

DAILY CLIPPER.

W. WALKER, Publisher.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1865.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE DAILY CLIPPER.

Two-and-a-half Cents per Week, Day and Night.
Mailed to Subscribers in the city at
\$6.00 FOR ONE YEAR.
\$2.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.
\$1.00 FOR THREE MONTHS.
\$0.50 FOR TWO MONTHS.
\$0.25 FOR ONE MONTH.
ANNUALLY IN ADVANCE.

TO ADVERTISERS.

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

1 Square Foot	\$.50
1 Time	1.75
1 Month	9.00
3 Months	24.00
1 Year	48.00

ONE SQUARE CONTAINS SIX LINES OF SPACE.

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

67 PERSONS in Washington, D. C., wishing to subscribe for the CLIPPER, leave their names with our Agent, J. GILKISON, 607 Seventh street, Navy Yard, or with GIBSON BROS., Printers, 271 Pennsylvania avenue.

FROM THE FRONT.

(Editorial Correspondence of the Clipper.)
CITY POINT, March 11, 1864.

"The Army of the James," although not as formidable in its proportions as its federal organization, the "Army of the Potomac," is better worthy of a visit, from the fact that it comprises or is in the immediate neighborhood of ground made forever classic in the history of this mighty struggle, by those terrific "seven day's battles," consequent upon the mistaken retreat from the very gates of Richmond to Harrison's Landing. Fortunate in being one of a party provided with a tug for a trip to Varina, very near the head of navigation as controlled by rebel batteries up to this time, we left City Point landing in a blaze of sunshine one morning, a delightful contrast to the dashing showers, wreaths of mist and darkened atmosphere of the previous day. Battered hundred, in plain sight on the upper side of the Appomattox, first attracts the voyager's attention; and opposite, is a noble old-time Virginia mansion, now converted to hospital purposes, its fine lawn making a pretty appearance from the water. It is said to have been occupied by the family of the rebel chief, Lee, after their exodus from the old family residence on Arlington Heights.

Dashing onward up the river we pass in turn, Turkey Head, Malvern Hill, Deep Bottom, etc., occasionally some fragment of a wreck pretending itself from the surface, the stream winding and fairly doubling back on itself in a manner quite remarkable to the novice in this kind of navigation. Opposite Deep Bottom, we find a pontoon bridge stretched across the river, which as we round into view of it, we see dotted with the wagons of an immense wagon train engaged in hauling supplies of forage, provisions, etc., to the various camps on this side of the river. Here, too, are transports waiting to be unloaded, and opposite is anchored one of those ever-ready gunboats, which in these times are made to watch every point where, by any—the remotest chance—they might find something in the way of seafaring work. With cut timber daily, a pontoon bridge—a section of the pontoon boats—swings downwards at right angles to the bridge, and shooting through while the trains wait for the boats to be replaced, a few minutes run takes us to "Jones Landing," on the south side of the James, another point for the unloading of supplies, and crossing the river a little above this, we haul up alongside of a cluster of steamers, barges, etc., at Varina, our destination, and just below a substantial trestle-work bridge with a pontoon "draw." "Ekin's Landing," occupied by United States steamers awaiting their cargoes of exchanged prisoners, is a half mile perhaps above, and on the same side of the river. Here is a handsome brick mansion with other buildings, this locality having become quite noted as the place where the rebels formerly came with their cargoes of human misery.

But there are objects of thrilling interest just ahead, and which quicken our steps as we behold them. A mile or so above, leaving out the great bend in the river designed to be remedied by the "Dutch Gap Canal"—we discern the smoke of the rebel steamer, which is just launching her stricken multitude of Union soldiers, the latter, yielded as has been well said by the escaped correspondent of the Tribune—as by the "gates of death" and "the jaws of hell." Far over the plain the sand and straggling snow procession toters on, a long train of ambulances in the distance waiting on the river's bank opposite the steamer to bring forward their mangled to walk. Onward we strike, meeting a group of rebels, gaily, gaily, mounted. We seek to address them, but they are too intent on their own woes to pay any heed to us, and, as we meet them in turn, and point back to us the steamer at the laud, and to the ever glistening bay beyond them, as to the spot where their troubles will end. But our words die in our lips as we meet those dim eyes where hope has gone. So long ago, there was looks and skeleton forms, which soon all but mocked by the presence of those half healthy like ourselves. Two or three are tottering forward feebly, trying to support each other, whilst others sit as if dead—such accents show much farther! It is late. Others are reeling on the ground to gain a little strength, others again with swollen and wounded limbs sprawled in rags, dragging their halting steps along a few inches at a time, causing the beholder to wonder what must be the condition of those consigned to the ambulances if these are indeed the compasses of hell!

We reach the bank of the river finally, the "landing," and amidst a crowd of wondering and sympathizing or indignant soldiers from the camp, not far off, we look down on the mean little confederate steamer, with a canal boat or barge alongside, marked C. S., and tying that accursed flag, which to the end of time will be remembered only as the detested symbol of a cruel despotism, such as might to-day rival in horrors the frightful traditions of the Barabar Islands, or pirates of the Indian Archipelago. Ambulance after ambulance takes its turn at the water's

[FOR THE CLIPPER.] GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE STATE.

This is the last day of the session on which new bills can be introduced, and we trust the Legislature will not suffer it to pass without enacting measures for completing the Geological Survey of the State. This is one of the Governor's recommendations. The credit of our State, no less than the exigencies and reputation of the public, require it to be done. Every State North of us, and nearly every State in the Northwest, have established in this important work, and derived already incalculable practical benefits from their enterprise. The new State of Wisconsin, however, has made no start, and Michigan is in advance of us.

Our State is still beyond almost any stage in mineral wealth of the most varied character. We have ores of copper, lead, zinc, chrome, cobalt, and manganese; quarries of marble, hydraulic cement, feldspars, and the roof stone; we have iron and coal, granite and limestone, are valuable clays for brick-pottery and otherwise. Tires and many other minerals, useful in the arts, have been discovered, but our soil has not been half explored.

Our surveyors have made no detailed

examinations, and all over the splendid

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With the same brilliant cast as before.

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HOLIDAY STREET THEATRE.

Great success of the comedian, Fred.

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Second Night of the splendid new Comedy,

DIANA; OR, LOVIE'S MASQUERADE;

Received last night by

BRILLIANT AND CROWDED AUDIENCE.

THIS (TUESDAY) EVENING, Will be performed for the second time, Mrs.