THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, WARUARY 1, 1893-SIXTEEN PAGES.

copy from his pocket that Sunday afternoon he accepted Seward's proposition without reserve, suck self and pride without hesita-SECRET NEW YEAR'S HISTORY

Seward's Private Secretary Now Reveals Events Behind the Scenes.

HOW WAR WITH JOHN BULL WAS AVERTED

President Lincoln Silently Gave Way to Secre tary Seward-A Distinguished Nebraskan Now Tells How He Secretly Sur-

rendered Mason and Slidell.

January 1, 1862, was not a happy New Year's day in these dis-United States. If the people had only known-

But there, that's getting ahead of the story

New Year's day is the anniversary of an event which marked the happy conclusion of one of the most fateful acts in the shifting, momentous drama of the American rebellion. On this date, just thirty-one years ago, the curtain of night fell on the peaceful finale to the famous diplomatic complication known as the Trent affair, which came daugerously near involving Uncle Sam in a discussion with John Bull at bayonet's length. Its seene was Boston harbor, with a pitifully insignificant tug boat dancing upon the billows of an angry sea, which threatened momentarily to swallow the audacious vesse. and crow. On board was a passenger, a mysterious young man, who directed the movements of the boat with commanding assurance, but with no intimation of his purpose or destination.

The strange voyager was E. D. Webster, now a distinguished Nebraskan. He was on a 8 scret mission of state, the delivery of Mason and Slidell to an agent of Great Britain, and every precaution was taken to prevent the news of the surrender from reaching the American public until the following day Mr. Webster was the private secretary of William H. Seward, Lincoln's great secretary of state, and he has agreat store of secret war history that has never been published. Only he is not given to lightly airing his precious knowledge. He has been caught in a remi-niscent mood over the Trent affair, however, and he tells an interesting tale of incidents which were sacredly guarded from the nublic public

But first a bit of history to make the story

clear to the younger generation. In 1861 James M. Mason of Virginia and John Slidell of Louisiana, who had left the United States senate to cast their fortunes with the confederacy were appointed commis-sioners to solicit the aid of Great Britain and France in behalf of the south. On a dismal, rainy night in October they escaped from Charleston on a blockade runner. They left Havana for England on the British mail steamer Trent. Captain Charles Wilkes of the United States man of war San Jacinto, returning from an unsuccessful chase of the privateer Sumter, learned these facts, intercepted the Trent, took off the two com-missioners and their secretaries and landed them as prisoners of war at Fort Warren in

Boston harbor. Of course John Bull went into an indignant, howing rage. He demanded the re-lease of the prisoners and an apology. To show that he meant business he sent troops to Canada and began preparations for war. In addition to his formal demand he sent a little personal note to his minister at Washington directing him to allow United States just seven days to comply. This note was not for publication, but an evidence of good faith.

Equally of course the northern states were filled with exultation over the capture made by Wilkes. Boston banquetted him, the seeretary of the navy halled him as a hero and congress gave him a vote of thanks. But Uncle Sam, the mythical embodiment of the Chile Sam, the invitient embodiment of the governing power, was troubled. He saw the fearful danger of a war with Groat Britain. He remembered that fifty years previously he undertook to "thrash" John Bull for in-sisting on his assumed right to search American vessels. He thought it prudent and consistent to convendent Masses and and consistent to surrender Mason and Slidell, but in the inflamed condition of the public mind at that time that was a danger ous thing to do. John Bull's ultimatum reached Washing-

ton on Thursday, December 19. Uncle Sam was in a dilemma. What was he

There was a history. There was a historic moment. And that's how near Uncle Sam came to having a third war with his insular cousin across the way. The next difficulty was to surrender Mason

The next difficulty was to surrender Mason and Sildell to Great Britain without raising a storm of indiguant protest and opposition among the people of the north. The cabinet agreed that it would be wise to do it se-cretly. When it was suggested that that unpleasant duty naturally belonged to the secretary of the navy he said the affair could not be kept from the people. Mr. Seward Insisted that it could and should.

should.

