SEPARATION.

A wall was grown up between the two—
A strong, thick wall, though all unseen;
None knew when the first stones were laid,
Nor how the wall was built, I ween.

And so their lives were wide apart,
Although they shared one board, one bed,
A careless eye saw naught amiss,
Yet each was to the other dead.

He, much absorbed in work and gain,
Grew soon unmindful of his loss;
A hard indifference worse than hate
Changed love's pure gold to worthless dross.

She suffered tortures all untold;
Too proud to mourn, too strong to die;
The wall pressed heavily on her heart;
Her white face showed her misery.

Such walls are growing day by day
'Twixt man and wife, 'twixt friend and friend;
Would they could know, who lightly build,
How sad and bitter is the end.

A careless word, an unkind thought,
A slight neglect, a taunting tone—
Such things as these, before we know,
Have laid the wall's foundation stone.

—[Springfield Republican.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Prentice Mulford writes in the San Francisco Chronicle: Forty years ago gentlemen shaved themselves, and carried their apparatus for this purpose while traveling. Whiskers were worn from the ear half-way down the face, that being the military style of the period. Full beards and mustaches were deemed disreputable. I recollect hearing a gentleman of the "old school" argue seriously with a young man from the city on the propriety of shaving off his mustache, and another full-bearded individual just arrived in our village caused by his appearance a howl of derision on the part of a small group of negro boys.

Board was from $2.50 to $3.00 per week. Silk umbrellas were unknown. Overshoes were made in South America of pure rubber, and in shape resembled oval-bottomed soda-water bottles. The shoe of 1842 contained enough rubber to make a half-dozen of the overshoes of to-day.

Country farm wagons were unpainted, without springs, and on their sides grew the dry yellow moss of generations.

Saturday was maket day in the country towns. The rural wives and daughters sat in the wagon on straight-backed, flag-bottomed chairs. Then, after bartering their egs and butter, they drove off home. The head of the family sat bolt upright on the front seat, his "lash-gad" shouldered like a musket on parade, and sometimes betraying an extra degree of stiffening in his attitude through the influence of a few drinks. Every country store-keeper sold rum by the measure. The bucolic rum jug was an institution and came to town regularly to be filled.

Gongs summoned the guest's meals. There was great parade, marshaling of the negro waiters, who, with military precision, removed the covers from the chafing dish, and, returning in a line, bore away the dishes also, while the rural guests of the house were deeply impressed with all this pomp and circumstances of dinner.

Many householders had under their roofs the family flint-lock musket, bayonet and cartridge-box ready for the summons which once a year required them to appear "armed and equipped as the law directs," to be reviewed and inspected by a gorgeous military general with a glittering staff. A generation exists to-day who never saw a country "general training," so replete with awkwardness, rusty guns, muskets that went off with last year's charges when the "inspector" snapped their locks, root beer, rum, negroes, runaway horses unused to warlike sights and sounds, gay plumes and epaulets attached to staff officers pitched over equine heads and describing in the air graceful parabolas with drawn swords. But the present, with all its boasting and self-congratulation, has not a monopoly of the good things of this life. Cannon were then "touched off" with "port fire." Percussion caps had just made their appearance.

Every old man had seen "General Washington" or "came near it." Patriotism ran largely to an intense desire to "lick the British."

Every murder made a sensation, and it was usually expected that some one would hang for it. Carrying arms secretly about the person was deemed not many degrees short of murder itself. "Pistol-pockets" were unknown. The revolver was a curiosity. The derringer had never spoken. Nothing akin to the present cheap, easy and expeditious methods for stopping human existence had been devised.

Whale oil was much used for lighting. It was the terror of housewives and played havoc with table cloths and parlor carpets. Numerous recipes were given, but none were infallible for removing the stain. The candlestick and snuffers were in every house.

