

one country gentleman, an admirer no doubt, of both parties named, asked Mr. Webster what his estimate of Mr. J. Q. Adams was. It was like a wet blanket on the conversation. Mr. Webster threw himself back in his chair, and, as if speaking to himself without any reference to the question asked, said in his deep bass voice, "I hate a man who takes notes". The enquiry was not pursued, and the flow of soul and wit was soon resumed.

The next day, I went to see Mr. Virgil Maxcey who married a Maryland woman, and there met an old W. Point friend in the person of Mr. G. W. Hughes, afterwards Col. Hughes. He was then on duty in the Bureau of Top'l. Engineers and proposed to me to resign and take as he had done service under the bureau, so as to become eligible to appointment in the Corps of Topographical Engineers, which it was proposed to organise, and for which I had been named by Mr. Webster as a suitable and proficient Officer. I turned a deaf ear to it, at this time, as I wished to serve a campaign or two with Troops, but promised if there continued to be a prospect of forming the Corps, I would take the step suggested. I was already eligible, but only as 2d Lieut., low down on the list. At that period, the Government did not overslaugh an Officer, except for cause and I could not have gone into a new Corps with higher rank except by the means indicated.

With Mr. Maxcey's family, I went to one of Gen. Jackson's receptions at the White House, the first I had ever attended. My preconceived ideas of the President were all at fault. The old Federalist with whom I was brought up and from whom I received my impressions, represented him as a coarse Western man of hectoring manners and address. I found him much smaller in altitude than I imagined, very neat in his person, and refined in his address. He so fascinated the pretty young lady I escorted, a niece of Mr. Maxcey's from S. Carolina, she insisted on being presented a second time. The General recognised this re-