

ently flung at him as being the novelist of the unwashed. Apropos of this taunt, M. Jules Claretie recalls a personal anecdote. One day De Kock said to him, "I am accused of being read only by the kitchen-maids. *Mon Dieu*, I should be enchanted to be read by the chimney-sweeps. That would prove that the chimney-sweeps know how to read."



M. Claretie has just published a curious letter from Bulwer-Lytton, which proves that there was a time when Paul de Kock had a vogue even among men of letters. The document dates from 1836, about the period of *Oliver Twist* and *The Pickwick Papers*.

DEAR SIR: Allow me to express to you my sentiments for the honour you have done me by the letter handed me by my friend, Comte d'Orsay. I am charmed to see that my opinion on the tendencies of your works is such as you would wish. Perhaps, and to speak frankly, might I regret that this tendency of a rich imagination should go beyond the bounds of morals and serve as a means of leading the vulgar into error, and that in particular your opinions on morality between the sexes should be utterly different from that which is generally accepted in this country—where it is the only morality current. I do not say this to you as a reproach, but it is because I have found it somewhat difficult to obtain a just appreciation of your merits. The most striking is that fine kindness of heart and the profound and often seductive philosophy that form the real essential of a comic vein which is more vigorous and more powerful than that of any author that I know. In the *Edinburgh Review* of January next I shall try to give body to my opinions on your talent, in a way agreeable to you. If there be any restrictions, it will be the fault of my editor, not mine; but I hope that there will be no restrictions. Genius was given to man as a compensation for his inevitable misfortunes and torments—and your work regards life in so amiable and indulgent a way that I see well enough that it is the reflection of a joyous character and of a satisfied heart. Excuse me for writing this letter in English, but I do not know your language well enough to express to you in French my enthusiastic admiration and my profound respect. I am, dear sir,

Your obliged and devoted,

E. LYTTON BULWER.

Every now and then some one points out the "unconscious poetry" in some novel. A certain Dr. Dabbs has taken *Barnaby Rudge*, from which he quotes a passage, which, if written as blank verse, would run thus:

He raised

His head; gazed upward at the quiet sky,
Which seemed to smile upon the earth in
sadness,

As if the night, more thoughtful than the day,
Looked down in sorrow on the sufferings
And evil deeds of men; and felt its peace
Sink deep into his heart. He, a poor idiot,
Caged in his narrow cell, was as much lifted
Up to God, while gazing on that wild
Light, as the freest and most favoured man
In all the spacious city; and in his ill-
Remembered prayer, and in the fragment of
The childish hymn, with which he sung and
crooned

Himself asleep, there breathed as true a spirit
As ever studied homily expressed,
Or old cathedral arches echoed.



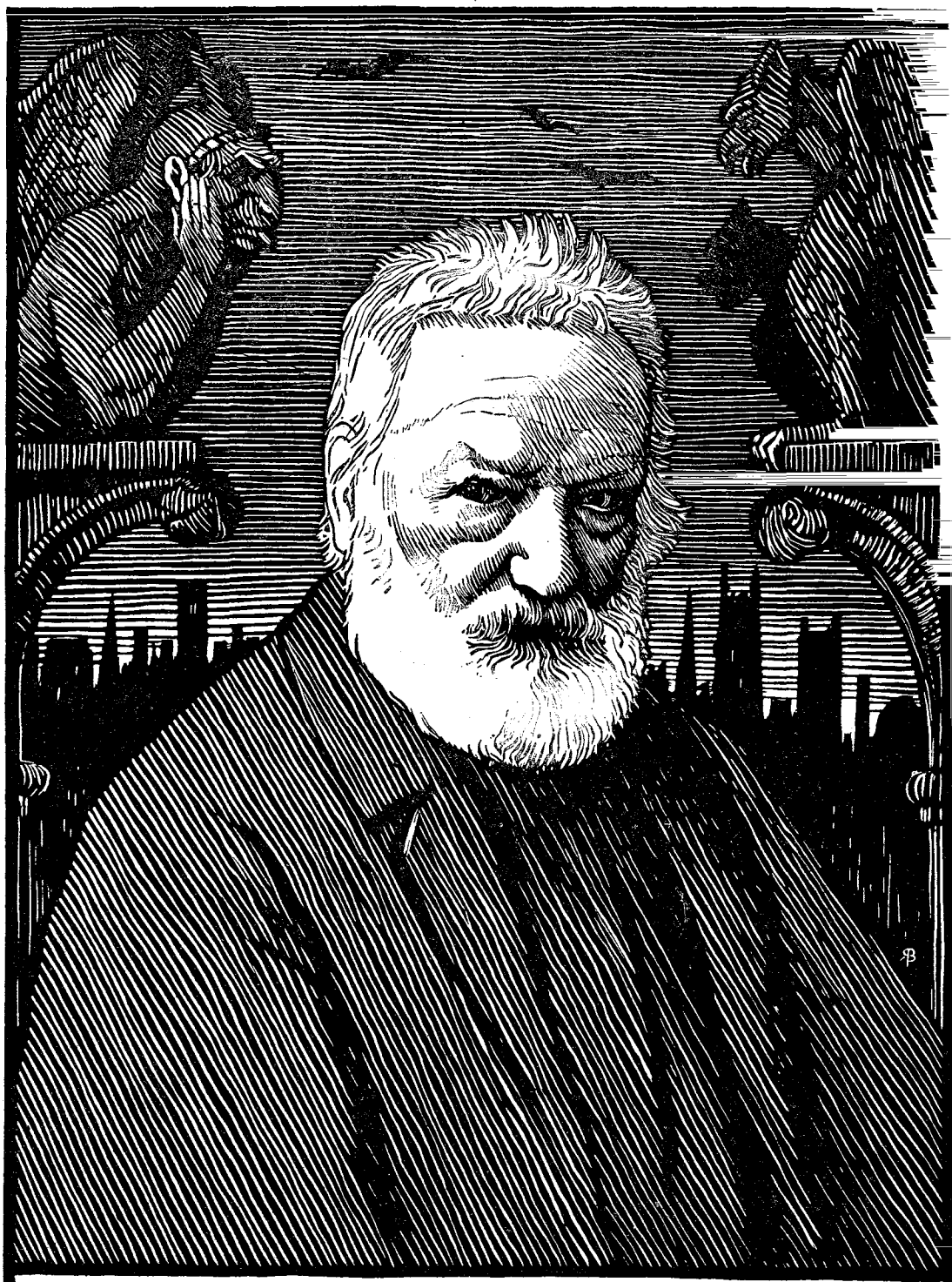
In an article entitled "One Aspect of Thackeray," a writer in *Temple Bar* calls attention to the carefulness of Thackeray's work in matters of pedigree. The writer points out how accurately all the involved relationships of his characters fit, and has drawn up pedigrees clearly showing this. Here is an instance:

Let us suppose that Lady Crawley (*née* Sharpe) occupied her retirement with genealogy—a not unlikely study for one who professed to be a Montmorency. In that case she probably discovered that the second Mrs. Clive Newcome was related to her old friend, George Gustavus, first Marquis of Steyne, and that Arthur Pendennis and Laura, his wife, could claim connection with the noble house of Bareacres. The former relationship is easily established. Lady Louisa Joanna Gaunt, sister of the Marquis of Steyne, married the Earl of Kew, and one of the four children of this marriage was Anne, who, as wife to Sir Brian Newcome, became the mother of Ethel, the second Mrs. Clive Newcome, who was thus great-grand-niece to Becky's protector.



Considerable confusion still seems to exist in this country concerning the authorship of *The Visits of Elizabeth*, and this, notwithstanding the fact that the author is, socially speak-

The Author of
"The Visits of
Elizabeth."



VICTOR HUGO

ing, well known in England. Mrs. Glyn is a French-Canadian, brought up in Paris; hence the intimate tone of that part of her book devoted to French life, manners and customs. She is described as being decidedly pretty and about thirty years of age. Her husband is a typical English country gentleman, with a very considerable property in Harlow, Essex, not far from Waltham Abbey. At Harlow the Glyns have been entertaining a series of house parties, and Mrs. Glyn is spoken of as being a most charming and attractive hostess. The English have by this time pretty well satisfied themselves as to the personality of some of the characters in the book, and have even discovered the original of the charming frontispiece in the American edition. This is said to be none other than the beautiful Lady Angela Forbes, a sister of the famous Duchess of Sutherland, and the no less famous Lady Warwick.

In a recent number of London *Literature* there appeared an article upon Victor Hugo from the pen of M. Paul Bourget. It is to this article and journal that we are indebted for the accompanying portrait.

The London *Outlook*, in a recent number, while conceding that every sport and pastime should, naturally, have an especial phraseology, deplored the fact that this phraseology is becoming mere jargon. In its "palmy days" the P. R. could boast a language of its own; and one regrets to notice that the picturesque reporter is now doing the same disservice to cricket. When an eleven makes a bad start it is suffering from "rot and rout." One batsman is "breezy," another plays with "graceful assurance," a third is "cheaply dismissed." A score that progresses unevenly is "streaky," and a very favourite formula runs that So-and-So "played excellent cricket." This might reasonably be expected on a cricket-field, where Bridge or Ping-pong would be somewhat out of place. After all, however, it is the billiard reporter who most savagely dislocates the

vertebræ of the King's English. Not long ago one of the brotherhood varied the monotony of life by describing the red ball as a "pinky round."

To Americans, however, who have noted the peculiarities of the diction of the writers of the sporting columns of the English papers, this plaint on the part of our English contemporary must seem a trifle amusing. We have so long suffered from a similar cause, and to so much greater an extent, that we have come to ignore entirely the absurdity and atrocious taste of it all. As a matter of fact, we have grown, perhaps, just a little bit proud over the comparative lack of imagination on the part of English sporting reporters. For, after all, the most glaring examples of idiotic phraseology in the English papers are exceedingly tame beside those of our own. For instance, let us take the American equivalent for the English game of cricket. The knowing American reporter writing a description of a game of baseball never makes the mistake of calling the ball "the ball." To him, of course, it is the "sphere," the "pellet," the "pea" or the "leather." A batsman never makes his base on balls; "he strolls" or he gets "a free pass to the first corner." He does not make a base hit, but "he singles" or he "slams the pea to the centre garden." He does not strike out, but "he fans" or "he pounds the air." The pitcher does not pitch; he does "slab duty" or he "bends them" or he "passes them up." We might continue in this strain indefinitely.

To refer to a baseball team representing a certain city by its proper name would be to bewray a woful lack of knowledge and experience. A few years ago, after the veteran ball-player Anson relinquished his leadership of the Chicago team, that team was, for a short time at the beginning of the season, without any nickname whatever. Sporting writers all over the country were in a state of chaos. The Chicago newspapers opened their columns to suggestions for a suitable sobriquet, and matters generally were