The Wheeling Daily Intelligencer.

VOL. XIV. WHEELING, WEST VA., FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1866. NO. 124.

Medical.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP.

IT IS PROMPT IN ITS ACTION, ALWAYS safe, and may be given to the smallest child or most delicate female with confidence in its success. Containing no inflammatory or spirituous ingredients whatever, it is the only applicable to the vast majority of Pulmonary and Bronchial affections, but is peculiarly valuable to children, affording great relief in Whooping Cough and kindred diseases. From a large number of certificates received from year to year, we present the following:

From the Rev. T. G. Lamb, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Alexandria, Ohio.

ALEXANDRIA, Licking Co., Feb. 24, 1856.

In January, 1854, I had a severe cough, proceeding from a bad cold, so that I coughed almost incessantly for two days and a night from Friday morning until Saturday night. I took twice, in the evening, of the prescribed dose and retired and slept all night without a single interruption from coughing.

I took the syrup again in the morning, and preached twice during the day without any inconvenience.

Since that time I have given it frequently to my children, and believe that it has essentially relieved them. Yours, truly,

T. G. LAMB.

Recommended particularly to Clergymen, Lawyers and other Public Speakers.

Professor Porter has, without solicitation, given a certificate of the excellences of this popular Cough Medicine. It will be interesting to all who are afflicted with coughs.—*Pittsburg Daily Post.*

EXCHANGE HOTEL, December 19, 1856.

Messrs. Editors:—Having been for some time past very much afflicted with a severe cold, and almost constant cough, and having tried various remedies, syrups, &c., and all to no effect, I was induced by my esteemed friend, W. W. Wallace, of this city, to make a trial of R. E. Sellers' Cough Syrup. I did so, and to my great surprise, I received almost immediate relief. It was with the greatest difficulty that I lectured before my respective classes, but on taking a spoonful of the Syrup, just before entering my lecture room, I could speak with perfect ease during the evening. I would particularly recommend it to clergymen, lawyers, and other public speakers.

JAMES H. PORTER, *Prof. of Mathematics.*

PREPARED BY

R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS.

PLAIN AND SUGAR-COATED.

(The Original, only True and Genuine.)

Has stood for Thirty years a Staple Remedy, unequalled by any medicine known for the cure of *Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Sick Headache and Bilious Disorders*, and indeed for the whole class of diseases originating in biliary derangements.

To the Public.

Owing to the increased demand throughout the country for Sugar Coated Pills, the proprietor has commenced the process of Sugar Coating "the celebrated Liver Pill," thereby placing them before the public in both ways, Sugar Coated and Plain.

R. E. SELLERS & CO., Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Great Internal Remedy,

FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF

RHEUMATISM,

GOUT, NEURALGIA, KINGS' EVIL, TETTER, SCALD HEAD, RING WORM, &c.

IS TRULY

Johnson's Rheumatic Compound,

AND

BLOOD PURIFIER.

Let the Suffering Read and Cease to Despair.

MR. JOHNSON: *Dear Sir:* This is to certify that by using *three-fourths* of a bottle of your RHEUMATIC COMPOUND AND BLOOD PURIFIER, I was *completely cured of Chronic Rheumatism*, after having suffered for more than eighteen years. It has been over four years since I was cured, and I have not felt the slightest symptoms of its return. I remain yours truly, ANDREW ARMSTRONG. No. 19 James street, Allegheny City, May 3d, 1864.

It stands unequalled by any medicine now before the public, for the cure of the above named diseases.

Read the following extracts and testimonials.

All who use it receive benefit.
It cures where all other remedies fail.
No other remedy has become so popular.
It gives universal satisfaction.
The proof is most abundant.
It is the only sure cure for Rheumatism.
It is destined to supersede all others.
It is prescribed by Physicians.
It is recommended by Physicians.
In truth it is a perfect benefactor.

PREPARED BY

R. E. SELLERS & CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

For sale, wholesale and retail, by McCABE, KRAFT & Co., and Druggists generally.

dec15'64-1e30-sep25 PITTSBURGH, PA

Recommended by the Medical Faculty.

RANKIN'S FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU! BAROSMA CRENATA OR BUCHU LEAF!

Combining Efficacy, Economy and Portability, with such additions as will be found to materially

Increase its Medical Properties.