The "district school" of the period was unwholesomely crowded in winter. It commenced in the morning with a long prayer, and generally ended at night with a succession of cow-hidings. Most of the teachers were from Connecticut, and generally dyspeptic or consumptive. A "box stove," burning wood, heated the apartment, all aglow at one moment and cold the next. Water for drinking was brought in at intervals in a pail, passed around, and drunk out of a tin dipper. The unpainted desks were cut and backed, and ink-stained from the arduous efforts of generations of school-boys. Dried "spit-balls" were flattened on the walls. The big boys chewed tobacco, and the marks of missiles of this character might also be seen prominent on the ceiling. The odor of a country school in full blast seemed compounded of ink and unwashed juveniles. There was no system of gradation text-books, save at the will of the teacher, and school-book publishers had not learned the art of making fortunes through an innumerable series of readers and writing books. One duty of the master was to make or mend the quill pens for the whole school, a work of no small proportions.

School was dismissed with an uproar. It was like the bursting of a huge bomb filled with boys. They scrambled over desks and benches without order or discipline. Half an hour after the weary master had flogged the three boys, "kept after school," he emerged from the scene of educational torture, went to his boarding house, and received what nourishment he could from the thin 6 o'clock tea of the period.

In the country a steam engine was a great curiosity. The rural mind most wondered at the readiness with which it was stopped, deeming that such a concentration of power must require many minutes to run down.

Country graveyards were often unfenced, neglected, and uncared for. Cattle ran freely in them, knocked over, and shattered the tombstones. The grounds were overgrown with weeds and wild shrubbery. Flowers and other tokens of remembrance common to-day were seldom seen in them. The burying ground was then a place shunned and feared. The grave filled up, relatives and friends hurried away, and might never visit the place again until the next burial.

It was an age less gentle and humane in its tendencies than ours. More fathers lashed their sons unmercifully for small offenses. No Bergh had been developed. There was little restriction on cruelty to animals in any locality. There was no more honesty than to-day—possibly less. People drove hard and sharp bargains with each other. Providence was often made responsible for the spirit of covetousness, greed, and undue accumulation. The phrase ran that "it was our duty to care for the goods committed to our trust." This was a broad door for the entrance and excuse of a multitude of sins. Inhumanity and neglect often prevailed at the town poor-houses. There was no "reporter" to ferret out such abuses. No press to expose them. Chapters on chapters of such misery are never to be written or known. Such facts died out and were buried in pauper graves. The town poor-houses were sometimes farmed out for the year to the lowest bidder, who did not, as a rule, represent the culture of the community.

Even to the man now living, who was of mature age in 1842, a sudden transition, were it possible, to the habits, manners, customs, and general system of the life of that period would be full of surprise and wonder. It is impossible to estimate the true character and extent of such changes, when such transition from the life of the past to that of the present has been slow and gradual. As generations merge into each other, so imperceptibly the old habits disappear. The new take their places, and the smaller peculiarities common to the period are soon forgotten.

Some people are always regretting the "good old times," and wishing they were back. Possibly, if those times were back, the grumbler would wish them still further back. The passion for the old, whether it be the old of a hundred years ago or five hundred, may be largely a glamor and fiction begotten in the brains of novel writers.

Railroads may be prosaic, but how would the thousand people desiring to leave San Francisco to-morrow morning like to be crammed into stage-coaches, traveling ten miles per hour, or put on board sailing crafts in lieu of steamers and drift up the Sacramento two miles an hour, while the mosquitoes held high carnival over them? What a secluded place California would be without steam navigation, and separated at least four months from New York.

How would we fancy going back to the barbarous old surgery of a hundred years ago, when in a sea fight they cut off a man's leg without an æsthetice, and dipped the stump in hot tar to check the bleeding?

Judging from the fragments handed down, old times, even very recent old times, must have been pretty rough. The gentlemen seem to have been very much inclined to bully, and used the swords they wore to enforce their bullying. Their estimation of womanhood exhausted itself in fine speeches. Beyond this they were brutes. The mechanic of one hundred years ago did not hold the place he does to-day. He could not then get into the legislature or any governing body outside of his own craft.

As for honesty they cheated then as well as now. Our revolution developed one man who wanted to sell us out and half a dozen who tried to freeze out Washington as commander-in-chief. Born Americans constituted themselves into "cowboys," the bushwhackers of the time, and plundered equally from friend and foe. The meanest of these came from Connecticut and used to clean out my native village on Long Island about three times a year. One of them snatched my great grandfather's watch from the wall and my grandmother, then a little girl, saw him do it. Even the "patriots" in the American army would plunder their own people and dignify their raids as "scouting expeditions," "packed conventions," etc. The modern political huckstering commenced with the federal government. Good New England people did not hesitate to fit out slavers. There was far less toleration than to-day. The pioneer Methodists and Baptists were abused and hated and encouraged to stay away.

