Alexandria Gazette AND VIRGINIA ADVERTISER

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS

PUBLISHED DAILY AND TRI-WEEKLY BY EDGAR SNOWDEN.

ALEXANDRIA:

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1860.

CONGRESS.—Yesterday being private bill day, the proceedings of Congress were of no general interest. Both Houses have adjourned over until Monday.

The House of Representatives having requested the President to communicate all information in his possession relative to the expulsion of Americans from the city of Mexico and the confiscation of their property by Gen. Miramon, the Secretary of State has replied that no information on the subject has reached the Department. It has now been a fortnight since publicity was given to this story of confiscation, and as yet we have seen no confirmation of it. It is not mentioned in letters from the city of Mexico, dated as late as the 18th ultimo, twelve days after the capture of Miramon's steamers.

A letter from Clarke County, Virginia, informs us that the storm in that section, on Monday night last, was very violent. Hail and rain fell in torrents, and there was much damage to property in and about White Post. About Rectortown, in Fauquier, the storm was severe. All along the river, in Stafford, King George &c., hail fell "in quantities." Such a storm in April has rarely been experienced.

A dispatch from Richmond, dated the 12th inst., says:—"The Central Botts Club of Virginia met to-day and issued an able address to the Opposition throughout the Union, urging the nomination of Mr. Botts by the National Convention at Baltimore, as the most available candidate. The address is signed by many prominent gentlemen, and will be extensively circulated."

It appears from the files of the State Department, that nothing has been effected by our Ministers abroad, to remove the restrictions on the tobacco trade, and the latest communication on the subject is from our late Minister to France, Mr. Mason, dated August, 1858, in which he says that the French Government has no desire to surrender the monopoly in the sale of this article.

It is expected that Mr. Seddon, one of the alternates in the delegation from this district to the Charleston Convention, will attend, Mr. Moss not having sufficiently recovered his health to undertake the journey to Charleston.

In testimony of their appreciation of the services of Maj. Charles B. Ball, in procuring for them pay for their services, as well as his efforts to secure for them the Minnie gun, the Loudoun Guards have presented him with a beautiful gold headed ebony cane.

The Democratic party of Berkeley county last week, in Convention, nominated Daniel Lafever for Sheriff, Geo. H. Murphy for Commonwealth's Attorney, and J. W. McWharter for Commissioner of the Revenue.

The late Disturbances in Rome.

The London Times contains a letter giving full details of the late massacres at Rome, by the Papelgen d'armes. One hundred and forty seven persons were either killed or wounded. A number of ladies were injured, and the American Vice Consul, received a stab in the side. Several of the French millitary, off of duty, were also wounded.

The disturbance occurred on the 19th ult., on which day there was to be a grand promenade demonstration on the outside of the Porta Pia, in honor of Joseph Garibaldi, and in commemoration of the annexation of Central to Upper Italy. The government consequently gave orders for that long road to be strongly occupied by detachments of horse and foot gendarmerie. These dispositions, however, had the effect of checking the demonstration, and some thousands of the promenaders resorted to the Corso instead, where great numbers of them appeared with bunches of violets in their buttonholes. The patrols of gendarmes, who had orders to parade the Corso, took umbrage at this symbol, and insisted upon the promenaders walking singly instead of taking each other's arms. So strange a demand of course brought on, in some cases, unpleasant rejoinders; and the gendarmes, unaccustomed to admit of any reply to their high behests, proceeded to make some arrests upon the Piazza Colonna, which were resisted by the people as unjust and arbitrary. The gendarmes drew their swords, and a conflict would have taken place then and there, had not a French officer interferred, and reasoning with the gendarmes, induced them to give up the prisoners The people took this as a triumph, and the gendarme skulked off amidst universal hissing. They lost no time in making their complaint at headquarters, and a quarter of an hour later a patrol of horse gendarmerie entered the Piazza Colonna from the Piazza di Pietra, while a strong detachment of foot gendarmerie issued from the police office to the Monte Citorio Palace on the other side. These two forces then, with drawn swords, made a combined attack upon the unarmed people on the Piazza Colonna, and in the Corso, striking right and left, turning back carriages, knocking down foot passengers, men, women and children, ordering the cafes to be closed and house doors shut, and in fact running a complete muck. It may be imagined what a panic was produced by this unexpected ruffianism. The people seemed terror stricken, and those who were not quick enough in escaping from the Corso by the side streets, were prostrated by the remorseless sabres of the gendarmes.

Presidential Candidates.

The Savannah (Geo.) Republican, an old Whig and American paper, and now edited by one of the closest observers of the signs of the times, recommends as candidates for the nomination of the Convention at Charleston, either James H. Hammond of South Carolina, or Daniel S Dickenson of New York; and as candidates for Vice Presidents, Edward Everett of Massachusetts, Charles J. Jenkins of Georgia. If the conservative portion of the Democratic party were in the ascendent, we might look for some such nominations; put as it is, availability is to override every thing. —*Petersburg Int.*

News of the Day.

