

nowing machine, it is gathered up and conveyed to the packing-house, where, by means of screws, it is forced into bags, each when filled weighing about three hundred pounds. These are then sewed up and sent to the place of shipment, where they are again pressed and reduced to half their original size.

Before the invention of spinning machinery in 1787, the demand for cotton-wool in England was comparatively small. In the 17th century we obtained our trifling supply wholly from Smyrna and Cyprus, and when we were even receiving it from our own colonies, we find that from 1763 to 1787 the average annual import was barely four millions of pounds. In 1786 we imported 19,900,000 pounds: viz. 5,800,000 pounds from the British West Indies; 9,100,000 from the French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch Colonies; and 5,000,000 from Smyrna and Turkey.

The average annual import for the last six years has been 777,372 packages—each bale weighing about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 cwt.

Of 227,760,000 lbs. of cotton-wool imported into the United Kingdom in 1828; 151,752,000 lbs. were from the United States; 29,143,000 lbs. from Brazil; 32,187,000 lbs. from the East Indies; 6,454,000 lbs. from Egypt; 5,893,000 lbs. from the British West Indies; 726,000 lbs. from Columbia; and 471,000 lbs. from Turkey and Continental Greece.—*ib.*

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### THE FLUTE PLAYER;

#### A TALE.

“ Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day!  
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules;  
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.”—*Pope.*

HARRY JONES was one of the smartest young men of the village in which he was born. His parents were industrious and contented; and he himself was of that active and cheerful disposition which derives a pleasure from habitual employment, and requires no excitement of vice or folly in the hours of leasure. Harry Jones was by trade a cabinet maker. He was a skilful and ingenious workman, and his master delighted to exhibit the tables and drawers which Harry manufactured as the best specimens of his workshop. He lived in a small town to which the refinement of large societies were almost entirely unknown. On a summer evening he might be distinguished on a neighbouring green as the best bowler at cricket; and at the annual revel he could try a fall with any lad of the surrounding villages. But his chief delight was his proficiency as a flute player. He made himself master of the newest country dances; and occasionally astonish his friends with some more elaborate piece of harmony, which required considerable science and taste in its execution. He was a distinguished member of the band of volunteer performers at his parish church; and had several times received the praises of the clergyman for the skill with which he regulated the less practised abilities of his companions. All these recreations were in themselves innocent; and Harry Jones had sufficient sense and virtue not to permit them to