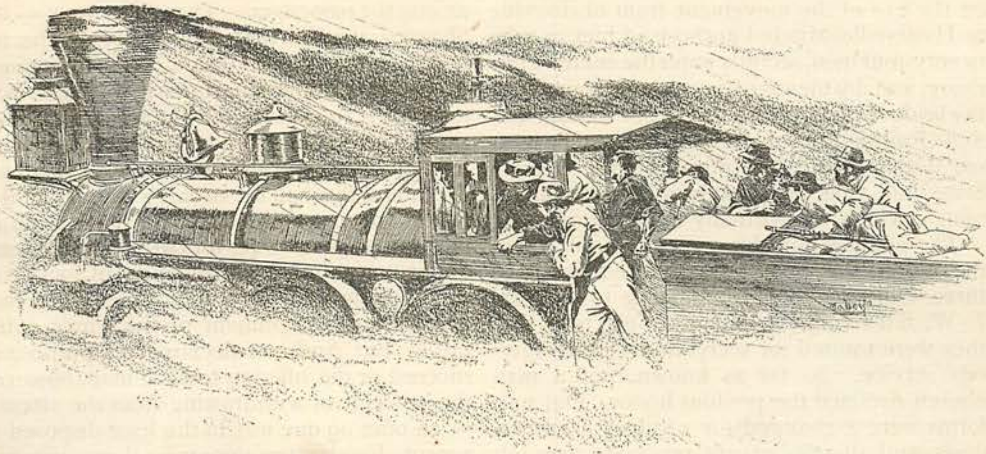

THE LOCOMOTIVE CHASE IN GEORGIA.*

HE railroad raid to Georgia, in the spring of 1862, has always been considered to rank high among the striking and novel incidents of the civil war. At that time General O. M. Mitchel, under whose authority it was organized, commanded Union forces in middle Tennessee, consisting of a division of Buell's army. The Confederates were concentrating at Corinth, Mississippi, and Grant and Buell were advancing by different routes towards that point. Mitchel's orders required him to protect Nashville and the country around, but allowed him great latitude in the disposition of his division, which, with detachments and garrisons, numbered nearly seventeen thousand men. His attention had long been strongly turned towards the liberation of east Tennessee, which he knew that President Lincoln also earnestly desired, and which would, if achieved, strike a most damaging blow at the resources of the rebellion. A Union army once in possession of east Tennessee would have the inestimable advantage, found nowhere else in the South, of operating in the midst of a friendly population, and having at hand abundant supplies of all kinds. Mitchel had no reason to believe that Corinth would detain the Union armies much longer than Fort Donelson had done, and was satisfied that as soon as that position had been captured the next movement would be eastward towards Chattanooga, thus throwing his own division in advance. He determined, therefore, to press into the heart of the enemy's country as far as possible, occupying strategical points before they were adequately defended and assured of speedy and powerful reënforcement. To this end his measures were vigorous and well chosen.

On the 8th of April, 1862,—the day after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, of which, however, Mitchel had received no intelligence,—he marched swiftly southward from Shelbyville and seized Huntsville, in Alabama, on the 11th of April, and then sent a detachment westward over the Memphis and Charleston Railroad to open railway communication with the Union army at Pittsburg Landing. Another detachment, commanded by Mitchel in person, advanced on the same day seventy miles by rail directly into the enemy's territory, arriving unchecked with two thousand men within thirty miles of Chattanooga,—in two hours' time he could now reach that point,—the most important position in the West. Why did he not go on? The story of the railroad raid is the answer. The night before breaking camp at Shelbyville, Mitchel sent an expedition secretly into the heart of Georgia to cut the railroad communications of Chattanooga to the south and east. The fortune of this attempt had a most important bearing upon his movements, and will now be narrated.

In the employ of General Buell was a spy named James J. Andrews, who had rendered valuable services in the first year of the war, and had secured the full confidence of the Union commanders. In March, 1862, Buell had sent him secretly with eight men to burn the bridges west of Chattanooga; but the failure of expected coöperation defeated the plan, and Andrews, after visiting Atlanta and inspecting the whole of the enemy's lines in that vicinity and northward, had returned, ambitious to make another attempt. His plans for the

* By the author of "Daring and Suffering."

second raid were submitted to Mitchel, and on the eve of the movement from Shelbyville to Huntsville Mitchel authorized him to take twenty-four men, secretly enter the enemy's territory, and, by means of capturing a train, burn the bridges on the northern part of the Georgia State Railroad and also one on the East Tennessee Railroad where it approaches the Georgia State line, thus completely isolating Chattanooga, which was virtually ungarrisoned.