"To show the very age and body of the TIMES."

The committee of commerce have agreed to report the guano inspection bill from the Senate, and there is no doubt of its passage. The amount of guano used in this country is every year increasing, and an increase of the quality imported, and a diminution of its price, to commerce is very desirable, and is promised by the parties who are protected by this government in the possession of the guano deposits by them discovered in the South Pacific and elsewhere.

The committee appointed by the Norfolk and Petersburg (Va.) Railroad Company to examine into the condition of the works and report thereon, made their trip on Saturday last. They made a close inspection, and reached Petersburg about half-past four o'clock. Returning, they left at 6 P. M., and were safely landed at the depot in Norfolk at 8 o'clock, making the distance of eighty-two miles in about two hours.

The Mayor of Washington has received from the Potomac Light Infantry, the Georgetown College Cadets, the Alexandria Riflemen, and Law Greys of Baltimore, proper acknowledgments of the joint resolution of thanks tendered by the military companies of Washington, for their efficient aid and co-operation in the inauguration of the Statue of General Washington on the 22d of February last.

It is well settled that there will be no recess of Congress for the purpose of enabling members to attend either of the conventions for the nomination of President and Vice-President. It is understood, however, that a number of members will attend those conventions, and we know from past experience that during their absence no business of importance will be transacted.

On the night of the 9th inst., a destructive fire occurred in Washington county, Md., five miles from Hagerstown, by which a large barn of G. W. Zeigler was destroyed, together with its contents. Eleven head of cattle, most of them fine milch cows, and ten horses, were burnt to death. The entire loss is estimated at $5,000.

The Nantuckett (Mass.) Mirror says that thirty years ago there were eight rope walks in operation in that place, giving employment to between two and three hundred men. Now only a part of one of these is standing, in which two persons, one 75 and the other 86 years of age, are employed in making fishing lines!

A general council of the chiefs of the Six Nations Indians, residing along Grand river, Canada, was held in the course of the past week. Among other business of importance transacted, the initiatory steps were taken by the red men for joining in the great ovation to be given to his royal highness, the Prince of Wales.

We are informed by Peterson's Detector of a new and dangerous altered "five" dollar note, purporting to be the true issue of the Fairmont Bank of Virginia. Vignette—Man feeding pigs; man on right end; Henry Clay and figure "5" on left end; dog between signatures.

A train of forty-three cars left the depot of the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad, at Norfolk, Va., Tuesday morning. Each car was heavily loaded with merchandize, and seventeen filled with goods for Tennessee, which will go "through" without breaking bulk.

A Texas correspondent of the Mobile "Mercury" asks: "Did you ever hear of 'Epidemic Nose-bleeding?' We in Texas have. Prof. Forsyth believes it to result from some meteorological cause. The doctors must decide, of course."

M. F. de Lesseps makes known, in his journal L' Isthme de Suez, that he has received an autograph letter from the Emperor of Abyssinia, offering to support the canal scheme with "all the resources of his empire."

Owing to the court's requiring no bonds from those to whom it granted license for the sale of liquor, the number of licences of that character, in Loudoun county, has materially increased over last year.

The Prince Imperial of France, having been born on the 16th March, 1856, has just entered his fifth year. Galignani says he is exceedingly forward for his age, as "he can already read, write, and ride."

The sloop-of-war Germantown, Commander Page, from the East Indies, arrived at Norfolk, April 12, in thirty-five days from St. Helena, and from Hong Kong on the 17th December. All well.

Washington correspondents, who keep a catalogue of "Congressional scenes," label the difficulty between Messrs. Pryor and Potter as the fifteenth of the present session.

The maple sugar crop of Vermont this season is estimated at nearly fifteen hundred tons. The run of sap this year has been remarkable.

J. E. Rector, esq., formerly of Fauquier County, has been appointed to a clerkship in the Comptroller's Office, in Texas. He is a well qualified gentleman.

Leutze is about to paint the landing of the Catholics in Maryland, under Lord Baltimore.

The Ladies' Mount Vernon Association.

A new appointment of Vice Regent for the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association has just come to our knowledge, so full of interest that we cannot refrain from placing it before our readers.

From various circumstances beyond control, South Carolina has been one of the few States unrepresented in this band of sisterly patriots, notwithstanding which she has *voluntarily* contributed a considerable amount towards the "Fund." Now, we understand the Regent of the Association has succeeded in obtaining the name of Mrs. Mary Chesnut, the mother of the South Carolina Senator, as vice regent for that State.—This lady, now eighty-five years of age, has the proud happiness of being able to say what few living *can* say, that she had a *personal acquaintance* with Gen. Washington. In the spring of 1789 Washington visited Trenton, and was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations by the people, especially by the ladies. A "triumphal arch" was erected on the bridge over the Assanpinck Creek, at the entrance of which six young girls strewed flowers before him and sang a song of welcome. One of those girls is now Mrs. Chesnut. And she who in the dawn of life sang the song of triumphant welcome to "The Hero," now in its wane joins those who are endeavoring to pay the noblest of tributes to that hero's memory. We cannot imagine a more beautiful commencement and close of life. Who will not unite with us in the earnest hope that *that* life may be prolonged to witness the full accomplishment of this noble object?—*Nat. Int.*

