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## Miscellaneous.

### Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

ON SPRING.

Text.—Again the wood, and long-withdrawing vale,  
In many a tint of tender green are dressed,  
Where the young leaves unfolding, scarce conceal  
Beneath their early shade, the half-formed nest  
Of finch or woodcock, and the primrose pale,  
And lavah cowslip, widely scattered round,  
Give their sweet spirits to the sighing gale.—C. Smith.

My hearers—Spring, with all its budding beauties, is once more among us. It is here now in prime order, waving the green palm of victory over the silent grave of Winter, where he must lie till the resurrection trumpet of Boreas calls him forth again. In the mean time the lovely virgin, Spring, comes riding up from the sunny south in her breezy chariot, drawn by a pair of spangled-winged Sylphs, which she fudders with rose leaves and waters with nectar. She alights from her airy carriage, and trips up and down the Broadway of creation, shaking butterflies from her robe, and filling the whole atmosphere with such perfume as can only be purchased of the apothecary of Nature. She feels as proud as Lucifer, with her new green slippers, green frock and green chapeau, ornamented with violets, buttercups and daisies, which the delicate fingers of her milliner, Flora, have wrought. She cuts a great swell, my friends; she sticks clear out at the corners—every one falls in love with her, and she plays the coquette with everybody; and the consequence is, she never gets married. She flirts away the days of her youth—laughs at the hours as they pass by, and trifles with the moments because they are small.—She soon verges into ripened womanhood—grows more sedate, and shows some signs of repentance. She no longer wishes to be known as the fickle damsel, Spring, and so calls herself Summer: changes her dress for a still gaudier one, sticks a new feather in her cap, and retires to her shady bower, where she sits fanning herself, impatiently waiting for somebody to command woo. Enough come and woo, but none to wed, for she is getting past her prime: all her blooming charms are beginning to fade—her raven locks are turned gray, and she is fast falling into what the poets call the ere and yellow leaf. She is now the old maid Autumn, with a jaundiced countenance, purple under the eyes, and a leather-like look round the mouth. She finally goes out into the fields to die like an old horse, while a crow from the pine top sings a dirge to her memory. Such, my hearers, is the personal narrative of Spring. I don't know why it is that I am so apt to personify every thing; but creatures of all shapes and forms are continually dancing in the sun-light of my fancy, and I hail them as they appear. The wind to me has a form and substance—there is a ditty in every breeze—the stones, trees, brooks and rivers all have tongues—every little flower whispers a language that I understand: I build houses for airy nothing—coop up the hours, and sometimes catch minutes in my hat. I talk to things inanimate as well as animate; and not unfrequently blow up the moon when matters don't go right. But let me begin anew.

My dear friends—if there ever is a time when we should feel happy, gay, and frolicsome, it is in mild gentle, fair, beautiful, balmy, lovely spring—when the fields, hills, woods and groves are weaving themselves mantles of every varied tint of green; when the young buds swell beneath the genial showers of May, the same as our hearts ought to swell beneath the gentle dews of heavenly mercy; when vegetation is jumping into a joyful existence at the music of myriads of little birds that warble forth their melodies, just as natural and easy as a pocket organ; when the doors of the north are closed, and the windows of the south are opened to ventilate the great parlor of the universe; when every opening blossom gives its sweet spirit to the breeze, and the warm sun looks down from its high Eden above, upon a lovely Paradise below. Yes, my friends, then is the time for mortals to feel happy and contented; for spring whispers peace and comfort to all; it speaks of a renovation of decayed joy, and tells us that the dull winter of life must be broken up and vanish when the sun of immortality shall shine over the equinox of the grave. It shows us that the earth is just as good as new, and none the worse for the wear and tear of numberless by-gone ages through which it has rolled; that not a spoke has been lost from the wheel of nature—not a lynch-pin gone—not a screw loose, nor a peg missing, with the exception of the lost plow, which was kicked out of entity by one of the fiery steeds of Phobus when they ran away with his apple cart, and came near knocking the underpinning out from the whole universe. O, my hearers! Spring is the very shadow of a brighter and a better world than this.—You, whose stomachs have not become too foul with eating the crude apples of iniquity, know how to enjoy it, and may feel that it is a mere taste of that blissful soup which is to be served up for you by and by. But if you feel joyous and happy here for only a few short months at a skip, only think what that happiness will be when continued on through all eternity! Eternity! why you don't know the meaning of that word, nor I either, hardly. It is forever and ever and ever, and five or six everlasting a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cypher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions, billions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would then be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time! O, I can give you no idea of it further than to say, that you can be happy all that time if you have only a mind to try for it—happier than spring can make you here.