This much esteemed and highly valuable preparation will not fail to effectually remove

Nervous Debility, Depression of Spirits, Loss of Appetite, Inflammatory Complaints, Gravel, Calculus, Brick Dust Deposits, Ulceration of the Kidneys, Weak Nerves, AND ALL

Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys.

IT IS INDEED

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

It acts gently upon the system, restores the Digestive Organs when Inactive, and excites a

Health and Vigor to the System,

Giving to the Patient

Renewed Health and Strength.

R. E. SELLERS & CO.,

Sole Agents, Pittsburgh, Penna.

Sold by M'CABE, KRAFT & CO., Wheeling, W. Va. oc13-1y

For the Holidays.

JUST RECEIVED—150 DOZ. CANS HERMETICALLY sealed Fruits, &c., consisting of Peaches, Pears, Quinces, Green Grapes, Damson Plums, Pine Apples, Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Tomatos, Green Corn, Peas, Fresh and Spiced Salmon, Fresh Mackerel, Lobsters, Clams, Pickard and Sardines, Condiments and Spices, well assorted, pure, ground and unground; Fruits—Layer, bunch and seedless Raisins, Currants, Citron, candied Lemon Peel, Figs, Prunes, Dates, dried Peaches and Apples, Cranberries, &c. Pickles, Catsups and Sauces, English and American Chow Chow, plain, in jars from 1 gallon to 1 pint; also by the 100 or dozen; superior Mangoes and Peppers, stuffed; pickled Lobsters, Olives, Capers, &c.; Worcestershire, London Club, Lucknow, Mushroom, Walnut, Oyster, Tomato and Pepper Sauce, Sundries—Shakers' Sweet Corn, N. Y. Champagne and Crab Cider, eastern Pine Apple and sap Sago cheese, smoked Salmon and Halibut, together with a very endless variety, for sale cheap by N. & G. D. WOODROW,

Odd Fellows' Hall Building, Monroe St., dec19 Wheeling, W. Va.

Health and Comfort.

KEEP YOUR FEET WARM AND SECURE BOTH.

PHYSICIANS WILL TELL YOU THAT cold feet in a sitting posture are always to be guarded against.

Conrad Long, at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, opposite Wheeling, has the sole right to manufacture and sell in this section Palmer's

LANTERN AND FOOT WARMER.

One of the great inventions of the age—handy and useful in any house either for light or warmth; cheap and portable, being made of light sheet iron ware. They can be carried to church or on a journey in the cars—anywhere as all. Just the thing for sleigh riders. Examine them. jan5—1md

NORWAY BAR IRON,

25 TONS "NORWAY" IRON, FOR DIL Well Tools, assorted sizes, received by

C. HUDSETH & BRO.,

dec6 53 Main street.

Merchant Tailoring.

THOMAS HUGHES

MERCHANT

TAILOR,

AND

Dealer in Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings & Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

At the well known stand

NO. 35,

COR. OF MONROE & WATER STS.,

Wheeling, W. Va.

WILL BE RECEIVING DAILY NEW additions to his already extensive stock. The attention of the public is respectfully solicited.

The Merchant Tailoring

Department

Of this House is unsurpassed by any East or West. The most perfect satisfaction is guaranteed in every particular.

A FINE LOT OF

GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods,

In an endless variety, comprising every thing new and desirable to complete an outfit, will be found here.

Ready-Made Clothing,

Manufactured in this establishment, is equal to Custom Work both in Style and finish, and will be sold at

THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE.

Thos. Hughes,

No. 35, Cor. Monroe and Water Streets.

oct 27

C. J. RAWLING & Co.,

Wholesale & Retail

DRUGGISTS,

NO. 27 MONROE STREET,

(Two doors above Merchants' National Bank.)

WE DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE TO OUR friends and the public, that we have engaged in the

DRUG BUSINESS,

In the room lately occupied by

A. C. GOOD & CO.

We are now receiving a full stock of good and respectfully solicit the patronage of

Merchants, Manufacturers, Physicians and Families.

Particular attention paid to Prescription and Retail business.

Prescriptions carefully filled at *all hours.*

oct11 C. J. RAWLING & CO.

Look out for Bargains

IN

BOOTS & SHOES!

TREMENDOUS STOCK

Just Received.

Fall and Winter Goods,

AT AND

Below Cost!

