

front by Protection; other countries have practically "acknowledged the corn" to their advantage, and lastly, but not least, Young Canada rejoices under a protective tariff.

I think it is clear that if other countries had not protected their manufactures that Great Britain, on account of her peculiar situation, would be doing a good deal of their manufacturing for them to her advantage and to their loss. Now that I have given examples (which could be multiplied) of countries that have benefited by vigorous Protection, I ask Mr. Sutherland to offset these by a single example, either ancient or modern, in which a country has been able to compete under a Free Trade policy with other countries, equally gifted by nature, but which protected themselves. What would Mr. Sutherland think of the plan of allowing a child to grow up just as nature directed, instead of studying its disposition, respecting and cultivating its tastes, and, in a word, measuring its capabilities, with the view of educating and training it for its future career, and that it might be able to successfully compete with those who have had such advantages?

Of course it would be folly for a small country, such as Canada now is, to adopt a protective policy if other countries with the same natural advantages were to freely throw their markets open, because trade would be thereby diverted from her as long as these other countries could furnish food and other raw material to over-populated countries like Great Britain, and we have not population enough to consume the products so bountifully furnished by nature. I must also allow that immediate but temporary benefits would accrue to certain people by tearing down the wall of Protection so carefully erected around the country, but I think the country would, as a whole, suffer, for the advantages arising would not offset the disadvantages and loss sustained.

Another point—What is the use of teaching the sciences and arts in our schools if the hand of Protection does not afford liberal opportunities whereby they may be practically applied in, and for the benefit of, our own country?

But now let us see what the principle of Protection has actually done for Canada as it is embodied in the N. P., but I wish it to be understood that my remarks are to take only a general view of the subject, as I do not propose dipping into dry and never-ending details and statistics. The N. P., then, as I understand it, is based upon the facts that Canada is a young and growing country with great natural resources to be developed, vast territories to be settled, an ambitious and energetic race of people to be furnished with suitable and varied employments, and to be educated, trained and cultivated in keeping with the great future before them, and upon this broad and solid foundation is constructed the framework of the National Policy, which is somewhat as follows: That home manufactures should be encouraged; a desirable class of foreigners induced to settle in the country; our people properly educated; profitable trade relations with foreign countries established, and a consistent loyalty to the Mother Country maintained. That this policy and the means for bringing it into practical operation have been fairly successful, and would be more successful if duly regarded, I think I am prepared to show. For if anyone doubts it, let him consider the numerous branches of foreign manufactures and wholesale houses that have been compelled to settle in this country; behold the marvellous growth of many of our cities and towns; see the backbone that has been constructed from Halifax to Vancouver; think of our well-fed, well-clothed, and comparatively well-educated people, and witness the internal commerce of the colony.

Now, sir, I think our great trouble here with regard to this issue is the extreme and selfish partisanship manifested. It is the root of most of our political evil. The N. P. is the voice of the country expressed over and over again; it has come to stay; then let us, as a people, honour it. There are some people who seem to get hold of an idea and cling to it with the regardless tenacity of a bulldog, and when the consequences result, which they themselves have helped to bring about, they exclaim "ah, ha! ah, ha! I told you so!" Listen to them jeering at the result of our last census-taking. How can the boat make good progress with a large minority pulling against the majority, who are trying to row in an opposite direction?

If the Government tree needs pruning, as it certainly does from time to time, let the people prune it that it may bring forth better fruit. It pays better to prune an old and reliable tree rather than spend time and money in trying to grow a new tree whose fruit would be, to say the least, doubtful. I have no personal interest in trying to maintain a duty on foreign goods coming into Canada. I am open to conviction, but, unless some one is able and willing to show me that I am mistaken, I am bound to the conclusion that the views I hold are sound.

C. H. CHURCH.

Merrickville, Ont., Nov. 9, 1891.

P.S.—Dr. Church, of Merrickville, is not the author of these letters, as has been stated by several papers that copied my first article.

C. H. C.

THE common problem—yours, mine—everyone's—  
Is not to fancy what were fair in life,  
Provided it could be, but, finding first  
What may be, then find how to make it fair.

—Robert Browning.

