DAILY CLIPPER.

WM. WALES.....Publisher.

SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1864.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The following exhibit of our regular rates will be found of service:

1 Square	1 Time	$ 50
"	2 Times	75
"	3 "	1.00
"	1 Week	1.75
"	1 Month	4.00
"	3 Months	10.00
"	6 "	15.00
"	1 Year	20.00

ONE SQUARE CONTAINS SIX LINES OF SPACE.

INVOCATION TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in a thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

A PROFESSOR AMONG THE GREEKS

Extracts from familiar letters from Europe, by C. C. Felton, late President of Harvard University:

The hardest exercise I have had in Greek was to make out a list of clothes for the washerwoman. The ancients had no shirts to their backs, but the modern have, and they made a very good word for the thing; but what an under-waistcoat should be called went beyond me. However, I constructed an excellent classical term (*hypochiton*). When the waiter came in, I gave him the bundle and the list. My *hypochiton* was heathen Greek to him; he could not make it out in the least. I showed him the article, and he exclaim ed: "O! O! Fanella, fanella!" So it is, that we go to remote and learned sources for what lies very near at hand.

A few days ago I had occasion to go to a tailor's. My wardrobe, like the Acropolis, has suffered some dilapidations by the wear and tear of time, and needed, like the temples, a little restoration. My frock coat was out at the collbones, my pantaloons were a little ragged about the feet, and a trifle threadbare at the knees. I addressed the tailor in Attic and Ionic phrase Greek on the subject of *epirrhiki*, and the necessity of mending them. He understood me readily, being a *rapes* (tailor) of education; but when he took the garment in hand, he told me he would send back *ta pantalonia* the next day.

There is an Irish woman in this city, married to a Greek. Her boy goes to school, but she complains that he begins to use language that she cannot understand. Her own dialect is Hibernian Greek. The common word for water is *nieron*; the classical word *hydor*; and when the boy comes home thirsty, he calls for *hyder*,—to her great amazement.

A few such instances occur, but, in general, nothing has surprised me more than the excellence of the language and the propriety with which it is spoken, not only in the pulpit and the professor's chair, but in society. My ear is not yet sufficiently accustomed to the rapidity of conversation, but it is becoming so.

The watchmen in the street use very good Greek. Coming home the other evening, about eleven o'clock, I was saluted by the usual question, "*Tis ei?*"—"Who art thou?"—the very question. By the way, that Amarcon puts to the dove. The answer to be given is "*Kalos*," which is ancient Greek generally means a *handsome fellow*. Well, I gave the answer, but immediately remembering my French portrait, I rejoiced that the night covered the monstrous lie I had to tell. This tenderness of conscience lasted, however, but a short time, and now when the *skopos*, or watchman, asks who I am, I tell him, without the slightest hesitation, that I am a *kalos*, though the falsehood grows greater every day. He believes me, and I pass on.

As we crossed a lower point of Helicon, and came in full sight of Parnassus, the travelling grew rougher and rougher.—Gray says:

From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take.

One of these streams had taken its mazy course directly across our path; had worn a channel, and then run off and let it dry. It was necessary to cross it. Our horses are generally sure-footed, but no sureness of foot is proof against slippery mud, and so down went my gallant Thessalonian, pitching me head foremost over to the opposite bank. My hat, already the victim of circumstances, was damaged; my knee was considerably bruised; my side was pomelled, and, what was more irreparable, my old frock coat—the faithful companion of so many journeys—was not only covered with mud, but rent at the left elbow. Think of my condition, on the slope of Helicon, in sight of Parnassus, and *out at the elbows*.

On we journeyed through groves of magnificent beauty, where murmuring streams answered the oak and the whispering plane-tree, and the Nymphs and Dryads have scarcely ceased their sports.

The trees had put on their autumnal colors, as varied and brilliant as those of an American forest; while the marble summits rising on either side above the zone of cedars that encircles their waist with a belt of green, added to the picture with a sculptured frame, contrasting with the many tinted pictures within.

