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THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC DAILY MORNING JOURNAL PUBLISHED IN PHILADELPHIA.

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

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The circulation of the Philadelphia Age is steadily and rapidly growing, makes it at least as valuable a medium for advertising as any other commercial and business newspaper in Philadelphia; and the fact that it reaches a large class of conservative readers, scattered over a vast extent of country, who do not take any other Philadelphia paper, commends it, to an extraordinary degree, as a means of communicating with the public not possessed by any other journal published in this city.

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NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE. Address. GLOSSBENNER & WELSH, 430 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. June 3, 1865.—41.

Select Poetry.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer morn; And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread Shall change beneath the summer shower To golden grain or mellow fruit, Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize To feed the hungry moss they bear; The forest leaves drink daily life From out the vernal air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall, The flowers may fade and pass away— They only wait through wintry hours, The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread, He bears it to that world of light And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate— He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers, Transplanted into bliss, they now Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones Made glad this scene of joy and strife, Sing now in everlasting song Amid the trees of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright, Or hearts too pure for taint and vice, He bears it to that world of light To dwell in paradise.

Born into this wretched life, They leave us but to come again; With joy we welcome them the same, And ever ours, and pain.

And ever ours, and pain. The dead immortal spirits roam; For all the boundless Universe Is life—there are no dead.

Highly Interesting!

Letter from a Collector of Internal Revenue to a Clerical Friend.

NOVEL THEOLOGY!

Loyalty as a Means of Grace.

The following interesting letter was picked up near our office on Monday afternoon. It was without an envelope and bore no address on any portion of the manuscript. We have no idea for whom it was intended, and we therefore print it that the person to whom it belongs may have an opportunity of identifying and retaining it.

Reviewed and Dated Boston: Attracted by the title of your discourse on the recent Fast Day, displayed as it was in conspicuous type on the front page of the Daily Herald, I purchased a copy of that excellent paper and carefully laid it away for Sunday reading. When I commenced its perusal, this Sabbath morning, I had intended to repair, as is my wont, to the Sanctuary—but ere I was half through the columns of your discourse the church bells sounded and I felt myself quite unable to break off abruptly in the midst of so much learning, eloquence and loyalty. Inasmuch, therefore, my dear brother, as you are responsible for my absence from church I feel that I cannot employ my leisure at home better than in inditing a few thoughts suggested by the perusal of your sermon. Of course what I have to say is intended for no eye but your own, and I beg of you to destroy these pages as soon as you have read them lest they should fall into the hands of some Copperhead who might preserve or misinterpret their meaning.

The most pleasing and striking feature, my dear brother, in your discourse, is the immense encouragement it holds out to loyal sinners. No Universalist ever opened the gate of Heaven wider or made the road thither smoother for the general public than you have done for your political brethren, among whom I am proud to be classed. Instead of the old straight and narrow path through which it was once vulgarly supposed the pilgrim must needs struggle and scramble to reach the Heavenly height, you have substituted an excellent, macadamized, ecclesiastical turnpike, broad enough to admit of the passage of vehicles of all descriptions, and graded so dexterously as to leave the traveler unconscious that he is making any ascent at all. Or, to drop metaphor, (which, by the way, I abominate as a vicious kind of writing) I am rejoiced to see that you have thrown aside the narrow and malignant orthodoxy once currently imputed to you, and adopted a creed worthy of the liberal and advanced age in which we live.

There are persons, as you are possibly aware, dear brother, who read the New Testament in a spirit so dark and put upon it a construction so false and perverted, as to hold that only those who believe in baptism with Him and partake of His Sacraments—who are members of His

church and followers in His footsteps—can obtain eternal life. But if anything was needed to demonstrate the falsehood of such theology as this, it is, as I gathered from your discourse, the fact that it makes no room among the saints for our late beloved President. If the gloomy readings of the fanatic are to be believed—God is no respecter of persons, and eminent party services are not credited in the awful account as offsets to neglect of His ordinances and breaches of His commands.—Inasmuch, therefore, as our late chief was never baptized, never made any profession of faith in Christ, never partook of His Sacraments, or embraced what is called "the plan of salvation," and rarely attended church, if we adopt the fanatical doctrines of the bigot we must believe that he shall be judged by the same gospel standard as the obscure Copperhead who has shown the same unmindfulness of the ordinances of religion. How delighted I am, dear brother, to see that you reject with scorn such indecent blasphemy, and along with it the obsolete doctrines of Peter and Paul and James and Luther and Melancthon and Jeremy Taylor and the other rude spirits of long-gone and barbarous ages.

