

from our friends a spirit of forbearance in their judgment of the French Government. They have a difficult part to play at Rome. But we are entitled to expect from the honour of France an immediate investigation.—*Christian Times*.

[From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for October.]

CIVIL REVOLUTION IN THE CANADAS. A REMEDY.

To be British, or not to be, is now literally the question in all the North American colonies. Like England, when Mr. Cobden and the potato blight produced, together, a panic which seemed to obliterate for the time, all past arguments, and all future consequences—changing minds before deemed unchangeable, and raising to fame and greatness men and reasoning that the world was never previously able to see the force or the depth of—like England then, are the colonies now. They are all in the depths and mazes of a panic. One of the storms which occasionally break over the heads of all people is now raging over theirs. Nor is it surprising—with England's history to ten years before us—if there should be those among them who shrink from its drenchings or its shocks, or are incapable, in the midst of its wild commotions, of seeing sunshine in the distance. For our part, we are fond of that sturdy greatness which can put its shoulder to the blast, and say, "Blow on, great guns; we can stand your thunder."

Not that the panic in the colonies arises from the people's looking forward to having nothing to eat. They have plenty, thank God, and to spare. But they have nothing in their pockets; and what is worse, they are afraid, if they go on much longer as they are now doing, they will soon be without pockets too. Factory cotton may be but fourpence a yard; but if they haven't the fourpence to pay for it, it might as well be as dear as diamonds, as far as they are concerned.

The policy of England, from the day that Lord Chatham said "that he would not allow the colonies to make a hob-nail for themselves," has been to convert them into markets for her manufactures—to make them useful and profitable to her, by causing them to consume those things which give her poor employment, her merchants and manufacturers profit, and her commercial navy all the incidental carrying trade. As a return for this, the colonies were directly and indirectly assured by England, that their produce should be protected in her markets—that, for all the profits England might make by manufacturing for the colonies, they should have a full return in the profits they should have by their produce being protected.

Meantime, the United States pursued an entirely different system. They, notwithstanding the interests of the great body of the southern states—whose interest, their principal product being cotton, was to buy what they wanted of manufactured goods in the lowest market, and to sell their cotton in the highest—rigidly adhered to the system of forming manufacturing interests of their own, and of fostering and encouraging them by every means in their power. While the colonies, therefore, dought, with the produce of their country, broad cloths, cottons, silks, blankets, scythes, hardware, and crockery, which were manufactured in England, they saw all the profits of their manufacture, their sale, and their carriage, go to another country, to be spent among another people. The Americans, on the other hand, who bought with the produce of their lands, the manufactures of their own country, saw the profits upon these manufactures applied to building up factories, villages, and towns, which brought together a useful population; built churches, made roads, established places of learning and improvement; made better markets for some things which might have been sold otherwise, and made sale for many that could not otherwise have been sold at all; besides greatly enhancing the values of all adjacent property, and increasing the general wealth of the whole country. The advantages of the one system over the other, however, did not stop here. The necessities and the advantages of manufactures, which first dictated the making and improving of a common road, next conceived the benefit of a railroad and a canal, and the profits of manufacturing were straightway applied to their construction, and they were done. The farmer, therefore, imperceptibly to himself, was placed within a few hours of the best markets over the continent—found his produce carried to them for a trifle, in comparison to what it used to cost him—and found withal, the process which made it so, bringing thousands upon thousands of people into the country, to develop its riches, to increase the price of its lands, and to contribute to its civilisation and conveniences, from the establishment of a college down to the building of a blacksmith's shop. The colonial farmer, too, who bought the goods of an English or a Scotch manufacturer, contributed to send those manufacturers' children to school, to give them a profession, or to leave them a fortune. The American farmer who bought his neighbours' manufactures, contributed to establish a school in his own neighbourhood, where his children could be educated; and to bring people together to support them, if they chose to study a profession or enter into business.

To trace, within the limits of a whole magazine even, much less in the fragment of an article, the wealth and prosperity that have accrued to the States over the Colonies, by this system, would be impossible. We must content ourselves, for the present, with glancing at the accumulation of capital, and the extraordinary improvements in one State as an example of what must have, and in truth, what has, accrued to the rest, in a greater or less degree, in proportion as they have been engaged in manufacturing.

