

A SPY'S ADVENTURE.

New York Sun.

When Halleck was besieging Beauregard at Corinth, or, rather, daily approaching the confederate lines by a system of defenses, I was in the trenches one afternoon when the captain of my company sent for me and ordered me to report to the colonel. The colonel ordered me to report at General Halleck's headquarters, and when I made my appearance the General said:

"You have done some scouting?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Will you go as a spy?"
 "Where to?"
 "Into Corinth. I want information which only a spy can secure. If you return you shall be well rewarded. If you are detected you will be hung."
 "I will try it."
 "Very good. Return in an hour and I will give you instructions. When can you set out?"
 "By midnight."
 "That will do."

I went away wondering how on earth General Halleck had ever heard of me and it was a month later before I ascertained the facts. One afternoon I was "showing off" to a group of soldiers, and the general and his chief engineer halted on their round of inspection and became spectators unbeknown to me. In my palmy days I could imitate any voice I hear. I could put my face into almost any shape, I could work my ears like a horse; and could throw a hat off my head by working my scalp; when I was only twenty-four years old I could make my face look like that of a man of seventy, and, as my face was beardless as a woman's I could dress in female attire and defy any one to detect me by voice or gait.

The main thing was to get into Corinth. The general had no suggestions to make on that point, and the work to be done, when once inside, seemed easy enough. The way into Corinth by the south and west was still open, and milk, vegetables, hay and other stuff was being received by every highway. When I set out just before sun down I had \$300 in gold in my pocket and a bundle of clothing in my hand. At midnight, when I had reached the point aimed at, a low-backed old man of 70, lame, gray-haired and toothless, might have been seen sitting in a fence corner of a highway to await the passage of time. I was within seven miles of Corinth, and my plan was to go in with some vehicle. Within two miles of me were two great armies getting ready for a death grapple, but just then the frogs croaked, the insects buzzed, and peace spread her mantle as in a graveyard. Indeed I was in a drowse when I heard the rattle of wheels, and was only on my feet when a young man driving a horse to an open buggy, came along. He had six jugs in the vehicle, and was bound for town.

"Hey you!" I called to him. "Can't you give an old man a lift to town? My boy has run off and joined the soldiers, and I must see him and try and get him back."

"Who are you?" he asked.
 "Judge Levington of Guntown. Started to come by rail, but the engine broke down and in trying to get ahead I've got lost I reckon."

"I should say you had! You ain't anywhere near the railroad."
 "Reckon not. Pretty hard on the old man, but I feel as if I must get the boy back."

"Well, jump in. I suppose you've got a pass?"

"Oh, yes."
 He was a kind-hearted, simple-minded young man, and had a pass which enabled him to come and go at pleasure. We had not gone above half a mile when I "suddenly discovered" that I had lost the important document which would admit me into Corinth. He stopped his horse while I searched anew, but the paper could not be found.

"And what will they do if I don't have the pass?" I asked.
 "Take you before some of the generals and they may lock you up. They are mighty careful of late."

"And I may not get out to see my boy?"
 "Perhaps not."

"I 'took on' for about five minutes in a pathetic strain, and when I saw I had enlisted his sympathies I said:
 "My young friend, I don't want to be delayed. You must help me. When we come to the picket post I am to pass as your father who has come down to look around. Even an hour's delay may take my boy away."

"Oh, but I wouldn't dare."
 "You'd dare a great deal for these," I said, as I put a couple of \$10 gold pieces into his hand.

"Why—yes—I feel sorry for you, and I want you to get in. I might say you was my father, but—"
 "I'll chance the rest."

I don't think he expected any trouble for the matter did not seem to trouble him any. When we drove up to the first picket-post he halted his horse and was fumbling for his pass, when one of the pickets said:
 "That's all right—drive on. Oh, but who is that with you?"

"The old man. He fit in the Mex-

ican war and wants to see how things look at Corinth."

"And if I were ten years younger I'd shoulder a musket," I added.
 "Bully for you!" shouted the three or four men on the posts, and they were laughing as we drove on. The inner picket did not stop us at all, and we drove into the town in the gray of the morning. Although the hour was early, everybody was astir and the streets almost blocked with army vehicles. During the last half mile of the drive the young man inspected me very closely, and when I finally left him he did not seem altogether satisfied as to my identity. He asked me several questions about Guntown which I had to answer at random, and my account of how "my son" had left home was not as clear as it might have been. My first move after losing sight of the milkman was to go to a hotel. There I boldly registered as "John William Richardson, Mobile," and dropped a hint to the clerk that I was furnishing Beauregard with supplies. As soon as I went to my room I peeled off my outer suit, removed my wig and spectacles, took out three of my false teeth, which were on a plate by themselves, blackened my eyebrows, and in ten minutes I was in a new disguise. I went down to breakfast, and then slipped over to the other hotel and registered and took a room as "Professor E. G. S. LaDue, New Orleans." I had the French twist to my speech, and I also had the discovery relating to a new explosive. I had come to the front to put it into practice.

