

## CHINA.

The following entertaining letter from China we find in the Paris Journal des Debats:

ON BOARD THE STEAM CORVETTE ARCHIMEDE, Harbor of Macao, Dec. 2, 1844.

We have just made our journey to Canton. On the morning of the 11th, the French Ambassador, with all his suite, came on board, and we weighed anchor immediately. Favored by magnificent weather, we passed a charming day. A good half of it was well employed at table, the rest in games of trictrac, whist, &c., which were prolonged until midnight, when we anchored at Whampoa. We remained there eight days, four of which I passed at Canton, entirely on shore. The city of Canton is neither remarkable for its monuments, for it has none, nor for its walks, of which it has none, nor its squares, for there are none. Except New China street and Old China street, which resemble exactly two of our handsome streets in Paris, Canton is made up entirely of little narrow, long streets, in the broadest of which 3 men abreast could with difficulty pass; so that there is not a carriage, not a horse, nor the smallest wheelbarrow any where; but a crowd of people, pressing, pushing, crowding each other continually in these narrow streets, which are always filled up with porters, whose burdens, suspended at the two extremities of a stick, rest upon their shoulders, often extending quite across the street. Fortunately, the magazines and shops are always open on each side of the street, so that at any moment one can throw himself into one of them to prevent being knocked over. Every body going and coming in this way has exactly the effect of an ant heap. Women are never seen in the streets. The Chinese women, except those of the lowest class, are always confined to their houses. As to European women, if one of them should appear in public, she would be immediately torn to pieces. European men are now and then insulted, the Chinese make a sign that they will cut off your head, but they take good care not to do it. They resemble that race of dogs who bark much but never bite, unless they are attacked, and feel themselves greatly superior in force. What is most curious at Canton, is the river on which live about sixty thousand inhabitants.—There are boat districts, boat streets. In each of those boats one or more families live. There is the commercial city where every boat is a shop; there is the city of the people—these are poor, miserable boats; and finally there is the city of pleasure. This is composed of immense boats, painted in brilliant colors, ornamented with sculpture and gilding, where are to be found magnificent saloons, voluptuous divans. During the night, these boats shine with a thousand lights. Nothing is heard in them but dancing, songs and music. Sumptuous feasts are served there, over which women, crowned with flowers, and in their most splendid attire, preside. We to the stranger who, seduced by the voices and the charms of these syrens, should set foot in these brilliant palaces of riot and debauchery—death would be the penalty of his imprudence. The Chinese with difficulty are persuaded to allow others to mingle in their business, but they never forgive any one who comes to interfere with their pleasures. The streets of the aquatic city are as animated as those of the city on land. They have little covered boats called tankas, which perform the same office on the river of Canton as that of the gondolas at Venice, or carriages in our large streets in France. Each of the boats is furnished with a woman, who stands aft with a goddila, and by a man, who stands front with an oar. Between the two is a little saloon with blinds and curtains, where four or five persons sit quite at their ease. We hired one of them during our stay at Canton as we hire a hackney coach at Paris. It was our greatest pleasure in the evening to cause ourselves to be conducted about the flower boats, (this is the name given to the pleasure boats) where, from the depth of our saloon, we observed their curious manners, we saw the dances, we heard the songs, we examined the costume of the women, without our being perceived by any one.

Having been invited to the fete given by Pantze Ching, the rich mandarin, to the French Embassy, at his country house, we set out on a junk, ascending again the Tigris for two hours, between shores of sufficient verdure, but flat and without perspective; thence entering a narrow canal, we passed along a miserable village, the houses of which, built on large bamboos planted in the canal itself, looked more like swallow nests than human habitations. In a short time our boat stopped before a broad stairway, the lower steps of which were covered by the water. We were in the garden of Pantze Ching. Who had not seen on fans or in the large figured papers which serve for hangings to hotels, these Chinese landscapes representing houses with pointed roofs, bridges in the form of an ass's back, surmounted with little pavilions, terminated in a pyramid

