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CAPTAIN GRAY'S COMPANY.

Opening the Plains and Living in Oregon. BY MRS. A. J. DENWAI.

Author of "FATHER GRAY," "THE HAPPY HOME," "THE HAPPY HOME," "THE HAPPY HOME," etc.

Written in the and first published by R. J. McCormick in book form in 1858.

Introduction.

Very nearly twenty years ago the author of the following story, having always lived upon a farm, and being wholly ignorant of all practical knowledge of the history, geography, and general conditions of the West, and being a pioneer of the land of her adoption, conceived the idea of entering in some way the arena of letters, being possessed of fertile imagination, imperfect education, affectionate nature, a little strength, and a somewhat disposition, and having encountered many strange experiences which made her third and old before her time.

Dedication.

To the Pioneers of Oregon, and to all friends of the great Northwest who desire to awaken an interest in our State and Washington Territory in the minds of the thousands of dwellers in the bright empire of Eastern writers and the timid atmosphere of Eastern journals, this modest effort of the reminiscence of her youth is respectfully dedicated.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT TO FATHER GRAY'S RESIDENCE. Reader, in the beginning of our story, you went with us in imagination to the widow's cottage.

Now, follow us again through the same number of years, and we will go with you to farmer Gray's Illinois home.

The house was built of large, rough logs, and was two stories high. The crevices between the logs were chinked with pieces of split-wood. The rooms were made tight by a plastering of mud, with the exception of the front room, which, in Mrs. Gray's language, was painted with lime. The walls were decorated by numerous pictorial Brother Jonathans. A double mud and stick chimney, with fire-places of huge dimensions, was situated like an ugly dirt mound, as it was, in the middle of the house. The furniture looked just like the people and the people looked just like the furniture.

"Well, is bless us! I wonder what this world's comin' to next! Here's a poor woman been turned out of her home by a trick of our laws and a villain's cunning. I don't know what in the world the poor creature'll do. Polly, she's Effie Goodwin's comin' through the bars? Yes; bless her soul! The poor child wants something, I know."

"Howdy, Effie! Is the folks all well?"

"Very well, I thank you; but mother is a little depressed in spirits."

"Well, is bless us! If yer mother hain't had trouble enough to set the poor creature crazy afore now, an' just as she gits lifted up like, an' begins to think she can live easy, here comes this blow on her head. I've heard tell of a righteous God, but I guess he's asleep now-a-days, an' uttering this pious ejaculation, she passed her hand over her eyes and sighed, overcome by intensity of feeling, as she wiped the perspiration from her fat, white face—a face alike expressive of good humor and sympathy.

"Why, Polly, who else is a-comin'?"

"If it ain't Herbert Goodwin, as I'm alive!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Gray; quite a pleasant day," said Herbert, as he took a seat, without noticing that his sister was present.

"Ye may well say it's pleasant for prettier weather than this never looked out of doors," and the old lady held a turkey-wing fan over her eyes, as if the bright sunshine caused them to be painful.

"My mother has met with a sad misfortune, Mrs. Gray. As we have to stir in order to make a living, I thought I would call and see farmer Gray about going to Oregon."

"Oregon! Well, if that don't beat me! Who'd a ever thought that as great a lady as Miss Goodwin would a-tryed to go across the Plains? But I'm glad to hear it, boy. No doubt my old man can strike a bargain with ye, for if ye want to go, of course ye ought. Don't ye see yer sister's here?"

Herbert looked surprised, and turning, beheld Effie seated in a chair, almost behind him.

"Why, Effie! what are you doing two miles from home?"

"Come because mother thought, after you went away, that we had better speak to Mr. Gray about renting an out-house in his yard for the fall and winter. Immigration is pouring in all the time, and every house that is fit to live in will soon be occupied."

"That is well considered, for I had not thought of it at all. Strange that I should have forgotten it; but mother knows what she's about."

"Why, the 'n' me! Do ye s'pose ye need to ask for such a favor as that, honey? Yer mother might be moved right here and never asked a question,

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Joseph and Sally Gray ain't the folks to turn off fellow-creatures in distress."

