

## A CIVIL WAR.

When man and wife engage in strife,  
How mournful is the sight!  
And when hard blows succeed hard words,  
How wretched is their plight.

A scene like this the other night  
Disgraced a certain house;  
An irate husband sought to give  
Chastisement to his spouse.

But she opposed her lord's attempt,  
And with a good stout broom

She quickly hit him on the head  
A sounding "crack of doom."

She threw him down upon the floor,  
Where he did loudly groan.

And thence, like Queen Victoria,  
She sat upon the throne.

His head upon the oaken boards  
Unsprinkling she jammed;

He went into the fight a lion,  
But came out strangely "lambled."

—From the Worcester Press.

## HARD TIMES AND WINTER.

BY DR. J. HAYNES.

Speculating institutions,  
Without principle or right,  
Bring in time their retributions,  
Falling in prodigious might!  
All excesses bring reaction,  
All extremes together meet;  
Lust and riches have attraction,  
But themselves will oft defeat.

Golden Gods of our devotion,  
Take their wings and disappear;  
Sickened with our deep emotion,  
Leave us to reflect and fear!  
Thus the dark clouds muttering thunder  
Gather thick around our path;  
But the darkest clouds are under,  
Looming up to vent their wrath!

Winter frost and chill winds blowing,  
Breathe upon us from afar;  
North clouds icy, cold and stormy,  
Come our scanty joys to mar!  
Poverty with grim face peeping  
Into mansion, hut and cot,  
Moves the heart to sighs and weeping,  
As we view our future lot.

Gaudy pride and selfish splendor,  
Let us sacrifice to right!  
Keeping conscience ever tender—  
Guarding honor with our might!  
And though Winter's winds so frigid  
Howl and whistle at our door;  
Let us not be cold and rigid,  
But REMEMBER WELL THE POOR!

## THE "STRATHMORE."

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

[CONCLUDED.]

When I was hanging above the sea, I heard "Sails" shout out, "Don't scrape her; rather throw her into the water;" but I meekly expostulated that I rather preferred being scraped. Poor "Sails" was ready to jump in for me, being half stripped, and the last thing I clung to on the island was his smooth fat neck. I hung in mid-air, and when the boat rose on the swell I was lowered into Captain Gifford's arms and placed safely in the boat. The ship was a whaler named the *Young Phoenix*, Captain Gifford, Charlie, Mr. Peters, "Sails," and two invalids came off with us at the same time. Captain Gifford congratulated me on my fortitude. He said some men had to be helped and would scarcely come at all. Long before we reached the ship I was sick, of course. Captain Gifford insisted on my staying in the boat, and it was hoisted up with me on board. The first moment that Captain Gifford saw distressed people on the island, rightly judging they could not all be got off the rock that night, he had thoughtfully provisioned the boats, even to tobacco. I was taken down stairs and met by an "angel," as she seemed to me, with such a fair, tender face—a tall, slender woman, like a lily, in her fresh cotton gown. She took me dirty, wretched, sick, in her arms, and immediately got a tub of water to wash me, for I could do nothing, I was so ill and weak. She washed, clothed and fed me with the tenderest gentleness. The best of everything was given me. A bed was arranged on a sofa, with pillows, sheets, and blankets. For seven months I had thought it a luxury to get a flat stone to sit on, and had hardly ever lain down without my feet in a pool of water; and now, surrounded by every comfort, I did not speak or think, but could only lie and wonder, and thank Almighty God for his mercy. Next day the

