DAILY CLIPPER.

WM. WALES..... Publisher.

MONDAY, JULY 10, 1865.

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.

THE DESPAIRING ONE.

FROM MUSGRAVE.

"Say, who art thou that knock'st so late?"
"Open, I do!" "What is thy name?
I list not to unloose my gate
To all at night who entrance claim."

"Open!" "Thy name!" "The bleak winds rave.
Open!—Thy name?" "For charity
Unloose thy doors for in its grave
The corpse is all more cold than I;

"For I have wandered all the day
From north to south, from east to west;
Oh, in thy cabin let me stay,
And in thy chimney corner rest."

"Not yet; who art thou?" "I am Fame;
I lead to immortality."
"Pass on, vain phantom, empty name,"
"Oh, listen to me still, for I

Am Love Eternal, endless Youth,
Most precious of God's gifts." "Pass on,
I need them not, my mistress' truth
Alone I needed. It is gone."

"But I am Art and Poesy,
Elsewhere prescribed; unclose thy door."
"Not so. Not one of those may be;
Her very name I know no more."

"Stay, I am Riches. Open wide;
I bring thee endless stores of gold—
Wealth that can buy thee back thy bride."
"Can it awake the love that's cold?"

"Open to me, for I am Power,
The regal purple I can give."
"Can it then restore a single hour
Of those bright days I used to live?"

"Then, if thou will not open thy gates
Till of thy guest's name thou art sure;
Open! 'Tis Death without who waits,
And brings for all thy ills the cure."

"List, at my gate thou may'st hear
The silver keys which clink and grate,
Of caverns whose recesses drear
Shall yield thee rest irrelievable."

"Enter, oh, enter! welcome guest,
Enter! I give these bonds to thee.
At last my heart I find its rest,
And misery's squalid pallet share.

"Enter, for I am sick of life,
That hath no hope nor joy in store;
Have long'st, yet fear'd to end this strife,
And to at rest for ever more."

"Oh! enter now, eat, drink and sleep,
And when thou hast at with breaking day,
Sweet sister, let me take thee by the hand
And bear me in thy arms away."

"For where thou goest I will go;
Will follow where thou dost stop and rest;
But leave my d g, to live, for so
I shall not be an all unmeaning."

THE GREAT EASTERN.

The London Star says:

"At last we have found some use for that monster which the over-fertile brain of man has spawned upon the world.—Hitherto the Great Eastern has been to England what a kitchen garden of a dozen acres would be to a man who has only to provide for his own household. There has been a superabundance of convenience. We have looked upon this uninhabited floating territory with an uncomfortable feeling, and wondering where colonists could be found to render it of some service to the general interests of the world. But in the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph cable the Great Eastern has met her first use. Indeed, it was generally remarked yesterday, when a number of visitors were invited to witness the completion of the storing process, that the Great Eastern had never been in such fit condition to weather a long voyage. It is only in the service of laying telegraphic cables that she has the chance of receiving that amount of tonnage which is requisite to her proper sailing; and the danger resulting from one portion of the vessel being lightened before the other is removed by the presence of large water tanks, which it is expected will counteract any such influence. Her will there be much difficulty in supplying her with this kind of work, should the present experiment prove successful. It is not to be expected that the French Emperor will allow England, through any want of enterprise on the part of his government, to have the monopoly of such a valuable adjunct to commerce; and even with the French cable laid, there are innumerable other nations which now imperatively demand intercourse between ourselves similar swift means of intercommunication. The Great Eastern has therefore a fair chance of proving herself an international acquisition; and, as this result depends on the success of the present enterprise, it is more than probable she will justify all the hopes she has hitherto raised."

A PATRIOTIC ARTIST.

A correspondent of the Christian Watchman, who visited the studio of Powers at Florence, says:

Though courted and petted by the English, who have been among his best patrons, Powers has always been true to his country—loyal to the core. Dr. Wel. reminded him of a little incident which occurred a few months before, when the writer was in his studio, and an English lady, of some one of accession proclivities, asked him if he had ever executed a bust of Jefferson Davis. "No, ma'am," said he, his bright eye flashing with fire, "I hope that before long, an artist of another profession may mine may have the pleasure of executing him!" We spoke of the readiness of the English to be on our side, now that success had crowned our arms. "Ah," said he, "I know not which is the more annoying, when you are trying to get a heavy load up hill to have some one hitch on his horse behind and pull you back, or, when you are going down hill, to have him put on his horses before and dash away with all fury, to the risk of upsetting your load and breaking your neck."

Having a Point—A Queer Story About the St. Albans Raid—An incident, strange enough, occurred to me last night. I accidentally met a gentleman of the nature, having little doubt in the judge's mind, determined to leave the city. It then was at the travelers' resort, the best quiet place for the purpose. We were chatting pleasantly, and the time passed free. If he stopped much longer he would be arrested, and there were two singular circumstances connected with the law that I wished to consult him about, however, prevent him. He had a bag containing $40,000 in money, which he was returning to the Canadian Banks, subject to the orders of the parties who had entrusted it to him for safe keeping during the war. He, however, gave the detective a very plausible reason for his journey, in casting the suspicions were strong either that he intended to run the chance of the law closing on him, or to escape to Europe.

Irish—The Irish linen is excessively dull, the manufacturers are consequently producing very sparingly.—Men, more having for the present employed work, and every working day of the week. Men are taking a very reflectively to emigrate to America, their wages of 10 shillings a week is not sufficient to keep them in a comfortable way. They are at a loss to know what to do, as they have been accustomed to a certain amount of comfort, and they