

CAPTAIN GRAY'S COMPANY.

Crossing the Plains and Living in Oregon.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNWAY. AUTHOR OF "TUDOR REID," "ELLEN HOWE," "ANNE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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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 associations confined to the illiterate and struggling pioneers of the land of her adoption, conceived the idea of entering in some way the world's arena of letters. Being possessed of fertile imagination, imperfect education, affectionate nature, feeble strength, and romantic disposition, and having encountered many strange experiences which made her timid and old before her time, Mrs. Dunway compiled her crude ideas in the form of a novel, and indeed all the important incidents thereof, being founded upon facts, so grouped as to form a connected story. She has been induced to re-publish the work in these columns, partly because of a desire to revise and correct the original work of both herself and the publisher, and partly because so often urged to do so by subscribers, that she feels under obligation to accede to their demands.

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 frigid climate of Eastern winters and the torrid temperature of Eastern summers, this revised relic of the reminiscences of her youth is respectfully dedicated, by THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XX. HUBERT'S RETURN.

The same excitement and bustle that had characterized the preparations for the former exhibitions, were repeated in getting ready for this one. Mrs. Welden and her children, Florence and Miss Martin, Maurice, Ada and Dr. Stanton, took lodgings that Herbert had secured for them three days in town.

Much progress had been made in the school by many of the students, for Mr. Barton was not content with superficial accomplishments, but required careful and thorough investigation of every science, while the art and practice of eloquent speech and composition received a due share of his judicious attention.

Effie had read her composition and had taken her seat upon the stage, while waiting for Herbert and Eliza to finish a dialogue, which, from its very singularity, was attracting the undivided attention of every one, when a shadow darkened the doorway. She looked involuntarily at the intruder. Surprise drove the blood from her cheeks; her vision was dimmed for a moment, but the hot blood suddenly mounted to her face again, giving a deeper hue to her sunny curls, which at that moment were suddenly burnished by the sun's rays that darted from behind a western cloud through the open window.

The little jewelry which she wore was tastefully adjusted to suit her youthful appearance, for, though now in her twentieth year, she appeared but little older than the girl of fourteen who had so deeply interested the audience, or part of it, more than six years before.

The stranger, a noble-looking young man, apparently twenty-six years of age, silently took a seat, attracting no particular attention from any one but Effie. Hubert Munson had grown a little in stature, and his slender figure had broadened into the symmetrical proportions of a well-built man. He sported luxuriant whiskers, and had acquired something of the air of an Englishman, by a residence in London, where for several years he had lived and dreamed and studied. He looked hard at Effie for a few moments, and then his eye sought his father's, who averted his face, though Hubert knew he had been recognized.

In compliance with his wife's request, Mr. Munson had once written to his son stating a report, which, to do him justice, had acquired something of the semblance of truth, that Effie was soon to be married to Ralph Holmes, a brother of Winnie's, a lawyer, who before Winnie's marriage and removal to California, had paid her marked attention.

Hubert was advised to write to her no more, for his father stated that she was getting spoiled by flattery and attention, and his continued writing would only add to his causes for mortification in the end.

As for the boasted firmness of human integrity! Notwithstanding his professed faith in his betrothed, he had bitten his step-mother's bait from his father's hand, and had been caught in the net of distrust. Mr. Munson believed that what he had written would come true in time, for to him the idea that a city belle who received attractive offers of marriage almost daily would reject them all for the sake of a first love from whom she had heard nothing for years, was preposterous. He advised his son to settle in London after his travels were completed, where he could have ample opportunity to drown his mortification in amusement and study.

A sudden desire to visit his childhood's haunts had prompted him to seek once more the abode of his youth. After a brief sojourn in the interior of Vermont, where his mother had lived and died, and a hasty visit among his college

The New Northwest.

chums who yet remained in Philadelphia, he embarked for Oregon, little dreaming that the object of his former regard was yet awaiting his coming with longing eyes and aching heart.

