

material will exceed four millions of hundred-weights. Used as a universal article of raiment from pole to pole, by the savage and by the sage, it has become one of the most extensive articles of trade, and one of the most abundant products of human labour. No one can tell when or by whom the cotton wool was first applied to the purposes for which it is now in such general use; but no one can contemplate its applicability to the wants of humanity, without being impressed with a sentiment of veneration towards Him who has planted on the earth for man all that is necessary to supply his exigencies and add to his comforts. The earth is full of the goodness and greatness of God, and he who has most knowledge of those things, of which the earth is continent, will be most impressed with this sublime truth. Even for the simplest form of beauty with which man has invested the things which he has formed by his art, he is indebted to some suggestive form in nature. The rarest vases, and the most splendid ornaments in architecture, are mere copies of some tiny thing, which, touched by the plastic hand of God, spontaneously assumes a form of exquisite beauty. Our finest cups and urns are but modifications of flower-cups. The capitals of the Ionic and Corinthian columns are but re-creations of maiden's tresses and clustering plants. Not only for the materials, then, but for the form of all these beautiful things, which in our human vanity we prize as our handiwork, are we indebted to Him who has fed us, and led us thus far through this weary pilgrimage.

The material of clothing is of two kinds, animal and vegetable; first, the skins of animals and their coverings, as wool, fur, and hair, and the inner bark and fibres of plants. These may be termed the more apparent parts, for clothing purposes, of plants and animals, and are generally used by people who have not far advanced in a knowledge of manufactures. The savage throws the skin of a wild beast over his shoulder, and wraps a piece of plaited grass, or inner-bark cloth, round his loins, and he is content; but civilisation, ever restless, ever looking for some new object of use or luxury, discovers a far more splendid and becoming raiment in the cocoon of a worm, and in the seed-pod of a little shrub. The cotton-plant is of a great variety of species; indeed, the more that botanists search and analyse, the more varieties do they discover. Some kinds of cotton are infinitely more valuable than others, both on account of its productive power and quality; the *Gossypium herbaceum*, or common herbaceous cotton plant, is that, however, which is most commonly cultivated. This species of cotton is of two sorts, being annual and perennial. The annual is that generally sown in the United States, and in Malta and Persia, to which last country it is indigenous. It is sown just in the manner of corn—springs to a height from eighteen to twenty inches—bears a large yellow flower, with a purple centre, which is succeeded by a large pod or seed-cup, about the size of a walnut, which, when ripe, bursts and exposes the beautiful white downy substance called cotton-wool. The cotton is cut down, and yields one or two crops in the season, according to the temperature of the climate in which it is cultivated.

Another species of the herbaceous cotton attains to four and six feet high, being a very beautiful shrub; but the *Gossypium arboreum*, or cotton-tree, rises sometimes to the height of twenty feet, and grows wild on the banks of the Nile, in India, and Arabia. Another species of cotton has been styled by Linnaeus, *Gossypium religiosum*, but for what reason it has obtained this singular appellation cannot be said. It is cultivated in the Mauritius, and is of two sorts, one bearing a very white cotton, the other a yellowish brown. It is from the *Gossypium religiosum* that nankeen cloth is made, and it is supposed to be indigenous to China.

The annual herbaceous plant yields, however, by far the finest quality and most abundant crops of cotton; yet so various are the plants, in the particular attributes of precocity and quality, that one can scarcely be reckoned an exact specimen of the other. Various writers have estimated the yield to be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and seventy pounds of clean or picked cotton per acre. The cotton is both a hardy and vigorous plant, and is grown upon almost any kind of soil with very little trouble, although it requires a constant and wearisome attention and labour when ripened. The cotton-tree requires a mean temperature of about 68 deg. Fahrenheit to produce wool; but the shrub sort will reach maturity in a climate of between 60 and 64 deg. The cotton-plant is propagated by seed, and is generally fit for being gathered in seven or eight months after it has been sown. The planter has no difficulty, however, in knowing when to commence his harvest, as the capsule, or seed-pod, bursts and indicates maturity. When the harvest approaches, the cotton assumes a most beautiful and pleasing appearance, the white globes contrasting finely with the dark green leaves of the plant. In the east the whole of the pod is pulled by the pickers and dressed; but the general practice is to separate the wool and seed from the husk. The first mode is adopted for expedition, but it has a deleterious effect upon the quality of the cotton; the husks mingling with the wool, and refusing to be separated from it without great difficulty and patient labor. The gathering of the cotton takes place during the night, and in the morning before sunrise, lest its color should be injured by the rays of the sun; and no one who has not seen can estimate the wearisome, fagging, fainting labour, which the poor negro slave endures in the production of this plant. During the cotton harvest, for several weeks together, the poor sun-burned negroes have scarcely four hours sleep in the twenty-four.

