GUY FAWKES IN 1883.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—When, 278 years ago, Robert Catesby selected Guido Fawkes as his instrument to carry into execution the most famous plot that was ever conceived, when that ill-fated simpleton was caught with three matches in his pocket, leaving a dark lantern behind him in his cellar, when he was tortured and executed, Protestantism, the Lords, and the Commons were avenged, no doubt, but the seeds were laid of the most enduring as well as the most consummate foolery.

During nearly three centuries the Fifth of November has been kept in England, not with the grave veneration of a great peril averted, not with devout thankfulness for a providential protection, but with the coarse, vulgar, brutal, senseless expression of popular fanaticism. And even fanaticism is too large a word to apply to the imbecile demonstrations which obtain on that day. Progress, civilization, growing skepticism, the immense ingratitude of nations, the fear of ridicule potent enough to repress enthusiasm, have all tended to render obsolete and forgotten all touching ceremonies that bore a noble or historic character; memories and usages have been consigned to oblivion even while they recorded a country's pride or a country's sorrow. But Guy Fawkes's day, with its immortal routine of absurdity, lives, returns, and will return as surely as anything profoundly ridiculous is bound to recur in this island.

The foreigner in his distant home has heard of the Fifth of November; he may have wondered, maybe admired the long, relentless hatred that for numberless years has held up to execration the tool of a fanatic party; Catholics have shuddered at so persistent a revenge, Protestants revolted at the undying retaliation, but not one of them could appreciate, unless he witnessed it, the nature of that revenge, the fashion of that retaliation. Furthermore, I do not think it is invidious to affirm that very few of the actors in the celebration of the day have the remotest and faintest notion of what they celebrate, why they celebrate it, or whose is the effigy they carry in triumph or burn in derision. And what is this abject effigy—this miserable pageant? What this festival?

Picture to yourself, if you can, a group of ragged urchins bearing a stretcher supporting a battered old chair, in which is strapped a rude mannikin, a scarecrow, made up of old rags, of a penny mask, a clay pipe, and a truss of straw. A squeaking trumpet, a tin whistle, a toy drum send forth discordant sounds, and from daybreak to sunset, nay, far into the long autumn evening, the small procession plods wearily round and round the beat it has mapped out for itself, except in cases where, becoming suddenly pugnacious, it infringes the recognized boundaries and enters into bodily conflict with a similar group. High financial considerations rule their tactics, and render the inviolability of their tracks imperative, for every area bell is rung, every front door knocker lifted, and the shrill demand—growing hoarser as the day advances—comes with fatiguing iteration: "Please remember the Guy." If anything could make the dreary ghastliness of the whole thing more ludicrous, it would be the faint attempt at patriotism resolving itself into unblushing beggary.

In London proper, two or three presentments of the hero of the gunpowder plot, moulded on the same plastic pattern, are trundled through the streets, alleys, and squares amid the yells and shouts of their attendant escort of Arabs. They pass unmolested, attracting no attention, exciting no sensation, suggesting no fun, no merriment in their wretched caricature, neither hindered, suppressed, improved, nor encouraged, but recognized and accepted as a national institution.

Sometimes Guy Fawkes takes unto himself a dual form. The manikin supposed to be his *fac-simile* is made by some subtle touch or addition—generally a hopeless failure—to represent a familiar character held up by popular caprice to ridicule or infamy. A large illspelled label supplements the imperfect illusion and proclaims the recondite intention of the promoters. It is thus that Londoners have been enabled to gauge public opinion as they saw looming through the yellow November fog, heralded by the discordant orchestra, Cetywayo, Bismarck, "The Universal Provider," who appropriated a whole street for his shops, the Emperor of Germany, John Brown, the "Grand Old Man," Jumbo," Dizzy" the Tichborne claimant, the pet murderer of the year, and others, who, under their responsibility of Guy Fawkes, have been attached to the pillory of the chair, the stretcher and the straw. Hisses and groans have accompanied them, mud, orange peel, potato parings, and that supreme expression of the contempt of the populace a rotten egg have defaced the miserable figure, sharing, as it did for the nonce, the lasting unpopularity of the foiled agent of Catesby's conspiracy.

In this wide and sombre metropolis, where the people have so few pleasures, so few joys, so few amusements, where neither sky, nor climate, nor customs lend themselves to genial and healthy relaxation, it seems as if the lower classes had unwittingly taken this dark, guilty trait in the history of their country as a pretext for a jolly, murky, mirthless carnival. What flowers, confetti, gay masqueraders, music, bright decorations are to the Southern mob, the scarecrow and its mud-bedraggled mummers are to the London roughs. It satisfies their torpid craving, and realizes the dreams of purely born of drunken orgies in dirty pothouses and crowded tenements.

