

Wilmot. We were shown into the General's parlor and had half an hour's conversation with him alone. The old fellow is as fat as a bear, and was very agreeable; talked of his change of life, from the active duties of the field to the more sedentary duties of his present high office, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, the old man would gladly exchange places now with General Scott. I was much pleased with him. He is very plain and old-fashioned in his appearance, but evidently well bred. I told him he had many friends at the North, but that I was a Democrat. I thought I would mention that fact for fear the old d---I would think I was after office, and it seemed to have a good effect upon him, for he was extremely talkative and agreeable afterward. I suppose he is dogged to death by Whigs calling upon him for favors, and, whenever guests are announced, he is suspicious they are after the crumbs from his table.

"Mr. Calhoun is very ill. I did not, of course, see him, but I saw all the other great men of the day.

"Tell Chancey that I heard Henry Clay make a speech which started the tears from my eyes. I stood very near him in the Senate and heard every word, which was uttered with great distinctness. It was in support of a resolution, offered by himself, authorizing the purchase for the Government of Washington's farewell address in his own handwriting. Clay's allusions to the character of Washington were far too overpowering for me, and, before I was aware of it, the tears came tumbling down, down, down; and, looking about me, I saw a great number troubled with the same complaint. Clay's eloquence is beyond all description. The Senate was as still as death, and all eyes were upon the old fellow from the beginning to the end.

"He was followed by Webster, who also enchained his hearers for some time with encomiums upon the Father of his country. Webster, although a great man and a great orator, can not touch the sympathies like Clay. He argues, reasons and debates well and has not a superior, but Clay makes them all cry."

In a letter from Albany, N. Y., to his wife, dated January 12, 1850, after speaking of the Supreme Court, Legislature, hotels, and the people he has met, he says:

"I have been more amused with the appearance of Dr. Brandreth, the pill-man, than any man I have met. He is a senator from Westchester. He is about the size and age of Jerry Beebe, and his manner precisely like his in his palmiest days, wears gold spectacles and struts prodigiously, wealthy as a Jew, pays forty dollars per week for his board and rooms and tells his landlord to charge him ten dollars per day for wine whether he drinks it or not."