D. GUNDLING, AT NO 155 MAIN ST., has just returned from the East with a tremendous stock of

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,

Embracing all the Latest Styles. Also a splendid stock of

Home-Made Work,

Warranted for Six Months, and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Call Soon, and Secure Bargains!

As the Goods will be sold at the lowest figures.

D. GUNDLING,

sep26-6m 155 Main St., Wheeling, W. Va.

Landreth's Garden Seeds.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE MADE ARrangements to have on hand a complete assortment of Landreth's Garden Seeds to supply the Spring trade. We are also authorized to receive orders from Market Gardeners and furnish the bill direct from Landreth & Son.

All who may favor us with their patronage may depend upon getting a genuine article at the grower's prices. Orders will be filled in rotation as received. Assume of the varieties are scarce we would urge upon all the importance of sending in their orders early.

GORRELL & CO.,

oc26 Cor. of Market and Quincy Sts.

"WHEELING PARK"

SKATING CAPS—FOR LADIES—JUST received at HARPER & BRO'S

nov28

The Intelligencer.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DAILY, by mail, one year,		$7 50
"	six months,	4 00
"	three months,	2 25
"	one month,	75
"	by City Carriers, per week,	15
TRI-WEEKLY, one year,		5 00
"	six months,	2 50
"	three months,	1 50
WEEKLY, one year,		2 00
"	six months,	1 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one time, (10 lines or less to constitute a square,)	$1 00
" " each additional time,	50
" " one week,	3 00
" " two weeks,	5 00
" " month,	8

The Senate and House of Representatives of Indiana have, with but one dissenting voice, passed earnest resolutions in reference to the Mexican question. These resolutions set forth that the attempt of foreign Governments to introduce soldiers or munitions of war into a country for the purpose of subduing a free people, may be "justly regarded as aggressive and injurious to our own policy and interests, and to ourselves." The Government is furthermore requested to apply the belligerent laws just as they were applied to us during the war—at least until foreign nations have learned to be more considerate toward America.

Governor Cox on National Questions.

Governor Cox, of Ohio, was elected as a conservative republican, and he discusses national matters in his annual message from that point of view with much force and with a candor that will be relished by Union men of all opinions. He says:

"We have the right and are in duty bound to insist upon sufficient guaranties for the future safety of the Union; but those guaranties must be such as shall not be inconsistent with a republican government for those who give as well as for those who receive such security. Conquest does not rightfully give unlimited sway over the persons and property of the conquered, and their rights may be diminished no further than is necessary for the public safety. If it were proven that it would be impossible for us to live safely, as sharers of a common government, with the people of any State or community, our republicanism might force us to consent to separation, but could not justify us in holding them as subjects; and this proposition is true without reference to race or color. Representation is not a privilege conferred upon majorities, but it is most efficient for good when it approaches most nearly to giving voice in the legislature to all minorities in proportion to their number. It is better and safer that a minority, however hostile to us in principle, should be so represented as to be openly heard and answered, than that it should have the advantage of winning sympathy and gaining partisans by making issue upon the question of the right of representation instead of upon the fallacy of its obnoxious principles. Military government is in its very essence a despotism, and any long continuance of it after the cessation of armed resistance is contrary to, and a confession of the failure of republicanism."

"In the heat of our just wrath against those who would have swept republicanism from the continent, had they been successful, we are in danger of forgetting principles to which we owe allegiance, and therefore we should not excuse ourselves from the thankless task of reminding each other of them. To follow these rules and yet provide that the national safety be not endangered, to determine who of the late enemies of the government are without the pale of clemency, and yet to extend amnesty to the other millions of those who were rebels, to restore political privileges to those who were formerly masters, and yet protect the freedom of those who were formerly slaves—such is the difficult and delicate work before the executive and the legislature of the nation, and they may rightly claim of us all such appreciation of their task as shall make us most kind and charitable judges of their differences from favorite measures of our own. We have, indeed, reason to be devoutly thankful that the work has fallen upon men in whose patriotism and wisdom we have so great cause for confidence, and that the progress they have already made promises a conclusion which shall be reasonably speedy and generally satisfactory to the country."

The Pittsburg, Wheeling and Zanesville Packet Line.

From the Pittsburgh Commercial.

