

CAPTAIN GRAY'S COMPANY

—OR— The Plains and Living in Oregon.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNAWAY.

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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 literary world, her observations confined to the life of a homestead...

Dedication.

To the Pioneer 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 frigid climate of Eastern winters...

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORNING.

Mrs. Goodwin and Ada Mansfield were sitting together in the front of the widow's wagon one evening, several days after the burial. A subdued and tranquil light beamed from Mrs. Goodwin's eyes...

"I don't know why it is," she murmured, in a musical voice, "that I feel so calm, so completely happy, of late. Those clouds appear to me like so many stepping-stones to the eternal world."

"You feel a kind of peaceful bliss that I never felt before. Can it be that eternity is near me? Last night in my dreams, my husband came to me, and oh! the joy that his coming inspired in my heart! It was indescribable. His presence has been with me all day, and I almost fancy that I can see him smiling from yonder cloud."

"Are you ill? Oh, mercy!" said Mrs. Goodwin, what is the matter?"

Ada. A sudden pallor had overspread the widow's face, and a stifled groan escaped her. She trembled a moment and sank back in convulsive crampings upon the bed in her wagon.

Throughout the night the many friends of the beloved woman stood around and ministered to her sufferings. So completely had she won their regard that there was not a person in the company who would not have risked life itself for her sake.

Morning dawned, and still she suffered terribly. Everything that love could prompt was done for her; but the disease had been doing its hidden work of destruction for days. Her constitution gave way under the terrible struggle, and life waned rapidly.

The organs of speech had been locked for hours. The naturally thin face grew livid, the pale blue eyes were turned heavenwards, and a partly transparent film covered the sightless pupils. Pain at last left her body, and the weakness that precedes a death by cholera took possession of her exhausted frame. Then her tongue was loosed, and in a whisper that sank deep into the hearts of her sorrowing children, she spoke of Hope, of Heaven, of Rest.

"Ma' G, ma'!" said Willie, bending over his mother's head, as Ada held him up, "don't you love Willie, ma'?"

The dying woman motioned for a kiss. The little fellow kissed her lovingly, and turning round to Ada with a satisfied air, he exclaimed, "Mother loves me, and I love her."

"Bless his little life," whispered the dying mother, who spoke no more. A gleam of hope overspread her face and lit up her glassy eyes. She extended her hands to Herbert and Effie. A gentle, prolonged pressure of the cold, skeleton fingers upon the full, warm palms of her children, a radiant smile, an inaudible attempt to whisper, and the mother left her dependent ones to the care of Him who hath said, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up."

"Her troubled head was at rest. Its heaving and sinking were over. Her quiet, unmovable breast."

"Was hoaxed by affliction no more."

Herbert went alone to where the open grave stood ready to receive its dead, and in the waning twilight he traced his chaste thoughts upon the leaves of his private journal:

"June 20th.—We little thought when the last Sabbath's pleasant sun shined upon us his congenial rays, that when the next bright day should come, we should be mourning the sickness and death of a beloved mother! But it is even so. She was attacked last evening by the pestilence that shadows our journeyings. This afternoon, between four and five o'clock, her spirit took

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his flight, and we realized that we were bereft indeed. How like a poisoned dagger in my breast burns the remembrance of his presence! Oh! if a life of usefulness, a life of upright dealing before God and man, could expiate the follies of my youth, could atone for one thoughtless act toward that best of mothers, how gladly would I make reparation for the past!

"Sister and brother near the sleep, but in their rest of soon."

"I would, but in I cannot sleep."

"I feel that I'm alone."

"The world is full of life and light, but oh! how sad am I."

"Where once was joy, serenely bright, is now a gloomy sky."

Again, upon the following day, he wrote:

"What a deep stillness ruled our camping-ground this morning! Men and women moved with stealthy footsteps over the beaten turf, as if fearful of breaking the silence of the hallowed place. We this morning paid the last tribute of respect to the remains of my loved, lamented mother. The place of her interment is a romantic one, that seems an appropriate resting-place for the remains of a lover of rural scenery. The grave overlooks a basin of several acres in extent, dotted over with groves of dwarfed pine and cedar trees. In the center of this basin is a spring of icy coldness, clear as crystal. Numerous wild rose-bushes, that load the air with delicious perfumes, add beauty to the scene. And on an eminence, where all this can be viewed at a single glance, repose the last earthly remains of my mother."