Unlike the heart of London, the suburbs have centralized their efforts, collected the actors, enlarged the show, and attempted to organize the scattered units. Processions are marshalled, composed of strange, discordant elements, huddled together without method or reference to epoch or character. Some maskers are on foot, some on donkeys, a few aristocrats on broken-down, unadmirable hacks. Admirals, generals, clowns, yeomanry, hussars, life guards, a king or two, jockeys, unknown guilds with prodigious banners, improbable mottoes, and unquallifiable uniforms follow each other. On this passage of Parliament Street Shakespeare's tragedies, houses and taverns are hung with flags, colored Bengal flames prick the curtain of fog, and from unsuspected corners a damp rocket makes an abortive flight.

Hampstead is the most ambitious of all the suburbs. It boasted in its cavalcade of last night of a triumphal car dedicated to "Britannia's pets" (sailors), of an 81-ton gun; among its musicians was a party of bandsmen irreleagantly attired in nightgowns and nightcaps; the members who, for cogent reasons, did not bestride horse flesh, rode cock horses with elaborate equestrian graces and appropriately caracoled under the bows of the full-rigged ship Arethusa. There were innumerable torches not obstinately bent on burning, cannon drawn on trolleys, an immense bonfire hissing and spluttering under a downpour of rain, which drenched the 50,000 spectators, damped their cheers, and added one more shade of dreary, dun-colored dullness to the general tone and colouring of that sullen, low-browed, heavy-jawed assemblage yclept a London mob.

The great, the inevitable, the leading feature of the day, the connecting link between the festivities of the very low and the recognition of the days on a higher rung of the ladder, are the fireworks. For weeks every schoolboy has invested his hoarded pocket money in squibs and crackers, Catherine wheels and Roman candles, and all the new inventions of the artificer's cunning. Every suburban garden, or its substitute the backyard, start and crackle into spasmodic illumination; and in that same gorgeous and magnificent parish of Hampstead some of the squibs were two and a half inches in the bore and twenty-three inches long.

After twenty-four hours of this senseless din, idiotic buffoonery, unmanly imbecility, is it not pardonable and excusable to have indulged in a secret desire that in 1605 the Houses of Parliament might have been successfully blown up, if that consummation had averted the keening of the 5th of November in 1883?

Guy Fawkes Day is the forerunner of Lord Mayor's Day. M. DE S.

Attempt to Defraud the Insurance Companies.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 22.—An item was telegraphed from Cairo some time ago telling of the drowning of George W. Strohm, who was reported to have fallen overboard from the steamboat Gus Fowler in the Ohio River above Cairo. Some time afterward the man turned up alive with a doubtful story of terrible suffering. The newspapers intimated strongly at the time that the drowning was a farce played to defraud the insurance companies. J. F. Yoakum, residing near Grand Chain, a sort of exhorter and schoolmaster, addressed a card to the public, asserting that Strohm was an honest man who could not be induced to defraud any one, and that he had no insurance on his life. At Mound City yesterday Strohm, who is a simple-minded man, was induced by detectives to confess the plot. He had some sixteen insurance on his life and was induced to take this a plot to get the money without taking the trouble to die. The detectives were on board the Gus Fowler, and it is said that it was agreed that when Yoakum made certain signs Strohm was to jump overboard and swim ashore. At Golden's Landing, when near enough to shore to make it safe, the sign was made, and Strohm leaped over and gained the shore. After a reasonable time, Yoakum, with a power of attorney, made an application for money to various mutual companies in which the insurance on Strohm's life was effected. An investigation was begun, which resulted in the arrest last evening of Yoakum and Strohm. Yoakum also made a clear breast of the whole scheme.

RUSSIA'S IMPERIAL AUTHORS.

The Centenary Celebrations of the Russian Academy and the Grand Theatre.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 3.—Yesterday the Russians celebrated the centenary of the Russian Academy and also of the Grand Theatre. In both the academy and the theatre jubilant subjects of the Czar sounded the praises of the crowned authors who have contributed to the growth and glory of those institutions. The treacherous sister of Peter the Great, Sophia, who while Regent of the empire wore the crown not by right, but by might, was the first Russian ruler who penned not only ukases, but also literary pieces. Sophia translated some of Moliere's plays into Russian, and personally directed their performance in the private court theatre. Peter the Great, even in the fields of science, language, and literature, did more for his country, perhaps, than any other individual. He found in Russia two languages, the Slav or church language and the Russian tongue, which was generally spoken, but which had no alphabet. The great Czar took his pen and wrote the Russian, or civil alphabet, which is a simplified form of the Slav alphabet. Then he personally cast the type of the new alphabet, established eight new printing houses, making nine with the former one, and ordered that all books and pamphlets relating to civil—that is to say, not religious—subjects, be printed with the new letters. Moreover, he himself wrote and ordered others to write the spoken tongue instead of the language of the church books. He also discarded the alphabet numerals A, B, C, &c., substituting for them the Arabic characters, 1, 2, 3, &c. Peter founded the first Russian newspaper, the *Sanct-Peterburgskia Vedomosti*, or *St. Petersburg Gazette*, which exists to this day. He was its chief editor, publisher, printer, and, to a large extent, contributor. Peter's paragraphs were distinguished by their clearness, exactness, shortness, and sharpness. When informing his subject readers, for instance, of his battle against Charles XII. of Sweden, Editor Peter did not dwell on the military exploits of the Roman, Greek, Persian, and Hebrew Generals, but began with the first charge of the cavalry and ended with the last roar of the cannon. Peter sent out geographical expeditions, collected the chronicles from the convents and churches, and wrote a prospectus for the Academy of Sciences. The latter institution was opened, however, after his death by his widow, Catherine I., in 1726. Peter's manuscripts, ukases, orders, articles, instructions, letters, medical prescriptions, and so on, were collected by the academicians long ago in twenty volumes, which, however, have not yet been published. Some affirm that the reason is that the modern autocrats fear their own littleness would be too apparent in comparison with the gigantic work of the colossal Czar.