Well, this is the exact picture of a Chinese country house. This covers entirely a little island surrounded by a vast pond, on the surface of which float the large leaves of the water lily, and crossed by long and narrow dykes which are transformed into flower beds. From the house to these dykes goes out a net-work of bridges, some with double arcades, others simple, some entirely uncovered, others with galleries, with little kiosks, little temples, charming retreats here and there. Nothing can be more fanciful. The dwelling is divided in two parts by a canal, and communication is kept up between them by hanging bridges. All about are vast galleries on which the saloons open, and these galleries are divided into small compartments all furnished with divans.

"We had in the evening, *sin song*, that is to say, a theatre. The hall of representation was arranged in an immense saloon, divided into two parts. The walls of the part reserved for the spectators were covered with natural flowers, forming a tapestry with the various designs, intermixed with Chinese characters. I never saw any thing so skilfully done. The stage was separated from us by two curtains, which were pulled back by the flowers of the jessmine threaded, forming a net more delicate than a spider's web. It was difficult to follow the plot of the pieces which were represented. Meantime they were not without interest, from the variety of the costumes belonging to different provinces of the empire which were brought before us.

"Women never appear on the stage; men perform their parts, and in some cases with such skill that the illusion is complete. The dialogue is almost always sung to a sufficiently monotonous air, accompanied by the gong, tom-tom and wind string instruments, making a truly diabolical music. The dances are for the most part very insignificant, but the play finished with warlike games interspersed with trials of strength and perilous leaps, in which the Chinese are very adroit.

"What struck us most in this fete, was that at night the palace and its galleries, the bridges and the kiosques were entirely illuminated and adorned with garlands of glass. All these lights being arranged in fanciful designs representing buildings and being reflected into the lake, and sporting among the leaves of the water lily as in the midst of so many vases of porphyry and emerald, the waters of the pond were changed into a splendid variegated sheen, and offered the most charming spectacle. It was the realization of an Arabian Nights tale. At ten in the evening they served up for us an Homeric repast. I had promised myself great pleasure from a Chinese dinner, but I was deceived.—Every thing was served after the French fashion, excepting a soup of swallows nests, which I found exquisite."

From the Greensborough Patriot, of May 24th.

## MR. WORTH AND GEN. DOCKERY.

After all, we are to have a contest in this district; a contest between friends, and we trust a friendly contest. It is known that JONATHAN WORTH, Esq., of Randolph, accepted a nomination for Congress from gentlemen of various counties of the district lately assembled in convention at Ashboro'. Gen. ALFRED DOCKERY, of Richmond, has also declared himself a candidate for Congress.

Both gentlemen were in town a few days the past week, being the week of our County Court, and on Tuesday addressed a large assemblage of the citizens.

Mr. Worth remarked that without solicitation or any desire on his part, and contrary to his expectation, he was nominated by the Convention at Ashboro', the proceedings of which were before the public. With the getting up of that convention he had nothing to do. He had seen the proposition to hold such convention, which he believed originated in the Patriot, and approved the object for which it was proposed, to wit, that of reconciling any personal or sectional differences likely to occur in so large a district, embodying interests so opposite and so various. He was aware that the convention was not full—only five of the seven counties of the district having any formal representation in it. Nevertheless, having the request of so respectable a body of gentlemen as were there assembled out of five counties of the district, voluntarily tendered to him to become a candidate for so distinguished a station, he could not but feel sensible of the honor, and accepted their nomination. He had then no apprehension of opposition: cherishing no aspirations for political preferment, he could not have been induced to enter the lists in a contested field. Being before the people under these circumstances, he now, however, found another candidate for their suffrages. He claimed over his competitor no advantages from the fact of his nomination; and he also trusted that no degree of odium, which in some minds attach to a nomination, would be permitted to operate in the present canvass against himself. He met his friend Gen'l. Dockery—who he had long known and valued for his private worth and firm Whig principles—on the ground of their personal and public merit alone, and cheerfully submitted their relative claims to the decision of the people at the polls.

