

astonishment, when at length he stood under the open sky, to find that he was in the exact spot in which he had taken his nocturnal meal only a few hours before!

A moment's consideration cleared the mystery. The fountain was not a natural spring, but simply the place of exit for the waters which slowly accumulated in the mine, and percolated through the mass of rocks, earth and vegetation which closed the entrance of the adit. So exact, however, was its resemblance to an ordinary mountain spring, that this was, no doubt, the main cause of the locality of the old *secabon* having fallen into oblivion; since nobody, of course, dreamed of looking for it in the vicinity of a fountain. It was clear to the young miner that he had made a discovery of great importance to the company. With this thought in his mind, and eager to inform his friends of his wonderful escape, he set out at once up the mountain.

He was fated, however, not to reach the *galera* without encountering yet another remarkable adventure. But before describing this it will be necessary to relate briefly the events that had occurred at the shaft during the time he had spent in the mine. Don Jayme, after labouring for nearly an hour in his useless search, and being excessively puzzled by the disappearance of the body, which he could in no plausible way account for, he left the task of further examination to the miners, and ascended the shaft in great perplexity. Presently a new cause of distress and anxiety came to disturb him. The news of the dreadful accident, as it was considered, had spread to the village of San Adrian, and reached at last poor Margarita. Hurrying in a frenzy of agonized excitement up the mountain, she suddenly presented herself before the director, as he was walking up and down the *galera*, with his hands behind him, in the true English style of moody meditation.

"Where is my husband—my Manuel?" she exclaimed, in a peremptory tone. "I know he is here with you. It is all a joke to frighten me. What have I done, that you should wish to torment me in this way? Tell me, señor, for charity, where is my husband?"

"Would to God that it were a joke, my dear young woman," replied the director. "It is unhappily too true!"

Margarita, notwithstanding the agitation of her mind, saw that he spoke in earnest. Her thoughts immediately took another direction.

"Dead! dead!" she exclaimed, "and how did he die? Who has killed him? It never was his own fault. No, my Manuel was not a drunkard. My Manuel was not reckless. If he died, it was not by his own hand. Show me the murderer, that I may call for vengeance on him."

"My poor child, there is no murderer. There was carelessness, but no crime."

"Never tell me that, Don Jayme," replied the excited woman, all her Creole blood flushing in her cheek and sparkling in her eyes. "My Manuel was not so, no madman, to throw away his life like Pedro Bravo. If he is dead, I accuse Miguel Gomez of his murder. There stands the villain—look in his face, and judge. It was only a year ago, a little while before Manuel and I were married, that he offered the *cargador* Pedraza the post of captain of the gallery if he would come behind Manuel and push him off the Riconada. Answer me, Juan Pedraza, before the great God who sees and hears us, is it not true?"

Juan Pedraza, a miserable-looking man, with a face haggard from the effects of habitual intoxication, hung down his head and made no reply. A gloomy silence ensued, which was at length broken by Don Jayme, who said—

"Gomez, this affair begins to look serious for you. I am not your judge, but it is my duty to see that the matter undergoes strict investigation. Perez, and you, Franco, I give the accused into your charge. See that he does not escape, and bring him before the *alcade* to-morrow morning, when all now present will attend the examination."

The nervous anxiety which had been depicted on the countenance of the overseer ever since the explosion, now suddenly gave way to an expression of ferocious determination.

"Stand off!" he exclaimed, drawing his knife; "back, for your lives! I am innocent of Manuel's death, but I will not stay to have my life sworn away by heretic Jews, spiteful women and drunken villains. Out of the way, Perez! Follow me at your peril!"

With these words, he darted out of the *galera*, and fled down the mountain at a pace which defied pursuit.

At this moment Manuel, whose strength had been nearly exhausted by his labours in the mine, was painfully ascending the difficult path. He had nearly reached the Riconada, and had paused for an instant to take breath, when a man suddenly turned the corner before him at full speed. It was Miguel Gomez. He held in one hand a drawn knife, and looked backward over his shoulder, as if expecting to be pursued. But when, on turning his head, he beheld directly before him the figure of his victim, standing motionless, with pallid face and bloody hands, and eyes steadily fixed upon him, he recoiled, with a cry of horror and affright. Whether it was a mere accident from the dizziness of the sudden shock, or whether it was an excess of suicidal frenzy, can never be known; but the unhappy wretch disappeared from the sight of the horror-stricken beholder, one scream of despair ascending as the criminal shot downward to his frightful, inevitable doom.

