DAILY CLIPPER.

WM. WALES.....Publisher.

TUESDAY, JAN 31, 1865.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE DAILY CLIPPER.

Twelve-and-a-Half Cents per Week, payable to the Carriers.

Mailed to Subscribers out of the city at

$6.00 FOR ONE YEAR,
3.00 FOR SIX MONTHS,
1.50 FOR THREE MONTHS,
1.00 FOR TWO MONTHS,
0.50 FOR ONE MONTH,

invariably in advance.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The following extract 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.

☞ Those persons who wish to have the Clipper served to them on the Federal Hill route, a new carrier having taken it—will please leave their names at the Drug Store of Mr Robbins, corner of Light and Hughes streets.

OUR ADVERTISING AGENT.

Our advertising agent for the city is Captain William Gibson, who will, as he finds opportunity, call upon the old patrons of the Clipper, and to whom any favors in the advertising line can be handed. Our patrons will find him entirely reliable.

☞ PERSONS in Washington, D. C., wishing to subscribe for the CLIPPER can leave their names with our Agent, J. GUTLOCK, 605 Seventh street, Navy Yard, or with GIBSON BROS., Printers, 271 Pennsylvania avenue.

PEACE MISSIONS EXPLODED.

It is gratifying to believe that the recent attempts to humble the great loyal section at the feet of Jeff Davis and his minions have amounted to nothing, so far as giving the great traitors some loophole out of which to escape from the demands of justice, is in the case; and if the gold speculators have been badly bitten as one consequence of these ill-advised movements, that is some trifling compensation for what, otherwise, has been so distasteful to the great mass of thoroughly loyal men. We do hope this is the last of these follies. It was bad enough to permit Kirke to hunt up Jeff Davis mainly for the purpose—as it would seem—of gaining notoriety for himself and of finding material for sensation magazine articles and paying lectures. But to have every newspaper filled with speculations as to the last phase of the "Blair mission," and as another direct consequence, to humble the nation and toss Government securities hither and yon as if spirited on by a whirlwind, why, it is not the thing at all—Whether the Government intended it or not, its late action in permitting these missions—its unmistakeable connivance at them—has given the Richmond Government more consequence, has come nearer to "recognition" of the accursed usurpation at Richmond, than was the concession of the character of a "belligerent," by England and France. We only hope that the final claim for "independence," put in by the Richmond traitors, will satisfy all the weak-kneed Union men in the land of the Horace Greeley and Francis P. Blair type, that there is nothing for it further but the gage of battle.—Root them out of Richmond, and peace will accomplish itself.

THE REPLY TO THE REBEL MANIFESTO.

The following notes have been published from the governments of Sweden and of the Netherlands by the Rebel Commissioners in reply to the manifesto issued by the Rebel Congress:

STOCKHOLM, Dec 1st, 1864.—The undersigned, Minister of State and Foreign Affairs of his Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway, has lately received the letter addressed to him, under date of Paris, the 11th of November last, by Messrs. Mason, Slidell and Dudley Mann, Commissioners of the Confederate States of America, and which communicates to the government of the King, his august sovereign, the manifesto adopted by the Congress of the Confederate States, on June 14, as well as a resolution setting forth the intentions, principles and views of those States in reference to the war being waged between them and the United States of America; and he considers it a duty to acknowledge receipt of the same, and to state that he has not failed to place these documents under the eyes of the King.

It is his Majesty's order that he must confine himself to a declaration to the commissioners that the government of Sweden and Norway is resolved to maintain, as in the past, the most strict neutrality in regard to the deplorable struggle which has sprung up between the States heretofore forming the great and powerful American confederation, at the same time that its earnest wish is for a cessation of such disastrous conflict, and for an arrangement that may meet the just claims of each of the States that were members of the Union, with which, from its beginning, the government of the United Kingdom has entertained the most cordial relations.

In laying this order the undersigned profits by the opportunity to offer to Messrs Mason, Slidell and Mann, the assurance of his very distinguished consideration. MANDERSTROEM.

Messrs. J. M. Mason, J. Slidell and A. Dudley Mann, at Paris.