## SANCTIFIED SOLITUDE.

A LONELY walk across a sun-bronzed wold,  
Among sparse bushes of gold blooming furz;  
Upon the wind the sound of Ocean's surge,  
In which the voice of Sadness chants a dirge;  
White-feathered sea-fowl wheeling round the spurs  
Of jutting cliffs, precipitously bold.  
Aslant the bald and rugged foreland crags,  
A flash of sun-light, brightening their cold dun;  
Seaward, a million-fathom stretch of blue,  
Profound, as if the warder of a clue  
To all of Nature's secrets, who would shun  
Approaching Science, that so ruthless drags  
Internal things to daylight, thus to find  
The knowledge in them hidden from mankind.

Reclining on the cliffs, to dream and gaze  
In endless space, through sunset's glimmered shade;  
To feel the pulsings of Infinity  
O'erwhelm the soul with awful mystery,  
And—nothing hampered with a world of trade—  
Emerge, enfranchised from chaotic maze  
Of thought, and rise with Intuition's wings  
To grand conceptions of the Universe,  
Of its Creator and His kind intent,  
The end of suffering—for what good 'twas meant,  
Man's destiny, the better and the worse  
Of him, his circumstances, and all things;  
Then, in a reverie, to homeward move,  
Convinced of that sweet truth that "God is Love."

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

## THE INSCRIPTIONS OF THE YENISEI.\*

THE Archaeological Society of Finland, with commendable enterprise, has taken upon itself the task of thoroughly exploring what may be called almost an unwrought mine of scientific treasure. This lies not within the area of Finland itself, rich as that country is in its traditions of the aboriginal Kalewala, which served Longfellow as the model of his "Hiawatha," in its records and relics of ancient political and commercial relations with the Scandinavians, in its traces of lost magical arts, and in its extensive prehistoric remains; the Society, seeking for the material of more definite history than all these can afford, sent its expeditions far afield into the great land of Siberia. At least three expeditions have been undertaken in charge of Mr. Aspelin, the State archaeologist, and the results of two of these are set forth in the work here referred to. One naturally asks, what archaeological finds of special import pertain to that Asiatic Canada, with the general features of which readers have been made familiar through the writings of Erman and Malte Brun, of Atkinson and Kennan? Siberia, and, in particular, the large region watered by the Yenisei and its affluents, was once the seat of a northern civilization, attested by innumerable sepulchral mounds, which the wandering tribes, during many centuries, have robbed of the implements and ornaments in bronze, silver and gold, in jade and precious stones that were buried with the long-forgotten dead. Atkinson has portrayed the larger tumuli and the gigantic megalithic monuments of the country. Russian explorers have found in it a seat of religion, witnessed by hewn stones engraved with Buddhist emblems, and by exhumed images of the Light of Asia. But more important than all of these are the carved stones bearing upon their faces and sides lines of unmistakable written characters, genuine records of the past, of lesser antiquity indeed than the lats of India, the cuneiform inscriptions of western Asia and the hieroglyphics of Egypt, but worthy of a place beside them in the story of the world's history. It was the naturalist, Messerschmidt, sent on a journey of exploration by that volcanic upheaver of old world barbarism, Peter the Great, who, in 1721, found, on a tributary of the Abakan, a stone sixteen feet high, covered with what he termed runic letters; and, in 1730, his companion, Strahlenberg, narrated the fact to a little attentive scientific public. He who would become familiar with the history of discovery should read Mr. Aspelin's introduction, setting forth the names and the work of the explorers down to the present day, and the conjectures of scholars of note as to the origin of the mysterious characters. Some forty inscriptions of varying length have been already found, and of these Mr. Aspelin furnishes thirty-two. "Inscriptions de l'Yénissei" is a folio, admirably printed, containing seventeen pages of letter-press introduction, with fifteen illustrative engravings, thirty-four pages of inscriptions, and eight well executed photographs of the more important stones. The expeditions of which it gives the results were undertaken by the Archaeological Society of Finland, with the aid of private beneficence and of learned societies, no less than of the Imperial Government of Russia; and the Government of Finland provided for the expense of publication. As its title indicates, it is written in French, so as to be generally available. The work is hardly procurable by private individuals, but the librarians of our public institutions may expect a favourable answer to applications addressed to the editor in charge, Professor O. Donner, Société finlandaise d'Archéologie, Helsingfors.

\* Inscriptions de l'Yénissei, recueillies et publiées par la Société finlandaise d'Archéologie, Helsingfors. 1891.