It was about ten o'clock when I started out, and who should I run against the very first thing but my friend of the milk business. He had sergeant and three privates with him, and as they passed me he said:
 "Oh, I can tell him half a mile off. His gray wig got rumpled up and I saw light hair under it, but he was off before I knew what to do."

I followed them to the hotel where I first registered, and entered it just as they went up stairs to my room. They thought they had their man, but were doomed to disappointment. Two of the men were left in the office, however, while the other two, accompanied by the milkman, went out to look for me on the streets. This was on the 20th of May. Beauregard had concentrated everything on the short line, and the confederates believe they had a dead sure thing in case they were attacked in their intrenchments. I picked up the acquaintance of a dozen army officers before night, and the subjects of a new explosive proved interesting to all. They pumped me for particulars, of course but my reply was:

"In a day or two I hope to make a test and surprise the Yankees."
 Through the influence of a Captain Johnson, belonging to Marmaduke's command, and who had been wounded and carried his right arm in a sling, I secured a pass to carry me about Corinth, and on the second day of my arrival I posted myself in many details. Everything was excitement and hub-bub, as everybody thought a great battle imminent, and nobody paid any attention to me. At my solicitation Captain Johnson reported my arrival to Beauregard's adjutant, and asked permission for me to experiment. He came back and said:

"I found him upside down and he felt like ordering me under arrest for disturbing him."
 On the afternoon of the third day while I was returning from the confederate left, a provost patrol picked me up. My pass was all right and secured my liberation, but it gave me an uneasy feeling to observe that the milkman was among the guard. He had evidently pointed me out for arrest for I heard him mutter to the officer:

"I may be wrong, but I can't get shut of the feeling that he's the man. No two men could have such eyes."
 I knew I should be under surveillance now, and the first thing I did after reaching the hotel was to replace my teeth, rub the black from my eye-brows, part my hair in the center, and give a new twist to my moustache, and when I descended to supper my left eye had a slight squint. After supper as I sat in the office smoking, I observed the milkman moving about as if looking for me. I went directly up to him and said:

"My friend, were you looking for me?"
 "No, sir," was his prompt reply.
 "But you were the men who arrested me this evening."
 "What! are you the feller we picked up near the depot?"
 "I am."

He looked me from tip to toe with a puzzled expression on his face, and I remarked:
 "I overheard you say something about my eyes. Is there anything wrong with them?"
 "No-no, sir."

"But why did you point me out to the guard? Indeed why are you, a civilian, tramping about with the soldiers? I presume you hold yourself accountable for any trouble you may cause a gentleman?"
 He turned pale in an instant, and asking me to step aside, he explained.
 "There was an old man rode in with me the other morning. He called himself Judge Levington and said he lived at Guntown. No such a man has ever lived there. This man also wore a gray wig to conceal his natural hair, which was a little reddish."

"Well, he told an affecting story, and I passed him as my father. I believe he was a spy."
 "Yes."
 "And the soldiers believe it and want to find him."
 "And I hope they will. But you,

my friend, must use more discretion. If you insult a gentleman you must be prepared to give him satisfaction. I feel that—"

"Say, I'm sorry about this thing, and I hope you'll let it drop. Come and have a drink."
 I held off for a while and then bridged the yawning chasm, and when he was ripe for it I said:
 "I have a brother here—a citizen—who is just able to move about after a long illness. I want to get him away before the battle occurs. How far out do you live?"
 "About nine miles."
 "If paid for it, couldn't you take him home for a week or two?"
 "I'll take it without pay and be only too glad to do you a favor."

But I wouldn't have it that way. I bargained with him that he should receive \$10 for this trouble, and that he should call at the hotel the next evening. Nothing was said about a pass, but I intended to see to that. The next day Marmaduke's captain helped me to secure it. What I saw in Corinth satisfied me there would be no fight. While the confederates were shortening their lines intrenching, and while the great mass of soldiers believed that Beauregard was acting for an attack, the railroad tracks told the story. I saw that he was sending away guns and stores as fast as possible, and was likewise bringing in and side-tracking all the cars available. Several extra locomotives had come up, and I believed I had good grounds for suspecting a retreat from Corinth. This belief was strengthened on the last day of my stay, by the confidence of a telegraph operator, who informed me that supplies intended for Corinth had been stopped down the road.

When evening came I had seen to all that was necessary, and half an hour after supper I disappeared. The man who took my place was an invalid.