THE NETHERLANDS.

THE HAGUE, Dec. 30, 1864.

Gentlemen.—I have the honor to receive through the King's legation at Paris your letter of the 11th of November last, accompanying a copy of the manifesto issued by Congress on the 14th of June, 1864.

In thanking you for the communication, I wait an earnest wish for the prompt re-establishment of peace in America, I beg you, gentlemen, to accept the assurance of my high consideration.

E. CREWENS.

Messrs. J. Slidell, J. M. Mason and A. Dudley Mann.

Blockade Runners Loading at Bermuda for Wilmington.

A letter from Bermuda, dated January 16, states that eight or nine blockade runners were taking in cargoes of arms, ammunition, clothing and medicines for Wilmington. Four vessels left there between the 1st and 10th of the month. One vessel took over one hundred pounder Armstrong guns. There were over two and a half million pounds of bacon stored at Nassau waiting a chance to be carried through the blockade. Much of this bacon left on the Northern States, sent there to run the blockade. There was also thirty thousand Enfield rifles stored in one warehouse belonging to the rebel Government. This letter says the capture of Wilmington will put an end practically to blockade running, and ruin the business which has enriched the island so enormously during the last three years.

THE RICHMOND CABINET.—The break up of the Jeff. Davis Cabinet is not so extensive as we at first reported. The Secretary of War, John A. Seddon of Va, is the only one whose resignation is tendered. He is succeeded by Gen. Breckinridge, who will cut but a sorry figure if he proves successful in the management of the War Department than in the conduct of a campaign.

THE STARS AND STRIPES UPON THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

By the arrival of the last steamer we have not only the confirmation of the death of Mr. Stephens, the great American traveller, who was murdered in the interior of Africa, but also that of the most heart-rending death of Mr. Wise, the well known rock painter, who for the last three years has been in the employ of Messrs. P. H Drake & Co., proprietors and originators of the celebrated Plantation Bitters—a tonic which is fast becoming a household necessity all over the world. Mr. Wise had about completed a more successful tour through the Holy Land, the Valley of the Nile, Jerusalem, and a large portion of Egypt, painting upon the rocks in a thousand places of biblical renown and association, in and around Gaza, where Samson pulled down the Temple; on the top of the rock of Etam, near the place where Samson slew the Philistines with the jaw bone of an ass, upon the lofty and dark mountains of Jebel Araka, near where Pharoah and his host was swallowed up in the Red Sea; upon Mount Tabor, overlooking the great plain of Esdraelon, the battle field of all ages and nations, also upon the range of mountains overlooking the sea of Galilee; upon the tower in the vicinity of Cana, where our Saviour turned water into wine; upon the lofty mountains of Lebanon, lifting their heads into the regions of perpetual snow and ice; upon the ancient olive trees, on Mount Olivet, under which the sacred martyrs toiled for the sins of the world, eighteen hundred years ago. The circumstances, as we learn them from an English correspondent of the London Times, at Cairo, are same what as follows: Mr Wise had taken up his temporary abode in a small village in close proximity to the Pyramids, and had, at great expense and trouble, erected an enormous scaffolding, reaching to the very topmost height of the centre pyramid, and had already been employed some two weeks in painting and affixing thereto the emblatic signs S. T. 1861—X, the meaning of which no human being has yet been able to decypher. He had completed the novel and dangerous undertaking, had put the last finishing touch to the whole, which caused them to shine out in the sunlight, like letters of living gold—This mysterious S. T.—1861—X, could be seen for miles and miles, and when the scaffolding should be taken away, the wandering Arab and weary traveler would wonder how they came there, and perhaps imagine that other than human hands had placed them there. His duty to his employers had been fulfilled, and now came what he conceived to be his duty to his bleeding and war-distracted country. To that end he had erected a flag staff upon the very peak of the pyramid, which was accomplished by blocks of wood and strips of iron, and announced that at 12 o'clock on such a day, he would hoist the American flag on the top of the world renowned pyramid. The announcement flew like wild-fire, and long before the appointed hour on the 22d of February, ten thousand swarthy, ragged and bare legged Arabs had assembled, and pitched their tents in the immediate vicinity of the Pyramids—At 11 o'clock Mr. Wise, with the flag wrapped around him, commenced the ascent of the scaffolding, and in half an hour had reached its top; soon after the flag was securely attached to the halyards, and all was ready; with breathless anxiety and the stillness of death, the thousands of upturned faces watched every move of the daring and patriotic Wise. As the Egyptian bell tolled the hour of twelve the broad stripes and bright stars were given to the breeze, and there above the peak of the mighty Pyramid, waved the proud banner in all its beauty, majesty, and glory,—at sight of which these ten thousand Arabs shouted and yelled as lustily as if they were welcoming back to earth the millions of their race said to be entombed within the Pyramids. But now comes the sad part of our story—Mr. Wise had successfully accomplished all that he had undertaken, and was about to commence his descent, when, oh! horror of horrors! the scaffolding was seen to sway, to and fro in mid air, and in a few time than I have been relating it, the whole structure came crushing down to earth, and there in the dizzy height could be seen this brave man, holding on to a portion of the halyards that he caught hold of when he saw and felt the scaffolding giving way. The scene was changed, as with the waving of a magic wand, the laughter and the shouts subsided into silence—that indescribable murmur that betokens the presence of a multitude It was utterly impossible for human power to aid him, and for one whole hour thousands of human beings stood and watched, with, oh! what agony of suspense, a brave man struggling for life—his agonizing calls for help could be distinctly heard, but, alas! no help could reach him! At last nature was exhausted, and in a moment more he lay at the base of the Pyramid, a crushed and bleeding mass of flesh and blood. Still the proud banner waved, and still the S. T.—1861—X, shone out with undiminished lustre, but to place them there had cost the life of a brave man. He was buried at the base of the Pyramid, which will ever be a lasting monument to his patriotism and bravery.

