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THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC DAILY MORNING JOURNAL PUBLISHED IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Union, The Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Law.

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Select Poetry.

QUERIES.

If a person feel a person treading on his toes, What a person ask a person how a person answer? Is it anybody's business, If a gentleman should choose To wait upon a lady, If the lady don't refuse? Or to speak a little plain, That the meaning all may know, Is it anybody's business, If a lady kiss a man? Is it anybody's business, When the gentleman does call, Or when he leaves the lady, Or if he leaves at all? Or is it necessary, That the curtain should be drawn, To save from further trouble, The outside looks a? Is it anybody's business, If the lady's if her beau Kicks out with her ladies, And doesn't let her know? Is it anybody's business, But the gentleman's, if she Should accept another escort, Where he doesn't chance to see? Is a person on the side walk, Whether great or which is small, Is it anybody's business, What a first person means to call? Or if you see a person, And how he carries any where, Is it any of your business, What a first person means to call? The substance of our query, Simply stated would be this, Is it anybody's business, What a first person means to call? If it is, or if it isn't, We would really like to know, For we're certain, if it isn't, There are some who would like to know, If it is, we'll join the rabble, And act the noble part, Of the tax-payers and defamers, Who through the public ears, Put it out, we'll act the leader, Until each mortal learns, It were better in the future, To mind his own concerns.

Interesting Sketch.

Change in the Household.

"There's no use trying any longer to suit Isaac Parsons," muttered that individual's better half, as she sat in a corner of the farm kitchen, rapidly divesting a chicken of its feathers. "I've worked and slaved myself to death for him and his'n, and all the thanks I've had for the last fifteen years has been growlin' and fault-finding, until now I'm just determined to stand out and have my own way, or let things have their own course, and he'll had, after all, Melissa Talbot has got some spirit in her that can't be crushed out with all his abusin' and aggravation."

To think he should have the heart to refuse me a new carpet after he had such good luck with his wheat crop, and I just slaved myself through harvesting and got along with one girl."

"The more the man gets, the stingier he grows, and there isn't a woman among my acquaintances that would stand such treatment, and I won't. I'll put my foot down from this moment," setting down most emphatically that solid member of her comely person on the kitchen floor. "If Isaac Parsons won't come to terms, I'll quit him—that's all."

Mrs. Melissa Parsons had been a remarkably pretty girl in her youth, and thirty-seven years made her a fair and comely woman.

Her husband was a somewhat phlegmatic man, stubborn opinionated, and as his early life and social atmosphere had not enlarged or softened his character, the hardest and most disagreeable part of it expanded with his years. He loved money, and as the aesthetic part of his nature had never been cultivated, he regarded it as wastefulness and extravagance to indulge in much grace or beauty of surroundings.

Still, there was another side to this man. His affections were deep and tender, and a judicious woman could have reached and influenced him to almost any degree through these. But Mrs. Parsons never understood her husband. She was an impulsive, high spirited and really warm hearted woman, with a good share of petty social ambition, and she and her husband were constantly jarring each other.

Yet all these years the barns and store-houses, the lands and gold of Isaac Parsons had increased, and God sent children—two boys and a girl—to soften the hearts of the father and mother, and be to them angels of a new covenant of peace and tenderness. But alas! alas! the sweet faces, and the ministrations of childhood, had never accomplished their mission, and with hearts and tempers frosted and soured with worry, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons counted the years growing over them, and both felt that their marriage had been a mistake with blind eyes that

would not see, and hard hearts that would not understand, each blamed the other, and mutual recrimination only produced fresh bitterness.

At last a crisis came. Mrs. Parsons had set her heart that autumn upon a new parlor carpet, which was in no wise unreasonable, and in which her husband ought to have indulged her, but the manner of the request, which was in reality a command, at once roused the inherent stubbornness of the man, and he flatly refused her. Then followed passionate words and angry retorts, till husband and wife separated with mutual bitterness and rage.

But now as Mrs. Parsons took up her denuded chicken and plunged it into a pan of hot water, her eyes glanced on a weekly paper which lay on the table, and they settled on this passage, which completed a short sketch—"Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, but committed his cause to Him who judgeth righteously."

