"THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS."

BY ROOKER L. THORPE.

On the rock-lined shore where the waves sing low,
Where the tide ebbs and the waters flow,
Where the crab-legs rest on the pebbly strand,
And the sea's side lies deep in the drifting sand,
And the towering cliff in its forest wreath
Bathes its feet in the waves beneath,
There another and I, where the low waves rise,
Built a bridge and named it "The Bridge of Sighs."

We toiled in our sport as the sun rose high,
Nor watched the hours as they glided by,
Nor cared we then that the sunbeams passed,
Or wished that Time in its flight might last,
But we caught the songs that the ripples sung,
And heard the notes that the echoes rung
Around us there, as the sunset dyes
Tinged with its purple "The Bridge of Sighs."

The years may come, and the years may go,
And the same free waves may ebb and flow
Around the rocks where the sunbeams play,
And the songs of the ripples may die away,
And the brightest dreams of youth may fade
As age comes on with its frost and shade,
But ever with life will memory prize
That one-day dream and "The Bridge of Sighs."

Washington's Birthplace.

Fifty-four miles southeast of Washington as the crow flies, fifty-one northeast of Richmond, is Pope's creek, in the county of Westmoreland, where Washington was born. Two hundred and forty-seven years ago the traveler from Europe, as his ship, worn by months of storms, sailed up the broad Potomac, which is here four and one-half miles wide, might have seen a low, one-story, gambrel-roofed house on the shore of a creek on his right. The house was a large and magnificent one for those days, and was surrounded by offices and negro cabins. While the traveler was watching the scene on the shore the ship was sailing up the creek, and anchoring in front of the house, sent its owner the much-needed clothing and other articles of wear, and the latest news from London. The sight that struck the traveler's eye was novel and pleasing. The house was only half a mile from the river, and across the river the shores of Maryland were to be seen, and a clear sweep of the river down to where it poured into the Chesapeake Bay. Down by the mouth of the creek the soil was rich and mouldy, and the rice and Indian corn flourished; near at hand the soil was sandy and covered with huckleberries, cranberries and chincapin bushes. Behind on the lowlands, a clump of live-oaks, cedars and cypresses gave a partial air of gloomy quiet to the place. Higher up on the background on the ridges between the creeks, grew the forests primeval of ash, oak, beech and hickory. In summer the clearing around the house was brilliant with the color of the May apple, the yellow jasmine, the acacia and red-flowering chestnut. At the left of the house were the hazel bushes, where grew the peas, beans and vetches for fodder and food. In the kitchen garden were the maycock and maracock and the sonorously-named tanganeckomingo. Among the few flowers carefully tended under the windows the cardinal and moccasin flowers were for the first time cultivated. Over the sides of the house the wax myrtle crept, from whose berries the green tinted, pleasant scented candles were made for winter's use. The wild turkey, quail and partridge crept around the outskirts of the wood, and the monotonous crooning of the negroes at work was varied by the song of the turtle dove, red bird, mocking bird and Baltimore oriole, as they flashed through the branches of the trees, and down the river the shrill cries of curlew, crane and heron were heard. To-day there are no negroes, no forest, no house, and its site is only marked by a rude stone laid there by George Washington Parke Custis.

