

**TESTING A SPY.**

Fearful Ordeal Through Which One Passed.  
By WILLIAM W. JEFFORDS.

I WAS the first sergeant in company D, Seventh Pennsylvania, in the spring of 1863. I was one of the thousands of soldiers under Grant and Sherman fighting our way northward toward Vicksburg. Spies were necessary and I was called upon to do spy service.

Col. Raymond said he wanted 20 young men who had nerve, and who would go into the enemy's lines, ready to die if necessary, without whimpering or divulging of secrets. He also informed me that several confederate spies had recently been hanged at Corinth and that the enemy would surely retaliate on federal spies. I agreed to go.

That afternoon each of us was instructed in the particular information he was to get, and the respective part he was to play as a civilian in the enemy's camp.

I was given the task of observing some topographical facts and seeing what artillery Gen. Johnston's army had. I was instructed to be a deaf mute. The surgeon on Gen. Grierson's staff had been the head of a deaf and dumb school at Cleveland, and he spent several hours in drilling me as a dummy.

I was to go over to Jackson with a satchel full of shoe blacking, shaving soap, paper collars and notions, apparently earning my livelihood by selling my wares to confederate soldiers. A pencil and slate were my mode of communication.

I started out from the Grand Gulf late on the night of May 5. I knew that I would be suspected of being a spy, and that the least indication that my hearing was at all good would forfeit my life.

I was within the enemy's lines by noon the next day. I ate under a cowshed while the rain drizzled down.

In the afternoon I was going along a road near a hamlet known as Griggsville. I heard a troop of cavalry coming down the road behind me. I put on a blank expression and trudged along with my black satchel over my shoulder.

A lieutenant rode up to me and called:

"Hello, here! where are you going?"

I had time to prepare myself for this test. I started as if at the appearance of the horse under my eyes, and looked vacantly up at the cavalryman.

He repeated his question. In a second I had my pocket slate out, and handed it courteously to the officer. The others in the troop laughed and said:

"O, he's a d—n fool dummy."

The lieutenant wrote on my slate: "Who are you and where are you going?"

I wrote that I was Daniel Freeman, and that I was peddling for a living.

Several of the troop remarked that it was foolish to waste time on such a dumb mutton-head as I, for I'd be caught anyhow, and the troop galloped away.

I saw a camp of fully 1,000 confederates down in a valley. I knew that my presence would be reported at headquarters by the cavalrymen, and it would be folly to go past a camp if I were really seeking trade. I was stopped by a sentinel about the camp. I wrote for him my name and business on my slate. He growled something about lunthead dummies wandering about in war time, and, catching me by the coat sleeve, led me to the officer of the guard. The sentinel explained that I was deaf and dumb, and went away.

The officer had evidently known that the role of dummy was not uncommon with up-to-date spies. "Stand over there a second, till I finish this," said he to me in the most artful off-hand, easy manner.

My knees did move slightly, and I almost stepped a foot. But I caught myself while the cold chills chased up and down my spine at my almost forgetfulness, and I resolved not to risk my neck so easily again. "Your hand is bloody," said he, turning carelessly to me. I stood like a post, looking vacantly at him.

"He's about as dumb as they make 'em," said the officer of the guard, when it was seen how obvious I was to all their tests of my hearing. "I ain't it strange that such a poor cuss should go peddling around the lines of warfare. He'll get over the Yank lines and it'll go hard with him some of these days."

Two days later I was seven miles farther in the enemy's country. I had met hundreds of confederate soldiers on the way, but the fact that I had passed an outlying camp all right was an indication that I was a genuine fool dummy.

I was standing in the door of a shanty cookhouse in a camp, and within a moment's warning down came about five gallons of cold water over my head and shoulders. I shudder now when I think how near I came to cussing the confederate soldiers who stood about to watch me.

Instead of saying a word I gurgled a lot of inharmonious sounds of fright, and looked the more like a thing of wood.

In another camp I was squatting on the ground, mechanically showing my soaps and tobaccos, and playing deaf to the thousand and one questions artfully put to me, when I saw by a soldier's eye that some test of my hearing was to be made.

That moment I heard the click of a pistol being brought to a cock. The weapon was discharged within three inches of my ear.

I never had to hold myself together more than then. I slowly turned my head and looked inquiringly about at the click of the discharge.