3. Seward insisted that it could and should, "If you think you can do it perhaps you had better try it," retorted the secretary of the navy in a moment of irritation. Mr. Seward cheerfully accepted the trust, and the cabinot meeting was adjourned. The secretary of state was on friendly personal terns with the British minister and the latter readily agreed to have a war ship anchored off the coast of Cape Col to receive the commissioners. When these plans had been inde Mr. Seward called Webster to his desk and asked how long it would take him to get ready to leave Washington on a secret mission of state." "About fifteen minutes," was the reply of

'About fifteen minutes," was the reply of young man, 'You will get ready at once then and take

the next train for New York," was the Webster received his instructions and

Worker received his instructions and was cautioned above all things to guard the object of his mission from public knowledge. He went to New York, lingered about two days, ostensibly "taking a rest." and then quietly slipped over to Boston. After study-ing the situation he concluded to charter a turbest and allo days to Deer Worker tug boat and slip down to Fort Warren without exciting suspicion

A letter to the commandant of the Charles-win mayy yard not him a squad of marines. "First class aft! second class for d." and at his request they were instructed to obey his every command, shooting to kill if he ordered them to fire.

New Year's morning dawned. The little tug took on its marines and in the lattle tag book on its marines and in its larder Webster slored a quantity of roast turkey, wines and other good things of earth. The boat puffed out into Boston harbor, and then the captain learned that he was to make for Fort Warren. A letter to the commandant of the fort

A letter to the commandant of the fort brought forth the four prisoners. Webster simply informed them that they were to be removed from the fort. He explained that he had orders to see that they carried away no drawings of the fortifications or other records that might be of use to the enemy, but he proposed to let their baggage go un-scarched if they would assure him on their honor that they had no contraband papers

All but Slidell readily gave the desired as-All but Slidell readily gave the desired assurance. That obstinate gontleman's be longings had to be searched, but without re-

sult. The prisoners were then marched be-tween the marines to the boat landing. During the proceedings in the fort the wind had risen to a gale, and the tug tossed and tipped at a frightful rate. Here Slideli made another exhibition of himself, refusing in profine and abusive language to go abourd. He insisted that it was murderous to make him ship in a cockleshell in such a storm. Webster retorted that he himself was a loyal citizen of the United States whose life was quite as precious as that of a rebel, and that he had to take as many chances as Slidell. Colonel Webster admits that he had scribus doubts about pulling through alive in such a sea, but he had a duty that could not be evaded. Slideli refused to go aboard, despite repeated orders, and two marines were ordered to carry him on. One grasped him by the feet and another by the arm These marines were Yankees, and and they These marines were Yankees, and they proposed to settle a little of their war ac-count at the expense of this confederate. They ignored the plank which led from the ground to the landing and boldly waded into the water. The body of the man hanging between them was dipped into the ky water at every step. The day was bitierly cold, and by the time Slidell escaped his torment-ces and reached the little cabin his clothing

cers and reached the little cabin his clothing was almost frozen stiff. His remarks tinged the atmosphere to a cerulean hue, but it wa New Year's day, and he was forgiven. s Then the tug turned its nose toward Prov-

incetown, on Cape Cod, where a British man-of-war, the Rinaldo, had been stationed to receive the prisoners. After hours of buffet-ing, during all of which the boat seemed in imminent danger of being engulied, the Rinaldo was reached and received the four southerners The warship, in obedience to imperative

orders, immediately weighed anchor and put out to sea, in spite of the storm. The tug put into Provincetown and was

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL ODD Diversified Terrors of a Sail Across the English Channel.

MIDNIGHT RIDE FROM DOVER TO CALAIS

A Chapter on the Custom of "Tipping" Something About the Nearest Living Relative of Robert Burns-Wakeman's Wanderings.

LONDON, Dec. 19 .- [Special to Tax BEE.]-I pray all of you who are to follow after in European jaunts never to cross the English channel between Dover and Calais save by day. It has always been my grewsome for tune to make the passage by night and in

It is pleasant surely from the time our train leaves the grim London housetops, all the way in the evening gloaming through the lovely shire of Kent; but the roar of the sea is always louder upon the great stone quays than the din of our fast night mail, as

we rush in upon quaint old Dover town. A moment at the station, and then we creep along the docks and come alongside the royal mail steamer; hustled out of our wheeled, half lighted cells and driven like unwilling cattle down the slippery descent and up over the gangway which seesaws with desperate suggestions of danger; and are finally hauled aboard the rocking craft

"First class aft! second class for'd!" Sorting us like sheep, we are at last huddied aboard the "Foam"-most appropriate

name, for even here at the docks the sea is so mild that its spume is dashed over usthe luggage and continental mail are some-hew taken on; and while a great lurch from which the steel-ribbed though diminutive and shell-like craft only recovers to be hurled violently in another direction, our steamer fairly began its ricocheting across

the channel. Behind us, nestled in one of the most charming ravines in all England is ancient Dover town, with its lights winding away to the westward and blinking from the sides of the cliff, while the great Dover lighthouse flames out upon the channel and brings into weird outlines the stupendous castellated fortifications upon mighty Dover Heights.

