COTTON AND ITS CULTIVATION.

BY T. B. THORPE, OF LOUISIANA.

HOW unpretending is the cotton-plant, however luxuriantly it may flourish! Its soft, pithy wood, its delicate looking leaves, its quickly-fading blossoms, are characteristics that would not make it a favorite in the highly-cultivated garden; yet the gossamer filament, that envelops its hardy seeds, binds together great nations through the ameliorating pursuits of commerce, and gives subsistence to half of the profitable industry of the world. But, strange inconsistency of the human heart, cotton and its triumphs in behalf of the happiness of mankind is comparatively an unattractive theme. The plow-share—the symbol of peace, and the key that opens the treasures of the earth, that we may have food and raiment—lies neglected in the obscurity of the field; but beat that implement into the sword, and it is ornamented with gold and precious stones, and in honor hung upon our walls. The history of the plow is considered dull and commonplace—the doings of the sword command undivided attention.

This is the experience of all ages; for who has ever found among the decaying remains of antiquity other monuments than those erected in honor of "the destroyer." History records with flattering pen the bloody steps of the oppressor, yet the priests of humanity, who have in all times lived and labored for the good of their race, have been ignobly forgotten.

Among the rival products of a "World's Industry," the diamond bauble of an Eastern prince glistened over the gorgeous scene like a morning star. Through the day Argus-eyed sentinels stood by to protect it from the hand of the plunderer, and at nightfall the jewel sunk into the heart of an iron prison, still more safely to guard it from the sacrilegious hands of theft. The pilgrims of a world admired it, and the representatives of nations, princes, and kings desired possession of it. Yet a simple cotton seed deserved greater honor, for its downy covering produced not only the wealth that obtained the "Koh-i-noor," but also that which purchased the "Crystal Palace" in which it was exhibited.

EARLY HISTORY OF COTTON.

Treatises upon the annual production and value of cotton are of daily presentation; they form one of the important indices to the merchant for the government of trade. Magazines, absorbed in the elucidation of the interests of commerce, are crowded with articles devoted to the consumption, by manufacture, of the "giant staple." Every thing has been made familiar but the history of its cultivation and growth; and to give these particulars will more especially be the object of our present paper.

About the early history of cotton there is a mystery that seems difficult to solve. No vegetable production has a wider field of climate and soil adapted to its cultivation; none seems to have been more universally known; and yet it is only within the memory of man that it has assumed its present important place in the commercial affairs of the world.

Cotton was cultivated in India in the earliest times; in fact, it seems to have been known and used by all the Oriental nations, as far back as history has made any record, and yet, in its manufactured form, it never occupied in ancient times a place of importance for the wants of man.

The Hindoo, Arab, and Persian have no doubt, from time immemorial, formed their loose robes of cotton. It was more agreeable as apparel in their hot climates than any other fabric, but it is evident that it was confined to household manufacture, and no attempt was made to go beyond the local demand. This custom prevails still in the countries we have named, particularly in India; for almost every Hindoo family of the present day has its patch of cotton, from which is taken what is required for daily use, and the surplus is left to decay in the fields.

But the most extraordinary fact regarding cotton is its never being mentioned in Scripture, and that the ancient Egyptians, although they were familiar with its uses—for merchants from neighboring countries, by their clothing, must have made it familiar in the streets of Memphis and Thebes—seem to have religiously proscribed it as an article of domestic use. Upon Egyptian tombs we find piously sculptured the active employments of the venerated dead. The field of flax, from which was spun the "fine linen" of the sacred writings, is common, but the picture of the cotton-plant has never been found among the relics of this mysterious people.

The art of embalming has not only preserved

the bodies of the ancient Egyptians, but it has exposed to the gaze of the curious of modern times millions of yards of cloth once used by them in their household establishments; for it has been ascertained that the wrappings of the mummies are composed, in part at least, of the napkins and sheets that were probably desecrated by contact with the body of the dead; and yet, with this indiscriminate gathering together of cerements, the products of flax alone have been found.

A century ago, a learned savan of France asserted that the coverings of the mummies were of cotton. A curious and voluminous discussion was the consequence. It was contended that some of the mummy-cloths looked like cotton, felt like cotton, and that it was reasonable to suppose that they were cotton. In the midst of these "philosophical transactions" connected with the subject, one or two practical men applied the microscope to the fibre of cotton and flax. The former, they found, was composed of transparent tubes; the latter was jointed like cane. The magnifying-glass looked more deeply into the subject than the specious theories of the philosophers, and confirmed the truth of history and tradition, that the Egyptians used linen cloth alone; for the fibre of the threads of the mummy-cloths is *jointed*, as is the fibre of flax of the present day.

As we have already suggested, there must have been a religious condemnation of the use of cotton by the ancient Egyptians; but, after their nationality was destroyed by conquest, it is evident that corruptions, or, rather, more enlightened systems of commerce, prevailed, and "prohibited things" came gradually into use, among which was cotton cloth; and at the commencement of the Christian era, it was used more or less throughout the Roman Empire, and was therefore not unfamiliar to the then civilized world.

There are vague notices of cotton gleaming through the obscurity of succeeding centuries, but at no time did it assume an important place in the commerce of nations. It no doubt continued to be used in localities, particularly in India and Arabia, as had been the case from the earliest times; but it was not until Mohammed commenced agitating the East that cotton seems to have attracted any attention.

The followers of the Prophet were wearers of cotton; it even seems to have had a sacredness of association among these stern fanatics. Hence it was that, as they spread over Asia and Southern Europe, they carried the example of the value of cotton with them, and made it for the first time an important article of commerce.

At the time the Moors occupied Spain, they were celebrated for the manufacture of cotton into costly fabrics; and wearing it profusely themselves, it became a kind of badge to the Christians of the "turbaned infidel," which no doubt caused a prejudice that operated against its more rapid introduction into the European world.

COTTON IN AMERICA.

Columbus found cotton growing spontaneously upon many of the West India islands; and among the Mexicans and Peruvians cotton cloth was universally worn. Cortez sent home to Spain, after his conquest of Mexico, mantles and robes of native manufacture, which were remarkable for beauty and the perfection of their workmanship. There can not be a doubt that the royal robes of Montezuma and of the Incas of Peru would at this day surpass any thing produced at Manchester or Lowell in beauty and fineness; for it is a singular fact that machinery, even in its present state of perfection, can not equal the delicate workmanship of unaided semi-barbarian hands.

The skill in weaving cotton into cloth, so remarkably displayed among the ancient Mexicans, still exists in their descendants. We have seen blankets, which are the common dress of the Indian, which surpass any that are produced by the most perfect and expensive looms. These "ponchos" are part cotton and part wool, and many are of singular beauty and brilliancy of color. We remember one in particular, that for many years had served a Texan Ranger for tent-cover, saddle-blanket, and bed. For months together it had remained stretched out on poles, subject to the heat, the humidity, and the scorching sun of a tropical climate, and yet it had not lost a single sparkle of beauty in its rainbow-tinted border, or apparently decayed the least in its fabric. These "ponchos," though soft, and apparently loose in texture, are as impervious to water as if made of India-rubber. The admirable mixture of vegetable and animal fibre, swelling and acting upon each other, close up all the meshes of the fabric; yet, when the same blanket is dry, the cool sea-breeze finds its way through its folds.

But in the "reboso" or long scarf, so witchingly worn by every class of Mexican women, as might be expected, do we find the native excellence of the cotton manufacture most beautifully illustrated. The ladies of the polished circles of modern Mexican society possess an Oriental fondness for flowing robes, and untold treasure is often expended to procure the rich fabrics of the French and Flemish looms. But those only are to be envied who can procure the still more beautiful manufacture of the simple native Mexican, who, without any other aid than a rude needle, surpasses the skill of modern art, and shows that the hand, when cultivated, possesses a sentiment and precision in labor that can never be attained by machinery.