And here let me own that hitherto the exercise of loyalty and the enjoyment of its earthly rewards has been marred, in my case, by certain doubts and misgivings about the future. A widespread feeling of joy exists among the Copperheads, based on the trust that offences and contracts in this world are by no means heralds and assurances of harp and crown in the next. Yes, I confess, dear brother, that I have myself had reasons of deep despondency while pondering this subject. But your blessed words have soothed my doubting soul and cleared away the film from my blinded eyes. I never felt such a cheering assurance of Heaven as in reading your most Catholic and liberal discourse. Indeed, I feel a sort of beatific exaltation to-day in view of the prospect of a blissful immortality which you have opened up to me, as with a wizard's wand. If our dear departed brother's political services, as you beautifully suggest, are sufficient to wipe out his sins, will not the like services of humbler brethren of the party avail to obliterate theirs?—Have I not faithfully served my country as a collector of Internal Revenue through the whole of our long war for liberty—and should an untimely shot or thrust call me hence before the expiration of my official term, is it not a blessed thought that some reverend friend like that dear brother, will kindly recount my ascension to the mansions of the blest, to a gaping auditory, and explain the facts which in my case, dispensed with the need of faith, baptism, and sacramental bread and wine? Ah! how refreshed I feel and with what holy confidence and zeal will I resume to-morrow my week day work of collecting from the insolent laborer and the bloated empauper the tribute they owe for negro emancipation to "the best government the world ever saw." I shall feel, in the light of your inspiring discourse, that every dollar so collected is indeed "treasured in Heaven." I shall henceforth discern the "plan of salvation" in my quarterly return, and in every treasury circular,

Thanks, reverend and dear brother, for those words in season. I am greatly pleased to notice, dear brother, the applause which you award to our benignant rulers for the frequent exercise of the needful and righteous power of arbitrary arrest, without which free government would be a mere mockery—a chaotic aggregation of individuals speaking writing and doing just what pleases them, answerable only to the law, with its tardy and uncertain punishments. The fact that as in your own case, the government now and then inadvertently kidnapped a man of un doubted loyalty, and adjusted to his legs the fetters intended for the blatant copperhead, has not, I am rejoiced to see, weakened your attachment to the beneficent system of Bastilles. Let me suggest to you as a subject admirably adapted to your evangelic pen, an early discourse on "Handcuffs—Considered as a Moral, Religious and Political Agency." Such a discourse would be especially timely just now, in view of the ill-advised opening of the military prisons by our excellent President, and the enlargement of hordes of Copperheads, who have utterly failed to present to the Government any proofs of their innocence of crimes, of which their manacles must have feelingly admonished them they were suspected.

Your invocation, dear brother, to the loyal everywhere, to pray that our noble

President may be brought into a state of grace on the coming anniversary of our National independence, will meet a response from every pious and patriotic heart. There is something truly grand in the conception of his conversion at such a time—something in keeping with his exalted position as the head of this emancipated nation. If "there is joy in Heaven over one sinner who repenteth," fancy the intensified delight of the celestial company at the conversion of our President on our national holiday—at the spectacle of him sinking on his knees amid the roar of cannon, the waving of the star-spangled banner, the cheerings of the crowd, the rhetorical bellowsings of a thousand orators the explosions of pop-bottles, and the cracking of ground nuts between the teeth of a million loyal little boys. You have a sense of the sublime, dear brother, of which I hardly suspected you—a conception of dramatic effect rarely found outside of the theatrical temples of sin.