At length we descended the last slope, on the northeast toward the Copaic plain—one of the most remarkable in Bœotia. Looking back on Helicon and on to the left on the scarcely visible Parnassus, we saw the clouds thickening and showery. Ever more ominous and threatening—Thunders began to roll, and lightning to play about the distant summits. We hastened to a village called Crommula, and stopped at the principal house it contained, thinking we would lunch here, and wait until the coming shower had passed.

It was worth all in a few minutes our lunch: a dish of a cold boiled egg and a bit of bread, was laid on a circular table six inches thick, with coarse rugs and cushions round it. We lay down—*lay down*, I might literally say—at late, and while we are, the thunder and lightning raged with fearful violence, and the showers like another Deucalion's deluge, which you know, happened just about in these parts. In a few minutes the mountain torrent began to rush down with a roar as if nothing quite inconceivable in our country. It was plain we could get no further.

Let me tell you what sort of a house it was. Remember, it was quite superior to the average of houses throughout Greece. The walls were of baked clay, and over these was laid the wooden roof, running up to a ridge pole. There was one story only, and only one apartment. In the middle was a depression in the floor; the fire being made of earth mixed with straw. This lower portion of the room was occupied by the animals—horses, cows, &c. Towards the end of the upper portion was raised a circle, on which the fire was made and the food was cooked. The smoke found its way up to the roof, and issued in graceful curls among the timbers, and, after escaping, in the course of time, through the cracks, which served the double purpose of letting out the smoke and letting in the rain—Glass windows were not. Openings in the wall, closed by wooden panels when necessary, were the primitive communications with the light of heaven.

The family consisted of father, mother, aunt and four children, the youngest, a baby, rocking in a cradle or trough. The mother, like Nausicaa in the Odyssey, had gone to the fountain to wash the clothes of the week; the father was about his farm; the aunt was keeping the children quiet, and spinning—not a wheel, but with merely a spindle, whirling it on the ground, in Homeric fashion, with her hand.

After luncheon, I lay down at full length, with my feet towards the fire, and being a good deal exhausted with my Heliconian tumbler, fell fast asleep. When I awoke, the mother had returned completely drenched, and was changing her dress.

Well, here we were to stay for the night. It was an embarrassing circumstance that our luggage—big, baggage, and provisions, beds, chairs and table—had all gone forward to Lebadeia. As the people had no beds, there were no bedrooms; as they sat on the ground, there were no chairs; as they ate with their fingers, there were no knives and forks. Never mind. "Justice," says Æschylus, "often dies from gilded splendors, and takes up her abode in smoky houses;" and we were exactly in the condition of Justice, with some wonder, to be sure, at her lady ship's taste.

Besides the family, here were Strattis (our guide a Lesbian, and therefore the countryman of Sappho) Walnut, the dog, Mr. C——, and three horses, all to sleep in the same room—all to be fed. Strattis reconnoitered the village and returned with a chicken. The good mother tipped the baby out of the trough, and poured some Indian meal in, which she kneaded into a mighty loaf, and then burying it in the embers, baked it well. The chicken was put into a kettle and that was set on a tripod (just as Homer describes,) and boiled; and when they just had cooked the food, and skillfully prepared the feast, the table was spread and "we stretched forth our hands to the things that were lying before us."

Do you think the bread was not good? Prejudiced mortal, I never ate better.—But when the sacred rage of hunger was appeased, we bethought ourselves to sleep. C——, the Englishman, F——, the American, Strattis, the Lesbian, and Walnut, the dog, lay on a carpet on the ground, on one side of the fire; the family on the other; the horses stood below, and the gods descended to close our eyes in soft slumbers.

Dr. Reeser told me a few days ago that there was to be a special funeral ceremony in a few days. I enquired who was dead. "No one" he replied, "but Senator Botzaris is going to die to-morrow." I was struck by the professional coolness of his statement, but soon forgot it in other things that occupied my mind. Yesterday I accidentally heard of the ceremony, and walking down the street of Athens, overtook the procession just as it was entering the church of St Eirene. The great officer of state, the leading celebrities, with the Bishop of Athens, the officers of the army, and a large body of soldiers accompanied the body.