The state of Massachusetts, in point of soil, climate, and resources, has fewer, or, at all events, as few advantages as any other state in the American union. With a few verdant valleys, and some highly productive land, it has much that is rocky and barren, and more that is marshy and useless. Yet this state, far below Upper Canada in natural advantages, has, intersecting it in different ways, five canals, their aggregate length being ninety-nine miles. It has, too, no fewer than eleven railroads winding through

it and round it, constructed at an immense cost, and affording a profitable return to their proprietors. Now what is the cause of this extraordinary growth of capital, in a place where there was literally so little for it to grow upon?—and how came such immense facilities for public business to be employed, where nature has done so little to create business? The answer is obvious. Massachusetts has not prospered by its land or natural resources—it has prospered by its manufactures; and its improvements, great and extraordinary though they be, are but the natural offspring of those manufactures. Its principal manufacturing town, Lowell, the largest such town in the United States, has grown from a few hundred inhabitants, that the land might have feebly supported, to some forty thousand, that manufacturers have profitably employed. The necessities of these manufactures called for a canal and a railroad. The profits of the capital invested in them, and the labour they employed, soon constructed them. Salem, wholly by the profits of making cotton fabrics, has become a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants. Salem's manufacturing interests required a railroad to Boston, and Salem's manufacturers' and artisans' profits were able to construct it. Manchester and Lawrence owe their existence and prosperity, and the adjacent country owes the advantages they are to it, wholly to manufactures. They wanted, too, a railroad to connect them, and they were able to make, and have made one. Springfield, also in this State, and Worcester, Fall-river, Lynn, and Newburyport, and several other places of minor consequence, owe equally their existence and prosperity to the same cause. Nor is it to be wondered at that, in so short a period, such vast improvements should be made, when we consider the immense profits that have accrued upon the capital employed in these manufactures, and upon the labour engaged in them. There is a cotton factory in Salem which itself employs a capital of £300,000, giving work to five hundred and seventy-five operatives—three fourths of whom are girls—whose average wages are three pounds twelve shillings sterling a-month. Yet, a great portion of these being very young, it necessarily follows that the wages of the grown up are reduced to make up the average of those of the weaker, and that in reality an industrious woman "can generally earn a dollar a-day; and there are those who have been known, from one year's end to another, even to exceed this." Speaking of the character of this labour, and of its effect upon the States, Mr. Webster, the highest authority upon this subject in America, thus truthfully and eloquently remarks—

"I have spoken of labour as one of the great elements of our society, the great substantial interest on which we all stand. Not feudal service, nor predial toil, not the irksome drudgery by one race of mankind, subjected, on account of colour, to the control of another race of mankind; but labour, intelligent, manly, independent, thinking and acting for itself, earning its own wages, accumulating those wages into capital, becoming a part of society and of our social system, educating childhood, maintaining worship, claiming the right of the elective franchise, and helping to uphold the great fabric of the State. This is AMERICAN LABOUR, and I confess that all my sympathies are with it, and my voice, until I am dumb, will be for it."

Of the profits arising from the capital invested in these manufactures, they have varied in different years, but have, on the average, vastly exceeded those upon all similar investments in England. The *Newburyport Herald*, a couple of years since, gave a statement of the profits arising from the Essex Steam Mill Company in that town, by which it appeared that forty-two and a half per cent. upon the capital invested was paid to the stock-holders, as the amount of profits for 1845. The Dedham Company, in the same state, also divided ten per cent. for six months of the same year; the Norfolk Company, twelve per cent. for the same period; and the Northern Company ten. All these companies were engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods—the most profitable, however, of all manufactures in the States.

But against this immense accumulation of capital in the States, against the vast incidental improvements and wealth to the country that have arisen from manufactures, what have the British colonies to show? What have the Canadas to arrest the eye of the traveller, and to prove to him that, though they have pursued the system which Lord Chatham chalked out to them, of not manufacturing a hob-nail for themselves—and which the policy of England has ever since prevented their doing—they have still wherewithal to attest that they have prospered; and that their labour has been equally rewarded by agriculture as by manufactures?

From one end of the provinces to the other, in every colony Britain has in America, there are no evidences of prosperity approaching, much less equalling that of Massachusetts; there is nothing, in truth, wherewith to institute a comparison between them. Beyond the towns which are supported by the trade incident to selling England's goods, there are none to be found in British America. Beyond the little villages throughout the provinces, that owe their existence to the necessity for agencies to collect the profits of the whole products of the country, and to send them to other lands to be spent, there is no appearance of labour employed in business, of capital reproducing capital. Probably one of the best cultivated and most productive districts in Upper Canada, is the Gore. It is situated at the head of Lake Ontario; has the beautiful little city of Hamilton for its capital; is composed of very fair land and is settled by a population distinguished for their industry, and for the great comfort and independence it has brought them. Upon entering this district by the high road from Toronto, or in passing in a steamer upon the north shore of Lake Ontario, the traveller is struck with the appearance of a little village called Oakville. It is situated on the bank of the lake, has its neat white churches, and its little picturesque cottages, looking out upon the lake. A stranger at a distance, from its situation and appearance, would imagine it one of those villages that spring up so magically in America, full of activity, energy and prosperity. He visits it, and to his surprise he finds, that though it bears all the

