

thers at the Count's funeral was edifying and touching. They could not join in the mass for grief. The tomb *en plus* was confided to the care and zeal of Don Carlos, the Spanish Pretender and universal heir to the property of the Comte de Chambord and his wife, but Don Carlos pocketed the money of the head of the Bourbons, and the Franciscan Brothers have become fat with the income left them by the poor King *in partibus*.

A pilgrimage made by Legitimists to the tomb of the last Bourbon of the elder branch is thus described:—

"Ding dong," they rang, "ding dong." The holy men were enjoying their siesta; they did not disturb themselves. At last an oily-faced lay-brother opened the heavy doors, much vexed to have this trouble. At the demand, "Where is the august tomb?" he appeared transfixed, then grumblingly taking a large key led the way to a small door. The Legitimists looked at one another stupefied; and well they might, for they had to grope their way with caution, the path being wide enough, but encumbered with stones, having been made into a sort of magazine for cabbages, onions, potatoes and other kitchen garden produce.

In the meantime some of the lazy monks had awaked from their siesta, and the gentlemen protested against the shameful state of negligence shown to the remains of him who while in life had been so grandiose in all his ways. But whose fault is it? Chambord has only got what he deserves. He had placed his hopes on a parcel of lazy monks, who had eaten up all his money and left him to lie at rest among onions!

It was one of Captain Swosser's maxims, you may remember, that if you have only to make pitch hot, you cannot make it too hot; or if you have but to swab a plank, you should swab it as if Davy Jones were behind you. On this principle, therefore, we cannot but admire the thorough-paced manner in which Mr. Owen Murphy has submitted himself to the interviewer in New York. His audacity, his coolness and his callous candour are beyond conception. He is a *fin de siècle* product, living at present in a gorgeous flat on Madison Avenue.

### SONNET.

YEAR after year I see the trees unfold  
Their baby leaves to the maturing sun;  
Then tender birth of blossoms, one by one,  
From parent stems that still their nurture hold;  
Later the tall green corn takes on its gold,  
Crown'd with the glory of a purpose done;  
And last, the sands of beauty being run,  
All things decline into the common mould.  
Age after age whirls on the appointed round  
Of mortal destiny; old thoughts take bloom;  
And new minds battle in the time-worn strife,  
Death's winter nips before the task is crown'd,  
And, soon or late, within oblivion's tomb  
Men fall like leaves from God's great tree of life.

SAREPTA.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE CANADIAN COPYRIGHT ACT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I observe in your last issue of THE WEEK that you resume the discussion of the disallowed Canadian Copyright Act, and, in doing so, you remark: "While under the operation of the British law American authors or publishers may obtain copyright in Great Britain without any condition as to place or mode of publication, the British author or publisher, and, of course, the Canadian, can obtain copyright in the United States only on condition of having deposited in the library of Congress two copies of the work which he seeks to protect, which copies must be printed from type set in the United States, or from plates made therefrom, or from negatives or drawings on stone made within the limits of the United States, or from transfers therefrom. The Canadian Copyright Act, which the British Government has hitherto declined to sanction, imposes a condition substantially similar upon the British or foreign author wishing to obtain copyright in Canada." It does not seem to occur to Canadians that the author's right of property in the product of his brain, of his time, study, labour and often considerable pecuniary outlay, is a matter of any importance. It is practically treated as a mere question between English and Canadian printers and publishers, as though the "Idyls of the King" and the "Descent of Man," Bryce's "American Commonwealth" or Arnold's "Light of the World" were the mere work of the compositor and the printer's devil.

American publishers, after systematically flourishing on the stolen property of British authors, and printing and selling pirated editions of every popular English work, in utter contempt of the rights or the wishes of the authors, have at length been shamed into the grudging concession of a paltry, a wretchedly meagre instalment of the honest recognition of an author's rights; and, as you truly say, the Canadian Copyright Act "imposes conditions substantially similar."

The simple fact is, that the rights of an author in the work that he has produced by honest labour, study and whatever exceptional ability he possesses, have the same

legal recognition in every part of the British Empire as those of any other producer. If an English manufacturer makes a web of cloth, the Canadian who steals it is amenable to law; and even the American, by extradition treaties, discountenanced such theft. But, if an English author manufactures a saleable book, the American has hitherto unblushingly protected the piratical appropriator and shared in the fruits of his dishonesty. Is that any reason that the Canadian shall also be allowed with impunity to rob the British author?