The soldiers for this expedition, of whom the writer was one, were selected from the three Ohio regiments belonging to General J. W. Sill's brigade, being simply told that they were wanted for secret and very dangerous service. So far as known, not a man chosen declined the perilous honor. Our uniforms were exchanged for ordinary Southern dress, and all arms except revolvers were left in camp. On the 7th of April, by the roadside about a mile east of Shelbyville, in the late evening twilight, we met our leader. Taking us a little way from the road, he quietly placed before us the outlines of the romantic and adventurous plan, which was: to break into small detachments of three or four, journey eastward into the Cumberland Mountains, then work southward, traveling by rail after we were well within the Confederate lines, and finally, the evening of the third day after the start, meet Andrews at Marietta, Georgia, more than two hundred miles away. When questioned, we were to profess ourselves Kentuckians going to join the Southern army.

On the journey we were a good deal annoyed by the swollen streams and the muddy roads consequent on three days of almost ceaseless rain. Andrews was led to believe that Mitchel's column would be inevitably delayed; and as we were expected to destroy the bridges the very day that Huntsville was entered, he took the responsibility of sending word to our different groups that our attempt would be postponed one day — from Friday to Saturday, April 12. This was a natural but a most lamentable error of judgment.

One of the men detailed was belated and did not join us at all. Two others were very soon captured by the enemy; and though their true character was not detected, they were forced into the Southern army, and two reached Marietta, but failed to report at the rendezvous. Thus, when we assembled very early in the morning in Andrews's room at the Marietta Hotel for final consultation before the blow was struck we were but twenty, including our leader. All preliminary difficulties had been easily overcome and we were in good spirits. But some serious obstacles had been revealed on our ride from Chattanooga to Marietta the previous evening.* The railroad was found to be crowded with trains, and many soldiers were among the passengers. Then the station — Big Shanty — at which the capture was to be effected had recently been made a Confederate camp. To succeed in our enterprise it would be necessary first to capture the engine in a guarded camp with soldiers standing around as spectators, and then to run it from one to two hundred miles through the enemy's country, and to deceive or overpower all trains that should be met — a large contract for twenty men. Some of our party thought the chances of success so slight, under existing circumstances, that they urged the abandonment of the whole enterprise. But Andrews declared his purpose to succeed or die, offering to each man, however, the privilege of withdrawing from the attempt — an offer no one was in the least disposed to accept. Final instructions were then given, and we hurried to the ticket office in time for the northward bound mail-train, and purchased tickets for different stations along the line in the direction of Chattanooga.

Our ride, as passengers, was but eight miles. We swept swiftly around the base of Kenesaw Mountain, and soon saw the tents of the Confederate forces camped at Big Shanty gleam white in the morning mist. Here we were to stop for breakfast and attempt the seizure of the train. The morning was raw and gloomy, and a rain, which fell all day, had already begun. It was a painfully thrilling moment. We were but twenty, with an army about us, and a long and difficult road before us, crowded with enemies. In an instant we were to throw off the disguise which had been our only protection, and trust our leader's genius and our own efforts for safety and success. Fortunately we had no time for giving way to reflections and conjectures which could only unfit us for the stern task ahead.

When we stopped, the conductor, the engineer, and many of the passengers hurried to breakfast, leaving the train unguarded. Now was the moment of action. Ascertaining that there was nothing to prevent a rapid start, Andrews, our two engineers, Brown and Knight, and the fireman hurried forward, uncoupling a section of the train consisting of three empty baggage or box cars, the locomotive, and the tender. The engineers and the fireman sprang into the cab of the engine, while Andrews, with hand on the rail and foot on the step, waited to see that the remainder of the party had gained entrance into the rear box-car. This seemed difficult and slow, though it really consumed but a few seconds, for the car stood on a considerable

* The different detachments reached the Georgia State Railroad at Chattanooga, and traveled as ordinary passengers on trains running southward.— EDITOR.

bank, and the first who came were pitched in by their comrades, while these in turn dragged in the others, and the door was instantly closed. A sentinel, with musket in hand, stood not a dozen feet from the engine, watching the whole proceeding; but before he or any of the soldiers or guards around could make up their minds to interfere all was done, and Andrews, with a nod to his engineer, stepped on board. The valve was pulled wide open, and for a moment the wheels slipped round in rapid, ineffective revolutions; then, with a bound that jerked the soldiers in the box-car from their feet, the little train darted away, leaving the camp and the station in the wildest uproar and confusion. The first step of the enterprise was triumphantly accomplished.

