

## ANGLO-CANADIAN COPYRIGHT ACT.

ANGLO-CANADIAN copyright is not a subject which has received great attention in this country. The fact is noteworthy, because agitation on the question has proceeded in Canada so far as to assume the form of an Act, which having passed the two Houses of the Dominion Parliament only awaits the Royal Assent to become law. Believing that it is therefore quite time for the matter to be taken into earnest consideration in this country, the *Musical Times* devotes a long article to the matter, in which strong objection is taken to the proposed enactment. In the first place, it is stated that the English Copyright Act of 1842, which is still the fountain-head of British law on the subject, applies to Canada and to all other English Possessions, just as it applies to the United Kingdom. The anomaly which formerly existed in the fact that, while works first published in the United Kingdom were protected everywhere within British dominions, works first published in a Colony were only protected in that Colony, provided it had, as in the case of Canada, passed a law for that purpose, has been abolished with and since the Act passed in 1886 confirming the provisions of the Berne Convention. Canada upon all copyright questions—with one exception, which is in favour of Canada—is in exactly the same position as if the Colony were geographically a portion of England. The only distinction that now exists between the law of the two countries is that Canada may import foreign reprints of British copyright works, which cannot be admitted into the United Kingdom. The law which is now proposed by the Dominion Parliament is therefore objected to, on the ground that it is in the first place unnecessary, the markets of the whole world being at present open equally to Canadians as to Englishmen on the same terms. Secondly, it is contended that the measure will be prejudicial to the interests of British authors and publishers. The Act proposes to grant a Canadian copyright to Canadians, British subjects, and those foreign countries which are entitled to the benefits of the Berne Convention, only on condition that the work is registered in Canada before or simultaneously with its publication elsewhere, and that it is reprinted and republished in Canada within one month of the date of its production elsewhere. The Bill provides that any one domiciled in Canada having failed or neglected to take advantage of its provisions may obtain a licence to publish or produce the work for which copyright, but for such neglect or failure, might have been obtained; also, that a licence shall be granted to any applicant agreeing to pay the author or his legal representatives a royalty of 10 per cent. on the retail price of each copy or reproduction of the work which is the subject of the license. That this Act must be resisted to the utmost is made plain by merely glancing at these provisions. There are a multitude of other points to which objection is reasonably taken by our contemporary. The Act appears to be drafted with the ultimate view of altogether abolishing the Anglo-Canadian copyright. This can of course be met, should the measure be assented to, by retaliatory legislation for this country. But it must not be overlooked that those countries which took part in the Berne Convention of 1886 have an important voice in the matter, which is practically an international question, and before the present Canadian Bill receives the Royal Assent, Germany, Belgium, Spain, France, Hayti, Italy, the Republic of Liberia, Switzerland, and Tunis, are all entitled to be heard.—*Liverpool Courier*.

## THE SONG OF THE UNSOLD.

THERE are Red Stars all around it,  
On the works of other men;  
But there isn't one has found it,  
Though 'tis only two pounds ten.  
Right and left they still go flying,  
Till I frequently remark:  
"It's as if they had been trying  
For my picture, in the dark."

Right and left the Red Stars cluster;  
And a pleasant tale they tell,  
With their warm and cheery lustre  
To the men whose pictures sell.  
And one's prospects might be clearer—  
But it always was the way—  
And I see the Stars grow nearer,  
They will hit—some other day.

—May Kendall, in *Longman's Magazine*.

## AMERICAN ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

WHEN Verestchagin was in New York last winter he offended the followers of the French and German schools by asking them why they did not paint America. They replied that there was nothing in America to paint, that even American scenery is crude and unpicturesque, and as to American character, to depict it as it is would be to caricature humanity. In art parlance they demanded a background, and an atmosphere, and they professed to find neither in this country. In consequence the pictures that are exhibited at the Paris Exhibition as the work of American artists are devoid of national colour or flavour, as our admirable Paris letter pointed out the other day. A reader of a recent number of *Harper's Magazine* will see excellent reproductions of the paintings of Parsons, Whistler, Reinhart, Abbey, and a dozen more American artists, but is there any indication that they are citizens of this country in their work? Mr. Whistler paints portraits of English and French women, or bits of interior of an old