## ART NOTES.

MR. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES will offer for sale at Mr. Lydon's auction room, on Friday, the 20th inst., one of the finest collections of Canadian water-colour paintings that has been presented for purchase in our city.

CHARLES CHAPLIN was born at Andely in the department of Eure, on June 8th, 1825. His father, from whom he inherited his physique, his tall stature, and his quizzical blue eyes, was English, while his mother, who more than probably transmitted his daintiness of touch and perception and Gallic warmth of temperament, was a native of the soil. In addition to these parental endowments, it would seem that he received but little, for at the age of fourteen we find him already learning the rude lesson of life in the French capital. To his birthplace, Andely, he afterwards returned, drawing and etching some of his most beautiful and tragic landscapes in his wanderings; but it was in Paris, in the atelier Drolling, that he first felt his feet, and in the École des Beaux Arts that he failed only to take the *Prix de Rome* for the reason that he was disqualified as a foreigner. A foreigner! The keynote of all Charles Chaplin's sufferings lay here. Neglected in his own country, even to the day of his death, he was a stranger in the country of his adoption inasmuch as the coveted *Prix de Rome* was denied him as a boy, even as a seat in the Institute was denied him in his ripe middle age. Forced to exhibit in the English section of the exhibitions, and decorated only as a "stranger," he yet found his art practically ostracized on this side of the Channel. "Mes œuvres ne sont pas faites pour un pays aussi vertueux," he wrote bitterly on hearing that a small water-colour of his had found its way to a London gallery. The chilling Philistinism of the English mind in general would seem at moments to have made him doubt even his English friends, for two months later he wrote: "Si plus tard vous vous souvenez encore de moi et de mon nom, vous prierez les puissances invisibles qui dirigent le monde de jeter un peu de rosée sur le pauvre malheureux desséché qui se dit votre maître. Strange words coming from the mouth of one of the most envied men in all Paris! Strange words on the lips of a man whose art had brought him ample fortune, and more than fortune—fame. Hardship might have been his nurse, and an excellent nurse he declared her to be, but these lines were written when the great ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain had been pleased to make him a vogue, when fashion had brought him so much work that he could both choose and refuse sitters.—*Magazine of Art for November.*

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

### THE GRAND.

"THE Infants' Home" sustentation fund has been considerably augmented through the assiduous efforts of quite an army of Toronto's tenderlings, whose gratuitous services during the past week at no less than eight performances, representing Lew Wallace's strangely weird "Ben Hur" in scenic pantomime, have completely filled the Grand Opera House, in aid of the above necessitous charity. Too much praise could not very well be bestowed upon the untiring efforts of the home management, amongst whom it may not be considered invidious to mention the names of Mesdames Bendelari and Drayton. On these ladies chiefly devolved the maintenance of order and discipline. Surely they, and all associated with them, have reaped a just reward, and the poor little infants, timely succour. It may be in order to express a hope that success as an amateur will not tempt any of the associated performers out of their present useful sphere into the trying experiences of the already inflated army of professional Thespians. During the first three nights of this week we have listened with delight to the Duff Opera Company in "The Queen's Mate" and "Paola," with the youngest, and, it is said, the handsomest prima donna in America, Miss Helen Bertram, in the leading rôles. This young aspirant for lyrical honours is a good singer and a very clever actress. The company is exceptionally strong in both numbers and *matériel*, the chorus alone numbering sixty voices. Crowded houses of course resulted. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and *matinée*, Augustin Daly's fine comedy company will hold the boards at this house, in "The Last Word." Mr. Daly's well-established reputation should draw crowds to witness his latest creation, from the Lyceum Theatre, London, England.

Next week we are promised "Old Jed Prouty," a home drama, the action being located in Maine. The originals of the old throat-whiskered tax-gatherer and the tall lank teamster are to be found in any of the roads leading in and out of Bucksport. Richard Golden employs more skill in these characters than Denman Thompson or John Owens; he makes up the character to the life. Mr. Golden will appear Monday, November 23.

### THE ACADEMY.

"LITTLE PUCK," a comedy introducing Mr. Frank Daniels and his extensive company, including a new English comedienne, Miss Sanson, will furnish funny, farinaceous food, forcing the frequenters of the Academy to "laugh and grow fat," during the latter half of this week, including Saturday *matinée*, at which "A Dead Shot"