sickness wore off, and I was able to enjoy the nice little American dainties she brought me. I think she herself scarcely ate anything whilst we were on board, she was so delighted. She had said to her husband when he was going for us, "Bring me a woman," she was so home-sick, poor thing!—having been at sea a considerable time already, with no prospect of seeing home for many long months. Five happy days we stayed on board, bound for the Mauritius, though the Captain, by thus taking us out of his way, was losing a fishing season, a serious matter for a whaler, and he had not been very successful already. Curiously enough, not long before, he had picked up the crew of a deserted vessel numbering about thirty, so far as I can recollect. On the fifth day a ship hove in sight. We "spoke" her, and her Captain agreed to take twenty of us. I preferred stopping, but the second mate, Mr. Peters, and most of the passengers, went with her. She was the *Sierra Morena*. I was exceedingly sorry to part with Mr. Peters, who had all along proved so kind to me. In the afternoon of the same day, as Captain Gifford and I were comfortably chatting in our small "sanctum," Jose, the little steward, came down with the news that there was another sail on the "lee bow." Up went the captain on deck, and I, very sorrowful, was preparing to get ready to be transhipped, when I was told not to stir till we learned more particulars. In the meantime I saw the captain's wife busily employed packing up a whole lot of her best things for me to take; but I would only accept from her a change of commoner ones, as she had previously given me a very handsome rep wrapper and various other articles, including a waterproof, and lovely shoes and stockings. Such shoes. She is a full head taller than I, yet her feet are smaller, and mine, you know, are not very large. Besides, though she does all work on board of the vessel, her hands are small and beautifully white. We signalled this ship as we had done the other, and it was arranged that the remainder of us, twenty-four in all, should go on board the new vessel. We were without exception exceedingly sorry to part with our American friends. Mrs. Gifford cried when I left her, and would scarcely let me go; and Captain Gifford at the last said, if I had the least objection to going, that Charlie and I could remain with them, and they would be very glad to have us. However, we went away; and the last I saw of Eleanor Gifford leaning over the ship's side with a kerchief round her head and a tender, half-sad look in her eyes, re-called to my mind the sweet face of my vision on the island. All honor to the American flag. We should most likely have been on the island now but for their humanity. Captain and Mrs. Gifford are pure Americans, and if I am able in other years, when they return to New Bedford, I shall almost dare cross the ocean to see them once more. Captain Gifford is as tall for a man as his wife is for a woman. He has the rather long face of the American, but he is very handsome. They had a fine harmonium on board, but I was too weak to use my feet to blow, so I sat wrapped in a blanket on her knee, she using her feet and I playing. The *Young Phoenix* will go to the Mauritius in about six months, where Mrs. Gifford will stay some time for a rest. She would have made her visit then had we gone on with them.

Had you seen me at first you would not have known me. I was a perfect skeleton: my eyes sunken and hollow, with a wild, burning light in them horrible to see; my skin white and like a dead person's, my hands transparent, my hair short, and my figure gaunt, tottering, and with a dreadful stoop. For the first three months on the island I could not walk a yard without assistance, even through the shanty. It was all rock and slippery stones, and the least wind blew me down. When I got a little better, Charlie would take me a few yards and I returned myself. If no one was about to give me a help, I generally crawled on my hands and knees. Afterwards, when we got to our own little hole on the other side of the island, I got rather stronger, and was able and proud to go to the spring for water, escaping with only two or three falls. You never saw such an uncompromising place. On my way to the well I passed through crowds of penguins without fear. I think they were surprised at my appearance.

But to return to the *Childers* (the ship we are now in): she belongs to Liverpool, and is commanded by Captain McPhee, who is very kind to me. The living is good; plenty of nice vegetables, delightful bread, and eatables of all kinds, and lots of preserved fruits and jams. If you have any nice homemade, I can tell you they will suffer in comparison. Since the first day, I have never been sick, and have an enormous appetite. The consequence is I am getting fast like myself, and my bones are quite getting covered. I had no idea they were so small. Capt. McPhee gave me a curtain (Dolly Varden print) to make a skirt of—a fancy blue shirt for a bodice, and his own white linen coats for jackets. My constitution is entirely changed. Before I was always seasick, which is not the case now, and when I crossed the line before, I never perspired—the result being that I felt the heat exceedingly; but now I am in a constant bath, and so have neither red face nor suffering. Charlie looks and is well and firm now. From the effects of the exposure and bad feeding on the island, his hair had got quite flaxen, which didn't suit him at all; but now it has nearly recovered its original color. One day on the island, when food was scarce and hunting hard, he was quite worn out, and burst into tears. Poor fellow! I felt that more than anything that happened to me. He has shown himself a grand fellow, cool and steady in danger, with all his wits about him. Such tender care he took of me too, never making a fuss about what he did! You would have thought he had been the only one shipwrecked before. All the others were extravagant and wasteful with clothes, string, etc. He got many out of a difficulty by supplying a little of the latter commodity, and at the last he was the only one with lashing for carrying his birds. He won the respect of all, especially the sailors, with whom he was a great favorite. In the evenings, when the day's work was done, I would amuse Charlie by telling him all the little stories I could remember about his own, your, and even my childhood, which took back our minds to home, and never failed to interest, however often repeated.