There are hurried movements and terror-stricken voices again in the Gray camp. What is the matter? Why are those anxious persons crowding around a covered carriage that has this moment halted? Now we can see. Do your utmost, ye ill-fated adventurers, for death, on the pale horse, is abroad, and his glance is terrible! The pestilence that walketh in darkness and watcheth at noon-day hath entered your ranks, and there are few families in which there shall not be one dead!

"His days are numbered," said Maurice, in a solemn voice. "My dear Mrs. Weiden, your husband is past recovery. Nerve yourself to bear this severe trial for the sake of your little ones."

"Oh, if I could look back with pleasure upon the years of our married life! Oh, can I not beg his pardon for the trouble I have given him?"

"See, he revives," said Ada.

"O, John!"

"Maggie!"

"Light of my existence, must you go?"

"Look!"

The sufferer raised his finger toward Heaven. Flimsy clouds of fleecy whiteness, set in gold and blue, were piled in floating, gorgeous heaps upon the upper air. One little cerulean spot, directly over the head of the dying man, was unobscured by clouds.

"Look, Maggie! It's pleasant to die at such a time as this. Don't weep for me. Where's papa's Lucy?"

He patted the dimpled cheeks and smoothed the glossy curls of his darling. A shade of darkness crossed his face, but was instantly dispelled.

"I trust."

"When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up," said Herbert.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the sufferer, fervently.

"O, John, can you forgive the many errors of the past? Do tell me that you love me!" implored his weeping wife.

"Maggie," his words were uttered in broken sentences—"I do forgive you; can you?"

"Yes, dear; but I can't forget how cross I've been with you."

"Look ahead, Maggie."

A severe and prolonged struggle between life and death, a pointing of the shriveled finger toward the clear spot in the sky, a stifled moan, and all was still.

Another had read the Mystery.

"O, tell me, is this death?" cried Mrs. Weiden, as, yielding for a time to the passionate impulses of her nature, she refused to be comforted. Ada prevailed upon her to go with her away from the bustle and confusion of the camping-ground. They proceeded through the tangled mats of prickly pears and thorny grease-wood, to a distant cluster of rose-bushes, that gave out delicious odors upon the desert air. The bereaved woman sat down upon the ground and looked heavenward. Fleecy, gorgeous clouds were crowding upon and overwrapping each other, and while she gazed, one light veil of azure tint closed up the only bright blue opening that had been visible in the zenith for an hour.

"What a vision!" said Ada. "What a theme for contemplation can be drawn from the observation of this simple circumstance! Simple, because so often seen; but important now, in leading the chastened imagination to blissful theories."

A meadow lark settled upon a rose-bush near them. A flood of song, pure, delicious, enchanting, was poured from the happy, swelling breast into the hearts of the mourner and the comforter. Both listened in silence, unwilling to break the pleasing chord of the inspired songster. The dulcet vapors arose upon the evening air for a few moments, and then the warbler, as if well pleased with

his attempt and success as comforter, flitted away. They watched his receding flight in silence, until his tiny form disappeared in the distance. Mrs. Weiden looked at Ada with beaming, tearless eyes. Ada grasped the mourner's hand, but felt so deeply awed by the stillness that mantled them, that she could not trust herself to speak. Each read the other's thoughts, and feared to break the hallowed stillness, lest the inner vision would be obscured. At length Mrs. Weiden spoke:

"Dear Ada, it is selfish to desire the return of those who are happy in the realm of bliss; but oh! how the physical nature elings to inanimate clay! Must the form of my dear husband be laid beneath the sod? My Father—God of my husband—God of my mother—sustain me, or I perish!"

Ada pointed to the bright, blue veil of the fourteenth chapter of the Revelation. The mourner read:

"And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Yes, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them. And I looked and beheld a white cloud; and upon the cloud one sat, like unto the Son of Man, having on his head a golden crown and in his hand a sharp sickle. And another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice, Thrust in thy sickle and reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe."

Another listener, unobserved by Ada or Mrs. Weiden, had treasured up and stereotyped upon her soul every word of their conversation and each syllable of Divine Inspiration. Effie, who, since her mother's death, had been silent and thoughtful, and had lost all the childish glee of her artless disposition, had been reclining for an hour not far from the chosen seat of Ada and Mrs. Weiden, under the shade of a large sage-bush. Not wishing to disturb them, she had said nothing until Mrs. Weiden had stopped reading. She then rushed forward, threw herself into her arms and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. Ada spoke words of comfort to both, little dreaming that bitter trials were in store for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield retired to the shades of thick-growing sage-brush to consider an important matter out of the reach of listeners.