On Nov. 2, 1783, Catherine II. established the Russian Academy, side by side with Peter's Academy of Sciences. The Russian Academy was dedicated specially to the Russian language, literature, and history. Its first President was a friend of the Czarina, the Princess Catherine Dashkoff. The Academy prepared the Russian grammar and the Russian dictionary, embracing 43,257 words. Catherine strove for literary distinction perhaps as much as for political honors. She constantly corresponded not only with crown bearers, but also with philosophers, authors, and scientists, such as Voltaire, Diderot, Grimm, and D'Alembert. She wrote most of her ukases herself. She was not ashamed to compose a "Grandmother's A B C" for her grandchildren. Catherine liked the theatre, but wished her people to enjoy it, too, and so she opened the first public theatre in Russia, called the Grand Theatre. She wrote a number of plays for the stage. In "Oleg" she glorified the Russian war against Constantinople; in the "Knight of Bad Luck" she ridiculed Gustavus III.; in the "Charlatan" she tried to expose Cagliostro; in her comedies "The Birthday of Mrs. Grumbling" and "O, Times!" she ridiculed the habits and morals of her contemporaries. Under Catherine Russian authorship "entered the golden age of women and of literature." Her times will ever shine with such names as the Princess Dashkoff, the poet Derjavin, the comedy writer Fonvisin, the tragedy writer Kniajnin, Count Ivan Shuvalov, the Russian Maecenas, and the fable writer Kheraskov.

In olden times there were many Russians who ardently served science and the Russian tongue, and who symbolically represented enlightenment as the world, language as its body and science as its soul, or as the key to wisdom. Formerly the Russian academician "could not endure that language should be misused and truth trampled down." But times have changed. In 1840 the Russian Academy was connected with the Academy of Sciences, which was then and is now controlled by German professors. Thus it came about that Russian writers and scientists are not allowed even to approach the Russian Academy. Ivan Tourgueniff, Count Leo Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Iskoviteh, Goutcharoff, Mesdoff, Gotchmoff, and others, although recognized masters in literature and science, are not recognized by the little great men of German blood sitting in the Russian Academy. There is another reason why during the last century Russian academicians have not shone in the scientific world. According to the witty remark of a Russian academician, "In St. Petersburg they put up umbrellas over the heads of men of science and literature every time a cloud appears on the political horizon." As during the last hundred years there have been frequent political clouds, storms, and whirlwinds in Paris, the Russian academicians have not been permitted to see much light, although enlightenment is their special vocation. The Nihilists seem to be right when they sing:

> We have the ministry of enlightenment
> For the darkening of minds.

Lomonosoff, the Russian Franklin, the poet Pushkin, and Tourgueniff adored their language as being, in their opinion, the richest, most melodious, and most flexible of tongues. The fact that Shelley's "Clouds" is translated into Russian with a perfect preservation of the double rhymes, shows that these writers had some reason for their high opinion of their native language.

The Grand Theatre of this city, although it celebrated its centenary yesterday, has not done much for the Russian stage. In fact, it might be more properly called Italian, or French, or German than Russian. Its stage has always been occupied by foreign opera, actors, and actresses than of Russian. A century ago the St. Petersburgers were treated along with Moliere's comedies to some mystery of the middle ages, and in the interacts were amused by rope dancers. Today one set of actors and actresses perform Shakespeare's tragedies, Russian comedies, and French ballets. It would be wrong, however, to affirm that the Russian public is satisfied with the present state of the stage; but the public is of no consequence here, since the theatres are imperial institutions, directed by the Czar's officers. As to the character of these personages we may judge by the following examples: Count Milorodovitch closed the theatrical school and opened a beer park in its stead; Count Gudeonoff encouraged his favorite dancing dogs; Count Gotlie wrote: "Steal, poor devils, steal while I live!" Count Bezborodko used to show favor to certain artists, while the others he sent into exile; a ballet dancer named Lena was rewarded with the gift of a city as a dowry, an annual income of 50,000 roubles, a house in this city worth 300,000 roubles, and the rank of General for her husband.