Farmer Gray was a tall, loose-jointed, slovenly-looking personage, with jet-black hair, and heavy, bristly-looking beard, of the same color. His forehead was low, but well-developed, the eyes black and sparkling, the nose and mouth large, and his homely visage was lighted up by an honest, kind-looking gleam from the eyes, that relieved the otherwise forbidding expression of his features.

"Why, good-mornin', children," he said, cordially, as he extended a hand to each of his youthful visitors, while a benevolent smile played over his rough, unshorn countenance, as he eyed them closely. "Is there nothin' I can do to save yer mammy?"

Mrs. Gray interposed, and told him all she had learned from them in her own way.

After hearing their story and request, the farmer pulled his slouched hat over his eyes for a few moments, that seemed to his anxious visitors like so many hours. In fact, it seemed to them that he did not intend to reply. At length he raised his head, and looking at them with a deep, searching glance, he said, speaking slowly, that they were welcome to live in the out-house, rent free, as long as they wished.

"And has yer mammy got any money to buy a wagon and team?"

"We have but little money, sir; but mother has a costly gold watch which she will part with rather than give up the enterprise. We have some property that will bring cash, and we think we can raise the necessary funds without much difficulty."

"The right kind of grit, my boy; the right kind of grit. Ye'll be a man yet afore Polly, I'll be bound."

This caused the visitors to turn their attention to Polly, whom they had scarcely noticed before. She had the flaxen hair and blue eyes of her mother. The action of the sun upon her naturally transparent skin made her, as her father laughingly remarked, "as speckled as a turkey's egg," and she wore an expression of sadness and anxiety about the eyes and mouth, which was discernible the moment good attention was paid to her looks. Her form was short and stout, her dress plain, coarse, and very clean. The sleeves, turned back at the wrist, showed plainly that she was used to the mysteries of hard work.

"Come, Pop! ye'd better pick the geese, or I'll turn 'em outside. Ye know mammy says if ye don't git that bed afore the geese has to be sold, ye'll never git it!"

Herbert and Effie looked in the direction of this new voice, and beheld the tangled hair and regular eyes of a dirty-faced urchin, standing outside the wall, with his eyes placed just far enough past the door-facing to give him a chance to peep at the company. As quickly as the words were spoken, he darted away, with a hop and a jump, slapping his sides, and singing to the tune of "O, Susannah."

"I jumped upon the telegraph, and floated down the rickabaw; Electric light magnified, and killed forty-nine dead niggers."

"I never could farn that child no manners," said Mrs. Gray, with a vexed look.

"Never mind, Sally; never mind," said farmer Gray. "Jed's just like I was when I was a boy, and ye think yerself that I'm some persimmons now, don't ye?"

The visitors had stayed their allotted time, and arose to take leave of their coarse but kind-hearted neighbors, when Polly, who had left the room when Jed came to the door, returned with four large apples in her hands and requested them to take them home, as there was one for each member of the family.

They thanked her for the present, and bade the family good-morning.

They had walked half way to the bars, which were used instead of a gate, when farmer Gray came to the door and said, in a loud tone, "I say, young uns, tell the widow that I'll move her things for her a-Thursday or Saturday, but I couldn't come a-Friday, no how, because Friday's an unlucky day!"

Herbert choked down his risibles, and replied, gravely, that he would let him know which day they could move.

"Remember, I can't come a-Friday," "Certainly," said Herbert, as they made a parting bow and walked slowly homeward.

"Effie, did you notice how sad Polly looked? There must be something sad upon her mind. I guess it's a love affair, for I heard Sam Green, who works with me, say that if Polly went to Oregon, old Gray would be smarter nor he was."

Effie could not help laughing at her brother's tone of imitation, but said that if Sam married Polly, she hoped he had taken quite a fancy to her.

"She's a mighty good creature, that's a fact," said Herbert, still mischievously disposed to mock the language he had heard during their call.

"We must not talk this way before mother, Herbert, for it would distress her."