And those words stole, in a still, serene, rebuking voice, through the stormy soul of Mrs. Parsons. She had read them innumerable times before, and they had for her no special message of meaning; but now God had sent his angel to drop them in her heart, and in a moment something of the real sin and wrong of her life rose up and confronted her.

She sat down in a low chair by the kitchen table, and rested her forehead on her hand. The hard, fretful, angry look went out from her face, and was succeeded by a soft, thoughtful expression, and the sunshine hung in yearning, golden beauty about her.

And then the woman's memory went back to her first acquaintance with Isaac Parsons—he had chosen her from a score of others who envied her that good fortune, and how those early days of the courtship came over the softened heart of the woman, as the first days of spring came up from the South, and so softly over the bare, despairing earth. Then she saw herself once more a shy, tremulous, joyous bride at the altar, leaning on the strong arm and tender heart, to whom she gave herself gladly and trustingly as a woman should.

And she remembered that morning and a little later, when her proud and happy young husband brought her to the house which had been his father's, and how for a while the thoughts of her being the mistress of the great old farm house, fairly frightened the wife out of her.

She meant to make it a sweet and happy home for Isaac Parsons. She remembered, as though it had all happened yesterday, the little plans and contrivances she had made for his surprise and their mutual comfort.

But the quarrel came. How well she remembered it, and how clearly she saw now the foolish and sinful part she had borne in that! If she had controlled her temper then—if she had been only gentle and patient, forbearing and forgiving, instead of being proud and passionate, fretful and stubborn! Here the wife and the mother broke down; she buried her face in her apron and cried like a child.

Mrs. Parsons was an energetic, determined woman, and when she had once made up her mind upon any course of action, she would not shrink back from it. What went on in the softened woman's heart that morning, as she sat with her apron at her eyes, and the sobs rocking her to and fro in her low chair, and the sweet restlessness all about her—what went on the softened woman's heart—only God and His angels know.

"Are you tired, Isaac?" The farmer was wiping his face and hands on the brown crash towel which hung near the window. He was a tall, stalwart, muscular man, sun-browned and weather-beaten, yet he had keen, kindly eyes, and the hard features had an honest, intelligent expression. Mrs. Parsons was cutting a loaf of rye bread at the kitchen table. Her husband turned and looked at her a moment as though he half doubted whether he had heard aright—His wife's face was bent over the bread, so he could not see it; but the words came a second time:

"Are you tired, Isaac?" It was a long time since Mr. Parsons had heard that soft, quick voice. It stole over his heart like a wind from the land of his youth.

"Well, yes, I do feel a kind of tuckered out. It's hard work to get in all that corn with only one hand besides Roger." "I reckon so; and I thought I'd hold the chicken for tea, and bake the sweet potatoes, as you'd relish them best so."

Mr. Parsons did not say one word; he sat down and took the weekly paper out of his pocket, but his thoughts were busy to let him read one word. He knew very well his wife's aversion to broiled chickens, and as the kitchen was her undisputed territory, he was obliged to submit and have the chickens stewed, potatoes served up in sauce, notwithstanding she was perfectly aware that he preferred the former broiled, and the latter baked; and this unusual deference to his taste fairly struck the farmer dumb with astonishment, and he sat still and watched his wife as she hurried from the pantry to the table, in her preparations for tea; then there came across him the memory of some of the harsh, angry words he had spoken during their quarrel that morning, and the words smote the man's heart.

And whilst Mrs. Parsons was in the midst of taking up the dainty broiled chickens, two boys and a girl burst into the kitchen. "Hush, hush, children," would in among the obstreperous mirth like a silver chime, the soft voice of the mother:—"Father's busy reading the paper, and you'll disturb him."

The children were silenced at once, not in fear of the reproof, but in wonder at it, for the wife as seldom consulted his wishes in the small, everyday matters which make the happiness of irritation of our lives, as he did her's.

In a few moments the hungry family gathered round the table. There was little spoken at the meal, but a softer, tender atmosphere seemed to pervade the room. The children felt, though they did not speak of it.

"Are you going out this evening, Isaac?" "Well, yes, I thought I'd step round to the town meetin'." Want anything at the store?" continued Mr. Parsons as he tried to button his collar before the small, old-fashioned looking-glass, whose mahogany frame was mounted with bolts of evergreen, around which so rapt berries hung their charms of rubies.