A "spiritualist" in 1776 would have been hooted out of town and a "medium" tarred and feathered, if not hung. A mild dose of tar and feathers would prove beneficial to some of the present imposters.

The "good old times" were probably good enough for those who lived in them. We might endure their styles, costumes, and manners for curiosity's sake. Perhaps the getting of one breakfast over a wood fire in a fireplace, when the wind was in its smoky quarter, would cure us. And the morning paper of fifty years ago, full of dry political essays and news two months old from Europe, would make the cure lasting.

And the novelists and writers of the "good old times," with a few notable exceptions. What dreary lots of soft, gushy bosh they wrote! What mires of words their readers waded through! What unreal pictures of life they presented! What lies they told or inferred in their stories! What impossible, gaudily-painted heroes and heroines they made up in their closets!

Life as it really is is not all printed in the books now, but it's a much better copy of the original than it was in the "good old times."

Is not ours a great improvement on the "good old times?" True, our newspapers are full of murders, burglars, thefts, and other crimes, but not one-tenth of these found the irway into the papers in the old times. People could not realize the amount of evil among them. Such realization is the first step to the cure. A man now can seldom be robbed and murdered without its being known throughout the length and breadth of the land. In the Dick Turpin days of England how many unknown crimes of the road must have been committed, when there was neither live paper, live reporter, nor live telegraph to make it known! Our papers to-day have a great deal to say of the corruption in legislatures, state and national, and of abuses of those in power. Probably more or less truth is involved in such statements. What opportunity in any land had the rank and file of the people two hundred years ago to know what went on in high places and governing bodies, save by word of mouth? Print such matter in a paper? Had there been a paper to print it in, and an editor daring enough to print, he would not have seen twenty-four hours of liberty after the first issue. It is doubtful if ever he would be seen afterward. Recollect that it it still less than one hundred years since the time of the French ouoliettes and lettres de cachel, when a man arrested by the government went out of sight forever.

Then ours are improved times, but not by any means perfect. If not barbarous, we are in some respects semi-barbarous. Our laws put people to death in a most revolting fashion. Did we take the criminal by the hair of his head, bend his neck over a block, cut his throat, and allow him to bleed to death, he would die far easier than at half our official strangulations. With the fact that a shock from an electric battery will put the life out of a man as quick as a wink, we still go on committing executions to the charge of bungling sheriffs who know far more about mixing their whisky and water in proper proportion than they do about the most expeditious method of taking human life, and who so often allow their victims to hang and kick, agonize and strangle from ten to twenty minutes after the drop is cut. The condition of the poor, too, in such tenement-housed cities as New York, is, as regards the privileges of fresh air and sunlight, worse than in any city of the "good old times." But we are alive to this, and there is a persistent outcry against it. These are evils consequent upon the rapid concentration of population. Shall we ever find a remedy for this crowding of people together and the trouble arising from it? A New York police judge once said to me that, in his estimation, one-third of the daily cases brought before him were caused by the inconveniences and friction of life against life in the seven-storied and fifty-familied tenements. And what holds good in this respect as regards a house may also in some matters hold good regarding a block of houses honey combed together, no matter the wealth or standing of the occupants.

Still ours is a great improvement over the "good old times." I never lived in those times, at least to my present knowledge. If it be true that nothing is ever gained or lost in the universe, some element now wrapped up in my present organization may have been floating around in the "good old times" (how long ago I know not). Possibly in the shape of a tree, a shrub, a stone, a cat, a rat, or a donkey. But these are problematical maunderings. Present ego to all practical intents and purposes was not there, and can only judge of a portion of the "good old times" from what they have left us.

Not many years ago no counsel would have thought of showing himself inside the United States supreme court bar unless clad in the most rigid swallow-tails. Now, however, the black frock is permitted.

Mr. Vanderbilt quaintly remarks that "when money becomes the question, men lose all gentlemanly instincts, and stoop to anything, no matter how mean and diriy."

Premier Gladstone gets up at four o'clock every morning. He probably believes in the fable of the early bird.

THE BOOK-KEEPER.