Mr. W. then proceeded to make a brief exposition of his views of public policy, in relation to which it is only necessary for us to say that he developed the views

which he has ever maintained, through storm and sunshine, as a consistent decided Whig.

Gen. Dockery reciprocated fully and cordially the personal good opinion and good feeling of Mr. Worth, and then proceeded to state the grounds upon which he appeared before the people as a candidate. He had nothing to say against conventions: he was too fully committed in their favor, and had taken too active a part in them himself, to say aught against the plan now; and referred particularly as an instance to the State convention of 1842, over which he had the honor to preside, which nominated Mr. Morehead for Governor, and Mr. Clay for President.—But he contended that conventions of this kind, in order to command consideration, ought at least so far to approximate a majority of the people, or party, as to express beyond reasonable question their general wishes and feelings. The convention at Ashboro', he said, was not of that description; two counties were not represented at all; and the meetings held in the counties of Montgomery, Anson and Richmond were very small, held without sufficiently public notice, and a principal object with them was to nominate Gov. Morehead.—During last winter in Raleigh, after it was understood that Mr. Deberry declined another canvass, Gen. D. had been frequently consulted, and had received numerous solicitations from various parts of the district to become a candidate; and in fact such had been the nature of his expressions to his friends that he had in effect declared himself a candidate in March. He took a trip to the West, where he was gone some time, and on returning by Wadesboro', at Anson court, he saw his first intimation of a convention, emanating from the Patriot. He then "stood still," awaiting the action of the convention, before which, however, he did not personally authorize his name to go. Since then he had received numerous communications from all parts of the district, expressing dissatisfaction towards the action of the convention and strongly soliciting him to become a candidate. And he was assured, if he had not come out himself, there would have been opposition. Under these circumstances he was now soliciting the suffrages of the people.

Gen. D. then proceeded to remark upon the state of parties and of the country for the purpose of arousing and animating the Whigs to their duty, and went into a brief discussion of the great topics of public concern, in which he sustained his character as a bold Whig.

Mr. Worth again rose and expressed regret that he was placed in the attitude of one distracting the harmony of the party, by the declaration of his competitor that he was a candidate in March—a matter which he then heard for the first time. He also remarked that, notwithstanding Gen. D's unfavorable opinion of the convention, he was impressed with a belief that if Gen. D. had received the nomination of those gentlemen, he would have accepted it, and would have thought them a set of pretty clever fellows as he, Mr. W. did! Gen. Dockery replied that if he had come out under the nomination of that convention, he should have considered himself a used up man. After this sparring, which was conducted in good humor, the "hour rule" allowed by the court for the public speaking was applied, and the people "put on their hats and came away."

Such is, we believe, a fair statement of the substance of their remarks.

## CRUELTY IN THE NAVY.

The editor of the *Old Dominion* repeats his charges against Capt. Voorhees of being guilty of hideous cruelty to the men under his command, during the late cruise of the Congress. He very properly demands an investigation of the charges made against the offender, and declares himself in readiness to give the names of the witnesses whenever they shall be demanded by the Secretary of the Navy.—The people of this country demand it also and their demands must and will be heard. An officer is charged with flogging a man to death, and we, for one, will not rest quiet until the facts are fully known. We ask no Court martial comprised of gentlemen in gold lace—we have had enough and more than enough, of such one-sided trials already—but we DEMAND AN INVESTIGATION!

U. S. Journal.

There really seems to be room for great improvement in one branch of the Post Office Department service. The Baltimore Patriot says, "Would it be believed, that now, in the 19th century, in the age of Steam and of Rail-roads, that the great mail from the North and East lies in Philadelphia all night; then, at eight in the morning, starts for Baltimore, where it arrives at about three in the afternoon, and then takes another rest until seven the next morning, when at 7 o'clock it proceeds to the West!"

