

can authors, will be the subject of an essay, by Helen Jay, in the number of *Harper's Bazar* to be published to-day.

The Springfield *Republican* thinks that Thomas A. Janvier in some respects "out-Riders Haggard" in his romance of "The Aztec Treasure-House," which has just been concluded as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*, and is soon to be issued in book-form by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

PROF. SAYCE writes to the London *Academy* from Egypt that a re-examination of one of the Tel-el-Amama tablets convinces him that it contains the name Jerusalem. The city was therefore in existence under that name in the fifteenth century B. C. This is extremely interesting, if true.

THE Scribners have just issued a new edition of Edward Eggleston's popular work "The Hoosier School Boy," prepared especially for school use. It has been arranged by the author as a reader for schools, and definitions and occasional notes and questions have been added.

WRITERS for the young will be interested in T. Y. Crowell and Company's announcement of a prize of \$600 for the best manuscript of a story "suitable for the Sunday school and home library." For the second best the offer is \$400. Further details may be obtained by addressing the publishers in Boston.

A NEW bi-monthly magazine, entitled *British Sportsmen*, has made its appearance under the editorship of Mr. G. M. Kelson. Each number is to contain two photographs of well-known sportsmen, accompanied by short biographical sketches. The Prince of Wales and the Earl of Coventry appear in the first issue.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH'S sonnet, in the April *Atlantic*, contains the following lines:—

Beneath those marble cenotaphs and urns
Lies richer dust than ever nature hid, etc.

Cenotaphs are usually monuments erected to those whose bones or dust lie elsewhere.

RECENT events in the history of Brazil lend special interest to an article, in *The Critic* of May 10th, on "Brazilian Literature," past and present. The writer is Mr. Rollo Ogden, translator of the popular South American romance "Maria," recently published by the Harpers. Naturally enough, *The Critic* pays special attention this week to the subject of International Copyright.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY announce, as just ready, a folio volume on "Scottish National Memorials," with three hundred illustrations, including thirty full-page plates. The following subjects are treated:—Scottish Archaeology. Historical and Personal Relics, Scottish Literature and Literary Relics, Burghal Memorials of Edinburgh and other cities, etc., etc.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE LATE HON. J. P. O. CHAUVEAU.

LE CANADA-FRANÇAIS for May pronounces a glowing eulogy upon the late Hon. J. P. O. Chauveau, who was a distinguished contributor to that magazine. According to *Le Canada-Français*, M. Chauveau united in himself the poet, the orator, the writer, the statesman, the citizen and the Christian, a combination sufficiently rare. We append some extracts:—

"M. Chauveau was born at Quebec, in 1820, and would have attained his seventieth year on the 30th inst. It is a curious thing that he dreaded the advent of the year which was to make him a septuagenarian, and in a letter which he addressed to his intimate friend, M. Lesage, dated the 5th of December last, he said: 'This wretched coming year will make a septuagenarian of me. For all that, I need not make too wry a face about it, for time can revenge itself and do a worse thing than that.' It was a strange foreboding. Called to the bar in 1841, M. Chauveau was elected a deputy in 1844, and became a minister in 1851. Two years later he left the political arena and became Superintendent of Public Instruction. In 1867 he returned to politics, as Premier of Quebec Province, and in 1873 was elected president of the Senate, but he retained this post but a few months. The following year he contested the county of Charlevoix with M. Tremblay and was beaten. Finally, after having been for some time Harbour Commissioner of Quebec, he was elected sheriff of Montreal, which charge he exercised till his death."

After speaking of M. Chauveau's dislike of the turmoil and incessant strife of politics, of his simple life, of his domestic bereavements, and of his faith under adversity, the eulogist goes on to say:—

"M. Chauveau was a master of the pen. Poetry was often rebellious to his pen and rhyme deaf to his appeal, but prose was his willing slave. He had not audacity of invention, nor boldness of image, nor astonishing phraseology, but he possessed delicacy of form, grace of style, purity of taste, precision of expression, and a moderation in the use of figure and ornament.

"He often wrote critiques, and we think he possessed remarkable aptitude for that line of literary work. A dependable taste, varied knowledge, acuteness in perceiving absurdities, a sarcastic vein, and withal a love of justice were valuable equipments for work of this kind. His polemical articles were just as remarkable, and note-

worthy for their goodwill and courtesy. These two characteristics were especially perceptible in debate when he was Premier of Quebec. By good fortune he had to face in Opposition a man equally eminent and courteous, the Hon. Mr. Joly. Thus bitter debates were absent and the discussions were dignified. M. Chauveau loved his country, and when speaking of her scarce knew how to restrain himself.

