

THE DECORATING MANIA



And said the 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 pa 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 favorite flatirons,
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 time 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 hugged 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 fashion and styles
Hereafter 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 the history of the war is that furnished to a correspondent of the Des Moines Register by Major W. C. Gorman, an ex-Confederate spy and at present a resident of Birmingham, Ala. The story of his perilous adventures 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, became 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 Confederate soldiers, 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 at ten 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 h—l 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 and 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 trustiest 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 waited 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 a \$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 \$1,000 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 \$50 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-



"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 experience 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



"I HAD A SHARP FIGHT WITH THE YANKEES."

daughter had married a Sergeant in General Price's command, and that these Dutch troops had dragged her from her bed while in a delicate condition, and had buried the house on the day previous. When I learned this I made up my mind to teach the Dutch 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, Charles and Kibble and John Andrews, and started through the country.

Gen. Odín Guitar was at that time commanding the Department of North Missouri, with headquarters at Columbiaville.



"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 Blackfoot Ridge. While eating, forty Yankee 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 showed 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 Columbiaville. 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 whiskey to make the soldiers drunk; then I loaded them up with bottles of liquor and started with them for Columbiaville. 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. 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 returned 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.

On the 10th of January, 1863, I went to City Point and hired as a roustabout on the United States flag of truce steamboat Gen. Hensell. I was to receive \$75 a month. I staid six days, for which the Government still owes me, leaving the boat at Baltimore.

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 list 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 Bellaire, 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 whiskey I bought a Yankee overcoat and got away. I first went to Columbus, Ohio, where I met George Zaney, 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 Zaney as colonel. They afterwards did valiant service in the rescue of Gen. John Morgan from the Ohio penitentiary.

I went to Cincinnati and met one of the trustiest friends the cause ever had, Samuel P. Thomas, now a dry goods merchant of that city. He was commissioned quartermaster general.

Returning to Washington, I stole a skiff and floated down the river, then stole a horse and reached Richmond safely.

When I reported they wanted me to return, to which I seriously objected, as my description was printed everywhere. The rewards for my capture were large. I had used a dozen aliases, and the police and detectives were scouring the country for me.

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,

while in a room disrobing, one of them picked up my coat and heard some paper rustle. He tipped it open, and found some maps and a lot of letters directed to President Davis and Vice President Stevens. Then they knew that they had a prize. The letters were all in cipher, which I could not read myself.

They furnished me with another suit, and laid Col. Riley's uniform, which I had worn over my suit, it being too large for me, away.

I was taken back to Lexington, where I was tried before Gen. Gilmore, who asked if I could read the letters. I said that I could, and that saved my life. Instead of having me shot the next morning at sunrise, he sentenced me to be shot on April 7, the trial occurring March 7. I was confined in a dungeon in John Morgan's old negro jail on Limestone street, a place with which, as Provost Marshal, I was thor-



"JUMPED OFF WHILE THE TRAIN WAS IN MOTION."

oughly familiar. In the dungeon was Charles Shivers, of Scott's Louisiana cavalry. At first we were suspicious of each other, but through our mutual acquaintance with Miss Nannie Curd, we soon became warm friends.

Our hands and feet were shackled, and then a chain was fastened from the one which bound our hands to the one which bound our feet. We were both to be shot. I began to figure away to get out of there, and sent for Father Lynch, a Catholic priest. Through his influence I succeeded in obtaining a call from Miss Curd. I told her to have the girls make love to the guards and sergeants, which they did. She obtained bedding and clothes for me, and in a few days I found a file started inside of the sleeve of a shirt, so that I would not fall out when the garment was shaken. With this we cut the rivets on our shackles, and with our case knives we began the task of cutting out through the floor. On the 15th of March the hole was large enough for a man to crawl through, and we made our escape that night, eating a hearty meal at Mrs. Myers', next door to the jail. We reached Versailles and went to General Buford's house before daylight, running nineteen miles during the night. On our way to this place we found a farmer in the road resting for the night. We stamped his toes and binding him to a tree, left him, wishing him good luck.

At half past 4 o'clock the next morning we awakened Mrs. Buford, who was well acquainted with both of us, and who had made many a prayer for the forgiveness of my sins, expecting me to die on April 7. When she first saw us she was frightened, but soon rejoined and welcomed us most heartily. Will Moore, the overseer, was called, and we went to the far side of the plantation, where we took refuge under a straw stack.

