

The Charlotte Democrat.

W. J. YATES, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1878.

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THE
Charlotte Democrat,
PUBLISHED BY
WILLIAM J. YATES, Editor and Proprietor
TERMS—TWO DOLLARS for one year, or
One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents for six months.
Subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at reasonable rates, or in accordance with contract.
Obituary notices of over five lines in length will be charged for at advertising rates.

Dr. JOHN H. McADEN,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Has on hand a large and well selected stock of PURE DRUGS, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Family Medicines, Powders, Oils, Varieties, Dye Stuffs, Fancy and Toilet Articles, which he is determined to sell at the very lowest prices.
Jan. 1, 1878.

J. P. McCombs, M. D.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding country. All calls, both night and day, promptly attended to.
Office in Brown's building, up stairs, opposite the Charlotte Hotel.
Jan. 1, 1878.

DR. J. M. MILLER,
Charlotte, N. C.
All calls promptly answered day and night.
Office over Traders' National Bank—Residence opposite W. R. Myers.
Jan. 18, 1878.

DR. A. W. ALEXANDER,
Dentist,
Office over Sear & Co's Drug Store. I am working at prices to suit the times, for Cash. Will give you a No. 1 set of teeth for \$10. Gold and Tin Filling inserted for \$1 and upwards.
With 25 years' experience I guarantee entire satisfaction.
Jan. 18, 1878.

W. F. COOK,
Trade Street, on North Carolina Railroad,
Charlotte, N. C.,
Manufacturer of CIDER MILLS and all kinds of FARMING IMPLEMENTS.
All orders promptly attended to.
Jan. 1, 1878.

R. M. MILLER & SONS,
Commission Merchants,
and
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Provisions and Groceries,
College Street, CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Flour, Bacon, Sugar, Coffee, Salt, Molasses, and in fact, all kinds of Groceries in large quantities always on hand for the Wholesale trade.
Jan. 1, 1878.

HOTEL!
The Central Hotel,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Located in the centre of the city, has been fitted up as a First Class House with New Furniture and all conveniences appertaining to a good Hotel.
TERMS—\$3.00, \$2.50 and \$2.00 per day, according to location of Room.
H. C. ECCLES, Proprietor.
Feb. 2, 1877.

J. McLAUGHLIN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Groceries, Provisions, &c.,
COLLEGE STREET, CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Sells Groceries at lowest rates for Cash, and buys Country Produce at highest market price.
Cotton and other country Produce sold on commission and prompt returns made.

D. M. - RIGLER
Charlotte, N. C.
Dealer in Confectioneries, Fruits, Canned Goods, Crackers, Bread, Cakes, Pickles, &c.
Cakes baked to order at short notice.
Jan. 1, 1877.

B. N. SMITH,
Dealer in Groceries and Family Provisions of all sorts,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Consignments of Produce solicited, and prompt returns made.
Families can find anything at my Store in the Grocery line to eat, including fresh meats.
Jan. 4, 1877.

E. S. BURWELL, 1878. E. B. SPRINGS
BURWELL & SPRINGS,
Grocers and Commission Merchants,
Charlotte, N. C.
Jan. 4, 1878.

REMOVAL.
W. B. TAYLOR has removed his Lock and Gun-Smith and Repairing Shop to the wooden building next to Brom, Brown & Co's Hardware Store. Give him a call.
Nov. 16, 1877.

NEW BUGGIES.
At my Shop in the rear of Wadsworth's Stables, I have a few nice new Buggies for sale at low rates. I also make and repair Wagons, Buggies, Carriages, &c., and do all sorts of work in my line. Give me a call.
W. S. WEARN,
In rear of Wadsworth's Livery Stables.
Aug. 31, 1877.

SEWING MACHINES.
We are now prepared to sell all kinds of Sewing Machines, including Home, Home Shuttle, Singer, Howe, Remington, Domestic, &c., in fact all makes and styles, for less money than they can be bought in any Southern market, or from Agents. Our terms are Cash, and if you want to save money call on us.
Oil and Needles for all kinds of Machines for sale.
MAXWELL & SYMONS,
Charlotte, N. C.,
Up Stairs, opposite J. T. Butler's.
Dec. 21, 1877.

