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Reasons.

A TRUE STORY.

One night, after tea, Master Johnny and Sue sat down at the table their problems to do.

Their task was in Euclid, and just about where the circle they wished to inscribe in a square.

Both eager began the two lines to draw: And when the whole thing little Sue thought she saw.

"My string's in a knot!" baby cries with a shout.

"Quick, Susan, my darling, help clear his snarl out."

Said the mother's kind voice; so what could she do,

But leave mathematics, and cope with the shoe.

One moment, no more! Then, back to her book,

Over the points once gained, again must she look.

Meanwhile, unmolested, her dear leather John,

The best problem finished, to the next plodded on.

Quick as flash Sue worked; the circle in- scribed,

And scarcely the new proposition had tried,

When again spoke the mother: "It comes to my mind

That Johnny's blue coat wants a button be- hind."

"He can't go to school without it, you know;

Come, Susan, my dear, please let the look go!"

"Twirl take but a second, with fingers so nim- ble;

There jump up, my child, get your scissors and thimble."

"There, that's a bright girl! and now run along!

But first, be quite sure you fasten it strong."

This one she made fast; but, alas! for the thread

Just lost in her hook, it had slipped from her hand.

Again she reviewed; worked rapid and well,

Though oft called away; indeed, I can't tell

The number of times that this sister Sue

Was summoned by all, "little nothings" to do.

While, uninterrupted, Johnny sat, resting sad

That a sister so careless of study he had.

Till, his lessons all learned, he sprang from the table,

With an air that savored of—"We boys are able."

Now, the house being still, and the hour being late,

Sue studied, contented that such is her fate.

When the door opens quick, her father steps in;

"How could I let Sue thus branches begin!

"John's work is accomplished, and he goes to bed;

But you can't give a girl a boy's clearer head;

Sue heard the remark, and she thought a re- ply,

But she can't quite make it, and good reason why.

She thought if she queried why John didn't say,

And saw on the buttons burst off in his play.

Or why baby's tangles he couldn't clear out,

Or help, now and then, in the running about—

In short, if she said all the things she could say,

Woman's rights there would be, if no other, to say.

But, next day, at school, at the head of her class,

Ahead of each boy, and ahead of each lass—

Upstood little Sue, and her points proved as clear,

As though she had studied for many a year.

Both shoulders Johnny shrugged, and said with a grin

"Yet girls are no students; they glance and take in

The whole of a theme, ere the 'great mists' be- gin."

ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE.

PART SECOND.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1872 by Mrs. A. J. Denney, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER III.

Ellen was too deeply injured for anger or resentment now. Gathering her shawl about her staggering form, she shiveringly retraced her steps across the frozen stream, with her senses stunted into semi-unconsciousness.

The resolves and deeds of which she had given such sudden promise seemed to have met their death blow, and the same state of apathetic indifference that had marked her actions during the few months preceding the commencement of her husband's action at law again possessed her.

The days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks rolled themselves into months. Winter yielded up his icy claims to the more genial spring-time, and the "Circuit Court," that wonderful reality in rural county towns, convened itself in pompous legal dignity.

Nobody expected that Ellen Dowd would appear against her husband in the suit for divorce. Even Dr. Goff had failed for many weeks to arouse a spark of seeming interest in her mind relative to the proceedings. He had urged her to retain counsel to no purpose, and his heart sank within him as the time for trial came.

Peter Dowd was sitting in the court room when the case was called, with an air of calm, decided triumph in his face that spoke volumes in his behalf. Niggardly as he had grown, this matter was of sufficient moment to loosen his purse strings, and two distinguished lawyers besides the Prosecuting Attorney were ready to protect him in his matrimonial rights and defend him in his possible pecuniary wrongs.

To the surprise of the Court, the idle spectators and Peter Dowd, Ellen, his wife, appeared in her own defense, and

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demanded trial by jury. Everybody's attention was arrested, and as the crowd gazed, their amazed eyes encountered a thin-lipped, anxious-visaged, nervous woman, her body wasted to a skeleton, with traces of former beauty heightened to a strange degree by a vivid hectic that burned upon her cheek.

