

NARRATIVE OF THE WRECK  
OF THE "STRATHMORE."

BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

[CONCLUDED.]

We found our island to be about one mile and a half long by half a mile in breadth; no wood grew on it, indeed a considerable part of it was bare rock; the rest of it was covered with rank grass, and an edible root with a top like a carrot, but not in any other respect resembling that useful esculent. We found this of great service to us, as it was our only vegetable, and grew plentifully; we ate the stalks at first and afterwards the tops only; sometimes boiled sometimes raw. It has been said that he was a brave man who first ate an egg; if that be admitted I think some claim to courage may be made by our quartermaster "Bill," who, notwithstanding some warning jokes, first tested this plant, very much to our future benefit.

We were also fortunate in discovering an excellent spring of water, somewhat impregnated with iron, but imparting a quality which I believe was very favorable to our health. In our frequent and very necessary ablutions we used, in lieu of soap, the yolk of eggs and birds' livers; some made use of their blood for the same purpose, which I did not much incline to. When we landed on the island there were about two hundred albatross, young and old, and notwithstanding the warning of the ancient mariner, we killed many of these fine and, to us, useful birds. We agreed, however, not to meddle with the eggs, that we might in due time have the benefit of the young birds. There were several hundred "graybacks" (knot) a very few small white pigeons, sea and land ducks, and lots of "whalers" (ivory gull) and divers—birds about twice the size of a sparrow. These make their nests in the ground, about a foot or two deep. Mutton-birds were found for many months; they also make nests underground, but are rather more particular in selecting dry spots. They are about the size of a small hen, black-feathered, and coated with fat, which, even now, we considered a luxury. The molly-hawks (fulmar petrel) came in about the middle of August: there were several hundreds of them. As soon as one lot was killed, others came in; in all, there must have been five thousand, if not more. The first penguin was killed by the cook, I think on the 29th of September; only a few were seen within the next three days, but every day after that they came in hundreds. There must have been from time to time fully a million of these birds. We killed upwards of fifty thousand without making any apparent impression on their numbers. The albatross, which had left, returned to the island before we were taken off. This fine bird, that "holds its holiday in the stormy gale," I had heard say was fourteen feet in the expanse of its wings; but we had specimens on our rock that were seventeen feet from the extreme points of their extended pinions. Captain Carmichael (Linn. Trans. Vol. XII.) says that the great albatross raises no nest, but merely selects some cavity for the reception of a single white egg; whereas those on our island raised a very fine high nest. It nourishes its young by disgorging the oily contents of its stomach. The cock-bird comes to land first, as it were to select the spot for the hen-bird to deposit the egg; which, when laid by the hen, he sits on for days, while the lady bird goes to sea.

The penguin, which feeds its young in the same way as the albatross, is a curious bird, having, in place of wings, two membranes which hang down at each side like little arms. It cannot fly. Its mode of walking is very singular, something between a waddle and a hop. As our rock was precipitous on all sides, the penguins came in where the rock was lowest, riding on the crest of the beating wave, often falling in their first attempts to land. When they touch the ground, they march landward in Indian file, keeping good order; but are received as intruders by those already on shore. In fact their reception is most inhospitable; they are pecked at, and made to understand that they are not wanted; however, there is no blood shed, and they soon unite with the original settlers, in turn joining them in the assault on the next comers, or invaders, as they seem to think.

They sit for about two months, apparently without eating, and then return to the sea greatly emaciated. The penguin makes no preparation for the egg, dropping it anywhere. Their patient endurance is remarkable. They often sit on the egg until their tails, covered with icicles, are frozen to the ground. This strange bird appears quite in keeping with the remote and lonely islands in which it congregates and has congregated for untold generations. The molly-hawks, too, fine large birds, rendered us good service as food.

The killing of the birds was at first very repugnant to us. The albatross was easily dispatched; but the penguin was more tenacious of life, and though a harmless bird if left unmolested, at times showed fight. The tedium of our life was mitigated by the necessity we were under in hunting these birds for our daily food; and the eggs which lay in hundreds around us were a very acceptable and nutritious article of diet, and contributed greatly to keeping up our strength.

