

DAILY CLIPPER

W.H. WALES..... Publisher.



SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1865

TO ADVERTISERS.

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

1 Square 1 Time.....	\$.90
" 2 Times.....	.72
" 1 Week.....	1.75
" 1 Month.....	4.00
" 1 Year.....	16.00
ONE SQUARE CONTAINS SIX LINES OF SPACE.	

(From the Evening Post.)

TO THE ARMY, AT ITS JUNCTION WITH THE UNION.

BY SAMUEL T. BOLTON.

Where a soldier weeps forever, like a fabled Noe.

At the foot of monarch mountains in the vale of the Wissahickon.

There was born, O rapid river, nursed by forests wild and strong,

And in its bosom an avalanche was born,

Brook! brook! song.

Through the fair and fertile Valais, with its purple laden vines,

Terraced in fields of flowers, draped in oaks and ancient pines,

Where the summer sunshines golden crowns

The verdant dianthus' lover.

Where the butterflies and bees come ringing down from many a green plateau,

While the virgin bells are chiming in the heads and palaces, by home-towns,

Where the peasants live as peasants lived five hundred years ago.

They had wandered on for ages, like a pilgrim who has given up all, paid a heavy toll,

Like a grim son whose loss hangs on the shoulder,

Alas! to pray,

Heedless of the beauty of the shadow and the sun;

Comes death and Ave Maria on his way to Maryland.

That he had lost in the bosom many a rich and rare gem.

That he had lost Bernard's girdle or Argus' shield.

That he had lost perfumed dewdrops from the fairest Alpine flower,

And the summer shower.

At the feet the merry cascades fondly fold their snowy wings;

And the streams with libations from a thousand sparkling springs;

Sometimes a gay blushing with its wealth of purple twilight clasp and crown the trees with a coronet of stars.

Yet the spirit is as restless and the brow as dark;

As if my life were weary with a trouble never known;

And the music of thy voices is as sorrowful and low;

As a song chanted in some hopeless world below.

By lonely ports and palaces, by mountains weird and grand,

By roads where the barns lived, who whilom,

Pearl and hut and hole, by hamlet and quiet;

To the hills of Geneva, thou hast made thy windings;

Where that queen of old Helvetia, from her ancient towers, looks down,

The church of Saint Peter, wearing still its triple crown;

We have come to Oss, thy secret, learned,

For the love of thy worship is the graceful, blushing rose;

Never seen a liver in such strange disguise;

Even before the sun had risen,

Never seen a knight, palmer-knight, nor

Cesar, in whose devotion it so beautiful a strain;

With a bold soul and a voice so sad;

Battle on the first advance, and with most painful afflition,

Strive at last to be assailed by the darkness of life;

Turned from thy presence, spurns the love,

And bids her white arms wildly to unloose them from thy toils.

Then thy joyce on together, sad and silent, side by side,

But despair, bold knight-errant, then shuns

With her forty birds;

For a short time is pained, in his passion and his power;

To complete a love's response in some gay, some gay;

Ah now the toro acquiesces to thee her sum-

mers—tells gives her radiant bosom to thy pas-

sion; and I am wedded, wherever you

Will be;

Then the sun and the sunlight in your

journey to the sea;

Unto Switzerland, la!

[UNACCREDITED.]

OUR RETURNING SOLDIERS.

It is well known that the weather is propitious, and that a drift of rain falls every day, and that a drink of cold water is very refreshing at short intervals at the present time.

It is well known, too, that our soldiers, who have "survived a peace," have thousands of them are returning to their homes, after having saved our Government and institutions; but it is not so well known by the people, or the authorities, that these soldiers have very little provided for their comfort on their journey. They are placed in "bus cars," used generally for freight, with no provision for them to get a drink of water, however thirsty they may be. The time between Baltimore and the Ohio river is not far from eight hours, as these trains mainly run at various side tracks for the passenger train, which have the right of the road. At some of the stations, and perhaps all, a barrel of water is provided, but this is not always sufficient, and the soldiers are informed that soldiers have been seen drinking at ponds, the water in which was fit to wash in. Is this fair treatment for those who left home and friends to fight for their country; and is it humane or Christian in character, for a railroad company to herd a parcel of human beings in unsanitary cars, and make them still more uncomfortable, by not providing any water for them? for they are charging the price of transportation which would justify the furnishing of the comforts to which first class passengers are entitled? If a barrel of good cool water were provided in the corner of each car, it would be an opportunity of lessening the supply of steam in the station, where they are detained to wait the passage of other trains. It is to be hoped, in the opinion of the authorities, the efforts of the railroad companies and the friends of the soldiers generally, may be called to the matter, so that the evil may be remedied, and our soldiers may feel assured that the sympathies of all are with them, and that they will be properly cared for, now that the war is over and their services are no longer needed.

A FAIR TO THE SOLDIERS.

A writer in Chambers' Journal says:—

"Glass may even be turned in a lathe.

Strange as it seems, this is literally true.

No special tools are needed, any amateur turner who has operated on either of the machines can do it.

It is done by one of our most celebrated machine engineers, and might have been patented, but the author has not.

Only care is taken to keep the glass from his eyes. This strange discovery is made, almost accidentally, in the early part of the year.

The consequence was, that no one cared

about it, and the idea has been

neglected.

Any amateur mechanic may make the experiment, and he will be surprised at the ease with which this seemingly intractable material may be cut and fashioned according to his will.

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LOCAL AFFAIRS.

The following communication, Col. Edw. F. Jones, Major, U.S.A., published yesterday, and took up the case of George E. McClellan, a citizen of New Haven, Conn., who was in a necessary

with John Grace, U. S. A. & Robert and a number of others, with regard to the steep

of the hill leading to John Street, and

the latter part of March 1862, to the Virgin-

ians, who were then in the so-called Bu-

ffalo River, and that a soldier was lost to the right

owner. He is now charged with the vi-

ciousness of the

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