

the holiday season six or seven weeks in advance, and sold very well. The day after Christmas the sale increased. Three days after, it sold so well it was out of print. The faithful foreman went to work and pulled a second edition, which sold too.

In the middle of the run on the third edition, the Editor, who had been told by his gentle Fate in a checked apron about the success of the paper, sat up in bed, and in the presence of his physician and his nurse cut with a trembling hand the leaves of his own Christmas Number. Happy moment! Blissful consciousness! He looked at little until he came to the story. And then he looked, and looked, and looked, and LOOKED—until the physician and the Fate thought they would have to strap him down till he grew calm again.

He read it—of course he read it through in a flash, and then he read it again. Then he read it backwards, or seemed to do so. Then he sank back upon his pillows, exhausted—and no wonder. For the story he had been reading was identical in plot and situation with the story he had sent up to the composing-room, but stripped of its Russian colour, innocent of a serf, or an oven, or a sled, or a samovar. In short, there was absolutely nothing Russian about it. And yet the story was the same—what there was of it outside the local colour, which wasn't much, as the Editor had at time of acceptance gingerly admitted to his heart's recesses. And the curious point was that for every Russian name, person, article, implement, palace, peasant, gridiron, pan, stove and church, had been substituted a French equivalent. The story was therefore no longer Russian, but French. And yet it was the same story.

The Editor, wild with curiosity and anger, sent immediately for the faithful foreman, who came from the office in great good temper, and expecting a warm Christmas welcome from his superior officer. To his surprise the Fate in the apron showed him coldly into a dressing-room, where the Editor lay, convalescent but furious, on a lounge. The unfortunate Christmas Number lay beside him, with his pills—itsself the bitterest of all.

"I demand to know what this means," said he to his visitor, indicating the tampered story.

"I never heard of such audacity! The point of the thing was, that I supposed I had secured an original story, written by some Russian who knew English, or—or—some Englishman who knew Russian; it did not matter which. The MS. must have been tampered with—tampered with, I repeat."

The foreman, who really knew nothing about the matter, said so.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "the author, who got his proofs, made the alterations, you mean. Although—I positively remember nothing of the sort. It was a very neat, delicate manuscript and came back almost untouched. No. The author had nothing to do with it. What is it you complain of? The story has made the number, I can tell you."

"Why, I complain of this," said the Editor, still half doubting his assistant, "that I sent you up a Russian story, Russian to the life, just the thing, modern, extravagant and realistic, and now this is a French story; French, just as the other was Russian. I can't understand it, and I can't explain it, but I expect to meet somebody who can," shouted the Editor, forgetting his convalescence.

"Are the stories alike?" said the foreman.

"Identical," groaned the Editor. "That is the curious part of it. It's some trick; I know it's a trick."

"It can't have been meddled with by any of our men," said the foreman, "for in that case I should have noticed the alterations. I didn't look at it when you sent it up to me, for I rarely do, but just handed it over to Brown. Brown is all square, I know. I remember only one thing about it at all, either then or afterwards, when it came back from the author, and that was, it was so delicately written in violet ink, with so few lines on a page. I thought then it must have been written by a lady."

"Violet ink!" shouted the Editor again. "Black ink, you mean. And a large, bold hand, too—four words to a line—say, a dozen lines to a page—what are you talking about? Black ink, Molson, black ink, I say."

The foreman, Molson, looked disturbed.

"I should be sorry to differ from you, sir, but I am positive it was violet ink."

At this juncture the trained nurse appeared at the door with some person's card.

"I told the young man you were engaged, sir, but he seemed so anxious to see you, and I thought perhaps as you had one visitor already—"

"Another wouldn't matter! Let me see the card."

The Editor gazed upon a name, new to him in full, but known to him through its initial letters, and finely written in violet ink.

"Show him up," said he, sternly. "Now, Molson, attend. Here comes the author, and I hope this business will soon be cleared up."

The author entered. An ordinary, bank-clerk sort of looking young man, quite natural, at ease and smiling. The Editor scowled at him.

"Good-morning," he began. "You are Mr. —? Sorry to see you looking so ill. I—ah—came to thank you in person for printing my story. But why did you take the old one?"

"The old one?" repeated the Editor.

"Yes, after the French method. I put a footnote in pencil which I suppose you didn't see—you didn't, did you?"

"No," gulped the Editor, "I didn't."