"Now, you'll see if I don't make her laugh till her sides ache to-night. She'll curl her lip a little and say 'I'm rude, but she'll be better after all.' Herbert said, as he spring nimbly from root again, and from root to root again, to

going through a variety of gymnastic maneuvers in the course of the next ten minutes.

A half-hour's walk brought them to where the road forked. Herbert took the one leading to the house of farmer Green, for whom he was at work, while Effie pursued her solitary way through a dense forest of sugar maples, towards her dear little cottage home. She did not dare to think very deeply about their change of circumstances, lest she would look sad before her mother. Hurriedly gathering a handful of wild flowers and a bunch of blackberries for Willie, she hastened on, and reached home, just as the steaming dishes, steaming on the stove, told her that dinner was almost ready. She saw that her mother had been weeping during her absence.

"Come, mamma, it's too late to cry now. I have all the good news imaginable to tell you of," she said, cheerfully. Then throwing her sun-bonnet upon the back of a chair, and speaking with child-like impatience, she proceeded to relate the result of the morning's adventure.

"What have you got for me, sis?"

Willie climbed into her lap and put his arms lovingly around her neck. She patted his velvet cheeks and showed him the bunch of flowers and cluster of berries she had gathered.

"I told you, that sis would bring me something nice," said the little fellow, dancing around the room, to the imminent danger of upsetting the table.

"Be quiet, darling; mother's pet mustn't be rude in doors."

"May I jump and play in the yard, ma?"

"Certainly, my love."

Effie dispatched her dinner with an appetite such as many a possessor of millions may wish for but never realize.

O, ye effeminate creatures of fashion, who know nothing of the mysteries of healthful toil; who merely exist to be waited upon; whose imaginary wants increase and multiply each succeeding day, how little do ye know of the pleasure of a healthful dinner after a few hours of invigorating exercise!

Herbert returned at tea-time, and when Effie looked at him, she began to think that the remarks he had intended to make for his mother's amusement, had vanished into thin air. There was no roguish look about the mouth and eyes, such as she had anticipated, but he looked more serious than usual. He said but little until tea was half over. Then, with a peculiarly roguish curl of his under lip, he exclaimed, "Mother, you can't think how nearly we have approached to the edge of a frightful precipice without having the least idea of our danger?"

"Why so?"

"Why, don't you think that the hot-headed specimen of Young America which you are bringing up, was thinking of leaving his home on Friday? And he would have persisted in that extremely perilous undertaking, had he not been kindly warned of his danger by farmer Gray?"

Herbert saw that the right chord was touched, for his mother's eyes began to sparkle as if she were amused, and keeping the advantage over her which he had gained, he said, "Farmer Gray will move our things a-Thursday or Saturday, but he couldn't do it a-Friday, no how, because Friday's an unlucky day."

Then, in an extremely ludicrous manner, he related all the morning's adventure and conversation very accurately.

When he came to speak of the urchin Jed, he arose from his chair, went outside of the door, peeped from behind the casing, as Jed had done, and in the child's voice and manner, exclaimed: "Come, Pop! ye'd better pick the geese, or I'll turn 'em outside. Ye know mammy says if ye don't git that bed afore the geese has to be sold, ye'll never git it."

Then, bounding away and slapping his sides, he sang Jed's words and tune. He then came in, seated himself in imitation of Mrs. Gray, looked vexed, and said: "I never could farn that boy no manners."

Then, taking another chair, he imitated farmer Gray's words and manner: "Never mind, Sally; never mind. Jed's just like I was when I was a boy, and ye think yerself that I'm some persimmons now, don't ye?"

His mother was so much amused by his comic actions and words, that long before he had finished, she was laughing to the extent of his ambition.

"O, Herbert, you are too rude," she said, as quickly as she could speak distinctly.

"Now, sister, am I not a prophet?"

"I'll give you credit for success in all you undertake," laughed his sister.

Herbert showed the apples he had carried in his pocket during the day. Willie clapped his hands at sight of the blushing fruit, and they were all in better spirits than they had been for forty-eight hours.

The week passed rapidly away. Effie had been kept busy much of the time in gathering the seeds of flowers and vegetables. While engaged in this pleasant occupation she appeared happy and contented. But when a time for rest would come, she would shed many bitter tears at the thought of leaving her childhood's home.

