

Our Country Contemporaries.

Ogden Junction, Dec. 16—

Special Marshal Fife informs us that a newsboy, who has been running on the U. P. train from Green River, was taken down sick last night, and was unable to go out today. On examination he found him afflicted with small-pox. The young fellow believes he caught it from some Chinamen at Hanging Rock, who, he says, are afflicted with the disease.

The people of Franklin, Weston, Clifton, Oxford, Gentile Valley, Soda Springs, Cariboo and the farming and mining districts adjacent to those places are agitating the question of the organization of a new county, embracing the places in Idaho above named, and leaving the other portions of Oneida county to themselves, under the present name and organization. Following are the proposed boundaries of the new county: Commencing at the south-west corner of Bear Lake county, thence running north along said county line to its northern boundary, thence east along the northern boundary line of Bear Lake County to the eastern boundary of Idaho, thence north along the boundary line of Idaho to where the waters of Bear River are separated from the waters of Blackfoot River, thence running in a westerly direction to the summit of the mountains dividing Snake River Valley from Gentile Valley, thence south on the summit of the mountains dividing Gentile Valley from Marsh Valley, to Red Rock, near Jefferson Hunt's ranch, thence due west to the summit of the mountains dividing Cache Valley from Malad, thence along the ridge of said mountains to the south boundary line of Idaho, thence east along the south boundary line of Idaho to the place of beginning.

Beaver Enterprise, Dec. 14—

The case of Alonzo Colton, who has been found guilty of "lascivious co-habitation" under the Territorial Statute, and sentenced by the District Court to five years imprisonment in the Penitentiary, claims more than a passing notice. It strikes us as a singular proceeding and wholly unwarranted by law and the facts involved. Instead of sending Colton to the penitentiary, we think the court would have been in the line of its duty if it had set the decision of the jury aside. Neither by the laws of Utah nor common sense, can a man with two wives, whom he acknowledges as such and lives with and supports, together with their children, be tried and found guilty of lascivious co-habitation. He may be tried for bigamy or polygamy, but not for lasciviousness, unless it shall be at the final judgment, when the secrets of men's hearts are to be made known. If sooner, it must be in a Pickwickian or burlesque sense. If Colton had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for polygamy, after having had a fair trial, under the law of Congress, we would not have felt called upon to come to his defense. But to find him guilty of that other thing, under the laws of the Territory, because he has a second wife forced on him by his religious ideas (foolish though they may be), is in our estimation, bending law and justice to reach the case. If tried at all, such must be tried for polygamy, and if found guilty it must be for polygamy and that too, under the law of Congress. The law of the Territory against "lascivious co-habitation" was never intended to apply to polygamy, nor does it apply by any fair and reasonable construction of law. Mr. Colton certainly has a right to expect relief from the Supreme Court, to which he has taken appeal.

Provo Enquirer, Dec. 16—

On Saturday last, December 9th, according to previous appointment, twenty-two teachers of Utah County, assembled at the Brigham Young Academy, for the purpose of receiving instructions as to the best means of conducting and regulating schools, that all might be taught on one uniform and well-tried plan. In the forenoon Professor Maeser laid before the teachers the different methods adopted in Europe and America, showing their advantages and disadvantages. He advised the teachers to adopt none of the methods exclusively, but to use their judgment in their application. The principle of catechisation was very ably

dwelt upon, showing the best method of forming and asking questions. The afternoon was occupied with exercises and class drill, there being several classes of children present. It is to be hoped that the teachers of the county will not neglect this excellent opportunity afforded them. Arrangements will be made with the Railroad Company so that the teachers may travel at reduced rates.

Ogden Junction, Dec. 18—

We are happy to inform our readers that Mrs. Esther Duce and Mr. Thomas Duce, who were so terribly mutilated last September, by the accidental discharge of a gun loaded with navy bullets, dropped by a Wells, Fargo & Co's messenger, have both recovered so far that their lives are out of danger. Mrs. Duce is able to visit her friends, and her son can walk around, although he cannot use his arms. It is a matter of great doubt whether he will ever be able to use his right arm at all, and all he can do with the left hand is to move the thumb and two smaller fingers. His general health, however, is pretty good. Three bullets have been taken from his right arm since his removal to Cache Valley. We wish to say in this connection that Wells, Fargo & Co. have acted towards these injured people with the utmost fairness and consideration. While declining to admit their legal liability for damages, they have made compensation to the entire satisfaction of the parties, desiring to meet them in a spirit of justice and kindness, without regard to legal technicalities or disputes. The wounded parties have been able to settle all the bills of expense incurred during their sickness, and have a handsome margin left for future contingencies. We cannot close our notice of the matter without referring to J. J. Valentine, Esq., Gen. Supt. of the Company, who has acted the part of a true gentleman, in the settlement of the unfortunate affair, and to whom we are heartily thankful for personal courtesies, received at his hands during our visit to San Francisco.