According to the time-table, of which Andrews had secured a copy, there were two trains to be met. These presented no serious hindrance to our attaining high speed, for we could tell just where to expect them. There was also a local freight not down on the time-table, but which could not be far distant. Any danger of collision with it could be avoided by running according to the schedule of the captured train until it was passed; then at the highest possible speed we could run to the Oostenaula and Chickamauga bridges, lay them in ashes, and pass on through Chattanooga to Mitchel, at Huntsville, or wherever eastward of that point he might be found, arriving long before the close of the day. It was a brilliant prospect, and so far as human estimates can determine it would have been realized had the day been Friday instead of Saturday. On Friday every train had been on time, the day dry, and the road in perfect order. Now the road was in disorder, every train far behind time, and two "extras" were approaching us. But of these unfavorable conditions we knew nothing, and pressed confidently forward.

We stopped frequently, and at one point tore up the track, cut telegraph wires, and loaded on cross-ties to be used in bridge burning. Wood and water were taken without difficulty, Andrews very coolly telling the story to which he adhered throughout the run, namely, that he was one of General Beauregard's officers, running an impressed powder train through to that commander at Corinth. We had no good instruments for track-raising, as we had intended rather to depend upon fire; but the amount of time spent in taking up a rail was not material at this stage of our journey, as we easily kept on the time of our captured train. There was a wonderful exhilaration in passing swiftly by towns and stations through the heart of an enemy's country in this manner. It possessed just enough of the spice of danger, in this part of the run, to render it thoroughly enjoyable. The slightest accident to our engine, however, or a miscarriage in any part of our programme, would have completely changed the conditions.

At Etowah we found the "Yonah," an old locomotive owned by an iron company, standing with steam up; but not wishing to alarm the enemy till the local freight had been safely met, we left it unharmed. Kingston, thirty miles from the starting-point, was safely reached. A train from Rome, Georgia, on a branch road, had just arrived and was waiting for the morning mail — our train. We learned that the local freight would soon come also, and, taking the side-track, waited for it. When it arrived, however, Andrews saw, to his surprise and chagrin, that it bore a red flag, indicating another train not far behind. Stepping over to the conductor, he boldly asked: "What does it mean that the road is blocked in this manner when I have orders to take this powder to Beauregard without a minute's delay?" The answer was interesting but not reassuring: "Mitchel has captured Huntsville and is said to be coming to Chattanooga, and we are getting everything out of there." He was asked by Andrews to pull his train a long way down the track out of the way, and promptly obeyed.

It seemed an exceedingly long time before the expected "extra" arrived, and when it did come it bore another red flag. The reason given was that the "local," being too great for one engine, had been made up in two sections, and the second section would doubtless be along in a short time. This was terribly vexatious; yet there seemed nothing to do but to wait. To start out between the sections of an extra train would be to court destruction. There were already three trains around us, and their many passengers and others were all growing very curious about the mysterious train, manned by strangers, which had arrived on the time of the morning mail. For an hour and five minutes from the time of arrival at Kingston we remained in this most critical position. The sixteen of us who were shut up tightly in a box-car,—personating Beauregard's ammunition,—hearing sounds outside, but unable to distinguish words, had perhaps the most trying position. Andrews sent us, by one of the engineers, a cautious warning to be ready to fight in case the uneasiness of the crowd around led them to make any investigation, while he himself kept near the station to prevent the sending off of any alarming telegram. So intolerable was our suspense, that the order for a deadly conflict would have been felt as a relief. But the assurance of Andrews quieted the crowd until

the whistle of the expected train from the north was heard; then, as it glided up to the depot, past the end of our side-track, we were off without more words.

But unexpected danger had arisen behind us. Out of the panic at Big Shanty two men emerged, determined, if possible, to foil the unknown captors of their train. There was no telegraph station, and no locomotive at hand with which to follow; but the conductor of the train, W. A. Fuller, and Anthony Murphy, foreman of the Atlanta railway machine shops, who happened to be on board of Fuller's train, started on foot after us as hard as they could run. Finding a hand-car they mounted it and pushed forward till they neared Etowah, where they ran on the break we had made in the road and were precipitated down the embankment into the ditch. Continuing with more caution, they reached Etowah and found the "Yonah," which was at once pressed into service, loaded with soldiers who were at hand, and hurried with flying wheels towards Kingston. Fuller prepared to fight at that point, for he knew of the tangle of extra trains, and of the lateness of the regular trains, and did not think we should be able to pass. We had been gone only four minutes when he arrived and found himself stopped by three long, heavy trains of cars, headed in the wrong direction. To move them out of the way so as to pass would cause a delay he was little inclined to afford — would, indeed, have almost certainly given us the victory. So, abandoning his engine, he with Murphy ran across to the Rome train, and, uncoupling the engine and one car, pushed forward with about forty armed men. As the Rome branch connected with the main road above the depot, he encountered no hindrance, and it was now a fair race. We were not many minutes ahead.