The morning appointed for the fitting was very pleasant; but the rising sun was surrounded by gorgeous, gold-tinged clouds, indicating the approach of rain.

All hands were kept busy until about noon, when the last load was made ready for the road. Mrs. Goodwin and Willie mounted the bulky load of household articles, and rode away with farmer Gray, leaving Herbert and Effie to drive the cow. The playful calf, as if conscious that they were going to take it from its home, was not willing to leave the pasture, and it was long before they could get it through the gate.

They had proceeded but a few rods from the house, when they met Mr. Hammond, who indignantly told them that if he could only prove now that they were negroes and belonged to him, he would be just "in town."

Herbert turned ashy pale and bit his lips, but said nothing, while the blood mounted to Effie's forehead and tinged her cheeks with its crimson tide.

Mr. Hammond could never forget that his father had been a wealthy citizen of Virginia. As he had brought up among slaves, he had of course had a hatred for poor white folks, which his own poverty and debauchery had in no way diminished. Heddelighted to tease even those who had been deeply wronged by his own misdeeds.

When young, he had gloried in the appellation of "a fast young man," and kept the company of the idle and vicious, until he was foremost in almost every kind of wickedness. His father tried to expostulate with him about his conduct, but to no purpose; and his crowning act of recklessness was a marriage with a low, ignorant woman, whose habits were almost as bad as his own. His father died soon after this unhappy union, and the estate was transferred to the son, who was in no way qualified to take care of his property. He was at times so cruel to his slaves that they would run away by dozens, and finally, in a night of dissipation, he lost all his remaining possessions at the gaming table. His wife then got intoxicated on the strength of bad whisky, and would remain drunk for days, while Hammond would curse his stars and rave like a madman, after taking his usual potations.

From that time forward, they felt obliged to beg, to steal, and to take all kinds of advantage of their weak associates, when moving from hut to hut in order to make a living. His family increased rapidly, until at the time of the opening of our story, he had seven children, all promising to make just such men and women as their parents were. He had, by different changes, chances, losses, and successes, contrived to find his way to Illinois, and obtaining, in some manner, the deed of trust that called for Mrs. Goodwin's home, he signed a deed to a high price, not so much on account of his own good luck, as on account of the widow's misfortune.

The brother and sister had not proceeded far with the cow; before the sky became darkened, and the dead silence which precedes a thunder-storm cast a spell upon their feelings that was indescribable.

The rain was falling in torrents when they reached the forest of maple trees, spoken of in the last chapter.

Sheets of lightning played in awful grandeur above their heads, lighting up the majestic tree-tops with unearthly splendor. Peal after peal of deafening thunder echoed and re-echoed through the timber, while ever and anon the crash of falling trees served to make the din more awfully appalling. They were both used to thunder-storms, and taking refuge under the gigantic trunk of an uprooted monarch of the forest, they waited in silence for the storm to abate.

The cow and calf, as if looking to their guides for protection, came up to the place of refuge and crouched with them under the same shelter. The rain soon ceased to fall, and hailstones of an enormous size bounded from the huge cowering over their heads and rolled in piles at their feet. Effie nestled closely to her brother's side, and watched this war of elements with intense anxiety. Every few seconds a flash of lightning would cause every leaf and bough to glow as if made of burnished gold. At such times, Effie would look at her brother and feel astonished to see his radiant face. He seemed as one in a trance. A sweet smile played over his glowing countenance, and as the conflict of elements became yet more terrible to Effie, he appeared actually to drink pure delight.

The noise of falling hailstones, the crashing of falling trees, and the rumbling sound of the deep-toned thunder, kept them for a full half-hour from hearing each other's voices. At last the clouds began to pass away, the lightning flashed but seldom, the thunder rolled at a greater distance, and the wind ceased to blow, except in gentle whirs and whispering eddies through the grand old trees.

As soon as the storm abated, they endeavored to proceed forward with their cow again before them. They had gone but a short distance before they found the road completely blocked up by broken and uprooted trees, and it was with great difficulty that they could find openings in the forest through which they could pass. Just as they were emerging from the wood they met

farmer Gray, mounted on a little mule.