NEWSTEAD ABBEY FOR SALE.—Newstead Abbey, Byron's English home, is to be sold at public auction on the 13th day of June next. The abbey, about ten miles from Nottingham, and one hundred and thirty-four from London, was founded by Henry II., in the latter part of the 12th century, and was one of the eclesiastical buildings erected by that monarch in the hope of expiating by acts of devotion, the murder of Thomas a Becket. "It is," says Irvin, "one of the finest specimens in existence of those quaint and romantic piles, half castle, half convent, which remain as monuments of the olden times of England.

Inauguration of the Clay Statue at Richmond.

Thursday was a great day in Richmond, and one that will long be remembered by her citizens. It was the anniversary of the birth day of HENRY CLAY, and the appointed time for the inauguration of the beautiful marble Statue, which the ladies of Virginia had had prepared, and to witness which the people had assembled en masse.

The weather was beautiful—clear, cool, and bracing in the shade—and at an early hour in the morning flags were swung across Main street, from various points, business houses were closed, and the city presented the appearance of a grand holiday. By 8 o'clock the sidewalks were filled with soldiers hurrying to their armories and parade grounds, to take their places in line, ladies and children were moving from point to point to get favorable glimpses of the military, and strangers and citizens were all elated at the opportunity of doing honor to the memory of the great Western orator, statesman and patriot.

The column was formed on Main and Twenty-second streets, and at 11 o'clock, the procession commenced to move. The military demonstration was grand and imposing, numbering at least one thousand fine looking soldiers. First came the chief marshal, Capt. Dimmock, accompanied by Jos. Mayo, Mayor of Richmond, in an open carriage. Then the Directory of the Ladies' Clay Statue Association. Then the Military as follows: Chesterfield calvary, Capt. H. W. Cox, 80 strong; Hanover cavalry, Capt. Wm. C. Wickham, 44 strong; Henrico cavalry, Capt. Dance, 32 strong; and Governor's Guard, Capt. Cabell, 66 strong. Next, National Guards, Capt, Shafer, a fine looking corps from Washington, D. C., and numbering forty six men. Next, the Home Guard, Capt Garland, from Lynchburg, Va. a handsome company of soldiers, sixty-two strong. Then the Farmville Guards, Capt. Booker, forty strong. The Richmond Regiment followed next, composed as follows:—Greys, Capt. Elliott; company F., Capt. Cary; company B., Capt. Mitchell; Montgomery Guard, Capt. Dooley; company G, company D, company K; and the Blues, Young Guard, Junior Volunteers, and the State Guard. Then followed the Orator—Benjamin Johnson Barbour, esq., in an open carriage, accompanied by Wm. H. Macfarland, esq. Then followed numerous invited guests in carriages. The column is estimated to have been near a mile in length, and was an hour in passing a given point.

The view of the vast concourse from the stand was the most imposing sight which we ever beheld. Immediately in front, about two thousand ladies were seated, while stretching away, in every direction, was to be seen a closely packed throng of human beings.

It is estimated that there could not have been less than twenty-thousand persons in attendance on the square, while some—perhaps correctly—estimate the number as high as thirty-thousand. On the stand, besides the Lady Directory of the Clay Association, the Reverand Clergy, and numerous Editors from various sections, were O. M. Crutchfield, Speaker, and several members of the House of Delegates and Senate of Virginia; J. Randolph Tucker, Attorney General of Virginia; Hon. D. J. Dejarnette, member of Congress from the Richmond district; James B. Clay, of Kentucky, son of the Great Statesman, John Tyler, and a number of other distinguished gentlemen.

At a quarter to 1 o'clock, the invited guests being seated, the Army Band beautifully executed "Hail Columbia" and "Star Spangled Banner," when Rev. Mr. Peterkin of the Episcopal Church, addressed the Throne of Grace in a fervent prayer appropriate to the occasion. The prayer being over, Wm. H. Macfarland, esq., made a few felicitous remarks, congratulating the Ladies upon the consummation of their great enterprise—a monument to Henry Clay.—Woman's patriotism has triumphed, said he, and the Statue of Henry Clay finds its appropriate resting place in the same Square which contains that of Washington. He then introduced Benjamin Johnson Barbour, esq., the Orator, as the "truest Representative of the Virginia feeling of to-day."

The address of Mr. Barbour was a beautiful defence of the character of the great statesman, and riveted the attention of the audience by its chaste delivery.

Mr. Barbour was frequently interrupted by applause, and when he concluded, both ladies and gentlemen joined in the hearty cheers that were given him.