There is a semi-weekly line on this track—we have a Tuesday and Saturday steamer. This line has been in existence for many years, and has always been popular with passengers and shippers. Commodore Munroe Ayres has done more to build up this trade than any other person—he may be said to have been brought up in the trade. He understood his duty in all its details; his word could at all times be relied on; his business transactions were certain to be done in a satisfactory manner, and he was one of those high-minded men that would do just what was right, let the consequences be what they might. Standing on the wharf one day during low water, we saw him refuse to carry iron to Wheeling at 50 cents per hundred, while at the same time his boat was loaded with Zanesville freight at 25 cents; we inquired the reason, his reply was manly and to the point: "I consider it my duty, particularly during low water, to load my boat—the Emma Graham—to all the water with Zanesville and Muskingum river freight at twenty-five cents in preference to carrying freight to other points even at one dollar per hundred." The iron was hauled away. The Commodore was true to his duty. This noble specimen of a Western boatman has retired to private life; he carries with him the good will of all honorable men. His successor on the Emma Graham is Capt. C. R. Stull, an officer well calculated to supply the place of Captain Ayres. Captain Stull is also an officer of pleasing address—understands his business from beginning to end; leaves punctually; has an attentive crew; the best eatables the market can afford; has one of the best humored clerks, Mr. Hoge, that comes to this port; in a word, the Graham is one of "our institutions," and does credit to those who have her in charge. Her days of departure are Tuesdays 4 P. M. The Saturday 4 P. M. packet is the far-famed new steamer Julia No. 2, in charge of Capt. Wm. Coulson, an excellent officer, and very accommodating. The bill of fare on the Julia is hard to beat. The only objection to the Julia is her speed; she runs just like a deer. In her last trip she arrived before three o'clock on Thursday, notwithstanding the river was running low. The officers are delighted with her performance. We must not forget to mention that our ever attentive friend, Captain J. C. M'Vay, does the financial; he may be said to have served an apprenticeship with Capt. Ayres; what they don't know about the Zanesville trade is not worth inquiring about; as an officer and a gentleman, "Mac" has no superior. Any boat that secures his services will be pretty certain to be successful; he is ably assisted in the office by Mr. A. B. Davitt, an officer who has made himself popular by his gentlemanly deportment, and correct business habits. In a word, the Pittsburgh and Zanesville Packet Line is complete, and in charge of careful and experienced officers, and is fully entitled to the success it receives.

An Essay on an Old Subject—A Highly Interesting article.

[*From "Every Saturday"—the New Weekly published by Ticknor and Fields, Boston.*]

The discovery of a gray hair when you are brushing out your whiskers of a morning—first-fallen flake of the coming snows of age—is a disagreeable thing. So is the intimation from your old friend and comrade that his eldest daughter is about to be married. So are flying twinges of the gout, shortness of breath on the hillside, the fact that even the moderate use of your friend's wines at dinner upsets you. These things are disagreeable because they tell you that you are no longer young,—that you have passed through youth, are now in middle age, and faring onward toward the shadows in which, somewhere, a grave is hid.

Thirty is the age of the gods,—and the first gray hair informs you that you are at least ten or twelve years older than that. Apollo is never middle-aged, but you are. Olympus lies several years behind you. You have lived for more than half your natural term; and you know the road that lies before you is very different from that which lies behind. You have yourself changed. In the present man of forty-two you can barely recognize the boy of nineteen that once was. Hope sang on the sunny slope of life's hill as you ascended; she is busily singing the old song in the ears of a new generation,—but you have passed out of the reach of her voice. You have tried your strength: you have learned precisely what you can do: you have thrown the hammer so often that you know to an inch how far you *can* throw it,—at least you are a great fool if you do not.—The world, too, has been looking on and has made up her mind about you. She has appraised and valued you as an auctioneer appraises and values an estate or the furniture of a house. "Once you served Prince Florizel and wore three pile," but the brave days of campaigning are over. What to you are canzonets and love-songs? The mighty passion is vapid and second-hand. Cupid will never more flutter rosily over your head; at most he will only flutter in an uninspired fashion above the head of your daughter-in-law. You have sailed round the world, seen all its wonders, and come home again, and must adorn your dwelling as best you can with the rare things you have picked up on the way. At life's table you have tasted of every dish except the Covered One, and of that you will have your share by and by. The road over which you are fated to march is more than half accomplished, and at every onward stage the scenery is certain to become more sombre, and in due time the twilight will fall. To you, on your onward journey, there will be little to astonish, little to delight. The Interpreter's House is behind where you you first read the poets; so is also the House Beautiful with the Three Damsels where you first learned to love. As you pass onward you are attended by your henchman Memory, who may be either the cheerfullest or gloomiest of companions. You have come up out of the sweet smelling valley-flowers; you are now on the broken granite, seamed and wrinkled, with dried-up water courses; and before you, striking you full in the face, is the broad disk of the solitary setting sun.

