

RACHEL WEEPING.

The occupation of Madame Rachel, the notorious painter, varnisher, plasterer and general decorator of female humanity, is gone, for she has in vain attempted to procure a re-hearing of her cause. Her effects are now advertised for sale, and the mysteries of her house in Maddox Street have already been thrown open to the public. If the articles which she formerly enumerated in her "Trade List," are sold at auction for only a tenth of the price once demanded for them, an enormous sum of money will be realized. "Royal Bridal Bath Soap, at £18 per dozen cakes," will be outrageously dear at as many shillings, and the "Souvenirs de Mariage, at 100 guineas," will be largely remunerative at the figure of £5. It would puzzle Mr. Leeming himself to fix a reserve-price for some of the Bond Street wares. At what sum, for instance, would he start "the Royal Arabian Toilet of Beauty, as arranged by Madame Rachel for the Sultana of Turkey, from 100 to 1,000 guineas," or even a bottle of "the water which distils sparingly in the form of dew from a magnetic rock in the interior of the Sahara, which is brought to Morocco on swift dromedaries, and the sole right of importing which, at an enormous outlay, has been purchased by Madame Rachel?"

The "London correspondent" of the *Herald* states that "there are numerous works of art dispersed through the house, and an extensive collection of articles of *virtu*, many of them being presentations from Madame Rachel's "distinguished patronesses." The Cynic is pleased to hear that there is some *virtu* in the house, for, judging from the exposure, at Mrs. Levison's trial, of "the transaction of love-letter business," and "the shop, where gentlemen dropped in for a chat," he had inferred,—perhaps erroneously,—that there was considerably more *vice* than *virtue* connected with the establishment.

A DUEL, AND ITS AWFUL ENDING.

The Castle stands on a mountain's height,
Robed in the mist of a murky cloud;
The vale with lightnings at times is bright,
The clashing of murderous steel is loud!

Two brothers grimly are struggling there,
Struggling there with unnatural hate;
But what hath tempted them thus to dare
In ghastly duel a bloody fate?

The Countess Laura hath flashing eyes
That lit the flame of the brothers' ire;
Those two are fighting to win one prize,
Both consumed by the same desire.

Oh! say, which knight is the one preferred,
Of whom shall Laura become the bride?
She fears the rivals—she speaks no word—
Leap from the scabbard,—O! Sword, decide.

They slash each other with frenzied might,
They splash, knee-deep, in a crimson pool;
But—this is all you shall know of the fight,
For, Reader dear, you're an April fool!

April 1, 1869.

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DIOGENES has seen a huge report (he intends to read it some day) of certain honorable, reverend and "servent" speeches, delivered on Tuesday night, at the Mechanics' Hall,—presumably in aid of the Dominion Publishing interest. DIOGENES sincerely hopes every speaker under-

stood his subject, but he has grave doubts. There can be no question that, however injurious to British interests, the "compromise of 1849," which was intended to put a stop to the demoralising practice of smuggling, has resulted in an immense impetus being given to the cause of popular education in Canada, and DIOGENES would be sorry to see it disturbed, except at the express desire of the representatives of those interests. So far as is known, the British publisher is dead against the conferring of proprietary rights on the Canadian publisher and the author has no option, (even if he has the wish,) but to follow suit. What surprises DIOGENES is that cheap editions of expensive English books are not produced by English publishers for the Canadian market, it being notorious that books can be printed very much more cheaply in England than in the States or even in Canada. The following sensible letter in the *Witness* of Tuesday, to some extent, lifts the haze that has been industriously thrown over the Copyright Question. This letter has not yet been answered:—

SIR,—From remarks contained in Saturday's issue of the *Daily News* on the Copy-right Law (and no doubt thrown out to prejudice the public mind in favour of its peculiar views), preparatory to the public meeting called for to-morrow night, one would suppose we were hurrying back to the golden days of Dick Turpin, or, seriously, to a new state of things when the seller is no longer to be a party to a bargain.

In it they ask the same privilege for the Canadian publisher, dishonestly enjoyed by the foreigner. It must be borne in mind that the Home Government has no control over the action of foreigners, and if by said action the British authors are wronged, it is no reason why they should be still further wronged by our Canadian publishers. Of course, the writer of the above article in the *Daily News*, says they are willing to give 12½ per cent. for the privilege of re-printing. I, however, consider this a matter for the owner of said copy-right to negotiate,—not with the Home Government; you might as well, by Act of Parliament, fix the rate of labor instead of allowing it to regulate itself by the ordinary courts of supply and demand. From the large sums expended in the old country in getting up first class literature, I think it would be a great hardship to compel the home publishers (whether they see fit or not) to allow others to reap the benefit of their enterprise.

I cannot see how native talent is to be benefitted by this measure; the fact is it will be the reverse. Publishers here will not risk the outlay of from five to ten years' labor on a work that has to establish its claim, when by the payment of 12½ per cent. he can have his choice from the whole roll of English copy-rights. The very fact of their asking leave to reprint British copyrights by payment of the 12½ per cent., shows their faith in native talent is not strong, and the sole object of this movement is a good investment.

As to the number of men likely to be employed in the Dominion if this measure is carried, a sad miscalculation has been made. It is well known that all first-class literature is stereotyped (which can be done much cheaper at home, pecuniarily, diminishing the amount of labor. I can confidently state that not hundreds, far less thousands, could supply the literature required in the Dominion, as these stamped plates would in all likelihood, be imported from the old country.

Trusting these few remarks will place the matter in its true light.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

MONTREAL, March 28th, 1869.

JUSTICE.

PERMISSIVE PIRACY.

"We don't ask Great Britain to *permit* us to *pirate* the brain-labour of Imperial authorship. The American publisher does *pirate* without *permission*."—*Speech of Rev. R. Irvine on the Copyright Question.*

At first sight DIOGENES was rather impressed with the rhetorical symmetry of the foregoing sentence, but a second reading convinces him that the ideas are somewhat confused. The Cynic's own "Webster" defines a "pirate" as "any robber, particularly a bookseller who steals a copyright." (Vide Bohn's London Edition, 1858.) DIOGENES would respectfully suggest to the Rev. Mr. Irvine, who has probably not yet recovered from his Virgilian abstractions, that robbery is not a permissive offence, and that to rob Her Majesty of the "brain-labour of Imperial authorship" would probably amount to little short of high treason. The Americans don't ask permission—they simply take "French leave."