"Generally M. Chauveau's speeches lacked oratorical style. All, however, are marked by simplicity and variety of tone, by good taste, correct style, and pure diction. They are lightened by sallies, by ingenious comparisons, by classic, historic, or personal reminiscences which draw attention and sustain interest, without resorting to the meretricious ornaments of bad rhetoric. Here and there we can cite a passage, in each of his oratorical efforts, where the speaker warms, rises to and attains true eloquence without straining after it."

The article concludes thus:—

"Yes—oblivion arrives for ordinary mortals. But it should not be thus with illustrious men, whose life has mingled with the life of the nation and the progress of the country, who leave behind them lasting works, and who have their place marked upon the pantheon of History."

KARA.

[In memory of the Russian patriot, Madame Sigida, who was scourged to death at the Kara political prison in the summer of 1889.]

THERE is blood upon earth, but a sword in air;
And the blood is the pain that a people bear,
But the sword is the power of a people's prayer.

And the sword—it is hanging above a throne;
And the blood—it hath cried, with an exile's moan,
For the world to acknowledge her cause its own;

To encircle the planet with hearts of fire,
With a pity whose sandals shall never tire
Till they haste to the Tsar with the world's great ire;

With its horror of cursed Kara's red sod,
With its wrath on a merciless ruler's rod,
And its tears and its prayers for the scourge of God.

When the heart of a pitying world is stirred,
In the voice of its wrath shall the Lord be heard,
And the Tsar shall be scourged by His awful word.

—Allen Eastman Cross, in *New England Magazine*.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Two small rooms connected by a tiny hall afford sufficient space to contain Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the literary hero of the present hour, "the man who came from nowhere," as he himself remarks, and who a year ago was consciously nothing in the literary world, though even had he died then his works must have lived and spoken to posterity none the less. A short, but broadly figured man, dark, with blue eyes and a resolute jaw, still quite young—he is not yet twenty-five—but with a face on which time and incident have prematurely traced many tell-tale marks, meets you on the threshold, and looks at you somewhat cynically through his spectacles with divided lens. He is in working dress—a loose dark suit buttoned high to the throat like a workman's blouse—and wears a tassel-less scarlet fez, which he has a habit of thrusting backward, as though to ease his brow from even this slight restraint; and he seems disproportionately pleased when you beg that he will not lay aside the pipe, which you can see at first glance is a tried familiar friend. The room you have invaded, which is spread with soft-tinted Persian rugs and ancient prayer carpets, and is papered in a dull green, with gold which has lost its pristine brightness, is dim also with smoke; but as this clears away through the open door, you can see that the pervading sobriety of hue is relieved by touches here and there of vivid colour. A tall Japanese screen, with a grotesque design of dancing skeletons, stands between two windows, and on the sofa is spread a large poshteen rug, bordered by astrachan, and embroidered in rich yellow silks; while on the walls hang pictures of military subjects, which Mr. Kipling treasures highly, and in which he invested "to prevent him from feeling home-sick," as he says, with one of the boyish smiles that at times break through his almost melancholy expression. Above the mantelpiece are a sample of the new magazine-rifle, and a box of black Indian cheroots, and on the sideboard stands a mighty tobacco-jar, this being flanked on either side by a whiskey decanter and a siphon of soda-water, unfailing reminders of days spent in India, sometimes in the lap of luxury, but often exposed to the climatic terrors of blinding sunshine and dry hot winds, which Mr. Kipling so graphically describes in many of his books. Just above this hangs a rack of pipes, beside a map of Afghanistan; while a battered despatch-box, which has been all round the world, a pile of scrap-books and old *Illustrateds* of the Mutiny and the Crimea, and a bundle of fishing-rods complete this much of the surroundings.—*The World, London, Eng.*

THE NAMING OF NOVELS.