Mr. Macfarland again arose, and stated that the moment had arrived for unveiling the Statue; and at a given signal the Armory Band struck up a national air, the cannon of the Fayette Artillery began to fire a salute of thirteen guns, and the veil fell from the Statue, disclosing to the view of the multitude the beautiful work of art.

The unveiling of the Statue before the immense multitude assembled upon the Square, was a scene of indescribable interest and grandeur. The Statue is a noble work of art—a faithful likeness of the great man whose form and features it is designed to hand down to posterity. When the multitude beheld it, and for an instant gazed on the snow-white form, the truthful representation of the distinguished son of Virginia, they lifted up their voices and filled the air with their cheers. The whole assemblage—one of the largest ever met on the Capitol grounds—exhibited the highest satisfaction and delight.

The Statue represents Mr. Clay in a speaking position, his left hand resting on a pedestal, and his right slightly extended. The face, to us, seemed perfect as art could make it, and the entire figure, dress and all, is most natural to those who knew that great man.

After the military had had an opportunity to see the Statue, the line of procession was again formed, and after marching up Broad street some distance, was dismissed.

A Banquet in honor of the invited guests to the Inauguration, took place at night at the Exchange Hotel. Speeches were made by several distinguished gentlemen, and everything passed off pleasantly. The Mechanics' Institute, and some two or three other buildings, were illuminated at night.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL UNION MEETING.—The meeting at Carroll Hall yesterday, of the friends of the Constitutional Union Party, was attended to the full capacity of the Hall, by a most respectable body of our citizens, and would doubtless have been much larger had not many been compelled to retire, unable to effect an entrance. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and the old Whig standard bearers, who have so long stood aloof from active party movements, were welcomed with most stirring plaudits as their names were mentioned. An adjourned meeting was held at Monument Square in the evening, and addresses delivered by prominent members of Congress. The repeated showers of rain, however, compelled an early adjournment of Carroll Hall, where the meeting continued in session to a late hour.—*Baltimore American.*

O. P. Baldwin, esq., editor of the Richmond Dispatch, has been lecturing in Augusta, Ga., and in a letter dated April 6th, we find the following paragraph:

"Speaking of churches, there is an African Baptist Church here which owns its minister. What do you think of that? They bought him of his former owner, and he is held in their behalf by a gentleman of this city. They give their spiritual servant a thousand dollars a year, which is a good deal more than some white preachers receive. The Methodist Church is said to be one of the largest, if not the largest in numbers in Georgia. It has its full proportion of the wealth and refinement of the State."

The Henry Clay Festival.

The CLAY Festival, at the Mansion House, on Thursday last, was one of the most genial, spirited, and harmonious assemblages, that has ever gathered around the social board in this city. The hour at which the assembly separated, rendered impossible a notice of all the pleasant incidents of the occasion, in yesterday's issue. We give below the sentiments expressed on the occasion, and an abstract of the responses made by the distinguished invited guests, and our own townsmen.

The Dinner, to which the Company had gathered at the sound of "Rally Whigs," played on the balcony of the Mansion House, and upon which a blessing was asked by the Rev. Elias Harrison, D. D., being over, the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" began at twilight.

The toasts—

Virginia the Mother, and Kentucky the Daughter.—God bless the Old Commonwealth, and her eldest born!—May all their ways be pleasantness, and all their paths be peace.

Kentucky.—The first-born daughter of Virginia.—We love her as such, and because she cherished and appreciated CLAY.

having been read, were greeted with three cheers, and "My Old Kentucky Home" by the band.

Hon. John J. Crittenden, of Ky., rose to respond to a sentiment which blended Virginia with Kentucky. He was a native of Kentucky; born in her centre, while she was a county of Virginia. (Cheers.) The sentiment declared that Virginians loved Kentucky, because she appreciated CLAY. Kentucky returned the sentiment with redoubled force—"We love Virginia, because she gave us CLAY. (Cheers.) It was well she did. CLAY could never have been the man he was, if you had not given him to us." (Enthusiastic applause.) Used to rely upon his own unaided resources, he dared the troubles of a frontier settlement, and true to his Virginia instincts, won the hearts of the sturdy pioneers of Kentucky. Where could he have been born, but in Old Virginia? Where trained, but in Young Kentucky? He was their joint production.—(Loud cheers.) Such as he was, he was worthy of his parentage, and well might all the world be challenged to say if he were not A MAN. (Applause.) Well had he known CLAY—faithfully, but with unequal steps, followed his political life. He was all they believed he was. (Applause.) No duty was ever given him, that he did not well discharge. Though he was gone, yet his influence still survived, and from the skies he continued to bless his country. (Applause.) Those who had tracked his life with calumny, came foremost to weep at his grave. (Applause.) Years ago, he had told a Senatorial opponent of CLAY—"the time will come when, to disarm the wrath of the people for the wrong you have done, you will go to his grave to ask forgiveness." (Loud and long continued applause.) He had lived to see his words literally verified.—Every one at the table could recall such incidents. (A voice.—"That's a fact.")—There was a traditional veneration for the name of CLAY—and to all future time it would take its place among the loftiest in the annals of mankind. Wherever good was to be obtained for his country, he was there. Peace found in him a most efficient advocate; and in war, his voice echoed through the land like the clarion of a Roman Legion. (Applause.) Struggling nations, fighting for liberty, won his sympathies, and gained in their cause the prowess of his eloquent tongue. When the South American nations rose against Spain, for liberty, his voice was their most potential advocate in the councils of his country, and, through them, before the world. A British statesman had claimed that he introduced the South American States into the family of Nations. Not so. Mr. CLAY had introduced the free Republics of the South to the world. He was a man fit to do it. A poor young man, he wandered to Kentucky, without a dollar, and, twenty years afterwards, introduced *Nations* to the world. In his own country, prompt to urge the people to take up the gage of battle in a just cause, he was also the fittest to aid in securing for his country, the benefits of an honorable peace. (Applause.) Such men as CLAY could only live in an atmosphere like ours. No other nation could produce such men. (Applause.)