At 6 o'clock that morning Mrs. Buford, Miss Wiley George, Miss Canfield, and Miss Harris rode out over the plantation on horseback, finally coming to the straw stack and producing from their long riding skirts the best breakfast I ever ate. They had not been gone half an hour when the section was literally swarming with Yankee soldiers, looking for us.

We had been traced to Versailles, where all clues had been lost. That night it rained very hard, and under cover of darkness we left for Frankfort, where Shivers left me, and I have never seen him since. I heard that he was killed by Jack Goodwin's bushwhackers.

I went to Madison, Carlisle, Springfield, Aurora, Cincinnati, Columbus, and Washington, returning with copies of the communications that the Yankees had captured. I returned to Wall's, opposite Madison, and when going across the river two soldiers followed me in the ferry-boat, which I succeeded in capturing, throwing the soldiers into the river.

I reached Wall's, where I was given the best horse that I ever rode, and seeing that I 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 for 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 Previtt, having run my horse 104 miles, six of which were in the creek.

The next morning my horse was dead, the nobles animal I ever saw. I was taken sick at 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 Lenoir'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 1888. I then came to Birmingham, where I have resided ever since.

SNIFKINS—Ye gods! Look at Briggs. Isn't he stuck up? What's the matter with him that he's grown so proud, all of a sudden? Has he made a fortune, or—? Bimbley—No; his wife sent him down town the other day to match some cloth for her, and he came within two shades of getting the right color.

After His Speech in the House.

It may look like a very easy thing for a member, having his speech written, to deliver it during the course of an hour in the House, but it is not such an easy thing as it looks. The average speaker gets a good deal of athletic exercise in the course of an hour's speech. There are some members in the House who can stand and read a speech without lifting a hand except to turn the pages, and almost without changing position; and there are others who can talk all day without getting tired; but the average speaker perspires as if he were sawing wood. An off-hand speech of ten minutes does not count, but the man who throws his arms in the air as if whirling Indian clubs, hammers his desk like a blacksmith, and dances all around the place for an hour or more, is taking violent exercise. Experience has taught some of them that it is not safe to make such a speech without taking extra precautions to avoid cooling off too quickly afterward.

I know several members who take extraordinary precautions. They do not speak often. They know for weeks beforehand that they are to speak, and after all precautions are made for the speech itself, and the day comes for the effort, they have a servant bring a complete change of linen and underwear and a heavy overcoat to the Capitol, and wait with these things at hand until the speech is ended. Then the speaker, with the perspiration pouring off of him, rushes to the cloak-room, where the servant stands with the coat ready, and throws it over his shoulder as soon as he comes within reach. Next the member, with the collar of his overcoat turned up high, tucks his dry underclothing under his arm and makes for the bath-rooms. Then he enters the waiting-room where the temperature is high and there can be no draught, being underground, and waits to cool off a little preparatory to a bath. There is no more work for him in the House that day. When he has got his bath he makes for his lodgings as fast as he can, and stays there until thoroughly rested.—Washington letter in Philadelphia Telegraph.

Thanks, Elihu.



Editor—It's no use—I'm desperate! There's no support in this one-horse town for a live paper, anyhow!



Editor—(twenty minutes later, writing)—Business is booming. Our public-spirited fellow-townsmen, Mr. Elihu Backlots, has just left a gallon jug of prime hard cider, in payment for six months' subscription. Thanks, Elihu.—Puck.

The Chatelaine Fad.

The best of the new devices of belt and chatelaine show a great deal of antique silver and plenty of pretty ornaments. The chatelaine is a pretty device under any circumstances, and when suspended against the right style of a gown adds a great deal to its appearance. One of these articles is of the ordinary antique silver, and has chains whereby to hang a velvet or leather bag with a silver snap, a note-book, pencil, scent-bottle, and watch.



If desired, the bag for holding purse and handkerchief can also be hooked separately on the belt, dispensing entirely with the chain and relieving the wearer from the thumping of a well-filled pocket-book against her leg. Most jewelers keep any quantity of chatelaine attachments, and almost any article of use in the toilet or in needle-work can be carried in them.

Things Got Worse.

Stranger—Your farm doesn't seem to be in a very flourishing condition. Farmer—No. Things are getting worse and worse. A feller came round here selling books and papers, and he said all I needed was to subscribe to the Farmers' Friend. I did, but it don't seem to help things any.—Yankee Blade.