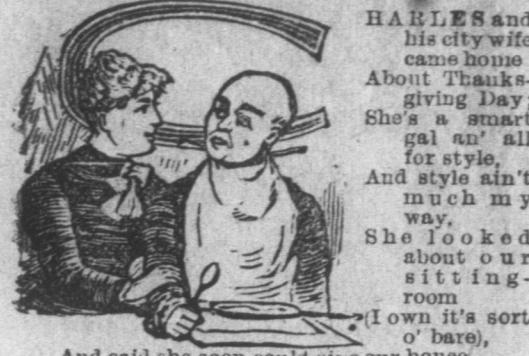


THE DECORATING MANIA.



HARLES and his city wife came home About Thanksgiving Day. She's a smart gal an' all for style, And style ain't much of a way. She looked about our sitting room. I own it's sort o' bare, And said she soon could give our house A fashionable air.

"You needn't purchase things," says she, With a superior smile, "I'll use your common household goods, For them are all the style." And with a little gift and such, She fixed us up so fine, "That when I looked about the house I hardly knew 'twas mine."

"Well! pa and me, at first, were pleased, But we soon cried in wrath, "Where is the old snow-shovel gone? I want to make a path." And there it was a' painted up With many a bud and rose, And hanging on the parlor wall By sky-blue ribbon bows.

And soon it was my turn to fret When ironing day came round; I had two ironing boards, But only one I found. I went into the sitting-room And there I found the mate All gilded up to look like gold, And made a paper-weight.

And when pa bought a steak, I found Of broiler I had lack; The gridiron was fixed to be A fine newspaper rack. And all the tins for jelly-cake Had been well washed from grease, And painted up like plaques, to stand Upon the mantel-piece.

But when pa found his old arm-chair That hung the kitchen fire A' painted white, and hung with bows, The way some folks admire, And standing in the sitting-room, Too nice and fine to use. He said that fashionable styles He henceforth should refuse.

So pa and me we both agreed That fashion hadn't paid, And that we'd use our common things For what they most seemed made. So down came shovels, down came pans, And off came every bow. And things are now more comfortable, If not so much for show.

ADVENTURES OF A SPY.

A STORY THAT READS LIKE A PAGE FROM A WORK OF FICTION.

The Remarkable Career of Major W. C. Gorman, a Spy in the Service of the Confederates During the War—Thrilling Adventures and Hair-Breadth Escapes.



NE of the most remarkable contributions to war history made in recent years is that furnished by a correspondent of the Des Moines Register by Ma. or W. C. Gorman, an ex-Confederate spy and at present a resident of Birmingham, Ala. The story of his perilous and hair-breadth escapes reads like a page from a work of fiction, and would scarcely be credited had the narrator omitted to give dates, localities, and the names of the actors in the exciting drama in which he was an active participant.

After the retreat at Perryville, in 1862, began Major Gorman, I received orders to report to Gen. Forrest for picket duty on the Cumberland River, between Sparta and Gallatin. I there received orders to report to Gen. Forrest at Murfreesboro, which I did. Gen. Forrest wished me to undertake a commission entirely foreign to the duties of a soldier, being a trip to St. Louis on private business for my commander. I went to St. Louis and returned just prior to the battle of Stone River, in which I participated with my battalion.

Six days later I was ordered to report to Senator Sims at Richmond, Va., for duty on behalf of the Confederate Government. I met Senator Sims, President Davis, Vice President Stephens and Winder in conference, and they unfolded the plans. General Forrest was to make a raid through West Tennessee, and General Marmaduke through Northern Arkansas, the two forces meeting at Springfield, Mo. Scattered through Northern Missouri were 12,000 true Confederates, as yet unorganized, and it was their desire that I should organize those men and march them to Springfield at the appointed time, as a contingent to Forrest and Marmaduke.

This plan was carried out so far as circumstances would permit. I went to Northern Missouri and organized the Paw Paw militia; General Forrest started through West Tennessee and General Marmaduke through Northern Arkansas. I had organized 6,000 men at Blackfoot Hills, ready for marching orders, when I learned of Forrest's defeat at Jackson, Tenn., and Marmaduke's defeat fifteen miles from Springfield, which drove the men back to bushwhacking.

There were a number of incidents on my trip. I returned to General Forrest's command and asked him for a pass. In his gruff way he said: "Go to hell for a pass; if you can't steal through the Confederate lines, you can't steal through the Yankee lines." I started on foot from Franklin, Tenn., for Hickman, Ky., making the trip in ten days, and stealing through both lines, the Confederates and Federals being picketed from Gallatin to Memphis.