These native Mexican "rebosos" seem, from their glossiness, to be fabricated of silk, and yet they give the sense of cotton to the touch. So carefully has the web and the woof been manufactured by the fingers, that a new character is imparted to the cloth, that can not be understood or appreciated except from personal in-

spection. Had any native Mexican placed his "poncho" or his "reboso" among the costly fabrics accumulated in the vast palace of the World's Fair of England, he would have carried off the palm for his unequaled, and, to us, his incomprehensible skill.

But we are not to infer that the wonders of a New World gave an impulse to the use of cotton; the staple only became better known, for it still struggled for an important place among the wants of man. There was an invisible yet powerful obstacle, seemingly, in the way of its general appreciation. Enough of cotton, to cause it not to be forgotten among the things that were, was wrought up in the looms of France, Italy, and the Low Countries; but it never assumed an absorbing interest until its merits were appreciated in England, where it was eventually destined, as a return for protection, to become the right arm of power to that commercial country.

But even the English advanced in the manufacture of cotton goods as people who feel their way along an uncertain road. Linen was first adulterated with cotton, but not acknowledged in the manufactured goods; next, the great progress was made of using cotton to fill in a linen warp; this went on until some daring genius completed the discovery, that good cloth could be made altogether of the hitherto neglected staple. This fact once established, all prejudice seemed to give way, and, unconsciously to the politicians and statesmen of the day, there was laid the foundation of the present wealth and power of the British nation.

VARIETIES OF COTTON.

There appears to be no limit to the varieties of cotton. In Africa and Asia, more than sixty different kinds in each country have been found growing spontaneously; and it would seem that, in every part of the world where the climate is congenial, cotton springs up to meet the wants of man. As we become familiar with the agricultural wealth of the southern portion of our own continent, and the islands bordering on the Pacific coast, we constantly hear of the discovery of new varieties, and it is probable that, before many years shall have passed away, it will be found that North America possesses greater varieties of the cotton-plant, native to the soil, than any other portion of the world.

There can not be a doubt that among some of the tribes of our Southern Indians the plant flourishes with a vigor and profuseness unknown to our producers. It is said that the cotton of the Pinos of Texas is extraordinary for length and fineness of staple. The Navajos, living in the country bordering on New Mexico, have abundant cotton fields, and a careful examination of their "national blanket" displays the fact that the staple they use is remarkable for strength and fineness.

The varieties familiar to our Southern States produce an article for commerce that can only be divided into "short" and "long staple;" and if there were any original differences in the plant, they have assimilated until any really great distinction is lost. The "short staple," or upland cotton, so familiar to every household in the form of shirtings and sheetings, was originally procured from the West Indies, and is cultivated in North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Florida, and Texas.

The "long staple," or Sea-island cotton, is supposed to be a native of Persia, and is the finest cotton in the world, commanding four or five times the price of upland cotton. It is only used in the manufacture of the finest fabrics that come from the loom. The ingenious artisans of Europe frequently combine Sea-island cotton with silk, and the mixture is rarely discovered by the most practiced judges.

The familiar "upland cotton," when prepared for the market, has a short staple, but presents many qualities, denominated "fine," "middling," "fair," and to commercial men and manufacturers, other distinctions, caused by favorite colors and freedom from foreign substances. These, to the uninitiated, almost imaginary distinctions, give character to the current prices paid for cotton, and the "buyer" becomes in time so sensitive to inequalities of appearance and touch, that nothing less searching and demonstrating than the machinery that works the cotton fibre into gossamer thread will display the justice of these critical distinctions; for to the unpracticed eye and touch all cotton is cotton, whatever may be the vast differences that really distinguish its characteristics.

One of the amusing incidents connected with the growth of cotton is the interest taken in procuring "fancy" varieties of seed. The wise planter knows the full value of using seed that is procured from a distance, and thus secures himself against the deterioration of his crop, resulting from replanting continually that which is produced upon his own field. But occasionally favorable circumstances cause the cotton plant to yield more than the usual amount to the planted acre, and instantly it is announced that a new variety of cotton has made its advent upon the earth, and the local newspapers teem with advertisements, and the commission houses are filled with the magic seed. No wonder is it that the planter should rejoice at any improvement in the growth of his favorite plant, or that he should allow his hopes to carry his reason captive. When, with the usual amount of labor, the prospect of increased production presents itself, the consequences to him and the commercial interests of the world are too great to be contemplated with a cold and philosophic eye.

The florist, with an indifference to intrinsic merit that seems cruel beyond precedence, takes the sweet rose, and by ten thousand tortures, by depletions with arid soil, and repletions with "guano earth," by roasting in hot-houses, and smothering under glass retorts, brings forth the

"THE BLOOM," LEAF AND BLOSSOM.

queen of flowers, brilliant in poverty, or fattened into deformity, and then giving these products of artificial means such unpoetical names as "Bourbons," "Noisettes," and "Banksias," creates an immense excitement among the fanciers of titles instead of flowers. If this happens where only the gratification of luxury is concerned, imagine what must be the feelings of many who, cultivating cotton, and admiring it for its money-producing value, hear florid reports of new varieties of seed, that, regardless of the manner of being sown, or of excellence of soil or care of cultivation, spring into plants, from which flows the rich cotton as from an overfilled basket. The "White Seed," "the Petite Gulf," "the Okra," "the Multibolled," "the Mastodon," "the Sugar-loaf," and "the Prolific," are the fanciful names of these wonderful germinators, which have for a time commanded admiration, and then sunk into obscurity; the universal law still prevailing, that good land, with judicious cultivation and the blessings of Providence, are the only securities for a good crop.

INTRODUCTION OF COTTON INTO THE UNITED STATES.

The history of the introduction of the cotton plant into the country is vague and unsatisfactory. Enterprising planters, and gentlemen fond of agricultural pursuits, had from the earliest periods of our history procured the cotton seed from abroad, and, as a matter of mere speculative interest, had small patches of cotton in their gardens and fields. In this unpretending manner the plant became acclimated, and prepared for the important part it was soon to play in the commercial prosperity of the Southern States. As the improvements in cotton machinery progressed, the demand for the staple increased, and, the ancient fields of production failing to supply the demand, inducements were offered for the extension of its cultivation. The impulse once given, it became a rapidly increasing, but still an inconsiderable article of commerce.

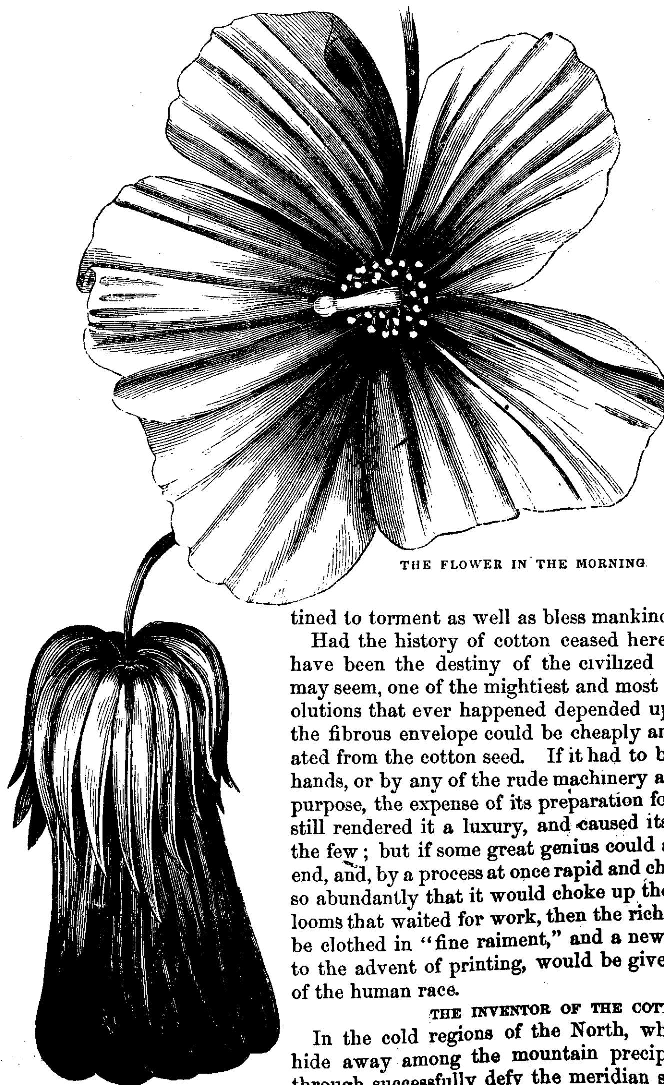
With the increasing popularity of cotton goods came the demand for machinery to facilitate their manufacture. The hand of the artisan, however skillful and rapid, was found insufficient to supply the new demand, and mechanical genius was induced to seek new channels of usefulness. It would seem to be the economy of Providence that useful inventions should always keep pace with the wants of mankind; and, if we examine into the history of machinery used for weaving cotton into cloth, we find that progress toward its present completeness to be be exactly equal to the increasing necessity that it should have advanced toward perfection, to enable it to supply the growing demand.

