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BY M'CLANAHAN & DILL. ATLANTA, GA., SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863 VOL. XIV. NO 103

Daily Appeal.

JOURNEY THROUGH THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

From the New York World, May 26th.]

Three Weeks in the South from Vicksburg to Richmond—An Inside View of the Rebellion—Perilous Running of the Mississippi Blockade—Prison Life at Vicksburg, Atlanta, and the Rebel Capital—The Rebel Army at Vicksburg—Defenses and Resources of the Country—Only Fifteen Thousand Troops West of the Big Black, and Six Thousand East—Vicksburg Provisioned for Thirty Days Only—Opening and Prospects of the Southern People—Scenes in Richmond—Exciting Narrative of our Special Correspondent.

(ON BOARD EXCHANGED STEAMER STAR OF MAINE,
CITY POINT, near Richmond, Va.,
Saturday, May 24.)

By the grace of God and the Confederate Government I am yet alive and once more free. Not for the sake of antipathy, and as we do not wish to answer our head with a dangerous question and a profounder reverence than ever before, for the past three weeks we have been a prisoner of war, marching under guard, confined in prisons, and experiencing the incentiveness of a regime which at this time is not specially inviting for a tour of pleasure. In that period we have, we think, got not a better knowledge of the rebellion and its men, but somewhat a clearer view of the realities of the two parties to this great war.

I—BIG BLACK RUNNING.

The way in which we came by this change is as follows: Having lain idly for weeks and months with the army on the Mississippi while such successive overtures were paying abolitionists, we in common with the whole army rejoiced when Gen Grant abandoned the camments of cowardly subordinates and launch him his old motto—"Onward upon the enemy's works." Late last month a portion of his forces were moved down the west bank of the river fifty five miles, to Bonnaventure. Be soon at the point of his attack we detected, not by his movements we endeavored to reach the solution then meaning in the rear of Grand Gulf. A couple of trips, each with a big load of supplies, were to have been sent down on the night of the 16th inst. but for some reason they found no be gotten ready. On the night of the 16, however, the big Sturgess with the two barges was prepared with four hundred and fifty men and ammunition for the rebel forces at Vicksburg. We were to sail Grand Gulf. The supplies were strongly needed, the land carriage was difficult, and several boats had already run by with redoubtably little harm. I order, therefore, to avoid the night travel, save time and trouble, the new steamboat Star of the Union, Captain A. D. Richardson and Julius H. Seaman, and myself embarked as passengers for the trip.

The Trip Down.

It was an unlucky and a beautiful moonlight night, bright as day. We left Bonnaventure at 8 o'clock, passed Millbrook Point and our little tug started down the river, accompanied by the transport A. D. Hine. Our officers and we quietly chatted on the deck, our soldiers slept on the deck, which some good friends had furnished for my comfort. We had so heard as a friend Hunt, sharpshooter from the 47th Ohio under Capt. W. G. Sargent, from the Fourteenth, from the four years of the war to join their regiments, and our party of about all soldiers. I should turn man, as illustrating the temper of the army, that on further notice being given of the fact, the whole regiment stepped forth. Company A was then selected, and still there was a scramble to go. Fourteen were then made, and the rest, disappointed, parted with "the Union." and are actually paid a premium of five dollars to be entitled to the privilege of going on this dangerous service. The larger were carried on the Hine, and we had a tow of two barges. The night was bright as day, and we had a tow of two barges. The night was bright as day, and we had a tow of two barges. The night was bright as day