Manuel, overcome by a sickening weakness, leaned against the steep side of the mountain, and wiped away the cold perspiration which gathered on his brow; then summoning all his strength, he hurried forward, and managed to reach the *galera*. His entrance, as may be supposed, was the cause of great agitation. Most of those present recoiled, and crossed themselves in terror, though not so excessive as that of the miserable Gomez. One person, however, sprang forward with a laugh of hysterical delight, and exclaimed—

"Ah, Manuelito, you are alive! I knew it was all a joke upon your poor little wife!" And with these words the overjoyed Margarita fell upon her husband's neck, and fainted away in his arms.

I need only add to the foregoing narrative, that Don Manuel Campos, the present resident manager of the new mine of San Adrian, will receive with great hospitality, at his house at Zacatecas, any English traveller who may pass through that city, and will, if desired, relate all the particulars of the remarkable accident to which he was, mainly indebted for his rise in the world. Donna Margarita, his very lady-like wife, will confirm the account by her testimony, and by the additional token of a long-haired, black-eyed urchin, some five or six years old, bearing the identical name of Adriano, in commemoration of the event which happened shortly before his birth; so that the essential truth of the story may be considered as established beyond the possibility of a doubt.

The small quantity of language that a man can do business with is really surprising. A letter writer on the isthmus of Panama, says that four weeks after he arrived he only knew seven words of Spanish; and yet with even them, he managed in less than a week to quarrel with his washerwoman, stick his landlord, and run away with an heiress. To effect the latter, he says it was only necessary to use six, "full in my arms, my love," and she fell in.

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CIVIL REVOLUTION IN THE CANADAS.

A REMEDY.

(Continued.)

Is it not reasonable to infer, that in the same country, and among a people having the same necessities, the same results would have accrued in the Canadas which have accrued in the States? That the profits of fifteen years' manufacturing would have surrounded Oakville with mansions, proving the success of enterprise; and filled its streets with houses, showing that labour prospered, and the country had its benefits? Would not its capitalists, instead of empty houses and ruined hopes, have now the proceeds of well-invested capital, or see them reproducing wealth in railroads, or public improvements?

But let us suppose further, that the whole province of Upper Canada had invested in manufactures, from time to time, for fifty years, the whole profits that England and other countries have made by the sale of all the goods to it that it has consumed, and that this capital had been augmenting and reproducing itself during this period—what would be the probable result? It is impossible to calculate it. It can only be measured by the towns that have sprung up, by the railroads and canals that have been made, and by the vast capital that has been accumulated in the same period by Massachusetts, and other manufacturing states of America.

It is not, therefore, to institutions or to laws, to peculiarities of race or situation, that we ascribe the present undeniable prosperity of the States, or, at all events, of those states which have manufactured, over the Canadas. It is to the system the one adopted of manufacturing what they required, and thus securing to their country the benefit of the population it required to do so, the profits of the labour employed in it, and the incidental improvements it occasioned. It is the system the other followed, or which was chalked out for them, of expending all they could make in the purchase of goods manufactured in England, the profits of which all went there to be spent. The States, by the one system, have made most of their country's resources and labour; the Canadas, by the other, have made the least. The States have cities and railroads, and canals, and elegant mansions, to show for their labour of fifty years; the Canadas have built elegant mansions, too, by their labour, and have bought fine country seats, and have contributed to make railroads, but they are unfortunately all in England and Scotland. What holds good of a family, sometimes holds good of a people. There is as much often accumulated by saving as making. Probably the making little and saving it, will end better than making much and saving little. The States might have made but little on their produce at first—probably less, for many years, than the Canadas; but their system inevitably tended to saving for the country all they did make; whereas the Canadian system, whatever the provinces made, much or little, as inevitably tended to the country's losing it; and the consequences are, the vast difference in the growth of capital in the one country over the other.

The arguments, however, in favour of England's manufacturing for the colonies, were not without their speciousness, and as applied to other countries, were not without their truth. These were, that England could manufacture cheaper for the colonies than they could manufacture for themselves; and, moreover, that the labour the colonies might apply to manufacturing, could be more profitably employed in raising produce. But these arguments, as far as the Canadas and all America are concerned, are fallacious. In a country where the largest possible reward for labour bears frequently no sort of proportion to the advantage gained by individuals and the whole commonwealth, by the mere fact of that labour's being employed in it, the question changes from what the people save upon a yard of calico, to what the country loses by towns not being built, by railroads not being made, and by improvements not taking place that always follow manufactures. It may be true, that where the greatest possible reward for labour is the only object sought for or attainable, that a people should find out, and engage in what pays them best; but where the congregation of a hundred people in one place raises the value of the property there ten thousand fold—and such has often been the case in the States—and every farmer adjacent not only gains a market by them, but has his roads improved, his lands increased in value, double, and triple, and ten times; and has a thousand conveniences supplied him by them, that he never otherwise could have had—then the question arises with him, Which benefited him the most?—the hundred people's manufacturing, and spreading the profits of their labour around them, or the buying a few yards of cloth a few shillings cheaper, and keeping the hundred people away? For every penny

