance, to be efficient aids to political success; but in the peculiar emergency which Lincoln, in the providence of God, was called to meet, no vessel of common clay could possibly have become the "chosen of the Lord" Those acquainted with him from boyhood knew that early griefs tinged his whole life with sadness. His partner in the grocery business at Salem was "Uncle" Billy Green, of Tallula, Ill., who used at night, when the customers were few, to hold the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons.

It was to his sympathetic ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutlidge; and he, in return, offered what comfort he could when poor Ann died, and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke.

"After Ann died," says "Uncle" Billy, "on stormy nights when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would sit thar in the grocery, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and the tears runnin' through his fingers. I hated to see him feel bad, an' I'd say, 'Abe don't cry'; an' he'd look up an' say 'I can't help it, Bill, the rain's a fallin' on her.'"

There are many who can sympathize with this overpowering grief, as they think of a lost loved one, when "the rain's a fallin' on her." What adds poignancy to the grief some times is the thought that the lost one might have been saved.

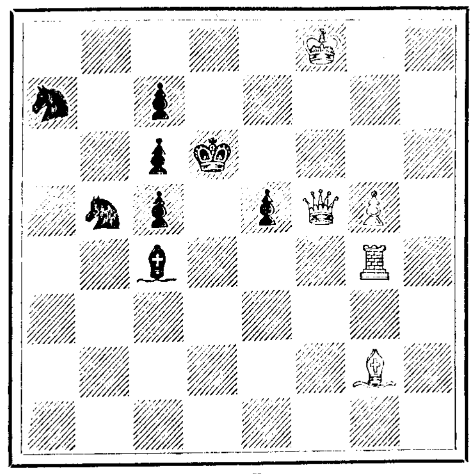
Fortunate, indeed, is William Johnson, of Corona, L. I., a builder, who writes June 28, 1890: "Last February, on returning from church one night, my daughter complained of having a pain in her ankle. The pain gradually extended until her entire limb was swollen and very painful to the touch. We called a physician, who, after careful examination, pronounced it disease of the kidneys of long standing. All we could do did not seem to benefit her until we tried Warner's Safe Cure; from the first she commenced to improved. When she commenced taking it she could not turn over in bed, and could just move her hands a little, but to-day she is as well as she ever was. I believe I owe the recovery of my daughter to its use."

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 505.

By M. Ebrenstein.

BLACK.



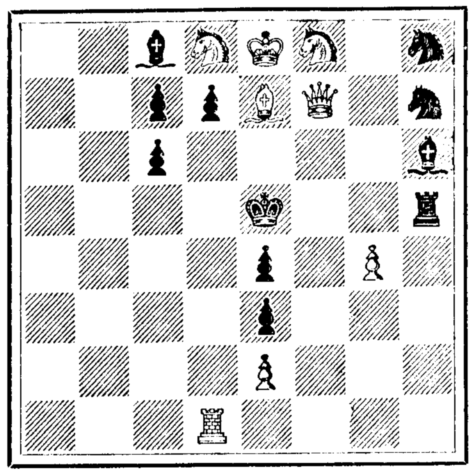
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 506.

By C. P. Beckwith, Ann Arbor, Mich.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 499.	No. 498.
R—R 5	Kt—Q 6

TWELFTH GAME IN THE MATCH BETWEEN BLACKBURN AND LEE AT THE BRADFORD CHESS CLUB.

Zukertort Opening.

Lee. White.	Blackburn. Black.	Lee. White.	Blackburn. Black.
1. Kt—K B 3	P—Q 4	17. P K—R 4	Q R—K B
2. P—Q 4	B—Kt 5	18. P—K 3	P—B 4 (*e*)
3. Kt—K 5 (*a*)	B—R 4	19. P x P	Kt—K 5
4. Q—Q 3 (*b*)	P—Q B 3	20. P—B 6 (*f*)	B—Q 3
5. Q—K R 3	Kt—B 3	21. P x P +	K x P
6. P—K Kt 4	B—Kt 3	22. P—Q B 3	Kt—B 4
7. Kt x B	B P x Kt (*c*)	23. Castles Q R	Kt—Kt 4
8. P—Kt 5	Kt—K 5 (*d*)	24. K—B 2	R—Q B 1 (*g*)
9. B—Kt 2	Kt—Q 3	25. P—R 4	Kt x R P
10. Kt—Q 2	Q—Q 2	26. B x P	Kt—R 6 + (*h*)
11. Kt—B 3	Q x Q	27. P x Kt	R x P +
12. B x Q	Kt—R 3	28. K—Q 2	R x R P
13. P—R 3	Kt—Q B 2	29. B x P +	K—B 2
14. Kt—K 5	P—K 3	30. R—Q B +	Kt—B 4
15. B—B 4	B—K 2	31. R x Kt +	Resigns
16. B—Kt 4	Castles Q R		

Notes by Gunsberg.

(*a*) As per Steinitz.
(*b*) An effective continuation.
(*c*) Black must care for his K P.
(*d*) Kt Q 2 seems preferable.
(*e*) Black was cramped. He miscalculated the effect of this move.
(*f*) This breaks up Black's game whatever he does.
(*g*) Having hope still.
(*h*) He might as well die game.

No human power can force the entrenchments of the human mind; compulsion never persuades it; only makes hypocrites.—*Fenelon.*

Mme. de Stael was right in saying, "A pretension is a third party." How true this is. There is no *tête-à-tête* in a *salon* where vanity reigns.—*Mme. de Girardin.*

The Countess Tolstoi, who is a beautiful and accomplished woman, is unusually fond of gay society, but, to please her eccentric husband, she bravely denies herself social pleasures, and acts as private secretary to the novelist. She makes many type-written copies of those of his works whose publication in Russia is prohibited, and these are sent through the mail to their numerous friends. They have nine children, and all of the family converse fluently in English, French, and Russian, and most of them are musicians. The oldest child is an attractive girl of eighteen, who attempts to carry out her father's ideas by denying herself all indulgences, buying the cheapest of clothing, and imitating as far as possible the habits of the early Christians.