Following this line of thought, Mr. Crittenden urged upon the assembly the mighty importance of sustaining this nation as it is, with its free Constitution. He thanked God that his lot was placed in such a country. (Applause.) The sun shone on no land so fair; nowhere in all the annals of the race, did record tell of a country so free and prosperous as ours. Let any man look on the wide expanse of habitable earth, stretching from Maine to California—full of prosperity and happiness—no white man a slave—no man unjustly deprived of his liberty—no man oppressed—all free, glorious, and happy—and ask himself if another such spectacle was spread before the sun. Yet, we could be still happier, if we would; if no quarrel interrupted our harmony. Where was the man who would peril all this, and dissolve the Union? (A voice.—"Nowhere.") If this Union were to be dissolved, who could frame another? Could the grave be called to give back Washington, and Madison, and Mason, and Henry? Who could evoke Hamilton and Jay to come forth from the graves where they lie buried, to do this work? Can you find in little ⅓ Roads' politicians, men who can do it? (Cries of no, no; and applause.) Was it wise to pull down before we knew how to build up? For seventy years the Union had made us prosperous and happy, and carried us with unexampled pace to power and to glory—from three millions, it had made us thirty-five millions. Who believed we could pull down this fabric our fathers raised, and build a better one? (Applause.) There was a curse of old on him who abandoned the God of his Fathers. He was an old man—the God of his Fathers was good enough for him, and he meant to stand by them. (Loud cheers.)

He thought that now he had spoken long enough; but yielding to cries of "go on," he continued, saying, that there were some politicians who thought they could improve this work of their fathers. They would make three or four small States out of one great one. They had a fancy for little Republics—good for small men. They were always busy seeking and working, and working and seeking, but their plans would fail. The house the fathers built was good enough for the children. (Applause.) If any man was not content with our present glory, let him look ahead. We would grow from thirty millions to one hundred and fifty millions, overshadow the world with our power and influence, and sit among the nations, umpire of the world. All this, if we but choose to be wise, free, and united. He concluded with the following sentiment:—

The glorious little Town of Alexandria.—All Whig, as of old—though small in body, with a mighty spirit.

Nine cheers for Crittenden, and three for Kentucky, responded.

The regular toasts, which we published yesterday, having been duly honored, the following volunteers were then read by the Chair:—

Tennessee.—A noble State, well represented here by a noble Man.

Hon. R. B. Brabson, of Tenn., responded with much vigor and eloquence. He felt proud, he said, that he was a Tennessean, for Tennessee loved Clay, and in 1844 rolled up a large majority for her favorite. (Applause.) He loved the Union, and Tennessee loved the Union, and would never desert its flag. If the peril came, the fight must be under the American flag. Tennessee was not ready for disunion, she was true to whig principles, and in the last election, against heavy odds, the Whigs had sent to the House of Representatives seven out of the ten members. (Applause.) She was ready now, and would roll up 10,000 majority for the gallant Kentuckian, Crittenden, or her own son John Bell, (applause,) or John M. Botts. (Applause.) He did not believe that the people of Virginia wished to dissolve the Union. (Cries of no, no.) But your Representative talks about it. (A voice that's an *extra* touch—laughter.) He continued, exhorting the assemblage to stand by the Union, and assuring them that Tennessee would stand by it. His remarks were quite spirited, and elicited constant applause, and excited much enthusiasm. At the conclusion of his speech, three cheers for Brabson and three for Tennessee were given with a will.

The song, "Here's to you Harry Clay" having been sung, followed by three cheers for its author, H. B. Whittington, an autograph letter of Mr. Clay expressing thanks to Mr. Whittington was read. The following toast was then read.

