

lapped over it, green velveteen breeches, with pearl buttons, yarn stockings, and slippers down at the heels." Any one might have found him, as Senator Maclay did, sitting "in a lounging manner, on one hip commonly, and with one of his shoulders elevated much above the other," a loose, shackling figure with no pretense at dignity.

In his dislike for all artificial distinctions between man and man, Jefferson determined from the outset to dispense a true Southern hospitality at the President's House and to welcome any one at any hour on any day. There was therefore some point to John Quincy Adams's witticism that Jefferson's "whole eight years was a levee." No one could deny that he entertained handsomely. Even his political opponents rose from his table with a comfortable feeling of satiety which made them more kindly in their attitude toward their host. "We sat down at the table at four," wrote Senator Plumer of New Hampshire, "rose at six, and walked immediately into another room and drank coffee. We had a very good dinner, with a profusion of fruits and sweetmeats. The wine was the best I ever drank, particularly the champagne, which was indeed delicious."

It was in the circle of his intimates that Jefferson