GEORGE SANDS' THEATRE.

At her home at Nohant, George Sands has a private theatre, which is thus described by Theophile Gautier:

"The Nohant Theatre, where the illustrious novelist amuses herself by trying her dramatic ideas, is capable of holding some sixty people; but the performances there are generally given before the family circle, and sometimes, when the piece requires six or eight actors, George Sands is the whole pit. Although the stage is small, and naturally proportioned with the theatre, it is machined with a perfection unknown in the larger theatres. The scenery, which is in great part painted by friends of the family, consists of real paintings. The limited dimensions of the scenes enable the artist to paint them with a care which cannot be bestowed on large scenes. As we are a critic who is inquisitive about the 'wrong side' of stages, and the secret springs of things, we were graciously allowed to visit the scenery magazine, the costume-room, and the property-room, which are relegated to the immense garret of the house. We stood surprised at the immense appliances which this little theatre required. It is true that the care bestowed on bringing out pieces was never carried further.—Every object bore its appropriate label, and was arranged in perfect order: here were backgrounds, 'practical' slips, details of a very sort. Our attention was engrossed by complicated looking machines, which seemed like rough models of unknown instruments of music. When we examined them closely we read upon one of them 'roaring of a stove,' upon another, 'winter's wind in the passage,' upon a third, 'creaking of a weather-vane;' the last was entitled 'wind and hail against the window panes.' The machines (which were most ingenious inventions) were made to imitate in some fanta-tic drama these mysterious and plaintive voices, those accents of the light and of silence and solitude which predispose one to vague terrors, and are like the 'flourish of trumpets' which precedes the entrance of apparitions. There are likewise owls which flapped their wings and rolled phosphorescent eyes, which might well figure in the scene of melting balls in 'Der Freischutz.' A small tin lantern piece behind the bird's head wrought this wonder. What shall I say of the bat—symbol of the 'blues'—which springs from the head of one of the characters, flies round the room and disappears through the window?"