However, Russia has had several great actors and actresses, such as Dmitrevsky, Karatygin, Martinoff, and Semoloff, and several dramatic writers of a high order, such as Pushkin, Gogol, Griboedoff, Ostrovsky; several composers, such as Glinka ("Life for the Czar"), Dargomyisky ("Mermaid") and "Guest of Stone"), Seroff ("Judith"), Musorgsky ("Boris Godunoff"), Tchaikovsky ("Yakula, the Blacksmith"), and Rubinstein ("Demon," "Ivan the Terrible"). But Russia's talented actors, dramatic writers of genius, and famous composers have been under no obligation to the imperial theatres.

The Czar did not honor by his presence yesterday either the Academy or the theatre. Being notorious for his ignorance, he would have been out of place in the Academy, but in the theatre he could have enjoyed a free exhibition and would himself have made a rare show. If the dead could speak, what would Peter the Great and Catherine II. have said yesterday to their present successor, Alexander III.? In some important points the Russia of to-day is centuries behind Peter's Russia.

Sports in Mexico.

Recent numbers of the *Two Republics*, printed in the city of Mexico, contain these paragraphs:

The bull fight at Huisachal ring on Sunday was one of the best of the season. The crowd desiring admission was greater than the capacity of the place, and the doors were closed at an early hour. The public demanded admission, and had to be driven back by the rural guards with machetes and sticks. Many were wounded.

At the Cuautitlan bull fight on Sunday 12 horses were killed, and one of the audiors threw a "banderilla" at the clown, sticking it in his back. This turning of the tables was not much relished by the clown.

The bull fights at Huisachal and Cuautitlan were well attended on Sunday, and passed off well. The cadets of the school of Chapultepec attended the latter and executed several military manoeuvres.

On the 20th ult there was a riot at a bull fight at Monterey on account of the poor quality of the show.

Several young men of good social standing are practising the art of bull fighting, and are having their suits made for the purpose of giving a "corrida" at the Huisachal ring shortly for charitable purposes.

Felicitos Mejia, the bull fighter, has not met with much success in Tampico, where he has been for the past two or three weeks.

Eight young society men will soon give a bull fight at the Huisachal ring. The Captain is Mr. Pablo Escandon y Barron.

Several amateurs of Merida will soon take part in a bull fight there for the benefit of the hospital.

Bull fights are being held regularly in Merida.

EMMA LARSON'S RIDE.

Journeying Alone on Horseback from Wisconsin to California.

On the 8th of July last THE SUN copied from the Cheyenne *Leader* a story of Emma Larson's arrival in Cheyenne on her way from Wisconsin to California alone on horseback. According to the *Leader* Miss Larson was a comely girl of about 24 years, clad in a blue and white checked calico dress that fitted her erect form snugly. She said she had set out to do the trip alone and expected to accomplish her undertaking. The San Francisco *Chronicle* of Nov. 14 gives the sequel of the story as follows:

There arrived in this city on Sunday night a young woman from Seattle, who has just successfully completed a tour "across the plains" on horseback. The heroine of the ride is Miss Emma Larson, 24 years old, American, by birth and of Scandinavian descent. Her hair is flaxen colored, her eyes are gray, she is very firmly built and presents an appearance of health and strength.

The following is the story of her travels:

"I formerly resided in California, but some years ago removed with my folks to Green Lake county, Wis. My father presented me with a mare—Kitty is her name. She'll be 8 years old this spring, and I told my relatives that Kitty and I were going to take a trip to California, but they only laughed at me. They thought that I would never attempt to cross the plains, but they were mistaken, for Kitty and I and a yearling colt left Wisconsin on the 24th of last April. I took Kitty and the colt, an overcoat, a small buffalo robe, two saddle blankets, and a small sum of money. When I started out I had a regular Texas saddle, with two cinches on it, but it was too hard and heavy, so I traded it off for a Chicago saddle."

"Did the trip meet all your expectations?"

"Well, it more than met them in one way."

"How was that?"

"In starvation and hardship. For about 200 miles on one part of the road—it was near Soda Springs, in Idaho—I did not see a ranch, and for three days and nights I had nothing to live upon but water. This was the worst part of the trip. There may have been ranches aside from the road, but I never left the trail."

"But how did you find your way?"

"I asked the road from station to station. I followed the railroad line to Rollins and then to Green River, thence to Soda Springs, and from there to Boise City; from Boise City to Baker City, and thence to John Day's bridge across John Day's river into Idaho; then I crossed Snake River and rode on to Pendleton, and from there I arrived at Portland about Oct. 10. I would have ridden from Portland here but for the lateness of the season and the scarcity of food on the road. I generally started at daylight and rode until 11 o'clock, and then rested until 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At this time it was cooler and I again started out and rode until I would strike good feed for Kitty, or if I could not find any I would ride until sunset. I averaged about twenty-five miles a day, but my biggest day's journey was sixty-three miles, and that was on the Laramie plains. No, I never met any more ferocious animals than deer or antelope. The ride by myself was pleasant and a most enjoyable one. I saw no Indians to amount to anything, but one day I rode with a band of fifty from Big Sandusky to the Green River."