that the whole people of the United States have lost, by buying their own goods, they have made pounds by making them. And the profits of a mechanic's labour sink into utter insignificance in comparison to the wealth he often acquires by a single lot of land, upon which he settles down with others, and which makes him rich by also enriching all around him. To measure, indeed, the advantages that manufactures have given to America, by the mere profits of the actual labour employed in them, would be like valuing an oak by the price of one of its acorns. Men may compute the probable profits of labor employed in manufacturing, by computing the cost of raw material with the expense of manufacturing it, and what it is sold for. But the enormous wealth that has accrued to America,—by the increase of population incident to manufacturing, by the development of its resources, and the gigantic improvements that have followed it—would be utterly out of the reach of all human industry to compute.

But in striking out the system England did for her colonies, she should at least have considered whether the benefits she intended to confer would be really used as benefits; whether the system of protection to colonial produce, was not in fact, something like that of indulgent parents, giving to their sons pocket-money in addition to sufficient salaries—which same pocket-money does not generally add to the morals or property of the recipients. And, in truth, this was in effect the character of England's colonial protective system. But it went a little further than the wisdom displayed by anxious parents; for, with the gifts, it took good care to furnish temptations to spend them—a piece of amiable generosity that we would acquit even all indulgent mothers of. However, this was—whatever England meant, or expected to the contrary—practically the effect of the system. When money was sent out to buy produce or timber, it was always sure to be accompanied by a proportionate stock of broad-cloths and silks, challis and shawls. Those who could have done very well with Canadian grey, were induced to buy broad-cloths, and often found that these in the market, for England bought the Country's crop, and England's merchants knew full well what the farmers could afford to pay for. Women wore silk dresses and satin bonnets, who might have looked charming enough, before their friends at meeting, in Hoyle's prints, or before their reasonable beaus at home, in good, honest home-made flannel. Brandy and water, too, was often substituted for wholesome cider, and fashionable tailors for industrious women. The sliding-scale of expenditure always went up and down to suit the times. A good year was marked by an increase of finery and extravagance; a bad one by debts and law-suits, depressions and complaints—the country gaining nothing, from year to year, for its labour or its resources. And what is now the consequence? The system which occasioned the evil is done away, but the evil and its results remain. The farmer, unknowing the cause at first of the declension in his income, went into debt, thinking, as had often been the case before, that a good year would follow a bad one; and that he would be able to retrieve by it. But the next year came, and it was worse than the former. He could not pay his debts, and he was obliged to mortgage his property, or sell his stock, to do so. He could no longer get credit from the shopkeeper, and he was unable to purchase with cash the quantity or the quality of goods he bought before. The shopkeeper, in his turn, depending upon the custom of the farmer for the sale of his goods, and depending upon receiving his accounts from him to meet his own, found both fail him together; was obliged to curtail his business to a miserable remnant; or to shut up his shop, or to wait for the sheriff to do it for him.—Hence the altered appearance of every part of Canada, both town and country. Hence the whole streets of Montreal with hardly a single shop open. Hence those sorry emblems of poverty and retrogression—empty houses with broken windows, and streets without people, which may be seen in almost every village in the provinces.

Now, for the system which has produced this state of things who is to blame? Clearly and unmistakably England. If the colonies, as is now palpable to all America, have worked but with one arm towards prosperity, while the States have worked with two. It was England's manufacturing interests that tied the colonies' arm. The colonies were, in this respect, wholly in the hands of England. She not only established a system for them, by which the proceeds of every acre of land they cleared and every tree they hewed, went to give work to her poor, and wealth to her rich, but she reserved the right of thinking for them as well. Without her, they might have naturally adopted the course taken by the rest of America. She legislated for them; they believed her wise, and followed her dictates without thought or apprehension. They are injured; and she is to blame.

But when Lord Chatham laid the foundation of the system by which the colonies have been, in effect, prevented from manufacturing for themselves, he established mutuality of interests between them and the mother country. If he would have England's poor employed, and England's capitalists enriched by making goods for the colonies, he would have the colonies profit equally by protection in the English markets. The partnership, for such it was, gave to each country its own peculiar share of benefits; and the system was such, too, that the more the profits of the one rose, though by its own individual efforts, the more it was able to benefit the other. For the more people engaged in Canadian farming, the more land that became cleared, and the more timber that was got out, the more English manufactures were consumed. But we have shown, by comparison with the States, the disastrous effect of this system upon the prosperity of the colonies. We have shown, too, from its own character, that it never was, and never could have been, of any substantial benefit to them; that it made them extravagant, without leaving them capital; and that it made them to all intents and purposes poorer, whilst it was expected to make them richer.

And who was this system expressly and avowedly intended to benefit? Who were, in all seasons, and at all