At Hickman, tired, dirty and ragged from swimming streams and climbing through over bushes, I went to a hotel and ate supper. That night I heard music in the parlor, and going up I saw two young ladies, one playing the piano and the other singing. I knew that if they were Confederates the ladies would be the truest and best of friends to the soldier boys, so I asked them to allow me to play. They looked surprised, but let me have the use of the piano. I sang "Maryland, My Maryland," which at that time was new. From the effect the song had on them I knew they were sympathizers with my cause, and I asked their assistance to get me a pass by steamboat to St. Louis, as the stepson of Judge Fitzgerald, of West Tennessee, in whose loyalty the Federal soldiers had confidence. The next morning I got the pass and left for St. Louis. I claimed that I was on my way to Kansas to visit relatives, and that I was a Union man. The boat was loaded with Federal soldiers who were going home on furloughs or for the purpose of re-enlisting. I was well supplied with money, and while away the time playing poker with the men who, if they had known who I was, would have shot me and thrown my body in the river. My money was that of the Bank of West Tennessee, and was in bills, but in those days \$5 bill could be cut in two and each end was good for \$2.50; in fact, change was scarce, and was generally made in that way. Each end of a \$2 bill was good for \$1.

When I reached St. Louis I had my West Tennessee money and \$1,600 in greenbacks. I went to Bingham, Wright & Co., with whom I had transacted the private business

for Gen. Forrest on my previous trip. Here I had all of my money changed into gold. The question then was, how to get out of St. Louis—a man could not leave the city nor even obtain work in the city without a certificate that he had taken the oath of allegiance. I was not going to take the oath, and finally devised a scheme. Going down to the levee I met an honest Irishman by the name of Murphy. I got in with him, made him drunk and bought his certificate for \$50. Being an Irishman myself, I was not afraid of the name. I went to the Wedge house and bought a horse for \$35, and left town. When about four miles out I met two young ladies and saluted them. They returned the salute, and I saw that they wore red and white ribbons around their necks. Turning my horse, we went to their home together. That acquaintance was my starting point in Missouri. Their father was Lieut. Col. Kibble, of Price's regi-

ment. General thanked me, became satisfied as to my loyalty and gave me a pass, with which I got away as quickly as possible, before they recognized me. I turned to Prather's, where I found my horse and Conway with sixteen men who submitted at once to my orders. We then organized the Paw Paw militia, and had a fight near St. Joe with Craighill's Dutch. In which Conway lost an arm and I was shot through the shoulder; nine of the Dutch being killed.

I then succeeded in getting to Paris, Ill.

where Mr. and Mrs. Farrel nursed me back to health, and I returned to Missouri, then to Richmond, where I reported to Senator Sims.

I was then instructed to return, and given

the rolls of the Confederates in the North—30,000 in Illinois, 12,000 in Missouri, 26,000 in Indiana, 4,000 in Ohio, and 5,000 in Pennsylvania.

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The next morning I was in Washington, where I met United States Senator Powell, of Kentucky, delivering to him a regular commission as Lieutenant general in the Confederate army, commanding all the forces north of the Ohio River, and with authority to issue commissions. From him I obtained a map of the fortifications on the Potomac River, the number of men between Washington and the mouth of the river, the condition of fortifications around Washington, and other valuable information.

I left for Cincinnati over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and was arrested at Bellair, being guarded by three Irishmen, John Burke of Pontiac, Mich.; John Doyle, of 321 Sixth street, Detroit; and another whose name I have forgotten. For \$10 and a quart of whisky I bought a Yankee overcoat and got away. I first went to Columbus, Ohio, where I met George Zeney, and going twelve miles out of the city, was introduced to 900 as determined men as ever shouldered a gun. They were the best drilled and best equipped of any of the copperhead organizations, and were sworn Confederate soldiers. I swore them into service with George Zeney as colonel. They afterwards did valiant service in the rescue of Gen. John Morgan from the Ohio penitentiary.

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General Winder insisted on one more trip. I started, crossing the Potomac half way between Mathias' Point and the mouth of the river. Hailing an oyster schooner I paid them \$50 to put me on the Maryland side. Went to Washington and Columbus, and then to Cincinnati, where General Thomas had collected \$280,000 in cash,

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

ment, and their home was the hot bed of the whole Southern organization in North Missouri.

At midnight that night 162 determined Confederates met there, inside the Yankee lines, and within four miles of St. Louis, twenty-eight of them being commissioned officers.

I left the next morning, going through the State on the south of the river, making my reports through the mail at Paris, Ill.

My next experiences of interest were in St. Charles County, where I met with Craighill's Dutch Home Guards. At Warrenton, while eating dinner, twenty-six of them came in to arrest me. I showed my certificate of oath, pleaded Union sentiment, cursed Jefferson Davis and the whole Southern Confederacy as an honest Irishman, but it took five kegs of beer to finally convince them that I was loyal. The English-speaking people in that section were usually friends, but these Dutch were bitter enemies of the South.

I learned that Colonel Kibble had a brother toward Black River. I finally reached there after swimming two swollen creeks and having two battles with Craighill's Dutch. I learned that Colonel Kibble's

daughters had married a Sergeant in General Price's command, and that these Dutch had dragged her from her bed while in a delicate condition, and had burned the house on the day previous. When I learned this I made up my mind to teach the Dutchmen a lesson. Taking fifty-two men I went to Warrenton, and we killed every Dutchman we met. This gave Murphy a notorious character, and the quicker I got out of there the better for all concerned. I took two men with me, Cumberland Kibble and John Andrews, and started through the country.