It occurred to me, at first, as a possible objection to your plan, that, like being uncertain, even in the case of exalted officials our Chief Magistrate might unfortunately be cut off by casualty or disease before the day appointed for his regeneration.—But a moment's reflection assured me that while this and calamity might deprive the country of a most agreeable and striking religious spectacle on the day of its great festival, it could by no means jeopardize the prospects of the President in the world to come. His distinguished services to the cause of freedom as Military Governor of Tennessee and elsewhere afford abundant data from which I feel, dear brother, that you could arrange his salvation on a most satisfactory basis. While we will all look eagerly to the Fourth, therefore, in accordance with your suggestion, we will feel in the interval no nervous alarm about the distinguished candidate for repentance.

One more thought. Speaking of the Copperheads and sympathizers, you suggest that their only refuge to save their children from infancy is to have their names changed, or to emigrate to foreign lands. I concur with you in this kind suggestion, and have read that portion of your discourse to certain Copperhead neighbors of mine, who have been sorely puzzled to know what to do with the weight of infancy which is accumulating upon their backs, and as you eloquently remark, is branded on their foreheads.—Strange to say, they leaped eagerly at your generous proposition. Two of them immediately began to pack their trunks and expect to take ship at New York next week. One of them has already sailed as a steerage passenger for Bremen. Others are, as rapidly as possible, inventing new names for themselves. From but one have I received any intimation, and he is a low fellow whose heart has been with the Copperheads from the beginning. "Change my name!" said he, with impudent bravado. "What shall I change it to? If I call myself Greely they might think that I wrote that poetry about the 'haunting lie' and the 'starry rag.' If I call myself Garrison they will swear that I was the chap who denounced the Constitution of the United States as a covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell. If I call myself Sumner I might be mobbed for saying that the man who obeyed the Constitution was a dog. If I took the name of Wright, who knows but that I should be followed up as the howling infidel who said that if God Almighty did not abolish slavery, He was a very great scoundrel.— And I certainly shall call myself Phillips for fear excited bondholders should lynch me for proposing to repudiate the national debt. No Judas," he concluded "if I have to drop my old name and take a new one, you have a d—n'd poor assortment in the Abolition vocabulary to choose from!" I need scarcely remark, reverend and dear brother, that I was only restrained by the prominent muscular development of this profane wretch from knocking him down on the spot. Excuse the length of this epistle, dear brother, and believe me, yours, in the hope of political salvation.

JUDAS I. PERKINS. PHILADELPHIA, June 11, 1865.

At a meeting one evening, a gentleman was speaking on a question not strictly within the range of business then on the tapis. Becoming animated as his remarks progressed, he exclaimed with something of dramatic solemnity, "Mr. President my bowels yearn for the miserable victim."

"Order!" he shouted several voices from the opposite corner of the house; "the gentleman's bowels are out of order!" The point of order was sustained by the chair, and the speaker was commanded to take his seat.

Catholic Generals.

The Nashville Gazette publishes the following partial list of Catholic generals who have served during the war: Major General W. S. Rosecrans, Quincy A. Gilmore, Geo. G. Meade, E. O. C. Ord, Philip H. Sheridan, John C. Foster, George Stoneman, James Shields, Daniel E. Sickles, David S. Stanley, John Newton, Alfred Pleasonton, Richardson, Joseph B. Carr, J. Hunt, Thomas Francis Meagher.

Brigadier Generals Michel Corcoran, Thos. W. Sweeney, Patrick Edward Connor, M. K. Lawler, Thomas Ewing, jr. Hugh Ewing, Regis de Trobriand, Thos. C. Devin, T. W. Sherman, Alfred N. Duffie.

Acting Brigadier Generals James E. Malone, Patrick H. O'Rourke, M. T. Donahue, James A. Mulligan, Florence M. Coryn, Stephen McGroarty, Richard Byrnes, Patrick Kelley, Matthew Murphy.

To this list may be added the name of the greatest and most brilliant of all our generals, William Tecumseh Sherman, who, according to the Gazette, joined the communion of the Catholic Church before entering on active service in the army.

The Future.