I slept in a barn one night, remote from any camp, where I could have at least partial peace from the fear of soldiers watching to entrap me to my death. It is marvelous that I was not stark mad by that time. The next morning as I was getting out of the barn I saw several infantry soldiers out foraging. My actions had roused their suspicions.

I wrote on my slate that I was a confederate peddler named Freeman, on my way to Jackson to get new goods for selling to the boys in gray.

"O, that won't do," said one of the soldiers. "I'll bet he's another Yank spy."

Then I learned from the conversation of my captors that two of the spies sent out from Grand Gulf at the time I was had been caught and hanged two days previously.

I was taken to Gen. Kirby Smith's tent. The general was informed that I had been arrested without a pass, and that I was suspected of being a spy in the guise of a deaf and dumb peddler.

Gen. Smith said nothing.

Two or three officers in his tent went and whispered to him. I knew they were devising schemes to catch me if I were a spy in disguise.

One of the officers wrote me a message on a bit of paper. While I was writing an answer the man started and ejaculated: "Look out!"

I wonder now that my hand did not start involuntarily. The officers and others were looking at it closely.

For some minutes there was a conversation on my slate concerning why I had no pass in the confederate lines, whence I came, and where I was going. I could see it was all done to disarm me of any fear I had.

An officer came forward and said: "This poor mute looks tired. It's a shame to keep him here." Then turning to me he smilingly said: "Are you hungry?"

It was a pretty ruse, but I simply stared at his epaulets.

Then he tried to make me pale, and it was a frightful test.

I was given a seat while Gen. Smith turned to other business, apparently forgetful of me. The other officers sat near me and smoked and chatted. Presently they began talking about some new orders that had been issued to hang every federal spy immediately upon conviction.

They talked about how two spies that had been hanged two days previously had acted as they squirmed in death, and how the officers were looking for more spies to hang on the same spot. My brain was in a whirl. Everything swam before my eyes, but I sat with my face turned up to the military diagrams and rules of camp on the tent wall before me.

More whispering followed. I wrote on my slate: "I am hungry and tired. Why do you keep me here?"

A colonel wrote: "We think you are deceiving us. If you are it will be death to you." He watched my face as I read the lines.

I wrote in reply: "I have a very hard time in getting a living in this war. I am with the confeds with all my soul. Please may I go?"

In an hour I was taken to a shanty-like affair and locked in. A young man in federal uniform, was lying on the floor when I entered. He rose and looking at me, said: "My goodness gracious, have they got you, too?"

I looked vacantly at him. I wrote that I was mute.

Then the stranger laughed and said: "O, it won't do you any good to keep that trick up longer. We're going to die together as union spies, and why not be resigned to it? I was caught day before yesterday, and I've been sentenced to be hanged. Now they'll wait for you to go with me. Ha, ha, we'll show the rebs how Yankee boys can die game, won't we?"

I wrote on my slate that I was a mute, and that it was useless to try to communicate with me except by signs or writing. But the stranger talked right along, and tried to appeal to my love for the union cause. He would suddenly fling a very natural question at me.

Along in the middle of the night when I was purposely breathing deep and regularly, I heard some one enter. It was pitch dark. I was all attention, but still breathing deep. I heard a pistol drawn from his holder. Crash, bang. The weapon was fired an inch above my face. It seemed as if lightning had struck me.

At the same moment a dark lantern was flashed in my face and my countenance studied.

I slowly opened my eyes at the light and rolled over as if to go to sleep.

The pseudo union soldier went out with the confederates. I could hear them whispering about me and what reason there was to suspect me as a spy.

At seven o'clock next morning I was led to the cook tent and given a meal. My satchel was restored to me. A colonel came and shook me by the hand. He looked over my few remaining soaps, etc., and bought a little. Then turning to me he asked: "How much are these?" I believe my lower jaw did move. I was caught off my guard for a trice. But I never spoke, and the colonel was not looking at my face.

He wrote me a pass in the lines about Jackson, and just as he handed it to me he turned and said: "Let me see that again." My hand almost moved to obey such an agreeable gentleman, but instead I folded the paper and started on my way out of camp, knowing that I was watched covertly by scores of eyes.

I reached the Grand Gulf at dawn on May 11. I was thankful for the information I had got for my army, and a month later I was first lieutenant in my company.

