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CHARLES A. MUNSON, Editor.

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GENERAL STATUTES OF VERMONT,

50 vol. by

JOHN C. ROBERTS.

A Remarkable Campaign of last Year—
Its lesson for the Future.

Gen. Grant has undoubtedly a very hard job in hand in Richmond; but let us recall for a moment the job he had in hand last year at this time. We refer, of course, to Vicksburg.

It was in the Autumn of 1862, while the army of Gen. Rosecrans was yet at Nashville, that Gen. Grant began to get ready his forces to attempt the reduction of the great rebel stronghold of the Mississippi river. His original plan of operation was a double line of advance—one column under Gen. Sherman pushing down the river to attack Vicksburg in front or flank, and the other column under Grant himself, pushing down the Mississippi Central Railroad to strike Vicksburg in the rear. In November the great campaign was fairly begun. Grant moved down the railroad and occupied Holly Springs, where he accumulated an immense quantity of supplies and military stores. The rebels, however, under Van Dorn, moved up promptly to meet him by a desperate effort, succeeded in interrupting his advance, capturing Holly Springs, with all its stores, and baulking the movement in its very inception. Further attempts on that line being for the time impracticable, he moved his entire force back to the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. But General Grant did by no means give up the work he had undertaken of reducing Vicksburg.

The other great column of his army, under Sherman, reached the vicinity of Vicksburg at the close of December. On the 27th of that month his forces disembarked at Chickasaw Bluff, north of the city, formed the line of battle, advanced toward the city, had a terrible contest of two days duration, were defeated with great loss, and on the 30th fell back before Vicksburg, and moved up the river. But even this did not induce General Grant to abandon his efforts to capture Vicksburg.

In the early part of the year, having moved the force under his own immediate command to Memphis, he proceeded with it down the Mississippi, formed a connection with Sherman's column, and again began the work of attempting Vicksburg. After many tribulations and great labor, the army, with a naval co-operating force, gotten in front of the city. There stood the stronghold, in a position of almost unequalled strength, its formidable batteries sweeping the river for miles, and barring its passage; its works on the north impregnable, as we had already discovered—its works in the rear unapproachable, and from scowling defiance. Our army was in a most noisome and deadly locality, and the troops were perishing by thousands, and the greatest General might have stood still in despair. But General Grant did not give it up, although we remember the people of the North, especially the timid ones, were almost hopeless.

Grant infused adhesion extraordinary schemes to surmount the all but insurmountable difficulties of the situation. He tried the famous canal, as a means of getting his army below the city. The great canal was by no means great success, though it took a long time and a stupendous amount of labor; but Grant did not give up the job. He tried expeditions up the Yazoo river again and again, in order to carry his army to some point above the city, from whence he might strike down upon it. But the Yazoo expeditions had no hope is seen. He tried the wonderful expeditions up the Sunflower river and through the bayous; but they were more wonderful than productive. He did not yet give it up, though the months were passing away.

The navy under Admiral Porter now began to be of real practical service. One or two of the vessels succeeded in running past the rebel batteries under a tremendous fire. Finally a great part of the fleet, and transports were gotten below the city, which greatly simplified matters. Grant's army (it was now the month of May) moved back inland from Young's Point, in front of Vicksburg, where it had so long been stationed, marched south to a position below the city, where it found the fleet and supplies, and began to cross the river to Grand Gulf. The rebels had batteries there, but Grant too them. His difficulties were, however, by no means ended. Before him was the rebel army had acquired the art of building powerful field works with magical quickness; he hoped to meet Lee on open ground, and so he did in the first fight at the Wilderness, when Lee drove his flank two miles or more, and after that he had to encounter breastworks five feet high and fast thick. If he rushed his men madly against these works, and drove them, and repeated the battery over and over again, at the Wilderness, at Spotsylvania Court House three days in succession, and still again at Terkey Ridge, as if he gloried in mere carnage, the result, we again declare, is not his. A task has been given him by the abolition tyrant at Washington—namely, to smash Richmond nor by the McClellan route, and he had no option but to fight desperately, and keep on fighting. Finally, when driven by dire necessity to the Peninsula he sound Lee in quiet possession of the very position selected by McClellan in 1862, and which has

stronghold with the main body of his army. Weeks passed away. The rebels boasted; the Northern cracklers croaked; the Copperheads hissed; and the timid trembled. At length, after much endurance, great labor and struggles, and a six week's siege, Vicksburg surrendered on the 4th of July, 1863—the very day which had been appointed for another assault upon it.

What was Grant to do? Was he to recross the Peninsula, make his way to the White House and embark for Washington, or was he to move upon the White House, as neither the one nor the other, as other movements carried him further from Richmond? Composed to fight, he fought with stubbornness, and piled up his slain as remorselessly as he had done in Pennsylvania. Repulsed for the fifth or sixth day with great loss, he waited a few days and fled to the left behind his intrenchments, going somewhere to do the next best thing that can be done whatever it may be.

All these efforts have been attended with a loss of his unparalleled during the war. The exact figures will never be known, but the aggregate is enormous and approximates one hundred thousand. Is Grant satisfied? Personally he may be; indeed prisoners tell of a somewhat profane but very complimentary speech which Grant intends sooner or later to make to Lee, to wit: "Take your little confederacy and go to— with it." Grant may be satisfied but his masters are not. The war is their life; it must go on. Grant is not a sickly sentimental, he is stout hearted and strong minded, and if the order be that another one hundred thousand victims be sacrificed to the Moloch of abolitionism, he will execute it to the very letter and with the utmost despatch. One month at most is all he requires. Within that time, if Lee will furnish the breastworks (and Lee is most obliging gentleman), he will kill up one hundred or one hundred and fifty thousand Yankees with all imaginable ease and pleasantness. His features will remain unflinching, will his per diem of cigars and brandy diminish. Possessed as it were by the furies, he glows over the earth and urges it on; nor will he desist until the Yankee armies are consumed from off the earth. He is the peacemaker, and therein is the pre-eminently the right man in the right place.

LOGE NIGHT.—Hearing a confused noise in front of my house, the other night, writes a correspondent, I threw up the window to ascertain the cause. I observed a dark object clinging to the lamp-post that stands in front of my door; and, looking attentively, I overheard the following soliloquy:

"Marion's waitin' up for me! I see the lights in her window. What the deuce does she set so darn fool (sic) foolish for on loge-loge nights? Swell enough to stay up on o'er-night—but's all darn nonsense, ye know, to wait for a fell's on loge nights! She knows swell as I do, busin' 'got to be tended to—comittin' tee-sot to report, an' varus' other little matters—she oughter have more sense. I'll catch tif-ite the, I know I shall. Said she had the head (sic) headache when I left—told me not to stay out longer—I could 'elp. Well, I didn't how could I help it? Besides, I'll have the headache worse'n she wun't the mornin'. So deschil' stopid in her to get the headache wun' she knew. I'd big-business to tend to. All these women, they'll (sic) learn anything never!"

Remembering how he had carried Donelson Lookout Mountain, Baker's Creek and the works on the east of the Big Black by bold assaults, and making no allowance for the difference in commanders, he sought to practice