"A footnote in pencil to say that you were not to bother with the writing on the back of the manuscript—being another story in fact, rejected half-a-dozen times, but to examine the Russian one. After all you preferred the French?"

The Editor glanced at Molson. "Yes, I preferred the French."

"Well, it is singular, but since the story has taken it no longer matters. I am very methodical. I have reduced authorship and the art of writing short stories to a science. I know what is wanted in the market. That story—originally French in style—got a trifle old fashioned, being sent back so often. I just re-wrote it, changing the local colour and so on. You observed?"

"I observed," said the Editor. "You are indeed a very talented person. In future, please to send me one story at a time."

The author departed.

"I suppose, sir," said Molson diffidently, "the manuscript got twisted upside-down, as it were—the story in the violet ink uppermost, and the right one underneath?"

"I suppose so," returned the Editor.

## ART NOTES.

A VALUABLE picture of a peasant by Adrian Brauwer has been stolen from the National Gallery at Dresden; a reward of one thousand marks is being offered for its recovery.

JULES DUPRE, one of the best landscape painters of France, died on the 7th inst. at Paris. His work possessed many qualities resembling Constable, and was thought by many worthy to be placed with Rousseau at the head of French landscape.

COMPLAINT is made that the Art and Crafts Exhibition, founded to bring Art to the homes of the people, contains nothing but costly things. Not a rug, carpet, chair, box, jug or tumbler is within the reach of people of ordinary means, and meanwhile the competition of trade is producing ever more artistic forms of art furniture and decoration, which are low enough in price if people have the taste to select the best.

A CLEVER and versatile artist, Carlo Pellegrini, who is widely known by political portraits drawn for *Vanity Fair*, died last January in great poverty and was buried by subscription in the Roman Catholic cemetery at Kensal Green. Mr. Louis Fagan is now collecting money to erect a small stone to mark his grave.

THE Recreation Committee of the Ontario Society of Artists has prepared a programme for the winter season which provides for a series of entertainments both instructive and amusing. Essays, lectures, chalk talks, and a Sketch Club will be included in the arrangements.

THE national association for the advancement of art and its application to industry, which is known in England as the Art Congress, commenced its second annual meeting in Edinburgh, beginning on Sunday last with a special sermon by Prof. Flint in St. Giles' Cathedral, and on Monday the Marquis of Lorne delivered his address as president of the association. In this congress painting is represented by Briton Rivière; architecture by Dr. R. R. Anderson, and Applied Art by Wm. Morris. Section five deals with museums for the people and national and municipal encouragement to art.

IN the October *Portfolio*, P. G. Hamerton in one of his ably written papers deals with the change that is taking place, more especially in France, in the matter of composition and choice of subject. After defending modern art from the charge of carelessness and want of thought in regard to its teaching and elevating power over the mind, and claiming that a very simple or ordinary subject may be treated with thoughtfulness and a delicate subtle art of composition which, he says, is the labour of invention; still he complains that modern art in France often shows some fragment of nature taken just as it occurs—as if it had been accidentally photographed with no attempt at selection and no style. Art should truly apply itself to clever execution and careful imitation, but not devote itself to producing studies on a large scale instead of pictures. The Dutch art of Ostade and Teniers, though largely imitative, still refined and elevated its subject-matter from mere transcripts into pictures.

TEMPLAR.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MADAME SCHUMANN has reached her seventy-first year! Congratulations to the great composer's widow and to the great pianist flow in from all quarters.

A RISING English composer is Madame Marie Moody, who nevertheless prefixes German titles to her works. Novello, Ewer & Co. have recently published two overtures from her gifted pen.

DR. MACKENZIE's new piece brought out at the Leeds Festival, which closed Oct. 12th, is entitled "Pibroch" and is unusually striking, brilliant and impressive. Needless to say, it reflects the Scotch predilections of its author.

ANDREW LANG considers music to be the foe of three things, conversation, study, and sleep. The *Musical Times* hints that Mr. Lang's constitution is over sensitive and advises him to deaden it by a course of practice on a hand-organ.

An official contradiction has been given to the report that Frau Cosima Wagner had received a *tantième* of 52,-

000 francs out of the receipts of this year's Bayreuth Festspiele. Neither Wagner himself nor his family have, it is added, ever derived any pecuniary benefit from these representations, while some of the leading artists engaged therein have likewise given their services gratuitously.