Central Hotel
BARBER SHOP.
GRAY TOOLE, Proprietor, keeps the best workmen employed, and guarantees pleasure and satisfaction to customers.
Shop immediately in rear of Hotel office.
June 8, 1877.

Cleveland county can produce a man who has been the just and lawful husband of three wives during the last twelve months.—*Shelby Aurora.*
How do you make your figures? How has the man managed so many women?

The Bureau of Internal Revenue is in possession of a bulky mass of evidence showing the paralysis of trade, produced by the present agitation of a change in the existing rate of taxation on whiskey and tobacco, which is further evidenced by the large falling off in the receipts from these sources for the past two months, and it is understood that the Commissioner will urge decisive action on this matter one way or the other, so as to put an end to the prevailing uncertainty.

Lands for Sale, Rent, &c.
SALE OF LAND.
On Saturday, 16th day of February, 1878, I will sell to the highest bidder, for Cash, at the Court House door in Charlotte, N. C., one Tract of LAND containing 50 Acres belonging to S. H. Huey, adjoining the Lands of W. N. Alexander, I. B. Hunter and Rev. J. Hunter, to be sold under Mortgage registered in Book 17, page 98, in Mecklenburg county.

E. K. P. OSBORNE,
Jan. 18, 1878 4w Agent

Valuable Land and Plantation FOR SALE,
In the vicinity of Charlotte, N. C.
By virtue of a Deed in Trust, executed to me by Dr. Larkin G. Jones, for purposes therein stated, I will sell at the Court House in the City of Charlotte, on Monday, the 18th day of February, 1878, the valuable PLANTATION on which Dr. Larkin G. Jones now lives, containing near 300 Acres. This Land is very valuable, being almost in the City of Charlotte, and very productive.

TERMS—One-third Cash, and the balance on six months time, with interest, bond and security required from the purchaser.
M. P. PEGRAM,
Jan. 18, 1878 5w Trustee.

FOR SALE.
On February 4th, 1878, the homestead of the late T. H. Brem will be sold at Auction at the Court House door. Terms, one-fourth cash, and the balance in two payments, one-half each in 6 and 12 months.
WALTER BREM, Agent.
Jan. 4, 1878.

HOUSES AND LOTS For Sale.
By virtue of a Decree of the Superior Court of Mecklenburg county, at Fall Term, 1877, I will expose at public sale, for Cash, at the Court House door in the City of Charlotte, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on February 4th, 1878, the following Real Estate:

1. Lot 80x200 feet with a 6-room House, new, with modern improvements, 2-room Kitchen, Well House, Pantry outside, Dairy, large Stables, Cow House, and all conveniences that could be desired—it is situated on corner of 3d and Myers Streets.
2. Vacant Lot fronting on Myers Street, 80x200 feet.
3. Lot 80x200 feet fronting on Myers Street, with 6-room House, well built and perfectly new, 2-room Kitchen and good Well of Water.
4. Vacant Lot, corner 4th and Myers Streets, 80x200 feet.
5. Lot fronting on 4th Street, No. 602 City Plat with 3-room House.
6. Lot fronting on 3d Street, the rear half of Lots 503 and 504 in City Plat, with good Orchard, Grass and Clover.

T. H. BREM, Commissioner.
Jan. 4, 1878 5w

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE For Sale.
[This property is re-advertised for sale in consequence of a 10 per cent bid having been put on the bids at a former sale.]

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Mecklenburg county, we will sell at the Court House door in Charlotte, N. C., on Monday, February 4th, 1878, the following valuable City Property, situated as hereafter described:

Part of Lots 920 and 921, with a 3-room House; Lot 919, which has a 5-room House, Lots 918 and 856. Two unnumbered Lots, one of which has a 3-room House on it. All the above is in Square 107.
Part of Square 106, beginning at Stenhouse & Macaulay's corner, running 246 1/2 feet on Myers Street to Sixth Street, thence with Sixth Street 253 1/2 feet to W. A. Williams' line, then 261 feet with W. A. Williams' line to Stenhouse & Macaulay's line, and with that line 237 feet to the beginning on Myers street, containing two acres, more or less.