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The next stopping place was at Springfield, Ill., where I met Judge Dixon, who was at the head of the movement in Illinois, with a commission as Major General. He had more influence, and afterward, in attempting to release prisoners at Camp Butler, accomplished more than any man in Illinois. This attempt would have been successful had it not been for Colonel Shanks informing the authorities. He was afterward killed at Cheyenne by his own men on account of this, as I believe.

Going to Carlinville, I stopped with John D. White, a wealthy farmer of Macoupin County. Here I drilled my men openly, until I received information that General John M. Palmer was about to call a regiment of soldiers to arrest me. I called on General Palmer, and told him that we would fight it to the bitter end. I was not arrested, and I have talked with General Palmer since that time, and he said that he concluded that it was best to let me go, as it would have taken five thousand men at that time in that country to arrest me, and that would have precipitated the war into the heart of Illinois.

Going to Madison, Ind., where John T. Moore was in command of the copperheads, he told me that everybody was looking for me, and he assisted me across the river, where I found a horse at John Wells'. I rode to Christianburg, where I was far enough ahead to get a lunch at Dr. King's. At the corner grocery I got half a pint of whisky, which I gave to the horse, and another half pint, which I used myself. The Yankees were again in sight, and tired as my horse was I again distanced them, cut the telegraph wires and went on the dead run to Danville, thence to Lebanon. Six miles from Lebanon I turned off the pike and rode up Poke's Creek in three feet of water. I put up at the house of old man Prewitt, having run my horse 104 miles, six of which were in the creek.

The next morning my horse was dead, the noblest animal I ever rode, and seeing that it was pursued, I went to the top of a hill, where I had a sharp fight with the Yankees, who chased me to Christianburg, where I was far enough ahead to get a lunch at Dr. King's. At the corner grocery I got half a pint of whisky, which I gave to the horse, and another half pint, which I used myself. The Yankees were again in sight, and tired as my horse was I again distanced them, cut the telegraph wires and went on the dead run to Danville, thence to Lebanon. Six miles from Lebanon I turned off the pike and rode up Poke's Creek in three feet of water. I put up at the house of old man Prewitt, having run my horse 104 miles, six of which were in the creek.

The next morning my horse was dead, the noblest animal I ever saw. I was taken sick in this house, and while in bed I was captured. When I became a prisoner the excitement seemed to cure me, and on the train, while being taken to Cairo, I jumped off while the train was in motion. I was not seriously hurt by the jump, and hid out in the woods until night, when I stole a horse from a man named Greer, who, by the way, I have met since and offered pay for his horse, which he declined.

The next morning I was in Glasgow, where I received mail and left, crossing the Cumberland River near Sparta, then to Tullahoma, thence to Knoxville, where I gave my stolen horse to Miss Mattie Love, and took the train for Richmond. After making my reports I declined to return to the North, and again assumed command of my regiment of sharpshooters in General Cliborne's brigade, joining them at Lee's station.

In October, 1863, I was taken prisoner, and confined first on Johnson's Island and then at Camp Morton until the close of the war.

I was three times offered my parole.

Governor Orth, of Indiana, coming specially to see me at one time, but I refused to take the iron-clad oath.

After the war was over I went North and settled in Detroit, where I was elected as a member of the Michigan Legislature, being defeated as a candidate for re-election in 1868. I then came to Birmingham, where I have resided ever since.

"GENERAL, I AM A LOYAL IRISHMAN."

He issued an order that no person should carry firearms except those engaged in active service for the United States Government.

The three freebooters, armed to the teeth, and killing every man they met with a home guard uniform on, naturally created a sensation.

That night we ate supper at Charles Prather's in Columbia, County, at the foot of Blacket Ridge. While eating, forty Yankees

soldiers arrived, looking for a notorious bushwhacker by the name of Conway.

Kibble and Andrews escaped, and I have never seen them since. I pleaded loyalty, said I was alone and on a pony, and to show my loyalty would assist them in hunting up Conway, who, by the way, had agreed to meet me at Prather's that night.

I got on Prather's pony and went with the soldiers to a corner grocery eight miles away, and twenty-two miles from Columbia.

Here I called for Conway, and insisted that I knew he was there. A man named Steele was proprietor, and I gave him \$10 and paid for all the whisky to make the soldiers drunk; then I loaded them up with bottles of liquor and started with them for Columbia. Arrived there I took them at once to Gen. Guitar's headquarters, and said:

"General, I am a loyal Irishman. Your men took me prisoner, and to show my loyalty I have brought them back to you.

If I had not they would have all been killed in their present drunken condition." The

General thanked me, became satisfied as to my loyalty and gave me a pass, with which I got away as quickly as possible, before they recognized me. I turned to Prather's, where I found my horse and Conway with sixteen men who submitted at once to my orders. We then organized the Paw Paw militia, and had a fight near St. Joe with Craighill's Dutch. In which Conway lost an arm and I was shot through the shoulder; nine of the Dutch being killed.

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