Effie was too deeply absorbed in the one great idea of the returned, to pay much heed to the closing exercises of the day. As if fate had planned a romance of reality in which she was to figure as chief actress, the closing song of the day was assigned to her and Herbert; her part being to sing and play, while Herbert accompanied the performance with his flute. Her cheeks had assumed a crimson hue, and the fire of suppressed feeling had kindled a glow of excitement in her eyes when she took her seat at the piano, facing the audience, and threw herself into an old-fashioned love-song.

Flute and piano were scarcely heard in comparison with the deep, earnest, musical strains of the singer's voice, who, without any effort to act her part, warmed the subject with the fire of her own deep heart. Power and pathos, such as never before had so completely crowned her public efforts, were this time thrown into the spirit of her song, and the listeners were entranced, until, at the close, instead of a shower of bouquets and loud cries for more, old and young bowed their heads in silence, and the tears of feeling dimmed the eyes of many. To cover the silence which was beginning to grow embarrassing, Eliza Crandall, at a sign from the Principal, took the seat that Effie had resigned, and played a lively air, which gently lowered the listeners from the height to which they had been carried.

A list of performances for the evening was read, and with many thanks to the audience, Mr. Barton dismissed them until that time.

As soon as Hubert could elbow his way through the throng of ladies and gentlemen who were striving to gain admittance to the circle of successful students, he stepped up to Effie and offered his hand. He gazed earnestly into her eyes; a look that puzzled her, as she did not know that for years he had thought her married.

"When did you return?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"I reached the city about an hour ago."

"Why have you been absent so long?"

"No matter now. Is your brother present?"

"Excuse me; I had not thought but that you were acquainted. My brother, Mr. Munson."

Herbert looked surprised as he so suddenly confronted the intelligent looking stranger of whom he had heard so much, and the thought that his sister had made a good selection crossed his mind, as he cordially grasped his hand.

"I will see you again, Miss Goodwin; at present, I must look for father," he said in an undertone, as he bowed himself away.

Eliza Crandall observed aside to Mr. Barton, that if he wanted to hear another romance, he might hide behind a pillar the next morning, and she could entertain him with a story equal to the last one she had invented.

Hubert met his father at the door. A few words of greeting passed, and he asked him to step aside from the crowd.

"Father, why did you write me that Effie Goodwin was to be married, so long ago?"

"I wrote just what I had reason to believe, from Ralph Holmes' attentions and her manner of receiving them, would be the result of their intimacy."

"And when you found that the report was untrue, why didn't you inform me of the mistake?"

"I never thought it necessary. I dare say now, that she doesn't care a fig for you."

"That doesn't clear your skirts, dear father. How am I to face her and say that the blame of my misconduct rests upon my father's head?"

"Don't be concerned about that. You can tell her that your studies kept you away. If she cares anything about you, she'll be too happy to ask many questions; and if she doesn't regard you very particularly, you needn't tell her anything," he replied, turning, as if anxious to get away from the scrutinizing gaze of his son.

Hubert stationed himself at the door, intending to escort Effie to her boarding-house, but Hugh Waters, whose matrimonial intentions were a secret to all but the one interested, had the post, and only stopping to receive an anxious smile from his betrothed, he turned away, and walked rapidly toward his father's dwelling.

"Why, Hubert! you here?" exclaimed his step-mother, as he passed the net of distrust. Mr. Munson believed that what he had written would come true in time, for to him the idea that a city belle who received attractive offers of marriage almost daily would reject them all for the sake of a first love from whom she had heard nothing for years, was preposterous. He advised his son to settle in London after his travels were completed, where he could have ample opportunity to drown his mortification in amusement and study.

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terly, as he kissed his little sister, who seemed to know him.

"We have told her so much about you, that she considers herself acquainted," said her mother, wishing to turn his mind from the thoughts she knew he was indulging in regard to herself. He did not reply, but set the child in the carriage, and continued his homeward walk. But few of his old acquaintances recognized him, and he had no further interruption until he reached his father's door. The old Irish cook admitted him with a "Bless me soul, honey, how ye do change," as she scanned his countenance.

He entered the garden, the "trysting place" of days gone by, and paced the gravel walks, in no very enviable mood.