At the time of Washington's birth, Westmoreland county, considered in its natural and topographical aspect and its aptitude for commerce and cultivation, was one of the finest in the land. At that time Boston, the largest place in New England, where the population was most compact had but 40,000 inhabitants. Richmond was not laid out and Norfolk was not incorporated. Hills ran through the country northeast and southwest, with spurs toward the river. The surface of the land was divided into hilly, flat and low. The front on the Potomac was indented with many inlets and creeks. Of these the more important were the Yocomico, Nominy, Pope's, Bridge's, Mattox, Munroe and Rosier's. These were navigable for a few miles; on their banks were the chief settlements of the early planters. The earliest mention of Westmoreland county was in July, 1653, when it was said to contain the land from the Machoactoke river where Mr. Cole lived, and up the great river Pawtomake above the Nescostin's town, and was to be taken out of Northumberland county, which in 1648 comprised the whole neck of land now known as the "North Neck," lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers. Since then the county has been shorn of its fair proportions, and now comprises a tract of land only thirty miles long by eight or ten wide, lying wholly on the Potomac in the extreme Northeastern part of the State. There were and are now townships in the county or State, as was the case in New England, where the people flocked together. This was owing to the fact that the early inhabitants settled on the banks of the creeks in families, and the trading vessels brought them everything needed outside of their own resources. The political divisions were counties and parishes and vice versa. In Washington's time there were only two parishes in Westmoreland county, and one of these spread over part of another. To this country in 1657 came John Washington, the great grandfather of George, and settled on Bridge's Creek, which was a short distance from Pope's. Long after the partial settlement of Virginia in the Jamestown district, Westmoreland county was a howling wilderness. The Presbyterian "Quones" fought the fight of earnest faith and hope in the West, while the aristocratic "Tuckaholes" in the East contented themselves over their strong waters and chinapins, with fighting again their battles with the Wiccocconomicos, the Roundheads and the French at Ondenarde and Malplaquet. Down to a very late date, even in 1671, Sir William Berkeley thanked God that there were no free schools or printing presses in Virginia. Nevertheless the tide of population flowed northwards from the Cavalier settlements until the banks of the Potomac were reached. In 1732 the whole population of the "North Neck" did not amount to three thousand souls, exclusive of about one thousand military who were there for protection against Indians and pirates. The nearest neighbor of the Washington family was the Rev. Lawrence de Butts, rector of Washington parish, so-called because the glebe land on which he lived was given by one of the Washingtons, though the parish itself was thirty miles long and five miles wide, and contained 200 families and no Indians. Near at hand were the Monroes, ancestors of the President. They lived at the head of Monroe Creek and a few miles above them was the family seat of the Lees, the most distinguished members of which, Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot, were born nearly at the same time with Washington. In the previous year Patrick Spence and — Monroe had built warehouses at Nominy, about ten miles from Pope's; John Fitzhugh and George Taberville had lived within six miles for nearly ten years, John Taliaferro, gentleman, had a house on a neighboring creek, and Joshua Fry and Peter Jefferson lived close at hand. All these are well known Virginian names and will show the class of people who lived near the Washingtons. Such were the people and place in 1732.

Unprofitable Investments.

One of the most prolific sources of loss to the farmer, writes a correspondent of *The Country Gentleman*, is the habit of investing some portion of his capital in unsuccessful ventures. The farmer whose pork costs more to fatten than it is worth when sold, has invested a portion of his capital unprofitably, and meets with loss. The farmer who raises any kind of stock for sale at a greater cost than the animals are worth, has invested his capital unprofitably. So has the farmer who grows crops which cost him too much; whether it be by reason of poor quality, or the unnecessary expense of cultivation. The farmer who allows his buildings to become dilapidated and his fences insecure, has invested his capital unprofitably. The farmer who allows his fields to become less fertile from year to year—who is content to plow around the same stumps and harrow over the same troublesome boulders from year to year—who allows his fields to go undrained and become more thickly seeded with foul seeds each succeeding season—is certainly not investing his capital in the most profitable manner. It is necessary that a farmer should cultivate some profitable crops in order to compensate him for the losses that may creep into his business through negligence. Farmers also have a tendency at times to embark in speculation, which almost invariably entails loss.

Among these speculations, and the most pernicious, may be classed all the various agencies for farm implements. Other speculations promise much, such as buying farm produce for commission houses, selling fruit trees, and buying up cattle, etc. I have known intelligent, industrious farmers to indulge in ventures outside of legitimate farming, and of all those whom I have known to engage in these tempting speculations, not one has succeeded in retaining his farm. The venture of whatever nature is alluring at first and promises a golden return, and the farmer engaged in the speculation forgets that he is a farmer; his stock and crops are neglected, he acquires expensive habits, and his new business fails to support his family, so his farm must be and is sacrificed. Too often the downhill road is traveled at a quicker gait. The farmer engaged in business with unscrupulous men and becoming involved, sacrifices his farm to same himself from a worse fate.

Another investment which does not pay most farmers, not because they should not go into it, but because they have a very limited knowledge of what is required, is investing money in fancy stock. The farmer who buys thoroughbred stock, very often does so with the intention of breeding that stock and selling to his neighbors. This is a very good thing, as otherwise the great mass of farmers could not become possessed of well-bred stock. But there are a dozen pitfalls into which the farmer engaged in breeding fancy stock may fall. He may pay more than the stock he buys is worth. He may engage in breeding stock for which there is not sufficient demand. He may meet with losses from sickness or accident. He may not have the success in selling which he anticipated, and quits the business in disgust, after having been engaged in it for a few years, and at a loss of several hundred dollars. To engage successfully in a stock-breeding speculation requires, among other things, good business ability, patience to wait through all the reverses which may occur; some money, and good local advantages. Many would-be breeders fail for lack of ordinary business ability. When a farmer fails in breeding fine stock, he will find that he has invested his capital injudiciously.