"But how about the cowboys—did you meet many of them?"

"Yes, I met plenty of cowboys, but they were always kind. On one occasion they proffered to help me into the saddle. They would lift me up on one side and let me drop off on the other. They only wanted to have a little fun with me."

"Did you carry much money with you?"

"No. I never had more than $10 or $15 at a time. My sister forwarded the money to me at various points ahead of the road. I never paid any toll, and my lodgings were cheap and inexpensive. Sometimes I stopped at the ranches along the way, but I preferred to sleep on the prairie or the mountain side. The night air was cool and invigorating, and the silence around was very impressive. There was nothing to disturb my rest as I lay there, and the birds chirping and singing in the trees and brush would wake me in the morning, and I would immediately arise. During the day all was quiet. The only sound to break the stillness was the hoofs of my pony. Usually a startled hare or rabbit would run across the path, and perhaps that would be the last sign of moving life you would see for hours. The heat sometimes was almost oppressive, but more especially on the plains, where no shade was to be found."

"Did you think of the continual riding in the saddle wearisome?"

"No. The Chicago saddle I got in the trade was made for a man, so I generally used it in place of one it was intended for. When I was traveling over the mountains I would dismount, in fact, any place outside of a town or city, I straddled the saddle man fashion. Of course it was inconvenient to some extent to ride this way with a dress on. When I neared a settlement I changed my style and rode as a lady on a side saddle. Once again away from life and civilization I changed my manner of riding, and thus I overcame to some extent the weariesomeness of the ride."

"How did the mare stand the journey?"

"Kitty stood the trip first-rate, and she is now recruiting and romping in the clover in Washington Territory, and she deserves it. Yes, my father is living, and approved of the expedition."

Miss Larson is considerably sunburned by her exposure. She appears to be hale and hearty, and not afraid to undertake the return trip. She speaks of the mare Kitty with great enthusiasm, and says she would not part with her. Her sister resides at Green Lake, Wisconsin. She prefers to come by rail, and does not show the same love and spirit of adventure that Emma does. Miss Larson says that the entire expense of the trip did not amount to $50.

LONELY YOUNG MEN.

The First and Only Effort to Find Refined Female Society.

"It's the easiest thing in the world to get married," said the lecturer advocating matrimony for young men, in an up-town hall; "it's as easy as rolling off a log, as the saying is. Ministers tell him that it is his duty; moralists upbraid him because he does not get a wife; philosophers argue that the foundation of the State is the family; friends point out to him the happy life of many persons. The young man has no protection against all this opposition, and, if he is a right-minded person, he will not try to oppose such logic. If he is of proper age, is matured in his judgment, can support a wife, and is reasonably industrious, he ought to be married before twenty-five. But there are many less fortunate young men in this city who never speak to a decent woman from one year's end to another. Some are engaged in shops where only men are employed; others in big warehouses employing twenty-five hands. Their homes are in lonely furnished rooms with meals at restaurants. These poor fellows actually plan for refined female society. One whose loneliness has come to my notice lives in Harlem."

The lecturer saw this celebate, and got from him this story: He was living in a furnished room and boarding at restaurants. After two years of this life he began to wish for some refined female society, and accordingly engaged boarding in a fashionable boarding house in East Seventeenth street. He was somewhat surprised by the greed with which his week's board was demanded in advance and almost snatched out of his hands, but comforted himself with a glimpse of a golden-haired head through a half-opened door.

The young man had stipulated for a fire in his room, but on going up at night found it as cold as a barn. He called for the landlady, and, after repeated trials, succeeded in gaining her attention. An injured tone she promised to raise a little fire in the room, and half an hour or so, during which the young man grew warm from inward heat, a frowzy and slatternly servant girl came in with a bang, threw some kindling wood on the hearth, lit it, put on a little coal, and went away, taking the coal bucket with her. He started after her to secure the bucket, but too late, and he heard the golden-haired beauty say: "What's the matter with that galoot up stairs?"

"Oh, he wants a fire, bad luck to him."

"Well, he must be a gilly. Carry him up the kitchen stove."

Slowly and sadly the young man in search of refined female society, pulled on his overcoat, walked down to the street, hired an express wagon, hauled over his trunk, and left the house just in time to hear the golden-haired young woman remark, "Well, I knew that fellow was a fraud when I first saw him."

He went to his old "furnished room." It had not been let, and it was warm and comfortable, and he heard the cheery laugh of the landlady and her delighted remark: "I expected you back, but not quite so soon." That was his last attempt to find refined female society. The young man said there were sixty such isolated fellows in his block.