The house of judgment grew hushed as death. Advancing to the front, and confronting the dignified Court, whose spectacles were poised within a quarter of an inch of the bridge of his nose, Ellen Dowd spoke:

"May I please your judgment, Sir, to grant me a personal hearing? This is all I ask."

"Put her out!" yelled somebody on the back benches.

Upraisings stamping followed this coarse outburst, and the Judge with difficulty restored order. Leaning forward, as though listening for a cry of distress, he said in a tender voice:

"What does the lady desire?"

Ellen started up as if possessed. In vain did Dr. Goff essay to warn her against rashness.

"I repeat the question, Sir. May I be heard?"

"Of course, madam, if you have no counsel, you may be heard at the proper time, but the trial must proceed in the regular form," was the suave reply.

"I demand a trial by a jury of my peers, remember," continued Ellen.

No objection was urged, but to find a jury who had heard nothing about the case, and therefore formed no opinion, was a tedious task; and when at last they were impaneled, but one pair of intelligent eyes were to be seen among them, and they were possessed by a dark-eyed stranger of commanding appearance, who looked pityingly upon the defendant from the box, while all the others seemed to enjoy the prospect of a prudent feat upon the details of a wretched scandal.

The trial proceeded. The principal witness against the defendant was the doughty magistrate who had served the writ upon her. He testified that defendant had confessed to him that she had never meant to speak, but the truth was being wrong from her; that he had warned her against criminalizing herself, because he had felt it was his duty to let her know that she was so doing. But her conversation and hints, and above all her manner, had convinced him that all was not right, so he had watched the house of Jacob Graham on the night after the old man's burial, and had satisfied himself that Jacob Graham had not been her only favorite.

Great sympathy was manifested for poor, dishonored Peter Dowd. The wife listened in silence while he gave his testimony, a deeper hectic burning on her cheek.

One by one the various circumstances against her were brought forward and substantiated until the witnesses for the prosecution were through.

There appeared to be nothing to offer for the defense. Dr. Goff, being among the accused, was denied the privilege of giving testimony, and the case looked hopeless enough.

At last opportunity was given for Ellen Dowd to say why sentence for divorce should not be pronounced against her. The verdict of Judge and jury was plainly reflected in the faces of the assembled multitude, and it seemed little else than downright madness in her to attempt to say a word. Arising with a calmness in her manner that astonished the gaping crowd, and turning to the jury, in whose determined, stolid faces she could detect but the one pair of kindly gleaming eyes, she began:

"I have indeed much to say to you, O men, my brothers, who sit to-day between me and the children for whom I have given my life, my anguish, my toil, until I stand before you upon what should be the sunny side of thirty years, with my health destroyed, my character maligned, my hopes blasted, my property rights jeopardized!"

Down came the Judge's gavel.

"The defendant will limit her remarks to the case in point. Proceed."

"I beg pardon, Sir. But if your honor will have the magnanimity to place yourself for a brief season in my position, I think you will agree with me that the case in point includes everything that I have mentioned, and, indeed, much more. I further beg, that as I have been unable to procure such counsel as I desired, and am therefore the only one to be heard in my own defense, that your honor will grant me as much time as I shall need in which to state my case and argue my defense."

To this request the foreman of the jury, from whose kindly eyes Ellen gathered renewed confidence, added the wish of his colleagues, and the defendant stood up.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I do not appear in this trial to avoid a divorce. To be released from a legal alliance with a man who took advantage of my lonely childhood to make me his wife against my expressed abhorrence of the contract, is a boon which, did it come to me under different circumstances, I should prize above everything. It is not the divorce, but the grounds upon which it is sought, to which I object. I am accused of matrimonial infidelity. This I most decidedly deny, and I charge the perjured villain who has thus accused me"

Down again came the gavel, this time with emphatic vim.

"The defendant will not be permitted to indulge in personalities," said the Judge. "Go on."

"I beg your pardon, as in duty bound," was the quick reply. "But I have heard very plain personalities from witnesses all morning. I did not know that defendants were denied the same privileges."