One does not like to be an old fogy, and still less perhaps does one like to own to being one. You may remember when you were the youngest person in every company into which you entered; and how it pleased you to think how precociously clever you were, and how opulent in Time. You were introduced to the great Mr. Blank,—at least twenty years older than yourself,—and could not help thinking how much greater you would be than Mr. Blank by the time you reached his age. But pleasant as it is to be the youngest member of every company, that pleasure does not last forever. As years pass on you do not quite develop into the genius you expected; and the new generation makes its appearance and pushes you from your stool. You make the disagreeable discovery that there is a younger man of promise in the world than even you; then the one younger man becomes a dozen younger men; then younger men come flowing in like waves and before you know where you are, by this impertinent younger generation—fellows who were barely breeched when you won your first fame—you are shouldered into Old Fogydom, and your staid ways are laughed at, perhaps, by the irreverent scoundrels into the bargain. There is nothing more wonderful in youth than this wealth in Time. It is only a Rothschild who can indulge in the amusement of tossing a sovereign to a beggar. It is only a young man who can dream and build castles in the air. What are twenty years to a young fellow of twenty? An ample air built stage for his pomps and triumphal processions. What are twenty years to a middle-aged man of forty-five? The falling of the curtain, the covering up of the empty boxes, the screwing out of the gas, and the counting of the money taken at the doors, with the notion, perhaps, that the performance was rather a poor thing. It is with a feeling curiously compounded of pity and envy that one listens to young men talking of what they are going to do. They will light their torches at the sun! They will regenerate the world! They will abolish war and hand in the Millennium! What pictures they will paint! What poems they will write! One knows while one listens how it will all end. But it is Nature's way; she is always sending on her young generations full of hope. The Atlantic roller bursts in harmless foam among the shingle and drift-wood at your feet, but the next, nothing daunted by the fate of its predecessor, comes on with threatening crest, as if to carry everything before it. And so it will be for ever and ever. The world could not get on else. My experience is of use only to myself. I cannot bequeath it to my son as I can my cash. Every human being must start untrammelled and work out the problem for himself. For a couple of thousand years now the preacher has been crying out: *Vanitas Vanitatum*, but no young man takes him at his word. The blooming apple must grate in the young man's teeth before he owns that it is dust and ashes. Young people will take nothing on hearsay. I remember when a lad of Todd's *Student's Manual* falling into my hands. I perused therein a solemn warning against novel-reading. Nor did the reverend compiler speak without authority. He stated that he had read the works of Fielding, Smollett, Sir Walter Scott, Americain Cooper, James, and the rest, and he laid his hand on his heart and assured his young friends that in each of these works, even the best of them, were subtle snares and gilded baits for the soul. These books they were adjured to avoid as they would a pestilence, or a raging fire. It was this alarming passage in the Transatlantic Divine's treatise that first made a novel-reader of me. I was not content to accept *his* experience. I must see for myself. Every one must begin at the begining, and it is just as well. If a new generation were starting with the wisdom of its elders, what would be the consequence? Would there be any love-making twenty years after? Would there be any fine extravagance? Would there be any lending of money? Would there be any noble friendships such as that of Damon and Pythias, or of David and Jonathon, or even of our own Beaumont and fletcher, who had purse, wardrobe, and genius in common? It is extremely doubtful. *Vanitas Vanitatum* is a bad doctrine to begin life with. For the plant Experience to be of any worth a man must grow it for himself.

