

THE REMOVAL OF ROSECRANS.

Among the multitude of statements, attacks and defences about the causes of removal of the once brilliant, now cast down, Rosecrans, we have met with nothing so concise and pointed and evidently inspired on the subject as a communication from Washington to the *New York Tribune*. While there may be next to indifference about particular individuals going up or coming down the hill of fortune, there is historically something interesting in every man of prominence before the nation. Many former great names are now almost forgotten and national and party idols are rolling in the dust, sometime to be brushed and used again—if the necessities of the hour should so demand. There is besides, something instructive to be learned in the game of war, when the facts that make and unmake are seen from behind the curtain.

The correspondence noticed classifies the General's errors under four principal heads.

- 1st. The delay after Stone River battle.
- 2d. The delay at Tullahoma.
- 3d. Military mismanagement at Chickamauga.
- 4th. His voluntary separation from his Chief Staff at the crisis of the battle, and his retiring, "stampeded," as department officers are wont to express it, to Chattanooga, while the staff officer insisted on pressing forward to the front.

To these are added complaints of his abandonment of Lookout Mountain, and his intimate relations with the Chief of the Army Police who was in "doubtful standing" at the War Office.

The delays are attributed to over prudence; but sufficient is said in a general way to make it evident that Washington kept "poking" at Rosecrans to "move on," and the more they meddled with him the less he did, and latterly became so annoyed with their interference that his replies became exceedingly "vinegary" accompanied by the intimation that he knew best and if they did not like his management of the business they could remove him.

On the alleged mismanagement in bringing on the battle at Chickamauga, the correspondent is defensive and furnishes the "points" of getting up a battle:—

In the last days of August, the Department telegraphed to Gen. Rosecrans, peremptorily ordering him to cross the Tennessee at once, to report each day's movement of each Corps, and to allow no twenty-four hours to pass without sending on a report. No orders were given as to where he should cross, or what plan of operations he should adopt after crossing.

Two courses were open to him. He had a few brigades lying on the north bank of the river, opposite Chattanooga. He could move the whole army there, cross the river under fire, and storm the enemy's works; he could cross the river 30 miles below, and through some exceedingly difficult passes in Lookout Mountain turn the enemy's flank. In other words, he had either to fight the enemy out of Chattanooga by an attack in front, or to manoeuvre him out by a flank movement, and then fight his own way in. He chose the latter.

It is precisely on this point that the public has utterly failed to understand the true nature and object of the battle of Chickamauga. The popular impression is that Gen. Rosecrans, by a skillful flank movement, took Chattanooga and might there have rested; but that he got ambitious of further laurels, was intoxicated by his easy success, became as rash as he had before been cautious, rushed impetuously ahead, was caught off his guard, soundly pummeled and sent back with a very bloody head that his own indiscretion had secured him.

The truth is that Rosecrans never really held Chattanooga until after that battle—that he had to fight Chickamauga to get his army into Chattanooga.

Let me explain as briefly as I can. The army was thrown across the river some thirty miles below Chattanooga. Between it and the rebel position stretched Lookout Mountain a perpendicular wall of limestone, which no wheel could cross. The Mountain juts up against the river, two miles below Chattanooga, leaving a narrow pass by the river bank, through which the railroad runs. To have attempted to march up to Chattanooga through this pass would have been madness. Nevertheless, it was the quickest way to get into the place—if the rebels would only get out beforehand.

Twenty or thirty miles out from the river (south) was the first gap in the Lookout Mountain. Twenty miles further was the second. The reader who fixes the location of these gaps has Gen. Rosecrans' plan in a moment. He placed Crittenden's corps near the river, at the foot of the mountain, ready to march right up through the railroad pass and so into Chattanooga the moment the rebels should leave it. Thomas's corps he sent out along the mountain to the first gap, and McCook's to the second, with instructions

to cross over as soon as possible. The moment the heads of their columns began to debouch on the other (Chattanooga) side of the mountain the enemy saw his danger. If he remained in Chattanooga we were on his line of supplies and south of him. He evacuated at once, hastening southward to Lafayette. Crittenden, quietly lying a few miles down the river, of course marched up through the railroad pass at the river's edge—no longer dangerous with the enemy gone—and occupied the deserted stronghold.