Four miles from Kingston we again stopped and cut the telegraph. While trying to take up a rail at this point we were greatly startled. One end of the rail was loosened, and eight of us were pulling at it, when in the distance we distinctly heard the whistle of a pursuing engine. With a frantic effort we broke the rail, and all tumbled over the embankment with the effort. We moved on, and at Adairsville we found a mixed train (freight and passenger) waiting, but there was an express on the road that had not yet arrived. We could afford no more delay, and set out for the next station, Calhoun, at terrible speed, hoping to reach that point before the express, which was behind time, should arrive. The nine miles which we had to travel were left behind in less than the same number of minutes. The express was just pulling out, but, hearing our whistle, backed before us until we were able to take the side-track. It stopped, however, in such a manner as completely to close up the other end of the switch. The two trains, side by side, almost touched each other, and our precipitate arrival caused natural suspicion. Many searching questions were asked, which had to be answered before we could get the opportunity of proceeding. We in the box-car could hear the altercation, and were almost sure that a fight would be necessary before the conductor would consent to "pull up" in order to let us out. Here again our position was most critical, for the pursuers were rapidly approaching.

Fuller and Murphy saw the obstruction of the broken rail in time, by reversing their engine, to prevent wreck; but the hindrance was for the present insuperable. Leaving all their men behind, they started for a second foot-race. Before they had gone far they met the train we had passed at Adairsville, and turned it back after us. At Adairsville they dropped the cars, and with locomotive and tender loaded with armed men, they drove forward at the highest speed possible. They knew that we were not many minutes ahead, and trusted to overhaul us before the express train could be safely passed.

But Andrews had told the powder story again with all his skill, and added a direct request in peremptory form to have the way opened before him, which the Confederate conductor did not see fit to resist; and just before the pursuers arrived at Calhoun we were again under way. Stopping once more to cut wires and tear up the track, we felt a thrill of exhilaration to which we had long been strangers. The track was now clear before us to Chattanooga; and even west of that city we had good reason to believe that we should find no other train in the way till we had reached Mitchel's lines. If one rail could now be lifted we would be in a few minutes at the Oostenaula bridge; and that burned, the rest of the task would be little more than simple manual labor, with the enemy absolutely powerless. We worked with a will.

But in a moment the tables were turned. Not far behind we heard the scream of a locomotive bearing down upon us at lightning speed. The men on board were in plain sight and well armed. Two minutes — perhaps one — would have removed the rail at which we were toiling; then the game would have been in our own hands, for there was no other locomotive beyond that could be turned back after us. But the most desperate efforts were in vain. The rail was simply bent, and we hurried to our engine and darted away, while remorselessly after us thundered the enemy.

Now the contestants were in clear view, and a race followed unparalleled in the annals of

war. Wishing to gain a little time for the burning of the Oostenaula bridge, we dropped one car, and, shortly after, another; but they were "picked up" and pushed ahead to Resaca. We were obliged to run over the high trestles and covered bridge at that point without a pause. This was the first failure in the work assigned us.

The Confederates could not overtake and stop us on the road; but their aim was to keep close behind, so that we might not be able to damage the road or take in wood or water. In the former they succeeded, but not in the latter. Both engines were put at the highest rate of speed. We were obliged to cut the wire after every station passed, in order that an alarm might not be sent ahead; and we constantly strove to throw our pursuers off the track, or to obstruct the road permanently in some way, so that we might be able to burn the Chickamauga bridges, still ahead. The chances seemed good that Fuller and Murphy would be wrecked. We broke out the end of our last box-car and dropped cross-ties on the track as we ran, thus checking their progress and getting far enough ahead to take in wood and water at two separate stations. Several times we almost lifted a rail, but each time the coming of the Confederates within rifle range compelled us to desist and speed on. Our worst hindrance was the rain. The previous day (Friday) had been clear, with a high wind, and on such a day fire would have been easily and tremendously effective. But to-day a bridge could be burned only with abundance of fuel and careful nursing.