"I believe," said Mansfield, "that Maurice and Ada have become attached to each other. I must acknowledge that I have great esteem for Maurice. He is well informed and respectfully connected, but he is poor. Ada ought to know that we cannot countenance their union. I fear to mention it to her, for opposition is the stimulant of affection. Had we not better leave Captain Gray's Company and travel alone?" She would then be away from Maurice entirely, and neither would know that we had a special motive in separating them. We can tell the Captain what is true—that we can travel far alone, and he will not suspect another motive. I would not willingly do violence to Ada's feelings; but the education and accomplishments we have lavished upon her will be labor lost, if she marries a poor man. Love won't feed and clothe her."

"Would it be right for us to intrude against them, Henry? Ada is reasonable, and if we will talk to her candidly about the matter, she will do as we request. Be careful, or you will treat her as injudiciously as Welden used to treat his wife."

"But every-day life and ideal attachments are different. I prefer leaving the train and getting her out of Maurice's company. If she doesn't see him again, she'll soon forget him."

Mrs. Mansfield did not oppose her husband further; he seldom differed with her in opinion; but when he did, she would give up the disputed point with but feeble resistance or argument. Neither of them knew of the depth of the "great deep" of their daughter's heart; they had been married when young; had had no opposition in the current of their affection, and because they had never been tried, they knew nothing of the tenacity with which the growing tendrils of loving hearts will cling to and intertwine with each other, no matter how strongly adverse waves may strive to part them. Marriage with them was a matter of business and policy. If their daughter could choose a man of wealth and worth, all would be well; but upon no other condition could they countenance a matrimonial alliance.

Mrs. Weiden had been a widow three days, and had been compelled to be her own driver. Ada had driven for her part of the time, and the two were much together. Mansfield's teams were ready; but some ofuddy Green's cattle could not be easily caught.

"I am sorry to leave you, Captain," said Mr. Mansfield, hesitatingly, "but I am confident that we can move faster by going in smaller companies. As my teams are ready to go ahead this morning, if you have no objection, I will travel alone."

"Very well, I don't solicit nobody's company; never asked ya to travel with me, so how," said Captain Gray, who was severely disappointed; but the Kentucky blood was hot in his veins, and as he expressed to his wife, he was "independent as a hog in ice."

"Can't I be in Ada's company any more?" Effie asked.

"Oh, yes; you'll see each other every few days," said Mansfield, who, nevertheless, had secretly determined to get ahead and keep ahead. To say that he felt awkward, embarrassed, and guilty, would be saying no more than the truth. Deception was out of his line of business, and it was no easy matter for him to practice it successfully. Action and conscience alike betrayed him, and all saw in a twinkling the true cause of his desire to get away from them.

"Pa, we influenced Mrs. Weiden to undertake this journey," said Ada. "Her husband has been taken from her. Will it be right for us to leave her now, when she has had such severe affliction?"

"If Maurice is the man we think he is, he will take care of her," was her father's reply.

"But I thought to help her drive her team. You know that there is no one left to drive her mules. Suppose she gets sick, what will become of her?"

"It does look too bad, Henry," interposed his wife.

"My stakes are set," the father answered, sternly. "Come! get in the carriage; we must go on."

Ada took affectionate leave of her friends, in whose benevolence she had proved so great a comforter. Tears were in her eyes when she kissed Effie with a murmured "Good-bye." Mrs. Weiden wept. Ada's own heart was beating a loud tattoo of mingled struggles; but forgetful of her own misery, she strove to comfort her friends.

"Good-bye, Maurice." Her voice was husky and eyes humid. Since the first evening of their journeying west of the Missouri River, they had not spoken of their feelings toward each other; but each had read the other's heart and built up cherished fancies of the misty future. He looked at her with a searching glance, as though he longed for words of hers to strengthen his hope. She read deep tenderness and undying affection in his thrilling look and gave him her hand. He did not speak, but pressed it to his heart. She yielded lightly to the mute caress and cast a meaning look of bitter triumph toward her father, who appeared oblivious to everything but his mules.

"I'll have to leave you behind, will I?" he said, at length. Her father had never spoken so sternly to her before.

"Read the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the first chapter of Ruth," said Ada, as she left the side of her betrothed. Affiliated they were, not in word, but in heart and soul. Both felt the hallowed force of this affinity, and it was as binding upon the conscience of each as if the vow had been sealed by a legal ceremony.