Ex-Gov. YELL, of Arkansas, arrived in Washington City on Monday the 10th inst., from Galveston, Texas. Major DONALDSON, our Minister to that country, arrived at N. Orleans in company with Gov. YELL.

## THE WATCHMAN.

Salisbury, No. Ca., May 21, 1845.

We are authorized to announce JAMES E. KERR, as a candidate for the County Court Clerkship of Rowan.

We are authorized to announce JOHN H. HARDIE, as a candidate for the County Court Clerkship of Rowan.

We are authorized to announce JOHN S. JOHNSTON, as a candidate for the Superior Court Clerkship of Rowan.

FOR CONGRESS,  
DANIEL M. BARRINGER.

IT MEANS, MASON & TUTTLE, No. 38 William Street, Merchants' Exchange, are our sole Agents in the City of New York, for receiving Subscriptions and Advertisements.

## THE NEXT CONGRESS.

It is now ascertained beyond a doubt, that the Locofocosi will have a large majority in the House of Representatives, and also a small majority in the Senate. Every department of the General Government, will therefore, be under the absolute control of the dominant party.—And as the Union, the official organ of President Polk admits, "they will have power sufficient to carry out the policy of the Administration of their choice, whatever it may be." Being thus clothed with power to do as they please in relation to the Tariff, either to modify it, so as to bring it within the range of South Carolina's idea of what it should be, the People ought to hold this double-faced, Tariff and Anti-Tariff Party to a strict accountability for the manner in which they exercise the power gained by the *lowest despicable means!* But shall we expect them to comply with the pledges given before the election? We may look in vain, we fear: for it will be in perfect accordance with the acts of the party if they fail to do as they promised the People of the U. States, if there is any risk to run—or any popularity to lose. These are the *dearest* objects of this federal party under the assumed name of Democracy. The prosperity of the country about which they talked so lustily before the election, has been entirely forgotten, by their eagerness to obtain the "spoils of office." And if we may be permitted to form an opinion from what has transpired, the People need expect nothing from this democratic administration, at least, until the hungry appetites of the *big fish* of the party have been snugly provided for.

But as to the Tariff, we think there is not any great danger, for the Northern portion of the party, who only secured the great States of Pennsylvania and New York for Mr. Polk, by assuring the People that he was a better Tariff man than Mr. CLAY, will hardly be willing to hazard their own popularity to gratify the refractory spirit of South Carolina—or the Virginia abstractionists. So, after all, it is quite probable, notwithstanding the intimations of the Washington Union, the present beneficent Tariff will not be seriously, if disturbed at all;—though we have no doubt strong exertions will be made to bring it down to what the *chivalry* are pleased to term a *Revenue Tariff*, to wit, twenty per cent.

## THE ZOLL VEIEN TREATY.

Great complaint was made, some months ago, by the Tylerites in particular, of the Whig Senators, who had refused to ratify the Zoll Verein treaty, especially in the tobacco and cotton-growing region, because, as it was alleged, its provisions were somewhat favorable to those articles. The annexed extract from a leading *Locofoco* paper amply exposes the stupidity of the negotiators of that treaty, and vindicates the wisdom of the course pursued in relation to it by the Whig majority in the Senate:—

From the New York Morning News.

"People abroad are aware of the grounds on which the Senate declined to ratify the (Zoll Verein) treaty negotiated by Mr. Wheaton.—It not only exacted more from this country than it yielded in return, but by involving a question of differential duties, was a direct invasion of the powers of Congress under whose authority the existing duties are levied. This was not all. It was not discovered until the treaty was already before the Senate, that by virtue of treaty stipulations with England, that country would be entitled to claim, in the event of its adoption, all the advantages intended to be conferred exclusively on the Zoll Verein. Here again, by a retroactive effect, would the whole of that part of the Tariff which contemplated articles of British manufacture, have been nullified by the ratification of a treaty with a third power!—The folly and precipitation of the late administration could scarcely have been rendered more conspicuous."

