DAILY CLIPPER.

WM. WALES.....Publisher.

SATURDAY, FEB 4, 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 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	30.00

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 orders 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, 478 Seventh street, Navy Yard, or with GIBSON BROS., Printers, 271 Pennsylvania avenue.

THE APPROACHING RECKONING WITH CHARLESTON.

At the last accounts General Sherman, after having humbled Georgia effectually, and leaving his troops in possession of her chief city, was moving on Charleston and other points in South Carolina, the State which led off in the wicked and foolish revolt which has at last resulted in nearly depopulating the whole South.—And we believe it is the feeling of all loyal men, that for no other objective point, involving even great results possibly, should the present movement have been longer postponed, since could it so happen that peace should be made and the cradle of the rebellion be untouched, there would be a sentiment of disappointment experienced for which there would be no compensation. Whilst all know the importance of taking Richmond, so far as breaking up that organization which keeps the rebellion alive is concerned, still, Richmond and Virginia, however virulent and bitter they have latterly became, were at last but the mere cat's paws of South Carolina; and whilst such miserable demagogues as Mason and Floyd, and Wise and Letcher, have demonstrated their short sightedness, and in part received their punishment, have suffered defeat and mortification in seeing the ruin of the old commonwealth, the masses there were but the helpless victims of villainous combinations they could in no wise prevent.

And thus Charleston will speedily receive her deserts, in part, there is now little doubt. The howls and shrieks and force,—almost crazy—appeals for help of that pestilent sheet, the Charleston Mercury, prove this. And when we think of its changed tone as exhibited of late, when we contrast it with the Heaven and earth defying tirades which it put forth four years ago, to drive the people of that State into rebellion and bloodshed, we are constrained to feel that even in the course of earthly events there not unfrequently comes signal retribution and punishment, which from the magnitude of the crimes committed would seem to call for the reckoning of a higher tribunal.

In this connection, let us recur to a speech made by Mr. Rhett in the South Carolina Convention when that body was in the act of inaugurating "Secession"—"He *did not believe war would come of it*, and "if they wanted our blood, *made them take it*." *The enemy the sword, and let them embrace it*, and *we would soon give them a right quarter*."

Glancing at this, now, does any one believe that this miserable, short-sighted braggart, fancied for one moment, that justice would find them out, did they not feel secured, that wherever else might enter, that *they* would escape?

But the Charleston Mercury of that period was disposed to be quite *jocular* at the prospects opening up as the consequence of their attempts to destroy the Government! Whilst it appears to have had some fun at and ridicule the idea that the "Yankees" ought not to look on quietly and see the work of Washington and Adams and Jefferson destroyed, it seems to have actually thought that the North would continue its demonstrations of disapprobation to a war of words, or to some trifling opposition, hardly necessary to be heeded. Let us hear from its issue of this date:

"They will hurl at us a storm of wooden nutmegs which will not prove more "grateful from the fact that they will not "grate. And they will have to go on *tick*, "like the clocks, and will run down like "Fort Sumter, in thirty-two hours. . . . "They will shoot at us with *catalogues*, and "we may sprout when they would have "us fall. There will be batteries to deliver us garden seeds, and shells that "will vomit wares of tin, and tempests of "tea pots. Crockery ware will take the "place of hardware in a bombardment, "and in a charge, there will be more "brooms than bayonets. Mats, not mis-"siles—baskets, not bullets—and 'asses,' "long and short,' rather than sulphur—"will be served up by the bloody hands "of farmers from Connecticut."

Well, it is not needful now to recur to what the scorned North, the despised "Yankees" have done in the past four years to convince the puffed up "descendants of the Huguenots" of their sad mistake, because South Carolina has long ago found out what sort of "crockery ware" and "*rubbish*" the New England fishermen have treated them to from time to time, as they have seen Fort Sumter crumbled to powder before Yankee batteries; and it is fair to suppose, further, that since the "Swamp Angel" spoke to Charleston, a good many old opinions held before the war and such as we have quoted, have been reversed. We have heard from the Charleston Mercury of four years ago—let us hear from it *within the month just past*: taking a few of its crazed exclamations, born of the consciousness that Sherman with his invincibles are beating up its quarters:

"The enemy *does not intend to wait upon "our leisure*, and we have much to do. . . . . *The path we are travelling "leads straight to destruction*. The crisis of "the Confederacy has arrived in fatal "earnest. . . . . We want no more "Jeff. Davis foolery—we want *one atom of "genius, one spark of nerve!*"

Alas, are those the *preux chevaliers*, the "gamecocks"—as they called themselves—who four years ago boasted so loudly that they stood proudly forth with "not a "feather fluttering in their plumes!" Do they at last need "brains," indeed, even an "*atom* of brains," and more than all, "one spark of *nerve*!" Have the hated "Yankees" at last scared them to the verge of imbecility with their "tempests of tea-pots!"