English manor, or a young man with a powdered wig dancing with an eighteenth century marquise; Mr. Abbey, a Surrey nook or meadow; Mr. Reinhart, a man drowned on the quays of the Seine. Other artists picture the Ganges; there is not one who has condescended to the Mississippi. "I would have given up my luncheon," says Mr. William Clarke of the *New England Review*, "for some few pictures that would have transported me to the mountains, or transported me to the Adirondacks on an autumn morning, but for such effects I looked in vain." He saw instead the temples of India, the bazars of Cairo, the interiors of Morocco, mere copies of French pictures. And it is interesting to note that Mr. Clarke also found that the only painting by which a crowd lingered in the American section was that of John Brown as he was led out to his execution, kissing the negro child. When we recall the romantic events of our history, its variety of life and scenery, its picturesque types of character, from the Cape Cod fisherman to the Creole belle, we begin to wish for a despotic government that will control the education of our art students and compel them to paint what they see and know, and ought to glory in making history on canvas. If they cannot get technique in this country, let them know less of execution and more of natural life. When we have our own schools and our own masters, technique will be soon enough acquired, and the American school and American artists will take a position that they have never hitherto enjoyed. If the pupils in our present art schools rebelled we should instruct our good citizens, Parsons, Abbey, Broughton, Whistler, Duveneck, Reinhart, and any others, who have made themselves famous abroad, to return home and found a national school of our own. The reason American artists depreciate the capacities of their own country is because they do not know it. Let them travel from Lake George to New Orleans, from Cape May to the Pacific Ocean, and if their range of vision is not enlarged, and their ambition quickened, then modern art lacks the elements of patriotism, and if this is the case, ought to be stifled, not cultivated.—*Hartford Courant*.

## A CALIFORNIA SUNSET.

A VIVID gleam of crimson light  
Athwart a yellow sky;  
A wide-spread reach of poppy fields  
That deep in slumber lie.

Fair cloudships, pink and amber-hued,  
At anchor in the west;  
A bird low-flying o'er the grass  
That holds a hidden nest.

A further light upon the hills,  
A topaz-tinted sea,  
The tinkling of a mandolin  
Beneath an orange tree.

The mountain-cañons dark with shade,  
The sea-sand gray and lone,  
From southern palm to northern pine  
A goodnight kiss is blown.

Daylight is o'er; the sails are furled,  
The sheep are in the fold,  
The night has come, and with it, dreams  
Of argonauts and gold.

—Clarence Urmy in *Overland Monthly*.

## JEWELS AND TALISMANS OF THE SHAH.

MORE priceless in the eyes of the superstitious Persian than the incomparable jewels stored in the Royal Palace at Teheran are the 200 talismans possessed by the Shah. Some of these belong to the Crown Treasury, and are part of the spiritual attributes handed down to the "Lord of Lords." There is the amber cube, believed to have fallen from heaven, a special gift of Allah to his prophet Mahomet, which makes its owner invulnerable. The Shah always wears this talisman round his neck. There is the jewelled star, worn by Roostum, which has the virtue of forcing conspirators at once to confess their crimes. Most marvellous of all is the cachet studded with emeralds, which confers invisibility on its possessor so long as he remains a celibate and resists the temptation of feminine wiles. The Shah's strong box is a small room 20 feet by 14 feet, reached by a steep stair. In it are heaped gems, the splendour of which is equalled only by the jewels described in the "Arabian Nights." The crown, shaped like a flower-pot, is topped by an uncut ruby large as a hen's egg. A peerless emerald, of the size of a walnut, on the flawless surface of which are the names of the monarchs who have possessed it, is only less precious than the great pearl worth £60,000. The turquoises are the most perfect of the native gems. The Shah possesses the finest in the world, an incomparable stone, three or four inches long. In varied shades of blue, the turquoises lie heaped in the Royal Treasury. Those of darker tint are the most precious. The paler stones are found in alluvial deposits. The Greeks in the days of Darius described the golden armour of the king and his generals, studded with blue stones from the mines of Nishapoor. The beautiful native gem is specially protected, the Shah inspecting all turquoises before they can be sold. Necklaces and rings of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires lie piled on trays; aigrettes, belts, gauntlets are spread upon the carpet of the treasure room. The Kaianian belt, about a foot deep, is a radiant mass of pearls, diamonds, emeralds and rubies. One or two jewelled scabbards are reported to be worth a quarter