Thus we sped on, mile after mile, in this fearful chase, round curves and past stations in seemingly endless perspective. Whenever we lost sight of the enemy beyond a curve, we hoped that some of our obstructions had been effective in throwing him from the track, and that we should see him no more; but at each long reach backward the smoke was again seen, and the shrill whistle was like the scream of a bird of prey. The time could not have been so very long, for the terrible speed was rapidly devouring the distance; but with our nerves strained to the highest tension each minute seemed an hour. On several occasions the escape of the enemy from wreck was little less than miraculous. At one point a rail was placed across the track on a curve so skillfully that it was not seen till the train ran upon it at full speed. Fuller says that they were terribly jolted, and seemed to bounce altogether from the track, but lighted on the rails in safety. Some of the Confederates wished to leave a train which was driven at such a reckless rate, but their wishes were not gratified.

Before reaching Dalton we urged Andrews to turn and attack the enemy, laying an ambush so as to get into close quarters, that our revolvers might be on equal terms with their guns. I have little doubt that if this had been carried out it would have succeeded. But either because he thought the chance of wrecking or obstructing the enemy still good, or feared that the country ahead had been alarmed by a telegram around the Confederacy by the way of Richmond — Andrews merely gave the plan his sanction without making any attempt to carry it into execution.

Dalton was passed without difficulty, and beyond we stopped again to cut wires and to obstruct the track. It happened that a regiment was encamped not a hundred yards away, but they did not molest us. Fuller had written a dispatch to Chattanooga, and dropped a man with orders to have it forwarded instantly, while he pushed on to save the bridges. Part of the message got through and created a wild panic in Chattanooga, although it did not materially influence our fortunes. Our supply of fuel was now very short, and without getting rid of our pursuers long enough to take in more, it was evident that we could not run as far as Chattanooga.

While cutting the wire we made an attempt to get up another rail; but the enemy, as usual, were too quick for us. We had no tool for this purpose except a wedge-pointed iron bar. Two or three bent iron claws for pulling out spikes would have given us such incontestable superiority that, down to almost the last of our run, we should have been able to escape and even to burn all the Chickamauga bridges. But it had not been our intention to rely on this mode of obstruction — an emergency only rendered necessary by our unexpected delay and the pouring rain.

We made no attempt to damage the long tunnel north of Dalton, as our enemies had greatly dreaded. The last hope of the raid was now staked upon an effort of a different kind from any that we had yet made, but which, if successful, would still enable us to destroy the bridges nearest Chattanooga. But, on the other hand, its failure would terminate the chase. Life and success were put upon one throw.

A few more obstructions were dropped on the track, and our own speed increased so that we soon forged a considerable distance ahead. The side and end boards of the last car were torn into shreds, all available fuel was piled upon it, and blazing brands were brought back from the engine. By the time we approached a long, covered bridge a fire in the car was fairly started. We uncoupled it in the middle of the bridge, and with painful suspense waited the issue. Oh for a few minutes till the work of confla-

gration was fairly begun! There was still steam pressure enough in our boiler to carry us to the next wood-yard, where we could have replenished our fuel by force, if necessary, so as to run as near to Chattanooga as was deemed prudent. We did not know of the telegraph message which the pursuers had sent ahead. But, alas! the minutes were not given. Before the bridge was extensively fired the enemy was upon us, and we moved slowly onward, looking back to see what they would do next. We had not long to conjecture. The Confederates pushed right into the smoke, and drove the burning car before them to the next side-track.

With no car left, and no fuel, the last scrap having been thrown into the engine or upon the burning car, and with no obstruction to drop on the track, our situation was indeed desperate. A few minutes only remained until our steed of iron which had so well served us would be powerless.

But it might still be possible to save ourselves. If we left the train in a body, and, taking a direct course towards the Union lines, hurried over the mountains at right angles with their course, we could not, from the nature of the country, be followed by cavalry, and could easily travel — athletic young men as we were, and fleeing for life — as rapidly as any pursuers. There was no telegraph in the mountainous districts west and north-west of us, and the prospect of reaching the Union lines seemed to me then, and has always since seemed, very fair. Confederate pursuers with whom I have since conversed freely have agreed on two points — that we could have escaped in the manner here pointed out, and that an attack on the pursuing train would likely have been successful. But Andrews thought otherwise, at least in relation to the former plan, and ordered us to jump from the locomotive one by one, and, dispersing in the woods, each endeavor to save himself. Thus ended the Andrews railroad raid.

