

AUSTRIA.

The Archduke Joseph has written a book upon the language of the Hungarian gypsies. It is a notable contribution to Aryan philology. Partly to philology and partly to history belongs "The Origin of the Roumanian Nation and Language," by M. S. Réthy. It furnishes unmistakable proof that the Roumanians cannot be the offspring of any Roman colony upon the lower Danube, but are a conglomeration of Dacians and Thracians, who borrowed from their conquerors some popular Romance language. Bela Grimwald has written a fascinating book, "Old Hungary," which has created a profound sensation. M. Alexander Varady's "Dr. Faust" is perhaps the most important novel of the year.

RUSSIA.

The death of V. Garshin has taken away one of her most promising writers. He went through two Balkan wars and his "Four days of a Wounded Soldier," showed strength akin to Tolstoi's. Losing his mind he was for some time in an asylum, and when he recovered wrote "The Red Flower," a striking tale of madness, in which the insane man, knowing himself to be insane, makes superhuman efforts to destroy a red poppy, because he thinks it stained with the blood of all who have suffered. Sadness is a marked characteristic of all the novels of the past years. There is in Russia a special branch of literature created by Gleb Uspenster, which belongs at the same time to fiction and to ethnography in the best sense of the word. In his "A Ticket," and in "Figures in Life," he discusses the woman question among the peasantry.

ITALY.

The founding of professorships of Dante at Rome, and by Leo XII. in the Theological Seminary, have resulted in much work upon the great poet of Italy. So far, however, the result has been rather barren. The movement towards historical studies continues and some noted works have been produced. Few works of fiction have been published, and those are second class.

GERMANY.

The unlimited flow of lyrical sentiments in Germany bears a natural relation to the anarchical dislike to law and authority, and the poetic socialism of authors can tolerate the inner bonds of common intellectual and artistic views, but no government form without nor compulsion in externals. The "Song of Humanity" by Heinrich Herf is an epic of the human race. Some portions of the work are beautiful, but it is terribly long. Max Nordan has published his first novel, "Illness of the century," and he denounces Pessimism as the special disease of the age. Bleibtre in his "History of English Literature," proves himself a warm admirer of Byron, and shows great hostility to Disraeli.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

There has been considerable talk lately about Mrs. author Humphrey Ward, the intellectual and erudite of "Robert Elsmere." She is a niece of Matthew

Arnold and bears a strong resemblance to him. Her expressions in conversation are brilliant. She has a fine figure and is extremely graceful. She has the good fortune to be the wife of a man whose scholarly tastes and literary achievement must insure the closest sympathy between them of thought and aim. So says Louise Chandler Moulton.

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox is writing one or two novels for the papers. She does not care for this sort of literary work, however. She prefers to write verse. But the novels pay better and she likes money with which to buy pretty, new *Directoire* gowns. She is said to have beautiful red-brown burnished hair, and to have improved in appearance since her marriage.

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The erotic character of her work has produced three legitimate offspring—Amelie Rives, Laura Libbey and Laura Daintrey. They have founded a school which may properly be called the fleshly-sensational. Of the books of the three above mentioned Laura Daintrey's *Eros* is at once the best and the worst.

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Miss Hutchinson, the talented and scholarly collaborator of Mr. Steadman in the Library of American Literature, is a tall, fair haired, extremely good looking woman, who cares little for society and gives her days and evenings to work. She is the book reviewer of the *Tribune*, and with Hazelton of the *Sun* stands at the head of the New York critics.

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Marion Crawford may be fairly conceded first place among the young American novelists. His style is irreproachable. He combines poetry, imagination, intellect and epigrammatic strength in his work, and has not been guilty of a touch of crudeness from the beginning. Many of the American and English critics deny him genius, but this is a matter on which there is not perfect unanimity of opinion between these gentry and the world.

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Mr. George Moore, the author of "Confessions of a Young Man," is a little over thirty. He is tall and slight and his face has a curious V-shaped look, wide at top and narrow at the bottom. He is an Irishman by birth and a Frenchman by preference. His youth and money he spent in dissipation in Paris. Returning to London, he offered his work "A Mummer's Wife," to nearly every house in England without success. He then rewrote it in French and going to Paris found a publisher there. One of the English houses had the work translated, and published a pirated edition, an action which raised the wrath of Mr. Moore. The sale of his works in London has been largely stimulated by his quarrel with Mudie, who threw them out on the ground that they were unfit for reading. Mr. Moore has retorted with some choice articles on the subject of "Mudie—The Dry Nurse of Literature." We may hear more of Moore anon.