

current of his own vitality, determination and enthusiasm, than a man of flesh and blood. He rapidly recalled his left. Riding among the hurrying frightened fugitives he rallied them, by almost magical power, on a new line, far stronger than the first, against which the hordes of yelling rebels charged in vain. Search the history of the New World, aye, I might almost say of the Old World, and show me, if you can, a parallel. Possessing such an absolute and subtle control over his forces, with his judgement unclouded by disaster, and his executive dispatch in battle stimulated and not enervated, he stands alone and almost unapproached.

The campaign from Murfreesboro, through Tullahoma to Chicamauga was a strategic movement of the highest merit; and yet it is little known. In its scope, magnitude and effect it was not unlike Sherman's campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta; but in its execution, how different! Rosecranz's genius prompted him to eschew battle and execute maneuvers, far superior to any of Sherman's. South of Duck River the country stretches in a series of rocky hills, penetrated by narrow defiles and gorges. The defiles of Duck river are difficult and protected by rocky ranges in the rear. The turnpike from Manchester, by which Rosecranz turned Bragg's right, and the only road by which he could advance, passed through two narrow gorges, Matt's Hollow and Hoover's Gap, together five miles long, and too narrow for wagons to pass. Besides this, the roads were flooded by the rains and the rivers swollen. This route possesses, at least equal, if not superior, facilities for defence to Sherman's route to Atlanta. No crossing of the Etowah or of the Chattahoochee presents the natural difficulties that Duck River presents; and Hoover's Gap with Matt's Hollow were worse, and could have been made more defensible than any position occupied by Johnston. It is true that Bragg was not equal to Johnston; but, as an offset, Rosecranz's superiority in strength was far less than Sherman's. Rosecranz won by skilfully confusing Bragg, and then quickly and secretly turning his flank. Sherman won by strategy 'tis true, but not without a Resaca, Kenesaw mountain and Atlanta. Rosecranz maneuvered first and fought only when necessary. Sherman fought first and maneuvered only when necessary. Rosecranz's failure to cut off Bragg was owing solely to the impassable roads. He crossed the Tennessee at Stevensport, and his second campaign over the mountains to Chicamauga, maneuvering Bragg out of Chattanooga is equal to his first. In this campaign Rosecranz has often been harshly censured for allowing his forces to spread at the risk of failure to effect concentration. Who shall say that he did not correctly estimate Bragg's ability, and that this scattering sprung from weakness and not from conscious power? The importance of Chattanooga is not less than that of Atlanta, for Chattanooga is one of the great railroad centres of the south—yet what a difference in the cost.

The disaster at the Chicamauga has often been used by historians to disprove Rosecranz's ability; and because of that disaster he stands ignored and forgotten. Yet, if we remember the law elsewhere stated, and proved by the past ages of history, that success alone does not evince genius, that geniuses are never free from failures, and that the proverbially successful man is seldom a genius, these objections of uncritical writers dwindle into insignificance. Hannibal had his Zama; Napoleon his Waterloo; Lee his Gettysburg, and no one has as yet dared deny their genius. Rosecranz—his efforts from the first ignored by an unappreciative administration, the brilliancy of his plans misunderstood, the value of his bloodless successes underestimated because they were not illumined by the glare of battles, lacked but a

reverse to gain disgrace. His failure at Chicamauga is attributable not to any fault in his dispositions, which were excellent, but to the failure of Wood to connect with Reynolds, thus leaving the fatal gap through which Longstreet pressed. When Rosecranz saw that the day was lost he hastened back alone to Chattanooga, knowing full well that by this course he exposed himself to the vituperation of posterity. His course was disinterested and right; by all precedent the day was lost; he had no reason to think that Thomas would gloriously stem the tide of defeat; and he hoped thus to do as he did at Stone's river, rally his men, establish a new line, and turn defeat to victory. His place was at Chattanooga; and honor to him, honor to his clear mind that he did his duty. His course, aided by that of Thomas, made the Confederate success at Chicamauga valueless, and retained Chattanooga, the goal of his predecessors, the key to the south and west.

This, then, is the check which criticism places on the verdict of history: success alone does not warrant the claim to genius, and the vacillating scale of popular opinion must not be mistaken for the sensitive and true balance of justice. Grant was elevated by the force of necessity; Rosecranz degraded by the force of circumstance. Grant's campaigns were marked by luck or eccentric failure; Rosecranz's by toil or methodical success. Grant possessed the sympathy of the government; Rosecranz, its antipathy. Grant appears as the stationary, glaring sun; Rosecranz as the swift, glimmering meteor. When the civil war shall have been relegated to history, and when people shall read that history, not with their prejudices but with their eyes, then, we may hope, will the name of William S. Rosecranz be placed where it belongs, at the head of Union generals.

HANS C. PETERSON.

It is a fact complimentary to modern readers that the best in literature is their preference. This statement is true, not of the presumably educated class alone, but also of the farmers and mechanics, the bone and sinew of the people. The blacksmith and the mason enjoy elevating their minds by contact with those of the greatest thinkers. The privilege of doing this is largely due to the lessened prices of standard works. A few years since it was trash only that could be purchased for a dime. Now many publishers are issuing in cheap form the best works that have been freed from copyright; and of late we find that five or ten cents will procure essays by the best writers of the day. For example, the list of Chas. H. Kerr & Co. now contains such names as Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, John Fiske and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. This announcement is of more than passing interest to those whose book money is not unlimited, and who yet enjoy the best.

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