ALABAMA.—The Locofoco State Convention, which met at Tuscaloosa on the 5th inst., nominated Nathaniel Terry, Esq., as the candidate of that party for Governor. Terry received 67 votes, and James W. McClung, 13. This nomination does not seem to take with a portion of the democracy. Opposition in the person of Mr. McClung, is seriously talked of by friends of Mr. Calhoun. But, as on other occasions, we suppose they will be whipped into the traces and made to work like horses by the old bunkers.

## CAUGHT AT LAST.

We learn from a gentleman of Cabarrus, that Dave, a negro boy, who was convicted in the Superior Court of that county of committing a rape upon a white girl, and sentenced to be hanged, but escaped from jail before the time for his execution arrived, has been caught and safely lodged in jail, there to await the execution of the law. He was taken in Mecklenburg county, where he had been secreted in a cave.

Calvin Lytle, a free negro, convicted of burglary at the last Term of Davidson Superior Court, and sentenced to be hanged, was executed at Lexington, on Friday the 16th inst. He made no confession.

We invite attention to the advertisement

in to-day's paper, headed "Greensborough High School." Our readers are already aware that the Orange Presbytery have resolved to remove from Greensborough, the "Caldwell Institute," on the alleged ground that the unhealthiness of that town requires it should be done. The citizens of the place, very justly, we think, are much displeased about it. Not so much on account of the removal of the School, as with the reason given for it; and they have published a report of all the deaths which have occurred there for the last four or five years, with the diseases which have occasioned them, to disprove the argument of the Presbytery for the removal. In that respect, we notice, nearly as many die with old age as with any thing else. They have shown that Greensborough is, in truth, a very healthy place, a fact, which until lately, was never questioned.

The citizens in a truly educational spirit, have determined to keep up a good school there, and to this end, have organized a new Institution, which promises to be equal, if not superior to the one to be removed.

An act for the gradual emancipation of slavery in the French colonies has passed the House of Peers. It was introduced and supported by the cabinet, and will therefore, it is presumed, be equally successful in the House of Deputies. The principle of the act is, by requiring the masters to give one day in each week to the slaves, that they may by the freedom of that day's labor, which is to be paid for at a just valuation, accumulate a sum sufficient to buy their own freedom. This is likely to be a very long process, and the value of the labor as compared with the value of the slave will be fixed at a price so low, as to require many years before the price of freedom can be accumulated. This act has the semblance of philanthropy about it, but no reality; for many, if not all the slaves of the present generation will most likely die in bondage.

A volume has recently been published professing to give the sayings of the Duke of Wellington. Among other things in the volume, there is the following laconic letter written by the Duke to Marshal Bessier, giving an account of the Waterloo affair, soon after it took place, which as a description of the great battle by one of the great actors, is quite a curiosity:

"You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what the boxers call 'gluttons.' Napoleon did not manoeuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was, that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about as if they had been our own.—I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

Mr. Fox, the late British Minister to the United States, says the *Nat. Intelligencer*, being about to leave Washington city, (in which he has resided since his official functions ceased,) addressed a polite note to the Commissioner of Public Buildings on the 19th ultimo, offering for the public gardens a number (several hundred) of roses and flowering shrubs growing in his garden; which, we learn from the government paper, were thankfully accepted, and are now being transferred partly to the garden attached to the President's House, and partly to the Capitol square.

Warlike Preparations.—The British Whig, published in Kingston, Canada West, mentions the following rumors of warlike preparations there, but does not vouch for them:

"Eight regiments are ordered out immediately for Canada, and those going home this summer are stayed till further orders. In order to encourage the recruiting of soldiers for regiments of the line, the standard has been reduced one inch. (this is a fact.) The dockyard at Kingston is forthwith to be put on a full establishment, and an Admiralty Commissioner will assume the command, under whose superintendence three iron steam frigates, of the largest class are to be built. Mr. Tucker, the Admiralty builder, the architect who built the Cherokee, arrived out in the Hibernia, and by this day's steamer is actually at his post in Kingston."

