

This is a transcription of a few of the paragraphs from the July 2, 1863 edition of *The Daily Citizen*.

THE DAILY CITIZEN

J.M. SWORDS....Proprietor

VICKSBURG, MISS.

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1863

[Column 1]

We are indebted to Major Gillespie for a steak of Confederate beef *alias* meat. We have tried it, and can assure our friends that if it is rendered necessary, they need have no grapples at eating the meat. It is sweet, savory and tender, and so long as we have a mule left we are satisfied our soldiers will be content to subsist on it.

[Column 1]

Jarre Askew, one of our most esteemed merchant-citizens, was wounded at the works in the rear of the city a few days since, and breathed his last Monday. Mr. Askew was a young man of strict integrity, great industry and an honor to his family and friends. He was a member of Cowan's artillery, and by the strict discharge of his duties and his obliging disposition, won the confidence and esteem of his entire command. May the blow his family have sustained be mitigated by Him who doeth all things well.

[Column 1]

Grant's, forces did a little firing on Tuesday afternoon, but the balance of that day was comparatively quiet. Yesterday morning they were very still, and continued so until early in the afternoon. When they sprung a mine on the left of our centre, and opened fire along the line for some distance. We have not been able to ascertain anything definitely as to our loss, by as our officers were on the lookout for this move the enemy, the expectations of the Yankees were not realized by a great deal.

[Column 2]

Gen. Rob't E. Lee Again

Again we have reliable news from the gallant corps of Gen. Lee in Virginia. Elated with success, encouraged by a series of brilliant victories, marching and crossing the Rappahannock, defeating Hooker's right wing and thence through the Shenandoah Valley, driving Milroy from Winchester and capturing 6000 of his men and a large amount of valuable stores of all descriptions, re-entering Maryland, holding Hagerstown, threatening Washington City, and within a few miles of Baltimore—onward and upward their war cry—our brave men under Lee are striking terror to the heart of all men in Yankeedom. Like the Scottish chieftain's braves, Lee's men are springing up from moor and brake, crag and dale, with flashing steel and sturdy arm, ready to do or die in the great cause for independence, right and honor. Today the mongrel administration of Lincoln, like Japhet, are in search of a father—for their old Abe has departed for parts unknown. Terror reigns in their halls. Lee is to the left of them, right of them, in front of them, and all around them; and daily do we expect to hear of his being down on them. Never were the French in Algeria more put out by the mobile raids of Ab Del Kader than are the federals of Maryland, Washington City, Pennsylvania and Ohio by mercureal movements of Lee's carvery. Like Paddy's flea are they to the Federals—now they have got them and now they haven't. The omnipresence of our troops and their throwing dust in the eyes, rather on the heels of the panic-stricken Federals in Maryland and Pennsylvania, clearly prove that Lee just now is the right man in the right place.

We lay before our readers in this issue an account of Lee's brilliant and successful onslaught upon the abolition hordes, and show e'en [even] from their own record, how our gallant boys of the cavalry have fleshed their swords to the hilt with their vaunting foes, and how each musket of our infantry has told its fatal leaden tale.

Today Maryland is ours, tomorrow Pennsylvania will be, and the next day Ohio—now midway, like Mahommed's coffin—will fall.

Success and glory to our arms! God and right are with us

[Column 4]

The Yanks outside our city are considerably on the sick list. Fever, dysentery and disgust are their companions, and Grant is their master. The boys are deserting daily and are crossing the river in the region of Warrenton, cussing Grant and abolitionist generally. The boys are down upon the earth delving, the burrowing, the bad water, and the hot weather.

[Column 4]

NOTE

July 4th, 1863

Two days bring about great changes, The banner of the Union floats over Vicksburg, Gen. Grant has “caught the rabbit;” he has dined in Vicksburg, and he did bring his dinner with him. The “Citizen” lives to see it. For the last time it appears on “Wall-paper.” No more will eulogize the luxury of mule meat and fricasseed kittens—urge Southern warriors to such diet never-more. This is the last wall-paper edition, and is, excepting this note, from the types as we found them. It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity.