You are instantly plunged into the plain, old fashioned misery of sea-sick-ness. You do not go indoors, for all those nice people who must be quite as used to a channel boat as a ferry would or the surely notice you were becoming ill. On the other hand, all the terrors of the deep and of approaching physical helplessness are reapproachin sultant fra from your enforced acrobatic feats upon deek

Between humiliation and possible death. in sheer desperation you choose disgrace. Your hand is upon the cabin door, but seems palsied. No, you will seek the second class cabin, "for'd." They will be less critical there. Its door is but fifty feet away, but where is braver pilerimage than this? It seems an age until you have been able to throw yourself down the winding stairway

into the strange triangular cabin below. Ugh!-the odor of the place, its subtle dread and subtler qualms will always possess you whenever your crossing of the En-glish chaonel returns as a hateful blot upon your memory, Under the stairway, from behind a cres

ent-shaped bar, two Tom Thumb like tiny old boys, attired like men-of-war's men, are dispensing liquors and ales at a lively rate. Every male in the cabin is smoking, some at the same time munching food at the sloppy lunch table, where the dishes click and slip with a greasy grind with the lurching of the vessel. Through the noxious vapors, and as if far away and in an oppressive dream, you see, at either side of the cabin and in tiers, each beyond and slightly higher than an-other, in amphitheatre form of arrangement, capacious bunks. Each is provided with a leather-encased cushion, a sage-covered pillow and a sunken cuspidore; and nearly all of these bunks are occupied by men and women in every imaginable attitude of human suffering, or of preparation against tor-

turing experience. Over there is a party of Americans evidently an entire family. They are cursing everything outside of America, and strug-gling with each other as their physical rails; ever after careful in the memory like some infernal realization of a witch-walled Walpurgis night. (10°) ELECTRIC SPARKS. A signal passes through the Atlantic cable

in 81-100 of a second .

Electricity, where unretarded by atmos

He "Tipped" the Porter.

There is a great distinction between British "tipping" and American "tipping" in Great Britain. Your true Briton "tips" with something like informations kindliness. We Americans who travel in Europe bestow our gratuities largely. locally, as though we were eithig defying criticism or resenting patty brigandiare. at 3 pence a mile, as against 5 pence horse power.

resenting petty brigandage. Quite as striking a difference will be found in the disposition of all British serving beo-ple in their acceptance of "tips" from Briton or foreigner. They diven seem builles to us, because our manner access their antagonism or cupidity, or both. But they are veritable iambs to their own folk, and the English-man, who is the greatest of travelers in his own country, will leave a shining trail of gratitude and good will behind him by the judicious use of copper only, when we per-force follow in perturbation and disconfort, though we spangle our way with silver. Lave seen the English, side of this fact to supplant flagmen and gatetenders phoric influences, travels at the rate of 288, 000 miles a second. Along a wire it is, o

I have seen the English, side of this fact illustrated on countless occasions. Only re-cently while waiting for a London train at the great Rugby station, a handsome, portly venerable gentleman alighted from the car riage of a train from Coventry. A porter hastened to his assistance and conducted him to a comfortable seat next the door where 1 stood. Then he struggled with the luggage. There were altogether sixteen parcels. Four were huge leather handbags, each of the size and market of a marketistic each of the size and weight of a marketable Limerick pig. They were all finally tidily piled aloneside the distinguished traveler. The latter's hand went into his pocket, where there was apparently much coin, and surely I thought it will reappear with at least a shilling, possibly with a half crown. I could not help seeing, it was only a ha'penny.

not help seeing, it was only a ha'penny. But the bland and perfect grace with which it was bestowed, and the momentary, half-conscious look of attention and sympathy which accom-panied it, were what filled me with amaze-ment and admiration. The porter, still bow-ing from exertion, touched his cap with a glad sort of humility, and said "Thankee, sir!" in a tone of mostive gravitade. In versions, to a tone of positive gratitude. In response to my own "theipency bit," and an inquiry who the gentleman that "tipped with half pennies might be, the porter answered heartily: "'Im? W'y ees the Earl of — An' a a werry fine man ce is, sir."

