

# DAILY CLIPPER.

W. WALKER.....Publisher.



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**THE WEEKLY CLIPPER.**

Our Weekly will be issued this morning, and it is becoming much favorite with the public, that little can be said to those who wish an excellent synopsis of the news, current since the last issue. Filled with everything of interest in the way of war and peace, financial and other items, nothing better can be had for transmission to friends at a distance. It can be procured at the counter of the usual reasonable terms.

**THE DRAMATIC IN WAR—HEROES—WOMEN!!—AND STRATEGIC.**

If the American people—the loyal portion of them—have much of which they may be proud, when in the light of dawning peace they calmly review the great conflict just closing; if they have abundant reasons to congratulate themselves upon what they have achieved, as well as escaped, there is yet much material left for sombre thought, much that is humiliating, which now on reflection, they may well profit by, if they would escape other humiliations and evils in the future. The country has witnessed, from the beginning to the end of the war, a degree of hero worship, a disposition evinced

"To make idiots and to find them gay."

Devout to think of if we would maintain the reputation of lovers of republican equality, or even of heroes of war? Both sides stated off in the same manner, each determined to have a "Young Napoleon" at whatever cost of right and respect—rebellion a little ahead. The latter had, out of very slender materials, and in a moment, made a masterful demigod, having the advantage over us of getting something a little more Napoleonic—a little the most Brady, when they pitched upon *Baileyside*. Not to be left behind our antagonists, however, we hurried up the lamented Ellsworth and regiments of red legged cowards; we sent men to the field to do the most serious fighting and marching ever known, in garments so baggy and preparations that, now, on reflection, we cannot think of the way in which those gallant fellows were imposed upon without a pang. The worst costume ever by possibility invented for getting around on the "sacred soil," a really painful spectacle when bedraggled with mud, the glaring colors, besides, made the best mark possible for the rebel sharpshooters. It was not long before every organization of these troops was annihilated, and war was found out to be a terribly matter of fact business, instead of a mere holiday pageant.

In the meantime, whilst the South was apportioning *Baileyside*, posturing about him, idolizing him as the little Napoleon of that section, the North being Ellsworth and demoted for an effort to Baileyside, dragged from previous obscurity, on the strength of a sort of general skirmish on the present *Mosby* scale, a success won by others, too—the veritable "Little Napoleon." No sham like that of his rival for fame in the rebel ranks, glory enough was eagerly discounted to him, to have satisfied half a dozen *Alexanders*, *Cesars* and *Napoleons*, combined in one. And at this particular point, how admirably the red-legged host referred to, came in, ornamenteally, to astonish the gaping crowd of bewildered Congressmen and wondering clergymen, who had found their way to those magnificent "reviews" at which the "French Prince" figured as simple attachés, sickly subs of our great men! How it pattered the national pride to know that the royal blood of France had it a privilege to kick up a dust in the train of our military march, and to outdo the grandest mustaches have been to find that at last we were hal gotten a little the start of them in the stage accessories of the great drama! This could not continue, however; the rebels made another struggle to get ahead, and it eventually in getting hold of another French "Prince"—Prince Pollio!—But by the time, however, that all this tumultuary had been indulged in, matters began to wear a serious aspect. Still, the nation enjoyed high hopes. Pictures of the little Napoleon multiplied in every print shop window. The diminutive, sandy-haired mustache became ample and fine black, the stolid and unimpressive face was converted into a sanguine frowning one, a veritable Mars, whilst the great war stood, "on the rampart"; was represented fearfully pawing and striking out over the head of the little man, in a manner, if not, to have defied the best efforts of half a dozen pretenders to control him; whilst, meantime, he was held by the jaws here himself, as if he was hardly conscious of all his presence! And these pictures so "stunning," such mere boutiques in the light of to-day's events, were labelled "The Hope of the Nation."

We know how all this terminated, how narrowly we escaped another revolution with that small personage impressed with the idea, at last—that like Louis XIV., "he was the State." We are conscious now—looking back upon the gross slight ventured up towards General Scott and Mr. Lincoln, locking back upon the persistent efforts of the little Napoleon to baffle the army and to make the Fins John Porters of it, his tools, how with any other man in the Presidential chair than Mr. Lincoln, we might have been plunged into hopeless anarchy and ruin! "Hero-worship" all fell now—who look upon these occurrences as right,—inevitably ruined us.

Well, the South was compelled to dispose its idol, as well as we to cut, and the exploded "Baileyside" with the "Johnsons!" It learned, as well as ourselves, that in truth, "names are nothing;" and it, too, quit playing the role of John Chinaman.—the attempt to

frighten the North,—and addressed itself to hard fighting.

The "warship" was not done with for all this. Leader after leader, Bus, Rosecrans, and others whom to name, might have too long continued, were invited in turn to the popular favor, to be in turn deposed, or dethroned, in too many cases severely and indignantly. The nail still grieved, body disgruntled because it could not find some spot where it might pour out its homage. But events were of: success came; the matter of fact superseded the ideal; the army and the leaders of it became truly and effective, and all accepted as a business, as anything else than a thing of preposterity and an exhibition for mere effect.

But a new method of making heroes by wholesale arose. The shading of any one military colorado was pretty much given over, as hero-worshippers addressed themselves to the manufacture of heroes. Almost every general of any mark, in the field, entertained, accepted a newspaper historian, whose business it was to watch over his interests by magnifying his movements or exploits, until they became so much disfigured, as divided amongst the host of candidates for military heroes, that the people, pleased, knew hardly—in a general way, how to concentrate their admiration on any. True, there were exceptions to this. There will always be found a host who, and official power, and officers favor of; men who are always on the alert to worship the rising sun—and so it has occurred that certain Generals have been singled out as peculiarly entitled to be recipients of distinguished honors and favors, not perhaps beyond their deserts, but certainly beyond their fellows. One receives a splendid residence, another a jeweled and costly sword, and so on, till the ingenuity of the donors being racked to devise something now and acceptable.

Now we have no fault to find with some of this. It is to be expected to be exacted of the impulses of popular gratitude, dashed in some cases with a certain amount of self-interest. But after all, is not easily suggestive? Do we not pass, day in our rounds, certain individuals who also have nobly faced the deadly "ouch," the shower of shot and shell, to come out with an empty trowsers leg, wood instead of a jewelled hilted sword, and hardly get a sad pad to the top of the grave? Brugge keep this wine!—Paid by *Brugge*.

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