But the man's large fingers were clumsy, and after several ineffectual attempts to accomplish his purpose, Mr. Parsons dropped his hands with an angry grunt, that "the thing would not work."

"Let me try, father," Mrs. Parsons stepped quickly to her husband's side, and in a moment her hand had managed the refractory button.

Then she smoothed down a lock or two of black hair, which had strayed over the sunburned forehead, and the touch of those soft fingers felt very pleasant about the farmer's brow, and woke up in his heart old sweet memories of times when he used to feel them fluttering like a dream thro' his hair.

He looked on his wife with a softness in his face, and a softness in his keen eye which he little suspected. And the softness and smiles stirred a fountain warm and tender in Mrs. Parsons' heart which had not for years yielded one drop of its sweet waters. She reached up her lips impulsive and kissed her cheek. Any one who had witnessed that little scene would scarcely have suspected that the married life of Isaac Parsons and his wife counted three-quarters of a score of years.

"The woman's comely face was full of shy blushes as a girl's of sixteen, and Isaac Parsons seized his hat and plucked one of the house without speaking one word; but with a mixture of amusement and something deeper on his face not easily described.

But at last he cleared his throat, and muttered to himself, "Melissa shan't repeat that act—I say she shan't!" and when Isaac Parsons said a thing, everybody knew he meant it.

The sunset of another autumn day was rolling its vestures of purple and gold about the mountains when the wagon of Isaac Parsons rolled into the farm yard. He had been absent all day in the city, and the supper had been awaiting him nearly an hour, and the children had grown hungry and impatient.

"Oh, father, what have you got there?" they all clamored, and as he came into the house tugging along an immense bundle tied with cords.

"It is something for your mother, children. It was the unsatisfactory answer.

At this moment Mrs. Parsons entered the kitchen. Her husband snapped the cords, and a breadth of ingrain carpeting rolled upon the floor, through whose dark green ground work trailed a russet and golden leaves—a most tasteful and graceful pattern.

pet you asked me for yesterday morning. I reckon there ain't many that will beat it in West Farm's."

A quick change went over Mrs. Parsons' face, half of joy, half of something deeper. "Oh, Isaac!" She put her arm around the strong man's neck and burst into tears.

The trio of children stood still and looked on in stolid amazement. I think the sight of their faces was the first thing which recalled Isaac Parsons to himself.

"Come, come, mother," he said, but his voice was not just steady, don't like this. I'm hungry as a panther now, and want my supper before I do anything but put up my horse;" and he strode off to that impatient quadruped in the back yard.

So the new carpet proved an olive-branch of peace in the household of Isaac Parsons. While others admired its pattern or praised its quality, it spoke to Mrs. Parsons's heart a story of all that which love and patience may accomplish. After many struggles and much prayer, the triumph over pride and passion, and evil habits, was at last achieved; and this was not accomplished in a day, or month, but the "small leaven that leaveneth the lump," working silently and surely, completed at last its pure and perfect work, and in the farm house of Isaac Parsons reigned the spirit of forbearance and self-relinquishment, of forbearance and love, which was given unto those "who fear God and keep his holy commandments."

Leaves from the Diary of an Editor.

Monday, January 3. Out of a situation. Just had a brilliant article rejected by that stupid ass Quod, who because his paper is successful, thinks he knows better than I do what the people want. My wife thinks I might 'try and get something to go at.' Borrowed two dollars of an old friend who didn't know I was out of business until my fingers had closed upon the bill, or I wouldn't have got it. He asked me to give him a notice in "my paper," but Lord! when I told him I hadn't any, his lower teeth suddenly grew too heavy, and his jaw dropped. Mem. If you feel particularly generous next July, and want to cool off your best friend, just ask him to lend you a dollar. It will be equal to putting a chunk of ice down his back.

Tuesday, 4th. Wrote a pamphlet of three pages for a patent medicine dealer; I left the price to his own liberality. He pulled a roll of bills from his pocket, counted them over carefully, returned them to the place from whence they came, and after a disjunctive remark or two concerning the hard times, handed me fifty cents. Came home at 11 P. M., with eight gin cocktails in me and a smashed but on my head.