Of the 20 men who went as spies at that time four were captured and three were hanged. One man was shot dead by a sentinel.—San Francisco Call.

**HEALTH IN TROPICS.**

Northerners May Be Made as Safe There as at Home.

A Question That the War with Spain Has Brought to the Front—Tropical Colonization of White Races.

The question of the white man's ability to conquer the tropics and to make for himself a permanent home in those delightful regions is one that has hitherto possessed a purely academic interest for physicians in this country, but the fortunes of war and projects of annexation are making it probable that this will soon be changed. Puerto Rico, the Sandwich Islands and the Philippines are all tropical islands, and if they, one and all, come under our flag, doubtless many of our citizens will go thither to seek their fortunes, and the question of acclimatization will at once become a most practical one.

We find in the British Medical Journal of April 30 an interesting account of what is therefore for us a most timely discussion on this topic. The discussion took place in the rooms of the Royal Geographical society, in the presence of many of the best-known authorities on tropical pathology. Most of those taking part in the debate held that there is no reason whatever why the white man should not be able to adapt himself to the new conditions of life in the tropics and protect himself against the diseases that prevail in those regions. The popular belief that the white man cannot successfully colonize the tropics is disproved by the fact that he has done so. It is undebatedly true that many northerners who go to equatorial regions contract disease there and die, but in the majority of such cases the man is the victim of his obstinate unwillingness to change his habits in respect to eating drinking and clothing and to conform his mode of life to the new conditions.

The chief diseases, both acute and chronic, of tropical countries—those which formerly caused such ravages among the white settlers and gave rise to the prevalent theory that Europeans could live only in the temperate zone—are all microbial in origin and consequently preventable in great measure. We cannot, of course, expect to see them absolutely wiped out of existence, at least this side of the sanitary millennium, but their sting, like that of smallpox, can be extracted by means of an improved public and private hygiene and other prophylactic measures. A comparison of the healthfulness of the West India islands under enlightened British rule with that of the two until recently under Spanish misrule shows what can be done by sanitation to convert a pest hole into a paradise. Indeed, as Dr. L. Sambon, in opening the discussion above referred to, well said, sanitation has within the last two decades wrought wonderful changes in all tropical countries, as regards health conditions, and the changes have been so great in some places that regions which were once considered most deadly are now even recommended as health resorts.

Dr. Patrick Manson, than whom there is no greater authority on the pathology of equatorial regions, began his remarks with the confession that in former years, under the influence of early teaching, he shared in the pessimistic opinions then current about tropical colonization by the white race. In recent years, however, his views on this subject had undergone a complete revolution—a revolution that began with the establishment of the germ theory of disease. He now firmly believed in the possibility of tropical colonization by the white races. Heat and moisture, he contended, were not in themselves the direct cause of any important tropical disease. The direct cause of 99 per cent. of these diseases are germs. When these germs and their habits are known fully, victory will be within man's grasp. Most micro-parasites when they are once within the body are fairly safe. But these same parasites, in order that their respective species may keep in existence by spreading from one host to another, must at some time or another leave the human body, and during this necessary extra corporeal state they are eminently vulnerable. To kill them is simply a matter of knowledge and the application of this knowledge—that is to say, sanitary science and sanitation.—Journal of the Military Service Institution.

**How Criminals Are Made.**

The following note of how criminals are made reaches us from a clergyman who has been conducting a mission in one of her majesty's prisons. The prisoner's story, which is given in his own words, suggests that there is an aged as well as a juvenile offender's problem, and it reminds us painfully of the harsh and hidebound administration of justice which amateur magistrates too often indulge in: "I have been locked up three times. As long as I was in work I was never in trouble, then I got out of work, and everybody preferred putting on younger men. I was hungry—did you ever know, sir, what it was to be downright hungry? Well, I begged at a door. I knew it was wrong, but I begged, and I got locked up for it. When I came out I said: 'I won't do that again.' So I got some leather and cut out a pair of bootlaces, and tried to sell them. Then I got run in again for hawking without a license. When I came out I said: 'I won't do that again.' And I walked and I walked, and could get no work, nor find food, either. I was dead beat, and I lay down under a hedge—then I got locked up for sleeping out of doors."—London Chronicle. Call.

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