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EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, • December 23, 1876.

THE "STRATHMORE."

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

[CONCLUDED.]

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. M'Phee gave me a curtain (Dolly Varden print) to make a skirt of—a fancy blue shirt for a boddice, 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 conceited 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 what ever 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. Decer 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 M'Phee 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 sucree*, 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.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Settlement—Meetings—President Chosen—Room for More Families.

CLIFTON, Iron County,
December 11, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

We are situated on the Pahreah creek, thirty miles south-east of Panguitch and sixty miles north of Lee's Ferry on the Colorado. The population of this place is 75 souls, and we are looking for several more families to move in soon. The climate is very nice and warm.

We had a very excellent meeting yesterday, as Bishop W. G. Sevey, Bros. M. Steele and Jos. L. Haywood were here from Panguitch. After some good instruction from Bishop Sevey, he called on the congregation to nominate some one for president for this branch. Elder Jonathan T. Packer was unanimously sustained, and ordained and set apart to preside over the people of this place.

The people are preparing to go to work on the water ditch, and when that is done there will be land enough for fifty or sixty more families.

Yours respectfully,
NEPHI PACKER.

In Congress.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 4th, 1876.

Facta est vox: Sam Randall is elected Speaker of the House, and both parties have girded their (intellectual) loins and are ready—may, eager—for the fray! Silver-haired Banks and brown-haired Holman have had a set-to already (in all amiability, of course), and Holman, backed by the majority, came out the winner (also of course). It is now eight o'clock, and the House has but just adjourned; for the first time in eleven years the opening day of the session has been characterized, not by gas, but by gas light; and if the signs of the times are true, this will be the most exciting session the country has ever seen since the "fathers" left their cosy quarters in Independence Hall, to continue their debates amongst the (then) quagmires of Washington.

But let us make haste slowly, and review the occurrences of the day. The "Opening Day" of a congressional session is always replete with interest and the galleries are sure to be crowded; but this being a day of extraordinary interest, in view of the existing political complications, they were over crowded. That is to say, the House galleries were; for in the Senate there was considerable room to spare. As early as ten o'clock, a dense avalanche of politicians and sight-seers began coming down Pennsylvania avenue towards the gates of the Capitol, which seemed, like the North Pole, to possess a magnetic influence and draw people towards it from North and South, East and West. By degrees, the vast building slowly filled up; and as if the converging currents of humanity, meeting under the lofty dome which is surmounted by the statue of Liberty, were there met by opposite influences or forces, they again divided and went in opposite directions, one current going towards the Senate and another towards the House. The former appeared to be the negative and the latter the positive pole of attraction; everybody knew pretty much what the Senate was going to do, but no one could foresee what political capers the House might undertake to cut; and as curiosity is an "overpowering element" (as Weller, Sr., would say) in that wonderful combination which we call human nature, it follows that by far the biggest current went to the House, leaving a comparatively tiny stream to go by the straight path to the Senate.

Arriving at the Hall of the House, the first things to claim the attention of the visitor were the black draperies over the Speaker's chair, commemorative of the death of Speaker Kerr. Sombre and dusty, they cast a gloom over the room which had, at the time, a peculiar significance. At that early hour (ten o'clock), the floor was already pretty well filled with members, ex-members, and members-elect, and the galleries were rapidly becoming crowded; a very large proportion of their occupants being ladies, with or without escorts. By degrees, as the assemblage on the floor and in the galleries grew denser, the atmosphere became insufferably hot and close, and the fair sex were using their fans as vigorously as on a July day. Seated at a vacant desk was an artist from Frank Leslie's, deftly sketching the scene before him, while another, from the Graphic, was similarly employed, making a bird's-eye view of the hall and its occupants from his elevated standpoint in the reporter's gallery. About eleven o'clock, "Blue Jeans" Williams, the Governor elect of Indiana, came into the Hall, and was immediately, and before he had had a chance to exchange congratulations with his colleagues and introduce his successor, Mr. Humphries, taken in tow by an old lady with a striped shawl, grey hair put up in papers, and black gloves ripped open at the finger-ends, who evidently, to judge from the peculiar cadence of the extended left hand forefinger, was "giving it" to the Indiana Governor, who seemed to take it good-naturedly enough, alternately shaking and nodding his angular head, and only now and then making a futile effort to escape, when the aforesaid old lady immediately would go for one of the huge horn buttons (as big as trade dollars) which adorn his blue jean suit, and pin him down to his chair in a hopeless sort of way. Finally, by a sudden strategic jerk, he managed to tear himself away, leaving the old lady to expostulate with the horn button which she held in her hand, and, becoming disgusted, consigned to the obscure depths of her pocket.