Some of the men were great favorites of mine. Walter Smith, or "Sails" as we always called him, was a gem in his way. He would knock down his enemy one minute, and the next risk his life for him, and when he had a friendship it was to the death; he was always so generous and kind—so were they all. The three apprentices were very fine lads. Frank Carmichael seemed a little delicate, but Ned Preston and Harold Turner were more robust, and capital hunters. On Christmas day Harold brought me three eggs out of five that he had buried when eggs were plentiful. I shall not forget such a generous action! There are many other anecdotes I might tell, but it would make my letter too long; however, there is one I must not forget, John Every, A. B., or "Old Jack" as we called him, one day when food was very scarce, brought me a small duck roasted, which he had been lucky enough to kill and get cooked. Though starving himself, he freely gave me this delicacy, and insisted on my taking it. It requires a person to be under similar circumstances, in order to appreciate such self-sacrifices as I have mentioned. As for Mr. Peters, I think him the beau ideal of an officer. On the island he did not belie the good opinion that the poor captain had of him. He never spared himself in any work. In danger he was cool-headed, and nothing seemed to turn him away from doing what he thought was right. I am afraid you must think me very confused in my head, judging from my letter. First I am on the island, then on board the whaler or *Childers*, and then back to the island again; but I have written this letter from day to day, and put down just whatever ideas came uppermost. So to go back again to the *Childers*. The crew here are all blacks, some rather handsome. They are a very merry lot, and when work is done, fond of a little music or dancing. We have had very squally weather. The ship has to go where there is wind, which makes my heart beat—in fact I shall be more or less terrified till I get on solid ground again in Old England. We hope we will not be very long before we reach Rangoon. It would be rather awkward landing in a strange place without a sou in our pockets, but I

suppose somebody will have pity on us till we get money. Oh, I am thoroughly sick of the sea. No more going to the seaside in summer. I am bringing home quite a valuable book of receipts which the steward has very kindly given me—quite Yankee notions, and very good ones too. I mean to be no end of a cook when I get home. I have studied the theory on that desolate island in our grim solitude. At present everything is "I wonder," with us. I wonder what you and Richard are doing where you are, and what everybody is thinking about us. I felt so sorely for you not knowing what had become of us. I am thankful I was not at home, the suspense would have driven me crazy. I hope dear old friends are all well both in England and Scotland. I shall not write more than this one letter, so please send it to my sisters, and all our relations and friends who may be interested.

After such a long ramble, fancy us being landed at Burmah, of all places! With the exception of two rings and the rosary Mrs. Dyer gave me, I have not a relic of my past life. Even when I thought I was going to the bottom, I regretted our lovely picture of your dear father (a life-sized painting of my husband when a boy, with his favorite pony—the figure by Sir Henry Raeburn, and the animal by Howe). However, we have ourselves, and it has been Almighty God's will that we should lose the rest. Once I had a delightful dream of your kitchen at Bebbington, [Cheshire], full of lovely clean clothes airing before the fire. It was quite a treat to me, squalid, ragged and cold as I was. I only slept about three nights in the week—my bed was so hard and uncomfortable. It is almost worth being shipwrecked to experience so much kindness. Captain McPhee is very kind. His family live in Liverpool, and his wife often goes with him. I would not like to be a sailor's wife. I was always afraid of building castles in the air about seeing you again. I scarcely dared think of you. Frank Carmichael, one of the apprentices, and I were wondering whether any masses were being said for us on All Souls' Day. By the by, you had better write to his mother, and tell her he is safe, and behaved like a man at the wreck. Her address is—

I shall have so much to hear when I get home—all good news, I trust. I would like to forget all the hardships and disagreeables of the last seven months; but I trust I shall never forget all Almighty God has done for us—our life and preservation on the island was all a miracle. Fancy living all that time on a barren rock, with a little rank grass on it, not even brushwood. The men knew I had a daughter, but I had never said what like you were. Mike dreamt of you, and to my amazement gave me an exact description of you—hair a shade lighter than mine—even to your rapid walk and short steps. I hope the ship we come home in will go to Liverpool. Love to my sister, brother, and all kind friends. Oh, how I weary to be at home again! We are such queer-looking figures here, with as few clothes as we can possibly do with, lazy and weary—the sea is such a dreary, monotonous life. I can't think how any one can choose it. Charlie is quite satiated with his experiences of it. If it were not for home-sickness, I think I would like to have a peep at Indian life. To-day it is nearly a calm, what little breeze there is, being in the wrong direction. We sighted Sumatra two days ago. My life here is this: get up at seven, bath, etc.; breakfast at eight; and then, after having worked everything there was to work, and read everything there was to read, a little writing is all I can do. I expect this erratic mode of writing will account for some of the rambling. Dinner at twelve; sleep an hour; then after that the heat is simply intolerable. Tea at five; go on deck to see the sun go down. Walk and sit on deck till nine or so. A glass of *eau sucrée*, and go to bed. Ah! it is tiresome. Bed, indeed! Our ideas of bed are usually associated with thoughts of rest; but on the *Strathmore* we had fleas, on the whaler cockroaches, in this ship we have a pleasing variety of rats. The fleas and rats I don't mind; so much so, that the rats run all over me at night in a friendly way. I merely give them a slight shake and weak shoo! I will never recover my figure, my back is so bent and weak; the salt bathing is doing it some good. How I wish I was steaming away

