AFFAIRS AT THE NAVY YARD

PREPARATIONS FOR THE SUMMER MANOEUVRES ALMOST ENDED.

ONE MORE COURT ON THE KATAHDIN, AND ANOTHER TRIAL IN PROSPECT—THE DRYDOCK CAISSON TO BE FLOATED TODAY—WORK BEING DONE IN THE YARD.

The final rush of preparations before the assembling of the North Atlantic Squadron for the summer manoeuvres has been almost ended, and while for the next few days the yard will be as busy a place as there is on the water-front, the end of the week will probably see the end of the work, and the departure of the vessels now at the piers. While all the details of the manoeuvres have not been completed, enough is known to show that they will be comprehensive and exhaustive, and that all the powers of the vessels as units and the fleet as a whole will be shown, in the way of attack, defence, evolution, armament, speed, etc. Admiral Bunce has wisely decided to have the evolutions take place beyond the reach of the excursion boats, and for that reason has selected a place between the lines of travel taken by outgoing and incoming transatlantic steamers away to the southeast of Sandy Hook, where there will be little danger of interfering with the ocean travel, and yet have the ships within easy distance of their base of supplies. Squadron and line formations of all sorts and descriptions, boat, gun and torpedo drills, practice work with large and small arms, signalling by day and night, searchlight work, target practice at stationary and moving targets, large and small, and all the other points in which the superiority of the ships and the men who handle them will be of avail in a struggle for supremacy will be included in the programme, and as the fleet will be the largest ever assembled under the flag and carry a weight of armor and guns far exceeding anything dreamed of in the time of the Civil War, the results are confidently expected to be of great value to the service and to the Nation. The armored cruiser Maine will come up from Key West by way of Norfolk within a few days and take her place with the fleet. The little cruiser Montgomery has been ordered to go to Key West, taking the place of the Maine, and the Department is preparing instructions for Commander Royal B. Bradford, in command of the Montgomery, regarding the prevention of filibustering while in Southern waters. These will probably follow the line of those issued to Captain Crowninshield, of the Maine, and will direct that a sharp watch be kept to prevent any violation of the neutrality laws. While the Montgomery is at Key West sanitary rules will be strictly adhered to, as the Department has learned that there are a number of cases of smallpox under treatment there. The Maine is considered a much better ship for manoeuvring purposes than the Montgomery, and when she stops at Norfolk she will probably go into the drydock for an examination as to any strain or injury she may have suffered by reason of her bottom scraping an obstruction near Key West.

A NEW PROPELLER BLADE FOR THE CINCINNATI.

The bent propeller blade of the Cincinnati is standing in the machine shop of the steam engineering department in the yard, and shows how powerful a blow can be struck by a ship's propeller when it is going at anything like speed. The solid copper bronze, an inch and a half thick, is curled over and twisted as if it had been soft iron. The accident to the same vessel some months ago, when she made some bad dents in her bottom and lost two blades of her port propeller by running over an obstruction near Execution Rock, in the Sound, was the occasion of a court of inquiry, and resulted in an order to keep on hand at the shops a spare set of propeller blades for the ships. The wisdom of this order was apparent last week, when, instead of a delay of a fortnight, waiting for a new blade, one was taken from the stock and fitted, without delaying the ship. Secretary Herbert has written a letter to Captain Mortimer L. Johnson, commanding the Cincinnati, exonerating him from all blame in connection with the recent mishap, which occurred while the ship was sent out with the Connecticut naval militia in Gardiner's Bay. The letter was sent on receipt of a report in regard to the extent of the vessel's injuries.

The New-York will leave the yard, as originally announced, on Tuesday, and she will be followed by the Newark and Raleigh as soon as the latter has put in a day in the drydock. The Terror is also slated to go down the bay and join her sister, the Amphitrite, while the Bancroft may be called on for duty as a dispatch boat. The Columbia, Captain J. H. Sands, is at present on her way South, convoying the monitor Passaic, which is to be turned over to the Georgia naval militia. She will return as soon as her present duty is completed and join the fleet.