Another farmer will purchase too much and too costly farm machinery—more than his farm will pay for using. On the other hand, a farmer who uses no machinery of any sort makes an equally grave mistake. He has made an unprofitable investment of the capital represented by his own time and muscle. There are many ways in which a farmer may invest his capital so that it will not only fail to be profitable, but actually be a detriment to his business. There are many leaks to be guarded against, which require all his vigilance to prevent. When all the leaks on the farm are properly stopped, then, and only then, will it be found how profitably farming may be conducted.

FARM MORTGAGES IN IOWA.—The one great reason why the farmers of Iowa have not prospered more than they have in the past 10 years has been their indebtedness. Within a few years it has been the exception to find a farm not covered by a mortgage, and many is the farmer who has lost his all through foreclosure. Iowa farm mortgages were eagerly sought for by English companies and capitalists, and millions of dollars were invested in them. There has been a falling off in this industry lately, however, and the farmers are gradually but surely disenthralling themselves from their burdens. We hope the good times will continue at least long enough to enable our Iowa farmers to free themselves from debt. Then they will be in better financial condition than any other class of people, and as a result of their improved circumstances all other pursuits will revive and grow. The money that is now in farm mortgages will find its way in manufactures and trade, and as a general benefit instead of an exclusive and selfish one, as at present.—[Des Moines Leader, October 31st.

Shere Ali's Love Story.

There is a story going the rounds of the French papers, and accepted as truth in Paris, being vouched for by a French traveler who lived in intimacy with the princess of Afghanistan. Shere Ali, the late ameer, father of Yakoob Khan, was a man subject to fits of emotional insanity. He was especially strong in his affections, and the death of his favorite son more than once overthrew his reason. He was a handsome man, with a physiognomy by turns ferocious and kindly, with manners alternately grave and gay, piercing black eyes and long, silky beard. This man, though an Orienta prince and a Mohammedan, once "loved and lost" like any ordinary Christian lover. On the northern boundary of Afghanistan is a country full of steppes, the home of a Tartar tribe called Kirguisees. Twelve years ago the ruler of this tribe was an old chief of 82 named Davoud. He had three children—two sons and a daughter, the Princess Emineh. The sons quarreled and slew each other. The princess, on her father's death, remained head of the tribe, which was not restricted by a Salic law. She was very beautiful, and, strange to say, a Christian. Her mother had been a Circassian of the Greek church, but since, after her marriage, she had been cut off from all connection with the church of her fathers, she welcomed an outpost of Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, which had been established in her husband's country by missionary enterprise, and her daughter Emineh had been brought up in the faith of Rome. There was one French Sister named Stephanie, who became the especial guardian and protectress of the friendless girl. A few weeks after the death of Davoud Khan, the subjects of the princess sent an old witch to her, imploring her to marry speedily. Meantime, Shere Ali, advised of the death of Davoud, was preparing to annex the country to his tribe. He marched toward the dominions of Emineh; but, expecting little resistance, he approached the royal tents in a peaceful guise. Emineh went out to meet him on horseback, and invited him into her tent. There he rested and dined. The next day they went together on a hunting expedition. The young khans who composed the ameer's military family remarked that he was gayer that evening than he had been known to be for years. His eyes were fixed upon the fair Emineh. "Be wary," said the witch to her next morning. "Daughter," said Sister Stephanie, "do not forget that you are a Christian." Shere Ali grew more and more in love. Being a Mohammedan, he did not do his courting in the Frank fashion, but, like the heroes of the "Arabian Nights," he became a prey to melancholy. After lingering a considerable time upon the steppes, he found an occasion to declare his love to Emineh. She was not insensible to his passion, and would gladly have accepted the devotion that he offered her. But could she, with her purer faith, so bestow herself in marriage. "My daughter," said Sister Stephanie, "the ameer knows you are a Christian; ask him to make you his sole wife in the sight of God and man." The demand was made. Shere Ali was in despair. He could not in honor dismiss the mothers of his sons, and he was of too noble a nature to make promises before marriage which he intended to break afterward. In vain he tried the arts by which lovers often overcome the resolutions of their ladies. Emineh was firm. His suite and his officers represented to him the terrible complications that would arise from the dismissal of his harem. One morning, almost beside himself, leaving his troops to retire with less haste, he set spurs to his horse and galloped away from Emineh. The princess, left to herself, became utterly miserable. Her subjects reproached her bitterly; only Sister Stephanie sustained her resolution. Finding her people mutinous, and believing her own heart broken forever, Princess Emineh took the veil, leaving her dominions, with the approval of her subject khans, to Shere Ali. The ameer himself told this story to the traveler, and, sending for a casket enriched with pearls and precious stones, drew from it a tress of long black hair. He had possessed himself of it by threatening the nuns to burn down their convent if it were not given him.