We had recourse to many odd devices for table-articles, such as glass and other bottles for drinking-cups, as long as they remained unbroken; then bladders and penguin-skins made into bags, into which we dipped a long, hollow bone and imbibed the water, sherry-cobbler fashion. When we melted the fat of the birds it was poured into one of my sea-boots to cool, after which we put it into the skin bags to keep. My other boot was used to hold salt water. Bentley's boots were taken to the springs for fresh water, and were the best pitchers we had. When we had to resort to the feathers for fuel, the food took a long time to prepare and one meal was scarcely finished ere cooking was begun for the next. Each man was cook for a week at a time. In our shanty we cut off the foot of a sea-boot and used it as a drinking-cup. Bentley was very handy; he made needles out of wire, part of the rigging. As for thread, we drew it from a strong counterpane, and when that failed, we used dried grass. A knife was made from hoop-iron from a gin case, one side of the handle from the top of a powder keg, the other side from the blade of an ear, rivetted with wire from the rigging, the washers being made from a brass plate from the heel of my boot; also hands for a watch were fashioned from a plate likewise taken from my boot, all the work of Bentley. Our present abode was as truly the Rock of Storms and as deserving of that title as ever the Cape was. The island was ever more or less tempest beaten. Our hardships from cold, rain, and snow were very severe; in fact, we were never warm, and hardly ever dry.

As time passed on from day to weeks, and from weeks to months, without succor, we thought somewhat sadly of the anxiety of our friends at home; yet in our shanty, at least, we never despaired of being ultimately rescued. We kept up our spirits as well as we could, holding our Saturday evening concerts—the song with the loudest chorus being the greatest favorite. We had among us a cynic, whom we knew to be engaged, and who prophesied that our sweethearts would be married by the time we got home. We had sighted four ships, two of them coming near; one so near that we saw the man at the wheel. The captain of this ship made no sign of seeing us, but we afterwards learned that he did see us, but did not even report that he had when he got into port. This behavior on the part of one of our own countrymen contrasts painfully with the generous conduct of the gallant Americans who subsequently rescued us.

It would be bootless to narrate how from day to day we kept anxious watch; the record would be little more than a monotonous detail of disappointment, cheerless days, stormy weather, and bitter cold nights. Our day on the lookout, which we took in turns, was a most wearisome duty. We had lost other four of our companions—five in all since we came ashore. Mr. Starbery, a young man from Dover, died on the 19th of July of lockjaw. Mr. Henderson, who had been our companion on board ship and in our shelter under the rock, and who had become endeared to us by his good disposition, died of dysentery, after a long illness, on the 3d of September. We rendered him what assistance we could, but that was little. On the 23d of November, William Hubbard, an elderly seaman, died. On Christmas

Day, Mr. Walker's child died. This was the last death on the island. It is curious that all the bodies after death were quite limp. I do not know whether this can be accounted for by the diet or some peculiar atmospheric condition. I have heard that death caused by lightning is followed by the same result. Another curious observation I made was that, if we cut ourselves, however slightly, the bleeding did not altogether cease for a couple of days. The antiseptic effect of the guano was shown somewhat curiously. It was rumored that one of the dead had been buried with a comb in his pocket; and one of our party wishing to obtain it, two months after the interment, found the body with no sign of decay.

January, 1876, had now come. In view of the future we had collected and stored over a hundred gallons of bird oil for the use of our lamps, which we kept burning all night, the wicks made from threads drawn from sheets and other articles. We had also gathered many penguin skins for fuel. We had now to some extent become acclimatized, and were in better health than we were last year. We were put to great shifts for cooking utensils, our kitchen ware being nearly worn out, though we found some hollow stones, which we used for frying and stew pans. We had, soon after landing, erected flag-staffs, on which we placed a counterpane or blanket to attract the attention of ships that might come near us. Early in January we resolved to build, on an eminence, a high square tower of turf, for the double purpose of drawing the notice of passing ships and serving as a shelter for the man on the lookout. The digging of the turf was a great difficulty, our only implements being our hands and a piece or two of hoop iron. We were greatly retarded in our building by the unfavorable weather, the rain coming down heavily. A vessel passed us on the 14th of this month, but no notice was taken of our signals.