"What an excellent courier he would make!" I could not help saying. "Doan't know as to that, sir;" replied the porter admiringly: "but ce's a werry fine man, sir; werry good un to ce's people."

Descendants of Robert Burns.

One of the sweetest lasses in all Scotland one of the sweetest masses in all Scotland, one of the best mothers and one of the sturdiest of fathers are dear friends of mine at Dumfries, Scotland. The lassie is Jean Armour Burns Brown. Her mother is the daughter of the oldest and best-belowed of Robert Burns' sons, Robert Burns, jr. who was himself a true poet and a man profound intellectual attainment. T mother and daughter are the immo This immorta bard's nearest living relatives. The home is modest and plain but rich in love, sentiment and the most priceless of human sympathies; and I have long since come to love this truly lovable Scottish home for the manhood womanhood and purity that dwell within it They are not rich poole these; not even folk of moderate means; but there is a true nobility in their ever the and lofty inde-pendence which honows; the memory of the bard whose fame bestowed no little honor bard whose fame bestowed no little honor upon them. Some "one conceived the idea of constructing, a duplicate of the "Burns cottage" at Ayr, in which the poet was born, for ex-hibition at the World's fair. This was all well enough. Then some fertile mind devoid of sensitiveness or sentiment further con-ceived. This little family must be corralled, hassoned and herded in the "Burns entropy" lassooed and herded in the "Burns cottage" to be catalogued, labeled and gazed at, like a Kaffir band, a two-headed calf, or the wild Australian children, by millions of World's fair visitors. A United States consul in Scotland has just broke the hilari-ous news of what was expected of them to these reputable descendants of Robert Burns in Dumfries; and the gentle but dignified reply he has received will undoubtedly be omitted from his forthcoming consulate

Minimum and the subject of Burns and his descendants, it is also an interesting fact that the Ellisland farm nome of Robert Burns has just been thrown open to the public. This house on the banks of the songful Nith, about six miles north of Dumfries, is standing as sturdily today as when its strong walls were completed by Robert Burn's own hands. If there is to be a "Burns cottage" at the World's fair, this is the one which should be conjud on at least



CHICAGO OF COURSE.TO GET. An attempt with electric omnibuses is to e made in London. The cost is estimated SOME OF SANTA CLAUS A drying house for lumber has been erected at Ottawa in which electricity is the heating power. This is the first estab-lishment of the kind in the world. SOAP WHICH IS BOSS. A man in Columbus, O., has patented an lectrical device intended to automatically TS MERITS FORCLEANING lower and raise railroad gates at grade crossings at the approach and after the passing of trains. The apparatus is expected AND WASHING THE CLOTHES, ASSURE IT A WELCOME - WHEREVER IT GOES. FAIRBANKS Tags This watch is stem wind and stem setter, 18 size open face, a fine--American movement, with patent dust proof safety pinion, and



15

10 1 But history records what he did do. And now Colonel Webster reveals how he

Friday and Saturday passed without ac tion. Sunday was distinctly quieter about the big building devoted to affairs of state. The swarm of clerks had melted into a strag-gling individual here and there, the hum of a noisy surging public had died away into the hollow echo of an occasional footfail in those reverberating halls.

Seizing this period of quiet and freedom from interruption, Secretary Seward called his confidential assistants about him and set himself to the task of formulating a reply to Great Britain. Mr. Seward's companions that day were his son Frederick, then assistant secretary of state, Mr. Webster and a clerk. The young men brought books and papers and hunted up references while their chief scanned the records, weighed the argu-ments and jotted down a draft of his proposed repl

Late in the afternoon, just as Mr. Seward was concluding his paper. President Lincoln was concluding his paper, President Eincoin came into the office, accompanied by John Hay, one of his secretaries. After the usual greetings the president referred to the Trent affair and the secretary of state explained what he had been doing. Lincoln expressed a desire to know the contents of the posed reply, and young Webster was directed to read it to him. The president listened attentively, and at the conclusion of the reading said:

"Read it again, please, pausing a moment at the end of every second or third sen-

tence." As the second reading progressed the president's face relaxed and plainly indicated a feeling of relief. As the secretary neared the end Lincoln drew a document from an inside pocket, quietly sauntered to the fire-place and threw it into the flames without a word of comment or explanation. The presi-dent then notified Seward of a cabinet meet-ing and asked him to bring a copy of the dis-match instead of the dispatch just read.