But why quote further from the recent frantic appeal for *help* put forth by the Mercury? Why call attention to its proposition to bring about order amongst its frightened associates in rebellion, by shooting them? "We must have"—it exclaims—"reform, shooting, cashiering, "order, subordination.—soldiers, not *ragamuffins, runaways*, *ragamuffins, rufians!*"

Alas, that the "chivalry," the exemplars of the cock-a-doodle-doo school, of the "game cock" and "swamp fox" array, should now be denounced by their whilom organ and oracle, as "runaways," "ragamuffins," "*rufians!*" Truly "adversity "keeps a dear school, but fools will learn "in no other!" We have heard the bragart Mercury in its major key—let us hear it in the minor, as the invincibles of Sherman having swept away by their presence the last shred of faith in their cause, in their ability to hold out, hem them in. Truly—"adversity keeps a dear "school, but fools will learn in no other!"

NEW BOOKS.—From T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia, we have received "*The Brother's Secret*," by William Goodwin; "*The Chevalier*," by Alexander Dumas, and "*The Memoirs of a Preacher*," by George Lippard, three novels, hardly surpassed in their way by any thing of their class lately brought out.

The first mentioned of these can be had at the Gift bookstore of Mr. George Gratton, corner of Baltimore and Holliday streets—the other of Henry Taylor & Co., Sun Iron building.

From Frederick A. Brady, Publisher, of New York, we have "*A Marriage of Mystery*," by Lady Clara Cavendish, and "*Nellie*" or the companions, by Fairfax Balfour, Esq., both pleasing romances, and also to be had of Messrs. Henry Taylor & Co.

MAGAZINES—"*Gayley's Pacific Monthly*" is the title of a new and admirable Magazine filled with choice matter and elegantly printed, and destined, we hope, to take high rank amongst periodicals of this kind. It is published at $5 per annum in currency, and all correspondence must be directed to David M. Gaylay & Co., 34 Liberty street, New York.

Blackwood—From Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., we have Blackwood for January, up to his old standard in point of merit, and as welcome as ever. All four of the British reviews with Blackwood, let it be noted, are furnished at $15. Henry Taylor & Co. are the agents for Baltimore.

A NOTEWORTHY ENTERPRISE.—An enterprise is at present on foot here in which every citizen of Baltimore should take a deep interest, being no less than the construction of a map to designate *every place of business and residence in the city*. To be done on steel, in the best and most careful manner, it is really a "*ground plan*," besides, of "each public building and church as built by the architect," and when completed, it will be invaluable to all interested in the growth and prosperity of the city. As it will be gotten up in various forms to suit the wishes and pockets of purchasers, none should fail to be without it; and with the purpose of securing for the enterprise the needed support, agents will call on our citizens with specimens of the work as it is to be completed. As it is in the hands of Mr. J. H. Colton, famous already as a map publisher, our citizens may look for something worthy of his well known reputation. It will be furnished at prices ranging from one to twelve dollars, and fifty cents.

MARYLAND CODE SUPPLEMENT.—We have received from Messrs. Murphy & Co., Booksellers and Publishers, of this city, the new "Supplement to the Maryland Code," brought out in their usually excellent and substantial style, and recommended by the Judges of the Court of Appeals—as "a most valuable contribution to the library of every citizen who "desires to be informed of the latest legislation of the State and its organic law." Note can say more for the work than this, and we therefore need only call attention to their wonds. It can be had—of course—of the publishers, Baltimore street.

SIZING DOWN THE AGES OF MAN.

The man that dies youngest, as might be expected, perhaps, is the railway brakeman. His average age is only 27. Yet this must be taken with some allowance, from the fact that hardly any but young and active men, are employed in this capacity. At the same age dies the factory workwoman, through the combined influence of confined air, sedentary posture, scant wages, and unremitting toil. Then comes the railway baggage man, who is smashed on an average at 30. Milliners and dressmakers live but very little longer. The average of the one is 32 and the other 33.