"Is this the reception I am doomed to meet after so many years of absence," he said aloud.

He heard his father at the door, and entered the parlor just as Allie came in, all smiles and happiness, to greet him. His father asked him many questions concerning his travels and life abroad, but he was not in an amiable humor, and would only talk in monosyllables.

He glanced at the mirror, and started at the sight of his be-whiskered visage.

"While dinner is being prepared, I believe I'll run up town and get shaved, father," he remarked as he left the house.

"This is awkward business, Hattie," said Mr. Munson impatiently. "I'll never trouble myself with match-making or breaking again, that is certain."

"Yes, it's awkward. That impudent jade will make out a great story on her side. If Hubert could know her as well as I do, he'd change his mind about her artlessness, of which he's boasted so much."

"I don't know. If I had followed the dictates of my own conscience, I could now be prepared to welcome her as a daughter. As it is, I have hearkened to you, and cannot look either her or Hubert in the face."

"I can't!"

"I pity you then!" he answered indignantly.

Hubert emerged from a barber's shop, and had started back to his father's, when he met Hugh Waters, who joined him in his walk.

"Miss Goodwin commissioned me to inform you that she will be pleased to see you in the drawing-room of the hotel."

"Are you a friend of that young lady?"

"I once wanted to be something more, but she told me confidentially that she was engaged, and my fancy then wandered in another direction. I suppose the news will not spread very far, by letting you into the secret."

Hubert felt a little vexed at the stranger's rudeness, and was about to reply, when Hugh informed him that they were opposite the hotel.

Fanny Waters and Effie were standing at a bay window looking at the river, and talking in an earnest undertone.

"Well, Mr. Run-away! here have Effie and I been waiting for fifteen minutes for you to escort us down to dinner," said Fanny to Hugh, before she noticed that Hubert was with him.

"Mr. Munson, my sister," said Hugh. Effie offered a chair, and dropped into a seat, feeling deeply faint.

"I expect nothing else but that greedy company will devour the last of that savory meal. Come, Hugh," and the brother and sister left the room.

The interview was painful to both the lovers for a few moments, but soon, forgetful of all past doubts and troubles, Effie was pillowing her head upon his bosom, happy as a mortal could be.

"I always knew you would come," she said lovingly.

"If I had not been a villain, I would have come years ago. Do you know why I stayed away?"

"Your father told me one day last week that you had settled in Europe, and would never return. He didn't tell me why."

"Well, I will tell you. He wrote me, more than four years ago, that you were going to be married to Ralph Holmes. It was a rumor he had heard, and he never took the pains to correct it."

Effie started with surprise. "Would your father do such a thing?"

"Not of himself, my birdie. But in his case, you know there is a power behind the throne greater than the throne." He is to be pitied, not blamed.

"I forgive him, with all my heart."

"I said that time would only clothe my peerless one with deeper loveliness, and the prophecy is fulfilled!" he exclaimed, as he caught her in his arms.

Footsteps were heard in the hall, and soon the room was filled with Effie's friends, all of whom were introduced to Hubert.

"Pardon me, Miss Willard," said Hubert, "but I wish to know if Michigan is not your native State?"

"It is. Why?"

"You so completely resemble a maternal aunt of mine who married a Mr. Willard, in Vermont, and afterwards removed to Michigan, that I almost called you cousin."

then aloud—"I'd like to see you get a straight thread out of this tangle."

"We are all interested," remarked Ada. Florence withdrew a few paces from her cousin, and recited the following story:

"My grandfather Reynolds had two daughters. One of them married a Mr. Munson, and settled on the old Vermont homestead. The other married Mr. Willard, who removed to Michigan, and remained there until I, his daughter, was eleven years old. He then died of quick consumption, and my mother soon followed him to the grave. We wrote to Uncle Munson, but received no answer, and did not know where he had gone. A bachelor uncle, a brother of my father's, brought me with him to this country, and I have this hour found a cousin of whom I have not heard for twelve years. This is my romance. I might spin this untangled thread into a skein a thousand miles long, if I had the patience to do so and could get listeners," she said, turning to Hugh.