The first improvement upon the simple loom was the "fly-shuttle," which was drawn across the warp without direct interposition of human hands; this enabled the workmen to weave twice the accustomed amount, compared with the primitive manner. Cotton goods becoming more universal, the "spinning-jenny" was produced. The demand still increasing, Arkwright accomplished the mighty work of making cloth *entirely by machinery;* still the demand increased—hand-carding was displaced,

and the cards were driven by the untiring labor of wood and iron. By slow but certain approaches, every combination of power was united necessary to produce cotton goods without the direct labor of man; cotton therefore became cheaper than linen, and the manufacturers of cotton goods, for the first time in the history of the world, assumed an important place among the suppliers of the wants of mankind.

At this very period of the triumph of the cotton manufacturer, the growth of the staple for the first time was becoming a matter of solicitude to the planters of the colonies of Georgia and South Carolina; and at the very moment when Egypt and other portions of Africa, with Hindostan (1784), failed to supply to England her increasing demand for the staple, eight bags of cotton were seized at Liverpool, on board of an American vessel, because it was supposed by the custom-house officers that such a vast amount could not have been raised in the United States.

The eighteenth century of the Christian era was drawing to a close. The value of cotton, as adapted to the wants of man, had become, for the first time in the world's history, universally acknowledged, when a new and unexpected obstacle presented itself. It was found that the labor of preparing cotton for market was so expensive, that it never could be brought into universal use. The machinery necessary for its manufacture had been made so complete, that it far outstripped the capacity of a cheap supply of the raw material. Could cotton be prepared for market with the same facility that it could be transformed into cloth, a new era of commercial as well as social prosperity promised to dawn upon the world. But, alas! the fibre was attached to a seed, and by such a mysterious connection, that it could not, without immense labor, be separated: the cotton was in the field, but, Tantalus-like, it seemed to be forever destined to torment as well as bless mankind.



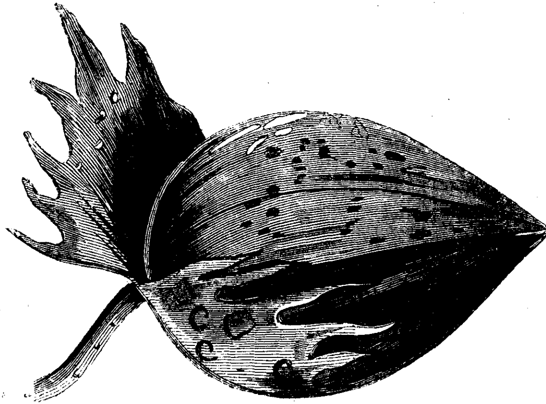
THE FLOWER IN THE MORNING.

THE SAME FLOWER AT EVENING.

Had the history of cotton ceased here, how different would have been the destiny of the civilized world. Strange as it may seem, one of the mightiest and most humanizing social revolutions that ever happened depended upon the event whether the fibrous envelope could be cheaply and expeditiously separated from the cotton seed. If it had to be picked off by human hands, or by any of the rude machinery already adopted for the purpose, the expense of its preparation for commercial purposes still rendered it a luxury, and caused its uses to be limited to the few; but if some great genius could accomplish the desired end, and, by a process at once rapid and cheap, prepare the staple so abundantly that it would choke up the unfailing spindles and looms that waited for work, then the rich and poor would alike be clothed in "fine raiment," and a new impulse, inferior only to the advent of printing, would be given to the improvement of the human race.

THE INVENTOR OF THE COTTON-GIN.

In the cold regions of the North, where the winter snows hide away among the mountain precipices, and the summer through successfully defy the meridian sun—in barren regions, where the cotton-plant would wilt and die, and where its nat-



THE "BOLL" NEARLY RIPE

ural history was less known than that of the citron and clove, was pursuing his collegiate studies a modest youth, who had decided that he would leave his native haunts, and, in the then distant South. found his fortunes and find a home.

Eli Whitney, a New England boy, was destined to accomplish the object so much desired. Upon his arrival in Georgia, the subject at once attracted his attention, and, after many weeks of patient industry, he produced the SAW-GIN, which from its first construction was so perfect, that his successors in the mechanical arts have found nothing that could be materially improved.

A deeply interesting but melancholy chapter could be written upon Whitney, the great benefactor of his race, who, by his genius, so intimately connected his name with the cultivation of cotton. It was Whitney who gave profitable direction to the agricultural resources of the South—that caused what seemed to be interminable solitudes to suddenly echo with the population of empires, and rejoice beneath the sun of Christian civilization; who gave materials for the untiring industry of the North, and, more than any other single mind, contributed to the substantial prosperity of our glorious Union. And yet Whitney's life was a struggle with adversity, and his remains repose quietly beneath its simple monument, raised by the hand of personal affection. The nation did nothing for him, have done nothing for his family. The South has raised no monument to his honor, and yet the statues of a Jefferson and a Calhoun are, after all, but mementoes to statesmen who were mighty, because Whitney, by his invention, had made mighty interests to call forth their eloquence and their protection.

Here closes the struggle cotton had for centuries carried on with the world for the supreme place among all staples devoted to the purposes of man. It would seem, that when the proper time had arrived, every obstacle to its use melted away. By the inventions of Arkwright and his associates, all was accomplished that was desirable to manufacture cotton goods. By the genius of Whitney, the agriculturist was able, at profitable prices, to supply the growing demand. Under the genial influences of these great benefactors of the human race, a pound of cotton, that by the exhausting labor of the hand was spun into a thread of five hundred feet, was, by machinery, lengthened into a thread of one hundred and fifty miles; and the value of our cotton exports was increased, in sixty years, from fifty thousand to one hundred and twelve millions of dollars. These statistics stand unparalleled in the history of the world.

MAKING COTTON.

The cotton region, extending as it does over more than two thirds of the geographical division of the Union, possesses therefore every variety of scenery, and, consequently, cotton plantations, unlike sugar estates, are made picturesque by the combinations of hill and dale. Some favorite site, which commands a view of the surrounding country, is generally chosen for the "residence," while a gushing spring hard by will form the nucleus of the "quarters." The roads follow the favorable suggestion of the surface of the country, and, of course, wind pleasantly through the cultivated fields and untouched woodland.

The preparations for planting cotton begin in January; at this time the fields are covered with the dry and standing stalks of the "last year's crop." The first care of the planter is to "clean up" for plowing. To do this, the "hands" commence by breaking down the cotton stalks with a heavy club, or pulling them up by the roots. These stalks are then gathered into piles, and at nightfall set on fire. This labor, together with "housing the corn," repairing fences and farming implements, consume the time up to the middle of March or the beginning of April, when the plow for the "next crop" begins its work. First, the "water furrows" are run from five to six feet apart, and made by a heavy plow, drawn either by a team of oxen or mules. This labor, as it will be perceived, makes the surface of the ground in ridges, in the centre of which is next run a light plow, making what is termed "the drill," or depository of the seed: a girl follows the light plow, carrying in her apron the cotton seed, which she profusely scatters in the newly-made drill; behind this sower follows "the harrow," and by these various labors the planting is temporarily completed.