"You are to be fined ten dollars for contempt of court," said the Judge, angrily.

Ellen bowed in acquiescence, and turning to the jury, resumed her defense:

"I requested a trial by a jury of my peers. I find no fault with you, my brothers, for being men, but I do feel deeply aggrieved that you, being men, are not my peers. Men have sued for this divorce; men have been witnesses, Judge and jury, and yet there is much, indeed everything, at stake necessary to establish my innocence, which I cannot state to a jury of men, and which, not even if I were the brazen outcast which men have charged that I am. You have seen that my principal witness, Dr. Goff, who was my mother's physician at my birth, has been accused of complicity in the crime of which I stand charged. His testimony in my behalf has been ruled out of court, and yet he is the only living man besides my legal persecutor who knows that my bodily infirmities are such as render indulgence in the crime of which I stand accused a horror that in itself drove me from the home I had earned and the presence of the children I love, and would live for, to seek refuge under the roof of the only friend I had. Jacob Graham was to me as a father. Dr. Goff, as my physician, protector and friend, called upon me in my desolation and spoke hearty words of cheer. This is the head and front of his offending."

Turning, with her cheeks aflame and eyes flashing with indignation, with her finger pointing scornfully at the man of the law, who had watched the windows where she lived "from a sense of duty," Ellen continued:

"The only man besides my legal master who ever offered me a word or look that was not fit to hear or see, sits before you, gentlemen of the jury. Look at him! I drove him from my presence with an iron poker! I only regretted that it was not red hot!"

The magistrate dropped his head and trembled. His agitation betrayed him, and the jury looked each other significantly in the eyes.

"I have here," continued Ellen Dowd, "a package given to me on the last night of his life by Uncle Jacob Graham. The seal has not been broken. I am unacquainted with its contents."

The package proved to be, as Dr. Goff had hinted, the will of the old man, and drawn and legally executed in favor of Ellen Dowd.

While the will was being read, loud whispers of "I told you so" were heard on every hand. The conviction of the defendant's guilt became fixed in the minds of the lookers-on, and the jury, with the one exception of the stranger with the beaming eyes, showed their adverse verdict in their faces.

The first page of the document had been finished, and the clerk was opening it to read on, when a loose paper fell to the floor. Ellen stooped to reach for it, when Peter snatched it from her hand and tore it into strips.

Down came the Judge's gavel with a vengeance, and the pieces were rescued in time to save them from the fire by Ellen's sudden movements. With much care the torn fragments were replaced, and were found to contain Jacob Graham's denial, before a notary public, of all the charges against himself and Ellen Dowd, and a declaration to defend her honor with his means and influence to the bitter end. This affirmation was further made, in consideration of the uncertainty of human life and the great need that Ellen Dowd should have his testimony in case of his death.

The charge of the Judge to the jury was brief and simple. The suit for divorce had been brought on a charge of adultery, which not having been proven, the cause for divorce did not exist, and was therefore null and void.

[To be continued.]

TRUE.—A writer in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* uses the following forcible language, founded in verity: "Long years have I felt that there was one crime for which the law provides no redress. The midnight murderer, incendiary and assassin is hunted as a human fiend, till the strong walls of the prison or the rope of the hangman cuts short his mad career of crime; but the slanderer—the incendiary, the burglar and assassin of character (or reputation)—fires the home, breaks the sacred locks of domestic security, and stabs to the heart 'old friends and true,' digging away where the little trickling pills of infamy have worn a tiny channel, until at last a surging, angry flood tears away all foundations, and leaves a great ragged wreck as a monument of his or her unholy work."

Mr. Frederick Lockyer, of London, is the author of this little verse, which contains a deal of truth:

They eat and drink and scheme and plod, And go to church on sundays;

And many are afraid of God, And more of Mrs. Grundy."

"Tell your sister," writes Smith of Troy, "that there is a book forthcoming entitled, 'The Gilded Life,' by the author of 'My Summer in a Garden.' In other words, Mark the Twain and Wrenn her."

Nashy on the Elevation of Woman.