Mansfield felt ill at ease. His wife knew that she had committed a wrong against her daughter, though the depth of the suffering she had helped to inflict she could not discern.

Ada was pale but cheerful, and strove to perform her duty toward her parents and the orphan children the same as before. She did not longer talk, walk, or read, as had been her habit, but would sit in the carriage for hours, gazing upon the changing scenery as the vehicle rolled along, and often would not speak until she had been repeatedly addressed.

Her parents noticed her altered mien with vexation and sorrow. Her last words to Maurice had set them to thinking and planning deliberately about what course to pursue. Ada saw that they read her inward sighs and did not try to work upon their feelings in any way. She trusted in her lover and felt certain that all would come right in due time. She would gladly have shared her new and holy emotions of spirit with her parents; but she saw that this was impossible. And thus she learned her first lesson of deceit. If they had been as kind to her as formerly, her draught of bitterness would have been more easily quaffed; but she saw that they blamed her for the course she had taken, although she felt conscious of having done no wrong; and while she rejoiced in her new-awakened sensations, a load of sorrow-tugged hourly at her heart, because of her parents' censures.

Maurice was sorely tried. Most of his companions laughed at him about losing his mate, or plied him with impudent innuendoes. He enjoyed Herbert's confidence, and when camping time arrived, the first evening after the separation, they went together to a grassy nook to herd the cattle.

"Have you read the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the first chapter of Ruth?" Herbert asked.

"I have had no opportunity to do so yet; but I recollect their import."

Herbert took a small Bible from his pocket and turned to the place.

"Estate thou not to leave thee, nor to turn from following after thee: Where thou goest will I go, and where thou lodgest will I lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

"The Lord do so to me and more also, if I forget thee death part thee and me."

"I glory in her spirit," said Herbert.

"If I had known what was in her heart in the passage of Scripture to which she alluded this morning, I think I would have been compelled to ejaculate 'bravo!'"

Mr. Mansfield's pretty smart man; but a boy who may never be half as old he can tell him that it's no use to try to compel that girl to do wrong."

"Do you think she would be doing wrong to give me up?"

"Most certainly I do. Do you suppose she'll think it's right to sever holy bonds after they've been woven in Heaven?"

"Why, Herbert, I believe you have a man's head upon your shoulders. I'd rather go to you for counsel than to any of the so-called wise men who would crush into dust the holiest yearnings of our inner lives. It looks hardly possible that you could speak as you do, without having had experience in matters of the heart. I could not have talked so a year ago."

"My mother trained me aright, sir. If I live to be a man, her precepts and example shall guide me in all I undertake."

"Observe that resolution, Herbert, and you will be a man among men."

Mr. Mansfield had conjectured rightly about the chances for expeditions traveling being on the side of small companies. The large trains come to a bad portion of the road, and when one wagon gets through it has to halt until the whole number, a dozen or more, are safely over. The lone wagon can move on after crossing all such places, and the advantage gained by this alone in a few weeks travel is remarkable. Then, we have known a whole company to be delayed for hours for the morning by the disappearance of somebody's ox or horse.

Ada writes under date of June 23th:

"We have a very grand view to-day of a range of bluffs on the south side of the river. They have the appearance of dome-shaped dwellings, churches, and every variety of public buildings, seeming as if surrounded by an impenetrable fortress. As we travel on the illusion is partly dispelled, but the bluffs still wear the same appearance, although not altogether so picturesque and complete."

"It is rumored that gold mines of value have been found on the south side of the Platte, on a stream called Deer Creek, and that more than three hundred men have stopped and are digging for the precious ore."

"A tragedy was related at our camp this morning, which made my blood run cold. Some men—we did not learn their names—informed us that they had found the body of a man about a hundred miles back, who had been murdered by the roadside. There were two pistol shots and several cuts upon his body inflicted with a bowie-knife. The men say that they had no spare with which to dig a grave, so they straightened the body upon the ground and threw earth and sand over him with their hands. No clue has been found as to his identity, or the perpetrators of the deed, though many strongly suspect the men who told us the story to be the guilty parties."

"We encamped near a tributary of the Platte, in a lovely cluster of bitter cottonwoods."