It is easy now to understand why Mitchel paused thirty miles west of Chattanooga. The Andrews raiders had been forced to stop eighteen miles south of the same town, and no flying train met him with the expected tidings that all railroad communications of Chattanooga were destroyed, and that the town was in a panic and undefended. He dared advance no farther without heavy reënforcements from Pittsburg Landing or the north; and he probably believed to the day of his death, six months later, that the whole Andrews party had perished without accomplishing anything.

A few words will give the sequel to this remarkable enterprise. There was great excitement in Chattanooga and in the whole of the surrounding Confederate territory for scores of miles. The hunt for the fugitive raiders was prompt, energetic, and completely successful. Ignorant of the country, disorganized, and far from the Union lines, they strove in vain to escape. Several were captured the same day on which they left the cars, and all but two within a week. Even these two were overtaken and brought back when they supposed that they were virtually out of danger. Two of those who had failed to be on the train were identified and added to the band of prisoners.

Now follows the saddest part of the story. Being in citizens' dress within an enemy's lines, the whole party were held as spies and closely and vigorously guarded. A court-martial was convened, and the leader and seven others out of the twenty-two were condemned and executed.|| The remainder were never brought to trial, probably because of the advance of Union forces and the consequent confusion into which the affairs of the Departments of East Tennessee and Georgia were thrown. Of the remaining fourteen, eight succeeded by a bold effort — attacking their guard in broad daylight — in making their escape from Atlanta, Georgia, and ultimately in reaching the North. The other six who shared in this effort, but were recaptured, remained prisoners until the latter part of March, 1863, when they were exchanged through a special arrangement made with Secretary Stanton. All the survivors of this expedition received medals and promotion. The pursuers also received expressions of gratitude from their fellow-Confederates, notably from the governor and the legislature of Georgia.

William Pittenger.

|| Below is a list of the participants in the raid:

James J. Andrews,* leader; William Campbell,* a civilian who volunteered to accompany the raiders; George D. Wilson,* Company B, 2d Ohio Volunteers; Marion A. Ross,* Company A, 2d Ohio Volunteers; Perry G. Shadrack,* Company K, 2d Ohio Volunteers; Samuel Slavens,* 33d Ohio Volunteers; Samuel Robinson,* Company G, 33d Ohio Volunteers; John Scott,* Company K, 21st Ohio Volunteers; Wilson W. Brown,† Company F, 21st Ohio Volunteers; William Knight,† Company E, 21st Ohio Volunteers; Mark Wood,† Company C, 21st Ohio Volunteers; James A. Wilson,† Company C, 21st Ohio Volunteers; John Wollam,† Company C, 33d Ohio Volunteers; D. A. Dorsey,† Company H, 33d Ohio Volunteers; Jacob Parrott,‡ Company K, 33d Ohio Volunteers; Robert Buffum,‡ Company H, 21st Ohio Volunteers; William Bensinger,‡ Company G, 21st Ohio Volunteers; William Reddick,‡ Company B, 33d Ohio Volunteers; E. H. Mason,‡ Company K, 21st Ohio Volunteers; William Pittenger,‡ Company G, 2d Ohio Volunteers.

J. R. Porter, Company C, 21st Ohio, and Martin J. Hawkins, Company A, 33d Ohio, reached Marietta, but did not get on board of the train. They were captured and imprisoned with their comrades.— EDITOR.

* Executed. † Escaped. ‡ Exchanged.

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cipal problem, New York has at last accumulated enough recorded experience and disgrace to arrive at sound conclusions as to what human nature will do under conditions of civic neglect. As an exemplar of municipal cowardice, she has encouraged corruption in other large cities of the country; now, as an aroused community, she is pricking the consciences of the sister cities. If she takes the plain and obvious course to purify her own political life, and to keep it pure, the politics of the whole country will be lifted to a higher plane of honesty and honor.

As the causes of corruption in the large cities are primarily the same, so the cure must be the same. Those citizens who are most favorably situated as to the opportunities of education and property, in addition to carrying the heaviest end of the burden of taxation, must attend to the drudgery of politics, and show by an enlightened public spirit that the business affairs of a municipality are worthy of self-sacrifice.

Also it must be understood, and enforced by practice, that the poorest system of municipal administration will do more for the public good with an honest, self-dependent man at the head of it, than the best system with a depraved or ignorant tool of a political boss at the helm. An unworthy head at once devitalizes a municipal organization, no matter what the clime, race, confusion of races, or form of government.