All you loafers who lie, cheat, swear, play cards, chew tobacco, drink rum, and love money better than you do one another, live in perpetual winter of discontent and misery, and no eternal spring will ever dawn upon your heads; for there are no virtuous seeds in your hearts that require a vernal sun to sprout them; and as for your vices, they will all soon become forever ice-bound in the frosty chains of death. Heed what I say, and turn ye from your evil ways, so that when 'Spring' shall visit the mouldering urn, something more than the sordid dust of sin can be gathered therefrom. So mote it be!

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Divorces, Courtship, Marriage, Ill-Assorted Matches.

Application for divorces seem to be very frequent of late, in certain parts of this country.—Matrimony is a most sacred contract. It should not be entered into without due deliberation, and the knot once tied, and sanctified as well by the laws of God as of man, the husband should not be permitted to put away his wife or the wife her husband, for any but the most important considerations. Nothing, as it seems to us, is more calculated to unhinge society, to corrupt the heart, and to weaken the obligations between parent and child, than discontent and discord in wedded life, and as a consequence, efforts at disunion and divorce. Perhaps a great error may be attributed in the first place to hasty marriages, and in the second, to an indisposition after marriage in the parties to amend their faults of temper, and to overlook imperfections of character in each other. How many ill-assorted matches are there in the world! How many couples enter into contract for life, who know little or nothing of each other's character, mind or infirmities. How many, moreover, are there, who, imperfect themselves, cannot overlook or forgive the imperfections of others! What rashness, what impropriety, what wrong, characterize the system of courtship, as too generally carried on in this country! How frequently do we discover that matches made in a moment of haste, and influenced altogether by mercenary motives, terminate in the most frightful family chaos. Young people are too apt to look at the world through a false medium. Young females, especially, are taught in many cases to believe that an early marriage is the great aim of woman's ambition. A lover is a darling object of their dreams, long before they have passed their teens. More lads are sometimes permitted to address them for years, without the ability in the first place to decide as to the nature of their own feelings, as to the trials and vicissitudes of the world, or as to their prospect for discharging the duties which devolve on the head of a family. Parents are often to blame in these cases. They permit their daughters to associate with those whom they would not choose as husbands for their children, and yet are surprised when, under such circumstances, attachments are formed and runaway matches take place. They subject the young and inexperienced to influences, which are calculated to touch the hearts and bewilder the minds of such, and yet are horrified when the result is a love-escape—an ill-advised marriage.

But older heads are frequently involved in matrimony without due consideration. Too few seek for reciprocity of taste, disposition, morals and manners in the partners of their matrimonial engagements. Impulse, momentary feeling, hasty fancy, or mercenary motives, govern and control too many courtships in this country. Some one has said that "ill-assorted matches are generally early ones, and that courtships carried on under the sanction of friends, are seldom broken off, except it be wise they should." There is truth and force in this. We see it realized every day.—Sometimes, we admit, parents are too obstinate, and consult ambition, rank in life, and pecuniary considerations, rather than the real welfare and true happiness of their children. But these instances are rare, very rare. The happiest marriages in the vast majority of cases, are those which secure the brightness of a parent's approving smile. Having lived longer and seen more of the world than their children, and feeling too, that in the joys and sorrows of those children they will deeply participate, and live over, as it were, a second life, the father and mother are seldom apt to form an erroneous judgment.