"Now Hubert, we must hear your story."

"My father has been in Oregon ten years. He removed here shortly after his second marriage, for, like my cousin, I was left motherless at an early age. Our mothers were twin sisters. Floy's mother had just such ringlets as she has. Her eyes were as black and features as fair. Mine, though equally fair, had brown, glossy hair and pale eyes. I was a frolicking youngster of five years when aunt Mildred was married. I saw her but seldom after her removal, but I remember her distinctly now, as the very image of my newly-found cousin."

"We'll have to call upon Eliza Crandall to weave a romance out of this meeting," said Herbert, to his sister.

"I can do it!" exclaimed Eliza, roughly, as she stepped from behind a screen, where she had placed herself without being seen by the others, much to the amusement of Mrs. Welden and Ada.

"You've dropped from cloud-land, haven't you?"

Herbert was confused out of all thought of playful repartee, but Fanny came to the rescue.

"No, she hadn't dropped from cloud-land, only stepped from behind a screen. Mrs. Stanton showed me her retreat, and I've been aching to point her out for the last ten minutes."

"Are you anxious to hear the story, Mr. Goodwin? I suppose I must call you Mr. in company, though you're plain Herbert at school."

"You needn't mind the story, or the 'Mr.' either, for that matter. At present we will try to be satisfied with realities, and consign romances to oblivion."

"The 'realities' were what I proposed to tell, but of course I shan't insist upon it. There is one married man in the company, and I'm going to talk to him a while."

She took a seat beside Maurice, and was soon conversing upon a scientific topic with an interest that surprised him.

"I think," said Mrs. Welden, aside to Ada, "that Cupid is at work all around us. Miss Waters is the only person I see who is not smitten."

"Do you think Miss Crandall has yielded to Cupid's machinations?"

"If you'll remark the glances between her and Hugh you'll find out whether she has yielded or not. They studiously avoid each other, and, long as we have known him, he has never hinted that he was acquainted with her."

"You're ahead of me in reading physiognomy, Meggie."

"Fanny, don't you ever get smitten with the Oregon mania of getting married?"

"Why, Mrs. Stanton! do you suppose anybody would have me? I'm twenty-two years old! There's no chance for me in this country, unless I marry some old widower with a house full of children, and spend my life in servitude, just for the honor of being a Mrs. My father can do better by me than any other man can who will have me," and she laughed a merry peal, that did not sound as though she regretted having lived single till grown.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you will please excuse me till the Institute bell rings. I promised my father to return to dinner, and have stayed until twilight," said Hubert, looking at his watch.

Something attracted Herbert's attention.

"Mr. Munson, will you please to let me look at that watch?"

"Certainly."

Herbert took the valuable gold re-peater in his hand, while he trembled with emotion.

"What's the matter, brother?"

"Look!" and he pointed to the initials engraved upon the inside of the case. "G. H. G.—George Horace Goodwin; my father's and grandfather's name."

"But perhaps there is some mistake," and Effie grew as deeply excited as her brother was.

"No; here's a scratch that I made with my pen-knife, before mother sold it. I did it purposely, for I felt that I would some time see it again."

"I purchased it at a pawnbroker's shop in New York, at a reduced price. I have carried it ever since I arrived at

New York, when I started upon my long traveling expedition, more than six years ago. I bought it before I had been in the city an hour," and he loosed the chain from his button-hole and handed it to Herbert, adding that its use had been compound interest on the money invested in its purchase.

"Be sure to come back in time to go with us to the Institute," said Florence, as he moved away.

"Trust me for that. I couldn't be hired to remain away," with a meaning smile, that was half-directed toward Effie, who grew very deeply interested in the newly-found watch.

"Miss Martin, you must be taking items; you have nothing to say," said Mrs. Welden, with a smile.

"There is material for 'items' here, that is certain. I was just now remarking the healthy bloom upon Mrs. Crandall's cheeks. We don't often see such rosy faces among the married ladies of Oregon."