It was curious to see men of both parties, who had but a few weeks before been vilifying each other on the stump, greet each other here with slaps on the shoulder, and shake hands as everlasting friends. And when, after the contest between the names of Garfield and Randall, the latter had been duly elected Speaker, it was Mr. McCrary, of Iowa (who had nominated Mr. Garfield), and Mr. Cox, of New York (who had nominated Mr. Randall), who were selected to conduct the latter, arm in arm, to the Speaker's chair, and, not knowing exactly how to go about the business, it was, to say the least, amusing to see them step upon each other's toes and Sam Randall's corns in a very undignified sort of manner, until the clerk set them right and told the trio what way to go. To Mr. Holman was awarded the honor of swearing in the new Speaker, which he did standing in front of the desk, and, with uplifted hand, reading the oath, prescribed in such cases, from "Bailey's Digest," to which Mr. Randall pronounced a loud "I solemnly do," which could be heard to the farthest corner of the galleries.

After that came the impressive ceremony of swearing in Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, who was carried into the Hall, sitting on a chair, by two pages. He took the "modified oath," which was administered by Speaker Randall. Then came the swearing in of five or six new members, whose certificates were found to be in order and to whose seats there were no contestants; and then came the regular routine business of the day, with its wranglings and bickerings, filibustering and sonorous calls of the "roll" in a nasal twang by the clerk, which lasted till half-past seven o'clock, when the House adjourned.

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—AT—

F. AUERBACH & BRO.,

55

EAST TEMPLE STREET,

Salt Lake City,

—IN—

IN PREFERENCE TO WAITING UNTIL after the Holidays before advertising our

Closing Out Sale,

We have determined, on account of an Over-stock in many of our Departments, to mark down our prices

At Once.

Elegant Black Gros Grain Silks from $3.25 to $2.75 per yard.
Elegant Black Gros Grain Silks, from $2.50 to $2.10.
Elegant Black Satins, from $2.35 to $1.75.
Elegant Black Satins, $1.75 to $1.25.
Elegant Black Drap D'Ete, from $2.25 to $1.75.
Elegant Black Cashmeres $1.65 to $1.25.
Elegant Colored Cashmeres, from $1.65 to $1.35.
Elegant Empress Cloths, from 90c to 65c.
Elegant Empress Cloths, from 75c to 55c.
Plaid Dress Goods, in great variety, from 50c to 35c.
Plaid Dress Goods and Linseys, at 15c.

LADIES'

Elegantly Embroidered Underwear Furs, Shawls, Knit Goods, Baby Cloaks, Fine Embroideries, Kid Gloves, Laces, etc., GREATLY REDUCED.

A NEW LOT OF LADIES'

BEAVER AND CHINCHILLA

CLOAKS,

In New Styles and Great Variety, just received.

THE MOST APPROPRIATE

Christmas Gift!

TO

Brother, Husband or Lover,

DIRECT FROM BERLIN

Elegant Slipper Patterns, Embroidered with Beautiful Birds from the Tropics, Paintings in Worsted, chaste and beautiful, representing Night and Morning, Cleopatra and Anthony, the Baby out of the Bath, etc. Elegant Cushion Patterns, etc., etc. They are selling fast on account of remarkably Low Prices for such RARE GOODS.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

MILLINERY GOODS

West of Chicago—CHOICE AND CHEAP.

LADIES AND CHILDRENS'

SHOES!

At Very Low Prices.

Men's, Boys' and Children's stylish

CLOTHING,

White Shirts, and other Furnishing Goods

Lower Than Ever.

OVERCOATS,

In Beaver and Chinchilla, reduced

From	$35 00	to	$27 50
"	30 00	to	23 50
"	20 00	to	15 00
"	9 00	to	7 00
Heavy Black Beaver Suits, from	30 00	to	25 00
Heavy Cashmere Suits, from	25 00	to	20 00
White Shirts, from	3 00	to	2 50
" " "	2 50	to	2 00
" " "	1 50	to	1 00

All Other Goods in Proportion.

HATS AND CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
REDUCED.