We would not have mammon to enter too largely into considerations connected with matrimony. Far better for a female to be blessed with a husband who, kind and untiring in his attentions to her, is temperate, intelligent, prudent, and active, who never feels happier than when at home, or in the pursuit of his proper avocation—far better we say, for a woman to choose such a companion, than one more affluent, but less devoted, upright and industrious. In the one case she will possess sources of constant dependence, whilst in the other the first cold storm of misfortune may reduce the pecuniary means, and at the same time dissipate the dream of affection. Fredericks Bremer draws an admirable portrait of a husband in her story of Neighbors: "Thank God!" says her heroine, when alluding to her husband, who with rough exterior, is described as possessing a superior intellect and a noble nature.—"Thank God, that Lars Anders is no gloomy secret. His soul is clear and undisguised as God's day-light, and this constitutes the blessedness of united life and peace of home." Again on the other hand, contrasting a lawful and unlawful object of affection, she says:

"He treats her harshly, but she bears all with slavish servility. How deep must a woman have sunk before she can suffer herself to be so treated, and like a hound creep fawning to the foot which kicks it away! How unlike to this spirit of a slave is the free, unassuming mind, with which an honored and beloved wife devotes herself to the object of her pure devotion!"

We will only add, in the language of a true philosopher, that "a lovers quarrel has oftentimes spared many a matrimonial squabble, and were both parties to weigh duly their mutual unfitness before uniting themselves, what loads of misery might be averted."

**PARDONED.**—By the Queen of Great Britain, at the intercession of the Government of the United States, David Allen, of the state of New York, one of the parties sentenced to transportation for taking part in the invasion of Canada.

### The Farm.

The farm is the home and the abiding place of the husbandman, and his family. It is there all their social and domestic comforts and happiness are sought and enjoyed. It is there they unite their sympathies, their property, and individual efforts, in common stock. By the proper application of their mental and physical powers, they can convert the farm into an earthly paradise. They can impart to it a neatness, fertility, and rural beauty, which will endear it to them, above every other spot on earth, that they may emphatically call it "Home, sweet home."

The farm which furnishes full scope for all the mental and physical energies of the owner for a long time, will in some measure become the true index of his moral, intellectual, and physical character; the living epistle of his life and labors; and in no department of the establishment do these traits of character appear so conspicuous and beautiful, as in the necessary appendage, the well cultivated garden.

Horticulture is the perfection and refinement of agriculture in miniature. It was the first employment which the Creator assigned to man, while in a state of innocence. With a delightful climate, a rich and fertile soil, Eden no doubt abounded in fruits, vegetables, and flowers, "inexhaustible in variety, beautiful in form, splendid in color," delicious to the taste, charming to the sight, and grateful to the smell; exciting the most pleasurable emotions in all the senses. For "there out of the ground the Lord God made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food." All these delicate and exquisite pieces of workmanship were planted by God to adorn and beautify the garden assigned to Adam and Eve for a home, during their long sojourn on the earth; and were expressly calculated to produce in their minds the most exalted and sublime conceptions of the wisdom and goodness of their Creator. The structure, habits, character, and usefulness of the vegetable world, the manner and means by which this wonderful combination of beauty and elegance are produced, afforded them a delightful subject for contemplation and study. The simple process of fluid circulation, which by the influence of heat, light and moisture, gives all the variety of form, and size, and tint, and splendid dyes, that beautify and adorn the vegetable world.

"Such beauty and beneficence combined, Shade unperceived, so softening into shade, And all so forming an harmonious whole, That as they still succeed; they ravish still."

The very name Eden signifies pleasure, and no doubt God selected it as the most delightful place for a garden, for a home! on the face of the earth; so that Adam first opened his eyes upon a most exquisite assemblage of beauty, in the variety of vegetables, fruits, and flowers, in which he found himself enveloped. It was his home! A scene too fascinating, too tempting for frail humanity to withstand! It was to the garden, the sweet and sacred retirement of a rich and fertile garden, that the Saviour of the world frequently resorted with his disciples, for solemn and devout meditations, and religious conversation and exercises. It was the only place in the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem, of which we know, that we find him familiarly frequenting as his home. It was there we find him giving utterance to his agonizing prayer in view of his approaching crucifixion. It was a spot which he had probably contributed to improve and beautify by the labors of his own divine hands.

