

LITERARY NOTES.

The queer and suggestive title of Lucas Malet's forthcoming novel is "The Gateless Barrier." It is to be published in a few weeks.

The Hakluyt Society is mentioned as being in a lively and flourishing condition. During the last year it has acquired over forty new members, and it has a comfortable sum in the treasury. It is contemplating the republication of Hakluyt's "Principall Navigations." Mr. W. W. Rockhill's edition of "The Journey to Tartary of John of Pian de Carpine and William of Rubruck" will be brought out this year, together with a new edition, prepared by Mr. E. F. von Thurn, of "Sir Walter Raleigh's Discovery of Guiana" and "The Strange Adventures in Guinea of Andrew Battell," edited by Mr. E. G. Ravenstein.

Mr. Bret Harte's literary popularity in England shows no sign of waning. His new book of short stories is announced there as one of the notable publications of the coming spring.

Mr. Leslie Stephen has been seriously ill, but has now recovered sufficiently to finish his forthcoming three volume work on the English Utilitarians. It will probably appear about two months hence.

There are a few good stories among the many foolish ones which are to be found in the just published "Life" of the Duchess of Teck. One of them concerns Disraeli, who was an admiring friend of the kind and lively royal lady, but who was not to be charmed by her into disclosing any Cabinet secrets. One evening at dinner during a crisis in foreign affairs Princess Mary, who was puzzled at the inaction of the Government, turned to him and said, "What are we waiting for, Mr. Disraeli?" The Prime Minister paused for a moment to take up the menu, and looking at the Princess gravely replied, "Mutton and potatoes, ma'am."

The Princess was rather fond of unconventional ways. Once a Miss — called at Cambridge Cottage (Kew) to take the directions of the Princess (then in her twentieth year) on a parish matter, and was astonished to find her in the garden running round and round the flower beds as hard as she could go. "Why are you running so fast, Princess?" her visitor ventured to inquire. "To get rid of the etiquette," was the reply. "We have just had a visit from the Emperor of —."

Mr. S. R. Crockett is making ready to publish in book form two new novels, "Joan of the Sword" and "Little Anna Mark," and he is, moreover, hard at work upon another novel and upon the second series of "The Stickit Minister." It is a pity that industry so amazing should not have results of proportionate magnitude.

Pierre Loti has been undergoing severe dis-

salute him as one of the most glorious representatives of modern literature."

There is a pleasant little story about Ruskin told by a friend who once visited him at Brantwood: "As was his custom, he showed me, as a departing guest, many of his priceless treasures of missals, books, manuscripts, cases of drawings, etc., in his sanctum, and his last words to me were (pointing to a row of small volumes on the shelves of a principal bookcase): 'Please remember when I am dead that the post of honor in my library is held by Maria Edgeworth's writings, which were the delight of my childhood—as they still are.'"

The full edition of the works of the late George Warrington Steevens, which the Blackwoods are preparing to publish, will include a number of literary essays which their author published anonymously.

Tolstoi is rapidly recovering from his painful illness. The volume containing his new novel is to be decorated with some realistic pictures by Pasternak, the Russian painter.

Dr. F. J. Furnivall has just passed his seventy-fifth birthday, but still goes on the Thames every Sunday for a long row—a thing he has done for a large part of his life, and to which he attributes his excellent health and capacity for work. Among his birthday gifts a fortnight ago was a three-scul boat. The day was otherwise marked by the presentation of the sum of £300 subscribed by those who hold Dr. Furnivall's services to English literature in high esteem. This gift is intended to enable him to print the five volumes of the "Rule of Anchoresses," which dates back to about 1230.

IN PRAISE OF GARDENS.

MR. SIEVEKING'S ANTHOLOGY OF PROSE PASSAGES.

Among the many new books on gardens a place of honor should be given to that volume in which Mr. Albert Forbes Sieveking has brought together fragments from writers both ancient and modern. When he first published it, fourteen years ago, he called it "The Praise of Gardens." Now it appears, greatly augmented, a practically new book, under the title of "Gardens Ancient and Modern: An Epitome of the Literature of the Garden-Art, with an Historical Epilogue." It has been printed in beautiful form by Dent, in London, and is issued in this country by the Macmillans. A number of exquisite illustrations lend the last touch to a delightful volume.

Mr. Sieveking begins with an Egyptian MS. of

SCRIBNER'S NEW BOOKS

"A PRINCE OF LETTER-WRITERS"
The Letters of
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN

13TH THOUSAND. TWO VOLUMES, ILLUSTRATED, 8vo., \$5.00 net.

"Stevenson's Letters are, indeed, an imperishable monument to his memory. The fullness of their charm, their frank revelation of the lovable character of their writer cannot be grasped, much less appreciated, at a first, or even a second reading."—N. Y. MAIL AND EXPRESS.

HENRY JAMES in *The North American Review*.

"THE impression, for the reader of the later letters, is simply one of singular beauty—of deepening talent, of happier and richer expression, and, above all, of a sort of ironic, desperate gallantry, burning away, with a finer and finer fire, in a strange, alien air. . . . The latest of these letters contain such admirable things, testify so to the reach of his intelligence and vibrate so, in short, with genius and charm, that we feel him at moments not only exhausted but replenished, and capable, perhaps, for all we know to the contrary, of new experiments and deeper notes.

