

flags flying from every mast, but instead of trimming those sails a little, and tacking in true sailor fashion, he bore on against the wind and went down in mid sea. In a smaller way, it was the same thing with the government of Mr. Mackenzie, in 1878. There was no earthly reason why that government should have foundered, if it had bent to the people's will, in a slight rise of the tariff. Neither with Mr. Mackenzie nor Mr. Cleveland would there have been any truckling or sacrifice of principle. In democracies, the popular voice, when not revolutionary, is sovereign, and it is wise statesmanship to know when to yield, and how to use it to the best advantage.

A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

During the memorable debates that went before and followed the historic event of Confederation, the late D'Arcy McGee made use of these words:—

"I see in the not remote distance one great nationality bound, like the shield of Achilles, by the blue rim of ocean. I see it quartered into many communities, each disposing of its internal affairs, but all bound together by free institutions, free intercourse and free commerce. I see within the round of that shield the peaks of the western mountains, and the crests of the eastern waves, the winding Assiniboine, the five-fold lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Saguenay, the St. John and the Basin of Minas. By all these flowing waters, in all the valleys they fertilize, in all the cities they visit in their courses, I see a generation of industrious, contented, moral men, free in name and in fact—men capable of maintaining in peace and in war a constitution worthy of such a people."

With the soul of a patriot, the eye of a poet, and the voice of an orator, the gifted Irishman—himself one of the Fathers of Confederation—proclaimed a fair and glorious vision which has become literally true within less than twenty years after that he lay in death under the cold April moon—a loss to his own countrymen and his adopted country which has never been repaired. Poor D'Arcy! When he uttered these words the four old Provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario—had only just clasped hands. Since then the union has spread from sea to sea, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia coming forward, with the vast intervening space joining all together, as a seventh province and four new territories. The very union of the provinces was a masterpiece of statesmanship, but this was followed up and strengthened by two strokes of policy that to future generations will read like romance. The first was the purchase of the Hudson's Bay Territory, whereby the Dominion a little more than halved the North American continent with the United States—the area of the latter, inclusive of Alaska, being 3,603,844 square miles, and the area of Canada, exclusive of Newfoundland, 3,610,257. The second was the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway in exactly half the time agreed on—which is the greatest feat of engineering on record. The contract was signed on the 9th April, 1881, and the work was to be completed in 1891. In 1886 a train timed from Halifax started from Montreal and steamed straight to Vancouver, touching station to station on schedule time, and since then the service has been as regular as clockwork. In

1891 the Pacific road will be looked upon as an ancient affair.

And still we are only beginning the pursuit of our destiny. We have all the material required; it is the spirit now that we have to foster. That spirit must be as broad as our prairies; as high as our blue skies; as strong as the buttresses of our Rocky Mountains. We have exceptional difficulties to contend against—the difference of race, creed and tongue, for one thing, and the narrow jealousies of provincialism for another. But the proofs are not wanting that the people will be equal to their opportunities, and that they appreciate the advantages of their native land sufficiently to unite as one man for its maintenance against all internal dissensions and all inroads from abroad. The dream of D'Arcy McGee was a beautiful one, and it has been fulfilled. The prospect that spreads before ourselves is still more magnificent, and God bless our common country.

COPYRIGHT IN CANADA.

Copyright Acts were passed in Canada in 1841, 1847, 1868 and 1875, the last repealing all the others, and it is with that we have now to do. The first principle underlying it is that of reciprocity, granting other nations the same privilege which they impart to Canada. In the United States the law requires citizenship or residence, and refuses international copyright. A second principle of the Canadian Act is that the book protected shall be printed and published in Canada. The stereotype plates may be imported, but they must be put into the press in Canada.

There are, however, several special clauses in the Act which, according to Mr. S. E. Dawson, in the excellent lecture which we are summarizing, deserve mention. In the first place the Act does not demand prior publication, but an author, at any time, may print and copyright his book in Canada. Hence unauthorized editions may not be printed or imported, although the copies imported may be sold. The original author's edition can always be imported, to prevent Canadian publishers from issuing a cheap and inferior edition. In the second place the Act allows interim copyright, the object of which is to prevent the importation of a book which is going through the press in Canada. Of course there must be registration in the *Canada Gazette*. Thirdly, the Act provides for temporary copyright, which is meant to cover serial works, in various shapes. The title and a summary must be officially registered. The need of a Canadian Act is that the Imperial Act is drawn up in the sole interest of the British publisher.