SINGULAR FREAK OF AN ENGINE.—An accident occurred on a local railroad on the 10th instant that is probably without a parallel in the history of railroading—in Illinois, at least. As a train on the evening of that day way near Glassford, going at a speed of nearly forty miles an hour, a cow suddenly bounded in front of the engine. There was no warning whatever, the front of the engine passed over the animal, and in so doing was lifted clear of the rails and uncoupled from the tender. Going at such a high rate of speed, it continued some twenty yards on the ground, tearing it up and even uprooting a stump in its mad career, and, what is very strange, kept on its wheels until it came to a standstill, where it stood clear of the main track. The remainder of the engine and train kept on the track and ran past the engine a quarter of a mile, when it was brought to a stop with brakes. The jar of the escaped engine was so slight that but few passengers were made aware of the accident until told. The engineer sat on his seat throughout the affair, a mere spectator of the queer freak of his engine. No one was hurt nor even scared.—[Keokuk, Ia., Gate City.

A rather gayly-dressed young lady asked her Sunday school class what was "meant by the pomp and vanity of the world." The answer was honest, but rather unexpected: "Them flowers on your hat.

Of course all persons are liable to belong to good families, but if a young man is a fool, it makes no difference whose son he is.

Hints on Breaking Horses.

The ordinary farmer, in this State, expects to break his own colts to either the farm wagon or buggy. The services of a professional horse-breaker are seldom called into requisition, but the ordinary farm hands, under the farmers own direction, are considered sufficient. Of course methods of horse-breaking differ, but the best authorities now agree that training should be commenced early, and that the young horse should never be permitted to learn anything which must afterwards be unlearned. A few hints on the most approved methods may not seem out of place.

It may be said with reference to horse-breaking, that the farmer is the person who raises and trains the greater proportion of the horses engaged in the traffic of town and country, besides those he uses himself. Most of the horses which are attached to drays, street-cars, buggies, etc., might have been seen, at an earlier period in their lives, harnessed to plow, harrow, or lumber-wagon. The farm may be called the natural nursery and training-school for the horse, where his powers develope themselves. A farmer's colt possessed of superior qualities soon finds his way to a larger field of activity, as ambitious farmers' boys in due season push for the larger risks and more glittering prizes of the crowded metropolis.

The breaking of a horse should commence as soon as he is weaned, which is in the autumn of the year. As soon as he is taken from his mother, a head-stall should be put on, and the colt should be led about the yard for half an hour every day. He should be spoken to often and caressed, and as soon as he feels confidence in his master, he should be curried off, fed from the hand, and in every way made accustomed to the daily presence of men. This may be called the preparation for the breaking proper.

In spring the young horse may be turned out to pasture on the hills, if possible, for our mountain grasses are unequaled for stock. As opportunity offers during the summer, he may be taken up and trained a little, when he will generally show that he has not forgotten his previous lessons. Some of the breaking harness may now be put on, such as the breast-straps, and the back-band and crupper. Some farmers begin to work a horse at two years of age, but we consider the system injudicious. The best plan is to allow him another summer at grass, and moderate training with occasional light work.

