

## PROTECTION, FROM A SCOTCH STUDENT'S POINT OF VIEW.

As I occasionally see the CANADIAN SPECTATOR through the kindness of a friend, I have noticed in your issues references to the present belief in "Protection" which rules in the Dominion. I neither can nor do believe in it, but this inability may be due to congenital stupidity or defective education. One thing, at all events, must be said, my opinion has not been formed from self-interest. I am not in trade myself, nor have I any near relative engaged therein. It may be amusing, if not interesting, to your readers to learn the reasons I have for my opinion.

So far as I can learn, protective legislation is urged on the various governments of the world mainly on two grounds. Either they are to tax imports in order to deprive foreign traders of their exorbitant profits. This was one of the plans which was urged in the United States when high "ad valorem" duties were put on British goods during the civil war: "It would make the British pay," it was said, "for the war they fostered." Or, again, legislation was urged to protect and to foster native industries; this is the most common argument. Let us look at them successively.

First, then, let us take up Protection as a weapon by which to deprive foreign traders of their profits. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that protection used for this end is an elaborate attempt of a nation "to cut off its nose to spite its face." For the sake of illustration, let us regard the matter as parochial and not as imperial. Brown, Jones, Robinson and Smith are all inhabitants of one county. Jones and Smith are both millers. Smith is a purse-proud fellow and not a bit likeable, but he has a good mill and splendid water-power—in fact, the best in the county. Railway and waterway are, besides, both in his favour. Jones, again, is an amiable, hard-working fellow, but has no water-power to speak of; his mill is an old-world concern that is liable to go out of gear at any moment. In order to put that right he has set up a steam engine, but as he is separated by miles of bad road from the nearest railway station or wharf, coals are fearfully expensive to him. The result of the whole is that he must charge the double of Smith's prices if he is to live. But Brown and Robinson hate Smith, and determine to ruin him by means of elevating Jones. To carry out this scheme, not only are they willing to pay double price to Jones, but actually get the county to hire pickets to waylay any one who would carry grain to Smith to be milled, and compel him either to go to Jones or pay to the county all the difference in price between Smith's prices and those of Jones, with as much more as would balance the inconvenience of going to Jones. Would any pair of sane men in the world attempt such a project? or if they should, would they find it possible to bring over the most muddle-headed country in Christendom into their way of thinking? Yet that is protection when used for vindictive purposes.

The idea of fostering native industries by means of protection looks much better than this which we have considered—at least at a distance. But in the main it is liable to all the objections of the former, and is just as absurd. It is just Brown and Robinson fostering Jones's trade. Jones, in such a case as we have told of above, would only secure, after all his own trouble and that of his friends, some ten per cent. of the difference of price. To take an easy number to calculate, we shall say that Smith can pay himself handsomely by charging ten cents per bushel, but that poor Jones can only live by charging twenty. Of these twenty cents only one comes into Jones's pocket. This, however, is not all that each of these benevolently-ground bushels costs the county. What with the expense of conveying the grain to his out-of-the-way corner, and the pay of the pickets (with due pensions for those that have been injured or grown old in the service), every bushel milled with Jones costs in reality thirty cents. Wouldn't it be far cheaper to present Jones with his one cent per bushel and save the other nineteen cents? Though the question might be asked, what claim has Jones to the one cent, which would seem to be a reward for the stupidity of setting up a mill where it would not pay.

Of course there are fine things said of the way these fostered industries will flourish in some future times. But all these prophecies will be fulfilled totally apart from all this coddling and protection. Whenever an industry will pay better in Canada than in Manchester it will be set up in Canada and abandoned in Manchester. Of course there might be some little time elapse before the margin of profit was seen to be secure enough to risk capital on extensive works, but, thanks to commercial enterprise, that would not be long. That minute and problematic loss might be saved fifty years hence by paying in protective duties fifty times the amount in taxes between then and now, is queer financing, to say the least of it. Astronomers tell us that the poles of the earth are shifting, and that the North Pole is making for some place in eastern Siberia. When it reaches its southernmost limit the equator will pass through Canada. It will only be a matter of some hundred million years. Might it not be well to encourage the growth of sugar canes and coconut palms, and thus earn the gratitude of those far distant descendants for saving them from an exhausting competition with the planters of Cuba and St. Thomas?

These views of protection are those which first present themselves to

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## OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

No. VI.

"With deep affection  
And recollection  
I often think of Chaleur Bay;  
Whose river wild, would,  
In age or childhood,  
Cast round men's fancies its magic sway."