By Capt. W. H. Dulany—Kentucky—may she ever be represented in the National Congress by—one *Moore.*

Hon. Laban T. Moore, of Ky., responded, saying that Alexandria, like the great conqueror whose name she bore, was small in size but great in energy and indomitable perseverance. He paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the great Commoner of Kentucky, who had been in boyhood and in manhood, the ideal of his affections. In eloquent terms he depicted the folly and madness of disunion, and urged the people to discountenance the unhallowed efforts which were making for its destruction. Men who were foremost in sectional strife, in legislative halls, grew friendly enough in the social circle, and thus demonstrated the hollowness of the parts they acted in public. Kentucky did not intend to surrender this Union, for she knew not what was to follow. She did not believe in making great men out of small materials. That was a patent right of the Democratic party. (Laughter and applause.) In conclusion he declared that he did not come there to make a speech, (a voice—give us a little more of the same sort) and had but expressed the sentiments which the occasion impressed upon him.—Three cheers for Moore were given and followed by three *more* for Kentucky. Then followed toasts:—

By C. L. Neale—In honor of him whose birth we this day celebrate May we ever treasure up the memory of his life as a glorious example for our imitation.

By B. T. Plummer.—Henry Clay—though dead, still lives in the hearts of the citizens of Alexandria, a portion of whom are this day assembled to do honor to his memory.

By J. S. Maxwell.—Henry Clay—The efforts of his lofty intellect and resplendent genius were directed entirely to the welfare of his whole country. May his memory ever live equally in the purest affection, and warmest admiration of every "*old line Whig.*"

By E. Barchell—The Whigs of America—gentlemen and patrious by instinct. (Applause.)

By —H. W. Thomas—a worthy son of old Virginia.

Mr. Thomas in response alluded to the first political speech of his life—delivered in Alexandria at the old Mechanic's Hall. A mechanic himself, he felt surprised in those days to find so many mechanics opposing the friend of industrial interests, Henry Clay,—and he had labored with all his might to convince them of their error.—He alluded with much feeling and eloquence to the great man whose memory the festival celebrated, declared that from his youth up he had almost worshipped him.—He drew from his bosom a paper which contained some grass plucked from the grave of Clay, and which he declared he wore upon his heart. (Loud applause, and demonstrations of great enthusiasm.) He depicted the energy and toil by which the effort of South Carolina to induce Virginia to embark in an enterprise looking to disunion, were rendered fruitless. He spoke of the opinions of Mr. Douglas as having been denounced by the Democracy of Virginia, in 1848, as as bad as the Wilmot Proviso, and asked the people to wait and see, if a man holding those opinions was not endorsed by that same Democracy. Amid loud applause he resumed his seat, and the chairman read the following letter from the Hon John Minor Botts:—

RICHMOND, April 10th, 1860.

Gentlemen: I was about responding to your first invitation, when your second arrived to-night, urging me, if possible, to dine with my friends in Alexandria, on the 12th instant, in honor of the memory of Henry Clay, the dinner to be given by his political friends and admirers.

I have already been compelled to decline some eight or ten invitations, to attend similar celebrations in various parts of the country, extending from New Orleans to New York.

In thus declining to leave home on that day, I have had no fear that my motives will be misconstrued; no one can suspect me, of a want of proper respect and veneration for the memory of the illustrious founder of our party, to whose political fortunes I adhered, at all times, and in every stage of his chequered life; which made for me many bitter enemies, a handful of whom have not yet relaxed in their efforts to defame and injure me; this I did with a devotion and fidelity that drove me from the public councils of the country, which I was occupying at the last eventful period, when he was overslaughed and sacrificed by the members of his own political family, for a stranger and a soldier, until then unheard of, and unknown at least in the political world.

It has always been a source of great satisfaction to know, that during a long period of public service, the only offence from first to last, of which complaint was ever made by any portion of my constituents (and *they* were few in numbers, but of leading influence,) was my resolute determination to secure a nomination for Mr. Clay in 1848, in preference to all other men, if it was within the compass of one man's energy to accomplish it—I did not succeed—but I glory in the knowledge, that it was no fault of mine.

Having been pursued with bitterness and hate from that day to this, by a portion of those whose enmity I then excited, do you blame me for the exultation I feel at the demonstrations that are about to be made, not only in our own State, but throughout the length and breadth of the land—in admiration of, and reverence for, the elevated character and services of the man for whom I made this ready sacrifice of position and place?

I have no official part to play in the ceremonies that are to take place in Richmond; I am not even invited by the select committee to be present, to take a seat on the same platform with Mr. Clay's especial and ardent friend Mr. Tyler, whilst with you I should be an honored guest; but for all that, —and I hope you will excuse me for it,—I prefer to be here; I prefer to be a silent, unobtrusive, unobserved spectator of the scenes that will transpire here, to being the guest of any or all the various companies and associations that have paid me the compliment of remembering my relations towards Mr. Clay, not in the marble form in which he will be seen and worshipped here, but in his *living, manly form*, when their confidence in, and admiration of his public virtues would have been gratifying to him, and their support eminently useful to his country.