From two to three bushels of cotton seed are necessary to plant an acre of ground; the quantity used, however, is but of little consequence, unless the seed is imported, for the annual

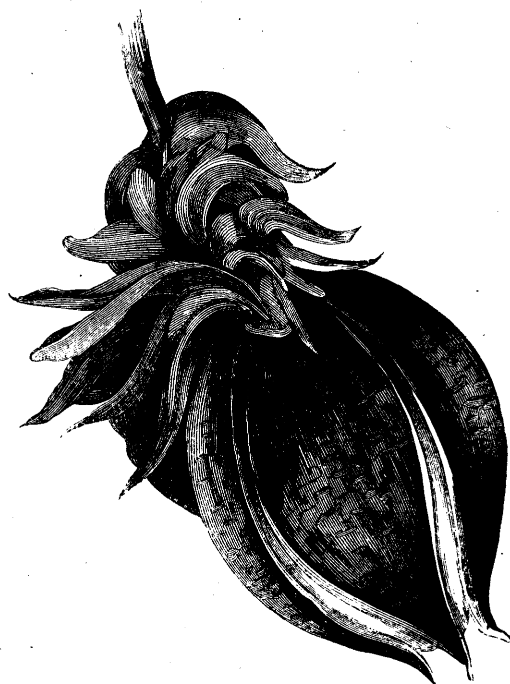
amount collected at the gin-house is enormous, and the surplus, after planting, is either left to rot, to be eaten by the cattle, or scattered upon the fields for manure.

If the weather be favorable, the young plant is discovered making its way through in six or ten days, and "the scraping" of the crop, as it is termed, now begins. A light plow is again called into requisition, which is run along the drill, throwing the *earth away from the plant;* then come the laborers with their hoes, who dexterously cut away the superabundant shoots and the intruding weeds, and leave a single cotton-plant in little hills generally two feet apart.

Of all the labors of the field, the dexterity displayed by the negroes in "scraping cotton" is most calculated to call forth the admiration of the novice spectator. The hoe is a rude instrument, however well made and handled; the young cotton-plant is as delicate as vegetation can be, and springs up in lines of solid masses, composed of hundreds of plants. The field-hand, however, will single one delicate shoot from the surrounding multitude, and with his rude hoe he will trim away the remainder with all the boldness of touch of a master, leaving the incipient stalk unharmed and alone in its glory; and at nightfall you can look along the extending rows, and find the plants correct in line, and of the required distance of separation from each other.

The planter, who can look over his field in early spring, and find his cotton "cleanly scraped" and his "stand" good, is fortunate; still, the vicissitudes attending the cultivation of the crop have only commenced. Many rows, from the operations of the "cut-worm," and from multitudinous causes unknown, have to be re-planted, and an unusually late frost may destroy all his labors, and compel him to commence again. But, if no untoward accident occurs, in two weeks after the "scraping," another hoeing takes place, at which time the plow throws the furrow *on to the roots* of the now strengthening plant, and the increasing heat of the sun also justifying the sinking of the roots deeper in the earth. The pleasant month of May is now drawing to a close, and vegetation of all kinds is struggling for precedence in the fields. Grasses and weeds of every variety, with vines and wild flowers, luxuriate in the newly-turned sod, and seem to be determined to choke out of existence the useful and still delicately-grown cotton.

It is a season of unusual industry on the cotton plantations, and woe to the planter who is outstripped in his labors, and finds himself "overtaken by the grass." The plow tears up the surplus vegetation, and the hoe tops it off in its luxuriance. The race is a hard one, but industry conquers; and when the third working over of the crop takes place, the cotton plant, so much cherished and favored, begins to over-top its rivals in the fields—begins to cast a *chilling shade of superiority* over its now intimidated groundlings, and commences to reign supreme.



THE "BOLL" PERFECTLY RIPE

Through the month of July, the crop is wrought over for the last time; the plant, heretofore of slow growth, now makes rapid advances toward perfection. The plow and hoe are still in requisition. The "water furrows" between the cotton rows are deepened, leaving the cotton growing as it were upon a slight ridge; this accomplished, the crop is prepared for the "rainy season," should it ensue, and so far advanced that it is, under any circumstances, beyond the control of art. Nature must now have its sway.

On some plantations there is no "overseer;" the owner manages his place with the help of a skillful and trustworthy negro, termed the "driver." These drivers are very ambitious, and are, like their masters, exceedingly sensitive if a stranger, or other disinterested person, gives an unfavorable opinion of the general appearance of the crop under their management. If much grass is seen in the cotton field, it is supposed to be an unfavorable testimony of the industry or skill of the driver. Upon a certain occasion, a gentleman riding along a cotton field remarked to the negro manager, "You have a good deal of grass in your crop."

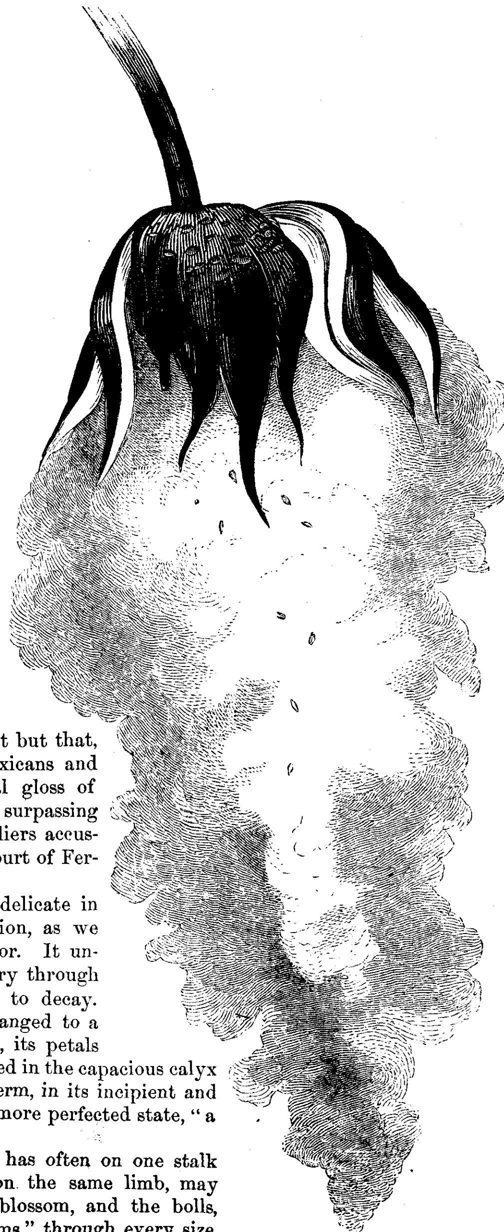
The negro felt mortified, and, anxious to break the force of the insinuation, coolly replied, "It is poor ground, master, that won't bring grass." The finest intellect could not, under the circumstances, have said a better thing.

The "cotton bloom," under the matured sun of July, begins to make its appearance. The announcement of the "first blossom" of the neighborhood is a matter of general interest; it is the unfailing sign of the approach of the busy season of fall; it is the evidence that soon the labor of man will, under a kind Providence, receive its reward.