EVEN the undaunted Dumas, who tackles history more directly and more at large than Scott ever chose to do, calls his famous book not after Richelieu, Mazarin, or Lewis the Fourteenth, but after the "Three Musketeers." That

is an admirable title by the way, so mysterious and suggestive. There is always something fascinating about numbers in titles, and here the title is none the less admirable that the musketeers were in fact not three but four, and that the fourth was the best of the bunch, the immortal d'Artagnan. But if Constable did Scott a bad turn over "Kenilworth," he made amends by getting "Herries" changed to the high-sounding romantic name "Redgauntlet." "Herries" would have served, but it is not the pleasant mouthful that "Redgauntlet" is. Indeed as the Waverley Novels are the best of all romances, so their names are the best of all names. "Waverley," "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Midlothian"—they are perfect. Scott's answer to Constable put the wisdom of the thing in a nutshell. His titles arouse curiosity without discounting it: they are distinctive and appropriate, come trippingly off the tongue and satisfy the ear, and have withal a twang of romance about them. Scott, of course, besides his genius, had the advantage of coming early in the day, and had no need to shout to make himself heard amid the din of a crowd. Miss Austen died only a very few years after Scott turned from poetry to prose romance, and Lytton was only beginning to write as the wonderful Waverley series were drawing to a close in stress and difficulty. Most novels naturally derive their point and principle of unity from the character or career, the action or passion of some one among the personages. And the name of the person, as Constable urged rightly enough, supplies the natural name for the book. Accordingly among the myriads of works of fiction this form of title is out and away the most common. With the exception of Jane Austen's double-barrelled alliterative titles "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," which also have not been without their influence, up to Scott's time the chief novels were named after the hero or heroine.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

A FRIGHTFUL WRECK.

THE editor of London *Engineering*, who was permitted to inspect the engine-room of the City of Paris, gives the following description of what he saw:—In the engine-room itself the destruction was frightful. The whole of the low pressure engine was demolished, the thrust block destroyed, the condenser had disappeared, and the rest of the machinery more or less ruined. The two standards supporting the low pressure cylinder, each weighing about fourteen tons, were both snapped off, the cylinder itself, weighing forty-five tons, was split in two, and the two halves lay on top of a miscellaneous collection of broken and twisted steam-pipes, iron rods, and levers, many of them many tons, but all twisted and distorted almost beyond recognition. The connecting rod, which is 11½ inches in diameter, was still attached to the crank-pin, and had evidently acted as a huge flail in battering and destroying other parts after the accident had happened. These were the more important points noticed in the general wreck. The engine-room was provided with a double bottom, and was separated from the compartment on the opposite side of the ship by a longitudinal bulkhead as well as by transverse bulkheads from the boiler-room, which was forward, and the dynamo-room, which was aft. The after bulkhead was destroyed by the action of the shaft, the longitudinal bulkhead had three ragged holes in it, but the forward bulkhead was intact, and to this the escape of the ship from foundering was undoubtedly due.

EFFECT OF SMALL BORE BULLETS ON THE BODY.

THE adoption of small-bore rifles by most European countries—Switzerland now employing 7.5 and 6 millimetres (25 mm. being very nearly an inch), France 8, Belgium 7.6, instead of the hitherto universally used 11 mm.—leads to the consideration of what the effect on the human body will be of the increased penetration of these bullets, which can pass through iron plates of 12 mm. (nearly half an inch), and deal planks of 1.1 metre (about a yard) in thickness—a penetration five or six times as great as that of the projectiles hitherto employed in the German Army. Professor Paul Bruns, the well-known surgeon of Tübingen, has published a work which attempts to give an experimentally scientific answer to this important question. His experiments were made with the Belgian Mauser Rifle, and the conclusions he has come to must be considered in all respects satisfactory from a humane point of view. He asserts that the hydraulic pressure in the wound is much diminished, partly on account of the smaller diameter of the bullet, and partly on account of the spring action of the thin steel coating which surrounds the soft lead core of the new projectile, so that the extensive tearing of the soft tissues of the body, such as the old lead bullets used to cause—and which often gave rise to the erroneous idea that explosive bullets were employed—will not occur. The new projectile which, at 100 metres, passes through four or five limbs and smashes up three thigh bones placed one behind the other, makes a smooth cylindrical opening, of less diameter than itself, through flesh. The wound made where the bullet enters is generally of less diameter than itself; the exit is a slit or a star-shaped opening with torn edges, about 6 to 8 mm. wide. At long ranges, 400 to 1,500 yards, the bones are not shattered, but bored through in a clean hole or channel. Hence, according to Dr. Bruns, the chances of healing bullet-wounds will, notwithstanding the much greater efficiency of the new rifle, be much more favourable than in the case of the larger bores. So it would appear that in all cases progress in the art of war leads to the diminution of human suffering!—*Ueber Land und Meer*.