

what to do with the inside place. When told that the Emperor's place was within they could not believe it could be supposed the Son of Heaven would suffer any one to sit higher than himself and to turn his back toward him, and begged to have the coach box removed and placed somewhere behind the body of the carriage. But with all his efforts the ambassador who hoped to establish a permanent embassy was made to feel that his welcome was soon exhausted and that a mission upon which so much pains had been lavished was practically a failure. He could not hide his disappointment, and this led to wonder whether his hosts might not have remarked and felt "with regret and indignation that superiority which wherever Englishmen go they cannot conceal from the most indifferent observer." But however great the personal chagrin, the embassy doubtless made succeeding efforts easier, and among its practical advantages was the introduction of tea growing into India, where it is now an important branch of industry.

Lord Macartney's general observations on the country are interesting and valuable, and his speculations on the break-up of the power of China ("no very improbable event") are such as might be written to-day. He says:

The Empire of China is an old crazy first rate man-of-war, which a fortunate succession of able and vigilant officers have contrived to keep afloat for these hundred and fifty years past, and to overawe their neighbors merely by her bulk and appearance. But whenever an insufficient man happens to have the command on deck, adieu to the discipline and safety of the ship. She may perhaps not sink outright; she may drift some time as a wreck, and will then be dashed to pieces on the shore, but she can never be rebuilt on the old bottom.

Macartney's services were rewarded by an earldom and every mark of royal favor, and after a lucrative term as Governor of the Cape Colony he returned, honored and satisfied, to spend his latter days in that domestic companionship of which the circumstances of his employment had so long deprived him.

**TREASURE HUNTING.**

**How to Find Old Furniture—And the Results.**

**THE QUEST OF THE COLONIAL.** By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 425. The Century Company.

This book appeals to an instinct which has been developing with surprising rapidity in Americans of this generation. Appreciation of beautiful old furniture and decorative objects easily becomes a passion, and how fascinating may be the pursuit of such treasures our authors show in more than a score of chapters full of anecdote and suggestion. Their enthusiasm is tempered by practical wisdom, and their narrative is worth preservation, not only because it is amusing, but because it is in some sort a handbook for those engaged in similar quests.

To study "the Colonial" intelligently and persistently is one of the lessons enforced upon the reader. To know the styles and periods of the objects sought and to recognize these under shabbiness, dirt and dilapidation are qualifications necessary for successful "finds." That the possibilities of such "finds" lie in myriad places still these competent searchers assure us. The stories of their discoveries in unpromising spots have the interest of fairy tales. Who would expect to find in the "lean-to" of a deserted, half-ruined house in a lonely region a fine old corner cupboard needing only slight repairs to put it into presentable condition? This was one of the incidents of search, and among others was the finding of the beautiful mahogany frame of a century-old mirror in a dusty barn—an object bought for 35 cents and now put in order and shining resplendent in the Shackleton house. An equally attractive find in an old shed was a handsome antique mirror denuded of glass and serving as the door of a rough tool cupboard. These are a few instances of the many set forth in this volume. Even in the city auction room bargains may once in a while be achieved. We read of one at which "six beautiful old dinner plates were put up—plates worth at least \$1 each, and at ordinary prices \$2 or \$3 each. There was no competition, not a single opposing bid following the opening tentative one, and the plates came to us for 10 cents apiece; and this was a sale at a fashionable shop where the wealthy aggregate. It was at such a time that a dark like teapot came to us for 80 cents, for which a dealer, who had missed noticing that it was up, once offered us \$5."

That the wiles of the dealer may be encountered in far-off rustic regions is shown in the story of an expedition into Massachusetts. Driving along the country road the authors came upon a dignified but shabby old house which bore the sign "for rent." They found the caretaker in an old farmhand and went through the house, exulting in the sight of the genuine if scanty Colonial furniture.

