

THE PEACEFUL HEART.

BY ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.

Some hearts are haunts of peace,
And some are haunts of strife;
In some all wars must cease,
In some all wars are rife.

Oh, grant a heart to me
Where holy peace may dwell;
And let my heart not be
War's fearful citadel.

The New-York Tribune.

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

SUNDAY, JUNE 29, 1902.

The list of coronation honors made public last week includes more than one name in which those who have a care for literature are specially interested. First and foremost among these recipients of knighthood is Mr., or, as we must now say, Sir Leslie Stephen. The dispatches particularly mention him as president of the Ethical Society, but it is to be presumed that he has been honored chiefly for his services to literature, and for his association for a long time as editor, and throughout as an important contributor, with "The Dictionary of National Biography." That his name appears in the list is a matter of profound satisfaction to all those who know his writings and his great share in the monumental publication just mentioned. The bestowal of knighthood upon Conan Doyle is presumably a recognition not so much of the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" as of the volunteer for medical service in South Africa, and of the author of "The Great Boer War." Knighthood for Gilbert Parker is also, we suppose, a compliment offered in part to the writer of some excellent stories, but even more to Canada. On the other hand, it is fair to assume that F. C. Burnand has been chosen to figure in the list simply and solely for his relation to journalism and to letters as the Editor of "Punch." With none of these selections is any one likely to quarrel, though it is inevitable that some surprise should be felt at their having been made to the exclusion of certain other writers. It is impossible to avoid noticing the absence from this list of men like Thomas Hardy, George Meredith and Rudyard Kipling.

The ways of novelists are past finding out. Here is the author of a recent work of fiction belaboring one of his critics with solemn sarcasm. It seems that the critic suspected this author of being a woman, and that in an earlier issue of the same journal in which this suspicion was expressed the author's first book had got itself favorably reviewed. In fact, that book had inspired the reviewer to say, "We shall look for considerable things from the same pen in the near future." Well, it strikes the author as monstrous that he should be considered a woman when he isn't one, and it strikes him as very droll that a journal which thought well of his first book should think ill of his second. Whereupon we fall to wondering as to just what sort of a person this author may be. Doesn't it occur to the poor creature that a novel may be womanish in tone, even if it is written by a man, and thereby justify suspicions as to its authorship? Can't he grasp the possibility of a man's writing a good story and following it with a bad one? But we suppose his "sense is sealed." No doubt he is one of those individuals of whom well meaning friends say in print: "So-and-so is going to abandon journalism (or banking, or shoemaking), and devote himself to creative art." The victims of that sort of cant very rarely learn just what their real place in the universe happens to be.

America is not alone in suffering from a dearth of poetry. England, as most of us know, is in no better case, though now and then Mr. Robert Bridges or Mr. Austin Dobson writes something to keep his really critical countrymen from despair. We have suspected for some time that France also was, poetically speaking, in a bad way, but the conditions surrounding the recent award of the Sully-Prudhomme prize are nevertheless a little disconcerting. This prize, it will be remembered, was instituted by the poet who gives it its name when he himself received the "Prix Nobel." He made up his mind to do what he could to encourage the struggling poet by bestowing upon him money enough to pay for the publication of a book. The prize he established amounted to fifteen hundred francs. This sum has been awarded to M. Emile Michelet, and it is considered in some quarters that he deserves it. But it is reported by one Paris correspondent that if M. Michelet, who does not really need the money, entered the competition it was because "he was almost begged to break a lance in this poetical tourney so as to 'save the face' of the judges. Most of the poems, which numbered in all two hundred and sixty-three, and came from all manner of people, were so bad that there was positively a difficulty in selecting three good enough to show to the brilliant founder of the prize." Alas for the French muse! Or must we admit that, this being a "practical" age, the muse is everywhere hiding her face from her votaries? Certainly those who woo her with any success at all at present, anywhere in the world, are not among the younger writers.

ENGLISH TRAITS.

AS OBSERVED IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

A FOREIGN VIEW OF ENGLAND IN THE REIGNS OF GEORGE I AND GEORGE II. The Letters of Monsieur César de Saussure to His Family. Translated and Edited by Mme. Van Muyden. With Map and Illustrations. Octavo, pp. 384. E. P. Dutton & Co.