Seward, with a feeling of resentment clearly shown by his voice and manner, asked if the president intended to submit the dispatch to the cabinet for ratification or re cetion

Lincoln replied that he had accepted Sew ard's conclusions as correct and they would be carried into effect, but he gently ex-plained that he ought, as a matter of official courtesy, to announce his purpose to his cab-inet and listen to suggestions as to details. Seward's paper, considered one of the ablest and most important in American statecraft, maintained that the confederate com-missioners and their papers were contraband of war and that Wilkes was right in capturing of war and that Wilkes was right in capturing them, but admitted that he should have taken the Trent into port as a prize for ad-judication. As he had failed to do this, and by removing Masou and Sidell had constitut-ed himself a judge in the matter, to approve his act would be to sanction the "right of tearch," which had always been denied by the United States. Therefore the com-ulssioners would be cheerfully delivered to freat Britain and that power would be for-wer barred from reasserting the right of tearch. This dispatch was discussed at cab-net meetings on Wednesday (Christmas) and Thursday and after much opposition was heartily endorsed. A delay of another day and the British

A delay of another day and the British

minister, acting on his orders, would have backed his things and left Washington for

Years afterward, when John Hay was see retary of the legation at Paris and Colonel Webster was consul at Bradford, Eng., they met in the gay French capital, and of course they fell into a reminiscent chat. Webster asked about the paper which Lincoln had so unostentational destroyed on that memora-ble Sunday in Washington. Hay explained that it was a dispatch Lincoln had prepared in answer to Great Britain's demand, and that it was directly opposed to the proposi-tions of Seward's dispatch. An experi-mental deaft of this document is here to be a severitions of Seward's dispatch. An experi-mental draft of this document, in his own andwriting, was found by Hay among Liucoln's papers after his death. Its chief proposal was to ar-bitrate the matters at bitrate the matters at issue, or in bitrate the matters at issue, or in the alternative to carefully discuss the ques-tions involved and formulate a rule binding apon both nations for similar cases in the

future. Lincoln's dispatch was never submitted to als cabinet. At the instant of drawing the

mable to leave for four days. Webster, on landing, telegraphed Secre-

tary Seward: "The mission on which you sent me has been accomplished," and he took the first train for New York. The world had no suspicion of this stirring New Year's event until it read its morning paper the next day.

And John Bull kept his hands off.

Colonel Webster was a young man at the time of that memorable New Year's trip, but he has had a distinguished career since then. then. He spent his boyhood on a farm near Buffalo, N. Y., learned the printer's trade in the office of the Buffalo Express, and subequently started an anti-slavery paper at pringvillo, N. Y. When the republicans of Nebraska asked

When the republicans of Nebraska asked Thurlow Weed to send them a man to pub-lish an organ of the new party he recom-mended Webster. The young man landed in Omaha in 1859, founded the Republican, the Omana in 1859, founded the Republican, the second paper of that faith in the territory, and then called a mass meeting to organize the republican party in Nebraska. He repaid Weed by securing two of Ne-braska's delegates for Soward for president, and in 1861 was called east to become the latter's private secretary a meeting.

and in 1861 was called east to become the latter's private sceretary, a position he held till the close of the war. His faithful service was then rewarded by appointment to the lacrative consulship at Bradford, England. When congress made the consulship a salaried position, cutting down the income from \$5,000 to one-tenth that sum, he re-signed. In 1865 he was appointed deputy surveyor of the port of New York after eight or nine other names had been rejected. The following year he was made collector of internal revenue for the Wall street dis-The following year he was made collector of internal revenue for the Wall street dis-trict, and he made a great fight against the brokers and bankers, compeling them to pay the war tax on all the capital employed in their business, whether borrowed or not. Then for a time he was a political writer on

Then for a time he was a pointical writer on the New York Times. He ran for congress in Brooklyn in 1870, and the Wall street brokers hired toughs to break up his meetings. He had an apparent majority of 2,100, but was counted out. He retired to his farm near Buffalo, but in New medication

1878 was made superintendent of immigration at Castle Garden by Governor Dix. He resigned in 1875 on account of poor health and went to Nebraska to rough it on a ranch, but in 1887, at the request of General Garfield, Deschart the request of General Garfield, President Hayes appointed him inspector of internal revenue. At various times he had headquarters at Omaha, Chicago, New York and New Orleans.