Hannah Jane, said the preacher, was a girl of seventeen, that age at which so many maidens remain so many years. Beauty is nothing—as I know from experience! But Hannah Jane was a glorious creature, of medium height, plump but not gross, Grecian nose, a kissable mouth, taper fingers, hazel eyes, purple and white complexion, the figure of a Venus, as graceful in movement as a panther, etc., etc. She was a girl for whom a warm man would forsake not only his father, but his grandfather and grandmother, and even accept a mother-in-law, provided she was old and subject to climatic influences. Then, too, she was genuine, no wholesale retail about her. As the young men admired her, while the young ladies hated her with a perfect hatred; they were ready to tear her to pieces. They said she was pretty, but she would be liked and admired, she squinted, and her hair was of a fiery red, and her teeth artificial. In fact, they made her out a miracle of ugliness, whereas she was a miracle of loveliness.

They couldn't see what there was about her to infatuate the young men. Yet she was their matrimonial salvation, and been married at by Hannah Jane, went and married a gushing creature, who had seen twenty-seven or thirty years, who had cross eyes, wore number eight shoes, was thin where she pointed, and could read no more than so large that she couldn't talk without her teeth dropping out. Hannah Jane was not only beautiful but good. I will not say she was free from feminine points, but she had more than her share of greater alertness than she, to see the latest new bonnet go by, abuse the style, and then go and buy one just like it. She would not have been a woman to point out the defects in the dress she had on, but she had great possibilities. Her brothers got all the education; her beauty would secure her a husband, and that was all she needed. She read a great deal, but she spelled less with one s, and her reading was limited to the newspapers, of which she preferred the *New York Independent* to all others, because it only took five copies of it to make a sizeable bundle.

Abel Merriweather was a young law student, who, having nothing to support himself, had to provide for a mother, and a young wife, and a young daughter, and married her on the maxim, that it costs no more to support two than one. Horrible fallacy! You might as well say that two pointed ears would be more than one, a proposition which any respectable butcher would reject with boisterous and scorn. There is nothing in love which is opposed to roast beef. Yet marriage is an ordinary institution, which would not have it die out, though that might save us from such productions as George Francis Train and Sylvanus Cadogan, and their friends came out strong on wedding gifts, sending no less than nineteen cake baskets, and a great variety of other silver they had no use for, but he got reputation, and he followed it up, went into politics, got elected to the Legislature, and then to Congress.

All this time, Hannah Jane was making constant efforts to help him along, cutting up her cloak to make him a coat, that he might make a good appearance at the Convention. Close confinement to household duties made havoc with her beauty, but she was happy in the thought that it was all for his advancement. He went on enlarging his opportunities, while she went on rocking the cradle.

A change came stealing over her, for hard labor had stolen her beauty, and many cares had given her an anxious look. Abel, meantime, kept on advancing. At forty, he was a judge, and had achieved a national reputation. He was constantly "putting himself in the hands of his friends," and had made money in Congress, though railroads didn't then pay a third as much for votes as they do now. If food was plentiful and abundant, and had developed much, while Hannah Jane had not improved nor developed. The events of the day were not familiar to her. She didn't know Mrs. Wood's "field and pasture fair" where they themselves have revealed in the past.

"Oh! But that's not suffrage. I'll go as far as any one for the elevation of woman. But not for her leaving her home, deserting her children and husband, or setting him to rocking the cradle while she runs for President!"

"Where you find such advocates for suffrage?" was my reply. "Did you ever hear any woman claim the privilege you mention? Think hard, and see if you can name more than one, or even one, who approximates your

making his great speech on the Alabama Claims, and that vexed him. If she had slept while Jones was speaking, he could have understood it. But what did she know of the Alabama Claims? Abel, meantime, grew daily; his faculties were open to receive impressions; he became a favorite with brilliant women, who were making sacrifices for him, she was making sacrifices for him, that she was putting him farther from her.