"June 27th.—We traveled along the river until near noon, when the road turned abruptly to the right and we left the Platte forever. The river water was much better than when we first became acquainted with the stream, the bed had narrowed, the current was more rapid, and the general appearance of the country had improved so much, that we felt a little sorry to leave the Platte, notwithstanding the complaints often made against it."

"It is very idly traveling without my former associates, but my parents have willed it, and I must submit. They'll feel their error some day. 'Man proposes, but God disposes.'"

"We are camped opposite the Red Buttes. They are about three hundred feet high, and the color of well-burnt brick. They are lovely, simple grand in appearance, but the mosquitoes are so annoying that we have no patience to observe the beauties of nature."

"We heard this evening that two men were drowned to-day, when trying to swim the Platte where we last saw it. The current is so rapid, and the water so deep and cold, that I wonder that any one will be fool-hardy enough to run such a risk. Three other men who entered the stream at the same time landed safely upon this side. They brought with them some specimens of mica, and from the conclusions they could form, they believe that gold could be found in abundance along Deer Creek, if the mines could be properly worked."

"June 28th.—We have journeyed over an interrupted sage plain all day. In the morning it was sage, at noon sage-brush, and this evening it is sage-brush and a very appearance of old, gnarled, knotty trees."

"Alkali abounds to a great extent, and it requires great vigilance to keep the cattle from drinking standing or slowly running water. We saw beds of salt and borax in many places. The marshes where alkali abounds emit a very disagreeable odor, but we can pass over such places in one or two minutes, and are not troubled again with the odor till we come to the next one. We passed a dozen or more of such marshes to-day. Were favored with a light shower this afternoon, and the evening is pleasant."

"June 29th.—We struck Sweet Water River to-day, and enjoyed a splendid view of Independence Rock. Fanny Waters, a young lady from a neighboring town, tried with me to climb the

Rock, but we had not ascended more than thirty feet before a hail storm drove us back. When I reached the river, the carriage was across, and O'Donaldson was just driving his cattle to the water's edge. I rode across in the wagon. Pa said he intended to let me wade it, to teach me to keep up with the carriage. He never was cross to me until lately. What can it mean? Does he expect me to break an attachment over which I have no control, by unkind words and bitter fault-finders? I almost rebel against this first iron band that has ever bound me, but I will try to endure it longer, if possible."

"We encamped near the Devil's Gate, an opening in the everlasting mountains of rock, through which the Sweet Water passes. Pa and I paid this gate a visit in company with many others, who have camped here for the night, to hear highland music reverberating through these massive cliffs. A bagpipe and bugle were the instruments used, and I thought that it was no wonder William Wallace could fire his men with love for freedom, when he sent such music as this through the bold-browed mountains and wild ravines of their romantic, rugged home. How I wish Maurice could be here with his fute. But I dare not breathe such a wish to my parents, who, of all others, ought to receive the full confessions of my longing heart. Is it any wonder that young folks are deceitful, when fathers and mothers will not accept their confidence?"

"June 30th.—We traveled all day up the Sweet Water, between two towering ranges of mountain rocks. We noticed a grave to-day, bearing the inscription: 'Henry Norton, murdered June 23th. The murderer lies in the next grave.' Another bears the inscription: 'Wilson Winters, hung June 23th, 18—.' Only yesterday this tragedy was consummated! What a warning to the living!"

"Quarrels, strife, discussions, blaspheemies, evil-speaking and tyranny, seem to have been turned loose upon those that the pestilence has left."

"The scenery, grand enough to enchant anybody but a southerner, elevates no one. Every person is tired and fatigued beyond limit of human endurance, and the least spark ignites our combustible temper, so that we go off in a paroxysm of fury. It is hard to tell me the least pacificities, ma, O'Donaldson, or myself. I heard a man say to-day that the Plains were a testing-place for folks' tempers. He said that he could find out just what kind of a man his neighbor was, by taking a trip like this. I told him that his theory was wrong, because persons are never upon these Plains that they are at home. A few stupid people get along well enough, but it's because they haven't energy enough to do otherwise."

"The children, Johnny, Dilly and Eda, are capable of teaching us a lesson of forbearance, but we best their example too little. No wonder murders occur among fighting folks, when those who were never ill-tempered before see now so petulant and excitable."

"July 1st.—Some of the Sweet Water Mountains are covered with snow, though they do not look high enough to be above the snow-line. A chain of the Wind River Mountains is visible ahead of us. Their lofty peaks are capped with snow, sparkling and glittering in the sunlight like crowns of opals and topaz, often reflecting amber shades upon the more unpretending hill-tops, and tinging the far-off valleys with a gleam of gold. The wind blows very disagreeably and the air is cold enough for frost."