A long funeral service was chanted—Then a discourse was delivered by Mr. Argyropoulos, an eminent Athenian scholar, and last year President of the University. The body lay uncovered, surrounded with military insignia, and a plumed cap placed on the breast. After the eulogy was over the procession formed again, as I we followed the old hero out of Athens over the Ilissus, leaving the temple of Jupiter on the left and the Acropolis on the right.

The heavens were overcast, and seemed to sympathize with the melancholy pageant; and as we passed the ruins of the temple of Jupiter, and I looked at the few standing columns, and one recently prostrated by a violent tempest—that weather stained and shattered—I thought they were typical of the few surviving heroes of the revolution, and of the one just fallen. He was borne by men who relieved one another—his strongly marked face looking up to the overcast sky, his moustache and hair grizzled with age, and his features emaciated by long sickness. The burying ground lies at considerable distance from the city. At the tomb another service was chanted, and then, when the mortal remains of the last of the brothers of Botzaris were deposited in their resting place, three volleys were fired by the soldiery, and the crowd dispersed.

OUR NEIGHBORS IN THE STARS.

Many writers have gone into the question of the probable stature, strength, and configuration of our fellow-beings in other spheres. Christian Wolff long ago fixed the height of the inhabitants of Jupiter at forty feet eight inches. The Fourierists have more recently imagined a kind of celestial hierarchy in which the successive groups rise one above another, in analogy, with those of the lower universe, into what M Renand has termed thinkers, trinitvers, quatrinivers, etc. The planets themselves have souls, and die out, as ours will do, to give place to new creations and planetary life. Swedenborg, everybody knows, grew so familiar with the inhabitants of the several planets in which he was in the habit of spending his leisure moments of spiritual ecstacy, that he has left us little to find out touching the moral and other characteristics of our brethren in those abodes.

The feelings with which we, in turn; inspire those remote relations of ours—the lively warmth of Venus, the dignified calm of Jupiter, the sardonic coldness of Saturn—are not less matters of fact and veracity. Science, thus interpreted, points to a place for our souls among those radiant spheres. Transported among new conditions of existence, they may contract or put forth powers akin to those of the happier beings whose lot has been already cast there. And as to who that lot may be, it makes the mouth water to listen to M. Flammarion lecturing us. In an atmosphere no longer composed of oxygen and azote, what ills of climate may not be spared those fortunate denizens? The whole pulmonary apparatus is doubtless modified, and with it the whole system of organic functions.

Instead of the gross and clumsy plan of keeping up the bodily growth and warmth by food, liquid and solid—the degrading expedient of borrowing for that end, the *debris* of other beings, and, worst, of all, that of killing and devouring those endowed with life, there may be a system of nourishing atmospheres, compounded of elements nutritious in themselves, and capable of assimilation by organs of corresponding ethereal texture. In the general repeal of laws which belongs to man's inferior state, that of labor may come in for the earliest abolition, and with it go all those vulgar cares, appetites, and ambitions to which so much of the misery and *ennui* of terrestrial life are due. You will never have asked, The origin of evil will offer no point for philosophers to wrangle over for evil itself will never have stepped in. Another "law" abrogated, or rather never set in force, will take that of death.

War and violence, excess and decay, being unknown in these happy regions, the idea of dying will be out of the question. Peace and right will reign undisturbed. The very faculties of the intellect will partake of the purity and the elevation of the moral nature. The tedious and cumbrous processes of experiment and observation will be repaced by a direct and transcendental visionary intuition. It seems as if the limit of logic itself will be struck off as fetters from the spirit. The old problems insoluble here will seem perfectly comprehensible.