All the above is City Property, and very valuable, lying in close proximity to the business portion of the City. Flats of the above Property can be found at any time at the store of Walter Brem & Martin, and the undersigned will be pleased to show parties wishing to purchase.
TERMS OF SALE.—The following terms must be complied with: Ten per cent of the amount of sale must be paid in cash, and the remainder upon a credit of six and twelve months, in equal payments; notes with approved security, with interest from date of sale at eight per cent per annum. Title reserved till last payment is made.

T. H. ALEXANDER,
WALTER BREM,
Executors of T. H. Brem, deceased.
Charlotte, N. C., Jan. 4, 1878 5w

VALUABLE MANUFACTURING PROPERTY FOR SALE.
By virtue of the power contained in a Mortgage Deed executed by "the Beaver Creek Manufacturing Co.," registered in book "N," No. 3, page 94, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Cumberland county, I will, as Executor of Joseph Utley, on Monday, the 4th day of February, A. D. 1878, at 12 o'clock M., at the Court House door

IN FAYETTEVILLE.
Expose to sale by Public Auction, for Cash, the property described in said Mortgage, viz:

Three Tracts of Land situated on Beaver and Rockfish Creeks, distant about 7 miles from Fayetteville, containing about 21 1/2 acres, including

Two Factories.
Known as "Beaver Creek Factory" and "Bluff Factory," together with all buildings, improvements, fixtures, &c., thereto belonging. The two Factories are on never-failing streams, and the water-power abundant. At present they run about six thousand (6,000) spindles, and one hundred and thirty-five (135) looms, and can turn out about 7,000 yards of sheeting per day. There are on the land about forty-five dwellings for operatives, two store houses, barns, stables, warehouses, &c.
The sale will be made subject to a prior Mortgage for \$35,000.
N. W. RAY,
Executor of Joseph Utley.
Fayetteville, N. C., Jan. 4, 1878 4w

Fatal Effects of Disforesting a Country.

That the sanitary condition of a country is endangered by the removal of its forests is a well established fact which it needs no argument to prove, and to this we but add the additional fact that depleted forests will finally eventuate in rendering the most fertile country upon the face of the globe unfit for a dwelling place for man. This fact is well established by reference to the present condition of those portions of the earth which from the earliest ages have been the habitation of man. It is with extreme difficulty that we can realize that Asia, as described by Herodotus, the father of history, is the same land we today behold it. When we remember the great multitude which once populated the vast extent of territories which are to-day arid deserts, the thought comes home to the thinking mind with irresistible force that man—reckless and destructive man—not only warred upon himself, but also upon nature, with the consequence, as we behold them, of making a fertile country a howling wilderness. This has evidently arisen from the long-continued destruction of the natural forest, and stands as a startling corroboration of the fact that forests are essential to the well-being, health and comfort of man.

But in continuance of this thought—the present condition of Palestine stands out in flat contradiction of the Bible description of a land "flowing with milk and honey." Nine-tenths of the country into which the Israelites were brought by Joshua, is to-day uninhabitable, and will possibly remain so to the end of time, being nothing but a continuation of rocks, mountains and sandy deserts. Where now are the vineyards and cultivated hills of Palestine? Gone after the once dense and health-giving forests which fell under the "axes lifted up upon the thick trees."—Psalms 74:5.

And so we might point to various portions of the Old World in support of the fact that removal of trees will eventuate in the death of both man and beast.

In journeying through Northern Michigan in the past two months we have been struck by the evidences of the slow but sure process of nature's death consequent upon the removal of forest trees. In conversation with old settlers we learn that the average rain-fall is yearly becoming less where the forests have been removed. The waters in the streams have fallen to insignificance where twenty years ago a rushing torrent was continuous. This may be considered trifling, but it is indicative of the sure result of depleting our health and life-giving forests without restoring the same by the planting of young trees.