Their fingers are worn to the flesh, their bodies become thin and emaciated, and sometimes they will ply their task during their short fitful feverish slumbers, being denied other rest altogether. Many die under the tyranny and toil which, at this season especially, are most heartlessly exercised towards, and exacted from, the dark-skinned Americans, by their cruel white countrymen. The separation of the cotton from the husks was a most tedious, painful process, when done by the hand; but the invention of a cleaning machine, called a gin, has superseded the manual process. By the hand process one person could scarcely clean a pound in the day. A complex gin or mill, attended by two or three persons can, more effectually than the hand, clean as much as eight or nine hundred pounds per day. The more simple machine, however, which consists of two or three fluted rollers, and is set in motion by the foot, after the manner of a turning lathe, can, by the labour of one person, clean about seventy pounds per day. It is the power of the cleaning machine, which can only be purchased by a capitalist, and the inhuman usurpation of dominion over his fellow men, that enables the slave-cotton planter to compete with and exclude from the cotton market the free cotton-growing farmers of Western America. After the cotton has been husked, it is whisked upon a wheel, through a strong current of air, and effectually cleansed from any little particle left by the gin. As it is blown out of this machine, it is gathered up and carried to the packers, who force it into bags by means of screws; and in these bales, of about three hundred weight each, it is exported to the manufacturers. When placed on ship-board, these bales are pressed down into a far more compact and solid form.

Great Britain and the state of Massachusetts are the greatest cotton manufacturing countries in the world. Of course Massachusetts cannot actually compare with Great Britain in this capacity; but, proportionably, the Old Bay State exhibits a vast amount of capital invested in this branch of trade.

In Lowell, Massachusetts, so celebrated for the high moral and intellectual character of its factory girls, there are nearly twenty thousand factory operatives employed; and manufactures are rapidly increasing in Ohio, and several others of the States. Of late years attention has been drawn to the fatal influence which the continuance of the cotton trade with America has upon the life and liberty of the slaves; and philanthropists have been directing their eyes towards the East Indies, as a more honorable market for the British cotton trader than that Georgia, where men are robbed of their dearest birthrights, in order to aggrandise a few planters, who esteem their luxuries as of more account than humanity. A more practicable plan is that of preferring to purchase from the free farmer of America his free-grown cotton, and to refuse to purchase that which is slave-grown. This latter plan has already been in part acted upon, and many free-grown articles are already made and sold in this country. It would be well for the friends of the slave to encourage this revolution in the cotton trade.

From the London People's Journal.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

HIGH, high on the cliffs of our sea-girt isle,
A youth sat watching the wild restless waves,
In his eyes no joy, on his lips no smile;
A shadow, but not of the dark cold caves
O'erclouded his brow, and despairingly
He lifted his voice o'er the surging sea;
"Hope! Hope! is thy light for ever with-
drawn?
Why, then, delay'st thou thy rising, O Sun!
When I tell me, Oh when will the daylight
dawn?
The darkling waves roll'd mournfully,
Mournfully roll'd the dark deep waves,
The dark deep waves.

And a maiden wandered along the shore,
Her eyes were blue, as a maiden's could be,
She gather'd the sea-shells, to hear them roar,
A mimicking roar of the ancient sea;
Far over the waters her joyance rang,
And this the sweet chant she cheerfully sang,
"The earth is in shadow, the moonlight's gone;
Hope! Hope on! 'tis ever the darkest, love,
Ever the darkest an hour before dawn!"
The sparkling waves danced merrily,
Merrily danced the bright blue waves,
The bright blue waves.

In the dim night-mist, far over the flood,
The youth fixed his gaze, and saw with des-
pair,
A brood of black Eagles reeking with blood,
Screaming all hoarsely through the booming
air;
He tore the sea-weeds from the rocks away,
And dash'd them ruthlessly into the spray,
"Ah, Freedom!" he cried, "thy triumph is
gone,
Day of fair Liberty promised so long,
When I tell thee, oh when will the daylight
dawn!"
The dark deep waves roll'd mournfully,
Mournfully roll'd the darkling waves,
The dark deep waves.

Though cannons were rending the earth for
graves,
The maiden was calm, she heard them 'tis
true,
But she also heard the musical waves,
And saw the upravings of light in the blue;
Embracing the youth, serenely she said,
"Have faith in the Future! God is not dead!
The spring will come when the swallows are
gone,
Hope! Hope on! 'tis ever the darkest, love,
Ever the darkest an hour before dawn!"