"Hallo, young 'uns," he said, in an excited voice; "I see yer alive yet, but I don't see how ye ever escaped."

He then halted in the road before them, and turning himself leisurely in the saddle, he added, "Warn't ye s' most scared to death?"

"Effie seemed frightened, but I never before felt so happy in my life, sir," said Herbert. "I felt that we were in the hands of God, and I rejoiced to see His power. My whole being was excited with a kind of unearthly joy, and I thanked the Almighty Ruler for having given me this opportunity to see His elements charged with destruction."

Reader, you should have seen this naturally gay and wild-spirited boy as he uttered these words. He seemed excited till his soul was speaking through his eyes. His voice was calm, but had a kind of unearthly sound, as if the mind were far above the body.

Farmer Gray looked at him for a few moments without speaking. At length he said, "Well, boy, I must say, ye're the greatest specimen of humanity for a fifteen-year-old that I ever did see. Who'd a ever thought that anybody of your age would talk that way?"

"Was mamma uneasy about us?" Effie asked.

"Well, yes. Yer mammy took on powerful, an' as quick as I quit stormin' I come after ye. Effie, ye'd better git on my mule an' go home as quick as ye can. Herbert an' me'll drive the cow."

Farmer Gray lifted Effie upon the mule, adjusted the stirrup to suit her foot, gave her a twitch, and started the docile animal by giving him a rather sudden and vicious kick in the side. Effie rode on at a brisk trot and soon reached the house. Her mother was standing by the bars, looking anxiously down the road, and leaning against the bar-post for support. A faint smile flitted over her features when she saw her daughter, who, glad to relieve the anxiety which her sudden coming had not wholly expelled from her mother's heart, hurriedly told her that Herbert was safe, and would soon be in sight of the house. She then gave up the mule to Jed's care, and went into the house with her mother, who soon made her comfortable, by helping her to put on a complete suit of dry clothing. The air had become so suddenly cooled by the storm, that Mrs. Gray had built a roaring fire of hickory logs and maple splinters, which was burning its liveliest heat. She related the whole story of the storm, with childlike artlessness.

"O, mamma, it was so terrible! You can't think how dreadful it was to be in the timber, hearing the groaning of the great maples, seeing the lightning's flashes, and hearing the awful thunder. And Herbert! O, mother, if you had seen him! I don't believe he's afraid of anything. He astonished farmer Gray by his talk about the power of God in the elements."

Mrs. Goodwin burst into tears.

"Why, mother, what's the matter?"

"O, my child, the actions of Herbert in a storm remind me so forcibly of your father's feelings at such a time, that it seems as if he must be living."

"Isn't pa with the angels now, ma?" asked Willie, earnestly.

"Yes, dear; your pa is much better off to-day than we are."

"I want to die, ma; I want to go to Heaven and live with the angels where pa is."

Like any other child, Willie had his playful moods, though unlike most other children of his age, he had many thoughtful moments. He had been told so much about his father, of whom he remembered but little, that he seemed to realize the truth of what his mother had often told him about his pa's living with angels, while her feelings about the matter were only ideal. It seemed hard for her to really consider her husband as being in a happy land, while the impressive mind of her little boy could easily feel and know the truth of his only parent's teaching. How hard it is for men and women to become "a little child." We tell our children what we fancy we believe, but our ideal belief immediately becomes, in their impressive imaginations, undoubted reality.

"Do you want to leave ma, and brother, and sister, darling?"

The little fellow climbed into his mother's lap, kissed her lovingly, and answered, "No, ma; but we can both go to Heaven, and we will before long."

Herbert and farmer Gray arrived at this moment. Herbert knew that if his mother were to see him in the state of mind the storm had caused, old remembrances would be awakened, and to Effie's great pleasure, he appeared married to usual. She had such an instinctive horror of anything but sunshine, flowers, and good humor, that she had dreaded the effect of Herbert's arrival.

All soon forgot the words of little Willie upon the subject of death. Is there not sometimes a warning in the words of children? Are we not often reminded with startling force of something a little child has said, which at the time it was spoken made but little impression upon our minds?