But did this give Rosecrans Chattanooga? He held it very much as a straggler, who should happen to get away around to an enemy's rear, could be said to hold the enemy's line of communications. He had but a single corps there, which the enemy could crush at any time. Henceforth his whole effort was directed to getting his other two corps into Chattanooga, so that he could reunite his army before a fight, and hold the position. It was in trying to do that Chickamauga was fought.

Crittenden was not strong enough to hold Chattanooga, so he was moved southward—not, as the public supposed, in pursuit of Bragg; but to get nearer the rest of the army, for safety against Bragg. McCook was ordered to close up on Thomas. Then the two still fronting the enemy at Lafayette, were to close up, moving by the left flank, on Crittenden. Then the whole army, continuing the left flank movement, was to try to slip sidewise into Chattanooga, for the enemy was known to be heavily reinforced. Immediately after crossing the river Gen. Rosecrans had telegraphed here, "I have repeatedly told you that the enemy can reinforce himself at will; and that he will be a great fool if he doesn't do it. It was now certain that he was not 'a great fool.'"

McCook was twenty miles beyond Thomas. Thirty hours, or at most two days, were allowed him to reach Thomas's position. Had he performed the march in the time expected; Chickamauga would not have been fought, and the army would have got safely into Chattanooga. The order reached him on the 13th; by the evening of the 15th he should have joined Thomas; while it was not till the 16th that Bragg issued his general order from Lafayette, announcing to the army that it was heavily reinforced, and ordering an advance "to seek the enemy." But instead of moving directly down the plain mountain road, McCook, under some unaccountable delusion that it was not practicable, absolutely went back over the road by which he had crossed Lookout Mountain, went down the valley to the gap through which Thomas had crossed; and so, by this round-about route, came in on Thomas' corps, consuming five days instead of thirty hours in effecting the junction. Those five days settled the fate of the army. He did not reach Thomas till the evening of the 17th; on the morning of the 16th Bragg had issued his orders to advance; and the reinforced enemy, pressing forward and closing in, had already compelled Rosecrans to bring Crittenden still farther away from Chattanooga, and clear up to Thomas' left, to save both corps from annihilation in detail.

As soon as McCook got up, Gen. Rosecrans started the army for Chattanooga, but it was too late. The enemy struck the head of his column near Rossville on the 19th, and Chickamauga followed.—Technically it was a defeat, but General Rosecrans still accomplished his purpose—he got his army into Chattanooga—though at a fearfully heavier expense than had been anticipated. If he lost the battle, he still won the campaign. And campaigns are bigger than battles.

HOW THE GENERAL SKEDADDLED.

It will be remembered that a movement made by Brig. Gen. Wood, under a misconception of orders, opened a gap in the line of battle through which the rebels at once pounced, and pulverised the right of Gen. Rosecrans' army. The General strove for three-quarters of an hour to rally them, but in vain.

It was while making this struggle that Gen. Lytle was killed, within ten or twelve yards of him. Meantime, the advancing rebels had cut him off from his center and left, and he was carried back on the tide of the route to the foot of the mountain. To get to the center again, he had to climb the mountain, and make a detour of seven or eight miles. While doing this he met stragglers who said they were from Negley's command, and that it was routed and retreating. He knew that he had sent Negley's troops to the extreme left. Accepting their story as true, and leaping at once to the conclusion that if both right and left routed it was a hopeless defeat, he instantly resolved to hasten back to Chattanooga, and prepare to reorganize the straggling fragments.

It was the fatal mistake of his life. I do not know that his friends make any defense for him on this point, except to say that it was an error of military judgment as to facts; that if his understanding of the facts had been correct, it would have been the very best thing for him to do; and that, at any rate, it is harsh to remove a distinguished officer for being, on a single occasion, deceived by false information from his soldiers.

The authorities reply that nobody but a man already "stampeded," as they phrase it, could have committed the mistake, that he might have known that he had left a portion of Negley's force, with Negley himself on the right, and that it was from this quarter the stragglers he questioned came; that at any rate the roar of artillery and musketry toward the centre, at the very time he decided all was

lost, ought to have been proof conclusive that his army was still gallantly holding its ground and should have spurred him to instead of away from it; and that this was conclusive to his Chief of Staff, as it should have been to any Soldier.