It was an ancient book-keeper,
And he was tall and slim;
Though his face was mild, he rarely smiled.
His clothes were dark and prim,
And everything about his desk
He kept exceeding trim.

He always hung his hat and coat
Upon the self-same hooks,
And laid his ruler, pen and ink
In their respective nooks,
And the only exercise he had
Was footing up his books.

Each day upon the self-same hour
He took his lofty seat,
And bent his body and his mind
His labors to complete;
And blots were neither on his fame
Nor on his ledger sheet.

The music of his pen was heard
From morn till eventide;
Up columns vast his eyes were cast,
Then down again with pride;
Quite pleased was he though he saw his work
Increased and multiplied.

The cash that o'er his fingers came
Each day was something grand,
And yet no schemes to bear it off
By him were ever planned,
Although he saw with half an eye
That he wrote a sloping hand.

He had no wife, he made no friends,
His joys and cares were few,
And his dearest hope from day
Was to keep his balance true.
A good world this if every man
The latter thing would do.

He never sighed when little ills
His way of life would cross;
And o'er the errors of his youth
He showed no vain remorse;
But set down all that came along
To profit or to loss.

One day the creditor of all
Dropped in for his account;
He found the old man at his post,
Though low ran nature's fount;
The books were closed and he was borne
Up to his last account.

—New York Journal of Commerce.

Southern Senators.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Inquirer.

WASHINGTON, November 4.—A local writer, who is a native of the south and an ex-confederate, says of the financial standing of the southern senators:

Morgan, of Alabama, has an income of about $8,000 per annum from his law practice, and resides in an interior town, Selma, where living is not expensive.

Pugh, also of Alabama, is also a lawyer, and makes about 7,000 in the practice of law.

Garland, of Arkansas, is worth about $75,000, made by planting and the practice of law.

Walker, Garland's colleague, is worth $20,000.

Lamar, of Mississippi, has real estate worth about $25,000, and if he were able to attend to it, would have the best law practice in the state. As it is, he has all he cares to attend to, which brings him about $8,000 a year.

Senator George has made his moderate fortune by the law and planting, and in this way has accumulated $40,000.

Harris, of Tennessee, is worth $60,000. His fortune is mainly in real estate in Memphis, which yields him a handsome income.

Senator Jackson is a rich man for his section. His fortune is estimated at $100,000. Besides his income from real estate he has a valuable law practice, worth about $10,000 yearly.

Jones, of Florida, has a comfortable residence in Pensacola, besides other real estate worth $40,000, and a legal business which is good for $6,000 annually.

Brown, of Georgia, is one of the richest men south of Mason and Dixon's line. It is impossible to say what he is worth, but those most likely to know put his fortune at $6,000,000, which is increasing every year.

Gibson, of Louisiana, is the second in the matter of wealth of the southern senators. His property, estimated at a low valuation, would aggregate $1,000,000.

Jonas, the senior senator from Louisiana, has a comfortable fortune, consisting of real estate and securities, of not less than $80,000. His law practice is one of the most profitable in New Orleans, and is worth $15,000 to $20,000 annually, and is growing in value.

Maxey, of Texas, is a rich man for his section. He is the President of the bank in his town, Paris, and has lands, railroad stocks, and bonds easily worth $100,000, besides a fine business as an attorney.

Coke, of the same State, is worth perhaps $25,000, mostly in real estate.

Cockrell, of Missouri, owns a nice property in Warrensburg, and has a fine plantation, with a good law practice of $8,000 annually. He is worth $60,000.

Vest, the Missouri Senator, is well off, owning some good property in Kansas City, and taking care of a good local business at the bar, worth about $8,000 each year.

Wade Hampton may be called well-to-do, with a prospective fortune and a present income of $8,000, besides his pay as Senator.

Butler, of South Carolina, has an income from his profession which is very handsome, considering the condition of things in South Carolina.

Neither Ransom nor Vance, the N. Carolina Senators, can be called wealthy, though they are well-to-do.—They are both lawyers, in good practice.

It is a question of doubt whether any one, whether he himself, knows just what Mr. Mahone, of Virginia, is worth. That he has saved a handsome fortune from the wreck of his railroad enterprises both his friends and enemies believe. He is rated anywhere from $500,000 to $1,000,000, but all estimates are guesswork.

