

JOHN BULL AND HIS COTTON.

All England is "on the Rampage" in the matter of the Cotton Supply, and the English journals, those of them that are in the cotton-spinners interests, are working themselves into a high state of mania-kerousness because they can't get the snowy fibre from us this year, as usual. Some of these journals, the *London Times* among the rest, are staining their journalistic eyes, like sister ANN in the tower, to see if there is any cotton coming to them at all. The *Times* turns its eyes towards Chittagong—an elder brother, we presume, of the celebrated Hoteigong—and tells us that Chittagong—is "excellently adapted for the production of cotton, and immediately available for the experiment." If Chittagong can *possibly*, and without any nonsense, grow cotton, as the *Times* says it can, we confess that we do not see why the growing of cotton in Chittagong should be called, by the *Times* an "experiment." However, that is a mere matter of form and we are disposed to let it pass.

The *Times* goes on to suggest that the "Kookies," the persons who inhabit Chittagong at present, and whose time is chiefly taken up in looting of the heads of their inland neighbors, should be diverted from that interesting but non-productive pursuit, and put to planting cotton. This plan sounds like a very fine one, but we are inclined to think that if JOHN BULL ever attempts to put it into execution, he will have as much trouble with his Kookies as a bungling housewife has with hers, and that, as in the case of the unskilful female atonesid, his Cako will be all Dough at a very early stage of the undertaking.