

Nichols, author of that splendid epic, "Monte Rosa," who also finds the turmoil of Wall Street put no extinguisher upon his genius; Henry Harland, who, as "Sydney Luska," has been winning both fame and fortune by his brilliant pictures of Jewish life in New York;—but—the parlours were crowded with brainy men and beautiful women, and in and out everywhere amongst them went the host himself, not much as to avoidupois, but the prince of entertainers, as well as of poetic critics.

Second in interest only to such scenes as have been just indicated are the great establishments from which the three premier periodicals of the world go forth every month to delight and instruct millions of readers, and to these busy hives the literary pilgrim's feet seem to turn of their own accord. As the senior of all three, by many years, *Harper's* rightly claims precedence, and when one visits its birthplace in Franklin Square, so grimy, dusty, and dark are all the surroundings that it is easy to believe it is nearly half a century old. Clearly the editors of the Harper periodicals, which, if they are distinguished for anything, it is for brightness, do not derive their inspiration from the immediate associations. From Henry M. Alden, whose whole strenuous life is concentrated upon the magazine, to A. B. Starey, who, working apparently without haste or hesitation, has made so brilliant a success of the *Young People*, not one of the corps is worthily accommodated. Light, space, air, are all denied them, and it is a marvel that they can do such good work under the circumstances. Within the walls of the immense building, which covers an entire square, everything connected with the periodicals, except the wood-engraving, is done, and a whole number of *THE WEEK* might be filled with a description.

The *Century* offices are, as everybody knows, one of the show places of the city. Situated high up in a huge building looking upon Union Square, with unlimited light, space, and air all about them, their location is unsurpassed, while their interior arrangement and fittings are the acme of elegance and comfort. They monopolise an entire floor covering a space of dear knows how many thousand square feet. Entering first an immense room crowded with desks, type-writers, and girls, and thickly hung with pictures which you recognise at once as the originals of the illustrations whose perfection has done so much for the *Century's* fortunes, you circumnavigate a rounded railing, push on through a long corridor, also lined with original sketches, and at length reach a large, bright apartment in which are R. U. Johnson and C. C. Buel, the lions in the path of the pilgrim who would penetrate farther without due credentials. Happily they roared "as gently as sucking doves" the day of my invasion, and placed no veto upon my admission to the inner presence. Mr. Gilder's room is the very ideal of an editorial sanctum: large, lofty, sunny, handsomely furnished, overflowing with books and pictures, it is quite worth seeing of itself. But one soon forgets the room when the big brown eyes of the occupant turn towards him with courteous welcome, and the talk that follows is apt to be so interesting that you come near omitting to examine Allegra Eggleston's clever sculpturing in wood of the late Dr. Holland's strong countenance, which forms the central point of the carved mantel. The temptation to repeat some of the things I heard there is very strong, but I must resist it, or I shall overpass my limits, and possibly break confidence.

The home of *Scribner's*, the *Century's* "hated rival," as Mr. Johnson humorously put it, occupies a middle place, so far as style of appointment goes, between the other two. It is not so cramped and unlovely as that of *Harper's*, nor so luxurious as the *Century's*. The magazine occupies the whole of the first floor above the publishing rooms of Charles Scribner's Sons, on Broadway, and Mr. E. L. Burlingame has a big room looking out upon that noisy thoroughfare. While new to the editorial chair, Mr. Burlingame, as literary adviser to the firm for many years past, has had no lack of training for his task, and the steadily improving quality of the periodical is sufficient proof of how thoroughly he understands his work. He is young, handsome, clear-headed, and untiring, and, with a practically unlimited command of funds, can accomplish anything. The most liberal terms await authors and artists fortunate enough to find acceptance, and altogether the new monthly is an epoch-making addition to the world of literature.

An editorial establishment well worth seeing, if only for the sake of its curiously unbusiness-like aspect, is that of the *Forum*, on Fifth Avenue. Situated in what was once a stately residence, and indicated only by an engraved door-plate, it is not easy to find, and, when found, it is still less easy to see the presiding genius, for a boy in buttons receives you with a critical stare, conducts you upstairs into a spacious parlour, where a clerk continues the examination, presumably to see if he can detect the suspicious bulge which betokens a manuscript, and then, finally, if you can give a good account of yourself, you are led through another parlour into a cosy little room, adorned with photographs of leading contributors, where Mr. Metcalf awaits you. And not only Mr. Metcalf, but Mrs. Metcalf also, for this editor enjoys the rare privilege of a wife whose knowledge of his work is second only to his own. The *Forum* differs from other monthlies in that it is not open to volunteer contributions. As a rule, both writer and subject are selected by the editor, and, remembering how admirably this periodical represents what is best and brightest in thought, literature, and morals on both sides of the ocean, it is easy to appreciate the ability required for its successful management.