of a million each. On the great festival of the year, the No-Roos, or opening of the new year, which takes place at the spring equinox, the crown jewels are brought out and placed in the Audience Chamber, where stands the celebrated peacock throne, brought by Nadir Shah from Delhi, worth at the lowest computation three millions sterling. The silk carpet placed at the foot of the throne is embroidered with diamonds and pearls. The ceremonies of the No-Roos culminate in the day when the sun passes the line. The Shah resplendent with jewels, the great officials of the realm covered with gems, gathered around him according to rank, assemble in the Audience Chamber as the hour for the sun's passage draws near. The chief of the Khagars, followed by slaves carrying trays loaded with coins, presents each courtier with some money, a form of wishing good luck to him in his transactions during the coming year. Salvos of fruit and of the gold and silver coins of Persia are laid before the Shah. The King of Kings burns incense in a brazier until the sound of cannon and blare of trumpets announce that the sun has crossed the equator. The Shah then presses to his forehead, his lips and bosom a copy of the Koran, and wishes happiness to all present. After an invocation, pronounced by one of the Mollahs, each person present kneels before the Shah, who presents to each a gift of coin.—*The Queen*.

## CONTENTMENT.

BY AN IRISH M. P.

With Apologies to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

LITTLE I ask. My wants are few.  
I only wish a cell of wood.  
A plainly panelled oak will do,  
With nothing very good  
In furniture—an easy chair,  
A table, couch, and secretaire.

Plain food is quite enough for me;  
Four courses are as good as ten;  
Soup, fish, joints, sweets don't disagree  
With martyred Irishmen.  
I crave for no expensive wine,  
Content on whiskey cold to pine.

No holidays do I desire,  
Except the usual summer break:  
When winter comes I'll stir my fire  
And plot for Ireland's sake;  
Or leaders write, or new books read,  
When no friend calls the hours to speed.

Thus martyred, let me do my time,  
'Neath Balfour's harsh despotic rule;  
And show the world a sight sublime—  
A patriot who is not a fool.  
Unless these scant demands are met,  
I'll leave the business in a pet.

—J. F. B. in *St. James's Gazette*.

## FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

It does not follow that because some women, or even many women, favour female suffrage, women should have the right of voting. There are some things, perhaps some causes, whose weakness is their strength, but they are such as appeal wholly to the tender and sentimental side of humanity. Charity, the care and protection of children and invalids and other helpless beings, the deference rendered in the highest state of civilization to the female sex, all these are instances of concessions made by conscious strength to weakness; but no such consideration is proper when a matter like the right of suffrage is under discussion. The extension of the ballot is purely a business proposition, and one of the strongest arguments against extending this privilege to women is that a majority of women do not want it. We cannot be mistaken in this, for it is conclusively demonstrated by the fact that the majority of women have not asked for it, the corollary to this proposition being that in certain definite localities, where a majority of the women have asked—or demanded, if the term be preferred—that they be allowed to vote, they have obtained the ballot. One good reason, then, why women should not be allowed to vote is that they are not united on the proposition. Perhaps it might be admitted, at least for the purpose of argument, that were they so united they would be abundantly strong to get what they wanted; but since they are not, the negative testimony must go against the extension of the suffrage to women. But, assuming that a majority of women should demand the right to vote, and that the question could be considered purely in the abstract, what should be the ultimate decision? Should women, on general principles, be allowed to vote or not? Is the right of suffrage an inherent and inalienable right of humanity, or is it something which has been fashioned by men for their own use, and in which women have not and should not have any share or part? To put it in a little different form, are women, as a rule, fitted to govern a nation or a state, and to carry on and administer public affairs as well as men do, and that is badly enough, as we are willing to admit? There is but one answer to this question, and it must be in the negative. There are a few notable exceptions in the history of the world—Semiramis, Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth of England, possibly Maria Theresa of Austria—but, all told, they are not numerous enough to detract from the force of the general declaration that women are not as capable of ruling as men. The reason is, to begin with, a physical one. Much as we may talk of