M. César de Saussure was a native of Lausanne, a scion of an excellent French Protestant family which had sought refuge in Switzerland from the religious persecutions in the time of Louis XIV. At twenty years of age the amiable, intelligent and vivacious youth was seized with a longing for travel; and, his mamma consenting, he went forth with eyes very wide open, with a good sense of humor, and with a useful disposition to make the best of things. Most of the years between 1725 and 1730 he spent in England, of which country he gave a more or less piquant and comprehensive account in the letters dispatched to his admiring relatives in Lausanne. These epistles were lent about among friends and acquaintances in that region for

Personal cleanliness is also noted by the traveller: "English women and men are very clean; not a day passes by without their washing their hands, arms, faces, necks and throats in cold water, and that in winter as well as in summer." This opens a curious vista into Continental habits! In the same letter De Saussure discourses concerning the beautiful clothes of English women, and their fondness for ornament. He cites the case of the wife of a wealthy brewer who bought a magnificent imported cloth which the Princess of Wales had refused as too expensive, and who wore it triumphantly, if discourteously, to court in the shape of a gown. Both men and women, he declares, are interested in money matters. "Their first inquiry will be, 'Is he rich?' In this country one is esteemed for one's wealth more than for anything else. It is true that riches are accounted happiness everywhere, but more particularly here." Many noblemen lived in London then for the sake of economy, the expense of keeping up their country seats was so enormous. The plague of servants and tips was even greater in the first half of the eighteenth century than it is now.

If you wish to pay your respects to a nobleman and visit him, you must give his porter

for English women, M. de Saussure testified his appreciation by falling desperately in love with one of them, and might have had an English wife had not the girl's family objected to her choice of a foreign husband. The beauty of English maidens, their lilies and roses, their entrancing look of health, soft eyes and slender figures he describes with ardor; and he celebrates with equal enthusiasm their gentleness, frankness and artlessness. "Generally speaking," he says, "they are not coquettish, and they do not simper affectedly, nor do they make a show of displeasing, bold airs. On the contrary, their modest demeanor charms you, and they soon lose their timidity and will banter with you. They are rather lazy, and few do any needlework, but spend their time eating or walking and going to the play or assemblies where games are played. Even women of the lower class do little needlework." There is a quaint implication in the traveller's remark that Englishmen do not spoil their women by flattery and attentions. All the more impressive, therefore, is this romantic tale of one lover whose impetuous passion was confronted by his lady's unmoved coldness:

Having made up his mind to end his life, he locked himself into his room with a pair of loaded pistols. The first bullet carried away his right eye and part of the frontal bone. He then seized the second pistol, but was not more successful, for the second bullet did not kill him, though it shattered his jaw. This man's hand must have shaken, notwithstanding his English courage and fortitude, for it appears to me that in an action of this kind your hand cannot be very assured, whatever your nation. These two pistol shots attracting the servants, the doors were forced open, and the young man was found in a terrible plight, for he was still attempting to put an end to his life by hanging himself with a rope fastened to the ceiling. The most curious part of the episode is the ending, for the fair lady was so touched with these extraordinary proofs of affection that she consented to marry the young man as soon as his health was restored, notwithstanding his terrible disfigurement. . . . I think there cannot be any indiscretion in naming William Montague, Duke of Manchester, as being the hero, if I may so call him, of this tale.

Suicide was apparently a mania in the England of that period, men putting an end to themselves often for little reason. A personal experience went to show the foreigner that the atmosphere of London had something to do with it, for he lost appetite, sleep and health, fell into the blackest depression, and reflected constantly upon a speedy death. Persuaded to go into pure country air and to drink fresh milk, this bucolic regimen quickly cured him. This malady of the mind, he tells us, was very frequent in London, some doctors attributing it to beer and others to the denseness of the air and the coal smoke one breathed. Herein is a warning for the twentieth century New-Yorker! Our letter writer does not say whether this denseness contributed to the despair of the maker of the equestrian statue of Charles I, an artist who was so overwhelmed in the midst of his pride and joy, to discover that he had omitted the girths of the saddle, that he straightway went and hanged himself. "This man was without doubt an Englishman," says the youth from Switzerland. "This trait depicts his energetic character."

With most of the sports and pastimes of the English, the cricket, football, racing, cockfights and pugilistic encounters, De Saussure had little sympathy, though he viewed all with a careful eye. English comedy he did not think at all refined and witty. One of the faults he found with English tragedy was that it was too "bloody"; and he mentions that in one play seven or eight of the eleven characters are made to die. A great delight of the people he found to be bell ringing—a pleasure which survived, indeed, in unabated keenness, for more than a hundred years after he noted it. "You will scarcely believe me," he says, "when I tell you that, with six or eight bells of various tones, in an hour's time a good bell ringer can ring out more than a thousand different peals and chimes, but it is the truth, and the people are so fond of this amusement that they form societies among themselves for carrying it out."

M. de Saussure's letters were well worth preservation, and they have been translated with taste and discretion. The collection should find a place in the rapidly lengthening list of the volumes presenting vivid if informal pictures of the people and customs of a former time.