Yesterday the remains of Col. John Scott were brought down from Cache Valley in charge of his four sons, and taken on to Salt Lake. Col. Scott was well known throughout this Territory as one of the old "stand bys." He figured conspicuously in "Mormon" affairs in the days of Nauvoo, and was for many years an active participant in the trials, travels and struggles of the Latter-day Saints. A little over a week ago he was seized with inflammation of the lungs, which culminated in ulceration, and resulted in his death at Millville, Cache County, on Saturday afternoon. The major part of his family being at Mill Creek, south of Salt Lake City, his body was conveyed to that place for the performance of the funeral ceremonies. May he rest in peace.

Ogden Junction, Dec. 18—

The City Council passed the following resolution, Dec. 18—"Resolved: that the restrictions on public assemblies, embodied in the Mayor's Proclamation on Quarantine Regulations, be and hereby are rescinded; that the remainder of the Proclamation be considered in full force; and that the City Council strongly advise the observance of the utmost caution, on the part of the public, that there may be no danger of a renewed spread of the contagion."

This morning Alderman Brown committed A. J. Shupe and his son John Shupe to await the action of the Grand Jury on a charge of fraud. Bonds were fixed at \$500. Concerning fraud in a land sale bargain.

Yesterday morning's C. P. passenger train brought in a widow, Mrs. A. M. Oxford, and four children, in rather destitute circumstances. It appears from what we could learn, her husband died a short time since in California, leaving her dependent on her own industry and the charity of friends for support and succor in her time of trial. Arriving at Winnemucca station on her way East to Manhattan, Kansas, where her relatives reside, one of the children, a girl 11 years of age, died of lung fever. There, as is always the case, kind hearts saw her position and administered to her wants. The remains of the child being properly fixed for transportation by rail, the C. P. Company gave the family a pass to Ogden, a distance of 419 miles. On

reaching Ogden depot her situation attracted general attention, touching the sympathetic cord which vibrates in every honest heart when the cry of want craves the helping hand. The passengers on the east bound train took special interest in her case, and at the instigation of C. H. Hancock, Esq., contractor, San Francisco, (himself liberally contributing) sufficient means were collected to take the family comfortably to their destination. Among the many generous hearts who gave to the needy ones, were—Mr. Meyer, A. A. Cohen, of San Francisco, and General Smith and Major Bryant, of the U. S. Army, at Camp Douglas. Through the courtesy of W. B. Doddridge, agent U. P. R. R. Co., the family were allowed half fare to Omaha. Superintendent R. H. Pratt and others of the C. P. R. R. took a kindly interest in their behalf. Never was there a time since the two great roads met, that such a manifestation of liberality was exhibited as was seen at the Ogden depot on Monday morning last. Such generosity, no matter where or by whom administered, speaks of the soul's refined impulses, and justly merits the credit of a civilized race.

A. R.

Ogden, Dec. 18, 1876.

Beaver Enterprise, Dec. 16—

The Beaver County Sentinel made its appearance to-day. It is about the size of the Enterprise and will be published weekly. The Editor says he will shun national politics, but look after church and State matters, both of which he finds to exist in Utah.

The prisoners held in the County jail effected their escape last night but were in town this morning, and again incarcerated. The jailor, in order to favor them, left them in what is known as the front room, where there is a fire. The boys, in order to show how smart or strong they are, broke open the door and came out.

Judge Boreman, Dr. Jones and C. J. Swift, Esq., have gone down to Leeds to see Judge Spicer, the peach-fed girls and the grindstones. Ogden Junction, Dec. 20—

With profound sorrow we record the death, at five o'clock this morning [of small-pox], of Mrs. Delecta Monch, wife of Prof. L. F. Monch and daughter of R. Ballantyne, Esq., of this city.