His disgust grew at last to hatred. He sent her home, and plunged into the delights of society. He associated with brilliant women, with whom he discoursed on the deficiencies of his wife, and received their pity and condolence. Hannah Jane, meantime, accepted his excuses, and was happy in the thought that she was still making progress. She had wiped herself out of the world, she was all absorbed in him, and was only sorry her sacrifice could not have been greater. She joyed to think she was the step-mother which he had mounted. And he was not altogether heartless; sometimes he felt a twinge of remorse, but it didn't last long. Once, in a moment of tenderness, after looking at her portrait as she sat in the window, he sent her a cheap ring—he couldn't send her a more valuable gift because he had just made a present of a set of brilliants to an actress with whom he was just getting in love. At that time, she discovered the truth. Abel had lost all love for her, and did not care to conceal it. He deserted her, and gave her to understand that her death would be an accommodation to him. Too old to bend, she broke and died, at the age of forty-two. She had a splendid funeral, at which Abel appeared as chief mourner.

Of course, he married again, and this time he chose a woman of culture, who understood the "divine natural," and had cravings after the infinite, but who, also, had longed after Parisian millinery, and who did not know how to make sacrifices. She wanted a dress from Paris, and Abel sold a cashmere to get it. This got him into trouble with his constituents, and he lost his seat in Congress. He was repulsed at the idea of taking care of herself. They quarreled, she left him, and he became a broken, dispirited man, with no other resources than to turn life insurance agent. Thus was Hannah Jane avenged!

I fear my comedy has turned out a tragedy. I would make it a plea for larger opportunities for woman to improve herself in all things womanly. I do not have her a slave or a toy, but the educated equal of her husband. I would give her a broader education, closer contact with life, make her equal, in all conditions of life, with her husband, and thus secure her respect and love. I would strengthen her hands by strengthening her mind, making her self-reliant and able to advance step by step, with her husband. The first step in the regeneration of our race, and the perfection of humanity, is to bring woman nearer to God, by according to her two attributes of Deity—intelligence and will.

What I Think of the Prospect.

BY FRANKIE B. GAGE.

"Woman Suffrage is about played out, isn't it?"

So said a flippant young gentleman, as he thumbed with his long white slender fingers through his once carefully hoarded, now turned marvellously brown all of a sudden.

"I think not," was my reply. "There may be a little lull in the rolling of the waves of progress, but as there is always after the intense excitement of a Presidential campaign."

"More especially is it the case at present among the earnest talking advocates of woman's rights, who are exhausted by their strength last fall, for a political party. The said party has treated them very much as politicians have in all times past, treated voters—very handsomely before-hand when they needed help—very roughly afterwards when their own halter is made fast in the stall of the public crib. But Woman's Rights and Woman Suffrage were never before as prosperous as now."

"I should like to know what proof you have of that? Your Convention in New York this month showed a beggarly array of empty benches. The speeches were the same old story—wired and eulogies of certain bodies who listened to the blowing of their own trumpet, as if the sound was 'meat and drink, and pretty good clothes to wear to meet—"

"That's so," responded a half dozen ladies, who knew little about the subject as they did of the affairs of the planet Jupiter.

"What you called upon for my proof, I felt bound to give an outline of the basis of my opinion."

I find my proof in the improved tone of public opinion. And this, gathered as it is in my own ears, and attested by the validation from the great, seething, boiling cauldron of the world's contentions—by reading the daily and weekly reports of men and things, and especially weekly in the *New York papers*, and nearly half of those who preach them, and who, ten years ago, would have been shocked at the sound of their own voices had they uttered the opinions boldly expressed to-day and thrown broadcast to the people, are advocating woman's highest education and broadest liberty, and often asserting that only in her entire emancipation can she exert her whole power and usefulness—as wife, mother, sister and friend."

"Will their readers and admirers fail to see this?"

So with our public lectures on literature, science, art and trade. There is scarce one of them who does not let down some bar that has witherto deluged us from "field and pasture fair" where they themselves have revealed in the past.

"Oh! But that's not suffrage. I'll go as far as any one for the elevation of woman. But not for her leaving her home, deserting her children and husband, or setting him to rocking the cradle while she runs for President!"

"Where you find such advocates for suffrage?" was my reply. "Did you ever hear any woman claim the privilege you mention? Think hard, and see if you can name more than one, or even one, who approximates your

description. Suffrage is the legal expression of opinion; nothing more."