"July 2d.—We took a cut-off this forenoon and managed to get ahead of about fifty teams, which had been sent into the annoying, never-failing dust upon our faces all the morning."

"The feet of our cattle are badly worn. The roads are rocky, and in many places the stones are like sharpened flints. We pass a great many lame and worn-out cattle. The air is literally filled the stench arising from dead oxen."

"July 3d.—While our numerous friends in the States are enjoying the anniversary of our glorious Independence, we are progressing, slowly but steadily, upon our weary way. The weather is cold enough for snow. Pa says it's too cold for feathery flakes to fall. 'Don't ye see, Miss Ada, they're fruz above us?' The gray, dull sky, indeed, has that appearance."

"July 5th.—Last night we were visited by a violent hurricane, which upset the tent and rocked the vehicles from side to side. Many cattle and horses stamped from the different corrals, and some have not yet been found."

"I believe I grow more anxious and miserable every day. Pa and ma do not see it, but if this state of things continues, I shall give up in despair. I thought everything in life so beautiful, but now darkness insufferable is my companion, and I cannot dispel gloomy forebodings of approaching trouble."

"I know not why or whom, or wherefore come these strange forebodings. But my heart is glum."

"With grief, and give me help to the home. Of children's hope, but strength only master."

"I wonder where Captain Gray's Company is to-day."

[To be continued.]

The New York Press—Woman Suffrage.

New York, July 10, 1875.

The National Woman Suffrage annual meeting has just closed without causing a ruffle. It was held in the grand hall of the new Masonic Temple, corner Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, was well attended, had able speakers, was a most interesting and successful one. The general press, the great question is no less important—the justice of depriving half our population of their constitutional right is as great and glaring to-day as ever before; indeed, the average mind of the people has settled down to consider its eminent propriety, and no longer is it popular for the press to ridicule it or its eminent champions. Even the able address of Mr. Frothingham was passed over in silence, though evidently framed to afford comfort to both the advocate and opponents of female suffrage; while the logical, sound, legal argument of Miss Burham, the eminent female lawyer of Philadelphia, and which would have done credit to any national statement, was wholly unnoticed by the press. The hall was crammed, and many standing up. The only conclusion I have come to is, that the power of money which has taken such complete control over our publication offices (we can scarcely call them the old-fashioned newspapers), has exercised its terrible influence on the publishers and managers that there is no longer any thought or consideration for humanity. We are evidently becoming a nation of tyrants and fools. The average great newspaper of to-day is simply part of the great monopoly machinery for plundering the people, and nothing which does not promote such results for humanity. We are these great publishers and managers, known as our great city duffies. If they attack an evil, or allude in any way to the great sinners and banking systems of robbery, it is evident to a close reader done only to compel the attention of the public to show a larger proportion of the plunder with themselves, whereupon they again become silent and satisfied.

Henceforth the ladies would do well to hold their conventions in a more civilized city. New York, Wall street influence is going back towards barbarism. Correspondence of the Industrial Advocate.

The Man Hold the Reins.

This is an age of progress, and it has been said that man holds the reins, but woman tells him where to drive. The present and the past have demonstrated that woman is man's equal after all. Civilization has brought her up from a state of servitude and slavery, and has endeavored to that of admiration, so that whether in the schools or elsewhere, she is found to compete with the lords of creation. This is not to be wondered at when we consider that in point of intellect and power of endurance she has no superior. As to the acquirement of knowledge, she dares to excel; and as to the professions, she proposes to enter her claim for each and all of them; and whether as physician, lawyer or preacher, she now comes to the front. This is an age of practical realities that seems to have no place for dross, and whether men or women, everything seems to be on the move. There are none so blind as those who will not see. Women all over the world are making their influence felt. As reigning powers for ages in the past they have distinguished themselves, and none have been more successful and popular than Queen Victoria, now ruling over England. A few weeks since a Mrs. Williams, a Illinois, "a woman of quietly bearing," preached in the finest church in the city of Baltimore, the Mount Vernon Church, to an immense congregation, and on the same day many more of similar kind preached in other churches in the same city. Thus we see that we are living in an extraordinary age of the world; an age in which the most wonderful feats are being performed by what is termed the "new women of the world." Civilization advances we can scarcely tell what to expect. The fact that the world is to become wiser and greater, we