The circle will have been squared there long ago, and all disputants as to its values will be picked up by the roadside. The elixir of life, indeed, will be unknown, because, as we have seen, it will be superfluous. Art and science will enter upon new phases. Nun cinium will proceed by such novel and unprecedented processes that we tremble to pronounce what two and two may be expected to make in M. Flammarion's developed universe.—*Saturday Review.*

THE HONDURAS ARTICLE.—"We think, says the New York Herald, we see the finger of Uncle Sam in this affair. The southern boundary of Honduras is Nicaragua, and the eastern is the Caribean Sea. The schemes of the French Emperor for a transit across the Isthmus, either by a ship canal or a railway by the Nicaragua route, are by no means at an end, and the extension of the power of Maximilian is that directly secures him a direct advantage in the further prosecution of his plans, which he again take them up.

[illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA IRON WORKS.—Since the war began all this life is in foundries in this State have been put in full blast, and yet there is a demand for more work of the kind. Extensive establishments are about to be erected in Cumberland county, near Shippensburg.

A beautiful little girl in Concord, N. H., died a few days since from a dose of morphine, taken by mistake.

The King Consort of Spain has banished his brother to the Canary Islands for talking politics.

KILPATRICK ON PILLAGING.

FORT MCALLISTER,
OCEECHEE RIVER, GA.,
Tuesday, December 20, 1864.

I herewith transmit some spicy and interesting correspondence which has recently passed between the two opposing cavalry commanders, General Kilpatrick of the American Army and Gen. Wheeler of the rebel army:

GEN. KILPATRICK'S REPLY.

Headquarters Cavalry Command, King's Bridge, Ga., Dec. 13, 1864.—Major General WHEELER, commanding Cavalry Camp, C. S. A.—Your communications of December 5th and 11th have just been received by my command while marching through your country. I will simply say that the *same* complaints have been made by the citizens of Georgia against officers and men of *your own command*, and call your attention to Governor Brown's message on that subject.

If you cannot control your own men while they are among their friends, you cannot expect me to prevent my men from committing depredations upon their known enemies; a people who have betrayed them in the past, and for whom they have now no sympathy. Do not understand by this that I have allowed my men to commit depredations along my line of march. Such has not been the case. An order has been issued to my command, authorizing and instructing my officers to shoot upon the spot, any soldier who shall be caught committing any outrage. War is terrible and the people of Georgia are now being made to feel it in all its force.

Had the people of the Confederate States, and especially those of South Carolina ever known and felt what the people of Georgia know and feel now, no hostile shot would ever have struck the sacred walls of Sumter. I am willing and ready now, as I know my Government always has been, to enter at once into any fair exchange of prisoners. I will consult with Major General Sherman on the subject, and give you his decision by the earliest possible moment. Thanking you, General, for your kind attention to one of my officers, and for returning to me a book highly prized, I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. KILPATRICK,
Brig. Gen. U. S. A.

HEAD QU'RS CAVALRY CORPS,
WAYNESBOROUGH, Dec. 15, '64.

Gen. J. Kilpatrick, Commanding Cavalry, U. S. A.:

General: Your letter of yesterday was received to-day. I assure you Capt. Horton has and will receive every attention which can be bestowed upon a wounded soldier. I am pleased to inform you that he was doing well and out of pain at last accounts.

Since the commencement of this sad war, I have used untiring exertions to maintain in my soldiers principles of chivalry and true soldierly honor; they have been taught to despise and spurn the cowardly instincts which induce low men to frighten, abuse and rob defenceless women and children.

You allude to old associations, and promise to return any kindness to Capt. Horton. I have only to ask for the sake of those old associations, for your own sake, and for the sake of the Institution where military honor was taught, that you will offer some protection to the families necessarily left defenceless, and not leave them at the mercy of a brutal soldiery.

By so doing not only will other advantages be gained, but your name will stand before the world in a much more enviable light. It is useless for me to recount the atrocities committed; suffice it to say that the history of no war, however barbarous, can tell of atrocities which equal those daily and hourly committed by your command. Respectfully, General, your obedient servant,

J. W. WHEELER, Maj-Gen. C. S. A.

WAYNESBOROUGH, GA., Dec. 6, 1864.

GEN. WHEELER—*Dear Sir*:—Capt. Horton, of the Yankee cavalry, died last night at my house, and Mr. Michael De Lacy, Co. B, 10th Ohio cavalry, United States Volunteers, who was left as nurse, is still at my house awaiting orders from you.