THE STONES OF PARIS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS
By BENJAMIN ELLIS MARTIN and C. E. MARTIN.

Illustrated, 2 vols., 12mo., \$4.00.

"There is a charming blending of biography, romance, literary criticism, and history. The illustrations are numerous and excellent."—REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

"COMPARATIVELY few works of recent years give evidence of such great research. It has evidently been a labor of love, and so faithfully and ably performed that, in the finished edifice which we now have before us, there is a storehouse of knowledge and reminiscence that before existed merely as fragments without a home and beyond our reach. To the student of historical or literary landmarks these volumes will be the most welcome of all the season's literature."—*New York Times' Saturday Review*.

PRIMITIVE LOVE AND LOVE-STORIES

By HENRY T. FINCK, author of "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty."

8vo., \$3.00.

"The result is a narrative, a romance, almost, which holds the interest as closely as exciting fiction."—CHICAGO EVENING POST.

"A HIGH purpose is apparent all through the work. . . . He has performed a most praiseworthy task, and one that should bring him the grateful acknowledgment of readers and students. Between the covers of this well-printed and well-compiled volume one may find a wealth of material, and the results of an examination into the erotic literature of all climes, lands and ages, that makes it really worthy of the title, 'Infinite riches in a little room.'"—*New York Times' Saturday Review*.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
PUBLISHERS New York

PENNSYLVANIA'S LAW SCHOOL.

A NEW BUILDING FOR ITS USES OPENED LAST WEEK.

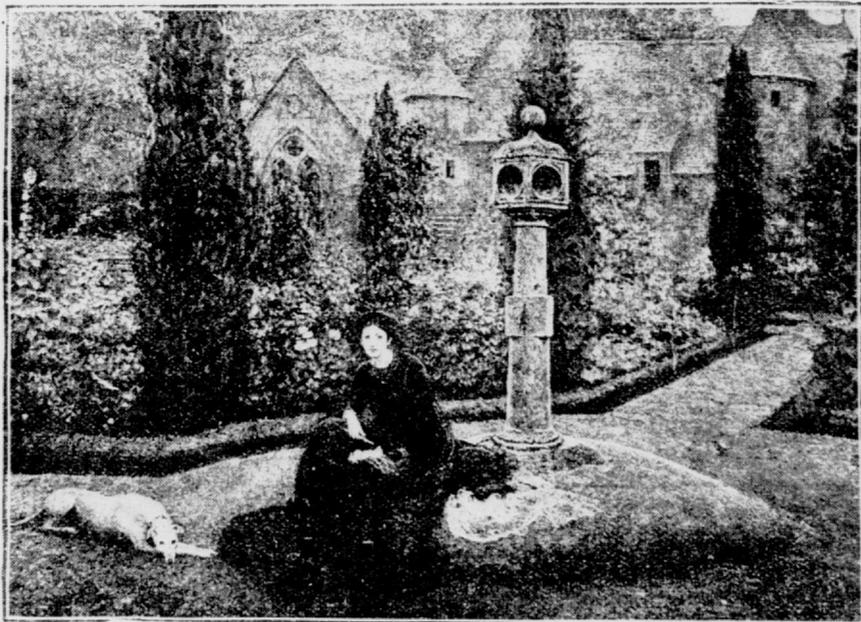
Philadelphia, Feb. 24.—The law department of the University of Pennsylvania on Thursday and Friday celebrated the opening of its new building in West Philadelphia, near the college campus. Built in the English of a time nearly corresponding to that of Penn, the clear red of the brick is finely set off by the limestone which is used judiciously for the pillars, medallions and shields which form the only exterior ornaments. The air of dignity and repose which is characteristic of the place is emphasized by a large grill of iron, supported by massive posts of brick, which are surmounted by huge granite balls, adding much to the picturesqueness of the complete view.

The interior furnishes room for a complete equipment. A great hall, with grand staircase rising from it, gives access to the executive departments, the offices of the dean and secretary, and, in the wide wings, lecture rooms of various sizes. A wide flight of steps leads from this floor to a high, light basement, where are found the quizrooms, clubrooms and all other conveniences a fertile mind could conceive to satisfy the mind of the student, equally fertile in conceiving desires to be satisfied.

Returning to the main hall and ascending the wide marble stairs, one reaches the library floor. Here is the stackroom filled with steel shelving and all the most modern appliances for the care and preservation of books. This stack now shelters about twenty-three thousand volumes exclusive of pamphlets, but is prepared for a growth to more than one hundred thousand in the days to come. On either end of this floor are two great halls, high, light, beautifully decorated and proportioned. These are Sharswood and McMurtrie, in which each student has a desk, especially designed to suit student needs apportioned to him, and where the undergraduate can steep himself in knowledge, while portraits of the men who have attained the goal for which he is striving look down encouragingly upon him. A smaller hall gives a quiet place for graduate work, for which it is hoped the library will now become a favorite place. The heating is all done from the great central plant of the university, while the ventilation is by a well approved fan system.