THE MASTER OF TRINITY AND HIS VALET.

From The London Outlook.

Mention of the severe faced, faithful Coles reminds one of an anecdote or two. Coles, be it said, was far more careful of the master's appearance and dress than most valets, and had occasion to remonstrate with him about the faded look of his silk hat. Ben's soul was above such things. But it happened one day that while Ben was strolling with a friend along the Trumpington Road Coles passed—without a sign of recognition. "Was not that your butler?" queried the friend. "Yes," said Ben, nervously. "But he didn't touch his hat." "No," said Ben; then, after a pause, "You see, he warned me some time ago that if he met me out again with this hat on he shouldn't recognize me."

Yet another, and better. Ben was going to town, and the faithful Coles had gone on to the station with wraps and rugs and various paraphernalia. Ben arrived later, and Coles duly encircled him in the corner of a first class carriage, wrapped him well up, and took his leave. Ben glanced anxiously out of the window, and having made sure that the coast was clear, bolted out and hurried down the train and into a third to have a chat on the way to town with some of his "boys" who were going by the same train.

And now Ben has gone from among us—the most delightful figure in all Cambridge, the incarnation of dignified ease and calm contentment, a rare type of a school that has nearly vanished. Ben may have a successor, but none who will fill his place.



MONSIEUR CESAR DE SAUSSURE.

(From an old portrait.)

twenty years, Voltaire being among the readers who found them amusing and instructive. It was, perhaps, on the strength of this success that M. de Saussure afterward produced several historical works.

With England the young traveller was mightily taken, in spite of the fact that he had some vexations in getting his belongings through the Custom House. Though he had no sort of contraband goods, he found that liberal fees were necessary to effect the release, and records his opinion "that making strangers pay for bringing worn clothes into a country is not creditable to the English nation." This annoyance past, he found most things delightful, including the dwellings of the country. "It is not possible," he declares, "to make a better use of ground, or to have more comfortable houses." As for the cleanliness of the people, he could hardly praise it enough, regarding the amount of water used as "inconceivable," and setting down with amazement the fact that well kept houses were washed from top to bottom twice a week. All the water, however, was used for purposes of cleanliness, for he tells us that nothing but beer, ale and wine quenched the thirst of the sons of Albion in 1725. As for English food, he highly approved of it, especially of the meats, which were not cooked so long as on the Continent, and of the puddings made of rice, flour or bread crumbs. Great masses of beef were brought to the table in those days, weighing sometimes as much as twenty pounds. To meat the English were devoted, some people scarcely touching bread; what vegetables were eaten were always put under the roast or boiled meat. Noblemen who had made the Grand Tour displayed in addition pretty tiny kickshaws in the French fashion in the shape of pastries and garnishings. More than once M. de Saussure makes wondering mention of the marvellous cleanliness of the Englishman's table. "The linen is very white, the plate shines brightly, and knives and forks are changed surprisingly often; that is to say, every time a plate is removed."

money from time to time, else his master will never be at home for you. If you take a meal with a person of rank, you must give every one of the five or six footmen a coin when leaving. They will be ranged in file in the hall, and the least you can give them is one shilling each, and should you fail to do this you will be treated insolently the next time. My Lord Southwell stopped me one day in the park and reproached me most amicably with my having let some time pass before going to his house to take soup with him. "In truth, my lord," I answered, "I am not rich enough to take soup with you often." His lordship understood my meaning and smiled. This is an abuse that noblemen and gentlemen have vainly endeavored to abolish.

For the characteristics of educated Englishmen the traveller entertained a lively admiration. He found them reserved, undemonstrative to the last degree, but sincere and generous—men whose offers of service, not lightly made, could be firmly counted upon. He praises their solid good sense, and in many cases rare genius, while he thinks that the bright and petulant wit of the French is seldom met. Writing in 1727, he notes the eager interest which Englishmen of the time were taking in political literature—a taste which he believes to be cultivated by the liberty which he sees that they value more than all the joys of life, and would sacrifice everything to retain. Their philanthropy he illustrates by details concerning the charitable foundations of private individuals, and the annual contributions for the poor of a sum equivalent to \$4,000,000—an excellent proof of the truth of his statements as to English kindheartedness. He observed the disposition of many an Englishman of standing to seek the pleasures of a retired life: "He detests trouble and restraints to such a degree that he lives according to his own taste and ideas, and does not consider that fashion is to be followed with servility. There are some people who keep so apart from fashion than in any other country they would be considered singularly odd and perhaps something more; but in this country people are above caring what is thought of them, and do not trouble themselves about other people's opinions." As