

Government, to the Canadian citizens, on the same terms as to her own citizens, and in exchange for this Great Britain gave the use of St. Lawrence River and other valuable concessions. But the American Government, for its own purposes, compares the privileges granted by treaty on the national canals with the privileges only recommended to be granted by treaty, and in order to compel Canada to grant the privileges recommended she withdraws the privileges actually conveyed by her Government by the treaty. The United States breaks the treaty in withdrawing the privileges granted on the Sault canal, for which they received *quid pro quo* by the treaty, while Canada disregards a statute law, not a treaty, in withholding privileges, the *quid pro quo* for which were never given by the United States. That is the difference between Canada's position and the position of the United States, and it is a great one.

WE mean a sincere compliment to the *Witness* when we say that such a plea in its columns surprises us. Let us study it for a moment. In the first place, it seems to imply that had the Treaty been between the United States and Canada, the discrimination *would* have been a violation of it on our part. That traverses the Government's position. Again, is it true that "Canada had no more and no less to do with the Treaty than any one of the States separately?" Did New York, or any other State, have a special representative on the board of diplomats who framed it? Can it be denied that the Treaty was framed, so far as Great Britain was concerned, solely in the interests of Canada? Did not the participation of Canada's Premier in the preparation of the Treaty, and its subsequent ratification by the Dominion Parliament, to all intents and purposes bind Canada to its observance? Again. Is not the *Witness* astray in saying that "the United States Government never recommended the States to open their canals to Canadians and the States never did so"? Did not President Grant specially request the State of New York to open its canals to Canadians, and did not the State, so far as she is concerned, do so? Once more. Is it not the fact that what prevents Canadian vessels from using the canals of New York State is not any refusal or objection on the part of the State, but the customs law or regulation of the Washington Government, which compels the foreign vessel entering any canal to discharge cargo at the first American port of entry? If the *Witness* is disposed to blame the United States Government for having thus, by the enforcement of a customs regulation, rendered the Treaty utterly worthless to Canadians so far as the State canals are concerned, so are we, in the strongest terms at our command. If the fact be as we have intimated, and as we have always understood and still believe it to be, it would be hard to conceive of a more unfair, not to say contemptible, evasion of the spirit of a solemn compact. We do not believe in the principle of retaliation, else we should be disposed to ask why did not our Government enact and enforce a similar law in respect to our canals. This would have rendered them useless to Americans, and would have been a genuine "tit for tat." Even that would have been far less unworthy of our country, it seems to us, than either to attempt to justify ourselves in an unfair discrimination at the expense of Great Britain, who made the best treaty she could in our interests and trusted us to carry it out, or to take refuge behind the technical plea, which looks suspiciously like a subterfuge, that the discrimination complained of disregards only a Canadian statute, not a British treaty. Finally, how can it be said that the United States received, in return for giving Canadians the use of her national canals, a "*quid pro quo*" by the Treaty, when, according to the argument, Great Britain, having no canal of her own, could not possibly guarantee anything in return by Treaty, but could only undertake to recommend Canada to open her canals by a statute, which she might afterwards deem honoured in the breach? Has not Canada the same right of control of the St. Lawrence which she has of other portions of Canadian territory? And if not, of what value would the right to navigate the St. Lawrence be, without the St. Lawrence Canals?

TERRIBLE are the penalties of violated sanitary laws, as St. Petersburg, Hamburg, and other European cities now suffering from the Cholera scourge, are learning. That the innocent are involved with the guilty in the direful suffering but adds to the horrors of such a visitation. There can be little doubt, we suppose, that Russia, *i.e.*, the Russian Government, is to a large extent responsible, not only for the suffering and death of thousands of her own citizens, but for those of the people of Hamburg and other cities which mercifully afforded a refuge to the

wretched victims of Russian intolerance and cruelty. The uncleanly and in other respects unsanitary modes of life which may have comparative impunity so long as those using them are scattered over rural districts, become swift messengers of misery and death when these are crowded together for a little in the dens and alleys of the worst locality of some great city. The spectacle now presented of almost every city and country on the sea-coast of Europe and America engaged in a desperate struggle to ward off the disease from their citizens, is one which, whether completely successful or not, should not soon be forgotten. The need for vigilance will not be past when the coming frosts shall have removed the immediate cause of dread. With the coming of spring the danger will be probably even greater than now, for two causes. In the first place, the disease germs will have the whole summer season in which to develop, and in the second place there will be great danger that the authorities, national or civic, may in some places relax their vigilance, and involve the whole country in a common calamity. Nothing more strikingly illustrates the alarming extent to which, in these days of abounding travel and commercial intercourse, the well-being of every place and race is becoming involved in and identified with that of every other. The result must inevitably be that in the future each nation cannot be left free as in the past to manage its own peoples and institutions and work out its own destiny without interference by others. If, for instance, it be universally believed that Russia by her unfeeling banishment of her Jewish subjects has scattered disease and death broadcast over Europe and America, a very serious question will arise, or ought to arise, as to the extent to which the other great nations can, in self-defence, permit her to continue such a policy in the future. Must not the time be near when the great Powers will have to establish a system of mutual surveillance, so far at least as sanitary matters are concerned. The day for an international health bureau cannot be far off.