The bright blue waves danced merrily,
Merrily danced the sparkling waves,
The bright blue waves.

The waves that were sparkling,
The waves that were bright,
Roll'd over the dark waves,
And ray'd them with light.
The sun is uprising,
The night is nigh gone;
Have faith in the Future,
The daylight will dawn!

From Hogg's Instructor.

ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUN- DRED AND FORTY EIGHT.

Concluded.

When we look back on 1848, the first glance of its prominent aspect is terrible—the disruption of states; the overthrow of dynasties; the upheaving, on-rushing of frantic men, long unused to breathe the thoughts that stirred them; and the base, callous, fiendish vengeance and hatred of reactionary tyranny. Events wild and dissimilar mingle in the same horoscope. On the 14th of May, in the city of Massaniello, Ferdinand, false to every principle and promise of honor, lets loose upon his people his mercenary Swiss guards and the brutal lazzarosi. "Viva el rey!" cried the murderers, as they bore the image of the Prince of Peace in their left beams, and the dagger in their right hands. "Viva el rey!" cried the mountain republicans, as they leapt their hired blades to one of the foulest massacres that history records upon her blushing pages. On the 17th, the erratic Austrian emperor suddenly departs from his palace at Vienna, and, posting westward, takes up his residence at Innsbruck, amongst his Tyroleans. More recently, the Austrian emperor has abdicated in favor of his nephew; and the King of Prussia has taken upon himself the responsibility of dissolving the constitutional assembly, at the same time issuing a new constitution of his own framing, by which freedom of religious worship is secured, and the right of the general education of the people is guaranteed. On the 19th of May, Mexico and the United States shake hands in peace; the one a wounded duellist, the other a robber and bully. Eighteen-forty-eight shall be remembered through time as the crowning year of the United States' disgrace. She trampled on a weak sister-republic in the last of her power and cupidit, and placed a man who buys and sells his brethren in her presidential chair; but it also shall be remembered as her year of hope, for from the darkness of her disgraces comes forth the cry, "Slavery is falling!"

In 1848 the baleful fires of insurrection blazed on the mountains of green Erin, and men looked on aghast as they watched their mysterious, portentous glow; and the eyes of her sons caught the reflection of their light, and they muttered words of deep and direful meaning; but on the 28th of May, John Mitchell was sent beyond the seas to dwell a convict for 14 years, by the law which he had defied and scorned. On the 29th of July his countrymen rose in Tipperary, with William Smith O'Brien, M. P., at their head. On the 5th of August, William Smith O'Brien was a prisoner in Kilmahain Jail; and on the 23d of October, he, and Terence Bellew McManus, Patrick O'Donoghue, and Thomas Francis Meagher, were prisoners, condemned to be hanged, beheaded, and quartered. The wheel of fate revolved, and the leaders of a nation's insurgents were in chains, and doomed to die.

But still 1848 was not cured of her travail-pains, for the angels of wrath were hanging over the world, as they did in the Apocalypse, and the vials of wrath were poured out upon her, and blood filled all her corners. On the 21st of June, Paris was a battlefield, and on the 24th it was a lazar-house. Ten thousand men lay dead amongst the ruins they had made, and "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" wailed over their mangled bodies, as a military despotism placed its foot upon their graves.

Raging and roaring from the Indus to the Atlantic shores, still came the howls of inhuman war, while the birds of summer sung peace and love on every bush, and the flowers of summer sprung in beauty on every green lawn. Brit-in-tracked her Indian way with the blood of the Mountaineers; Austrians and Italians destroyed and slew each other in sunny Italy, and still the cry was "Kill!" The former, in her imperial pride, would keep her heel upon the neck of Italy, and yet, in her democratic heart, she would be free. On the 6th and 7th of October, Vienna was in insurrection, and the people and a portion of the military murdered Latour. In November, Vienna was besieged by Windischgratz and Jellachich; and Blum and Messenhauer, two popular leaders, were murdered in cold blood by the savage Croats, at the command of the imperial chiefs. And, to add to the din of human conflict, came the elements of nature in their power, and the fierce winds and waters lashed the rocky shores of Scotland on the 18th and 19th of August, and there was wailing over the bodies of ninety drowned men when their fury was expended.

On the 24th of August, the Ocean Monarch, laden with men, and women, and little ones, set out from England's shores for the world's asylum of the west, and full of hope the proud ship flew over her ocean way; but the hills of Carnarvon were illumined that night by another light than that of moon or stars, and the wails of drowning, burning human creatures filled her night winds. One hundred and twenty victims perished in the waves, and the blackened hull of a mighty ship was their monument.