The above which we take from the Lumberman's Gazette, is pertinent in a double sense to many of the Southern States. It is an established fact that a country dries up when disforested; it is also true that trees planted on arid wastes rain will soon fall and vegetable life will renew its activity. This has been proved in Egypt where a fertile tract has been formed out of the desert by artificial plantations of date trees.—*The South.*

The above shows the necessity of fence laws to save timber. Every means possible should be adopted to stop the destruction of timber in the country.

THE TRUTH.
We do NOT propose to sell at COST, but if you wish to purchase any Blankets, Flannels, Waterproofs,

Dress Goods,
Shawls, Boulevards, Jeans, Casimires, Hosiery, Notions, or anything in our line, all we ask is to

COMPARE OUR PRICES
With those who propose to sell at Cost.
A choice lot of Calicoes just received.

BARRINGER & TROTTER.
If you have not settled your bills we are anxious to see you.
B. & T.
Jan. 4, 1878.

NEW GROCERY HOUSE.
Williams & Finger,
CHARLOTTE AND NEWTON, N. C.,
(Successors to L. J. Walker at Charlotte.)

Will keep in Charlotte a full stock of Grain, Flour, Hay, Bran, and all sorts of Country Produce, and Heavy Groceries, at the old Grier & Alexander building, just above the old Market House.
Call and see us.
W. H. WILLIAMS,
S. M. FINGER.
Jan. 11, 1878.

I recommend to my customers and friends the above firm.
Jan. 11, 1878. L. J. WALKER.

YES
We can change a fifty dollar bill if you want a bottle of GLOBE FLOWER COUGH SYRUP, the greatest Cough and Lung Remedy in the world; or if you want to try it first and see if what the Hon. Alex. H. Stephens, Ex-Gov. Smith, Ex-Gov. Brown and Hon. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, say about it is true, you can get a Sample Bottle for ten cents at J. H. McAden's, T. C. Smith's, Wilson & Burwell's and Sear & Co's Drug Stores, that relieves an ordinary cold. The GLOBE FLOWER COUGH SYRUP never had an equal for Coughs, Colds and Lung Affections. It positively cures Consumption when all other boasted remedies fail. Sample Bottles, ten cents. Regular size, fifty doses, \$1.
Jan. 11, 1878.

NEXT TOWN
Ahead where they loan you a dollar and chalk it down till to-morrow, for a bottle of MERRILL'S HEPATICS for the Liver. The enormous expense of importing the ingredients of this great liver medicine into this country, is why our Druggists, J. H. McAden, Wilson & Burwell, T. C. Smith and Sear & Co., sell but one sample bottle to the same person for ten cents; but as there are fifty doses in the large size bottle, it is cheap enough after all at two cents per dose, for a medicine that has never been known to fail in the cure of dyspepsia and all diseases of the Liver. It has never failed in the cure of liver complaint when taken as directed, no matter of how long standing the disease. It cures Chills and Fever, Constipation of the Bowels, Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. Sample Bottles ten cents; regular size, fifty doses, \$1.
Jan. 11, 1878.

Beautiful Words to a Bride.

The following beautiful letter was written several years ago by a gentleman to a bride on receiving her wedding cards. It is exquisitely fresh and original, and full of poetry. Though not intended for publication it found its way into print, and we think it is too much of a gem to be lost entirely:

"I am holding some pasteboard in my hands, Addie! three stately pluckings from your gentle life began, a name with which your throbbing heart was lost. There is nothing strange about that card. The maiden sign still looks from its calm and customary, as it looked on many a friendly visit as it lies in many a formal basket. I am going, too, upon a card where the nearer part tells the world she will be 'At Home' one day, and that is nothing new! But there is another card, whose mingling there puts a tongue of fire into this speechless past-board, enameling fate on common place. It tells us that feeling is maturing into destiny, and that these cards are but the pale heralds of a coming crisis, when a hand that has pressed friend's hands and plucked flowers, shall close down on him to whom she shall be friend and flower forever.