January the 21st was an eventful day; deliverance was at hand. About six o'clock in the afternoon we were all startled by a cry from the man on the lookout, "Sail ho." We did not long delay in rushing up towards the flagstaff, we kindled two fires, the smoke of which we calculated would be seen a good way off. The vessel did not at first seem to regard our signals, we were probably too impatient. She, however, soon made head towards us, when we became greatly excited, some in their delight cutting strange antics, in fact a genuine break down. When about a mile from our rock, to our great joy, she lowered two boats. They tried to effect a landing on the north side, but it was not possible. One of the boats coming nearer the rock, our sail maker leaped into the water and was hauled aboard. They then pulled to the point where we originally landed. Captain Giffard was in one of the boats. Night coming on he told us he could not take us off until next morning, but that he should leave us some bread and pork. However, upon being told that there was a lady ashore he gallantly brought his boat as close to the rock as he prudently could, and took aboard Mrs. Wordsworth, her son, two invalids, and the second mate. We spent this our last night on the island with little sleep, but with tumultuous feelings of joy and hope—for we were yet to see the friends who had long mourned us as dead.

Next morning, the vessel coming nearer, three boats came ashore for us. The carpenter having made four crosses of wood, they were placed to mark the graves of our unfortunate companions whose fate it was to rest in this lonely isle in the Indian Ocean, which we left with beating hearts and no regrets, and where we had spent six months and twenty-two days under very unusual conditions. I believe that the most thoughtless among us will remember with sobered feelings and to his latest day, his sojourn on Apostle Island.

We were received on board the ship with the greatest kindness, being all provided with complete suits of new clothing taken from the ship's stores. Mrs. Wordsworth received every attention from Mrs. Giffard, the carpenter's wife. The ship which relieved us was the *Young Phoenix* of New Bedford, an American whaler commanded by Captain Giffard. Of this kind hearted and generous sailor it is impossible for us to speak in terms

too laudatory: we would be ungrateful indeed if we did not keep him in lasting remembrance. I would fain hope that means will be found to reimburse him for the large pecuniary loss that, otherwise, his profusely unselfish generosity must involve.

On the 26th of January we sighted the *Sierra Morena*, of Liverpool, Captain Kennedy, bound to Kurrachee. As we overcrowded the *Young Phoenix*, Captain Kennedy willingly agreed to take twenty of us to Point de Galle, Ceylon, where, after an agreeable passage, he landed us on the 24th of February. Our thanks are due to Captain Kennedy for the treatment we received on board his ship.

Our rescue had been quickly made known in England; on the 29th of February I received a telegram from home. I should have observed that Captain Giffard, for the time giving up the object of his cruise, steered for the Mauritius, but on the afternoon of the day we left, falling in with the *Childers* bound for Rangoon, the remainder of our companions were transferred to that vessel, and subsequently shipped for home. We spent some time most agreeably at Point de Galle, receiving great kindness from the district judge, the ship's agent, the Church of England minister, the collector of customs, and other gentlemen. We were, in fact, treated more like friends than castaways, and are not likely to forget the attention we received. I am again in England and at home, endeavoring to look back upon the wreck of the *Strathmore* merely as an unpleasant dream.—G. D. C., in *Chamber's Journal*.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN  
Railway.

## GO EAST

via the Trans Continental Route. This is the shortest, best and only line running Pullman's celebrated Palace Sleeping Cars and Coaches, connecting with Union Pacific R. R. at Omaha and from the West, via Grand Junction, Marshall, Cedar Rapids, Clinton, Sterling and Dixon, for

## Chicago and the East.

Passengers for Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Cairo and all

## POINTS SOUTH and EAST,

should buy their tickets via Chicago and the Chicago & North-Western Railway.

Close connections are made at Chicago with the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Baltimore & Ohio, Michigan Central, Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago, Kankakee Line and Pan Handle Routes, for all points EAST and SOUTH-EAST, and with the Chicago & Alton and Illinois Central for all points SOUTH.