Late from Mexico.—The New York Journal of Commerce of Tuesday, 3 P. M. has the following intelligence from Mexico:

We learn from Capt. Baker, of the bark Fal-mouth, which left Matanzas May 9th, that the English mail steamer from Vera Cruz arrived at Havana 7th inst., with despatches for Mr. Crawford, the British Consul, advising him that the boundary line of Texas had been defined and settled, and her Independence guaranteed by a convention between England, France and Mexico. Accounts by the same arrival state that Santa Anna has been reduced to the alternative of ten years' banishment, or a trial for maladministration.

The above intelligence must have left Vera Cruz on the 2d or 3d inst., which is ten days later than our previous advices.

This joint guarantee of Texas Independence, with a specification of boundaries, is a more definite form of the proposition sent to Texas from Mexico some weeks since, per Br. frigate *Euridice*. The Texas government objected to that proposition, that it specified no particular boundary; but intimated that if this objection were obviated, and a liberal boundary specified, the proposition would be presented to the people for adoption or rejection, simultaneously with the Annexation project. We presume the line has been placed pretty far West, in the hope of inducing the Texans to acquiesce; but it will be in vain,—they are almost unanimous for Annexation, and Annexation will be the result.

The Delegation of Cherokee Indians, with John Ross at their head, have arrived in Washington.

[For De. Watchman.]

MEANS, ERRORS:—The following incident occurred in one of the lower counties of the "Old North State." Should you deem it worthy of a place in your columns please give it insertion.

Not long since a Yankee clock pedlar drove up to the gate and straight way entered the house of a certain Mr. A. with all that case and modesty so eminently characteristic of that class of individuals. No it happened that Mr. A. in common with southern gentlemen generally held these locusts of the North in great detestation, and was but little disposed at any time to listen to their chaffing, much less to become the purchaser of one of their clocks; and at this particular time he was busily engaged in writing, and in no very heavenly mood.

"Good morning," quoth the pedlar, entering the parlor without ceremony. "Good morning, sir."

"Can I sell you a clock this morning?"

"No sir."

"First-rate brass clock, sir,—warranted for twelve months, and no mistake:—a beautiful piece of furniture for the mantle, it is; and has a richly painted landscape, done by a first-rate artist—just suit you I guess."

"I do not wish to buy your clock, sir."

"Ah, you haven't seen it! You must see it and hear it strike. It is musical, and we call it a piano clock,—first-rate article."

"I don't want your clock, sir.—I wouldn't have your fine clock, sir."

"You must see the article.—nice clock—just suit you—has gilt pillows and Corinthian capitals—warranted to run twelve months—maker's name and directions pasted inside,—gilt pendulum—see it through a hole in the landscape,—beautiful clock, sir."

"I don't want to buy your clock, sir, and I care nothing for your Corinthian capitals and gilt pendulums—I do not want it."

"Very fine clock, sir,—warranted for eighteen months—eight-day brass clock,—splendid gilt eagle on top—flash of lightning in one claw, a vine in the other; carved lion's feet for supports, and has a brilliant rich tick—"

"I tell you again, sir, I care nothing for your gilt eagles and carved lions' paws. I don't want to buy your clock, and I would not have it a 'tick' 'tick' 'ing in my house, sir."

"Ah, you must see it! It will just suit you," and exit the pedlar for his nice clock.

The clock was brought in and placed directly on the table at which Mr. A. had been writing, and the pedlar at once proceeded to wind up and set to striking his tin footed eagle capped time piece, utterly unconscious of the tremendous look fixed upon him, and of the storm that was brewing.