evidences of having been built in a hurry, it bears also all the tokens of rapid decay—its shops being for the most part unoccupied, its houses untenanted, and its streets without people. And what may be the reason, in a district so prosperous as the Gore, and surrounded by country teeming with grain, and with still many unused resources, that this village has so palpably disappointed the expectations of its founder? It is this.—Oakville was projected and built with a view to the largest prosperity of the country; and with facilities and necessities for a trade equal to the cultivation of every lot of land in the adjacent country that could support a family, and to the manufacturing into staves, and boards, and square timber of every tree in the surrounding woods. But the policy of England has rendered it unprofitable to get out the timber; and free trade has taken away the inducement to enter into Canadian farming. The consequence is that the shops which were built to do anticipated trade in Oakville, are now unrequited; and the people who built houses for the accommodation of those who were to be engaged in the expected business, have their houses upon their hands. Nor can any one well acquainted with Upper Canada fail to recognise in Oakville a faithful picture of many, if not most, of the towns and villages in the province.

But let us now reverse the picture, and suppose that Oakville, instead of looking forward to rising, and being supported by the trade incident to selling England's goods and the draining of the country's resources to pay for them, had looked forward to prosperity by manufacturing and selling goods of its own. Let us suppose that its founder—who, fifteen years ago spent some £20,000 in adapting its harbour for ships, that never had occasion to come; and in building storehouses, for which there has never been use—had spent the same money in establishing one of those factories which first formed the nucleus of Lowell or Salem in Massachusetts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEASONED WOOD.—The desiccated floor of the London Coal exchange consists of upwards of 4000 pieces of wood, of various kinds and of qualities. The great feature of the affair is, that the whole of these pieces were, only a few months since, either in the trees in the growing state or cut from wet logs, and were prepared for use in the course of a few days, by their method of seasoning. The names of the woods thus introduced are black ebony, black oak, common and red English oak, wainscot, white holly, mahogany, American elm, red and white walnut, (French and English,) and mulberry. It is mentioned as a proof of the rapidity of this mode of seasoning, that the black oak is part of an old tree which was discovered and removed from the bed of the Tyne river about the latter end of last year. The mulberry wood, introduced as the blade of the dagger in the city shield, is no less than a piece of a tree which was planted by Peter the Great, when working in this country as a shipwright. The patentees state, that no one piece of the 4000 occupied more than 10 or 12 days in seasoning.—*The Builder*.

St. Louis, Oct. 30, 1849.

An awful tragedy occurred last evening at Barnum's Hotel, the particulars of which are as follows:—A few days since two French gentlemen, calling themselves Gonzales de Montesque and Count Ramond de Montesque, arrived in this city from Chicago, and took lodgings at Barnum's Hotel, stating that they were on a hunting excursion through the West. Nothing particular was observed in their manner until last evening, when about 11 o'clock, as Mr. Barnum, a nephew of the Proprietor, and J. J. Macomber, steward of the house, were retiring to bed one of the French gentlemen came to the window on the gallery and tapped lightly on the same. Mr. Barnum pushed the curtain one side, when the man outside fired a gun—the ball from which passed through Mr. Barnum, and two buckshot lodged in the arm of Macomber. At the report of the gun, Mr. Albert Jones, a coach-maker, residing in Third Street, out who had a room adjoining, rushed to the door to see what was the difficulty. He had scarcely passed the same, when he received a shot, which felled him to the floor, and he died in a few moments after. A couple of gentlemen who had also entered the gallery, were struck with buckshot; their names were H. M. Henderson, wounded in the forehead, and W. H. Hubble, of Liberty, wounded in the arm. The assassin was immediately pursued to his room, where, after a desperate struggle he was secured. He is the younger of the two brothers. Both of them were arrested, and affected to be insane. Mr. Barnum is still living, but is very weak. A few days since the same fellows made a similar attempt on the landlord of a public house at Alton, Ill.

SECOND DESPATCH.

St. Louis, Oct. 30—p. m.

Mr. Barnum is still alive, but it is certain that he cannot recover. The trunks of the French brothers were broken open this morning, and letters found, showing them to be Parisians of wealth and family. They also contained some splendid accoutrements, and \$4,500 in German gold coin. They are evidently insane. Both of them fired fatal shots. They refuse counsel, and state they will plead their own case. Albert Jones, who was shot, was buried this afternoon. He was shot by an ounce ball and sixty-six large shot. The mayor has ordered a strong police force to protect the jail. The other persons who were wounded are doing well, and will, in all probability, recover.

CALIFORNIA.—The following is an extract from a letter received this week from one of the passengers in the steamer Panama, which sailed from New York last year, making the passage round the Cape. It contains a sensible view of the actual state of things in California, and we commend it to the attention of those who indulge only in golden visions of the fairy land:—

"Now methinks I hear you ask, what about the gold? Is it as plenty as it has been represented here at home? Well, perhaps it may be, if one goes far enough, and digs deep enough; but where one can stand the fatigue and