Camden, of West Virginia, is very rich. He is rated as twice a millionaire, with a fortune which is fast increasing.

Kenna, the junior senator of West Virginia, has no fortune to speak of, except, youth, health and courage.

The Kentucky senators are both well off. Beck has a fine estate near Lexington and a comfortable residence in the town itself, besides some interests in the west. It is stated that he is worth about $290,000.

Williams is a large land-owner in one of the finest sections of Kentucky, and is rated perhaps $50,000 below his colleague in fortune.

Christmas Gifts—Suggestions.

American Agriculturist.

Christmas is coming! with its demand for pretty fancy articles suitable for Christmas gifts; and a few suggestions as to new styles of art needlework may be acceptable to those having a number of friends to provide for. A nice present for a housekeeper is a set of half a dozen doylies or small fruit napkins. The latest fashion is to turn down one corner of the linen squares and work upon it an orange, banana, or other fruit, varying the design on each. Embroidered aprons are now very fashionable for home wear, and may be made of satin, linen, pongee, or muslin, and decorated with silk, wools, or crewels, as the material suggests. A very tasteful apron for a young lady is one of pure white pongee worked with dainty knots of violets, the waistband and strings being of delicate lavender ribbon. We have seen them of ecru, tied with scarlet, the front decorated with comical looking honey-bees, and the motto, in outline stitch, "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour!" These are for evening aprons.

A new feature of art needlework is using small worsted or plush balls, which are sold by the dozen. These are flattened on one side, and sewed on in groups of three, a shadow being worked beneath each, and when mixed with artistically shaded leaves, are very effective. One thing always to be remembered in embroidery, as well as in painting, is to decide at first on which side of your bunch or spray the light shall fall, and work accordingly, the shades gradually melting into each other, from the deepest to those which are almost white.

It is said the old-fashioned cross-stitch on canvass is to be revived; and people are bringing out the old screens and pictures worked by their grandmothers, and having them remounted and reframed. Patchwork, too, is quite in vogue, but in a more artistic form than the past generation ever dreamed of. Beautiful sofa pillows are made of curious shaped patches of silk, satin or velvet, each bearing some dainty bit of embroidery—flowers and fans of different shapes and styles. An exquisite tidy may be made of a piece of cloth ten inches square, on which is sewed patchwork of plush in the form of a wide-spread fan. The corners of the back are of black velvet, and from the top, trailing over the fan, is a spray of moss rosebuds, in Louis XVI style, or ribbon embroidery. The edge is neatly finished with suitable lace.

An effective, though simple table scarf, is of dark-green felt, half a yard wide, pinked on the edge, and ornamented with a strip of silk patchwork, about a quarter of a yard deep on each end. Below falls a fringe of the felt, made by slashing it into narrow strips, two or three inches up. A willow-work basket makes a very pretty present, when the handle is tied with a bow of ribbon, enlivened on one end by a graceful spray in gold-thread couching which is very easily done.

A new material for working on, is chamois, which is nice for portfolios, blotting-books, cigar and shaving-paper cases, and other little conveniences suitable for gentlemen. These are usually ornamented with conventional designs, outlined with gilt tinsel and colored braid, and filled in with pink, yellow, and blue silk or crewels in long stitches.

For those not caring to take the time or trouble to embroider, there come beautiful machine-worked flowers, birds, heads of animals, and æsthetic figures, which can be easily and quickly appled to any article, and they will look exceedingly well.

Still Waiting for Henry Clay.

Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

On the streets yesterday one might have seen an aged gentleman whose hair flowed in white waves over his shoulders, while his beard was bushy and long, and his wide-brimmed, soft hat and strange garb told that he was a stranger. He was Judge N. Banning Norton, from Dallas, Texas, and years ago he was a violent whig. When Henry Clay made his first great race for the presidency Judge Norton solemnly vowed that he would never cut his hair until he saw his leader in the white house, and consequently for all these years since 1842 the judge's hair has been growing and growing and will still continue to grow until the hand of death cuts it short.

The first weather report—Thunder. —[Pittsburgh Telegraph.

The . for putting the : has , again.—[Boston Star.

Sunshine and shade are the warp woof of character.

Superior court—sparking a rich girl.

Belles of the bawl—girl babies.