On the 27th of September the National Assembly of France decreed that there should be but one legislative chamber; and on the 7th of

October it decided that by the universal suffrage of the people shall be elected the chief of the republic.

On the 25th of November, 1848, the Pope, the head of the Roman Church, fled secretly away from the Quirinal, and took refuge at Gaeta, while his indifferent Romans scarcely deplored his flight. Wonderful 1848!

But 1848, stained with blood and full of agony as it has been, has also been fruitful of high resolves and glorious hopes. The dawn of a new era has at last begun to tinge the horizon of the world's better morning. The song which angels sung by night on Bethlehem's plains, when the star of the east adorned the horizon of Judea, and Christ the Lord was born, has been heard in 1848, pealing its soft sweet refrain above the cries of battle and the groans of pain. When democracy and aristocracy were grappling at each other's throats, and the fingers of the *ouvrier* were tightened round the paralysed limbs of the satrap; when political ideas had rent asunder the chords of humanity, and divided this world into hating and hated sections and classes; the angel, flying over the earth, chanted the eternal song: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men!" And there were men on earth who heard the song rising high above the crash of thrones and the upheavings of a troubled world, and they answered back a grateful amen; and on the 23d of September, nearly two hundred men and women, from our own dear Scotland, so famed in warlike story; from England, land of green meadows and sweet hedgerows; from Cambria, with her verdant fells; and from Ireland's lovely borders, went forth, with the white banner of universal peace displayed, to bear their testimony in Christ before a blood-dyed, weeping world; and regal Belgium opened her arms and welcomed the peaceful strangers to her kindly breast; and the legislator, and the lowly priest, and the savant, and the grandee, and the workman, and doctor of laws, and the matron, and the maid, came from France, and Spain, and Italy, and Holland, and Germany, and Liberia, and America, and they clasped hands together and planted the standard of universal peace at Brussels, the city of Waterloo.

In October, 1848, Lord Ashley, honored by his name, met 132 thieves in the Minories, London, who begged for a distant home, in order to escape the misery of crime. The world never saw so wonderful or sad a spectacle. It startled us, and startled the tears from our hearts. In a future number we shall give our readers a full account of this wondrous meeting, and of other strange things connected with it, that live in the deep shade of London. The thief-meeting in the Minories shall be one of our longest memories of 1848.

Eighteen-forty-eight, when the sun rose upon the cold, frowning morning of thy birth, who would have conceived of the mysteries that lay hidden beneath the deep curtain of thy eye? Dark, impalpable, and quiescent were the events that were revolving in thy womb. But a revolution of this great sphere hath made thee and all thy mysteries a memory, a retrospection. We hear the wailing of thy voice, however, as it sounds from the eternal abyss; we feel the trembling of thy agonies, as they thrill with the electric element of thy vitality, the coming year. A joyous greeting can we give to our readers, however, albeit the world is mourning. May the world's worst year and theirs be past, may plentiful harvests make the plains to groan in 1849, and may the swords of warriors be bent to hooks to reap them; so that peace and plenty may abound, and cover with the veil of Ceres the hecatombs piled up by Mars in 1848.

From the Inverness Courier.

THE CLAN MUNRO.

A correspondent in Edinburgh sends us the following notice:—"The Clan Munro is of Irish origin. In the eleventh century, Donald, son of Oran, Prince of Fermanagh, came to Scotland, and for services rendered in driving the Danes, with great slaughter, out of the province of Moray, the king invested him with the barony of Easter Dingwall—from the Peffry to the Water of Aibess. Having been born on the banks of 'the Roe,' in the county of Derby; he was styled the 'Man of Roe,' subsequently changed to Man-de-ro—Monro, or Munro; and the district bears his name to this day—namely, *Ferrindomhill*, or Donald's Land. With the late chief and baronet, Sir Hugh, terminated the male line of Colonel Robert of Obisdale, afterwards Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis, the family honors having descended to the present baronet, Sir Charles, as the lineal male descendant of Sir Robert's brother, Lieut. General Sir George Munro, K. B., who married the Hon. Christian Hamilton, eldest daughter to the first Viscount Boyne. Sir George entered the Swedish service, and commanded a division of Gustavus Adolphus's army at the battle of Lutzen. On the breaking out of the civil war he returned to England, and served in the royal army in Ireland, under the Marquis of Ormond in 1649; commanded a division of the Scottish army under General Leslie; joined Charles the II. in Holland after the battle of Worcester; and, on the restoration was commander in chief in Scotland for his eminent services in the royal cause. Sir George died at his seat of Culrain in Ross-shire.

INDUSTRY.

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or ego-tism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest. Indeed all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.