"The farmers' wives are overworked in-doors, and the city ladies have too little exercise in-doors or out. I turned a new leaf under Mrs. Stanton's directions, and from a nervous, half-sick, dependent creature I have become—through the blessing of God, and the free use of His mountain air—restored to perfect health."

"I have frequently written to my friends in the East about the poor health of Oregon ladies," said Miss Martin.

"If you had written respecting our pure country air, which the farmers' wives are generally too badly overworked to enjoy, and had used your influence to induce those in need of employment, who would gladly work in our kitchens, if they could get the chance to come to us, your letters would have done more good."

"I thank you for setting me right, for I had concluded that women could not be healthy in this country at all."

"We are not so strong as our mothers were, but if we will work in proportion to our strength, and use proper exercise and healthy food, we can have uninterrupted good health. I have too much faith in God to believe that He would send sickness or early death upon us, if we did not violate His laws."

"But there are places where, if we live in strict conformity to the rules for life and health, we will be sick, because the air is impure. Who makes the impure air?"

"God makes the cause that produces the effect. The cause is the necessary decay of vegetation, or oft-times, the stagnation of standing water, etc. But our natural senses immediately warn us to keep away, when we enter the vicinity of such places, or to render the air pure by drainage or fires. In our eagerness to amass riches we settle in such places and cannot take the time to drain the marshes and destroy decaying matter. Again, in places where agriculture is prevalent, a company of speculators, with more enterprise than discretion, form huge mill-dams, which they can't afford to drain occasionally, lest their work should stop, and the water becomes diseased, poisonous. Sickness is a natural consequence; an effort of nature to throw off the impurities that are constantly inhaled, eaten or drunk. Doses of calomel and quinine are administered, that appear to check the progress of disease for a while, but a permanent cure is not effected. The patient worries through a few miserable years; blames the country and his God; nature gives up the struggle, and he dies. Mankind is the author of much mischief and misery that are attributed to mysterious Providence."

"But why are women more subject to disease than men?"

"Because they get less pure air, and let men say what they will to the contrary, they endure more slavish toil than themselves. Whoever heard of Oregon men working like slaves all day, and then sitting up till midnight to sew, without having tasted the undiluted nectar of God's pure atmosphere for weeks?"

Mrs. Welden had become so interested with her theme that she did not notice the interest she was attracting.

Dr. Stanton eyed her curiously over his spectacles.

"Madam, where did you get your skill?" he asked, when she had ceased.

"From common sense, from experience, and from your son and daughter," she replied, promptly.

"Did you ever? Here are two women and an M. D. discussing hygiene, as though life and death were at stake this moment, and they were judges of the wager," said Hugh.

"Health and life and death are very nearly allied, Hugh," said Mrs. Welden.

"Oh, if I'm going to get a chanel-house lecture, I'll say no more," he replied, trying to laugh.

"Why, brother! how can you be so rude to ladies, and speak so jestingly of horrible things?" said Fanny.

"They are not 'horrible' to those who keep accounts balanced between themselves and God," said Ada, with a radiant smile.

"I'm not in the humor to hear theological points discussed just now, and you will pardon me for changing the subject."

Hubert re-entered at this moment, the college-bell began to toll, and a general hurry and preparation among la-

dies and children changed the current of conversation.

"I think you'll have company without me, won't you, Floy?" whispered her cousin, playfully.

"Certainly! I'm not in the habit of going without an escort. I'm certain I shan't need your services," and she cast a roguish glance into his eyes as Herbert took his place by her side.

Effie looked more lovely than she had ever appeared before. The sudden excitement that had served to kindle the glow upon her cheeks served to keep it there; and her bright, blue eyes emitted a beaming light of awakened happiness.

Hubert whispered, "I am proud of you," a dozen times during their walk. Hugh took his place beside Eliza, to whom he had been engaged for a year, but whose company he had never kept in public until now.

"A married man has to perform double duty, five times told," laughed Maurice, as he escorted Fanny, Ada, Mrs. Welden, Miss Martin and the six children into the street.