An honest Canadian Copyright Act will place the author's rights foremost. The fact that he has disposed of the copyright for the British market is no reason why he may not negotiate with the Canadian printer and publisher for its issue here. Native Canadian authors are as yet few; but they are growing in number, and we may hope for a more intelligent and honest recognition of the author's interest being supreme in the right of property in the creations of his mind, and the products of his pen. It is a small return to ask of the civilized world for all the pleasure and the profit it owes to its historians, poets, biographers, scientific discoverers, novelists and other authors, that it shall protect them in the same right to an honest payment for the fruits of their labour, as it extends to the manufacturer of dry-goods or hardware, to the sugar refiner, the brewer, the farmer or tailor.

Possibly if the Canadian publisher has to pay the author a share in the profits of his works, the price to the Canadian purchaser may be higher. No doubt if my Canadian tailor or shoemaker were legally protected in the stealing of his cloth or leather he could afford to give me my coat or boots at a lower rate. But the code of public morals recognizes that when a manufacturer, by dint of considerable labour and outlay, transforms the raw cotton or wool into good cloth, he has a legal right to be protected as the owner of the product. It is a tangible article of specific weight and size. But when the author expends time, research, ability and the fruits of long training in the production of a book, the moment it gets into print it is assumed to be the mere production of the type-setter, and the property of anybody—outside of the little island where his rights have legal recognition and protection—who may find it for his interest to reprint it on shabby paper in double column and paper cover, and so rob the author of any chance of a share in the profit of his own works.

It is creditable to Great Britain that she has never yielded to the temptation to retaliate on the American author, and deny him any right of property in his works. We shall do well and wisely if we follow the honourable example of the Mother Country, whose authors have a much stronger claim on us. If they are provoked to insist on retaliation against Canadian authors, Canadian literature is just reaching the stage when its effect might prove most adverse. It will be in the true interest of the Dominion if we are compelled to reconsider the basis on which a Canadian Copyright Act should be framed. In doing so such bodies as the Royal Society, the Canadian Institute and the Universities should be consulted, as well as the booksellers, printers and publishers. The result may be the adoption of a measure framed on broad principles of justice and honour—principles that pay better in the long run than those of a mere narrow selfishness.

DANIEL WILSON.

Toronto, Nov. 21, 1891.

#### A BETTER SYSTEM OF NOMINATING CANDIDATES FOR ELECTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Some of the Toronto dailies are lifting up their editorial voices against the influence of wire-pullers in elections, particularly in the method of bringing out candidates; and urging upon the people the necessity of adopting some different system in their own defence. The thing desiderated is a practical plan which will secure the unbiassed and independent expression of the will of the people, and which will make it impossible for the free exercise of that will to be thwarted by self-constituted political managers, or by cliques, or caucuses, or so-called conventions. I beg to submit the following plan: That two months before holding an election written nominations of candidates should be called for from voters of the electoral division by the proper official through the newspapers; that there should be a first, second and third nomination, authenticated and sent in, in the following manner: 1. Any ten voters who may agree upon a candidate to sign a nomination paper (in a form to be prescribed) naming such their candidate. A printed form of statutory declaration should be prepared containing the particulars set out in the present voter's oath of qualification, and in addition an acknowledgment that the deponent had signed the nomination paper annexed. The declaration might include the whole ten nominations, or there might be a separate one for each. This declaration should be taken before a notary public who should certify it under his hand and official seal, and transmit it under seal to the proper official, who should on a day to be appointed, with proper assistance, count and make a list of the names and addresses of the candidates so nominated, and announce the result by publication in the newspapers; at the same time giving notice that up to a certain day withdrawals of candidates may be sent in; and appointing a day up to which the secondary nominations may be sent in.

2. Out of the list of candidates remaining after withdrawals, electors are to make nominations and send in papers authenticated as in the first case—any ten electors naming a candidate; and a list should be made up and published as before, showing the names still before the public.