—Archie Pell (after Father Prout).

After leaving Mr. Dan Fraser's comfortable hostelry, the tourist crosses the River Restigouche, which constitutes the boundary between Quebec and New Brunswick, and generally proceeds to Campbellton by the Intercolonial Railway. The railway bridge, which is about a quarter of a mile from the Metapedia station, is the only one which crosses the Restigouche. It is a handsome structure built on the pin-connection-truss plan, and consists of five spans of about 200 feet in length; the piers and abutments are very massive, the cutwaters being of granite, in order to resist the floating ice which impinges with formidable force on them. The bridge is on a skew of forty-five degrees in consequence of the sudden change in the direction of the railway, caused by the Restigouche and the Metapedia at their confluence flowing nearly at right angles the one to the other. When it is considered that the Metapedia drains an area of 1,700 square miles, and the Restigouche with its tributaries an area of 5,200 square miles, it is not to be wondered that at the end of winter after a sudden thaw and the melting of the snow in the uplands that the water in the main stream rises from fifteen to twenty feet, when the current becomes very turbulent, and does not subside much before the end of June—about the time to begin salmon and trout fishing. Instead of going by rail I should recommend the tourist to go to Campbellton either by the river in a canoe or boat, or in a carriage by road on the New Brunswick side, in order to enjoy the beautiful scenery *en route*, which rivals that of the Thousand Isles between Brockville and Lake Ontario, with this advantage, that the mountains to the left on the Canadian side rise to heights varying from 1,000 to 1,745 feet above the sea at the distance of only two or three miles from the shore. On the right or New Brunswick side the wooden hills or ridges are much lower, although still of considerable elevation, the highest point being the "Sugar Loaf," 950 feet, at the foot of which is the village of Campbellton, where the navigation for shipping begins. Though prettily situated, yet for want of proper hotel accommodation and pleasure boats the tourist avoids Campbellton as a summer resort. On the opposite or Canadian side is "Indian" or "Cross" Point, where the Micmac or Siroquoix Indians, an off-shoot of the Algonquins, have a settlement. They number only about eighty-six families. Their picturesque wigwams are substituted by rectangular wooden cabanes, twenty feet square, and now instead of hunting the moose and the cariboo, and spearing the salmon, and leading a wandering and exciting life, as lords of the soil and masters of the country, they are settled down to the cultivation of potatoes on the small tracts of land attached to each cabane, and to the building of birch bark canoes, basket making, &c., &c.; and instead of fighting, and signing treaties of peace, and being led by some noble brave, their temporal as well as their spiritual concerns are confided to the care of a R. C. priest, to whom they are much attached—and deservedly so. Whether those *Micmacs* are descended from the Scotch Highlanders or not, the "Chronicles" are silent; yet there is an affinity between their language and the Celtic—which was, some say, "contemporaneous with the infancy of mankind," or in other words, it was spoken in the Garden of Eden—which may reasonably be doubted, as there were no thistles therein prior to the "perpetual banishment." The majority of the Indians in the neighbourhood speak the English language tolerably well, and are thoroughly reliable as navigators or guides through the intricate passages of the river.

About fifty years ago Bishop Plessis confided the spiritual charge of these Restigouche Micmacs to the Rev. Father Faucher, an energetic and loyal missionary, who doubtless instilled into their minds the text "Fear God and honour the king," for one of the great chiefs of the tribe, revelling in the name of Peter Basket, visited Our Gracious Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert the Good in 1850, and returned to his home loaded with presents.

Hereabouts, near to Indian or Cross Point, Jacques Cartier is said to have planted the cross 345 years ago, and although the mouth of the Restigouche is not held in the same veneration as the mouth of the Saguenay, yet it must possess an amount of interest for every lover of his adopted country. Here, as on the bleak, rocky shores of the Saguenay, Peace has followed the symbol of Christianity, and in proof that the "wild aborigines of the forest" have been transformed—their scalping knives and tomahawks translated into scythes and pruning hooks—the Chief, Polycarpe, resides in the centre of the settlement amidst grassy fields; flocks of sheep graze in front of his cottage, the avenue to which is adorned with a double row of ornamental trees.

*Polycarpe*, what a name for an Indian chief! It carries one back in imagination to the fathers of the early Church, whose words, while they were living, were like battle-cries against idolatry in all its senses, and which, though the tongues be dumb, yet they speak now with oracular power. As Polycarp