"No one is better suited to the task," said Hugh. "Besides, you will soon have help," he continued, as Dr. Stanton, Sr., took his grand-children by the hand, repeating endearing coaxings and jests.

"What did you really think of Mrs. Welden's talk this evening, Hugh?" Eliza asked.

"It's important, I suppose. But when health, death, or Providence is the theme of conversation I always want to be away. I must apologize to the ladies, though, for my thoughtless talk."

"Hugh, I begin to think seriously of serious matters. My school-days are now over, and I am going to see if I can't live as Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Welden do. I'm afraid of them, for I'm not so good as they are. Effie and Florence also belong to their stamp. I looked at them to-day, when you thought I hadn't a serious or solid thought in my rattle-pated cranium, and seriously resolved, with the help of God, to do and be like them."

"If you are going to be 'good,' I'd rather see you imitate them than many others I could name who profess to be religious; but deep-toned morality, I confess, always stifles me."

"I hope you'll talk differently from this before long, Hugh. If you knew how I desire to see you lay aside your frivolity, I believe you'd try to do it."

"Physician, heal thyself, I might say, but there is more sense in your fun than mine; I'll have to admit that."

"I'll try to quit it, if you will."

"I want you always to be cheerful, dear. Christianity would take better with the world if those who profess it would be 'not as the hypocrites are, of a sad countenance,' that takes the form of a holy horror whenever their particular views are contradicted."

Holy and contented joy reigned in the breasts of each of our friends on that happy evening.

"Loving and beloved." Than this there is not a more hallowed bliss, this side of heaven. And if such union of feeling causes so holy a sensation in our souls upon earth, will we not realize and enjoy it to a still greater extent in the bowers of Paradise?

[To be continued.]

What Can Women Do?

Now, what is the reason women should not select trades and professions just as men do, and learn them, too? Of course we don't expect them to take to blacksmithing, or become stevedores, hack-drivers or carpenters; but there are plenty of other vocations to adopt, if they will only begin patiently at the beginning. Suppose it never becomes necessary to work for a living, does it do a body any harm to know how? Isn't it better than a gold deposit in the bank to have a "bread winner" always on hand? We must all strike out into the great ocean of daily existence, and it behooves us all to take our life-preservers along! "Women never have done so," No, they never have—they have starved, and suffered, and perished quietly, and let us hope that the black chapter in their history is approaching its end. They never have done so, but it is high time they did. Let them leave off leaning blindly on old-fashioned manners and customs, and let them lean boldly on their own right hand, and cutting brains. People never know just how much they can do until they have tried. Professional careers for women are by no means as unusual as they once were. We do not mean professional careers *sub rosa*, for do we not know ministers' wives that write their husbands' sermons, and mathematicians' wives that make abstruse calculations, and doctors' wives that have the pharmacopoeia at their fingers' ends? We simply mean the thing itself. Female professors are beginning to occupy college chairs; here and there females are heard of in coast surveys, and females boldly enter the list of authorship and editor-land, and carry off laurels, too, from under the very nose of wondering man. Why shouldn't they? —Waverly Magazine.

This, from a Kentucky paper, is interesting: "The late Kentucky Legislature passed an act declaring that the wages and compensation of married women for labor and service performed by them shall be free from the debts and control of their husbands. For a number of years the courts of the State have been authorized to empower married women, on the joint application of themselves and their husbands, to act as single women in matters of business. So Kentucky is not so far behind the rest of the world, after all."—Ez.

The barnacles on the bottom of the steamship "Great Eastern" form a layer six inches thick in places, and are estimated to weigh three hundred tons.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

LAUDANUS.

O World, that rollest through the realms of space, Adorned in Nature's robes of richest grace. Thy grateful child sings praises, and the morn, The distant fields of green and tasseled corn, The darkling forest, climbing upward steep, Wherewith the tangled cloudlets softly creep; The far-off plain, in vernal drapery dressed, The babbling brook, by forest shades caressed, The border huntsman, eager for the chase, The boatman, plighting for a trial race, Alike salute thee at the wakening hour When Light, divided from the Dark, proclaims her magic power.