Excuse me then gentlemen for most respectfully declining your kind invitation, for which I return you my sincere and grateful thanks. Permit me to remain at home, and enjoy the scene that is to be spread before me, which will, like an electric shock, thrill through every nerve, as the highest vindication that could be offered for the deed for which I have been so long condemned, and so cruelly assailed, but which, *did then, has since, does now, and ever will*, constitute one of the proudest acts of my entire life.

When I read over the list of the names of the gentlemen who are said to have accepted invitations to be present as *distinguished guests*, to do reverence to the memory of Mr. Clay, I pause for reflection; I am unwilling to permit myself to doubt the sincerity of any gentleman who may choose to make a "pilgrimage to Mecca"—but I cannot resist the temptation of asking myself, what it is, they see in Mr. Clay's character to admire? *What we see, every body knows;* for we saw it all the time. He held no official station to which it is usual to pay such homage;—the country is not in the enjoyment of, and is deriving no advantage from any great measures from which he labored;—no one measure of this great American system has commanded their approval. Can it be in admiration of his private virtues? When he was last a candidate for office, he was held up to his countrymen as a corrupt, intriguer, as a gambler, and a drunkard, an abolitionist and an enemy to the best interests of the nation.

Why, gentlemen, one thing is certain—they either did not believe what they said of him at the time—for no evidence has been offered since his death to establish his innocence—or they have changed their opinions of his principles, and of our party—and in that event, should be ready to adopt them and unite upon us—or, they hope to make political capital out of his ashes, for themselves or their friends.

I want to be here, and find out if I can which it is, for just so sure as the next Presidential election comes on, these same honorable gentlemen will rehash all their old charges levelled at Mr. Clay, and with them, black ball and slander whoever else it may be the pleasure of our party to present for the suffrages of the people. If their charges were entitled to no credit as against Mr. Clay, as they now acknowledge, then the presumption is they'll be entitled to as little credit in the future, against whomsoever they may be directed.

Whilst all this is so, the true friends of Mr. Clay must rejoice that in his case at least, the rule has been reversed since the days of Anthony, when it was said—

"The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

This is a happy change for the better, but how much better still it would have been, if a modicum of this tardy justice could have been rendered at a time when its benefits could have been realized, and enjoyed by him to whom the debt was due and is now at last to be paid.

I have thus, gentlemen, offered you the spontaneous outpourings of my heart, without any effort at concealment, believing that no mock modesty should interpose as an obstacle to their free utterance. I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

JOHN MINOR BOTTS.

To Messrs. Stephen Shinn, W. A. Harper, and others, Committee, &c.

The chairman said Mr. Botts had been treated badly by the Richmond committee, and on motion a vote was taken and the sentiment of the chairman unanimously endorsed by the meeting.

The following toasts were then read:

By a Whig—John Minor Botts.—a son of Virginia, a true Whig and always the firm and devoted friend of Henry Clay.

By —The Fairfax Rifle Rangers—may the gallant Dulany long command them.

Capt. Dulany responded in a general speech, full of eloquence, and abounding in witty allusions that brought down the house in peals of laughter. He declared that the Whig party in Virginia was like a beaten candidate in his county, who, the morning after his discomfiture, declared "If I had knowed before, what I know now, I'd a beat him easy." If the Whigs when they scared John Letcher out of his boots, had known how near they would have come to electing Goggin, they would have worked harder, and elected him. He said that the Rifles who had been toasted, were all for the Union, and to a man would fight for it. After the applause which followed Capt. Dulany's speech had subsided, the chairman read the following toast.

By Hon. J. Morris Harris, of Maryland—Clay and Crittenden—The great Commoners of Kentucky—We cannot give to the living higher praise, than thus in our love to associate his name with the dead.

Mr. Crittenden responded, and alluded to the friendship early formed between Mr. Clay and himself, which during a chequered career of over a quarter of a century, endured with but one hour's misunderstanding.—Born like Mr. Clay in the humbler ranks of life, the son of a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary Army who won with his sword from Virginia the Bounty Land in Kentucky he afterwards settled upon, defended with his rifle and cultivated; he had too much fellow-feeling with the great statesman, not to admire him, and to serve him with a man's service. He supported him for the Presidency as long he had any chance of being elected to fill the office he would have graced so well. He did not feel that he (Mr. Crittenden) was altogether capable of assuming the high office in connexion with which his name had been mentioned to-night. He had served his country ever since he had been a man, except now and then an hour stolen to lay up bread for his family, and he thought it time he should retire. Whatever he might think of those who had occupied the place, he could but consider the Presidency, a station of great dignity—the highest position on earth among men. He had no hope that he could be elected if he wanted it, and he did not believe he could get it if he wanted it. He thought that he had fulfilled the destiny for which he was made. The Presidency was a station that required not merely talent, but manliness and statesmanship. This government did not so much need the strict construction of the laws as their strict execution. The President of the United States must be a man of both physical and moral courage, that he might be able to say to any one, "Sir you forget I am the President of the United States." In conclusion he said, "I am not a candidate for the Presidency."