The man of forty-five or thereby is compelled to own, if he sits down to think about it, that existence is very different from what it was twenty years previously. His life is more than half spent to begin with. He is like one who has spent seven hundred and fifty pounds of his original patrimony of a thousand. Then, from his life there has departed that "wild freshness of morning" which Tom Moore sang about. In his onward journey he is not likely to encounter anything absolutely new. He has already conjugated every tense of the verb To Be. He has been in love twice or thrice. He has been married,—only once let us trust. In all probability he is the father of a fine family of children. He has been ill and he has recovered; he has experienced triumph and failure; he has known what it is to have money in his purse, and what it is to want money in his purse. Sometimes he has been a debtor, sometimes he has been a creditor. He has stood by the brink of half-a-dozen graves, and heard the clod falling on the coffin-lid. All this he has experienced; the only new thing before him is death, and even to that he has at various times approximated. Life has lost most of the unexpectedness, its zest, its novelty, and has become like a worn shoe or a threadbare doublet. To him there is no new thing under the sun. But then this growing old is a gradual process; and zest, sparkle, and novelty are not essential to happiness. The man who has reached five-and-forty has learned what a pleasure there is in customariness and use and wont,—in having everything around him familiar, tried, confidential. Life may have become humdrum, but his tastes have become humdrum too. Novelty annoys him, the intrusion of an unfamiliar object puts him out. A pair of newly embroidered slippers would be much more ornamental than the well-worn articles which lie warming for him before the library fire; but then he cannot get his feet into them so easily. He is contented with his old friends,—a new friend would break the charm of the old familiar faces. He loves the hedgerows and the fields and the brook and the bridge which he sees every day, and he would not exchange them for Alps and glaciers. By the time a man has reached forty-five he lies as comfortably in his habits as the silk-worm in its cocoon. On the whole, I take it that middle age is a happier period than youth. In the entire circle of the year there are no days so delightful as those of a fine October, when the trees are bare to the mild heavens, and the red leaves bestrew the road, and you can feel the breath of winter morning and evening,—no days so calm, so tenderly solemn, and with such a reverent meekness in the air. The Lyrical up-burst of the lark at such a time would be incongruous. The only sounds suitable to the season are the rusty caw of the homeward-sliding rook,—the creaking of the wain returning empty from the farmyard. There is an "unrest which men miscall delight," and of that "unrest" youth is for the most part composed. From that middle age is free. The setting suns of youth are crimson and gold; the setting suns of middle age

"Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

Youth is the slave of beautiful faces, and fine eyes, and silver-sweet voices,—they distract, madden, alarm. To middle age they are but the gracefullest statues, the loveliest poems. They delight but hurt not. They awake no passion, they heighten no pulse. And the imaginative man of middle age possesses after a fashion all the passionate turbulence, all the keen delights, of his earlier days. They are not dead,—they are dwelling in the ante-chamber of memory awaiting his call; and when they come, called they wear an etheral something which is not their own. The Muses are the daughters of Memory; youth is the time to love, but middle age the period at which the best love-poetry is written. And middle age too—the early period of it, when a man is a master of his instruments and knows what he can do—is the best season of intellectual activity. The playful capering flames of a newly-kindled fire is a pretty sight; but not nearly so effective—any housewife will tell you—as when the flames are gone and the whole mass of fuel has become caked into a sober redness that emits a steady glow. There is nothing good in this world which time does not improve. A silver wedding is better than the voice of the Epithalamium. And the most beautiful face that ever was is made yet more beautiful when there is laid upon it the reverence of silver hairs.