WHERE is the English-speaking man or woman whose heart has not at some time responded to the pure and elevating sentiments embodied in the simple verses of the Quaker poet of America, and who has not been thereby consciously made better, at least for the moment? To all such the news that the venerable poet had at last crossed the river, on whose brink he had been so long waiting with the patience of resignation and hope, brought sadness without shock. Though he might not aspire to a place among the select few in the very highest places, Whittier was a true poet, and his history affords yet another illustration of the truth which much quotation has made so familiar in the Horatian epigram, that the poet is born, not made. Few situations less adapted, apparently, for the cultivation of the poetic faculty than those in which he passed his childhood and youth, can be imagined. The hill in the rear of his father's farm-house in Massachusetts, and the mountain peaks visible in the distance from its summit, may have rendered the locality to some extent a "fit nurse for a poetic child," but there must have been very little in the environment of a laborious life on a debt-cumbered farm, in a neighbourhood where the only educational facilities were those afforded by a district school kept open for but three months of the twelve, either to stimulate the imagination or to develop the poetic taste and temperament. The naive statement in the brief sketch of his life written by the poet himself, to the effect that he "now and then heard of a book of biography, or travel, and walked miles to borrow it," reveals very suggestively the peculiar stuff of which the young farm lad was made. Whittier's Quaker training, his innate love of peace, and his modest shrinking from publicity, do not suggest the type of man from which sturdy social reformers and champions of the oppressed usually come. They serve in this case rather as foils to set forth more strikingly the intensity of the love of freedom and sympathy with suffering which gave him so prominent a place among the heroes of abolition. There was something very suggestive in the retort which a young soldier is said to have once made in reply to a companion who taunted him with being afraid, as they were about to join in an assault: "If," said he, you were half as much afraid as I am, you would run away." On the same principle we can readily believe that it must have required an unusually strong impulse, whether from sympathy or conviction of duty, to nerve one of Whittier's temperament to brave the angry and cruel mobs which more than once threatened to wreak their vengeance upon him for his abolition poems and sentiments. All this relates mainly to the man. This is not the place in

which to attempt to determine his place as a poet. Whether posterity shall assign him a niche among the immortals or not, he will live long in the hearts of all those who love the true, the beautiful and the good, embodied in simple and graceful verse.

BROWNING has, we fear, much to answer for, though dead. What spirit of mysticism, if not his, is entering into some of our most promising young poets, and converting their effusions into metrical rhapsodies, which poets and other men of genius alone can understand? Surely there must be some of our readers to whom we may appeal for sympathy. In common with other loyal Canadians we have felt and still feel a legitimate pride in the success with which so many of our gifted young men and women have courted the muses during the last few years. We like to take up a leading American journal or magazine and find the place of honour in the Poet's Corner assigned to one or another of our young Canadian bards. But of late our pleasure is sometimes sadly marred by a consciousness of sheer inability to accompany the songsters, or even to keep within measurable distance of them, in their adventurous flights. Yes, the fault, or rather the misfortune, is our own; of course it is. We are not denying that. The poet has done his part when he has written the poem. He cannot be expected to furnish either the brains or the keen poetic insight which are needful to the appreciation of his loftier effusions. His eye, in its fine frenzy rolling, must be expected to descry many beautiful things in heaven and earth and in the mind of man which are hidden from the uninspired, and cannot be revealed to them. But while this may be true of poetry on what may be called its mystic side, are we altogether presumptuous in expecting to find in it also an intellectual side, from which it may be studied and in a measure understood, even by the common-place, matter-of-fact mortal who may be willing to give it a fair amount of patient study? Or are these modern priests of the Muses constrained, while filled with the divine afflatus, to "hate and keep at a distance the uninitiated crowd," and commissioned to speak things beyond the capacity of all but the favoured few? Such questions as these have been again and again forced upon us of late as we have wrestled with the beautiful words of some fugitive poem or sonnet, in a vain effort to form some clear conception of the meaning. The confession may not exalt us, but we confess to a hope that some at least of our readers have had similar experiences, for if they have not we are, in the expressive slang of the day, "giving ourselves away" in a most childlike fashion. Perhaps we cannot better test the question than by quoting almost at random—there are nine in the same style—a couple of stanzas from a poem by Bliss Carman, who, as every reader knows, has written many admirable things, which appears in the *New York Independent*, of the 1st inst. Our previous chagrin and despondency culminated, we frankly confess, in utter despair, after we had struggled a little while with these and connected stanzas. *What do the italicised words and phrases mean?*

MARJORY DARROW.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

Marjory Darrow was twenty year,
With the perfect cheek of cream and tan,
With the earth-brown eyes and the corn-gold hair,
When the thrushes' song began.

*Clear, clear,
Dawn in the dew.
Dawn in the silver dew!
Reap, reap,
Gold in the dawn,
Clear. . . .*

Marjory Darrow's brows were cool.
While the blue martins preened and purred
About their doorways in the sun,
She mused upon the world.

*Sphere, sphere,
Sphere of the dawn,
Sphere of the dawn in the dew,
Leap, leap!
Fold in the dew, sphere,
Spherical, sphere!*

A NUMBER of influential journals in the United States are advocating "compulsory arbitration" as a means of securing the prompt settlement of the perpetually recurring labour strikes, and thus preventing the disastrous interruptions of travel and business traffic, and the serious danger to life and property, involved in prolonged contests between employers and employed. To this pro-