I do not pretend to enter into the discussion. It is enough to say that his unfortunate step convinced the War Department that Gen. Rosecrans' incapacity for a sustained, protracted effort to meet an overmastering crisis, and at once decided it that he must not be left to command the greater number of troops now required at Chattanooga. Thenceforth his removal was only a question of a convenient occasion.

[From the San Francisco Alta, Nov. 17th.]
A GALE ON THE PACIFIC.

The south-east gale which set in about dusk on Saturday evening increased in violence throughout the night. The buildings in the southerly part of the town, exposed to the wind sweeping down the bay, felt the gale in all its intensity. Many of the frame dwellings rocked perceptibly, and the craft in the bay were knocked about like cockle-shells. The water flume of the Spring Valley Company, near the San Bruno House, suffered severely. Two sections of it, both extending for nearly a mile, were carried away. The "Seventeen Mile House" was blown across the railway track. It blew with intense violence outside the harbor. The steamship *Oregon* made the Heads at an early hour on Saturday evening, but her Commander very prudently lay off and on beyond the bar until morning. The gale somewhat moderated yesterday, but after dusk it re-commenced blowing heavily, with occasional light showers of rain.

The British ship *Isca*, from Australia, dragged her anchors, and swung on to Rincon Rock. Last evening the ebb tide was making her very fast.

The ship *Aquila*, which has the iron clad aboard, ran a-foul of the *Isca*, having had her head-line carried off, but her stern-lines holding, saved her from the fate of the *Isca*. About midnight, during the height of the gale, the clipper *Samuel C. Grant* snapped her lines and drifted into the stream from Market street wharf. In her travels she ran into the brig *Emily W. Seaton* and brig *Sheet Anchor*.

The gale which lulled, temporarily, during Sunday, set in again with renewed vigor in the evening, increasing in strength as the night advanced, until it surpassed, in violence, that of the preceding night. Early yesterday morning it was announced at the Merchant's Exchange that the ship *Aquila*, which safely arrived at this port a few days ago with the Monitor *Comanche* on board, had sunk in the night, at Hathaway's wharf. The news spread rapidly, and was received with mingled feelings of surprise, regret and indignation. The community could scarcely believe that a vessel containing so precious a cargo would, after having so successfully run the gauntlet of piratical craft, storms, accidents, etc., and reached her destined haven, go down so ingloriously within a stone's throw of our business thoroughfare.

But the fact is lamentably true. The *Aquila* now lies broadside along the foot of Hathaway's Wharf, and last evening the water touched the foreyard-arm on the lee side of the ship. There is only about twenty-five feet of the hull and deck visible. The vessel lies with her bow baywards, and the sea continually sweeping through and over her decks. She is heeled over from the wharf and tremendously strained.

It will be remembered that in yesterday's issue it was stated that the *Aquila* collided with the *Isca* at a near Rincon Rock. At that time, the *Aquila*, it is said, received some damage. The vessel was brought in, and moored alongside the wharf on Sunday afternoon, the wind then blowing fresh down the bay. It afterwards increased, and what was worse, blowing over such a large body of water, kicked up a heavy sea, and to this the broad side of the ill-fated vessel was exposed. Under her stern is a hard bottom, and against this the ship beat until the water forced itself an entrance into the hold. About 11 o'clock she began to sink, the winds and waves meantime increased until 1 o'clock, when she had sunk to the depth stated above. At high tide there is about thirty-seven or eight feet of water over her bow.

Arrangements are already in progress, we learn, for thoroughly stripping and lightening the craft, preparatory to the raising of the plates, etc., of the *Comanche*. This, it is asserted, can be done here, and that too in a very short time. But it is a terrible mishap, and all the more disagreeable and morifying from the circumstances attending the accident, as well as the really severe loss occasioned by it. There was an insurance of \$500,000 on the property.

The British ship *Isca* which ran on to Rincon Rock, now lies off Fo'som Street Wharf with eight feet water in her hold. She is fast aground. The clipper *Samuel C. Grant*, which "sloshed" so unceremoniously amongst several craft in the Bay, was secured without damage.

Capt. Scammon, of the revenue cutter *Shubrick*, fired up at dark on Sunday night, and ran down below Fort Point after the schooner *Sarah*, which, having lost her fore and main sail, had drifted seawards. The *Sarah* was caught, brought into the harbor, and anchored off Black Point.