It should perhaps here be remarked, that the color of cotton in its perfection is precisely that of the blossom —a beautiful light, but warm cream color. In buying cotton cloth, the "bleached" and "unbleached" are perceptibly different qualities to the most casual observer; but the dark hues and harsh look of the "unbleached domestic" comes from the handling of the artisan and the soot of machinery. If cotton, pure as it looks in the field, could be wrought into fabrics, they would have a brilliancy and beauty never yet accorded to any other material in its natural or artificial state. There can not be a doubt but that, in the robes of the ancient royal Mexicans and Peruvians, this brilliant and natural gloss of cotton was preserved, and hence the surpassing value it possessed in the eyes of cavaliers accustomed to the fabrics of the splendid court of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The cotton blossom is exceedingly delicate in its organization. It is, if in perfection, as we have stated, of a beautiful cream color. It unfolds in the night, remains in its glory through the morn—at meridian it has begun to decay. The day following its birth it has changed to a deep red, and, ere the sun goes down, its petals have fallen to the earth, leaving inclosed in the capacious calyx a scarcely perceptible germ. This germ, in its incipient and early stages, is called "a form;" in its more perfected state, "a boll."

The cotton plant, like the orange, has often on one stalk every possible growth; and often, on the same limb, may sometimes be seen the first opened blossom, and the bolls, from their first development as "forms," through every size, until they have burst open, and scattered their rich contents to the ripening winds.



THE "BOLL" SHEDDING ITS COTTON.

The appearance of a well-cultivated cotton field, if it has escaped the ravages of insects and the destruction of the elements, is of singular beauty. Although it may be a mile in extent, still it is as carefully wrought as is the mould of the limited garden of the coldest climate. The cotton leaf is of a delicate green, large and luxuriant; the stalk indicates rapid growth, yet it has a healthy and firm look. Viewed from a distance, the perfecting plant has a warm and glowing expression. The size of the cotton-plant depends upon the accident of climate and soil. The cotton of Tennessee bears very little resemblance to the luxuriant growth of Alabama and Georgia; but even in those favored states the cotton-plant is not every where the same, for in the rich bottom lands it grows to a commanding size, while in the more barren regions it is an humble shrub. In the rich alluvium of the Mississippi the cotton will tower beyond the reach of the tallest "picker," and

a single plant will contain hundreds of perfect "bolls;" in the neighboring "piney-woods" it lifts its humble head scarcely above the knee, and is proportionably meagre in its produce of fruit.

The growing cotton is particularly liable to accidents, and suffers immensely in "wet seasons" from the "rust" and "rot." The first named affects the leaves, giving them a brown and deadened tinge, and frequently causes them to crumble away. The "rot" attacks the "boll." It commences by a black spot on the rind, which increasing, seems to produce fermentation and decay. Worms find their way to the roots; the caterpillar eats into the "boll" and destroys the staple. It would be almost impossible to enumerate all the evils the cotton-plant is heir to, all of which, however, sink into nothingness compared with the scourge of the "army-worm."

The moth that indicates the advent of the army-worm has a Quaker-like simplicity in its light, chocolate-colored body and wings, and, from its harmless appearance, would never be taken for the destroyer of vast fields of luxuriant and useful vegetation.

The little, and, at first, scarcely to be perceived caterpillars that follow the appearance of these moths, can absolutely be seen to grow and swell beneath your eyes as they crawl from leaf to leaf. Day by day you can see the vegetation of vast fields becoming thinner and thinner, while the worm, constantly increasing in size, assumes at last an unctuous appearance most disgusting to behold. Arrived at maturity, a few hours only are necessary for these modern locusts to eat up all living vegetation that comes in their way. Leaving the localities of their birth, they will move from place to place, spreading a desolation as consuming as fire in their path.

All efforts to arrest their progress or annihilate them prove unavailing. They seem to spring out of the ground, and fall from the clouds; and the more they are tormented and destroyed, the more perceptible, seemingly, is their power. We once witnessed the invasion of the army-worm, as it attempted to pass from a desolated cotton-field to one untouched. Between these fields was a wide ditch, which had been deepened, to prove a barrier to the onward march of the worm. Down the perpendicular sides of the trench the caterpillars rolled in untold millions, until its bottom, for nearly a mile in extent, was a foot or two deep in a living mass of animal life. To an immense piece of unhewn timber was attached a yoke of oxen, and as this heavy log was drawn through the ditch, it seemed absolutely to float on a crushed mass of vegetable corruption. The following day, under the heat of a tropical sun, the stench arising from this acidulated decay was perceptible the country round, giving a strange and incomprehensible notion of the power and abundance of this destroyer of the cotton crop.

THE "BOLL" AFTER SHEDDING THE COTTON.

The season of cotton picking commences in the latter part of July, and continues without intermission to the Christmas holidays. The work is not heavy, but becomes tedious from its sameness. The field hands are each supplied with a basket and bag. The basket is left at the head of the "cotton-rows;" the bag is suspended from the "picker's" neck by a strap, and is used to hold the cotton as it is taken from the boll. When the bag is filled it is emptied into the basket, and this routine is continued through the day. Each hand picks from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds of "seed cotton" each day, though some negroes of extraordinary ability go beyond this amount.

If the weather be very fine, the cotton is carried from the field direct to the packing-house; but generally it is first spread out on scaffolds, where it is left to dry, and picked clean of any "trash" that may be perceived mixed up with the cotton. Among the most characteristic scenes of plantation life is the returning of the hands at nightfall from the field, with their well-filled bas-

PICKING COTTON.

kets of cotton upon their heads. Falling unconsciously "into line," the stoutest leading the way, they move along in the dim twilight of a winter day with the quietness of spirits rather than human beings.

The "packing-room" is the loft of the gin-house, and is over the gin-stand. By this arrangement the cotton is conveniently shoved down a causeway into the "gin-hopper." We have spoken of the importance of Whitney's great invention, and we must now say that much of the comparative value of the staple of cotton depends upon the excellence of the cotton-gin. Some separate the staple from the seed far better than others, while all are dependent more or less for their excellence upon the judicious manner they are used. With constant attention, a gin-stand, impelled by four mules, will work out four bales of four hundred and fifty pounds each a day; but this is more than the average amount. Upon large plantations the steam-engine is brought into requisition, which, carrying any number of gins required, will turn out the necessary number of bales per day.

The *baling* of the cotton ends the labor of its production on the plantation. The power which is used to accomplish this end is generally a single but powerful screw. The ginned cotton is thrown from the packing-room down into a reservoir or press, which, being filled, is tramped down by the negroes engaged in the business. When a sufficient quantity has been forced by "foot labor" into the press, the upper door is shut down, and the screw is applied, worked by horse. By this process the staple becomes almost as solid a mass as stone. By previous arrangement, strong Kentucky bagging has been so placed as to cover the upper and lower side of the pressed cotton. Ropes are now passed round the whole and secured by a knot; a long needle and a piece of twine closes up the openings in the bagging; the screw is then run up, the cotton swells with tremendous power inside of its ribs of ropes—the baling is completed, and the cotton is ready for shipment to any part of the world.

Nothing would be more difficult than to give a correct idea of the profits arising from the cultivation of cotton. Statistics afford no certain data. The growing crop is liable to so many accidents, that the amount to be raised the current year can never be calculated with

any exactness, and the demand for cotton seems to vary with every ship arrival to this country from Europe. The difficulty of obtaining the number of bales of cotton that will be raised any given year is illustrated in a remarkable manner by the fact that certain commercial men in New York advertised for estimates of the "coming crop," and the result may be given as follows: The written opinions of two hundred and nine parties, scattered over the United States, were sent in and recorded, and between the lowest and highest estimate there was found to be *a range of one million four hundred thousand bales!*

A "great yield" is one thousand pounds of "seed cotton" to the acre, which makes two thirds of a bale of ginned cotton of four hundred and fifty pounds. Cases could be given where twice this quantity has been produced, but these examples would not be fair illustrations of the general production. The average of a bale of ginned cotton to every cultivated acre is set down by the most experienced planters as a very liberal reward for their labor. Ten acres of cotton and five acres of corn are considered the work of each "field hand;" yet five or six bales of cotton, of four hundred and fifty pounds to the hand, would greatly exceed the average production, for it will be found, on examination, that an average of two acres are cultivated in order to produce one bale.

LIFE ON THE PLANTATION.