Yours, EDMUND BYNE.

Headquarters Cavalry Corps, Seventeen Miles from Savannah, Dec'r 11, 1864.—*Gen. J. Kilpatrick, Commanding U. S. A.*—General—Since writing the letter here with transmitted I have received the enclosed note from Dr. Byne, announcing the death of Captain Horton. I have directed that Corporal Lacy be sent to me, that he may be transmitted safely to your lines. I shall not consider him a prisoner of war, as he was not captured in action. I also send herewith a book containing writing by yourself, which I presume you must value, and which must have been left by accident at a house where you spent the night.

While writing you, I take the opportunity to suggest that we adopt a system for exchanging prisoners belonging to our respective commands. It certainly would aid us in reclaiming from prison our friends, and would enable us both to do a great deal toward alleviating the sufferings of our officers and soldiers who are now in prison, or who may hereafter become prisoners of war.

Should you assent to this proposition I will obtain the release of such officers and men of your command as we have in prison, and will send you a list of the officers and men I desire released.

I will also agree upon the release of any of my officers and men, to release on similar parole a like number of officers and men of your command.

Believing you will think, as I do, that every commanding officer's duty is to take advantage of every opportunity which presents itself to benefit the condition of his men, I trust to receive a favorable response. Respectfully, General, your obedient servant

J. W. WHEELER, Maj Gen. C. S. A.

Latest from Tennessee.

The following despatch has just been received at the Navy Department:

"FLAG SHIP FAIRY,
"CHICKASAW, ALA., Dec. 27.

"*Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy*

"I have destroyed a new fort situated at this point, and all the enemy's visible means of crossing the Tennessee below Florence, and to-day blew up two caissons and destroyed two field pieces there, knocking one into the river, and the other into pieces.

"Several transports, with supplies for Gen. Thomas, arrived here today. I find from the General's despatches that my movements have been in good time to meet his movements.

"Hood's army is reported broken up, and its pots cannot cross at or below Florence unless the river falls seriously. It is now falling, which made it impracticable to day to reach the crossing above Little Muscle Shoals, six miles above Florence. "S. P. LEE,
Rear Admiral."

LATER.

Nashville, Dec'r 29.—Union prisoners who escaped from Florence, arrived on the 27th at Columbia, say that Hood's advance arrived at the the Tennessee river of the 21st, and on the next day his infantry cross ded a pontoon bridge which he had removed above the shoals, out of the reach of our gunboats.

One of the prisoners states that Hood crossed the Tennessee with 110 cannon.—He counted 26 on his retreat.

On Saturday, when twelve miles this side of the Tennessee river, he heard heavy cannonading in the direction of Florence, which was probably Stedman's force engaged with Forrest. There is intense indignation against Hood in the rebel army.

Mr. Hudson Guernsey has lately died in Digby, leaving a fortune of more than two millions of sterling, or ten millions of dollars. The most of it is said to have been acquired by a member of the firm of Barclay & Perkins, the great brewers. The probate duty (or Government tax) on his will amounts to upward of twenty-five thousand dollars.

PORK PACKING.—It is stated that three millions of hogs will probably be packed this season in the West, and that owing to the extraordinary price of pork, the whole amount of pork packed will be worth seventy-five millions of dollars.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Approaching Draft.—A meeting of gentlemen interested in the approaching draft was held yesterday afternoon at the office of Col. Brown. A preamble and series of resolutions were adopted. The recommendations of the committee are that each ward immediately and vigorously correct its enrollments in the manner previously recommended by the Assistant Provost Marshal General, and that a committee of one from each ward proceed to Washington and endeavor to have altered the enrollment act, so that where a certain number of citizens of each district, say one hundred, are drafting themselves together, there in service volunteers to the number of fifteen or twenty, the same members of the association to be exempted from the draft, provided that the number place on the service is in the same proportion to the quota required, as the number of the association is to the number enrolled.