WHAT ARBITRATION IS.

From *The Indianapolis Journal*.
"What is arbitration, pa?"
"Well, it is a good thing for you, Tommie. When your mother wants to whip you I come her off, and when I want to whip you she comes me off."



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.
(From the painting by Fred Walker.)

appointments during his travels in India. What he searched for was the native picturesque, and what he has found was largely a poor imitation of Western customs—schools of art with South Kensington methods, landscape gardening after the fashion of Versailles, zoological gardens that might have been in Berlin, native bands playing Parisian music. At last, when a military parade in his honor was suggested, he flatly rebelled, and declined. "Many thanks, Monsieur, but I did not come to India to see troops. Truly we have enough of them in Europe." He then seems to have been better understood, and was allowed to prowl about, listening to the tomtom in the streets, watching two old women wrangling over the price of some plantains, and really acquiring stock in trade in the way of "local color."

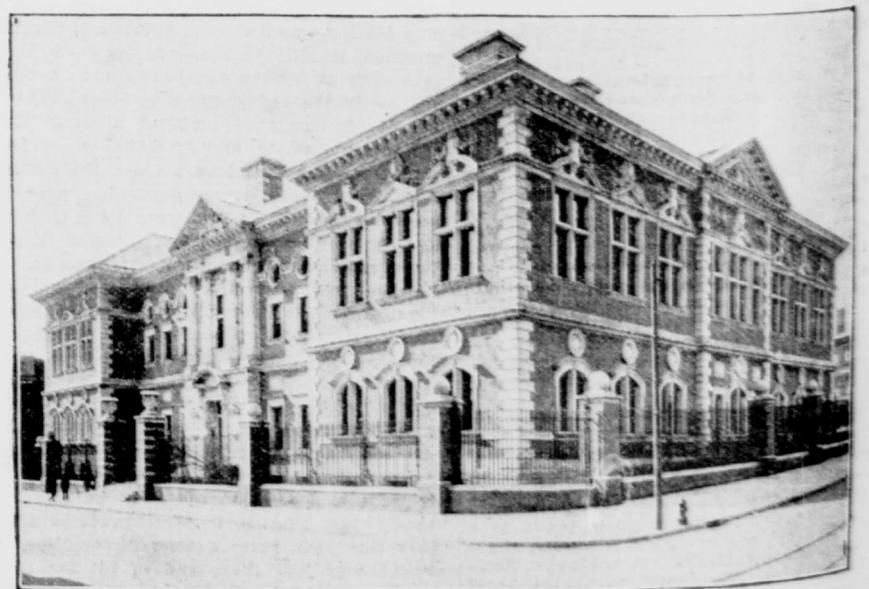
Another new edition of Boswell's "Johnson" is on the press—a three volume one this time, belonging to the Macmillan collection of English Classics. It will have no new introductions nor new notes. Boswell himself brought out the first edition in 1794, so that the life of this inimitable book has lasted well over its century, and it is more popular than ever.

Mr. Anthony Hope has been elected chairman of the English Authors' Society for the year now begun. He is at present busy with his new novel, "Tristram of Blent," which is to be published first in one of the illustrated magazines.

A marble slab with a suitable inscription is to be placed on the wall of the little house in Venice wherein Ruskin made his longest sojourn. This little house on the Zattere is known as La Calcini. Professor Bordiga, a distinguished Venetian, proposed this commemoration at the last municipality meeting, declaring in the course of his admirable address that Ruskin "elevated the art of criticism wellnigh to the height of a religion, uniting such austere vigor with such refined simplicity of thought and of form as to give England the right to

1300 B. C., and, borrowing from Homer and Theocritus, from Longus and William of Malmesbury, from Petrarch and Montaigne, from Sidney and Sir Thomas Browne, comes down to authors as modern as Amiel, Pater, D'Annunzio and Charles Dudley Warner. The long list shows us how half the world at least has taken to heart Voltaire's precept: "Il faut cultiver notre Jardin." Many a man who has never taken any practical interest in the subject has played his part well in writing about it. It is curious to see how some famous men of whom nothing of the sort would ordinarily have been expected nevertheless were touched, at one time or another, by the beauty of gardens. In the "Journal to Stella" are these words of Swift: "Pray, why don't M. D. go to 'Trim, and see Laracar, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and the holly and the cherry trees on the river walk?" John Wilkes, of all people in the world, writes to his daughter: "I cut off all the rosebuds of the trees in our little garden (which is a secret) to make them blow at the end of the season, when I hope to enjoy your company there after our trees."

There are many surprises like these in Mr. Sieveking's book, there are many familiar quotations, and all have been so tactfully arranged that in spite of the disconnected nature of the work one takes it more or less as a consecutive narrative. The "Historical Epilogue," too, fixes with clearness the chronology of gardening. Mr. Sieveking gives us solid information while he gives us pleasure. His book will be read for its own sake. It will be valued also as a remarkably comprehensive introduction to special study of the enchanting subject with which it deals.



NEW BUILDING OF THE LAW DEPARTMENT, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
Formally opened last week.