There is a certain even-handed justice in Time; and for what he takes away he gives us something in return. He robs us of elasticity of limb and spirit, and in its place he brings tranquility and repose,—the mild autumnal weather of the soul. He takes away Hope, but he gives us Memory. And the settled, unfluctuating atmosphere of middle age is no bad exchange for the stormful emotions, the passionate crises and suspenses, of the earlier day. The constitutional melancholy of the middle-aged man is a dim background on which the pale flowers of life are brought out in the tenderest relief. Youth is the time for action, middle age for thought. In youth we hurriedly crop the herbage; in middle age, in a sheltered place, we chew the ruminative cud. In youth, red-handed, red-ankled, with songs and shoutings, we gather in the grapes; in middle-age, under our own fig-tree, or in quiet gossip with a friend, we drink the wine free of all turbid lees. Youth is a lyrical poet, middle age a quiet essayist, fond of recounting experiences and of appending a moral to every incident. In youth the world is strange and unfamiliar, novel and exciting, everything wears the face and garb of a stranger; in middle age the world is covered over with reminiscence as with a garment,—it is made homely with usage, it is made sacred with graves. The middle-aged man can go nowhere without treading the mark of his own footsteps. And in middle age, too,—provided the man has been a good and an ordinarily happy one,—along with this mental tranquility there comes a corresponding sweetness of the moral atmosphere. He has seen the good and the evil that are in the world, the ups and the downs, the almost general desire of the men and the women therein to do the right thing if they could but see how,—and he has learned to be uncensorious, humane; to attribute the best motives to every action, and to be chary of imputing a sweeping and cruel blame. He has a quiet smile for the vainglorious boast, a feeling of respect for shabby-genteel virtues; a pity for the threadbare garments proudly worn, and for the napless hat glazed into more than pristine brilliancy from frequent brushing after rain. He would not be satirical for the world. He has no finger of scorn to point at anything under the sun. He has a hearty "amen" for every good wish, and in the worst cases he leans to a verdict of Not Proven. And along with this pleasant blandness and charity, a certain grave, serious humor, "a smile on the lip and a tear in the eye," is noticeable frequently in middle-aged persons,—a phase of humor peculiar to that period of life, as the chrysanthemum to December. Pity lies at the bottom of it, just as pity lies, unsuspected, at the bottom of love. Perhaps this special quality of humor,—with its mixture of tenderness, its mirth with the heart-ache, its gayety growing out of deepest seriousness, like a crocus on a child's grave,—never approaches more closely to perfection than in some passages of Mr. Hawthorne's writings—who was a middle-aged man from earliest boyhood. And although middle-aged persons have lost the actual possession of youth yet in virtue of this humor they can comprehend it, see all around it, enter imaginatively into every sweet and bitter of it. They wear the key memory at their girdles, and they can open every door in the chamber of youth. And it is also in virtue of this peculiar humor that—Mr. Dicken's "Little Nell" to the contrary—it is only middle-aged persons who can, either as poets or artists, create for us a child. There is no more beautiful thing on earth than an old man's love for his grand-daughter; more beautiful even—from the absence of all suspicion of direct personal bias or interest—than his love for his own daughter; and it is only the meditative sad-hearted, middle-aged old man who can creep into the heart of a child and interpret it, and show forth the new nature to us in the subtle cross-lights of contrast and suggestion. Imaginatively thus, the wrinkles of age become the dimples of infancy. Wordsworth was not a very young man when he held the colloquy with the little maid who insisted, in her childish logic, that she was one of seven. Mr. Hawthorne was not a young man when he painted "Pearl" by the side of the brook in the forest; and he was middle-aged and more when he drew "Pansie," the most exquisite child that lives in English words. And, when speaking of middle-age, of its peculiar tranquility and humor, why not tell of its peculiar beauty as well? Men and women make their own beauty—their own ugliness. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton speaks, in one of his novels, of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be;" and, if we could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of white and pink maids.—There is a slow growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age.—Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than I ever saw on a lip of seventeen. There is the beauty of youth, and there is also the beauty of holiness,—a beauty much more seldom met, and more frequently found in the arm-chair by the fire, with grandchildren around its knee, than in the ball-room or the promenade. Husband and wife who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance and in pitch and tone of voice,—just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences, are each other's *alter ego*. *He* has gained a feminine something which brings his manhood into full relief.—*She* has gained a masculine something which acts as a foil to her womanhood. Beautiful are they in life, these pale winter roses, and in death they will not be divided. When death comes, he will pluck not one, but both.

And in any case, to the old man, when the world becomes trite, the triteness arises not so much from a cessation as from a transference of interest. What is taken from this world is given to the next. The glory is in the east in the morning, it is in the west in the afternoon, and when it is dark the splendor is irradiating the realm of the under world. He would only follow.

Money and Business—Trade and Speculation—The Financial Future—A Decline in Values.

New York Tribune's Money Article.

The recent decline in stocks has attracted attention for the moment enough to turn the market, but this is an ephemeral movement, resulting partly from the buying of the shorts, and scarcely indicative of the real speculative tide. The general impression is, that in the easiest and most practicable way, we are bound toward specie payments, and while few are clear in their views as to the manner in which it shall be accomplished, and at what time, all agree that the substantial interests of the country require that we should shape financial measures with that end in view. Such a change in our financial system contemplates the reduction of all values to the specie basis, and, much to the disturbance of speculators, keeps people from buying for a rise, when the tendency is strongly toward a decline. The price of gold, but lately 145, is gradually coming down, and will decrease according to the wisdom of financial measures; and with this decline we shall have a corresponding reduction in all values. If Secretary McCulloch manages through the year with the sagacity he has thus far shown, gold will not rule much above 120 a few months hence.