But independent of these hallowed associations, the garden and gardening possess many attractions for physical and intellectual man. It tends to promote bodily health, cheerfulness of mind, good morals, chastened affections and refined taste, so that a farmer's house without a well cultivated garden, seems destitute of the most delightful appendage of the christian's home; for among all the employments and enjoyments of the farm, none creates and strengthens domestic attachments so much as this.—*Farmer's Gazette.*

**TALENT ACQUIRED.**—As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is, and most even of these excellencies which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in rally, others for apologies and opposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather because it is not got by rules, and those who excel in either of them, never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. And yet it is true, that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavors that way, until at last he insensibly got a faculty in it without perceiving how, and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was more the effect of use and practice.—*Locke.*

**SERIOUS JOKE.**—The Pittsburg Chronicle has heard of a wedding, which some days since took place at Law renceville near that city, which was intended as a joke, but has been declared binding, as the parties were lawfully "joined together" by an alderman, who, also, in addition to his other duties preaches occasionally. The parties are respectable and wealthy, and are every way worthy of each other. It was the result of a banter on the part of the lady, which was promptly complied with on the part of the young man, by his offering to go immediately and have the ceremony performed. They went to the alderman, communicated their business, and in "less than no time" he went through the marriage ceremony, and declared them "man and wife." But when the functionary requested them to kneel down with him for prayer, the parties hesitated, and inquired of him whether he had really lawfully married them. To this he replied in the affirmative, and they left his office much alarmed at what they had done, and which they intended for a joke. Whether they have agreed to live together as they should, we have not learned.

**A HINT TO WIVES.**—When a woman seeks to guide her husband, it should not be like one who breaks a horse to his own purpose, using bit and spur, now checking, and now goading his career; but, like the mariner who steers the ship, and directs it by a single touch, while none can see the power that rules its motion.

**PURE WATER THE BEST DRINK.**—There is no axiom of health more just than that "men never have a true appetite till they can eat with relish any ordinary food." It is told of John Bates, who lived to the age of 128, that his food for the most part consisted of brown bread and cheese, and his drink was water and milk. He had survived the whole town of Northampton (Eng.) three or four times over, with a few exceptions, and said strong drink (including tea and coffee), killed them all, though this assertion is rather too general. Water manifestly is the natural beverage of all animals; whole nations, as the Mahometans and Hindoos, use it alone as a beverage. Unlike other drink, it does not stifle the appetite, but the contrary; indeed, it was observed by Hippocrates, about two thousand years ago, that water drinkers have generally keen appetites. Water is a fluid that requires no digestion, for it is not necessary that it should undergo any changes; it is the natural menstruum, that holds in solution both what is essential for the nutrition and healthy functions of the body, and what has become refuse after having served its destined office in the animal economy. Water, therefore, from its congenial qualities, can never much disturb the system; except it be taken immoderately, when the body is overheated. It is told of Lord Heathfield, so well known for his hardy habits of military discipline and watchfulness, that "his food was vegetables, and his drink water, never indulging himself in animal food or wine;" and Sir John Sinclair, in his work on longevity, says, in the account of Mary Campbell, then aged 105, that she preferred pure water to any other drink.

**FISHING AND MATRIMONY.**—A story is told of a man who was so inordinately fond of going a fishing, that he was fearful of appointing a day for his marriage, least it might turn out fine weather for his favorite sport. The thing was finally settled by a contract of this nature: "The marriage shall be consummated on Monday next, provided the weather was such as to prevent the fish from biting. If it should not so turn out, it shall be postponed until the first day favorable for matrimony, vice versa for fishing." Were we in the girl's place, such a chap might fish somewhere else for a wife.