Municipal corruption always spreads from the controlling official through his executive agents into the body of the people; and it is the merest sophistry — humorously offered, perhaps — for the ablest organ of Tammany Hall to claim that the police corruption was an infection from dishonest merchants who employed the art of bribery to prevent the enforcement of troublesome laws. It is no excuse for a police officer who falls, that bribers were lying in wait for him; he was commissioned to go forth in the name of the municipality to wage war on thieves and lawbreakers, and to nip the amateur malefactor in the bud. But how can he be expected to do his duty if he sees that the mayor at the top is a figurehead for a ring which in every attribute and act shows that it is organized and run for the spoils of office and the plunder to be got from extortion and blackmail? Woe to the city whose mayor is the product of its political slums; woe to the city whose mayor, though honest in himself, is the creature of the boss of its political slums.

And finally, the cure of municipal corruption depends upon the elimination of the irresponsible boss. No public officer can serve two masters; and there never was and never can be good government through boss rule. There will always be a dominating personality in every political organization — municipal, State, or national; and any citizen may laudably aspire to wield such an influence. But public sentiment should demand that the boss of a party shall assume through the ballot-box the highest official responsibility that his party is able to confer.

Suppose that the recent "leader," on coming into the dictatorship of Tammany Hall, had been forced by public sentiment to take his own nomination for mayor. Either he would have dwindled into a harmless suppliant for public favor, as when he was compelled by his own predecessor as boss to run for alderman; or he would have justified his right to govern New York. What he did do was to learn by sore experience that Mr. Hewitt was not the mayor to serve him rather than the public, and then to put forward one mayor more amenable to his behests than another, until he had piled on the city as much degradation as suited his personal ends, and more than had ever been known in the annals of municipal martyrdom.

The only way, then, to rid municipal life of political hirelings is to compel jobbing statesmen to vindicate their right to manage public affairs by a direct appeal to the ballot-box, which they shun as the devil does holy water.

OPEN LETTERS.

A Grave of Heroes at Chattanooga.

SOME time ago the writer and some friends were discussing an article in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," entitled, "The Locomotive Chase in Georgia," when one of the party remarked, "Those men deserve a monument!" Thereupon I told them of the monument to their memory as the story was told to me in June, 1891, by the officer in charge of the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, as follows:

J. J. Andrews and twenty-one others, one of whom was a civilian, entered upon their dangerous mission with every prospect of success, but the inclemency of the weather caused a postponement of the effort for one day, a delay which proved fatal to the result of the enterprise. The road was crowded with trains. The pursuit was vigorous and persistent. The expedition resulted in disaster and death. Sixteen were captured, and six escaped. Of the captured, eight, among whom was the leader of the party, were tried and convicted as spies. Some of these were executed at Chattanooga and some at Atlanta. The others were afterward exchanged. After the war had ended the bodies of those executed were removed to the National Cemetery at Chattanooga. When the body of Andrews was disinterred at Atlanta the shackles were still upon his limbs, and the rope with which he was hanged was around his neck.

The participants in the expedition were all from the State of Ohio, and years afterward — I think in 1889 — the legislature of that State appropriated $5000 for the purpose of erecting a monument to their memory. A pleasant spot in the cemetery was secured, and the monument was erected. It is of granite, and is surmounted by a miniature image in bronze of the "General," the stolen engine. The monument was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on Decoration Day, 1891. On one face of the monument is a history of the expedition; on another face are the names of those members of the party who were executed; on another, the names of those who were exchanged; and on the other, the names of those who escaped. Opposite each face of the monument are the graves of two of the dead.

There were present at the ceremonies two of the survivors of that desperate "race," and one or two of their captors. When the exercises were ended they met upon the platform and shook hands. It was the meeting of brave men. There were relatives of the dead from faraway States, among them two women who had come to

visit, for the first time, the grave of a brother. One of them, in an attempt to pluck some flowers from her brother's grave, was stopped by a guard, and immediately burst into tears. A word of explanation was given, and her hands were filled with roses.

The monument is located in one of the prettiest parts of the cemetery, and is one of the objects of interest to the visitor to that "city of the dead." Loving hands cover each grave with flowers. Surrounded by thousands of "unknown" comrades from distant battlefields, beneath the shadows of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, they "sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

George H. Fair.

Noah Brooks's References to Charles Sumner.

MR. NOAH BROOKS makes two statements concerning Charles Sumner in THE CENTURY for last November, p. 145, which I desire to challenge. The first is that Mr. Sumner, before delivering his speeches, read them before a glass, "studying the effect of his gestures by the light of lamps placed at each side of the mirror." This he does not pretend to have himself seen, or to have been so informed by any one who had seen it, but more than forty years afterward he first publishes it as reported to him by a "Mr. Gardner, the aged custodian of the house," long since dead, who was so told by "younger members of the family," who are unnamed and unidentified. One questions if any credence can be placed in American history for the last half-century if it is to be built on such foundations. If any one thing is unmistakable, it is that Washington gossip is not history.