We were completely carried away with our find of this old house, apparently forsaken by its owners and awaiting a new home-maker. We went back to the door. The old man rose up and after a moment of hesitation grinned. Just why he should grin was not apparent, but that it was from a sense of some subtle joke which he was enjoying was quite clear.

"What place is this?"  
"The old W— place."  
"How long since it has been occupied?"  
"Nine years. And last spring, Mr. G—, the present owner, fixed it up."  
"Is any of the furniture to be sold, or is the house to be rented furnished?"  
"But the man was a Yankee. 'Do you want to rent or do you want to buy?' he asked.  
"We were not Yankees, but he was answered with another question: 'What is the rent?'  
"Six hundred—dollars—for—the—season!" he

lined out slowly, as if he were relishingly rolling the money under his tongue.

We were surprised, and said so, for we knew something of rents in neighborhoods far from a railway.

"Yes. Six—hundred—dollars! That's what he's looking to get. You're only nine miles from Lenox over that mountain, though it's thirteen by road."

He looked at us. "Do you want to rent it?"  
"No." We smiled. We knew that there was to be some explanation.

"Well, I'm to give anybody that looks at it one of these."

With that he shoved out, with a motion like that of breaking coal with a poker, a card; and the card was that of a well known dealer in antiques on Fourth Avenue.

It was all plain. It did not need the garrulous explanation of how the dealer had leased the old house, bought what old things he could in the vicinity and sent out others from his New York shop.

The old caretaker walked down to the hitching post with us. "You're the fourth ones to look at it. Lenox don't seem to come over very fast. I helped put up those beds and balance that clock on the turning step of the stairs. It wouldn't hold the fourth corner of the clock, so I put a stick under it. Yes, the W—s are all dead. The house has been for rent for \$72 a year for year after year, and now this New Yorker has it and puts in these old traps. Don't you want to buy any of them? The other folks took off chairs and candlesticks. The price is posted on 'em. Ninety dollars for that clock. It's pine and won't go. Fifteen dollars apiece for these old green chairs; the price is on 'em under the seat. A hundred dollars for the dining table. No? You see 'em

**A MYSTIC LOVE STORY.**

**A Man, His Wife, and an Ideal.**

**THE OLD ROOM.** By Carl Ewald. Translated from the Danish by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 12mo, pp. 317. Charles Scribner's Sons.

**THE FOUR-POOLS MYSTERY.** 12mo, pp. 336. The Century Company.

The pages which have made the late Carl Ewald familiar to American readers have been marked by a delicate fancy and a vein of spiritual feeling. In "The Old Room" these qualities of the Danish author are put at the service of a very touching motive. The two parts of which it is composed, entitled respectively "Cordt" and "Cordt's Son," were originally published separately, but they are knit together by a curiously strong bond. They form not so much a story as a kind of mystical and symbolical narrative. Perhaps "narrative" is too definite a word. The author has, in a sense, a love story to tell, but he attaches less importance to the telling of it than to the liberation of certain sub-

absorbed by the thoughts that the author throws out by the way. It is a mystical and somewhat obscure book, with a queer streak of beauty running through it.

"The Four-Pools Mystery" is a deftly framed story of crime and its detection. The supposititious narrator is a young lawyer who goes to spend a long vacation on the estate of kinsfolk of his in Virginia. These relatives, a kindly but quick tempered old "Colonel" and his son, are at the moment suffering annoyance from the incursions of a ghost. The plantation is in an uproar, the negro servants being in a perpetual state of "jumpsiness." To make matters more interesting for the visitor, father and son do not get on very well together. Presently there is a mysterious theft, and the son seems to be implicated in it. The reader has scarcely ceased puzzling over this problem when one vastly more mysterious is brought on the carpet. A murder is committed, and the son of the house, entangled in circumstantial evidence, is held for trial. It is a good mystery, and the man brought from New York to clear it up, a young newspaper reporter, is very amusing as he goes about the business of detection. Though it is a rather slight affair, "The Four-Pools Mystery" makes a pleasant hour's reading.