Wednesday, 5th. Had a headache. Saw an advertisement in the Ledger for an editor—answered it. My wife informed me that our rent was due. Told her I knew it, and that in all probability the landlord, or his infernal agent, knew it too. The knowledge of that fact would probably extend to a constable before the week was out, and in that case we would be out as well. Wife in tears. I came down town, resolved to drink no more. Got along very well until I met Councilman Van Clief. Van's countenance always reminded me of an Egyptian hieroglyphic I once saw cut upon a vase. It is an astonishing countenance, and has that sort of a look which induces the belief that some physical drawback or chronic contraction of his facial muscles prevents him from ever closing his eyes. Well—met Van. Van is genial, and I couldn't resist the invitation—"Petted"—Liddy's—Harry Neal's the "rest is silent."

Thursday, 6th. Landlord's agent—constable—friend in need—raised rent—constable left, and—

Friday, 7th. Thought I would try the Telegraph. Knew that the Telegraph encouraged eccentric genius. Went up stairs and asked for Harding. Harding wasn't in. My information on that point was derived from a young, sharp-eyed individual, who had a considerable quantity of hair tucked behind his ears, answered to the name of Somebody. Is Mr. Somebody else in? Mr. Somebody else was in.—He asked me what I wanted. I told him. He had never heard of me. I told him I had edited "The Weekly Pickle," etc. He has a very polite method of staring. I left the office. I have heard a very small opinion of the Telegraph. I think it is going down.

Saturday, 8th. Had a proposition from a man of capital, to start an indus-

trious weekly paper, to be devoted to everything, including the defence of a normality and the accumulation of money.— Couldn't refuse such an offer. Accepted at once. Clutched the bargain by accepting ten dollars from him, and taking dinner with him.

Monday, 10th. Type and material purchased. Went home jolly and at peace with all the world. Took an apple and two oranges home to my wife.

Tuesday, 11th. Rented a floor for publication office and composition rooms, in Third street. Rest of the day occupied in planning.

Wednesday, 12th. Moved in material. My partner—very green in the business—objected to any interference on my part with the financial department. I yielded a point and consented to trust the pecuniary department to his keeping. Magnanimous, that! wasn't it?

Thursday, 13th. Engaged a foreman. Foreman went out to look up a few compositors and didn't get back. Have my suspicions of his whereabouts.

Friday, 14th. Office begins to look shipshape. Prospects fine. Two friends of mine assure me that the paper will be a brilliant success. They will take it regularly. Good for them. They took the other paper I edited and published, regularly, but owing to a defect in their memory, they never paid for it. An editor's friends and the warmest admirers of his genius are always dead heads. There is nothing mercenary, nor the faintest reminiscence of filthy lucre in their patronage.

Monday, 17th. Under weigh at last. I have hired a sub-editor at five dollars a week. There is nothing apparently objectionable about him except his breath and boots. His breath is strong, and his mouth is not unlike the bung hole of a brandy cask. His boots are dilapidated and dusty. Very dusty. They seem as if they had not been used to straight walking. They have an unusually twisted look. I may be prejudiced in this. I suspend judgment.

Tuesday, 18th. Had twenty calls, most of them contributors, desirous of selling me divers brilliant sketches. Prices various. Mem. Those contributors were none of them remarkable for the elegance of their attire or for their modesty. Four of them wanted a slight loan; sedest, hinted that twenty five cents would not be refused in case I should offer it to him. Another one insisted on selling me three hundred and twenty pages MSS. for three shillings, averring that he just needed that amount to make up the sum total of his passage home—in Connecticut. I purchased his MSS. Two hours afterwards I found him in the St. James, helping a friend swallow the contents of a black bottle labeled Jigwater. I presume he was then en route for Connecticut.

Wednesday, 20th. Wrote a scorching leader defining the position of "Our Journal." Scored the Inquirer. Pitched into Harding. Mem. To country editors—when you are in want of a subject for a leader—pitch into Harding. It will tickle your readers immensely, and won't annoy him in the least. Received a letter from a man who has invented a "patent double ribbed gray saving grid-iron," and wants it noticed—thinks a description of it will be intensely interesting to the readers of the new paper. Says he won't charge me anything for writing the article. Had a call from the Reverend Textwister, who wished to know whether the new paper will devote any considerable space to religious matters. Has a sermon which he would like to publish on our first page.—Is quite sure it would be a feature. Text:—"I am the resurrection," etc. Thinks if I would publish a continuous history of his church, with his biography, in lieu of a romance, it would increase circulation. I declined all his offers.