Mr. Brooks's indifference to accurate statement is apparent in his quotation of a reference to such a habit of Mr. Sumner, which he attributes to "Senator Butler of South Carolina," who never made such a reference. One somewhat like it was made by Senator Douglas (though Mr. Brooks's quotation does not follow the "Congressional Globe") in the Senate, May 20, 1856. Mr. Sumner thought the absurdity of such a story so apparent on its face that he included it in his published works, Vol. IV, p. 249, as a part of Douglas's remarks, thus dismissing it with the silent contempt it deserved.

Mr. Sumner, it may be remarked, used no gestures which appeared to have been trained, and those he did use were the least attractive part of his public speaking. Edward Everett and Wendell Phillips were distinguished for their effective gestures, but not so with such orators as Mr. Sumner and Phillips Brooks.

Living persons who were witnesses of Mr. Sumner's home life, sleeping in his house or passing much of the day in it, never observed him doing what Mr. Brooks imputes to him. His secretaries (except E. J. Holmes, who was with him only a year) are all living, and are well known,— A. B. Johnson, chief clerk of the Lighthouse Board at Washington; Charles C. Beaman, of the New York bar; and Francis V. Balch and Moorfield Storey, both of the Boston bar. All these gentlemen, after an examination of Mr. Brooks's article, concur in the statement that he had no such practice. Mr. Beaman writes: "I never saw him do any such thing, nor ever heard of it, and do not believe he ever did it." Mr. Balch writes: "I certainly never saw such a thing, and I was with him at all hours and constantly." Mr. Storey, who lived in Mr. Sumner's house, writes: "The suggestion that he practised his gestures before a glass is, I am satisfied, without the least foundation." Mr. Johnson's denial of such a habit is equally explicit.

Mr. Brooks's other statement is that Mr. Sumner "would graciously receive and entertain men whose experience or mental acquisitions could be utilized, and when he had, as it were, squeezed dry his prize, he would toss it aside with delightful abandon"; and he gives as an illustration "Captain Bulkely, of the United States revenue marine service," who, as he states, supplied materials for Mr. Sumner's speech on Alaska in 1867, at which time he was "a favorite guest for a few days at the senator's house," but whom the senator "failed to recognize when they subsequently met." This story is against all probabilities, and will not bear scrutiny.

No person of the name of Bulkely has at any time been connected with the revenue marine, technically known as the revenue cutter service. I have before me the official certificate of the Treasury Department which says: "The records of the department fail to show that there was at any time an officer named Bulkely connected with the revenue cutter service." Mr. Brooks's fidelity as a narrator is again impeached.

After some search I have, as I suppose, identified the person referred to. Mr. Sumner, in his Alaska speech, mentions Captain Charles S. Bulkley as director of the Russian American Telegraph Company, not naming, however, any contributions from him, but emphasizing in the connection the important services of Major Kennicott, who accompanied the telegraph force in a different capacity. Mr. Sumner, in his difficult research for materials as to a territory then little known, sought information from all available sources, particularly from the Smithsonian Institution. I have in my possession several letters addressed to him on the subject, but no Captain Bulkely appears among the writers. Mr. Beaman was then Mr. Sumner's secretary, and under his direction was employed for some weeks in search of information on all points concerning the territory. He has still in his possession the half-sheet of paper containing the only notes which the senator used in his speech, and also the manuscript of the speech as finally written out. Such was his interest in the question that shortly afterward he published an article upon it in a magazine; but with all his intimate connection with Mr. Sumner's investigation, he recalls no such person as "Captain Bulkely" having had anything to do with it. The conclusion is that if any "Captain Bulkely" ever had a conference with Mr. Sumner on the subject, his service must have been very unimportant, except in his own estimation.

Mr. Brooks's statement that Bulkely was "a guest for a few days at the senator's house" is altogether improbable. It was the season—that of 1866-67—when Mr. Sumner occupied the Pomeroy House, which was filled by his own family.

The serious imputation of Mr. Brooks's article is that Mr. Sumner was altogether indifferent to the obligations of friendship, and treated ungratefully those who had rendered him valuable service. Such an imputation is contrary to his entire conduct from youth to age. His biography abounds in instances of his constant and lifelong devotion to friends. He had no quality of character which was more conspicuous. No house in