LOUIS C. ELSON, the well-known musical critic, gave one of his delightful lectures at the New England Conservatory on Thursday afternoon in Sleeper Hall. His subject was "The History of Music in Boston." The happy facilities of speech, the almost inexhaustible fund of knowledge, and the fluent diction for which Mr. Elson is distinguished, were never more conspicuous than in this lecture.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, whose first appearance in public as pianist fifty years ago is to be celebrated next month at St. Petersburg, will, it is stated, himself once more preside at the pianoforte on this occasion. After that, the famous artist intends taking his final leave from the public, in his capacity of a virtuoso, at a grand concert to be given at Moscow, the town whence he first started upon his brilliant artistic career. The jubilee celebrations at St. Petersburg will include the first performance, at the Imperial Opera, of Rubinstein's latest operatic work, entitled "Gorusha."

WHAT Mr. Nikisch says about Wagner is eminently sensible, though it may be a disappointment to the true, hysterical disciples of the "Master": "With regard to Wagner, I don't think that his operas should be performed in concert. For perfect representation they demand the dramatic adjuncts of the stage. I make exception to five or six of his overtures, such as the overture to 'Die Meistersinger,' which, by the way, is to be the opening number on my first programme, the 'Götterdämmerung' overture and the Vorspiel to 'Tristan und Isolde'."

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE, in presiding at the annual meeting of the Exeter Oratorio Society, declared himself a thorough Tory on one point,—music. He thought that the old traditions and the old classical models of music were the best they could have. He could as little understand some of the music put before them in the present day as he could understand Hebrew or Sanscrit. Music was to his mind the clothing and adorning of melody in the magnificent complicated harmonies of created sound, and he could as little understand music without melody as he could understand poetry without prosody, or prose composition without grammar.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE's paper upon "Speech and Song" in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review* has provoked a good deal of comment. It contains a great deal of sound sense delivered in plain and unvarnished diction. Sir Morell was answered in the subsequent number of the magazine by Mr. Lennox Browne, who would appear to pin his faith upon the scientific as firmly as Sir Morell does upon the natural. Above all things we are to taboo the physiological singing-master, and teachers are requested—this of course by Sir Morell—to train their pupils according to the traditions of the golden age of song before the laryngoscope was invented.

A PAPER signed A. S. in the October *Macmillan's* upon Verdi's *Otello* contains some excellent writing on the intrinsic nature of the musical drama. The statement that operatic composers have in all ages suffered from bad libretti is not made in *Macmillan's* for the first time, but it is a truth we cannot hear too often. Wagner's efforts at original dramatic writing are considered in the light of splendid failures, and the delicacy and strength of Boito's adaptation of Shakespeare's tragedy reveal the composer of "Mefistofele" in a modest and pleasant light, while the work as a whole ranks deservedly very high. The author of the article in question rightly considers the veteran Verdi as one of the greatest writers for the voice the world has ever seen, and concludes by apostrophizing "Otello" as the nearest realization of the ideal of musical drama that has yet been attained in our age and as fairly representing our modern equivalent of the Athenian declamatory tragedy.

"HOODS AND FALSEHOODS" is the taking title of a sensible paper in the *Musical Times* for October. "The outside world," says the writer, "has a traditional respect for those who are empowered by authority to affix certain letters to their names. The knowledge of this fact inspires a feeling in the minds of those among musicians who think that their position would be improved by passing an examination entitling them to employ some alphabetical assortment by way of extra title. There are several literary societies, with or without a charter whose names have a literal, but not necessarily a literary, significance. They are obtained without examinations, but by the payment of money only. Of course these distinctions are, in a double sense, very imposing—and much more of the same kind. The initial paper is also connected with this subject, being entitled "Musical Examinations," and altogether the *Musical Times* is proving itself thoroughly sound in a question not a little complicated and vexatious.

It will not do for any of THE WEEK's readers to display ignorance of the latest literary or rather dramatic genius now resplendent in Europe. The sketch of the author of "The Doll's House" is taken from the new and exceedingly interesting paper, *The Transatlantic*: Henrik Ibsen, as characterized by Walter Frewen Lord, in the *Nineteenth Century*, is a solitary man. For twenty-five years he has lived in self-imposed exile from his native country. No land calls him master; no household calls him its head. In his wanderings over Europe he goes into no society, and in his many temporary abodes