Supper was announced in Mrs. Gray's kitchen, and they were all soon seated at a table which was well loaded with salt pork, vegetables, Johnny-cake, but-

ter, and buttermilk. The next day being Sunday, the Goodwin family were to remain in the house with their well-meaning hostess, who seemed willing to do everything in her power to oblige them. When they awoke on the clear and lovely Sabbath morning, they were surprised to find that Mrs. Gray had been astir for an hour. A substantial breakfast was smoking invitingly upon the long, well-loaded table, when they entered the kitchen to perform the morning's ablutions at the family washing bowl, and Polly came in and joined them with her face flushed by a morning walk in the bracing air. After breakfast she asked Effie to walk with her around the garden and orchard.

Effie was anxious to know what was the cause of her melancholy expression of countenance, but did not like to ask her about it, because she feared to hear a sorrowful story.

"Why were you not at home yesterday?" she asked.

"I've been to daddy Green's a weavin' a carpet. Do you know, Sam an' me's a goin' to be married in September, an' I want somethin' to begin house-keepin' on."

"Are you going to stay in Illinois and let your folks all go to Oregon?"

"That's what I dunno; and I'm mighty cast down about it. Ye see Sam's under age, an' his daddy ain't willin' for him to go off."

Effie knew of no consolation to offer, and soon changed the subject. When they returned to the house, Polly went to work clearing the breakfast-table, and seeing Herbert standing in a meditative mood under a cottonwood by the fence, Effie ran to him and related the news concerning Polly's marriage.

"Why, sister, I have known that for these three days. Sam told me about it, and said that Polly would tell you. I knew that if Polly told you I would know it in ten minutes, for girls can't keep secrets," said Herbert, roguishly.

Effie felt a little piqued at her brother's rudeness, as she was pleased to call it, and told him she would "match him for it some day."

"You are not angry, are you, sis? I didn't mean to vex you."

Herbert threw his arms around his sister's neck and gave her a half-a-dozen kisses before she could get away. She tried to peep, but concluded with a laugh, as she stripped away to the house, where they spent the day in reading and singing.

The next morning they all went to work in good earnest, and soon had the pleasure of seeing farmer Gray's out-house assume a cheerful aspect. The room was eighteen feet square, and a large, awkward, mud-and-stick chimney adorned one end of it. There were two doors and two windows, each placed opposite to the other. Mrs. Goodwin made a kitchen of one corner, by placing the stove near the fireplace, with an elbow in the pipe to conduct the smoke to the chimney flue. The cooking utensils, the little cupboard, and a kitchen table, all found a place in this corner. Two beds were placed in the back part of the building, and a curtain hung between them served as a partition for a dressing-room. In this house, Mrs. Goodwin, who had always been used to refinement, though of late years in an humble way, was to spend the coming fall and winter. A flood of golden sunlight, the last beams of the departing day illuminator, peeped through the muslin curtains of the western window, just as her last duty for the day was completed. She gazed upon the massive pillars of golden clouds in the horizon, and wondered at the peace of mind, the calm resignation she felt, when thinking of her altered circumstances. She opened the Bible.

"I have been young and now I am old; I have never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread," were the words of inspiration that met her trusting eyes.

(To be continued.)

and characterization of the bill as one to "unsex women and convert them into men," are types of the arguments by which the proposal to give votes to women has been assailed. It is to be discharged the other duties of citizenship has been met. Can it be wondered that the cause has prospered in the face of such opposition? Quiet, reasonable people, with no particular liking for female suffrage, have been sometimes against their will, compelled to abandon a position of which the main defense was not reason, but irrelevant, false and stupid invective. There are, no doubt, certain formalistic enough opponents of Woman's Suffrage, such as Sir Henry James and Mr. Leatham, but the arguments of these have been for the most part lost sight of amongst the far more plentiful and more widely diffused of the Smalley type. And great as has been the progress of the movement, it would doubtless have been still greater but for the fanaticism of some of its supporters, who, not content with placing women on an equality with men before the law, have been threatening all sorts of extravagant demands on behalf of their clients. This folly reached its climax in a split of the party concerning Mr. Forsyth's bill, which was denounced by the extreme set, as a "sell-out." A model is a leading member, as worth less than nothing, as it did not contemplate the subsequent extension of the franchise to every woman! That in spite of such a defection, the supporters of the bill were able to show the same firmness of strength they did on Wednesday, is a significant indication of the great and rapid growth of the demand for the electoral enfranchisement of women.