Peter Gates's Fall.

From the Davenport Gazette.

Peter Gates is superintending the work of the mine of the Gunnison Mining and Exploring Company of this city, which is in Treasure Mountain, Gunnison county, Colorado. The great attitude of the mine brings winter about it very early. As early as the middle of September snow storms commenced. Peter writes that he caught a bear in his traps, and volunteers ready for mailing an overcoat belonging to one of the men and a gunny sack filled with clothing and all strapped together on his back, all in "apple pie order, and then—

"I fell over the cliff on my way down. I intended it to be my last trip for several months, but it came near being my last in fact. I had gotten 150 feet above the cabin when a snow slide turned loose, knocking me instantly from the trail. For the first 400 or 500 feet I struck the ground every 50 feet or five times, and that fall from the top of a precipice to the bottom was about 150 feet. It seems incredible that I could have tumbled down the successive precipices without being killed, but everything was in my favor. The pack I was carrying and the snow which I went down with helped break my fall. I am badly bruised about the hips and body, but with rest and a lower altitude I think I will come out all right in a month or so."

The cliff which Peter was swept from has an almost perpendicular height of a thousand feet from the bottom of the precipice, and it was the great masses of snow which had accumulated on its sides that broke Peter's fall every hundred feet, and which went on down with him to the next one. In January last a man was swept off the trail by an avalanche in a similar manner, and dropped into the abyss a thousand feet below, and the last heard of him never been recovered.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

To-day's Yankee Doodle.

British soldiers took the town,
British soldiers held it;
British rule was sold here
Until the peace expelled it.

Then the Tories skipped the town,
Going far by water,
Fearing that they might be led
To prison or to slaughter.

Then the troops of Washington,
Sturdy Continentals,
Came in slim but firm array,
And ragged regimentals.

Then the patriots cheered and yelled,
Wild with jubilation,
While the Tories left behind
Dissembled their vexation.

When the British flag came down,
Though the pole was battered,
From the flattery flagstaff soon
The Yankee ensign fluttered.

Now no more the country knows
Either Whig or Tory,
But in freedom's pathway goes
Marching on to glory.

Just a hundred years ago
British lies were sundered,
While, to tell the joyful news,
The Yankee cannon thundered.

Let us gladly give the day
Fitting celebration,
Keeping up the memory
Of the Evacuation.

Woman.

Dear woman! Strange it is that she
Such opposites involves;
And very deep a man must be
Who that enigma solves.

Just view her as she, smiling, stands;
A paradox is there:
Look at her soft and dimpled hands—
Yet how she bangs her hair!

How woman studies to unite
Economy with taste;
But spite of that, you'll find I'm right,
She loves a little waist.

In such soft arms there seems to be
Just strength to wield a fan;
But still you'll find how thoroughly
She shakes a poor young man.

Her unassuming modesty
The mind with wonder fills;
But then just see how easily
She puts on lots of frills.

But Woman's heart is kind and warm—
Her faults are trivial, small;
Her beauty leads to all a charm—
Her love atones for all.

WM. J. C. TAYLOR.

Some Day of Days.

An Anonymous Poem Communicated by a Friend to THE SUN.

Some day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill;
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
Look stand fresh and fair
And drop the garment, care;
Once more my perfect youth shall nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be,
How, face to face, each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary fate's dark, separating sea;

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greeting,
The past, with all its fears,
Its silence and its tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

The Ballad of the Judgment of Paris.

From the Manhattan.

"The world would be a desert if man were wise."

What might the shepherd of Ilione crave—
Jilted by Queen—by the jack-tree—
Power, that man is of man a slave,
Crowned with a symbol of sovereignty;
Wisdom, that man's ambitious ever satisfies,
With a thirst naught slaketh—ever satisfies,
Follows for ever the things that flee—
But the world would be empty if men were wise!

What was the promise that Pallas gave—
Pallas the cold, with the skilled knee?
Learning, that leadeth to death a grave
Under a pillar to pedantry;
Learning, a mole that in earth can see,
And misses the message of air and skies;
Learning that ever hath dust for fee—
But the world would be empty if men were wise!

And the Dame that rose from the curling wave—
The witch of the mill top—what gave she?
Love, that maketh a man to rave
For a valley that is cool but a stream can be;
Love, that faileth in his heart with sighs,
Love, that freezeth his breast with sighs,
Love that maketh madness both you and me—
But the world would be empty if men were wise!

ENVOY.

Goddess of mine (for I bend to thee)!
Look at me now with thy wine-dark eyes!
If Love be a folly, ah! what care we!
For the world would be empty if men were wise!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A Fan Song.

From Punch.

Fan me to rest, for deep time sweet is coming,
And oh! so tired I and oh! so restless.
The grateful opiate of thy sereneful smiling
Only can charm me into thoughtless drowsiness.
Fan me, fan me, fan me, love, daylight is dead; love—
Dead its dark sorrow, dead its wild jest;
Into the land of old lyonnes 'tis fled, love;
Fan me to rest!