The chair then read the following toasts:

By a Gentleman.—H. B. Whittington, the author of the song "Here's to you Harry Clay."—A man who could write such a song, while laboring under a severe chill, (as he was when he wrote it,) must have been inspired by the true Whig spirit. Though absent in person, he is with us in spirit, and his devotion to his political idol, Henry Clay, is only exceeded by that to his God, and his friends, which no true man will gainsay.

Lewis McKenzie.—Our assiduous and indefatigable Representative.—His political sentiments, and his heart, are always in the right place. (Applause.)

Mr. McKenzie, in response, alluded to the great struggle in the General Assembly of Virginia, by which the efforts of South Carolina to carry off Virginia towards Disunion, had been prevented. (Applause.) The Western Democracy of the State was sound on the Union, and Mr. Jas. Barbour was its firm friend.

Continuing, he alluded to the outcry raised against him, because he had requested Mr. Botts to write out and publish his views of the political aspect of the times. He admired Mr. Botts, because he was no time-server; because he always thought like a freeman, and dared to speak what he thought. (Applause.) For himself, he never shirked a question, or dodged a vote —(loud applause)—and he was willing to stand by what he had done. (Applause.)

The Chair then read the following toasts:

Maryland.—Our sister State.—We honor her, and love her citizens.

By John Greenwood.—The Alexandria Gazette. —Its advocacy of conservative principles, commends it to every lover of his country.

The President of the Common Council of Alexandria.—In honoring him, the people have honored themselves.

Mr. Massey responded in a vigorous and excellent speech. He alluded to the first time he had seen Henry Clay, in Lexington, Ky., in 1827: to the first time he had addressed the Whigs of Alexandria, following Maj. Thomas, at the old Mechanics' Hall.

His speech was loudly applauded, and at its conclusion, the following toast was read:

By Hon. R. B. Brabson.—The Mayor of Alexandria.—Worthy of the position conferred on him by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens.

In response to loud calls, "The Old Arm Chair," was sung.

Then came the following toasts:

By Wm. B. Richards, jr.—To the Ladies of the Mansion House, who so kindly assisted in the decoration of this Hall, our thanks are due.—May God bless them! (Applause.)

The National Intelligencer.—Now and ever devoted to conservative principles. It is a pattern to the Journalism of the country.

Mr. H. Hardy, of the Intelligencer reporting staff, responded, and waged a determined war upon Democracy. He was frequently applauded.

The following toast was then drunk.

Our worthy Host of the Mansion House, and his Assistant, Geo. Stuart.—Their efforts to please on this occasion could not be excelled.

And at 10½ o'clock, the large company, who had spent a social evening in harmony and pleasantness, broke up, with many wishes for another such reunion of the Whigs of Alexandria.

[COMMUNICATED.

Visit to Middleburg.

I had the pleasure, recently, of visiting Middleburg, and enjoying the society of some old and steadfast friends. The village in its general appearance is far from retrograding, upon the contrary, marks of improvement are visible, amongst which, I would notice the addition to the beautiful residence of B. P. Noland, esq., the improvements at the Episcopal Parsonage, the new store of Mr. Jno. M. Moran, portico and other repairs at the Kincheloe property; cattle scales, &c.

The merchants are well supplied with Spring goods, and seem to be doing a fair trade.

Broun's Cigar Manufactory.—This manufactory, I am happy to say, is in a very prosperous condition. It is receiving, as it deserves, a fair share of Southern trade.—Mr. B. is very fortunate in his selection of hands—added to first-class workmen they are sober, industrious, intelligent and educated men, good and deserving citizens.

I would here observe that Middleburg has of late become proverbial for its high standard of morals. I know of no village, or neighborhood whose young men are more deserving of commendation for exemplary morality. I resided in Middleburg for two and a half years, (from August '57 till February '60) during which time I did not know, nor did I hear of a single young man of the village being engaged in gambling of any kind. I never heard one cursing, nor did I see any under the influence of ardent spirits with the exception of one, and that one only once. The solemn stillness of the sabbath is broken alone by the sweet tones of the village bells, the music of psalms, or hymns, or the familiar voice of their faithful ministers, engaged in the worship of God in the various churches.

There is little or no lounging about the street corners during the business hours of the day, every one is apparently engaged in some industrial pursuit. I would say to both old and young, of every village throughout the country, let us try and emulate their laudable example.

Union Prayer Meeting.—This meeting was tolerably well attended last sabbath evening, and was addressed by a gentleman visiting at B. P. Noland's (I have forgotten the name.) The address was very appropriate, and delivered in a very happy style.

The Young Men's Christian Association is not as prosperous as it has been. It is to be hoped that the energetic President, and officers having put their hands to the helm, and looking to the proper source for succour, will push it forward to success, despite the breakers ahead.

I visited on Monday the hospitable home of Geo. L. Bitzer, esq., about 2 miles north of Middleburg, and spent a very pleasant day.