There are three boys on the Bench afflicted with small-pox, in a family previously afflicted. The boys had been absent from town some time, and on their return contracted the disease.

Smithfield, Dec. 18.—There have been eight deaths in this place from diphtheria. On Friday last an accident happened to a boy about ten years of age, a son of Mr. J. Hatch, of this place. The boy was riding a horse; something scared the animal, which threw the lad to the ground, tramping upon him severely. By dint of good care and attendance he is now fast recovering. L. P.

THE "STRATHMORE."

Letter from Mrs. Wordsworth, the Lady who Survived the Wreck, to her Daughter.

The Childers, Feb. 18, 1876.

Dearest F—, I daresay you never expected to see my handwriting again, but I suppose I must be the veritable bad halpenny, and of course have turned up once more. We are now on board the ship Childers of Liverpool, on our way to Rangoon.

I will begin my story from the poor ship Strathmore. We had rather a tedious voyage. I was sick the whole way and if the sickness stopped I had nausea. I could not eat—I loathed everything and when we got to the line "low fever" set in. In short, I thought I should never reach New Zealand, though Captain McDonald showed great skill in medicine, and was exceedingly kind and attentive. On one occasion, curiously enough, he jokingly threatened that if I did not get better soon he would land me on the Twelve Apostles—little thinking then, poor man, how soon his words were to come true.

Miss Henderson, the lady who occupied the other berth in my cabin, and who, with her brother, was going to New Zealand to join their father, always tended me with the greatest kindness and gentle care during my long illness.

On the 30th of June, the very night before we struck, I felt rather better, and got up to join the other passengers in a game at cards in the saloon. I had generally slept badly hitherto, the fever always returning in the night; but on this occasion, being more fatigued than usual, I slept soundly till bump, bump, bump, I was knocked violently backwards and forwards in my berth. I thought, "Surely that is a curious motion," but determined not to be easily alarmed, I endeavored to compose myself. To my horror there then followed a crunching and grating sound which could not be mistaken. I said to Miss Henderson, "Oh! surely there is something wrong."

We got out of bed, and had just lit our lamps, when Charlie and Mr. Henderson came to our cabin. Mr. Henderson never spoke, but Charlie said in very quiet tones, "Mother, the ship has struck, and is quickly settling down. You have not time to dress—only a moment to put on what you can." They left us: we never spoke. I helped the poor child to dress; she was pale and trembling, but quiet and collected. I did not take time to dress myself fully, merely putting on my dressing gown and the tweed tunic you bought me. My sealskin jacket was unfortunately locked up, so I huddled on my warm shawl, and tied up my head warmly. This took us about three minutes, at the end of which time Charlie and Mr. Henderson again appeared. I took my brother's arm and we went into the saloon, Miss Henderson and her brother following. Charlie, thinking himself of some useful things he had forgotten, left me in the saloon in order to get them from his own cabin. Thinking he remained too long, I followed him, and begged him to come at once, for I had heard the Captain from the poop call aloud in an agonized tone, "Now then, come!" But whilst I had been waiting for him, I had run back to the cabin and got my rosary, which I put round my neck, and seized a pair of blankets. We made our way to the companion-hatch, but it was partly fastened up, so I was forced to drop my load of blankets, and creep through the small aperture which was left. Arm in arm, and followed by Miss Henderson and her brother, we walked to where some sailors were endeavoring to launch a boat. Charlie noticed to me that generally in shipwrecks the first boat launched is lost; and though I heard a sailor's voice cry out, "I'll shoot any man who gets in before the woman!" I said to Charlie, "Don't go in that boat! remember wherever we go if there is not room for you there is not room for me." He replied, "No, mother, we will live or die together."

We passed the Joselyn boys. Percy, the eldest—a fine fellow—I heard say to his younger brother, "We will stick together, old boy, whatever happens." I saw poor Captain McDonald at the rigging, and would have spoken to him, but I knew he was a broken-hearted man, and like myself, preparing for eternity. I had not the least hope of being saved. Just then I heard Mrs. Walker, who unfortunately had got separated from her husband and child, ask Charlie to look for him, but he did not hear her; he was considering how I could be got into the port life-boat. "Can you get on the bridge, mother?" he asked. I said, "Yes"—though it was a place I dared not have attempted in daylight on a calm day. I got into it I knew not how. Charlie and a sailor named Jack Wilson pulled me up into the boat by their hands. The moment I was lifted from the quarterdeck a sea swept over it, some of the water splashing on my face. That sea washed Miss Henderson from her brother's arms down to the main deck, and so the poor child was lost. Her brother told me afterwards that all she said to him was, "Oh, Tom, we did not think it would end this way."