**A GOOD HINT—GO TO WORK.**—There are thousands and tens of thousands of young men among us, says the Hallowell Cultivator, whose only resource against the accumulated miseries of a destitute manhood, and a disgraced old age, is the workshop or the farm. It is useless, at this day, for every young man to aspire to the lot of living by his wits, for it is a task in which few who undertake it have the talent requisite to ensure success. How many there are at present "loafing" away the precious years of youth, in our cities and villages who ought to be acquiring the rudiments of some honorable and useful trade. Learning is by no means incompatible with the practice of the arts, for the more one "knows," the more likely will he be to succeed, and do honor both to himself and to the profession to which he is engaged.

**A DUTCH ADVERTISEMENT.**—"The Dutch," says the London Spectator, "are beginning to vie with the Americans in the article of original advertisements. A short time ago, one of Dutch manufacture came under our observation. Here it is, and let the reader judge of its merits for himself:

"Van Roost died on the 25th inst. He was the best of husbands, and his relic is inconsolable at her loss. God rest his soul in peace, is the earnest prayer of his deeply afflicted widow, who will as usual, continue to supply her friends with the best articles in the grocery and cheesemongery line, at the most reasonable terms!"

**A BLUSH.**—What a mysterious thing is a blush! that a single word or look, or a thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the face—the human face—that is capable of blushing! The hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame any more than the glove or stocking which covers it. It is the face that is the heaven of the soul—there may be traced the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to a moral certainty. A single blush should put the infidel to shame, and prove to him the absurdity of the doctrines of chance.

**FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD.**—When I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

**TAKING A POETICAL LICENSE.**—In a churchyard in the north of England is an epitaph on John Newtown:

"Here lies, alas! and more's the pity,  
All that remains of John New City."

The poet very handsomely acknowledges the poetical license he has taken in the following note:

"The man's name was Newtown, which would not rhyme."—*Picayune.*

**ANECDOTE.**—"I am glad, sir," said a lady to Dr. Johnson, "that you have omitted all improper words from your dictionary." "I hope I have, madam," answered the surly sage, "but I see you have been looking for them!"

**SICK HEADACHE.**—An article in the South Western Farmer, though not credited, and it does not appear as original, says that two tea-spoonsful of finely pulverized charcoal, drank in half a tumbler of water, will, in less than five minutes, give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by a superabundance of acid on the stomach. It is always at hand, and easily tried at all events.

**TO CURE A COUGH OR COLD.**—The editor of the Baltimore "Farmer and Gardener" says, that the best remedy he ever tried in his family for a cough or cold, is a decoction of the leaves of the pine tree, sweetened with loaf sugar, to be freely drank warm when going to bed at night, and cold through the day.

## Political.

From the Lynchburg Virginian.  
Mr. Woodbury's Error.

In his speech, in opposition to the tariff of 1828. Important mistakes in reference to the details of a complex and intricate question, when committed by an ordinary man, or by one even of great abilities, whose attention, engrossed by other pursuits, has not been devoted to the minute details of politics, ought not always to be attributed to an intention to deceive and mislead the public.—But when these mistakes are committed by one who sets himself up as "a teacher in Israel"—by one who, from his peculiar position, is looked up to as authority in all matters pertaining to the measure which he attempts to discuss, and whose speech consequently, is circulated throughout the country as a sort of text-book, for the orators and presses of his party; when such men, having a party object to effect, falls into gross blunders, we think it requires a great stretch of charity to believe that they are unpremeditated. Yet Mr. Woodbury, in his late speech, which has been fanned to this district, we learn, in great numbers, has perpetrated such mistakes; and it is proper, whether intentionally or unintentionally committed, that they should be corrected.