I have sent you a few flowers to adorn the dying moments of your single life. They are the gentlest types of a delicate and durable friendship. They spring up by our side when others have deserted it, and they will be found watching over our graves when those who should cherish have forgotten us. It seems meet to me that a past so calm and pure as yours should expire with a kindred sweetness about it; the flowers and music, kind friends, and earnest words, should consecrate the hour when a sentiment is passing into a sacrament.

The three great stages of our being are the birth, the bridal, the burial. To the first we bring only weakness, for the last we have nothing but dust! But here, at the altar, where life joins life, the pair come throbbing up to the holy man, whispering the deep promise that arms each with the other's heart, to help on the life's struggle of care and duty. The beautiful will be there, borrowing new beauty from the scene. The gay and the frivolous, they and their frowns will look solemn for once. And youth will come to gaze on all its sacred thoughts part for, and age will totter up to hear the old words repeated that to their own lives have given the charm. Some will weep over it as if it were a tomb, and some will laugh over it as if it were a joke, but two must stand by it, for it is fate, not fun, this everlasting locking of their lives!

And now can you, who have queened it over so many bending forms, can you come down at last to the frugal diet of a single heart? Hitherto you have been a clock, giving your time to all the world! Now you are a watch, buried in one particular bosom, marking only his hours, and ticking only to the beat of his heart—where time and feeling shall be in unison, until these lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock where all hearts are united around the Great Central Heart of all. Hoping that calm sunshine may hallow your clasped hands, I sink silently into a signature.
D. C. S."

The Way it Works.
Frivolous female fashions, so often and so bitterly denounced from the pulpit, have, according to all accounts, done more to sap the foundations of polygamy in Utah than all other influences combined. The rigid rules of the Mormon Church condemn all display of finery by the female followers of the prophets, and, up to the advent of female Gentiles consequent upon the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad, the saintesses meekly submitted; but since they have had an opportunity of comparing their plain, scant attire with the prodigious displays of their fair Gentile neighbors, there has been much murmuring in the fold, and many desertions have followed. As the Israelites in the wilderness longed for the fat flesh pots of Egypt, so do these poor women sigh for the fashionable finery of their more fortunate Gentile neighbors, and at the risk of being cut off from the congregation of the Lord, and thereby risking both their temporal welfare and eternal happiness, they disobey the mandates of their spiritual guardians and desert Zion for the sake of the fine raiment and fashionable gewgaws of fashionable society. Thus do milliner and mantua-makers become agents of regeneration and furnish a fresh illustration of the maxim that Providence moves in a mysterious way great wonders to perform.

The Columbia Register says Gov. Hampton positively denies the report that he will be a candidate for the Senate from South Carolina in case Patterson's place is made vacant by death or expulsion. He feels in honor bound to fill the office of Governor to the end of the time for which he was elected.

"What do you do for a living?" asked a farmer of a burly beggar, who applied at his door for cold victuals and old clothes. "I don't do nothing much but travel about," was the answer. "Are you good at travelling?" asked the farmer. "Yes," replied the beggar. "Then let's see you travel," said the farmer.

A good little boy who was kicked by a mule did not say naughty words or go home crying to his mother. He just tied the mule within five feet of a bee-hive, backed him round to it and let him kick.

Three new Judges are to be added to the English Bench, with \$20,000 a year each, and \$25,000 allowance for clerks.

Webster and Benton.

From Harvey's Webster Reminiscences.
One day after dinner, as Mr Webster was seated in his library, the servant announced "Mr Wilson of St. Louis," and John Wilson came into the library. Mr Webster at once rose and greeted him. Narrating the visit to me he said:

"Mr Wilson was a gentleman whom I had known more or less for a quarter of a century; a lawyer of pretty extensive practice with a good deal of talent; a man of very violent passions and temper, who had spent most of his public life, after he had reached manhood, in violent opposition to Col. Benton. It was not so much an opposition to Col. Benton's Democracy as it was a personal feud, as bitter and malignant as any that ever existed between two men. It was notorious in St. Louis, that when Col. Benton went on the stump, John Wilson would always be there to meet him, and to abuse him in the most virulent terms, and then Mr Benton would return the fire. I had not seen Wilson for a good many years, and only met him occasionally in Court. He came to me now, a broken man, prematurely old, with a wrecked fortune, and after some conversation, he said:

"I am going to emigrate to California in my old age, Mr Webster; I am poor, have a family; and, although it matters but little to me, for the short time that remains to me, if I am poor, yet there are those who are dear to me, whose condition I might improve by going to a new country and trying to mend my fortunes. My object in calling on you is to trouble you for a letter to some one in California; merely to say that you know me to be a respectable person worthy of confidence."