The engineer, the fireman, the conductor, the powder maker, the well digger, and the factory operative, all of whom are exposed to sudden and violent deaths, die on an average under the age of 35. The cutler, the dyer, the leather dresser, the apothecary, the confectioner, the cigar maker, the printer, the silversmith, the painter, the shoe cutter, the engraver and the machinist, all of whom lead confined lives, in an unwholesome atmosphere, do not reach the average age of 40. The musician blows his breath all out of his body at 40. Then come trades that are active, or in a pure air

The baker lives to an average age of 43, the butcher to 44, the brickmaker to 47, the carpenter to 49, the furnace man to 42, the mason to 48, the stone cutter to 48, the tanner to 49, the tinsmith to 41, the weaver to 41, the drover to 49, the cook to 45, the inn keeper to 46, the laborer, to 44, the domestic servant (female) to 48, the tailoress to 41. Why should the farmer live till 70, if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness and soap and water.

Those who average over half a century among mechanics are those who keep their muscles and lungs in health, have moderate exercise and not troubled with weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers till 51, the cooper till 52, and the wheelright till 59. The rope-maker lengthens the thread of his life to 60; merchants, wholesale and retail, to 62. Professional men live longer than is generally supposed. Litigation kills clients sometimes, but seldom lawyers, for they average 65.

Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their own lives to the same period. The sailor averages 49, the canaller 61, the sailmaker 52, the stevedore, 55, the ferryman 65, and the pilot 64. A dispensation of Providence that "Maine Law" men may consider incomprehensible is, that brewers and distillers live to the ripe old age of 64. Last and longest lived come paupers, 67, and "gentlemen," 68. The only two classes that do nothing for themselves and live on their neighbors, outlast all the rest.

☞ A Nassau letter of the 16th states that there were over two and a half million pounds of bacon stored at that port, awaiting a chance to be carried through the blockade.—Much of this bacon is from the Northern States, sent there to run the blockade.

ARTEMUS WARD.—As our readers are to be favored with the presence here of this widely renowned and original humorist, we would call attention to his famous "rules of the hall," which we defy any one to read without being greatly amused:

ARTEMUS WARD'S RULES OF THE HALL.

Artemus Ward is compelled to charge 75 cents for reserved seats because *Oats*, which two years ago cost 30 cents per bushel, now cost 100. Hay is also 175 per cwt, formerly 50 cents

Persons who think they will enjoy themselves more by leaving the Hall early in the evening, are requested to do so with as little noise as *possible*.

Children in Arms not admitted, if the Arms are loaded.

Children under one year of age not admitted, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians.

Ladies or gentlemen will please report any negligence or disobedience on the part of the lecturer.

Artemus Ward will not be responsible for any money, jewelry or other valuables, unless left with him—to be returned in a week or so.

The manager will not be responsible for any debts of his own contracting.

If the audience do not leave the Hall when this entertainment is over, they will be put out by the police.

Cards of admission 50 cents. Reserved seats 75 cents. Doors open at 7; commence at ½ to 8 o'clock. Office open for sale of tickets, daily, from 10 till 4 o'clk.

☞ Two U. S Senators have been elected from Kansas for one term, ending March 4th, 1871. Messrs Thomas Carney and James H. Lane have each been chosen by both claimants to be the Legislature of Kansas. The Senate will decide the contest. Both claimants are Republicans, Mr. Carney being a radical and Mr. Lane a conservative.

AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

HOLLIDAY ST. THEATRE—Medea—The Wreckers, or The Beacon Ship.

FRONT ST. THEATRE—Three Fast Men—The French Spy—Jack Sheppard.

MARRIED.

KELLY—HERBERT.—On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Father Foley, John Kelly to Martha A. Herbert, both of Charles county, Md.

DIED.

LOUSHBAUGH.—On the 1st inst. Eleanor Rose, beloved wife of Martin L. Loushbaugh, and eldest daughter of the late Martin F. and Susannah Chancealme, in the 21st year of her age.

SHARKEY.—On the 1st inst, at the residence of John Shuck, near Belair, Patrick Sharkey.

BROOKS.—On the 1st instant, Mrs. Sarah A. Brooks, in the 61st year of her age, wife of Bernard N. Brooks.

BRUCK—On the 1st instant, Anna Maria, aged 35 years, beloved wife of Henry M. Bruck.

FENNER—At Washington city, on the 29th ult, Richard S. Fenner, aged 73 years.

HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE.
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MISS AVONIA JONES.

This Afternoon. EAST LYNNE.
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