He was very pale, weak in the legs and spoke in a hollow voice. I chalked my face a bit; rubbed the black off my eyebrows, cut off the corners of my moustache, put on a different style of collar and hollowed in my cheeks by suction. In that way I lengthened my face and made my cheek bones show very prominently. It was dusk when the milkman drove up. When he came in I stated that the professor, my brother, had been called to Beauregard's headquarters, and that I was already to be moving.

"Been powerful sick, I take it," he said, as he looked me over.
 "Yes very sick."
 "Consumption?"
 "I'm afraid so," I gasped between coughing spells.

He offered to treat, but I declined, and after indulging in a horn by himself, he took up the bundle I had made up and helped me to the buggy. My pass was all right with the pickets, and the young man had enough whisky in him to be jolly. I intended to leave him about where I had found him at first, and in pursuance of a plan I had formed, I pretended to be very nervous and excited. Every sound made me start, and the further we drove the more nervous I got. Fortune came to my aid when we reached the right spot. We heard a great clatter of hoof's ahead, and I yelled out that the Yankees were upon us and jumped out and over the fence into the woods. He was badly scared for the moment, and ran back about fifty feet before seeking shelter. In a minute or two three cavalry horses, saddled and bridled, came tearing down the road, and as a consequence the old horse in the shafts wheeled about and went to Corinth with them. The last I heard of the young man he was trying to call me and yell "Whoa!" in one breath. In two hours I was inside the Union lines, and before midnight General Halleck had my report. I was neither rewarded nor believed. Indeed, I was very curtly dismissed after concluding my report. I had my revenge, however, when the general woke up one morning to find Corinth evacuated and the enemy beyond his reach. Then he must have been satisfied of the correctness of my theories, but he was too sore and had too much dignity to send for me and to admit it.

Indeed, my existence had probably escaped his memory.

Why the Students Smiled.
 A famous college president, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year. "It is," he said in conclusion, "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that this year opens with the largest freshman class in its history." And then, without any pause, he turned to the Scripture lesson for the day, the third Psalm, and began reading in a voice of thunder:
 "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me."
 This, however, was hardly more unfortunate than the choice of the hymn: "Return, ye ransomed sinners, home," as the closing selection of a certain American board meeting—Syracuse Christian Herald.

Safety of Dugouts.
 Mr. De Science (of New York)—I notice that a writer in the Forum says a poor man is better off in a crowded city tenement house than in a western dugout, exposed to the fury of cyclones.
 Mr. Quartersection (of Kansas)—He does, does he? Well, you just tell that smart individual, for me, that that is three things a cyclone can't blow away—wells, cisterns and dugouts. Guess he don't know a dugout is a hole in the ground.—New York Weekly.

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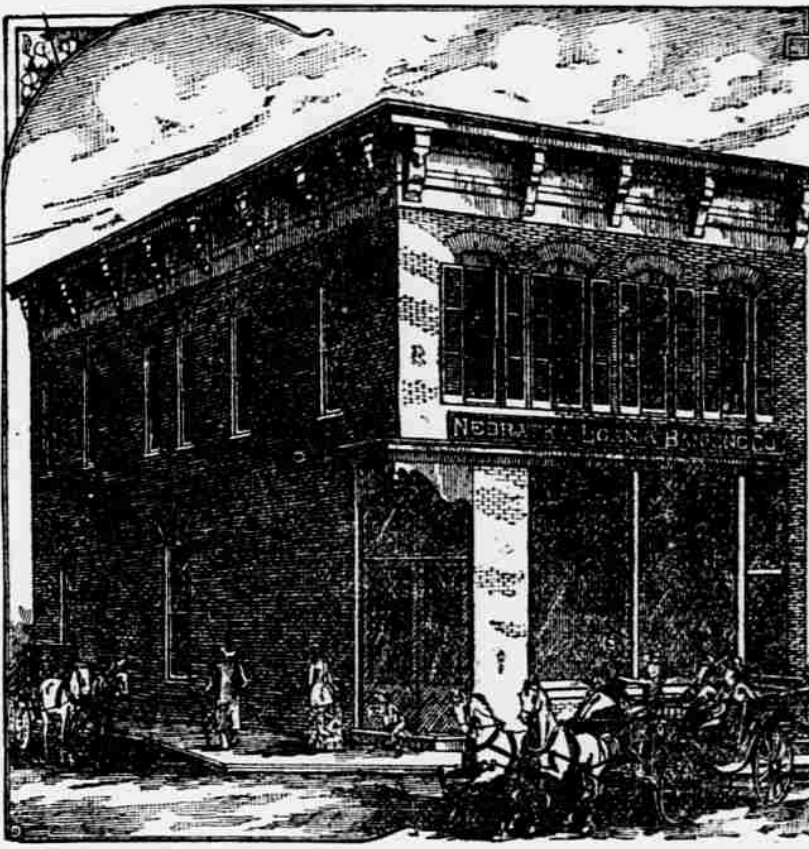
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