The scow schooner *Mary*, at Steamboat Point, had her rudder carried away; and the

schooner *Pilgrim*, in the vicinity, drifted some distance up the bay, but was secured without having sustained damage.

The water washed away about twelve feet of the embankment at the foot of Third street.

[From Territorial Enterprise, Nov. 24.]
NEVADA.

LATEST ROBBERIES.—Yesterday forenoon, about 11 o'clock, Captain Page was stopped by highwaymen and was robbed of \$520 in gold coin, in a narrow part of the road between the New York House and Empire City. The robbers were three in number, all well armed, two carrying revolvers and the third a rifle. With all these weapons leveled upon him the Captain could not well refuse to comply with the demand of the rascals and accordingly "pungled." Near the same place, about 7 o'clock on Saturday evening last, Mr. C. W. Porter of this city, was robbed in the following manner: Mr. Porter was on horseback and was riding at a pretty fast gait, (as we imagine most individuals do who find themselves traveling in that region with the shades of night falling around them), when he suddenly found both himself and horse thrown into a heap by a roap which the robbers had stretched across the road at a proper height to trip a horse. Before Mr. Porter had time to get upon his feet two robbers rushed out upon him from the low brush on either side of the road and knocked him down by beating him over the head with their revolvers. After having rendered him sufficiently tractable by this gentle mode of treatment, they proceeded to possess themselves of his valuables. They took from him \$60 in coin, which was all the money he had with him, and a cigar-case, which one of the men took a fancy to. Mr. Porter also lost some letters and a deed for mining ground; but these he thinks were pulled out of his pockets and thrown upon the ground by the robbers when "going through" him for valuables. Should any person find said letters or the deed they may be left at the New York House for the owner, to whom alone they are valuable. While scuffling with the robbers Mr. Porter's horse recovered his legs and ran off two or three hundred yards, but he caught him with little trouble and made haste to "get out of the wilderness." Night before last a robber entered the shop of Mr. Byrne, a cabinet-maker living on the corner of F and Union streets, in this city, and was in the act of striking a match when Mr. Byrne, who was sleeping in the shop, awoke, and seizing his pistol blazed away at the villain. He missed his mark, however, and the robber made tracks.

POLAND.

One Lieutenant Sigismund, late of the United States army, who fought with the insurgents, narrates, in a letter to the *London Times*, some of the terrible cruelties practiced by the Russians. On one of his journeys the Cossacks searched the carriage, and frequently slapped ladies in the face. An insurgent camp was surprised at dinner:

Those who were mounted made an attempt to cut their way through, and about eighty succeeded in doing so. I received a blow from a Cossack, and was thrown off my horse, but was taken up by some of my companions, who made for the woods. In falling from my horse my left leg was hurt, but not dangerously. From the wood we sent out a small detachment to learn the result of the engagement, and was informed that the Russians had left. We then rode back to the place where we had left more than eighty of our companions engaged; but, good God! who can describe the horrible scene that met our sight? There lay seventy-three mutilated bodies, stripped perfectly naked, some of their heads almost severed from their bodies, others with their limbs cut off, all evidently having met death in its most terrible form. One poor fellow, a youth of about seventeen, had his throat cut, and his tongue torn out and hanging down from his mouth.

About twelve of them were not yet quite dead. From them we learned that, seeing they were surrounded by such overwhelming numbers, and that all possibility of escape was cut off, they had fired off their pieces and then inquired of the Russian commandant, General Pomeranzoff, whether if they laid down their arms and surrendered, they would be treated as prisoners of war. They were answered in the affirmative, and, accordingly, they grounded their arms; but the moment they had done so and their arms were no longer within reach, Pomeranzoff ordered them all to be cut down to a man. A dreadful massacre ensued; they were first shot down by the infantry and then hacked to pieces by the sabres and lances of the Cossacks.

Both of the insurgent leaders, one of whom was a Russian by birth, and had previously been an officer of the Russian service, and the other a native of Posen, named Unruh, an excellent and heroic officer, were killed. After having stripped the dead of everything, these demons in human shape returned to Wielni, where they made a triumphant entry carrying one of their wounded, which they said was all they had lost. We subsequently found, however, thirty-five of their dead concealed in the corn, which was then very high. As for their commandant, who had taken the lead in all these atrocities, he was promoted immediately afterward to a generalship for his bravery!

—The new Lord Mayor of London is a Unitarian.