When President Cleveland was elected in 1884 he promptly resigned and retired to his Nebraska ranch. He narrowly escaped being sent to congress three years ago to fill out an unexpired term. He was the first delegate chosen by Nebraska to a national republican convention, that of 1860, and he was a delesate-at-large to the last convention. He is now giving his whole attention to stock rais-ing, and he has extensive herds roaming over 50,000 acres of Nebraska prairie. FRED BENZINGER.

Japs and Turks in Chicago. During the cold weather the Japs at work on the World's fair building spend most of their time clustered about a copper stove of their own manufacture.

As soon as they warm up a peculiar small-bowled metal pipe is produced and filled with a rich-flavored, strong-edored fobacco. The effect of the narcotic soon shows itself in the rapid and graceful gestures of the smokers, as they have been provided to be a strokers. rapid and graceful gestures of the smokers, as they begin swapping yarns. Every one of them is an excellent pantominist, and their gestures are so suggestive of the tenor of their talk that a stranger can almost tell what they are talking about, even though they are speaking their native tongue. The Turks, contrary to the general expec-tation, are standing the cold weather better than any other workmen. There are a dozen Turks, and when one of them is asked if the weather affects him he looks pityingly at the shivering inquirer, shakes the folds of

at the shivering inquirer, shakes the folds of his baggy trousers for reply and returns st-ically to his work. Further inquiry of the foreman in charge developed the fact that each workman had on three suits of clothes.

The "No. 9" Wheeler & Wilson is the only lock-stitch machine made that will maintain an even and perfect stitch at different speeds. Sold by Geo. W. Lancaster & Co., 514 S. 16th

convulsions increase. Beyond are several friars in brown and gray, perhaps from some of the French cloisters beyond Amiens, sober and grave in their rough habit and cowls, bearing their misery with wonderful fortitude. Opposite are stolid commercial travelers, silent Jews and Frenchmen full of antics in their torture, with Frenchwomen, graceful and pretty even in this most re-morselessly leveling of all human ills, an English channel sea-sickness.

The horrible air and scenes of this cabin force you with others back upon the deck, where the steamer's rail at one side catche you in its banging grip to hurlyou to the iron netting embrace of the other. There is no escape. All bravery, resolution supreme will power are of no avail. You recall in an ecstacy of hopelessness that no channel steamer was ever lost. With this thought all possibility of relief is abandoned. For a good hour every aspiration and ambition of life is swept away. You grovel and slide and slop as limp as a strand of cold macconi upon night mail steamer's deck; for utter exhaustion has come.

But at last the bracing storm which has But at last the bracing storm which has whipped the channel into foam pounds new life into you. The salt spray dashes into your face and revives you. You crawl to where the four grim wheelmen are, for in the cutting wind there is a faint odor of the land. The chief wheelman comforts you with Doan't mind it, mon. The best there be

doan't be able to stand on their legs here-about !"

Away to the right is now seen the light at the French cape of Griz Nez. Soon your steamer begins skirting the coast. Here and steamer begins skirting the coast. Here and there are glintings and glimmerings of light from the coastwise villages, where the late revel or vigil is being kept. The pier-head light at Calais grows and glows. Over the looming quay, where the sea plays mad havee, is a continuous wreathing of flash-ing phosphorescence. Speedily now your steamer literally gallops into port. Here at one side are the functure fishing.

Here at one side are the fantastic fishing-craft and the bellying "lighters." At the other, as the bedraggled passengers crowd to the gangway opening, are rows of French porters, howing and scraping and chattering glibly. The weird creasets flare over the picture strangely; and a flavor of decaying, salty things, of half-digested Cognac and of penetrating garlie is all over.

and y inlines, of mir-ingested Cognac and of penetrating garlie is all over. And what a din is there! With a swash and a bump the foam is inally made fast. Then the perilous mid-night ascent to the docks, the keen-eyed customs officers, the skirmishes and more serious engagements with porters, the cries of the guards, the miserable entanglemonts and wild-eyed sorties, and, finally, the mad haste to the different trains for Paris, for Vienna and for Berlin. In half an hour everything has come to rights; you have with an hundred "par-dons." and "remercles." been hustled into one carriage only to be hustled out of this into another; and at last you are locked tightly within one which has got you safely for a little time. for a little time.