The committee also recommend that applications be made to the Legislature of our State, or also to the City Council, which meets next Monday, for the passage of an act and ordinance providing for the payment of bounties to volunteers. The committees were appointed and the committee appointed to visit Washington will depart for that city this morning. Previous to the meeting being called together yesterday afternoon, Colonel Brown stated to the delegates that he had decided not to offer to Washington for the purpose of having reduced certain quotas; he went was reconciled with the idea of being enrolled in the second Congressional District (Twenty-first District) 2,000, in the Third District, 316, and in the Sixth 751, which will make the entire quota of the State eleven thousand and three.

New Jersey—Sheriff Dunshee yesterday drew the following jurors to serve in the court of Quarter Sessions, to be held in Newark, on the first three weeks of the January Term, 1865:

Samuel Curtis—George M. Conrad, Sam'l Fenn, Thomas Rollins, Robert A. Scott, James Wheelwright, Richard Jobes, F. W. Pearson, Jas. T. Peters, W. H. Harris Martin Roberts, B. J. Smith, Anthony H. Smith, George Beckett, George B. Wilson, John H. Rea, W. H. Brown, W. H. Knighler, Somerfield Norwood, Jabez B. Williams, Thomas W. Cushion, G. B. Watts, A. Joseph [illegible] Wm. H. Orr, H. C. Lambert, C. J. Bergen.

Common Pleas—Thomas J. George, James Bailey, Charles A. Grimell, James T. Randolph, Charles Wolfe, Adolphus Schaeffer, Jerome Stubber, J. Hobe, Samuel McLear, H. W. Rogers, T. G. Jerkins, John Baumgarten, J. P. Pickell, J. H. Lockwood, Edward Stubert, W. K. Beebe, R. M. Janeway, J. C. Ferrigen, R. B. Fitzgerald, Wm. Sperry, Elmer Hewitt, Thomas Langdon, Isaac Walker, G. E. Johnson, J. D. Hillrigas

Petit Jury—Jos. W. Rice, Edward Patterson, Charles Wyhe, Lot W. Ridgely, H. B. Wilson, [illegible] Hay, James Bamie, Benjamin Tuttle, Lambert Bayer, Thos. Lister, J. P. Pettit, John Wisham, W. H. Jackson, J. W. Conger, G. O. Stevens, B. J. Rushby, Wm. C. Arthur, L. J. Drummond, J. Wise, Michael Berry, Charles Reeder, R. J. Hallsey, James Cody, B. P. Bowen, W. Price.

Grand Jurors for the Criminal Court—The sheriff in conformity with the law selected the following jurors for the Criminal Court for the next term:

Thomas R. Dodge, Alexander H. Miller, Sheriff; Thomas Trotter, P. L. Nelson, Wm. D. Miller, Nicholas Brewer, Wm. Hopkins, Wm. E. Harris, George Bonnell, George H. Dutton, Michael Warner, Derj T. Hynes, Charles Dunlap, Samuel T. Hayes, Wm. Chisnal, Jonas H. Heward, Samuel Andrews, Thomas Harvey, Inos C. Walker, Jacob Medsley, Lafayette Jarrett, Robert Schwarz.

Death in the City during 1864—The number of deaths during the year 1864 in this city, shown by the report of the Board of Health, was 5,568—[illegible] of whom [illegible] were [illegible] under one year of age, [illegible] between one and five years of age, [illegible] between five and twenty years of age, [illegible] between twenty and forty years of age, [illegible] between forty and sixty years of age, and [illegible] sixty years and upwards. The principal portion of the deaths were from the following diseases: Consumption 812, unknown disease 509, [illegible] 317, cholera infantum 509, old age 202, typhoid fever 210, diseases of the lungs 168, dropsy 153, diseases of the brain 32, [illegible] 150, [illegible] 165, [illegible] 143, casualty 79, [illegible] 68, [illegible] 53, [illegible] 150, [illegible] 52, heart disease 45, [illegible] 70, whooping cough 65, [illegible] 22, burn 21, cancer 24, erysipelas 23, [illegible] 17, [illegible] 14, dropsy 6, [illegible] 7, [illegible] 2, drowning 14, lockjaw