A NOVEL DEAD HEAD.—On Conductor Kincaide's train, on the New York Central, recently, a lady with a vast circumference of hoop occupied a whole seat as the cars went out of the city. Taking up tickets the conductor evidently suspected something when he came to the lady, and politely requested her to rise, as he thought she was sitting on something which had been left on the seat. She demurred, and he insisted. She said she wouldn't and he said she must, and finally she did, and not only that, but she stepped out into the aisle, blushing tremendously, and insisting that she "didn't know it," when lo and behold! a bouncing babe of the male persuasion, only sixteen years old, was discovered curled up on the floor! How the delightful creature had got there was a mystery to her of course—as much so as was the presence to Joseph, of a chicken in Joseph's hat. The lady was about to anathematize the young gentleman in the most approved manner of injured virtue, but took the words out of her mouth by pleading piteously, "Please now, auntie, pay my fare." Auntie did.—*Schenectady Star.*

HOMES TO PAINTERS.—An address recently delivered before the Typographical Society at Washington stated these facts about honors to printers:

The United States Senate has chosen a printer for Secretary, a printer for Sergeant-at-Arms; while a printer occupies the Vice-President's chair. In the House a printer has been elected Clerk, a printer postmaster, and on the first Monday of December, 1863, the House of Representatives chose a printer for their foreman or Speaker; and also of the fourteen gentlemen who had filled the office of Mayor of Washington, six were printers, namely:—Hepburn, Gales, Seaton, Wrightman, Force and Towers.

HOW SOME FRENCHMEN EARN A LIVING.—Necessity, the mother of invention, has been fertile in expedients in the twelfth arrondissement of Paris. [There is the magnet-breeder for the fishermen of the Seine; the money-lender who charges cent per cent by lending from sunrise to sunset; the poor *revenillonnes*, who goes from house to house, the night after winter nights, to awaken sleepers who must be at the manufactory, and there is the "guardian angel," whose business consists in seeing drunkards home from the wine shops at the rate of ten sous per drunkard. Behind all these quaint bread-winners there are crowds of men and women who depend on public or private charity.

☞ The difference between a pig and a dandy is this: the former weighs the most undressed; the latter dressed.

AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

HOLLIDAY ST. THEATRE.—Gamas, the Hebrew Mother.

MONUMENTAL ASSEMBLY ROOMS.—Mrs. E. De Roode Rice's Concert.

MARYLAND INSTITUTE.—Lecture by H. Ward Beecher.

DIED.

ALLEN.—At Point Lookout, on the 24th instant, Minnie Spaulding, infant daughter of Joseph S. and Cordelia Allen.

☞ New York and Norfolk papers please copy.

BOOTH.—On the 29th instant, Mollie V., youngest daughter of W. O. L. and Mary E. Booth, aged 8 years and 3 months.

BOSLEE.—On the 27th inst., Lizzie, aged 21 years 6 months and 12 days, daughter of Elizabeth and the late Peter Boslee.

COLE.—On the 27th instant, John T., the beloved son of Philip and Mary Jane Cole, aged 2 years 3 months and 11 days.

CORNISH.—On the 29th instant, Charles H. Cornish, aged 21 years.

GRAVES.—On the 29th instant, Thomas W. Graves, in the 35th year of his age, only son of the late Robert and Lydia Graves, leaving a wife and one child to mourn their loss.

HARRIS.—On the 27th instant, Elizabeth, consort of the late William Harris, in the 70th year of her age.

HOWARD.—On the 26th instant, John C. Howard, in the 25th year of his age.

LANDERS.—On the 29th instant, Nicholas John, oldest son of James and Mary Landers, aged 22 years.

TULLEY.—On the 29th instant, Alexander Jacob Tulley, aged 31 years and 5 months, leaving a wife and three children.

SMITH.—On the 27th instant, Milton W., Smith, aged 5 years and 10 months, beloved child of Samuel and Lucinda Smith.

TOWNS.—On the 27th inst., Mary Frances, infant daughter of Robert and Frances A. Towns, aged 2 months and 27 days.

HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE.
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Mrs. Mary Ida Hixon,

From the French of the late

Mme. Mengeard,

Formerly Secretary to the Emperor Napoleon III.

Supposed to be founded on the famous Mortara case,

Entitled:

GAMEA, The Hebrew Mother.
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