to England! I expect you will all be very much astonished when you get our telegram. Unless anything very exciting happens, I will not write any more till we are sailing up the Irrawaddy.

When people are dead, a great many virtues are generally found out about them unknown before. I trust ours will be remembered now, even though we are unromantically in life. Ill though I was, I felt I couldn't die on that desolate island. But I must not abuse it. I dare say we were healthier than we should have been on a more favored island. We are now in the Andaman Sea. It is as calm as a lake—scarcely a breath of wind. How lovely the sunsets are! and the moon and stars, how dazzling and brilliant! Lightning playing about all night. People at home have no idea of lightning or rain; here it comes in sheets, not drops. I am in great pain with rheumatism all down my spine and right side, and such dreadful throbbings at my heart. I can hardly breathe.

24th March.—Arrived at Rangoon; people most kind. Just going to post. With love from both. Your affectionate mother,  
FRANCES WORDSWORTH.  
—Blackwood's Magazine.

## By Telegraph.

AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, 21.—The complaint of Mrs. Euzelia Fitzgerald against Mrs. Bertha Schneider was dismissed, to-day, by Judge Bixby and the accused discharged. Mrs. Fitzgerald was very indignant, and threatens libel suits against the papers for writing her up so extensively. Bixby said the testimony of and for the complaint was very contradictory and conflicting, and would not warrant him in holding the accused.

WASHINGTON, 21.—In the Court of Commissioners on the Alabama claims the claims of Geo. M. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy, for \$150,000 for the loss of the *Hatteras*, destroyed by the *Alabama*, and for \$23,500 for the loss of the *Greenland*, destroyed by the *Florida*, were dismissed.

NEW YORK, 22.—The *Herald's* Bozeman, W. T., special says a painful report is in circulation here stating that Major Randall, of Gen. Crook's staff, and his entire party had been massacred by Indians in the Big Horn mountains. The report is discredited.

The *Sun* issues a double-leaded appeal to the republicans, in which the following passage occurs: Spare us the national shame of the election of President by palpable fraud! Spare yourselves that last damning disgrace to your party, and its original character and principles! Public opinion will, sooner or later, overwhelm the actors, as it has always overwhelmed the crimes, of violent and corrupt politicians, in case they will go into historic disgrace, along with every other set and class of men who have, at some time or another in our history, aimed to accomplish political results by fraud and crime.

WASHINGTON, 22.—No information has been received in regard to the reported massacre of Major Randall and party, but it is thought the report may be true. Col. Randall is with Gen. Crook's command, and it is feared may have been sent on a mission to obtain scouts, and run into Crazy Horse's band, for which Crook has been looking for some time past.

The Speaker has announced the following committees to ascertain and report what are the privileges, powers and duties of the House of Representatives in counting the votes for President and Vice President: Knott, Spears, Marsh, Burdard, Seelye, Munroe and Tucker.

On counting the electoral votes: Payne, Hutton, Hewitt, Springer, McCreery, Hoar and Willard.

BOSTON, 22.—James A. Cox, convicted of forgery, committed suicide in prison.

POTTSVILLE, 22.—John Vector, Danl. Malley, Thos. Dale and Thos. Lonagen, were killed in the Continental Colliery by an explosion of a keg of powder.

CHICAGO, 22.—The report that Major Randall and his entire party have been massacred by Indians in the Big Horn mountains, is discredited at General Sheridan's headquarters. The report is discredited from the fact that Randall was at Fort Reno on the 14th December, 400 miles from Bozeman,