Then, certain of still being all wrong, the train moves away from the docks-w and swaying past where redshirted French boys play through long summer days on golden sands; past frowning battlements; past quaint old rookeries of the seaport town; underneath the shadows of the great Calais lighthouse; past out-juiting roofs and underneath overreaching calconies and hood-like arches; until at last, with a bump that brings you to your feat, you argo with

brings you to your feet, you are within another raging din where trains are made up

Another raging on where trains are made up for all parts of the continent. Here porters with blue blouses and red-rimmed caps, guards with gold lace and itching palms, and gens d'armes with bow legs and Quixotic statellness again hustle you; tear your tickets from you; throw your baccace after you commiserate you; throw your you: tear your tickets from you; throw your baggage after you; commiserate you; wheedle you; take your pourboire and huri you, as from a catapuit, into a carriage apartment, where sick in body and demented in mind you sink exhausted into perturbed sleep, as the hour of 1 is tolled from the ghostly towers of the Calais churches, haunted by dreams of Brobdignagian, gaudily dressed guards continuing infinite tortures through compartment windows, supplemented by invisible choruses of "Je yous remercie!"- "Pardonnez moi!"- fitted to the staccato of the wheels upon the

the one which should be copied, or at least those having the matter in charge should recognize the truth that its representation would in nitely more emphatically memorize "fuir Colla's bard" than a prototype of the Ayer cottage wherein he was born. This Nith-side cottage is hallowed by a myriad sacred memories of Burns. He built it while singing many a lusty song to his absent love and wife. When done it was to e which should be copied, or at leas absent love and wife. When done it was to his honest eyes fairer than any place in Britain To it he brought his adored Jean "precessed by a peasant-girl carrying the family Bible and a bowl of salt." The mos The most of his children were born within its walls. It was the one Eden of labor, love and song that the poet and his wife ever knew. There are hundreds of visible relies still at

the Ellisland cottage of the poet's own handiwork. He was the great, the immortal Burns, more for his life within this humbl home than for all else of earthly accomplishment; for here were produced, among scores of minor poems, his most costatic achieve ment, "Tam o' Shanter," written in a day and denominated by Alexander Smith "sine Bruce fought Bannockburn, the best single day's work done in Scotland," his magnifiday's work done in Scotiand," his magnin-cent battle piece, "The Song of Death," his wonderful satire, "The Kirk's Alarm," his matchless embodiment of connubial affection, "John Anderson, My Jo." "O, Blaw Ye Westlin' Winds," his "Address to the Nith," "On Seeing a Wounded Hare," that grand "Address to the Shada of Thomsen " wof a "Address to the Shade of Thomson," "Of a the Airis the Winds can Blaw," and that divinest of all his odes, "To Mary in Heaven." EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

IMPLETIES.

A Pittsburger who spent a part of last snumer in England tells an incident which sadly disturbed the religious peace of a parish in Penzance, says the Pittsburg Chronie

A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot which somehow acquired the disagreeable habit of observing at frequent intervals: "I wish the old lady would die." This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it. "I think we can restify the matter "see

"I think we can rectify the matter," re plied the good man. "I also have a parrot and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot and I trust his influ-ence will reform that deprayed bird of vours.

The curate's parrot with placed in the same room with the wicked one and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other the bad bird remarked "

"I wish the old lady would die " Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemmaccents added:

"We beseech Thee **Deb**ear us, good Lord?" The story got out in the parish and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the litany at the church services.

"Mr. Ferguson," said the minister, "you are on your death bed." "Yes," assented the sick man.

"You are about to face the great hereafter. Are you not afraid to die? You have wasted your life. What det off yours can your children look back on when you are gone and contemplate with satisfaction !"

"You forget," said the sick man, with as much indignation as he could muster, "that 1 once colored a meerschaum pipe without burning it."

A country minister in New York state finding the fire in the parlor had gone out asked his wife to bring in something dry with which to relight it. The good woman went to the barn and pulled from a barrel an armful of her husband's old sermons.

"Ten Roads to Perdition from Ogdens-burg." (N. Y.) is the title of a series of ser-mons under course of delivery in that town. Nobody is talking of the opposition line in the same way.

"Is Miss Hinote a good singer!" "She must be. Every other girl in the choir seems to dislike her."

"Do you approve of church bells" "Yes, if they don't flirt in the church itself."

Dyspepsia's victims find prompt and per-manent relief in Hood's 'Sarsaparilla, which tones the stomach and creates an appetite.