**LITERARY NOTES.**

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson has finished, at the age of eighty-four, a book of optimistic suggestion to readers of all ages. He has entitled it "Things Worth While."

A curious obstacle has arisen to the publication of Mr. Herbert P. Horne's proposed *editio princeps* of the "Dialogus Johannis Ottobii Anglici in Arte Musica." The old MS. cannot be deciphered! Mr. Horne must now return to Florence and find a new rarity among her MSS. for the "trial issue" in his newly designed Florence Press font of type.

New printings of four books by the late Lafcadio Hearn are coming from the press of Little, Brown & Co. These include "Some Chinese Ghosts," "A Japanese Miscellany," "In Ghostly Japan" and "Exotics and Retrospectives."

Mr. Edmond Dulac, whose admirable illustrations to "The Arabian Nights" should not be forgotten, has placed his brush at the service of Shakespeare. He is at work upon a group of paintings for a notable edition of "The Tempest."

More unpublished letters written by Robert Louis Stevenson are in the offing. These were addressed to the Rev. W. E. Clarke, who was a missionary at Samoa in Stevenson's time, who was much attached to the author, who was with him when he died, and who conducted the funeral services at Vailima. Mr. Clarke's personal recollections of his friend will accompany the letters in the April "Chronicle" of the London Missionary Society. The article, it is stated, will give some amusing illustrations of Stevenson's inveterate bohemianism, and of his efforts to eradicate this feature from his character in order to be a good example to the natives.

All possible bibliographical questions concerning the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson are answered, we are told, in the forthcoming "Bibliography" by Mr. George Willis Cooke. The volume contains a photogravure portrait of Emerson.

There are now in preparation for the Riverside Press series of bibliographies one of Thoreau compiled by Mr. N. H. Allen, one of Whit-tier compiled by Mr. T. F. Currier, one of Longfellow compiled by Mr. G. T. Little, and one of Walt Whitman compiled by Mr. Laurens Maynard.

A correspondent of the London "Spectator" has found in an old volume of "The Weekly Entertainer," published in 1819, the following poem:

**THE CAPTIVE—A SONNET.**

A fetter'd slave, a negro chieftain lay,  
Rome by the oppressor o'er the swelling wave,  
When memory to his midnight vision gave  
The realms o'er which he proudly once bore sway:  
Again, in thought, the sufferer was gay,  
Again was happy, generous, and brave:  
Once more beheld the stream its green banks lave,  
Where bless'd with freedom, he was wont to stray.  
Again he clasp'd a mistress to his breast,  
Whilst through'd his children fondly round his knee:  
But ah! the bliss supreme was scarce possess'd,  
Ere doom'd, swift as the passing gale, to flee:  
For soon the oppressor's lash his slumbers broke,  
Loud clank'd his chains! In agony he woke.

The discoverer of the poem adds: "The similarity of Longfellow's poem, 'The Slave's Dream,' with the above sonnet is at once obvious, and indeed a closer comparison shows the likeness to be so marked and unmistakable that one cannot but ask one's self whether Longfellow based his poem of 1842 on the crude effort in the obscure 'Weekly Entertainer's' sonnet of 1819, if he did not, is it a case of coincidence, psychic inspiration, or what?" The editor of "The Spectator," not particularly excited by this "literary coincidence," adds this comment:

The point raised is interesting, and it raises another. Had Byron read the sonnet of 1819 before he wrote the dying gladiator episode in "Childe Harold"? If so, the "Weekly Entertainer's" sonnet may have reached Longfellow via Byron. It is possible that all three may have had a common origin—say in some anti-slave trade speech or pamphlet.

Miss Grace Denio Litchfield, who is about to publish a new novel, is also bringing out a new volume of verse entitled "Narcissus and Other Poems." The story of Narcissus is told in a long poem and this is followed by a group of lyrics.

