

to insist upon satisfaction. The matter was pending several days, negotiations being all the time in progress. Major Dade, a well-known citizen of Virginia, then in Washington, made himself conspicuous on the occasion. He said these devilish Yankees had grown insolent, and it was necessary to give them a lesson. Kidder (as he called Meade) was just the man for the duty. He did not thirst for blood, but if Duer should get winged, the effect would be salutary in the highest degree. But further information changed Dade's views on the subject. "Bless my soul!" said he, "this thing must be stopped at once. They say Duer is a cool hand, expert with the pistol, and sure to knock Kidder over. Jack" (addressing John Pendleton, a member from Virginia, afterward minister to Buenos Ayres), "you must get Kidder out of this scrape, even if you have to procure his arrest by the police." The programme was thereupon changed, and a duel prevented, Duer coming off with flying colors.

It was during the Twenty-eighth Congress that the famous debate took place in the Senate on the tariff of 1846. The discussion was a very able, comprehensive, and exhaustive one. All the arguments capable of being adduced on the subject were presented on both sides. George Evans was the champion of the protectionists, and George M'Duffie was the principal advocate of free trade. They were among the very ablest men in Congress, and the Senate was crowded for days with eager listeners during the whole debate. On the subject of political economy and all cognate topics Mr. Evans was perhaps the best-equipped man in the Senate. His style as a speaker was compact, perspicuous, and forcible, while his logic was invincible. He understood all the details of the tariff question, and no man excelled him in presenting the strong points of his case. He was really the author of the tariff of 1846, and he told me that one of the chief difficulties that he had to encounter while maturing it was in familiarizing the mind of the chairman of the Finance Committee of the House with the structure and operations of the bill.

General M'Duffie was fully the equal of Mr. Evans in the power of his intellect, and his reasoning faculties were of the highest order. But although he had what I regarded as the right side of the question, it seemed that Mr. Evans had the best of the argument. And such was the general impression in the Senate. Indeed, Mr. Rives told the writer that he had been converted from a free trade to a tariff man by the arguments of Mr. Evans, and he was ready to make public avowal of the fact when the proper occasion should arise.

Mr. Rives was one of the most accomplished gentlemen in the Senate. He spoke with

great fluency, in the choicest language, and rarely was overmatched in debate. Mr. Jefferson told Francis Granger, at Richmond, in 1821, that William C. Rives was the only thoroughly educated young gentleman of his acquaintance in the State of Virginia.

Of the four members from the city of New York in the Twenty-seventh Congress, three are now living—to wit, Judge Roosevelt, Fernando Wood, and John M'Keon. Charles G. Ferris, of the Seventh Ward, died many years ago. Mr. Roosevelt was popular in the House and in Washington society. He lived pleasantly, entertained his friends in genial, hospitable style, and his house was one of the pleasantest places of resort in the city. Mr. M'Keon had a good position in Congress, and although in the minority, was always well esteemed as an intelligent, fair-minded man. Mr. Wood then gave no indication of the real ability and effective force which he has since displayed. He was not a floor member, nor did he take much part in current legislation.

Of their predecessors in the House, Mr. Grinnell is the only one alive. Ogden Hoffman was a gentleman of much brilliancy, and a charming orator. Edward Curtis, afterward collector of the port, was a skillful, adroit man, full of resources, and always exercising a great deal of influence. John J. Morgan, appointed collector on the removal of Jesse Hoyt, was a man of excellent repute, an intelligent business man, but he was quiet, reserved, and not much felt in the House.

OCTOBER'S SONG.

"O DEEP brown eyes," sang gay October,
"Deep brown eyes running over with glee;
Blue eyes are pale, and gray eyes are sober;
Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me."

"Black eyes shine in the glowing summer
With red of rose and yellow of corn;
But cold they close when the still late-comer,
Silvery Frost, creeps over the morn."

"Blue eyes shimmer with angel glances,
Like spring violets over the lea—
But oh, my Grapes, my Wines, and my Dances,
What have angels in common with me?"

"Go, Gray Eyes! What know ye of laughing,
Giddy with glee from the mere sunshine?
Go to your books! What know ye of quaffing
Luscious juice from the riotous vine?"

"All the earth is full of frolicking;
Growing is over; harvest is done;
All the trees are ready for rollicking,
Glowing scarlet with rustical fun."

"Stay, Brown Eyes, in the purple weather,
A crown of oak leaves with maple blent
Shall deck your brow, while gayly together
We two will wander to heart's content."

Thus October's wild voice was singing,
While on his pipe he cunningly played;
All the red woods with music were ringing,
And Brown Eyes listened, with footsteps stayed—

Wanted to hear the song beguiling,
Listened and laughed through the sunny day;
And earth and sky fell to merry smiling,
As hand in hand they wandered away.