After expressing my regret that he should feel obliged to emigrate to such a distance—for then it looked like a formidable undertaking to go to California—I asked him if he was fully determined.

"Yes," said he, "I have made up my mind."

Then I set about thinking what I could do for him. I saw no way to give him assistance. I had no particular influence with the government at that time, and finally I said:

"I am sorry, Mr Wilson, to say that, so far as I am aware, there is not a human being in California that I know. If I were to undertake to give you a letter to any one in California, I should not know to whom to address it."

"That makes no difference," said he; "everybody knows you, and a certificate that you know me will be the most valuable testimonial I could have."

"I will write one with great pleasure, although you probably overrate the influence of my name in California. I want to give you something that will be of benefit to you. Let me see, Mr Wilson. Col. Benton almost owns California, and he could give you a letter to Fremont and others that would be of first-rate service to you."

He looked me in the face, half astonished and half inquiringly, as much as to say: "Can it be possible that you are ignorant of the relations between Col. Benton and myself?"

"I understand what you mean; I am perfectly well aware of the past difficulties between you and Mr Benton, and the bitter personal hostility that has existed. But I want to say to you that a great change has come over Col. Benton since you knew him. His feelings and sentiments are softened. We are getting older. Our fiery, hot blood is getting cooled and changed. It is hardly worth while for men, while they are getting near the maximum of human life, to indulge in these feelings of enmity and ill will. It is a thing that we ought to rid ourselves of. Col. Benton and I have been engaged in a war of words, as you and he have, and up to two or three years ago, we went out of the same door for years without as much as saying 'good morning' to one another. Now, I do not know a man of the Senate to whom I would go with more certainty of having a favor granted than to Col. Benton. He feels that age is coming upon him, and he is reconciled to many of his bitterest opponents."

"Is thy servant a dog?" replied Wilson, "that he should do this thing. I would not have a letter from him, I would not speak to him, I would not be beholden to him for a favor—not to save the life of every member of my family! No, sir! The thought of it makes me shudder. I feel indignant at the mention of it. I take a letter from Mr Benton?—"

"Stop, stop!" said I; "that is the old man speaking in you. That is not the spirit in which to indulge. I know how you feel." And while he was raving and protesting and declaring, by all the saints in the calendar, his purpose to accept no favor from Col. Benton, I turned round to my desk and addressed a note to Benton, something like this:

DEAR SIR—I am aware of the disputes, personal and political, which have taken place between yourself and the bearer of this note, Mr John Wilson. But the old gentleman is now old and is going to California, and needs a recommendation. I know nobody in California to whom I could address a letter that would be of any service to him. You know everybody, and a letter from you would do him a great deal of good. I have assured Mr Wilson that it will give you more pleasure to forgive and forget what has passed between you and him, and to give him a letter that will do him good, than it will him to receive it. I am going to persuade him to carry you this note, and I know you will be glad to see him."

Wilson got through protesting, and I read him the note. Then I said: "I want you to carry it to Benton."

"I won't!" he replied.
I coaxed and scolded and reasoned, and brought every consideration—death, eter-

ernity, and everything else—to bear, but it seemed to be of no use. Said I: "Wilson, you will regret it."

After a while he got a little softened and some tears flowed, and at last I made him promise, rather reluctantly, that he would deliver the note at Col. Benton's door, if he did not do so any more. He told me afterwards that it was the bitterest pill he ever swallowed. Col. Benton's house was not far from mine. Wilson took the note, and, as he afterwards told me, went up with trembling hands, put the note with his own card into the hand of the girl who came to the door, and ran away to his lodgings. He had been scarcely half an hour in his room, trembling to think what he had done, when a note came from Col. Benton, saying he had received the card and note, and that Mr Benton and himself would have much pleasure in receiving Mr Wilson at breakfast, at 9 o'clock the next morning. They would wait breakfast for him, and no answer was expected!