The object of our Act is to confer local copyright, through local publication, because, by publishing here, the Canadian writer loses British copyright. Under its protection many British works have been reprinted in Canada with the author's consent, and the United States editions of these books have been excluded. But Canadian publishers have not been satisfied, and after obtaining a couple of important concessions—on two decisions of the Vice-Chancellor, in the case of *Smiles vs. Belford*, which were never appealed—they prevailed upon the Government, in 1872, to grant them a further measure of relief, by empowering them to reprint English copyrights without the consent of the author, on payment, through the Government, of a royalty to the

author of 12½ per cent. on the wholesale price. The Act was reserved and did not become law. In 1870 the Canadian Government forwarded a minute laying down this principle: "The important point at issue, and one in which the views of the London publishers, and of the people both of Canada and of the United States, are irreconcilable, is, that the former insists upon the extension of copyright without local publication, and to this the latter will never consent."

It is quite clear from a perusal of Mr. Dawson's pamphlet, out of which we have gathered points only *passim*, that the subject of copyright is not as properly understood as it should be. On the fundamental question of whether an author's right over his work after publication is founded on natural law or not, although Mr. Dawson is repeatedly positive that it is not, the views of the greatest jurists of England, for the last hundred years, are about evenly balanced, while the fact of governments having assumed to control this property by statute, or "privilege," as it is politely called, is no proof that they were right except in so far as they regulated the term of copyright. Those who hold to the right of writers to their publications by the law of nature, are not so silly as to insist upon perpetuity of right, notwithstanding what some specialists may have said. But that initial question is practically of slight importance. In our day, there are few authors who are not in a position to make terms with publishers beforehand, so as to preclude the exclusive handling of the profits of a work by the latter. We trust that any draught of a bill to be set before Parliament at the next session, may, in substance, be given to the papers beforehand, in order that all interested parties may thoroughly take in its bearings.

THE MAID OF THE WEST.

On a rock by the sea sat a Western maid,
Around her the breezes of beauty had play'd;
The soft summer lightning, the roses might dip
In the blue of her eye,—the red of her lip.

When shadows are closing and clouds gather o'er,
A knight pricketh light on the sands of the shore.
"In a Western wild to be wedded were bliss!"
He pluck'd from his helmet the fair *Fleur de Lys*.

The maiden she simper'd,—right gallant, I trow,
The heart of the chieftain that kneel'd to her now;
And brave be the soldier and true be the lance
That pointeth a foe to the lily of France.

Who rideth the skirt of the forest hard by?
With bearing so noble, defiant and high;
Alone, a knight errant, no pageant attends,
He neareth, and low to the saddle-bow bends.

O lady! the lisping thou lovest to hear,
How sweet from the voice of a gay cavalier.
"Sweet lady! I wager thou deemest with me
The Rose of old England far fairer would be."

For flourish of trumpet, a frown to a frown,
The lances are lifted, the visors are down;
The steed, how he rusheth to stirrup and rein,
Unhors'd, but unconquered, they're down to the plain.

In a Western wild to be wedded were bliss,
She bends o'er the dying—now this, this, and this,
Three kisses hath planted the maid of the West
On the flow'r of flow'rs, the flow'r she loves best.

Quebec.

J. M. Foy.

We are pleased to be able to publish this tribute of the Earl of Southesk to our young poet, Arthur Weir: * * * "A work of more than common interest and beauty. In saying this I do not use mere words of compliment. Inequalities doubtless exist, some of the poems are less attractive than their fellows, here and there a polishing touch might be serviceable—but with these reservations I can venture to declare that one seldom meets with a volume of that scope and character in which there is so much to admire and so little to blame. You have not turned out first specimens of those cast-iron pieces of chill perfection, which, monthly, weekly, daily, blight one's soul in every book, or magazine, or newspaper. You have given us true poems by a true poet, one loving nature, and endowed with the rare sense of rhythm and melody."