After the third winter, or when the colt is past three, the real work of breaking must begin. The one secret of successful breaking of a horse is to rightly accustom his mouth to the bit. This is called "making his mouth." It requires that the mouth be, by proper training, endued with the right degree of sensibility, neither too hard nor too soft, nor, which is worse, uneven, that is, one side being harder than the other. There are many curious and expensive machines for the operation of "mouthing," or as it is often called, "bitting" a horse, but none of them possess any particular advantage over a good circingle with a crupper and side buckles attached, together with a strong bridle and a proper bit. There is a difference of opinion as to the best form of bit, but we oftenest see a plain bar bit between six and seven inches wide and about one inch thick. If this bit is properly adjusted, with the reins to the circingle made the same length on each side, the pressure will be equal. The headstall must be buckled so closely that the animal cannot get his tongue over the bit. The horse should stand in the stall, with this bitting harness on, and should at times be allowed to walk about the yard. He may also be trotted, but never galloped, and no attempt must be made to guide him with the bit until his mouth is formed. The sides of the mouth should be examined daily, and, if they show signs of soreness, use sweet oil or glycerine, and substitute a wooden bit for the iron one, for a few days at least.

When the horse seems well bitted he may be driven with long reins, but there should be an assistant beside him having hold of the halter. This is the point where many horses are spoiled by trying to control the horse mainly by the bit before the mouth is properly trained. By due patience and perseverance at this stage the horse is ready for doing some work. By this time he will have become accustomed to having persons about him, and may be harnessed up to an ordinary breaking cart, which is strongly built and has long shafts, which keep the horse some distance forward; or he may be harnessed to a farm wagon, beside a steady old horse. In either case treat him with due consideration; drive him only half a day, and watch his shoulders carefully, for he must not be allowed to associate the idea of discomfort with his earliest labor.

This may seem like a slow process, but it is, in the end, much the most satisfactory. We have known plenty of colts who were broken on the plan of harnessing them up fresh from the field, with the aid of a dozen men, and letting them run and fret for miles, until utterly exhausted, until a few weeks of such driving reduced them sufficiently to be called "broken." But no such plan ever makes a quiet, good-tempered horse. The only animal worth driving is one which, whilst being spirited, is nevertheless entirely manageable, and such horses always sell for enough more money to pay for the difference in the cost of training.

SENATOR MORTON'S MONUMENT.—Two years ago died Indiana's greatest statesman, Oliver P. Morton. His death occurred a little after 5 o'clock in the afternoon. As the end approached of his laborious life and his long illness, he said: "I am dying; I am worn out." These were the last audible words he uttered, and very soon after they were spoken he breathed his last. The occasion is a fitting one to say something about the operations of the Morton Monumental Association, which was formed very soon after Senator Morton's death for the object of raising funds to erect a suitable monument to his memory. A considerable sum has been raised, and it is believed that this is a favorable time for pushing the matter to a successful conclusion. The present plan of the association is to raise a bronze statue of Senator Morton in the cemetery near this city, the work to be done by a celebrated artist, and to be of a character that will reflect credit on the State, according to the supposed willingness of the people to contribute, and has appealed to the local agents to make a united effort to raise the necessary fund.—[Indianapolis Journal.

To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures, and think about them; and to cultivate admiration you must be among beautiful things and look at them.—[Ruskin.

At Newport, on Thursday next, the eldest daughter of Mr. Alfred D. Jessup, of Philadelphia, will be married to Major Hyland, of the British army, nephew of Sir Robert Montgomery, a member of the Council of India.

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IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.—The want of a reliable book by which to calculate the value of wheat in this market when quoted at any price in the Liverpool and London markets has long been felt, but which is now happily met in the "Wheat Dealers' Guide," compiled by J. R. Farish, manager of the Merchants' Exchange, in this city, and which he has arranged to sell at the exceedingly low price of 25 cents per copy—cash to accompany orders. It is very important to any and all who sell wheat to be able in less than five minutes to tell (as they can from this book) the price of wheat in this market when based on English prices, which govern the markets on this coast. Calculations are warranted thoroughly correct.

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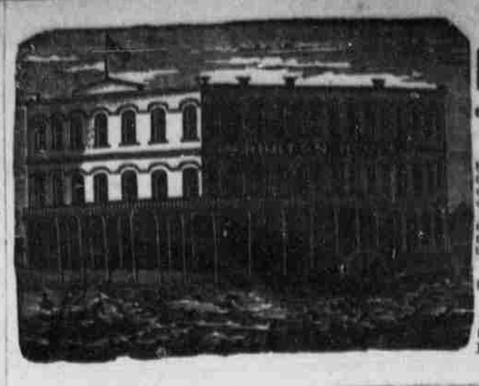

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