

In early youth he became a Roman Catholic. He served a number of years as an officer in the Spanish army in the Netherlands. It was on his return to England that he made a "guy" of himself, by consenting to head a conspiracy known as the "Gunpowder Plot." It was the intention of this conspiracy to blow up the British Houses of Parliament, with King James I, his ministers, lords and members of both departments.

King James, it is asserted, exercised great severities against the Catholics. He did his utmost to suppress their religion in England, confiscating a great deal of their property. A few fanatical Catholics, who could not control their feelings on account of these outrages, met in secret and formed the gunpowder explosion project. Robert Catesby originated the foolish idea and made it known to a man named Winters. These two succeeded in enlisting three others—Fawkes, Percy and Wright. The five met and commenced operations by renting a house situated near the Parliament building. From the cellar of this house they dug a mine or passage, which proved hard work to the five, as neither of them had been accustomed to the use of the pick and shovel. They put in good time, however, working day and night. One shift worked while the other slept. For weeks they relieved each other in this manner. At last they reached a wall 15 feet thick which they bored and discovered that it led to a cellar immediately underneath the House of Lords. Fawkes suggested the renting of the cellar, which he succeeded in doing under pretense that he wanted it to carry on a business of selling coal. The funds of the concern were about exhausted, and before any coal could be procured with which to conduct the business, money had to be obtained. A proposition was made that the membership list be extended to seven. Accordingly the names of Sir Everard Digby and Francis Tresham were presented and unanimously accepted. These two worthies were waited upon and became very active members. They contributed a few thousand pounds to the cause, which soon set everything again in working order. Barrels of gunpowder were secretly conveyed to the cellar; stones, with billets of wood, were placed on top of the barrels. They answered two purposes—to conceal the barrels and to act as destructive missiles when the explosion should take place.

Everything was in readiness for the reassembling of Parliament on the fifth of November. Fawkes was the man chosen to fire the powder. After doing so he was to make his escape to Flanders on board a ship hired for the purpose and in waiting on the Thames.

All the Roman Catholic members and Peers, whose lives it was deemed advisable to spare, were to be kept away from attending Parliament on that day, by means of a message which was sent them early on the morning of the memor-

able fifth. Lord Mounteagle—brother in law to Tresham—was one of the fortunate ones. And luckily too, as the sequel will show. He was at his country seat (Hoxton), where he received a written message, delivered by a stranger. He was advised to devise some excuse "to shift off your attendance at this parliament, for God and man hath concurred to punish the wickedness of this time." Mounteagle very promptly dispatched a messenger, with the note, to the king. James was bewildered for a few minutes, but, collecting his wits, immediately set to work to unravel the mystery of the strange missive. He caused a vigilant search to be made, with the result that Fawkes was seen coming out of his cellar early in the morning, dressed as though going off on a journey. He was questioned as to how the coal business was going. He displayed evidence of nervousness. His face had an expression that indicated he thought the business was getting rather warm. Suspicion was awakened in the breasts of the searchers. They keenly scrutinized the cellar. Their surprise and horror when they discovered one hundred and thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, with lighted fuse attached, can be better imagined than described.

In a few hours from the discovery parliament would have been in session. The disaster that would have followed, but for the timely discovery, cannot be estimated.

Fawkes was immediately arrested, tried and convicted, and after being most inhumanly tortured by means of the "thumb-screw," "manacles" and the "Skeffington's daughter," was publicly executed on the 31st of January, 1606. Five of the others were arrested (on the confession of Fawkes), and received sentences of torture and imprisonment.

In remembrance of this event, in important towns throughout Great Britain, particularly London, a figure of straw is made in effigy of Guy Fawkes and carried through the principal streets on the 5th of November, and finally committed to the flames of a bonfire, amid the yells and shouts from the crowds participating. The firing of guns, discharging of fireworks and burning of tar barrels are commonly indulged in. The police on these occasions have hard work in keeping down disturbances and preventing buildings from taking fire. The writer remembers an occurrence which took place a few years ago in a well known English town, on the night of "Guy Fawkes"—as it is called—when a mob, out of fun and wanton mischief, commenced throwing squibs, crackers, etc., at the windows of a prominent hotel. A few guests retaliated. This infuriated the mob, and in a little while every window of the building was smashed to "smithereens." How the premises escaped being burned to the ground was a wonder to all who witnessed the affair. The police charged the crowd, using their truncheons freely, knocking down innocent men and women. The mob turned upon the police, and many on both sides were

seriously injured. The ringleaders were arrested and received imprisonment with hard labor—the terms ranging from six to twelve months.

There is no name so utterly despised by the English people as that of Guy Fawkes. And there is no day (save it be Christmas) looked forward to with as much eagerness and delight by the youngsters of the United Kingdoms as the fifth of November, or the night of "Guy Fawkes."

JATAY.

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 5, 1889.

THE Canadian Department of Agriculture has received advices that Asiatic cholera is epidemic and has obtained a footing in eastern Europe, Turkey and Greece, some parts of Hungary being affected. The report states that the disease is following its usual course toward central and western Europe with great rapidity. It was confined to Mesopotamia during the first five days of August and on the 14th made its appearance at Bagdad, but since then has quickly traveled into Europe. Bagdad is in desolation and nearly deserted. Up to the end of August the deaths had reached 2050. The march of the dreaded disease along the old routes from the east furnishes a warning note to all sanitary associations to be on the lookout for it.

AN editorial writer of the *Herald*, in an article remarkable for its great length but still more so for its lack of depth, takes exception to the statements of a News correspondent who wrote under the caption of "How Little We Know." Although the statement is not directly made that the article in this journal was an editorial, that idea is evidently sought to be conveyed throughout. The *Herald* writer could not help knowing to the contrary, as the correspondent appended his name. It appears to be necessary now to state, in behalf of our correspondent, that he had no intention of being personal, having not the slightest reference to people who know everything and a good deal more. We trust this apology will satisfy the *Herald* writer, who has merely repeated commonly accepted theories, not absolutely known facts, and that too in a captious manner likely to wound a sensitive spirit without adding a fact to the sum of actual human knowledge.

When the opportunity of a man's life presents itself he usually waits for an introduction.

Virtue will catch as well as vice by contact; and the public stock of honest, manly principle will daily accumulate.

Age resisted means steady growth in artificiality and frivolity; age accepted means deepening experience and widening life. Some one has said, with the deepest wisdom, that the way to get the most out of life is to accept completely each stage of it, to drink to the bottom the cup which youth and maturity and age hold to the lips, and so to take from life all that lies in its hands.