The extension of the suffrage to women house-holders—for that is the only change which has actually been contemplated—is, as we have said, a reasonable step, and one that in all probability will be accomplished by and by. At the same time, it must be regarded as but a minor and subsidiary feature of a greater movement. The electoral enfranchisement of women is but a small matter, in the present constitution of things, compared with their intellectual and industrial enfranchisement. The barrier that prevents their entrance into political life may be unnecessary, and ten-fold more injurious to the sex. One grievance, though a legal one, is in great part sentimental, for it is not to be supposed that the addition of female house-holders to the class of voters would have any great influence in modifying legislation in any direction more favorable to women's claims. The others, which are traceable more to social and traditional customs than to law, are every real and practical obstacle. The removal would result in a distinct gain in comfort and independence to a large proportion of the community. The most clamorous want of the sex seems to be, to put it plainly, liberty to enter the labor market on equal terms with men. It is high time that talk about the undesirability of allowing women to so compete were at an end. The matter has got beyond the sphere of sentiment, and into that of practical necessity. Perhaps it would be more fitting if women could be comfortably provided for without having to work for themselves, though we question it; but it is an indisputable fact that a very large number of women have to earn their own bread, that many more would do much better, both in mind and body, if they did so likewise, and that both classes are heavily weighted down by restraints of various sorts, that may and should be removed. The women of the working classes, who readily grant to men, find the occupations open to them restricted in number, and the rate of remuneration inferior to that allowed to their male competitors. Other obstacles have to do with the social sphere, in the shape of legislative enactments, imposing restrictive conditions as to working time, etc., and male trades union jealously coercing employers into refusal to employ women, or the execution of which work may be as capable as men. The cause of middle-class women is still harder. They dare not engage in productive labor at all. Society lays it down as a law that they may honorably starve, or live on the charity of relatives, but cannot honorably earn their own bread. The middle-class parents of a family of daughters regard it as a thing not to be thought of that their girls should be trained to self-supporting labor. And they will be not the less strict in the matter, though the expenditure of the family keep pace with the income, and there be no means of support whatever for the children in the event of the father's death or other misfortune. The number of women who are kept and left in destitute and hopeless circumstances is very great, and is not diminishing. The greater cost of living and passion for display in the present, as compared with past times, stands in the way of middle-class people saving money for their children, the same cause keeps a greater number of men unmarried until late in life, than formerly; and greater numbers of young men go abroad to push their fortunes now-a-days, which tends to increase the number of single, dependent, helpless women. To that large class no greater boon could be offered than the opportunity of supporting themselves by honorable work. Aberdeen Free Press.

Dora Danmore, editor of the Golden Dawn, utters a protest which, being exactly suited to our case, we copy:

Some of our correspondents from the rural districts persist in addressing the editor of this paper as Esq. Thus, we were addressed by a letter a few days since addressed to "Dora Danmore, Esq.," and other began thus, "Dora Danmore-Gentlemen." Now, in the name of our new dress and best bonnet, and all the rest of the feminine fixings we delight in, we protest against this misnaming of our associate titles unless they be of some importance. Any clod-hopper is addressed as John Smith, Esq. (especially just before election), but everybody cannot be a President. Honors, Governor, Senators, Hon. Mr. Jones. We cannot vote, nor attend caucuses and meetings and other delightful resorts of patriotic citizens, then why aggravate us by bestowing upon us the titles belonging only to the wearer of bifurcated garments, unless those titles be "Your Excellency," "Your Honor," etc., etc., from such plebeian titles as Deacon, and don't please don't call any individual woman, albeit of goodly proportions, "Gentlemen." It is too much.