Lafayette Place, with the magnificent Little Press (where the *Forum* and *Magazine of American History* are printed) at one end, and the even more magnificent De Vinne Press (which has brought the mechanical work on the *Century* to such perfection) at the other, and the Astor Library, treasure-house beloved of literary workers in the centre, is a perfect nest of editorial sanctums, but I can mention only two, and that briefly. Up many flights of stairs in one of the tall buildings must the pilgrim climb to find Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, whose life is devoted to the *Magazine of American History*. But to see and converse with this wonderful woman

is well worth the ascent, for, to a rare grace and cordiality of manner, she adds a surpassing knowledge of things in general, and history in particular, which make her one of the most charming of talkers.

In comfortably appointed offices, much nearer the street level, is the home of the *Christian Union*, where Mr. Hamilton Mabie has a warm greeting for visitors guileless of poetry or serials. And across the way—but the pilgrim's space is exhausted, and his next batch of notes will be about Boston; so farewell New York. J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

RUSSIA.

No country of Europe has provoked so much discussion for years past as the kingdom of the Czar. The advances of Russian aggression, the autocracy of Russian government, the development of Russian Nihilism, the oppression of Russian peasantry, the progress of Russian literature,—these are only a few of the solid facts which have been evolved from an analysis of the Slavonic Empire. The importance of Russia's position as a powerful factor in the destinies of the East has not been underrated, but some of the elements of her internal constitution have not been sufficiently developed. Few people, probably, are aware that Russia is numerically the superior of any nation in the world except the Chinese, and China is not yet organised for modern war; Russia is also more religious, more patriotic, and possesses a more homogeneous population than any other of the great Powers. In this union of patriotism and religion Russia strongly resembles the United States, where these two important influences are even more strongly apparent in their bearing upon national existence. It is popularly supposed that Russia is torn asunder by Nihilism, while, in point of fact, Austria and Germany are far more dangerously menaced by the steady growth of Socialism.

The most marked feature of the average Russian is his absolute ignorance about every other country and people except the Germans, whom he abhors and designates as "the dumb men." Great Britain is to him almost an unknown quantity, humiliating as this fact may be to the mind of the Englishman. The great weakness of Russia is her want of a trained middle and upper class: the aristocracy is under the tyrannous rule of the Czar, who likes to be served only by pliant and submissive men, and has surrounded himself with courtiers of this type. M. De Giers even is represented as standing at attention, with one thumb on the seam of his trousers, and saying, "Oui, sire; oui, sire." The present Emperor is as national as was Peter the Great, but unfortunately he hardly shows Peter the Great's abilities. In a family where all the members have been made by absolute power unlike other men, he resembles the type of mind rather of Paul and Nicholas than of Alexander the First or Second. Both Alexanders were melancholy Germans as compared with the present obstinate and thoroughly Russian Czar. The Slavonic press, strange as it may appear to the majority, is all powerful. The *Moscow Gazette*, edited by Katkoff, is a newspaper which may be described as the mightiest in the world, because it is almighty or nearly almighty in one great empire, and this through the dominion of Katkoff. This paper asserts that no free press in the world, except the Russian, enjoys a freedom so personal to itself or to its great editor. In constitutional countries, it declares, the whole press is enslaved by Party. The *Moscow Gazette* knows no party, for Russia knows none that is worthy or unworthy of the name. It succeeds in doing what it pleases in Russian home affairs, and though its foreign sentiments do not prevail, it is at any rate allowed to utter them. The political tone of Russia is decidedly Conservative; at the same time the one great strength of the Empire consists in its being absolutely devoid of parties. Russians nearly all agree in a large number of general views, which are almost peculiar to their land. Even the Nihilists are at one with the majority on the point, for instance, of ridiculing parliamentary government.

Russia, no doubt, is growing in power. She has by far the largest army in the world, and with a complete mobilisation of her forces has upon paper a complement of four, ultimately to be increased to six, millions of men. Her artillery is more numerous than that of France and Germany combined, certainly more numerous than that of Germany and Austria. With moderate prudence the resources of Russia cannot but increase. She is from many points of view a young country, and Siberia, territorially considered, is almost another United States. The acquisition of Bulgaria is another step in the path of Russian aggrandisement, which was probably fostered by Great Britain's action at the Constantinople Conference: Lord Salisbury saved Prince Alexander, and from that moment it became certain that Russia would ultimately dethrone him. He was dethroned accordingly, but mere dethronement was not sufficient to restore Russian prestige in Bulgaria, and further steps were necessary. Prince Alexander had done nothing against the Czar of late, nothing at any rate that has been proved. He had even been unduly submissive; but he had been independent, and Bulgarian independence, whether in tongue, religion, or in the sphere of foreign affairs, is intolerable to Russian patriots, and it must be admitted that the outrage to Europe of the Kaulbars mission, added to the circumstances of Prince Alexander's deposition, is tremendous and irretrievable. It is a death-blow to the smaller States, and the proclamation, or consecration, of the doctrine that Might in the affairs of nations makes Right. The Russian press now openly proclaims Bulgaria as virtually a province of Russia; its concerns are a matter of internal policy with which the Powers have nothing to do, and resistance to the orders from St. Petersburg is the same thing in Bulgaria as in Poland.

The feeling in Russia may be strong against England, but it is nothing like so strong as the popular feeling against Germany. As regards the military situation between the countries, the dangers are both exaggerated