"There, sir, ain't that music for you!—Hammer strikes a circular steel spring. None of your old-fashioned bell clocks,—piano clock, sir,—warranted for two years,—just suit your mantle,—worth forty dollars, you shall have it for thirty—suits your mantle so well."

By this time Mr. A's patience had waxed exceedingly thin.

"Eight-day brass clock, perfect—all made by machinery—first-rate time-piece—made at Hartford, Connecticut—piano clock, sir,—take twenty dollars—spread eagle on top—flash of lightning in one claw—"

"D—n your clock and your spread eagle!—take it away, I don't want it."

"First-rate clock, sir, splendid bargain at twenty dollars—will take fifteen if you want to buy—suits your mantle to a T—nice clock, sir."

Mr. A. could stand it no longer, but rising with an "excuse me, if you please," went to the outer door and beckoned to his servant Eaton, and giving him some instructions returned to his seat with a look so quiet that the pedlar was completely deceived and thought his clock already sold.

"Ah, thought you would like it! such a nice piece of furniture." Here he was cut short by the entrance of Eaton and four strapping negro fellows:

"Take that fellow," said Mr. A., "and carry him to his cart: Distribute yourselves to his head, arms, and legs, one to each—down with him."

The pedlar at first showed fight, but in a trice was on his back, and singing out in great trepidation, "I am no abolitionist," swearing most lustily, that if let off this time he would never darken Mr. A's door again, for by this time he was completely overcome with terror.

"Out with him," said Mr. A. "D—n him, Eaton, boy he kicks. Hold his legs tight. Now off with him to his cart." "Let me go"—sang out the pedlar. "Let me alone! Oh! Lord, don't kill me!" Off with him—put him in his wagon.

"Now bring his fine clock—don't break it. Get it in the box,—that will do."

"Now, Mr. Pedlar, one word before we part. Do you see that saw pit? Well, if ever you put your foot on my land again, I will make Eaton hang you upon it as sure as you are a Yankee. Be off!"

No second bidding was necessary, and that pedlar was never seen in that part of the Country again.

## MR. CLAY AND THE LADIES OF TROY.

FROM THE TROY WHIG.

THE WHIG LADIES OF TROY and HENRY CLAY.—During the last winter the Whig ladies of this city raised a subscription for the purchase of a piece of silver plate to be presented to HENRY CLAY, of Kentucky. As stated some weeks since in this paper, an elegant silver waiter of the value of \$200 was ordered by them for this purpose and forwarded to Ashland. It will be seen from the annexed correspondence that the waiter arrived safely at its destination, and that its receipt has been acknowledged by Mr. CLAY in his usual felicitous manner:

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

TROY, APRIL 17, 1845.

DEAR SIR: We are deputed by the Whig Ladies of Troy to present you the accompanying testimonial of respect, but we hope you will not measure that respect by the smallness of our gift. If you will estimate it by the regard and gratitude we feel for you, it will become of infinite value.

It is with pride and pleasure we point out to your notice that in the late political contest our little city fought nobly for HENRY CLAY and his principles. We feel, therefore, you will not despise the humble offering we make to the most talented of our statesmen, the most patriotic of our citizens.

We wish you health and happiness, and feel that the consciousness of being looked on as a benefactor to your country, will go far to ensure you the latter. Assure yourself that to none are your name and fame dearer than to the "Whig Women of Troy."

In whose name we subscribe ourselves, yours, respectfully,  
CATHARINE THORN,  
ELIZABETH GRISWOLD,  
Hon. HENRY CLAY.

ASHLAND, MAY 5, 1845.

MY DEAR LADIES: I received today your friendly letter of the 18th ultimo, which the Whig Ladies of Troy have done me the honor to send me, in testimony of the sense which they are pleased to entertain of my services to the Republic, my principles, and my character. Mrs. Clay and the other ladies of my family greatly admire the waiter, and it is a coincidence worthy of be-