3. Out of this second list the electors are to be invited to send in nomination papers as before.

This would be a refining process by which in an electorate of, say, 15,000 voters, you would have probably the names of fifteen candidates on the third, or last, list. Then, out of these, the clerk or other proper official should be required to take the three names having the greatest number of nomination papers in their favour, dropping the other names, if any, and to place those three before the public, through the newspapers, as the candidates for the office to be filled, whether that of mayor or a member of Parliament. Having thus secured a fair and unbiassed nomination, the election by ballot could be proceeded with as at present. Legislation would, of course, be necessary before the above system could be put into operation; and may I express the hope, Mr. Editor, that through the columns of THE WEEK it may meet the eye of some of our representatives in Parliament who will take such an interest in the general weal as to introduce some such amendment to the existing machinery for nominating candidates.

November, 1891.

A. H.

#### LORD COLERIDGE ON MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A BUST of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, by Mr. Bruce Joy, the sculptor of the Bright statue recently erected at Manchester, was unveiled by Lord Coleridge on Saturday in the Baptistery of Westminster Abbey. Before the ceremony a large number of the friends and admirers of the man filled to overflowing the Jerusalem Chamber, among them being many members of the Arnold family.

Lord Coleridge said: "I hope no one will think, because I have yielded to a request which I could not without discourtesy refuse, that I suppose myself equal to appreciating the genius or properly delineating the character of Matthew Arnold. It is because of the difficulty of the task, and from my earnest desire not to say one word that shall be hasty or unbecoming, that I follow the example of a great man, Mr. Lowell, who read in the Chapter-house of Westminster what he had to say when he unveiled the bust of Coleridge in Westminster Abbey. I have, indeed, already tried to say in print what I felt about my honoured friend; but I cannot suppose that any of you have read it, or, if you have, that you remember it; and yet to say it over again would be to one man at least very dull and dreary work. Yet if I say nothing new, what I say shall, I hope, at least be true, and if it is not, as it cannot be worthy of his genius, it may at least bear witness to the depth and sincerity of the affection with which he inspired his friends. We may revive with the dews of love the fading flowers of memory and twine them into a wreath for hope to wear. In the year 1829 or 1830, I am not sure which, a bright little fellow was put upon a table in a room full of people at Laleham, and recited with intelligence and effect Mr. Burke's magnificent description of Hyder Ali's ferocious desolation of the Carnatic; in the year 1888 that bright boy, not one whit less bright, scarcely one whit less youthful, for the sixty years which had rolled away, was laid to sleep in Laleham Churchyard, almost within earshot of the room, which still remains, and which one who was there can never think of except as illuminated with that bright figure, that sunny face. Of him more than of most men it was true, as Dryden says, that men are but children of a larger growth, or, as Wordsworth puts it still more profoundly, the child is father of the man. His was above all things a consistent life—what he was at school, what he was at college, and till the last moment of his life; the loyal son grew naturally into the loving father, the affections of his youth strengthened and deepened into the husband's steadfast love; the clever, original, perhaps wayward, student and scholar became with no external change the penetrating, delicate, strong, yet subtle, critic, the refined, the pathetic, the philosophic, the great poet. Enough has been said elsewhere of his uneventful yet most interesting life; of the gradual fashion in which he overcame the sneers, the prejudices, the flippant judgments of men whose words have long since ceased to influence, if they ever influenced, the opinion of men of cultivated, reflecting, independent minds, who think for themselves, and who determine in the last resort and without appeal the permanent place of an author in the goodly fellowship of his equals or superiors. It is, perhaps, too soon in the case of Matthew Arnold for a private man to speak with confidence as to his final and conclusive judgment. Criticisms upon him, which to my apprehension are altogether beside the mark, have appeared in publications of some temporary authority, but which have no lasting effect upon an author's fame. Lord Jeffrey did his best to crush Wordsworth; he injured for a time the sale of his poems, but he has not affected his fame in the slightest degree—he has only manifested his own hopeless incompetence. The *Quarterly Review*—I may guess, but I have no right to name, the author—attacked with brutal insolence the dying Keats and the youthful Tennyson. The *Quarterly Reviewer* is forgotten; but what Englishman questions the greatness of Tennyson or Keats? In Arnold's case much that has been said will be soon forgotten; that he will be soon forgotten everyone even