"The idea!" said he to himself, "that I am going to breakfast with Tom Benton! John Wilson! What will people say! and what shall I say? The thing is not to be thought of. And yet I must; I have delivered the note, and sent my card! If I don't go now, it will be rude. I wish I had not taken it. It doesn't seem to me as if I could go and sit there at that table. 'I lay awake,' said he afterwards to me, "that night, thinking of it, and in the morning I felt as a man might feel who had had sentence of death passed upon him, and was called by the turkey to get up for his breakfast. I rose, however, made my toilet, and after hesitating a great deal, went to Col. Benton's house. My hands trembled as I rang the bell. Instead of the servant the Colonel himself came to the door. He took me by both hands, and said: 'Wilson, I am delighted to see you; this is the happiest meeting I have had for twenty years. Give me your hand. Webster has done the kindest thing he ever did in his life.' Leading me directly to the dining-room, he presented me to Mrs. Benton, and then we sat down to breakfast. After inquiring kindly about my family he said: 'You and I, Wilson, have been quarreling on the stump for twenty-five years. We have been calling each other hard names, but really with no want of mutual respect or confidence. It has been a mere foolish political fight, and let's wipe it out of mind. Everything that I have said about you I ask your pardon for. We both cried a little, and I asked his pardon, and we were good friends. We talked over old matters, and spent the morning till twelve o'clock, in pleasant conversation. Nothing was said of the letter until I was departing. He turned to his desk and said: 'I have prepared some letters for you to my son-in-law and other friends in California,' and he handed out nine sheets of foolscap."

It was not a letter, but a ukase; a command to "every person to whom these presents shall come, greeting; it was to the effect that whoever received them must give special attention to the wants of his particular friend, Col. John Wilson, of St. Louis. Everything was to give way to that. He put them into my hands, and I thanked him and left."

Mr Webster continued: "Col. Benton afterwards came to me and said: 'Webster, that was the kindest thing you ever did. God bless you for sending John Wilson to me! That is one troublesome thing off my mind. That was kind, Webster. Let us get those things off our minds as fast as we can; we have not much longer to stay; we have got pretty near the end; we want to go into the presence of our Maker with as little enmity in our hearts as possible.'"

Some of the former representative Southern Men.
The Washington correspondent of the Springfield Republican says:

"One of the most striking sights to be seen here in some of the old Southern men who linger about the scenes of their former greatness—Clingman of North Carolina; Boyce of South Carolina; Foote of Mississippi; Stephens of Georgia, and many others. Twenty-five years ago and they were in their glory. Foote was threatening to hang John P. Hale, or drawing a pistol on old Tom Benton in the Senate. And now this formerly passionate politician and fire-eater is as gentle as a sucking dove and looks like a saint. He is a good Republican. He is often to be seen in the Senate and in society here. Alexander H. Stephens everybody is familiar with. He is still a power in Congress, but twenty years ago he seemed as now to have one foot in the grave. Boyce of South Carolina, was the one member of the delegation from 1856 to 1860 who was believed to dislike the secessionists, but he was compelled to go out with his delegation in the Winter of 1860-61. He had the sympathies of many Republicans, and during the war they watched for news of him. He did not take an active part in the rebellion, and at the first opportunity came out as a Union man, and the moment peace was declared he came to Washington, where he soon found employment. Ex-Senator Clingman was a furious secessionist in 1860, and is now a mild Democrat. He spends his Winter here, having apparently nothing to do. He is constantly in the House or Senate, and is one of the connecting links between this and the last generation. On the whole it seems to me that every fair-minded Republican must believe that the Southern leaders, in and out of Congress, have conducted themselves very well during the last five or six years."

When you have ten minutes of spare time don't intrude upon men who have business of importance on hand, look around until you find some other fellow that wants to listen to an argument on nothing. Such a person will not be hard to find.