by reference to the fatiguing circumstances of his journey thus far.

The view below and around the place where Mr. Clay stood was striking beyond any effort of ours to portray. The wide street, for a considerable distance on either hand, was one dense mass of human beings, whilst the balconies, windows, etc., were crowded with ladies, all eager listeners to the words of the great statesman of the West. Never was such a scene, or anything approaching to it, witnessed in Wilmington.

His speech ended, Mr. Clay entered the reception room, and was then introduced to a rushing tide of people, made up of both sexes and all ages and conditions. He remained in the reception rooms until one o'clock, and then retired to his lodgings.

At two o'clock a most bountiful collation, prepared by Mr. Keith, was spread out on tables in the open space south of Mr. John Walker's house on Princess Street, to which a general invitation had been given, and of which hundreds partook. Mr. Clay was not present, desiring to have a few hours' rest. The company was, however, highly gratified with able and instructive speeches from Hon. A. H. Stephens, member of Congress from Georgia, who being on his way to Washington was induced to remain over a day; Col. William W. Cherry, of Bertie, an orator of surpassing eloquence; Col. B. F. Gaither, of Burke, and others. Mr. Stephens well sustained the reputation which had preceded him of being an eloquent, humorous, and effective speaker.

At night there was a superb ball and party at the Carolina Hotel and Masonic Hall—all the rooms being connected for the occasion. The whole affair was got up under the superintendency of ladies of Wilmington. It could not, therefore, but be an elegant one. The rooms were beautifully decorated, the refreshments choice, the supper in refined taste and order, the music inspiring, and a hilarious spirit reigned throughout the well-filled apartments. How many hours of the morning heard the festive strains we do not exactly know and will not hazard a conjecture. In the course of the evening Mr. Clay visited the place of gaiety and remained a couple of hours or so.

Between seven and eight this morning Mr. Clay took his departure for Raleigh, by way of the railroad, cheered by many, many, newly-awakened and newly-born wishes for his welfare.

We have thus sketched a meagre outline of Mr. Clay's visit to Wilmington. The glowing lines of the picture the reader's

imagination must supply. The enthusiasm, the kindly feeling, the generous good will, all these are to be supposed, for they were all exhibited in an eminent degree.

There was a very great concourse of strangers in town from this and the neighboring counties, Fayetteville, and other parts of the State, who aided us in doing honor to our venerable and beloved guest.

THE VISIT OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Early in May, 1847, Daniel Webster visited Wilmington as the guest of Gov. Edward B. Dudley. In an old book containing the private correspondence of Mr. Webster I found a letter by him dated Wilmington, May 6, 1847, as follows:

"At one o'clock yesterday, ten miles from this city, we met a special train, with a large deputation, headed by ex-Governor Dudley. The weather was bad, and the wind east, and I was rather easily persuaded to stay over a day. The Governor brought us to his own home, where we were grandly lodged. I go to the hotel to meet the citizens at 11 o'clock, and go off at half-past two this p. m., if the wind goes down. At present it blows rather hard. This is an active little city, built on the east side of the river, on sand-hills. The good people are Whigs, but out of the city, and all around for fifty miles, it is a region whose politics are personified by Mr. McKay.

"There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in this land by the name of *pitch,* etc., etc. We are here in the midst of this very thing, at the very center of the tar and turpentine region. The pines are long-leaved pines. In one of these, a foot from the bottom, a notch is cut, and its capacity enlarged and its shape fashioned a little, so as to hold the liquid, by chiseling, and then it is called the 'box.' Above the box the bark is cut off, for a foot or so, and the turpentine oozes out of the tree on to this smooth surface, and then runs slowly into the box. The box holds about a quart. In a good large tree it will fill five times a season. Sometimes there are two boxes in one tree, so that some trees will yield ten quarts a year. But the greatest yield is the first year; after that it is gradually diminished, and in seven or eight years the tree dies, or will yield no more turpentine. Tar is made by bringing together wood full of turpentine, either trees or knots, and