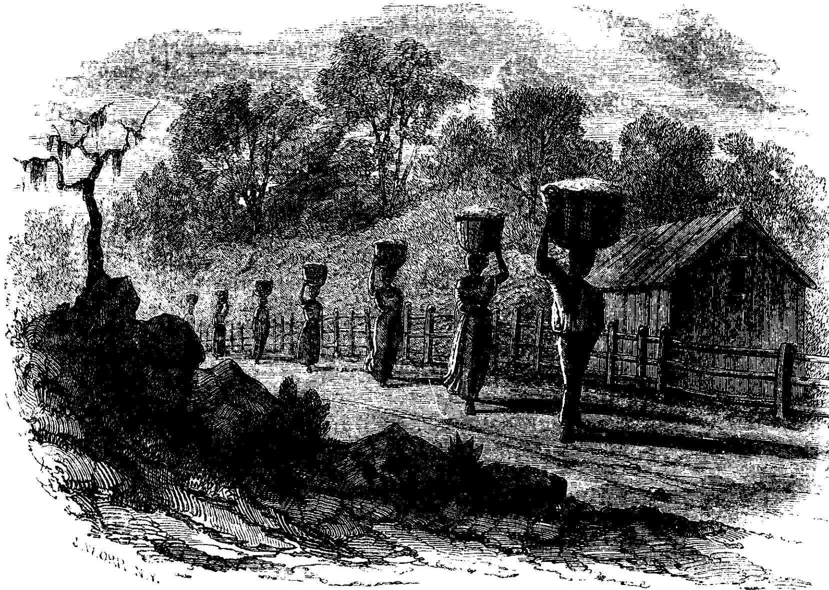
The cultivation of the soil being the earliest as well as the noblest of pursuits, it seems to create a manliness and patriotism in those who follow it. The Southern planter presents the agriculturist in the most dignified form. He directs, he plows, he sows, he reaps, and yet he does nothing of mere physical labor. He has all the advantages that come from a familiarity with the open fields, combined with all the accomplishments that flow from elegant leisure. Surrounded with an overabundance of the necessaries of life, and, from his isolated position, ever glad to see the face of a friend or stranger, he has become proverbial throughout the world for his accomplished manners and unbounded hospitality.

In the cotton-packing season, when the lassitude of summer has given way to the invigorating influences of "an early frost," the planter and his guests frequently indulge in the manly sport of "following the hounds." Spirited horses and excellent fire-arms are in abundance, and the plantation-house presents a scene of rare excitement at the moment of the "start for the hunt." The neighing of horses, the yelping of hounds, the boisterous laughter of negroes, mingle together in strange but enlivening confusion.

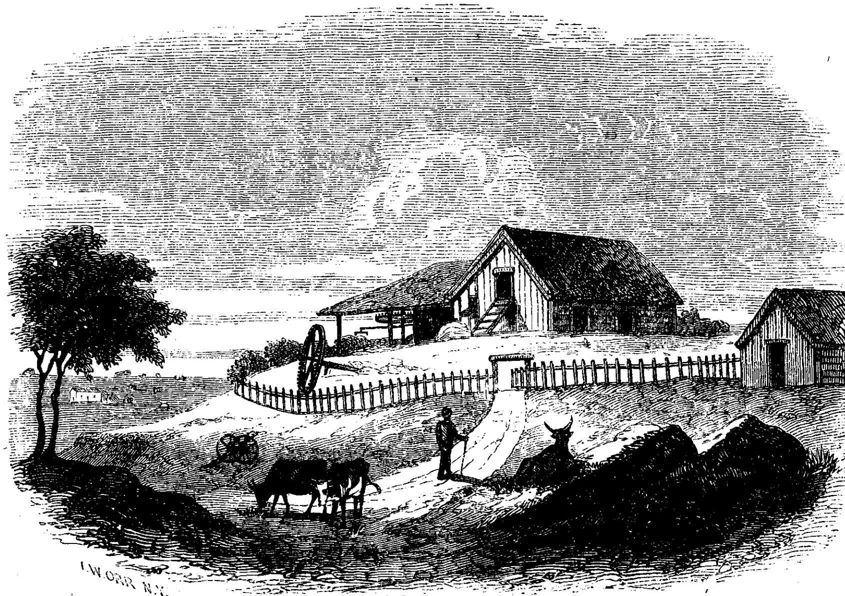
CHASE OF THE FOX.

A fox-hunt is a matter of exercise as well as amusement, and is never considered perfect unless there is a fashionable "cit" along, who has been for years an accomplished sportsman in imagination, and now for the first time puts his theories into practice.

It is useless to deny it, the Metropolitan can not sit well upon his horse; and Pompey, who rides "bareback" in the rear, grins with ineffable delight at the exhibition; but the planter, of course, sees nothing the while. The retreat of Reynard is reached, and the pack is already insane with excitement. The young dogs "open," but the old ones pay no heed; presently "Leader," a dog of fame, examines the



CARRYING COTTON TO THE GIN



THE GIN-HOUSE.

earth about him, and for the first time seems absorbed in the business of the day; a moment more, he utters one clear, shrill, cry of exultation, which is answered back by the dogs and men; the horses now rouse themselves, their eyes flash fire, and in another moment the beating hearts of all are sweeping over the broken landscape.

Now it is not to be supposed that fox hunting is not attended with its evils. It is followed at the season of the year when the ripening cotton is in perfection. A troop of mad-caps in full tilt across a cultivated "hundred-acre field" is at an expense of "a bale" at least; and there are certain unpoetical people who hear the ringing notes of the hound approaching from the distance with any other feelings than those of pleasure. Still, resistance would be useless, for public opinion rather claims it as a right than a favor to pursue the fox wherever he may run.

We knew an old gentleman, however, who, from his admitted and often demonstrated courage, and his patriarchal character, could enforce laws regarding *his* property upon "the boys" that were dead letters if invoked by younger men. Now this "fine old gentleman" determined to give all due notice of consequences to "trespassers," and so he posted, at favorable places along his fields, a printed exposition of the pains and penalties attending the breaking down of *his* fences, and destroying *his* property, more particularly by "the misdemeanor" of running foxes and hounds through the "said plantations."

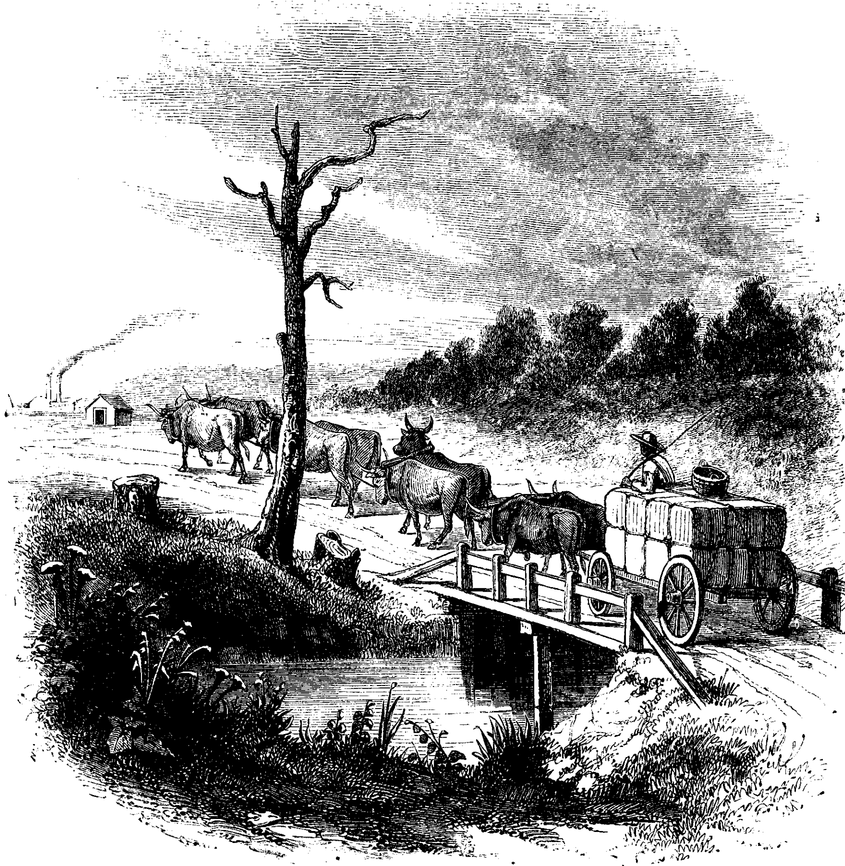
Now it so happened that on a fine morning of the hunt we have briefly alluded to, that our fox-hunters, pushing pell-mell over brake and sward, were brought to a stand by these "official advertisements." The inconsiderate, either by youthful thoughtlessness or the excitement of the chase, leaped the frail barriers of the fence, when the more reflecting of the party called a halt, urged the deference due the feelings of the old gentleman, and at what little cost it would be to reach the hounds by turning the proscribed boundaries in their way; and, with a hearty response, in another instant away swept the foaming steeds down the road hard by. Now our old planter had heard the ominous cry of the hounds, and had gone out among his acres for the especial purpose of defending them from invasion. While riding about, the deep, shrill cry of the approaching pack, unconsciously to himself, struck chords that half a century before had so keenly vibrated in his own bosom. He leaned back upon his horse, his eyes flashed with unwonted fire, his nostrils dilated, and, as if by magic, he was young again; and, waving his hat aloft, he gave forth a wild note of encouragement to the pack, which, at the moment, like fleeing spirits swept his path. Then noticing the hunters, apparently at fault *by taking the road*, he galloped toward them, and, to their astonishment, pointed out the course of the chase with the handle of his riding-whip; and as the sportsmen leaped into his fields, again and again the notes of encouragement burst from the old man's heart, and thus exulting, away he went with the crowd, that knocked the cotton from the stalks until it wastefully covered the earth, and flew in the air, enveloping horse and rider like a driving storm of snow.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