This is the *Pioneer Line* between the Pacific Coast and Chicago, and was the first to connect with the great Pacific Roads, and form the OVERLAND ROUTE. This line is the shortest rail line between Omaha and Chicago; the track is of the best steel rail, and all the appointments are first-class.

The trains are made up of elegant new PULLMAN PALACE DRAWING ROOM and SLEEPING COACHES, luxurious, well lighted and well ventilated Day Coaches, and pleasant lounging and smoking cars. The cars are all equipped with the celebrated Miller Safety Platform, and patent Buffers and Couplings, Westinghouse Safety Air Brakes, and every other appliance that has been devised for the safety of passenger trains. All trains are run by telegraph. In a word, this

## GREAT THROUGH LINE

has the best and smoothest track, and the most elegant and comfortable equipment of any road in the West, and has no competitor in the country.

Remember, you ask for your Tickets via the Chicago & North-Western Railway, and take no other.

Tickets over this route are sold by all Ticket Agents in the United States.

MARVIN HUGHITT,  
General Supt.W. H. STENNETT,  
Gen'l Pass. Agent. w1

## GRAEFENBERG

## Family Medicines!

THE

## MOST POPULAR REMEDIES

OF THE AGE.

—:O:—

The unquestionable superiority

GRAEFENBERG

## FAMILY MEDICINES

Over all others, has not only been proved by published testimonials from all parts of the Country, but their continued success while so many others fail is substantial evidence that they merit the increased confidence of the public. These Medicines have been established for over thirty years, and are now largely used by Physicians in their practice; they do not contain any mineral drug, but are compounded from purely vegetable substances.

—:O:—

GRAEFENBERG VEGETABLE PILLS, the mildest and best Pill in the world. Price 25 cts. per box.

The remarkable beneficial results following the use of these pills in cases of fever, bilious disorders and diseases of digestion warrant all to resort to them when circumstances require a prompt, safe and efficient remedy.

GRAEFENBERG MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON, an infallible remedy for all Female Complaints, price \$1.50 per bottle.

The experience of many years among the most cultivated and refined has resulted in stamping this remarkable preparation as the only reliable remedy for the distressing diseases of women.

GRAEFENBERG HEALTH BITTERS, the most pleasant and delightful tonic ever prepared. Price 25 cts. per package.

GRAEFENBERG EYE LOTION, acts like a charm for all diseases of the Eye. Price 25 cts. per bottle.

GRAEFENBERG DYSENTERY SYRUP, a certain remedy for all diseases of the Bowels. Price 50 cts. per bottle.

GRAEFENBERG CHILDREN'S PANACEA, for all diseases incident to childhood. Price 50 cts. per bottle.

GRAEFENBERG GREEN MOUNTAIN OINTMENT, excels all other Salves in its curative power. Price 25 cts. per box.

GRAEFENBERG SARSAPA RILLA, a pure extract, the best in use. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

GRAEFENBERG PILE REMEDY, never fails to completely cure the worst forms of Piles and Fistula. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

GRAEFENBERG CONSUMPTIVE'S BALM, affords great relief in all pulmonary complaints. Price \$3.00 per bottle. Small size, " \$1.50 "

GRAEFENBERG MANUAL OF HEALTH, a complete Family Medical Book. Price 25 cents.

All the above truly valuable medicines are sold by Druggists and Co-operative Stores throughout the Country, and by

## THE GRAEFENBERG CO.,

No. 56 Reade Street,

P.O. Box 1218 NEW YORK.

The Graefenberg "Light for the World" Manual can be had from all respectable dealers, or will be sent by mail to any address upon application.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE!

## Readers and Heads of Families

CUT out this notice and send it to The Graefenberg Company, 56 Reade St., N. Y., together with TWENTY-FIVE cents, and you will receive by return mail, postage paid, a copy of their valuable family medical book, entitled

## The Graefenberg

## MANUAL OF HEALTH.

It contains 360 pages, handsomely printed on fine paper, and is written in language plainly understood by every one. w16