A new edition, in ten octavo volumes, of Goldsmith's works is coming from the press of the Putnam's. It is to contain a biographical and critical introduction by Mr. Horatio S. Krams; and Mr. Frederick S. Coburn has made for it eighty full-page illustrations which will be reproduced in photogravure. The artist has found his subjects not only in his author's writings, but also in the places in England and Ireland where Goldsmith lived.

"The Religion of a Democrat" is the title of a forthcoming book by Professor Charles Zueblin, of the University of Chicago. He discusses therein the efficiency of the Church and the place of religion in the life of the individual.



CARL EWALD.  
(From a photograph.)

beatenist folks! You don't seem to care for these things. You came over the wrong mountain. The folks from over Lenox mountain just paid what the label said and went off tickled to death."

This scheme for using environment to enhance New York prices lends a comic element to a narrative which in most respects is more exciting than humorous. There are many valuable hints as to the pursuit of old furniture, as to the manner in which to approach rustic owners—don't say, "How much?" but ask if some other person in the neighborhood possesses and is willing to sell what you want—and as to the problem of renovation. The chapter on "Buying Apparent Wrecks" is uncommonly entertaining; so, too, is that on "Fakes: How to Recognize Them." Notes on what to do with your treasures when they are restored to beauty and your rooms are waiting for them add to the value of this truly charming book.

**A "FIND" INDEED!**

From The Sketch.

Many are the stories of precious English first editions found among rubbish heaps, and if you will face the fatigue of back and forearm and will turn the ear marked contents of the portfolios of prints and drawings, your luck may be as brilliant, on occasion, as it is generally dull. It is not so long since an Englishman lighted upon an original Rembrandt drawing on a stall under the very windows of the Louvre. With a rather guilty feeling that it might be, and should be, hanging with its fellows in a gilded gallery on the other side of those windows, he somewhat hurriedly thrust it into his overcoat pocket, and a certain cravise shows on it to this day as witness to the sense of shame which befalls the man who purchases for one franc what is worth a thousand.

**DAFFODILS.**

Would you know how daffodils  
First came to be?  
Bubbles they of sleepy laughter  
Breaking lightly free

From the lips of waking dryads,  
Stirring drowsily;  
Loath to leave their wintry couches  
Ere a leaf is on the tree.

de ideas. These ideas are not precisely stated. They seem rather to grow out of the situation that is put before us and to hover in mid air, where one may vaguely apprehend them. There is a strange and almost Maeterlinckian atmosphere in the book, but it is without the morbid tinge that so often characterizes the work of the Belgian writer. Obscurely in the fantastical yet natural picture you perceive the workings of a noble ideal.

We are asked to imagine, in the home of a wealthy family, a stately chamber the secret of which is known only to the master of the house, his wife, and one faithful servant. To this room the master brings his wife, saying, "It shall be the temple of our marriage, hallowed by our love, which is greater than anything that we know. Here we will pray to Him Who gave us to each other. Here we will talk gladly and earnestly every evening when our hearts impel us to. And, when we come to die, our son shall bring his wife here and they shall do as we did." Generation after generation passes through this room, each adding to its accessories, and each leaving, besides these tangible marks, an impalpable but none the less durable impression upon what might be called the soul of the room. Cordt and his wife, Fru Adelheid, with whose use of the room this book is chiefly concerned, possess very different temperaments. The room is precious to him. It embodies the ideal by which he would live. It is his sanctuary. Fru Adelheid passionately loves him, but her instinct is for a wider liberty than the tradition of the room would authorize. Inevitably they drift apart. In the ordinary story this would lead to ordinary developments. The charm of this one consists in its exposition of the spiritual processes through which the man and his wife are urged by their separation. There are more or less dramatic aspects to the tale. The climax is startling. Yet the mere drama of "The Old Room" is not the important thing. What counts is the power of the book to provoke reflection. The reader is keenly anxious to observe the outcome of Cordt's long battle, but he is even more