When we look forward into the future, how little do we see, that assures us of length of life, or brighter prospects. But all uncertain do we take the step, as it were, in the dark. We make our plans as we will, we may promise ourselves that the morrow may bring some pleasing associations, but we only awake to find our joys turned into sorrow and disappointment. But hope, high hope, buoy us up to renew our journey, and thus we are led on, step by step, through changes and trials, until the final change comes, which unveils the great mystery of death, to our eyes. Could we foresee the path we must tread, who could for a moment have the courage to travel on? No heart would be brave enough to encounter the trials which beset them. But with our ignorance of the future, and Hope leading her Syren voice to win us onward, we trust her in child like simplicity, and go on rejoicing, oftentimes at the verge of destruction.—How wisely has it been ordained by the Fathers, that we should be unconscious of our future life, as it would destroy all interests of life in our earthly existence; we should remain in apathetic indifference to existence and usefulness. But the uncertainty brings Hope, and Hope gives Life, which animates us to press onward, surmounting obstacles, overcoming pain and anguish, with the consolation that the future will be brighter, and our life will yet be clothed in flowers. Thus we journey on, hoping for the best, trusting in God, who has wisely hidden these things from us.

THE DEVIL ALARMED.—An editor away down east, on entering his office and seeing his apprentice boy cutting some queer capers, called out to him: "Jim what are you doing on the floor?" "Why sir, I've had a shock?" "A shock!" "Yes sir."

"What kind of a shock?" "Why, sir," said the devil gasping, "one of your subscribers came in during your absence; said he owed for two year's subscription; paid it, and also paid another year in advance." "In advance!" gasped the editor, nearly as much overcome as his lone apprentice.

"Yes sir; and it has produced an effect upon me that I have been perfectly helpless ever since."

"And well you may, Jim. But up; if you survive this you're safe as there is little prospect of another such catastrophe."

The Soldiers Welcome Home.

The street is thronged with eager crowds. The breeze bears onward cheer on cheer. On every face there beams a smile. On many a cheek joy sheds a tear.

The sun shines brightly in the heavens. The flags are fluttering in the air. The joyous bells peal merry chimes. The cannon boom, the trumpet blare.

A moment's hush, a short-lived pause. And then is heard a distant drum. And now, with myriad stouter shouts, The cry is raised, they "come!" they "come!"

They come! is echoed in each heart. They come! is beamed from every eye. They come! is wreathed in every smile: "Oh, that he would!" some mourners sigh.

Nearer and nearer beats the drum. The steady tramp sounds loud and near. The swaying crowd surges like the sea, On every lip is, "They are here!"

With sun-bronzed hue and gait erect. The war-scarred veterans, marching by. Show ball-pierced flags and faded dress. Bouncing firm, and eagle eye.

Each sunburnt face is fondly scanned. To find a brother, husband friend: Oh happy hearts who view their mates. And feel their fears are, at an end.

Then like the wave upon the beach. That dashes on the golden sand: And bears some trophy back to sea. Who from the staid, steadfast band.

So breaks the seething, surging crowd. Upon the steadfast warrior host: And to affections heaving side, As a veteran is embraced and lost.

O, then, from this grief-stricken earth. One distant gleam of heaven is seen. A moment of unclouded joy. An hour numbered by God's grim minutes.

Though we're stained, wounded, weary, sore. The heart's only called more dear. The loving hearts a tender care— His wounds to heal, his woes to cheer.

Cursed be the land of ingrate souls. Who in the day of peace forget The battles, war worn veterans. Who war's night-horors bravely met!

So blessed be we, if grateful hearts Shall ever revere our heroes slain. And honor and provide for those Who from the war return again.

Saturday Evening.

How many a kiss has been given—how many a caress—how many a look of hate—how many a kind word—how many a promise has been broken—how many a heart has been wrecked—how many a soul lost—how many a loved one lowered to the narrow chamber—how many a babe has gone forth from earth to heaven—how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest of the treasures of the heart! A week is a history. A week makes events of sorrow or of gladness, which people need heed. Go home, you heart-erring wanderer. Go home to the cheer that awaits you, wronged waifs on other's billows. Go home to your family, man of business. Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by.—Leave your books with complex figures—leave everything—your dirty shop—your business store. Rest with those you love; for God alone knows what next Saturday night may bring them. Forget the world of care and battles with which life surrounded the weal. Draw close around the family hearth. Saturday night has awaited your coming with sadness, in tears and silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the embrace of your heart's pet, strive to be a better man, and to bless God for giving His weary children so dear a stopping-stone in the river to the Eternal, as Saturday night.