One of the main purposes of his speech was to show that the Whig tariff of 1842 is worse than the tariff of 1828, for which Martin Van Buren, his fagelman Silas Wright, James Buchanan, Thos. H. Benton, and Richard M. Johnson voted; all of whom, he it recollects are candidates, at present or prospectively, for the suffrages of that portion of the people who declare that all protective tariffs are "oppressive, unequal, and unconstitutional!" And how does he accomplish this purpose? Why, by attempting to show that of several hundred articles upon which duties are imposed by the tariff of 1842, eighteen pay higher duties than were imposed by the tariff of 1828, and that upon six others the duty is as high under the former as under the latter. Admit that this assertion were so—as it is not—what is the fact, by his own admission? Why, certainly that upon several hundred other articles, the tariff of 1842 is lower, and therefore ought to be more acceptable to the anti-tariff party, than that of 1828. And yet, with this implied, but not the less unqualified admission on his part, he and his friends call upon the country to denounce and repudiate the authors of the tariff of 1842, and to applaud and support the authors of the tariff of 1828!

But we have said that Mr. Woodbury has, either ignorantly or wilfully, misrepresented the facts; and we proceed to make good the assertion.

1st. Mr. Woodbury says that upon "glass, of some kinds," the duty of 400 per cent. under the tariff of 1828, has been increased to 500 per cent. by the tariff of 1842. But he forgets to add that upon some other kinds the duty of 1828 is reduced by the tariff of 1842. Window glass, not over 8 by 10, for example, by the tariffs of 1824, 1828, and 1832, was charged with a duty of \$3 per square foot; while by the tariff 1842, it is but \$2; being a reduction of one-third. Why did he not specify the kind of glass to which he referred? If he did, it would perhaps have been seen that the items constituted that particular description of the article (such as quart and pint bottles) the least important to the consumer.

2ndly. He tells us that the duty on molasses was 5 cents per gallon in 1828, and is 5 1/4 now—a very slight increase, even if the fact were so. But the truth is, that the duty on molasses in 1828 was 10 instead of 5 cents per gallon, and has therefore been reduced 4 3/4 cents; instead of being increased a quarter of a cent, as he alleges.

3dly. Mr. Woodbury says, that the duty on "some" kinds of shoes has been increased, upon the rates of 1828. A comparison of the two tariffs will show that the increase has been only on two kinds, while it remains stationary upon two other kinds, and has been reduced on one other, as it has been on boots and booties also. While this part of his statement, therefore, is literally correct, it is calculated to lead the careless reader to an erroneous conclusion. We subjoin the rates under the two tariffs. Nay, we will go further, back, and show that, upon shoes and boots, the tariff of 1842 is not only as low generally as that of 1828, but as low as those of 1824 and 1816—of the latter of which even Mr. Calhoun was one of the most active supporters.

Duties under the several acts of 1816. 1824. 1828. 1832. 1842.

Shoes & slippers, silk, per pair,	30 cts.	30	30	30	25
Shoes, prunella,	25	25	25	25	24
Shoes, leather, &c.	25	25	25	25	20
Shoes, children's,	15	15	15	15	15
Shoes, India rubber,	15	15	15	15	30
Boots & booties	1 50	1 50	1 50	1 50	1 25

4thly. The duty on "woolens," (of "some" kinds, again,) Mr. Woodbury tells us, are higher under the tariff 1842 than that of 1828—that is, whereas the duty was 50 per cent. under the latter, he states that they are from 40 to 67 under the former. This statement itself shows that "some" kinds are lower, if others are higher; and we proceed to show from a table recently published by a committee of the Democratic Association of the city of Richmond, that upon that class of woolens which enter most largely into the consumption of the country, the duty now is not only lower than it was in 1828, but lower than it was under less reprobated tariffs than that of 1828. The authority, we presume, will not be disputed. The following is the statement of the Richmond committee:

Duties under the several acts of 1828. 1832. 1842.

Flannels,	150 pr. ct.	106	60
Baizes,	90	64	42 1/2
Cloths,	50	35 1/2	40
Kerseymeres from 45 to 60	50	40	40

5th. Cottons.—Mr. Woodbury says that "cottons" were duties 80 per cent. by the tariff of 1828, and 100 per cent. by that of 1842. This term embraces a number of articles; and we should have been glad, therefore, if the Hon. Senator had been a little more definite. As a lumping assertion, it is erroneous, and we permit the Democratic Association of Richmond, upon whose (to us) very satisfactory statement we shall again draw, to answer it. We repeat that our opponents cannot object to testimony from that