Thursday, 20th. Getting over head and ears in trouble. Sub-editor, breath, boots, bung hole, mouth and all, disappeared. Cry of copy prevalent. My partner gone off in a phrenzy. Publication day near at hand. Just had a visit from a bore who wants to be the military editor of our paper. He is cock sure "military column" will make journal immensely popular. He won't charge anything for his services if I will let him advertise all his friends gratuitously. Can't do it. Sogering don't pay, either on parade or paper.

Friday, 21st. Foreman announces the compositors all off on a spree. Nine columns to set. Six rum punches give me some hope.

Saturday, 22d. General row: but glory the paper is out, published, and may

be had of all the principal news agents. "Price sells it, I write for it, and sensible people advertise in it." Thus I headed the poster. All day long general gush of my particular friends and admirers to get copies of the New Enterprise; but none of them offers to pay. The invariable reply to the boy: "It's all right—tell Mr. —that I got it." Mem. The real friends of the editor are those who take his paper and pay for it as readily as they do for their liquor.

Sunday, 23d. Sold three hundred papers. Agents sold fifty. Gave away to friends and the press nearly five hundred. Friends seem to think we publish our paper for pastime. Of course an editor never wants money. Impossible that a man of brains should starve, or be in want of ten cents wherewith to purchase a paper of tobacco! Absurd! My partner buttons up his pocket dubiously. All pay out and nothing coming in. Thinks my influence and popularity don't amount to much. He can't back out now. So I think. Moneyed partners are unpleasant fellows.—They always shake their money at you as their strongest argument.

Monday, 25th. Began to clear away for another week of labor.

Tuesday, 26th. Partner went on an excursion the first of the season. Day cold, raw, blistering, and sunshine visible in patches. I traveled about town, and succeeded in getting an unusually heavy brick in my hat.

Wednesday, 27th.—Received a note from my partner. Says if I don't come to office he "will be compelled," etc. Humbug. Can't write tolerable English. I suppose I must go down to office. Cuss the luck!

Friday, 29th. Had an interview with my partner—said he was going into the oil business, and began it by lubricating the interior channels of his esophagus with old rye. Seventeen friends came in and offered advice concerning next issue.—Each one of them wanted a puff. Presented them with some exceedingly heavy sixes. They were puffed accordingly.—My partner offered to buy or sell. I couldn't buy, and wouldn't permit him to sell. Had an offer from a temperance lecturer to write a six-column expose of the manner in which whiskey and other "alcoholic poisons for body and soul" are manufactured. Told him I would write an article showing how it was consumed, and asked him to assist. He declined and denounced my paper as a truckler, time-server, and bound to go down. Told him I thought from present appearances it was "going up." I shall, in my next, relate my experience in the closing of my enterprise—the New Enterprise—and of sundry little troubles with advertising collectors, whom I engaged, and who were of material assistance in winding up the concern, even before it had run down.

As the cry of "copperhead" dies out with the end of the war which gave rise to it, new names and new epithets will be applied to the Democratic party. But, as there is nothing in a name, and as principles never die, the glorious old party, under whose mild and benignant reign our country attained its place among the nations of the earth, has nothing to fear from the revivings of its enemies. Like a rock in mid-ocean, over whose breast the breakers beat in vain, it stands as eternal as Truth herself, and as immutable as the principles upon which it is founded. The gates of abolitionism shall not prevail against it, nor shall the waves of fanaticism overwhelm it with shame. Gather around its standard, O ye people! and plant its glorious folds so high above the aspirations of its enemies, that all the oppressed of the earth may see it, and rush to claim a share in its blessings.

Gen. Banks and the Red River Campaign.

The Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War have completed their labors. The Washington correspondent of the Rochester Democrat states that "the evidence bearing on the Red River campaign is very damaging to Gen. Banks, and exhibits in him an incompetency, an inversion of all military tactics and unworthiness of motive, from the reproach of which he will never recover. This volume demonstrates that disastrous campaign to have been merely a grand ostentatious speculating venture, and that, too, in the interest of individuals, and not for the profit of the government."

STATE CENSUS.—Under the Constitution a State census must be taken once in ten years, and this is the year in which it is to be made in Pennsylvania. The work will probably commence in June.