Love, do you hear the last lone bird born solo
Pleading its woe in the grove of green beeches?
Rejoice, for to me, and sing it low—low—
Low as a drop of wind over dark wood reaches.
Fan me, love, fan me, love, come in the day's love—
Come its weird lates—but fan me first! I'm distressed!
To-morrow I've got fifteen dollars to raise, love;
Fff! fan me to rest!

EDWARD WICK.

Gwineter Kill Hogs Ter Day.

From the Arkansaw Traveller.

Cum, hull up de fire an' heat de big rocks,
Gwineter kill hogs ter day;
War yer brogan shoes an' two pair o' socks,
Gwineter git yer a-way!
De thinnest nigger scrapes de floor wid a hoe,
Gwineter kill hogs ter day;
It makes dogs howl an' it makes cows low,
Gwineter kill hogs ter day.
De wimmin am a-bilin' de fat in de yard,
Gwineter kill hogs ter day
An' de smoke in de air is enough ter scare de lard,
Gwineter kill hogs ter day.

An' er fetch er long de water, boys, an' jo' in de box,
Dem rabbs way de karun' stick an' fling in de rocks,
An' I send a nigger from sun ter sun
Far 'we'sa gwineter kill ter-gat' ribs an' tenderlines ter night.

Take up de clean sheet an' hang him on de pole,
Gwineter kill hogs ter day;
Make a nigger smile way down in his soul,
Gwineter kill hogs ter day.
De chillun cum er rollin' er roastin' ev' de meat,
Gwineter kill hogs ter day
It am de bes' sight ef ever yo' see sweet,
Gwineter kill hogs ter day.
De dogs stan' roun' a-sniffin' ev' de air,
Gwineter kill hogs ter day.
An' bark at de nigger as he grabs off de char,
Gwineter kill hogs ter day.

An' er cum er long ter supper, boys, we'll all eat meat,
Fur de hog's backbone it am powerful sweet;
We'll chuck de co-cake an' drink de butter milk,
Ah, Lawd, we go ter it down jes' as fine as any silk.

Pumpkin Pies.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Gentle stranger, let me ask,
Did you ever stop to bask
In the ancient delicacy of cooking,
When a maiden fair is looking,
Asks sweet from the depths
Of her lustrous, dusky eyes—
As she shoves in the big oven
Those delicious pumpkin pies?

Ah, what ecstacies appealing,
As aroma gently stealing,
Permeate the rural kitchen
Where coiffured hold a fair witch in,
Fascinating, dainty, rare,
To intoxicated eyes!
'Tis the nearest to Eden
Manjustier of the pies.

Pumpkin pies! What memories rise
Even to the sunny skies,
As she opens to your eyes
The big oven she did shove in
Those delicious pumpkin pies

Golden orbs of luscious glory!
Thou art the poetic story
Fairer to the heart of man,
Art to hearts of mortal clan,
Than the manscript in yellow
Hot and tooth some 'neath your eyes,
And I fain would long to quell
Worldly woes—in pumpkin pies.

Quarter, half, the whole, oh, give it!
I could dwell in bliss and live it
In an hour such as this,
Ah, fore swmore I wis—
Sitting in the pleasant kitchen
Whose confines hold a fair witch in,
Fascinating, dainty, rare,
Askance glancing from her eyes,
At me, over pumpkin pies.

H. S. KELLER.

SOME CHOICE FISH STORIES

Told at a Gathering where the Facts were Warmly Asserted.

"I've been up in Oregon salmon fishing," a sportsman remarked, "and it's the coming country, not alone for its game, but for the settler. The country is rich with game. Even he pigs go a-fishing."

"Time," some one called out.

"It's a fact," the speaker asserted warmly, "and I can prove it. I was poling up the Columbia River one afternoon, taking it easy, when I noticed a drove of pigs wade down into the stream just below a canning factory, and, thinking it an amusing sight to see a pig swim, I drew nearer, and soon found that they were in water three feet deep. All at once down they went. I thought at first that some big fish had grabbled them, but in a minute up came a porker holding a big salmon head in its mouth. Another had an entire fish, and in a short time all brought up their fish."

"You didn't see them catch a live salmon?"

"No," was the reply, "I draw the line there; but dive and swim under water they did, and I learned it was a common practice."

"In two thousand years," an evolutionist interrupted, "you will find these pigs with webbed feet, and scales instead of hairs, and catching live fish is only a matter of time. That's the way the whales got in the way of going to sea. They were originally land animals, and finally by staying in the water so much they lost the use of their limbs, and so took to the sea entirely. If you don't believe it cut up a whale, and you'll find the remains of a pelvis and rudimentary hind limbs."