Blankets,

TRUNKS,
VALISES,
UMBRELLAS,
RUBBER COATS,
RUBBER BOOTS,
RUBBER OVERSHOES

Wholesale Room.

Wholesale Buyers will find our assortment complete, and prices low.

Orders from all parts solicited, and honorable treatment guaranteed.

Established 1864.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

UTAH SOUTHERN RAILROAD

On and after Dec. 17th, 1876.

Going South

Name of Station	Miles	Mixed	Express
		A. M.	A. M.
Trains leave			
Salt Lake		8	10
Little Cottonwood		8	10
Junction		8	10
Arrive at		8	10
Sandy		8	10
Leave		8	10
Sandy		8	10
Draper		8	10
Lehi		9	11
American Fork		9	11
Pleasant Grove		9	11
Provo		10	12
Springville		10	12
Spanish Fork		10	12
Payson		11	1
Santaquin		11	1
Arrive at		12	2
Terminus		12	2

Going North

Trains leave	P. M.	A. M.
Terminus	2	4
Santaquin	3	5
Payson	3	5
Spanish Fork	4	6
Springville	4	6
Provo	4	6
Pleasant Grove	5	7
American Fork	5	7
Lehi	5	7
Draper	6	8
Arrive at		
Sandy	6	8
Leave		
Sandy	6	8
Junction	6	8
Little Cottonwood	6	8
Arrive at		
Salt Lake	7	9

Nos. 1 and 2 will run daily. Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6 will run Sundays excepted.

☞ For all information as to Freight or Passage, apply to

JOHN SHARP,
General Freight and Ticket Agent.

JOHN SHARP, Jr.,
General Freight and Ticket Agent.

TO CALIFORNIA

We don't give this for nothing, but it is very strongly recommended. Rapids is to be the Railroad between Chicago and Council Bluffs.

If this is to be, and arrangements have been made to that end, we are told is on account of the superior value of the road. A trip on the stage over a well-ballasted road, is not attended with as much wear and tear on the nerves and machinery to a train from the Cedar Rapids, 218 miles, as it would from rails from Chicago to Council Bluffs, in the olden time.

It is not necessary for us to say that the C. & N. W. Ry is a first-class road in particular, that it rides as easy as a "rocking chair," that its cars are palaces, that its employes are the polite and affable gentlemen the public can meet or will meet in all parts of travel—the *esprit du corps* of its employes, if we may so say, is a high standard; we say we need not say this, as the newspaper, it is self-evident to every traveler on the road. *But in the cars are to be increased; its supporters are to be increased; if possible, the service will be more superb; there will be more complete, either for comfort or safety, to leave the world's commercial emporium, the GOLDEN GATE, THAN THE GREAT ROAD ON THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN WAY—THE ONLY COMPANY RUNNING FROM CHICAGO THAT HAS A ROAD BED SO GOOD THAT THEY ARE NOT AFRAID TO PUT ANY SPEED CAPABLE OF BEING ATTAINED BY ENGINES OF THE MOST IMPROVED CONSTRUCTION, RUN WITH THE BAND OF STEEL NERVE, AND A HEAD OF BRAINS WITHOUT ANY FEAR OF ACCIDENT OR DISTANCE.*

Every employe on the road has a personal interest in the North-Western way; it's the "clipper" road to ride on and so far as anything be said, it will continue so to be.

THIS IS THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL LINE FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE MISSOURI RIVER.

The old time traveler speaks highly of the "ease and comfort" of those days of steel in contrast with the pioneer days of this pioneer road in the days of the stage. *The comforts of travel on the North-Western Railway are in every traveler's mouth from the Atlantic to the Pacific.* It is the most proud compliment to the efficient management, and that is the reason every traveler or employe feels so happy and jubilant.

It is with pride we mention these facts, and join the general shout along the line. Hurrah for the "OLD RELIABLE."

Rapids Republican, Aug. 14, 1876.

Z. C. M. I.

Savings Bank and Trust Co.,

FIVE DOORS SOUTH OF Z. C. M. I.

LIFE AND TRAVELS OF PARLEY P. PRATT

Cloth, $2.50
Calf Gilt, 4.00
Morocco Gilt, 5.00

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DESERET EVENING NEWS

SALT LAKE CITY

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STANDARD

SCALES

ALL SIZES.

Fairbanks & Co.

302 & 304 Washington Av. ST. LOUIS.