Business awaits the action of Congress upon the Loan bill, and until its details are fully settled long engagements for capital are deferred. Upon the necessity of funding the currency debt and returning to specie payment there is no difference of opinion. The only point at issue is whether the country shall be steadily pressed back to specie payments by withdrawing the paper money manufactured under the pressure of the rebellion. The sooner Congress attends to this matter the better it will be for all solvent merchants and the labor of the country. The only people who resist a return to specie payments, and talk about the danger of haste in doing right financially, are the holders of goods at high prices, and speculators who hope for sudden fortunes to be made upon the violent fluctuations ever attendant upon an irredeemable currency.

Money on call is offered in large amounts at 5 per cent to stock houses, and they are wholly unable to use the funds so offered. At 6a7 per cent. there is a good deal doing upon second class collaterals. In commercial paper no change of consequence. Some choice short bills, equal in most to a call loan, sell under 7 per cent., but the common rate is 7a9 for best, and 10a15 for second grade.

Meeting of Iron Manufacturers.

(From the Pittsburg papers of yesterday.)

A meeting of Engine Builders, Boiler Makers, and iron manufacturers generally, was held at the Board of Trade Rooms, yesterday afternoon. The meeting was organized by calling Mr. A. W. Foster, of the "Heron Works," to the chair, and appointing Mr. William Rea, of the firm of Robinson, Rea & Co.; secretary.

The chairman stated that the meeting had been called for the purpose of taking into consideration the equalization of taxation. The branches of industry represented were compelled to pay a tax upon their manufactures from which the mercantile and various other interests were exempt. This tax had become onorous, and although they were willing to render all possible support to the Government, they wished to see the farmer, the dealer in foreign goods, and others, do the same.

Mr. William Smith, of the firm of Smith, Park & Co., suggested that the gentlemen present, who had made an estimate of the tax they had paid on their manufactures during 1865, be requested to make statements to the meeting. A number of gentlemen reported, when those who were not prepared to do so were requested to prepare estimates and hand them to the Secretary before noon on Thursday.

Mr. H. M. Bole did not believe the Government intended to oppress the manufactures, but they were doing so through the counsel of their agents who did not understand the meaning or design of the revenue laws. A man could erect a house without being taxed for the materials, while six per cent. was required for building a steam boiler. The engine builders were compelled to pay an enormous tax, while they were receiving one fourth less for their manufactures than last year. The material they used had decreased very little in price, and wages were the same. The mechanics, however, were not receiving too much, and he would rather increase than diminish their remuneration. The meeting should take some definite action in the matter.

Mr. Smith moved that a committee of five be appointed to prepare a memorial to our representatives at Washington, for the modification of the Revenue Tax Law. The motion was adopted, and the following committee appointed: Messrs. Alex. W. Foster, Wm. Smith, D. F. Agnew, Robert Lea, and H. M. Bole.

The meeting then adjourned to meet at the call of the committee.

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And will be receiving daily new additions from the East to our well-selected stock. nov4-6m

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Manufacturers of

Cider Vinegar, Domestic Wines &c.,

No. 23 Main Street,

(In room formerly occupied by Pryor & Frost,)

WHEELING, W. VA.

ENCOURAGED BY THE LIBERAL PATronage heretofore extended to this house, we have secured one of the largest and best stocked warehouses in the city, where we will have excellent facilities for receiving and shipping our goods. We have fitted up the house in the latest and most approved manner for the manufacture of the celebrated Rose Whisky and superior Cider Vinegar.

The best brands of everything usually kept in a first class liquor store continually on hand and for sale at the lowest prices.

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KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND BRANdies, Scotch and Irish Whiskies, Jamaica Rums and Cordial, Choice Old Rye and Bourbon Whiskies. sep27

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Of the Latest and most Approved Styles!

Having been engaged for a long time in an exclusive wholesale business, we have acquired extensive facilities for procuring goods in our line on the most reasonable terms, and offer them to the public at the lowest Eastern prices.

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We also make any size of Hoop Skirts to order. COHEN, SEMPLINER & CO.,

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THE BEST TONIC IN THE WORLD.—They invigorate, strengthen and give new life to the system. They work like magic, and will cure all cases of Dyspepsia, Debility, Intermittent Fever, Diarrhea, Scrofula, Gout, Gravel, Jaundice, Nervous Affections, Liver Complaint, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Billious Colic, Cholera Morbus, Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Sea-sickness