"Speaking of fishing," the teller of the pig yarn said, "Oregon is the place; look at the business they do in salmon canning. There are thousands of persons more or less interested, and when you count the can makers, packers, catchers, net makers, cleaners, middlemen, &c., they foot up a small army that derive their living directly from this fish. Last year the pack of the Columbia River catch alone amounted to more than half a million cases, that to the first hands brought $3,000,000, and this didn't include the salmon that are barreled. Where do they go? Why, all over the world. Vessels come to Astoria, and last season they took 50,000 cases to foreign ports; the balance go to Frisco. The capital invested in canning alone amounts to nearly $3,000,000."

"On my way north in the stage, we crossed a river so thick with a large trout-like fish that in wading the wheels killed hundreds of them. The water appeared absolutely solid. I never saw such a sight in my life. They went jumping along as if they were forced out of the water."

"I've seen the same thing South," another of the group said. "Last season I was in southern Florida, and, putting up New River above Miami, we ran into a school of large fish, that, as regards numbers, beat anything I ever saw. The water was actually packed solid with them, and it being very shoal we literally sailed in a shoal of fish. As we gathered headway they jumped into the air by thousands, jumping over the boat that we towed astern, and several falling into it, so that instead of fishing the fish came to us. A still more remarkable case occurred to a well-known archaeologist who spends his winters in Florida waters. He was making up a river under good headway when the stack in a school of porpoises swept that the yacht fairly knocked them out of water, and when once alarmed there commenced the most extraordinary scene. The porpoises began to jump, leaving the water as if shot out of a gun, and flying away for a distance of twenty-five or thirty feet, landing on their sides and skimming away for ten or fifteen feet more. They went in every direction over the yacht at the crew, who had to dodge and lie flat to keep out of the way, as a blow from one would have laid a man low. They kept this up for hours, and sail and fell on the deck in great quantities. Many fish have a similar habit when alarmed, and I knew of a case where a lady was reading in her cabin when a flying fish came whizzing through the window, smashed the sash into a hundred pieces, frightening her almost to death. In Eastern seas the gar fish are extremely dangerous; they attain a length of four or five feet, and rush out of the water at the slightest alarm, and go floundering away over the water in a blind second. If a native or anyone happens to intercept them he is generally run through as if with a knife. A Captain of an East Indiaman told me of a giant that he witnessed at the Aru Islands. He was walking with a native, the latter carrying a shield made of some hard but light wood, and twice during an hour the man caught a gar on it that would otherwise have struck him. He merely presented the shield, and they hit it with a sounding crack and fell back into the water, sort of firing themselves at a mark."

"Speaking of battles with fish," the first speaker said, "there is an authentic account on record of a battle with a sword fish on the British coast. A man was in a small boat when a large fish darted in between his legs, fairly upsetting him. He was a fisherman, and thinking it an accident, he went in shore and got a boat hook, doing out to where the fish was as soon as he could. He waited for him, fairly leaping out of the water to pierce him; but he succeeded in knocking it on shade, and, seeing that it was a sword fish, he made for shore, the fish following him up, receiving the blows and stabs from the boat hook, and finally in its rage actually throwing itself upon the sands."

"If you want to see fishes fight," another member of the party said, "go to South America. I was there as the representative of a house down in Buenos Ayres, and up one of the large rivers I saw fish about a foot long that would clean a man out in less than no time. My attention was attracted to them by seeing a good many ducks flying around and hopping about on the top of the water, as if afraid to alight. So I inquired into it, and the natives told me that it was this little fish, and it was a fact. You couldn't toss a stone overboard without a thousand of them rushing to the spot. They reminded me more of a wolf than anything else. They hunted together, and even attacked large fishes, overcoming them by force of numbers, and tearing them to pieces. Large land animals that attempted to swim across were attacked and the flesh stripped off to the bones. I heard of such a story current that a horse and rider, in crossing the stream where the animal had to swim, were reduced almost to skeletons by the fish before they reached the shore. They have some curious ways down in South America. Most of the men use the bow and arrow, shooting the fish in the back, but the commonest way is to poison them with the famous wourali. It is used by all the Indians between the Orinoco and the Amazon, and it is a curious fact that the fish, even those of a shark type, know he dies almost instantly, but he can eat the fish that have taken it without fear or injury. The poison comes from a plant, or vine, called the wourali, and the concoction equals the concoction of the witches in Macbeth. It is the principal ingredient; but another bitter sort is gathered; also two kinds of ants that have a terrible sting, the strongest pepper, the pounded large of the labarri snake, also some of those of the common rattlesnake. These are all pounded up together, and boiled over a fire. The poison resembles a thick syrup, and is placed in a calabash—a skin bag or purse. Sometimes it is put on bait and thrown into the water, killing the fish by hundreds; but usually it is used to poison the arrows, and is deadly if it comes in contact with the blood."

"In China," the first speaker said, "they have a method of fishing that possesses more originality than any of these. The fishermen on the rivers tame a species of cormorant to fish for them, and birds, by putting a band about the neck,