The "cotton-picking season" is generally brought to a close by the middle of December. The crop ready for shipment, the negroes are permitted to relax from their labors, and are in fine spirits, because "the work of the year is finished." The Christmas holidays are strictly kept, and is the great gala season of the negro. It may be likened to the saturnalia of the Romans, modified by decency and decorum. The wagons and carts are at their service to carry their corn, fodder, chickens, and eggs to the neighboring city or village, "the return load" being made up of finery and luxuries for the feasts of the holidays. Invitations for exchange of visits are circulated among the negroes of different plantations; fiddlers are in demand; and dancing and merriment characterize the hours of night and day.

At this season "the master" is seldom from home; his presence is needed to preserve order; but he never interferes, unless there be rude-

COTTON-GIN—GINNING COTTON.



HAULING COTTON TO THE RIVER.

ness and violence, which is seldom the case. No people in the world are more polite and courteous than the negro while enjoying their "high life below stairs." They now drop their plantation names of Tom, Bill, Dick, and Cæsar, Moll, Kate, and Nancy, and use, in addressing one another, the prefix of Mister, Mistress, or Miss, as the case may be; and the highest compliment that can be paid them is to be called by the surnames of their masters. Splendid entertainments are now given, at which are served up the rarest dishes, and in a style sometimes surpassing the best exhibitions of the "master's house."

This may be more readily comprehended when it is known that, for the time being, the ladies of the family interest themselves in the amusements and entertainments of the negroes, giving superintendence to the making of pastry, the adornment of the tables, and whatever else will add to the refinement of the festivity. On such occasions, the "stately mistress" and her "aristocratic daughters" may be seen assisting, by every act of kindness, and displaying in the most charming way the family feeling and patriarchal character of our Southern institutions; while the negroes, on their part, never feel that they are duly and affectionately remembered unless the white family, or most of its members, are present, to witness and participate in their enjoyments. And perhaps the most amusing incidents of the holiday festivities are the toasts and speeches of the plantation beaus, and the affected diffidence and assumed refinement of the belles; they are always indicative of kind feeling, and sometimes most decidedly ludicrous. In these imitations of "white folks," some "sable wild flower," that it was supposed had never looked into a parlor, will put on airs that would be quite impressive amidst ton at Saratoga or Newport; while a "field nigger" will hit off some of the peculiarities of master, or of an eccentric visitor, that are instantly recognized, but had never been noticed before.

The festivities of Christmas commence at the break of day. Just as the light appears they form themselves into a procession, and preceded by a fiddle and a variety of rude instruments, above all of which is to be heard boisterous singing and laughing, they march round the

house, crying out at intervals, "Wake up! wake up! Christmas has come!" and repeating every expression of good-will and gratulation that comes to their minds. It is for the curious to trace this custom to its origin, for almost every nation has had its morning Christmas hymns. In "merrie old England," long before "America was discovered," its simple inhabitants, similar to the Southern negroes, had their day-break processions and songs for the benefit of their feudal lord.

In a short time the people of the house are astir, the family assemble in the great hall, and the delivering of presents begins. Coats, vests, and other articles of clothing are given to the men; head-handkerchiefs, dresses, and ribbons to the women; flour, sugar, tea, coffee, and other delicacies to all, and the whole of Christmas morning is a scene of joyous, "orderly confusion."

Illustrative of the humor of the negro, and the familiarity of the master on these festal occasions, is the anecdote of old Governor B., who addressed "a merry Christmas" to one of his old negroes. Uncle Mose, with a dignity that would have done honor to the best manners of "Old Virginia," turned to "his son Ben" and said, "Give Governor B. a picayune for his Christmas."

Now that we have insensibly wandered from our intention in illustrating the life of the great laborer in the "cotton field," perhaps a few more paragraphs devoted to the same subject may lighten the otherwise heavy pages of this article.

Negroes have a nice sense of the ridiculous, and enjoy a joke with keen relish. On one occasion, Judge —— was spending a few days at a plantation of a friend. The Judge was dignified, and, never trifling with others, he was particularly sensitive to any thing like a joke, if aimed at himself. During the Judge's visit, there was a plantation wedding, and the Judge desired, as a favor, that he might perform the ceremony, which was readily agreed to. As the procession was coming "from the quarters," one of "the guests of the house" put a half dollar in the hands of the groom, and told him, "As soon as the ceremony is over, step up before the family and the whole company, and give this to the Judge." The affair went off with much solemnity; when the negro advanced, and with a grave face handed the money to the Judge. The functionary looked confused, and, not comprehending the matter, asked, "What was the meaning of that?" The reply was, "The wedding fee, sir." The victim of the joke colored, became confused, a loud laugh ensued, and the "quarters" were made more than usually merry at the negro wit that quizzed the "big man" at the "white house."

Negroes have a very clear idea of justice, and when punishment is deserved, it is yielded to with a consciousness of its necessity. Negroes never complain as much of severity as they do of injustice and impulsiveness. Some of the best masters, and those most beloved by their slaves, are those who are proverbially strict, but conscientiously just. The negro, under such management, knows what he has to expect, and acts accordingly.

Among negroes themselves there is much wrangling. This arises from trading among themselves, and from jealousy. When a difficulty arises, and the master can not find out who is to blame, it is quite common to "hold a court," the master acting as judge. The complainant and defendant are each required to appear, produce their witnesses, and make their statements. It often happens that some smart, knowing fellow—as among white people—has been imposing upon some ignorant and trusting one. The cause is heard, and justice is rendered, and great rejoicing takes place that the right has triumphed over cunning.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF SLAVES.

On some plantations, Sunday is an idle and lounging day; on others, it is kept with proper observances. In many families, instead of having worship in the parlor on Sunday morning, the "whole family," which term in the South includes white and black, assemble in the "plantation chapel." These occasions are improved by the interchange of conversation and religious instruction. In the afternoon the negroes again assemble, when Divine service is performed by a regularly appointed intelligent clergyman. The sick and aged are particularly addressed, and after service, if thought useful, visited at their cabins.

