THE DAILY REBEL.

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1863.

THE SITUATION.

Not any time within the last two years has the horizon of the Confederate States uprisen in such cloudless splendor as now, when from Vicksburg, Virginia and Middle Tennessee, the harbinger rays of peace seem to burst in harmonious hues from the long night of war.

To drive Grant out of Mississippi.

To invest the yankee Capitol from Maryland.

And to defeat Rosecrans

Are our present objects.

Never were prospects better for the consumation of these legitimate and possible contingencies. The operations of Lee on the one hand; the movements of Johnston and Kirby Smith on the other; and the ominous frowns of Bragg, who is ready at a moment's warning to pounce upon the grand choices for peace—all carry death to the dominions of the infamous yankee. We have just read a condensation of the news of the last three days. How it sparkles! How full of golden promise! What a source of inspiration to the heart! To the soldier and civil! All men should be cheerful, thoughtful, and very, very thankful to God the Author and Giver of all good gifts.

Simultaneous with these things are the murmurs of dissatisfaction from the disembodied souls of democracy all over the North and West.

It would be well, as we advance upon the den of the invader, to appease their fears of these by salutary assurances. Our object is peace. When our independence is recognized we lay down our arms. Real estate independence are what we are fighting for, day time and night time the star we follow through sun and shower. Let the troubled spirits of Democracy understand this.

Vallandigham will tell them so; but let our Government and our Generals—on our march over the border—also proclaim it.

Bullets and diplomacy go hand in hand, and a round shot is an eloquent phraseology for a round argument. We can practice both with success and with honor. It is recorded that Tiberius on his way to Hell threw sops to Cerberus. Let us not disdain to throw a little sop to the restless ghost of Democracy. It may be quite as efficacious as upon the former occasion, and is fairly worth the trial.

Among the recent meritorious promotions in the Army of Middle Tennessee we notice the name of Dr. Deering J. Roberts, commissioned as full Surgeon to the gallant 20th Tennessee. Although a young member of the profession, Dr. Roberts has served with credit ever since the war began, and his popularity with his regiment best speaks his success. We wish him a prosperous and useful future, and that he may wear his "bars and star" as gracefully as it becomes himself.

The 10th Illinois regiment, for a long time stationed at Edgefield, opposite the city of Nashville, pulled up stakes the other day and left.

The Richmond papers of the 20th contradict the rumor that Gen. Milroy's wife had been captured. It seems that she made her escape with nine large trunks, though she brought with her when she came to Winchester a small rope of hemp and a dog hair portmanteau. She therefore saved her spoils.

The Memphis Bulletin thinks if conscience has not played entirely out, the city of Memphis is quite a loyal place—some 4,000 of the Southern people having taken the oath of allegiance. It would seem that that corrupt journal has no great confidence in the sincerity of those who are forced to take the oath. Perhaps there is some ground for that opinion.

A dispatch from St. Paul to the Chicago Times, says Indian hostilities have commenced in Minnesota. Murders have already been perpetrated by the savages, and a general outbreak is speedily anticipated. Much excitement and alarm prevailed among the people.

The Augusta Constitutionalist estimates the wheat products of Georgia this year at 2,500,000 bushels, oats 7,000,000, corn 40,000,000. Talk of starving (it says) a people with such prospects—it is an absurdity. The editor further estimates not loosely, but from data, the yield of pork this year in the State at 240,000,000 pounds, a full meat supply in peace times.

The town of Milliken's Bend is twenty-five miles above Vicksburg, in Madison parish, is situated three miles above the foot and seven miles above the head of the bend, and has about two hundred and fifty inhabitants. Terrapin Neck, a very narrow point at the head of the bend, if occupied by General Smith, with a few pieces of artillery, would not only effectually cut off all supplies, but all reinforcements for Grant by the river. Lake Providence, the old parish seat of Carroll parish, is 75 miles above Vicksburg.

A petition praying for the recognition of the South is being drawn up in Burnley, England, for presentation to Parliament.

Interesting from the Front—Fight at Hoover's and Liberty Gaps.

A heavy storm of wind and rain prevailed along the southwestern line last night, preventing the reception of our regular dispatches from the Army of Tennessee.

From passengers who came down on the afternoon train yesterday, we learn that on Wednesday seven brigades of Rosecrans' army attacked the brigades of Gens. Bate and Liddell, holding Hoover's and Liberty Gaps. Our men fought the enemy until their ammunition was exhausted, when they fell back.

The movements indicate a general advance of the enemy's forces, which may result in a pitched battle soon.

We regret to learn that among the killed in Gen. Bate's brigade was Major Claybrooke, of Williamson county. Gen. Liddell, who has been in the front for several months, lost some valuable men and officers.

What is said in the following paragraph by the Richmond Examiner is to a great extent applicable to a number of places besides the Confederate capital. While it is a cheap way of keeping up appearances [illegible] of our success of our cause, we have heard many expressions [illegible] yet such things are, and [illegible]

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