In the meantime the sailors were doing everything to have the boat ready on the very slight hope of her floating clear of the ship, which we thought then was rapidly settling down. We sat awaiting our fate. A few farewells were exchanged. I said good-bye to my dear boy, and a pang of anguish went through me for his young life so soon to be taken. It passed in a moment, and we were preparing ourselves as well as we could to meet our God when, wonderful to relate, a heavy sea came sweeping along over the poop, carrying ev-

erything with it to destruction; but instead of dashing our boat to pieces, or tumbling it from the beams on which it stood down to the deck, it caught it up and miraculously floated us between the main and mizzen rigging into the sea. I thought at the time we were going quietly into eternity. I felt Charlie's grasp tighten, and with a prayer on my lips I think I almost was gone. We had hardly breathed when Charlie suddenly almost threw me from him and wrenching an oar out shouted, "Saved, saved, by a miracle. Up, lads, and keep her off the ship." It was pitch dark in the dead of a winter night. We had few clothes, and the boat having been stove in on its passage across the deck, we were sitting almost up to our waists in water. Huge sprays washed over our shoulders, and so surrounded by breakers and sharp rocks, we did not know which way to turn for safety. By dint of hard labor and great caution we managed to keep clear of every obstacle, and the boat was constantly baled to lighten her, but with little success. Indeed had she not been a splendid lifeboat we should very soon have sunk. I sat silent in my corner, trying to comfort and warm poor Spencer Joselyn, who had hurt himself jumping into the boat. Percy, poor fellow, fell short in his leap, and was drowned. Charlie gave me his coat to hold whilst he pulled an oar, and I think that £155 which was in a pocket-book that he had saved must then have been lost by dropping out of one of his pockets into the water in the boat, and then being baled overboard.

We beat about all night, not knowing where we went, afraid of being drifted out to sea without food or water. Breakers ahead, and land, ho, was the cry all night. Once, in the gray of the morning we got a glimpse of the ship. She was leaning over a good deal, and looked very helpless and forlorn, and so sad. A little after day broke I was the first to see another boat. I gave a joyful scream, and the second mate, Mr. Peters, with some passengers and sailors, came to us and towed us to land. When we came to the landing place I gave up in despair, for I saw nothing but a high perpendicular rock before me, impossible almost for a goat to find footing on. You know I am not very clever at climbing at the best of times, but weak and ill, stiff with cold and dripping wet, I felt I had no life in me, and could not do it. I said, "Charlie, I can't do it; you must leave me." Nonsense, he said, and one of the seamen, Jack Wilson, added, "If there is anybody to be saved you will be." The sailors who had already mounted the rock soon managed to lower a rope with a loop in it in which I sat and was pulled up, assisted by Charlie and young Mr. Keith on either side. I was stunned with cold, and almost fainting, so that it seemed only a few minutes to me till Charlie came with the reeking hot skins of two albatrosses and wrapped my feet in them. Oh, how delightful it was. Some one knocked down a white pigeon, which was cooked on some sticks and given to me. I thought I had never tasted anything so good. Mr. Peters, who all along had behaved with great presence of mind and gallantry, had been backwards and forwards to the wreck and brought off several boatfuls of people. He also picked up some wine, spirits, etc.—in fact all that was portable and useful. It soon got dark and we were obliged to move higher up the rock, where a slight tent was erected and a plank was placed upon the rock for me to lie upon. Some of the sailors covered me with their coats, but they were taken from me during the night by some of the passengers and oh the agony I suffered in my limbs. Mr. Keith and Charlie had to move my feet and hands, and when I could bear it no longer I went outside and sat by a small fire they had lit. Black Jack gave me his own stockings, which were warm, for I had none—the crew were all so kind to me.

The next day Mr. Peters brought the remainder of the survivors from the rigging of the wreck. The noble Captain had been washed overboard shortly after Miss Henderson and the man at the helm, a bright-eyed little fellow called Darkey on account of his gypsy-like complexion, who was washed away from his post with a part of the wheel in his hand. He had refused to leave it till the word to save himself was given; but the Captain never lived to give it.