SHERMAN WORSTED.—When General Sherman was in command at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, he was in the habit of visiting every part of that institution, and making himself familiar with every thing that was going on. He wore an old brown coat and a stove pipe hat, and was not generally recognized by the minor officials or the soldiers.

One day while walking through the grounds he met with a soldier who was unmercifully beating a mule.

"Stop pounding that mule!" said the General.

"Git out!" said the soldier in blissful ignorance to the person whom he was speaking.

"I tell you to stop!" reiterated the General.

"You mind your business, and I'll mind mine," replied the soldier, continuing his flank movement upon the mule.

"I tell you again to stop!" said the General. "Do you know who I am? I am General Sherman."

"That's played out," said the soldier; "every man who comes along here with an old brown coat and stove pipe hat on claims to be General Sherman."

It is presumed that for once General Sherman considered himself outkicked.

Mobbing a Woman in Iowa.

For a few days, Indianapolis has been the scene of Anasroian warfare. A disgraceful mob, composed of women, has given the town a notoriety which its well disposed and orderly citizens must be highly ashamed of. It appears that a Mrs. Patterson, a widow lady, who has been under the doctor's care for two weeks was peculiarly offensive to the exclusively loyal female portion of that town, for some expressions of hostility to the Administration prior to the unfortunate death of Mr. Lincoln. On the receipt of the news of the diabolical assassination of the President, without giving the subject the least investigation, and bidding defiance to the laws, a number of women, among them the wife of the Presiding Elder of the Methodist Church, visited the house of Mrs. Patterson and compelled her, an invalid, to leave her house, and carry an emblem of mourning, which, we understand, was a flag, and march around the town.

She protested that she had not uttered a word of exultation at the death of the President, and implored them to confront her with the witness; but her protestations were answered by the insulting reply that she was lying. She assured them that she was unable to walk the distance required, and if forced to perform the humiliating service they must carry her. Her protestations of innocence, her widowhood, and even the precarious condition of her health, had no power to move their pity. Go she must, and they forced her out the house, and dragged her around the streets to be scoffed and jeered at, tearing her dress nearly off. Not content with inflicting this gross indignity upon the sick mother they attempted to compel her little daughter, thirteen years of age to perform the same service, and because she had spirit enough to resist the outrage she was beaten and bruised until blood streamed from her nose and her arms were black and blue. The above, we are credibly informed, are facts.

What lower depth of degradation can we reach than the existence and the encouragement of a public sentiment which transforms females, in the midst of schools and churches, and surrounded with what ought to be Christian influences, into the worst type of men! Do these women desire that their sons and daughters should pattern after them, and trample under foot the laws of society, humanity and God?—Such an exhibition of heartlessness and contempt of law, humanity and Christianity—disgraceful alike to the town and the parties engaged in it—we venture to say has not occurred since the mobs of Paris which originated the bloody and disgraceful French Revolution of 1793. Have our people gone stark mad, and are the mothers and daughters of America to live in history as the most degenerate type of their class!

As profoundly as we pity the poor invalid mother who was scourged in the public streets of Indianapolis, and who pained by the outrages visited upon her little daughter, we would rather a thousand times occupy her position and have her feeling than the unenviable notoriety and torture of soul of those who persecuted her.

Since writing the above we understand that Mrs. Patterson went to the postmaster of Indianapolis, who was reported as the witness against her and demanded the reason for reporting such a falsehood, and he denied utterly ever having heard or reported any such thing.

Des Moines Statesman.

Charles O'Connor, Esq., to Defend the Great State Prisoner.

It is with sincere gratification that we announced to our readers the important fact that Mr. Jefferson Davis is to have the advantage of the legal acumen and abilities of America's greatest living lawyer, the Bayard of the New York bar, the incorruptible, consistent Democrat, the man who has been from first to last true to the principles of 1776, and whose clear calm and statesmanlike judgment could not be warped by the clamor and excitement of the hour. Never was a juster tribute paid one great man by another than that paid by the late Archbishop of New York to this eminent jurist, when he said there was but one word that properly and correctly rhymed with "O'Connor," and that was "honor."

A footman, proud of his grammar, ushered into the drawing-room of a Mr. Foote and his two daughters with this introduction—"Mr. Foote and the two Misses Feet."