"What says Bishop Simpson?"

"That it is useless to struggle for a temperance reform, until woman shall go with the power of the ballot in her hands to the polls to protect her own household."

Perhaps no one in the United States can sway a greater number of minds—can lead and influence other minds more than Bishop Simpson.

Other Bishops, too, are sowing the good seed in their wide and well ploughed field.

Leading educators are rapidly recognizing the power and capacity of girls as students, and doors are beginning to stand ajar in all directions.

Even when the doors are locked, the keys grow rusty and begin to rattle. The winds of discussion and expediency are shaking the old-fashioned hinges mightily.

Many of the most widely circulated and influential weeklies of the country, those that carry their editing force into farm-house and medicine shop, school-room and club, are publishing such papers as the *Harper's Independent*, *Christian Union* and others, are firm and bold in their advocacy of Woman Suffrage. Think you, the millions who read will fall to sleeping, and cease to be the standard of right and justice when the day and hour come?"

Women physicians, who are amassing fortunes through their successful and popular practice, are ready to give up our work, despite the law of man, in our public hospitals, and among the poor and needy who are supported by the taxes we pay as well as theirs.

Women lawyers demand the ballot that they may command the right before the law to plead the cause of a suffering sister, or brother who needs the sympathy and gentleness of woman in the hours of trying need.

Woman is claiming the pulpit, and with it, the ballot to sustain her in her mission of love to her kind.

Women merchants are learning that business and labor demand equal rights in trade and speculation, and that the ballot alone can secure these to any class of people.

Our army of workers and lady boarding house keepers find that all women have rights which men must be made to feel they are bound to respect.

Mr. White Lord made me good evening without a reply, and Miss Parbelow, hoping she might never live to see women at the elections with the rowdies and drunkards, called out of the room, her head high with false hair, swinging her half-yard train of flosses and lace with righteous indignation as she disappeared.

The Battle of Winchester.

During Gen. Sheridan's stay at Indianapolis he was conversing with a few friends touching his military experiences and campaigns, when he said: "There is a mighty sight of romance connected with the war that the historians never got hold of. For instance, there has been a great deal said about the battle of Winchester, a little affair in which I had a hand. Well, it was a pretty square fight, but do you know that battle was fought on the strength of information which I obtained from a young lady in the town of Winchester, who had a piece of fine linen, and was giving it to me they would have hung her in a minute? I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strategy and movements, so as to know just when and where she was going, and I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of a Union lady in Winchester who could be relied upon if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man, living outside of my lines, who had a piece of fine linen, and was giving it to me they would have hung her in a minute? I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strategy and movements, so as to know just when and where she was going, and I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of a Union lady in Winchester who could be relied upon if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man, living outside of my lines, who had a piece of fine linen, and was giving it to me they would have hung her in a minute? I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strategy and movements, so as to know just when and where she was going, and I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of a Union lady in Winchester who could be relied upon if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man, living outside of my lines, who had a piece of fine linen, and was giving it to me they would have hung her in a minute? I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strategy and movements, so as to know just when and where she was going, and I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of a Union lady in Winchester who could be relied upon if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man, living outside of my lines, who had a piece of fine linen, and was giving it to me they would have hung her in a minute? I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strategy and movements, so as to know just when and where she was going, and I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of a Union lady in Winchester who could be relied upon if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man, living outside of my lines, who had a piece of fine linen, and was giving it to me they would have hung her in a minute? I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strategy and movements, so as to know just when and where she was going, and I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of a Union lady in Winchester who could be relied upon if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man, living outside of my lines, who had a piece of fine linen, and was giving it to me they would have hung her in a minute? I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strategy and movements, so as to know just when and where she was going, and I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of a Union lady in Winchester who could be relied upon if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man, living outside of my lines, who had a piece of fine linen, and was giving it to me they would have hung her in a minute? I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strategy and movements, so as to know just when and where she was going, and I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of a Union lady in Winchester who could be relied upon if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man, living outside of my lines, who had a piece of fine linen, and was giving it to me they would have