The attention paid by planters to the religious instruction of their negroes yearly increases; the benefit is felt mutually by master and slave. The dependent becomes more moral, more trustworthy, more industrious; the superior has less solicitude, and the gratification of witnessing happy reformations. Some of the most worthy and intelligent clergymen of the South devote much of their time, and in some instances all of it, to the religious instruction of the slave. The religious feelings of the negro are easily touched and excited. If not properly directed, they become superstitious and fanatical; if intelligently dealt with, they form clear and practical views of morality and religion.

A gentleman who was very attentive to the religious instruction of his slaves, was a good deal distressed at hearing one or two flagrant delinquencies "on his place." He called up one of his most faithful people, and expressed his mortification that, notwithstanding all his care, and the expense he went to in procuring them religious instruction, he had heard of several cases of highly improper conduct; and concluded by remarking that he did not believe that the negroes were better than before they had preaching. The old man answered as follows: "You see, massa, the thing is jest this; a heap of things used to go on before dat you didn't know nothen about: *but now*, when any thing

goes wrong, it gets to your hearin' 'mediately; we aint badder, but we are more honest in tellin' you de truth."

ENGLAND AND INDIA COTTON.

The great question in the future regarding cotton that remains to be solved, is, Will the time ever come when England can supply herself from her India possessions? It is not a fact that she is now a great consumer of our staple; what she receives from us in raw cotton is nearly all again shipped to other countries in the form of manufactured goods; for more than half of England's export trade depends upon cotton alone. It can not be denied that England is struggling to release herself from her dependence upon us. The energies of her greatest statesmen are concentrated to accomplish this object; and if it is ever consummated, the epoch of the official announcement of the fact by the British government, it is conceived, will be celebrated by the nation with all the enthusiasm that characterizes to us the annual return of the birth-day of our national independence.

Great Britain has ever made the growth of cotton, not only in her dependencies, but with friendly nations favorably situated for raising it, a source of constant encouragement. On the Gold Coast of Africa her agents have supplied the native chiefs with seed; and it is said they annually increase the quantity in cultivation. In New South Wales, announces "a philanthropist," cotton can be raised to any considerable extent, and capital is at once applied to produce it upon the rich banks of the rivers of Australia. But to India England looks with the greatest hope; and as her statesmen cunningly devise ways and means for the maintenance of her greatness from the decaying resources of the present, her future is made prophetic of continued power, because they feel that on the banks of the Ganges and Burrampooter, and their tributaries, lie sources of inexhaustible wealth.

It is asserted "that the Great Republic owns the cotton-growing region of the world." That there lies within the United States the most favored land and climate, there can not be a doubt, but, strange as it may appear, India produces, even now, more cotton annually than the "Southern States." From time immemorial "the East" has been celebrated for the production of cotton, and it is but comparatively a few years since that the whole world was supplied with the staple from her inexhaustible fields.

It is true that certain known experiments upon the lands of India to raise cotton have not been successful. "Mississippi River planters" and unacclimated seed have failed, and the fact has been announced without qualification and without explanation. Yet it is nevertheless true that "interior India," beyond the source of profitable exportation to commerce, annually manures its soil with unappropriated and almost spontaneously-grown cotton, that would, if gathered and brought to market, crowd the warehouses of Liverpool, and clog the mills of Manchester. The idea of raising cotton upon lands in India convenient to the naturally-formed channels of intercommunication with Europe has been abandoned; but England is not discouraged, for she is about to overcome natural obstacles by the creative power of Art. Already is announced in her "official journal" a project of rail-roads, steamers, and electric telegraphs, that will, when completed, for the first time open to the commerce of the Christian world the unappreciable agricultural wealth of the heart of Asia. Following these great improvements will be the introduction of the gin-stand into every Hindoo village, and the incentive will be given for scores of millions of people to bring their surplus labor in competition with the American planter.*

It is within the memory of those living when the first bale of cotton was exported from our Southern States to England. Should we then be surprised if, in the startling changes of the nineteenth century, it may be within the memory of thousands now living when India shall even more rapidly increase her exportations, and take our place as the great producer of the raw material?

FACTS WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.

The arguments adduced by some to show the impossibility of such an event, and the levity

* "There is nothing so remarkable in the present age as its zeal for great public works and material improvements. To develop the resources of a country is now understood to be among the first duties of its inhabitants. The vast achievements of the American States, the rail-way enterprise of England, and, we may fairly add, of Germany, the great improvement in physical science, and the increasing attention to the comforts and welfare of the multitude, have all caused the performances of the East India Company to be estimated in 1853 by a far higher standard than that which regulated the expectations of 1833. The Governor-General has sent home, for the adoption of the home government, a large and comprehensive plan of rail-ways for India, which, if carried out in its integrity, will effect the greatest and most sudden revolution in the habits, the commerce, and the resources of India that ever fell upon any country in the world. An agricultural and thickly-peopled country, without roads or internal communication of any kind, is an anomaly which it is hard to understand—famine in one place, glut in another, misery in all, no outlet for surplus produce, no inlet for external manufactures, every thing extravagantly dear, except what is grown on the spot, and that in ordinary years ruinously cheap, and in years of scarcity absolutely unattainable. The tax on salt, of which we have heard so much, is nothing as an element in the price compared with the enormous cost of carriage. To open a rail-way through India is to call a new world into existence—to reunite to the world districts almost as effectually separated from it as if they had been placed in another planet. The efficiency of government will be enormously increased, the powers of control and supervision immensely augmented, the necessity for retaining so large a body of men under arms greatly diminished. The government of India has rightly felt that these great objects are not to be attained by a timid or partial development of the rail-way system; that rail-ways, as a whole, can not fail, though, if treated in detail, they easily may; that we must move altogether if we move at all, and, beginning on as many different points as possible, and urging the work forward with the utmost possible zeal and assiduity, endeavor to make up by present vigor for past negligence and indecision."—*London Times.*

with which the consequences to the cotton-growing interests of the South are treated by others, do not keep the true political economist and patriot from reflection; and it is a consoling fact, that frequently a comparatively new direction given to industry produces good and not evil; and it may be in the course of Providence, that what would free Great Britain from purchasing the products of our Southern fields, would render us independent of her mills, and the superior and unequal profits of manufacturing over agricultural labor would accrue to us; and still possessing the advantage, forever denied England, of having our spindles beside our plow, we should be able to undersell the manufactures of England, not only in the opening marts of China, Japan, and all the distant seas, but in all the ports of her own vast empire, which triumph we must achieve to give the last blow to effective rivalry; for, this accomplished, we have no parallel, and can boast of lacking no element of enduring national greatness.

CONCLUSION.

Within the last few years the cotton planters have had "their conventions," and we have in these "signs of the times"—whatever may have been the result—an evidence of a growing community of feeling, that is bound to increase until the cotton-growing states understand and practice what is to their true interests.

Georgia has set an example of wisdom, and very soon she will possess within herself so completely all the elements of empire, that she might be forever separated from the surrounding world, and yet flourish with unexampled prosperity. Upon her hilltops begin to smoke the wealth-achieving furnace; the buzz of the cotton spindle mingles with the whisperings of her clear blue streams; the "iron horse" is far and wide circulating her products; her heretofore isolated population is beginning to feel that a market is created for "home industry," and that Georgia could, if the demand was made, make her shipments of unginned cotton as obsolete as is now the shipment of cotton in the seed. What cares such a state whether a foreign country enriches itself by spinning her cotton? The staple is produced by the wearing labor of the muscles of men, defiant of malaria, and regardless of fever-breeding heat—the easier, and *quadruply* more profitable work of manufacturing, by the never-tiring engine, and the sinews of the spindle and loom, is at her command. Georgia has but to grasp the sceptre, and she is commercially free.

Will her sister states, so rich in agricultural products, and which are equally interested with her in the cultivation of the "great staple," imitate her example? If they do so, "the South" will become, in the natural course of things, the most independent portion of our extending empire, and thus forever hold the benefits of a great cotton monopoly in her hands.