ANOTHER KATAHDIN COURT.

Hardly had the rumpus kicked up by the charges made against Commander Richard P. Leary and the other officers of the ram Katahdin by Hagel, the machinist, settled down when more trouble broke out, and, as a result of the charge that Lieutenant J. C. Colwell, the executive officer of the ram, had struck and otherwise maltreated a colored wardroom servant named Alleyene, a court-martial was convened on Thursday to try the Lieutenant. The court sat on the Newark, and was presided over by Captain Norman H. Farquhar, of that ship, the other members being Captain Johnson, of the Cincinnati; Lieutenant-Commander William Swift, of the Indiana; Lieutenant-Commander W. J. Barnette, of the Raleigh; Lieutenant A. G. Berry, of the Vermont, and Lieutenant Henry McCrea, of the Ordnance Bureau. Captain Richard Wallach, of the Marine Corps, is judge-advocate, and First Lieutenant L. W. T. Waller, of the same corps, is counsel for Lieutenant Colwell. So far, none of the witnesses called have substantiated the charge that the servant was assaulted by the Lieutenant. The chief witness for the prosecution was Hagel, the machinist, who contradicted himself, and did not help his side. The defence presented its side of the affair yesterday, and the report of the court will be forwarded to the Department at once. Hagel, it is said, will be the next one to be tried in connection with the ram, on the charge of "fraudulent enlistment." He boasts of his "pull" with certain Congressmen, and says he is not afraid of the result of the trial. It was suggested at the time of his trial that he had a "pull" somewhere, as he was enabled to get his message through to the Department without its going through the usual routine.

DRYDOCK CAISSON TO BE PLACED TO-DAY.

The announcement that the caisson of the new drydock would be floated into place yesterday was a little premature, as that interesting operation will not be performed until to-morrow. The work on the retaining walls is going ahead rapidly, and it is expected that the dredging for the entrance to the dock will be begun some time this week. The caisson will require about fifteen feet of water to float it to its place, and the size of the gate may be seen from the statement that the bottom stringers on which it will rest are seventy-six feet long and sixteen inches square, each stringer being a single stick of white oak of Wisconsin growth.

There are no signs of life at the new Sands-st. gate of the yard, and that the delay in finally settling the difficulty regarding the work is expected to be long is shown by the removal of the laths which had been nailed over the windows to keep out stray stones and other evidences of the regard of the small boy of the neighborhood for the marines who patrol the opening. In place of the laths stout board shutters have been nailed up to protect the windows, and the glass is safe for a time. Just when the gate will be put to use no one seems to know.

The place of Commodore Sicard, commandant of the yard, is being temporarily filled by Captain Francis J. Higginson, captain of the yard, and the desk of Lieutenant-Commander Charles A. Adams, who has been ordered to the Franklin, is being filled for a short time by Lieutenant Yorke Noel, who will go to the Academy on August 20. Commander Robert M. Berry, chief aid to the commandant, who has been away on sick leave, visited the yard yesterday, and is expected back at his desk in a few days, when Commodore Sicard will probably begin the enjoyment of his month's leave of absence.

There is considerable satisfaction over the fact that the work on the monitor Puritan has so far advanced that it is expected to mount two of her twelve-inch rifles some time this week. The mounts are in place, and the monitor will have her battery on board in a short time if the present rate of work continues.

A CHURCH OF LOW ESTATE

WHERE ITALIANS WORSHIP IN AN OLD BROOKLYN QUARTER.

IT WAS ONCE A PRESBYTERIAN MEETING-HOUSE, THEN ST. CASIMIR'S, AND NOW ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL'S.

In one of the oldest districts of Brooklyn—that just to the north of the Bridge and lower Fulton-st., fashionable once upon a time—there stands what is with hardly a question the quaintest and most curious little church in the two cities. Outwardly this region of city blocks has changed barely perceptibly during the last half-century. Nearly all the old wooden buildings, of which this is one, are still standing. The region has completely fallen from its high estate and is now, in spots, the

AT MASS IN ST. MICHAEL'S.

slums. There are ten brick buildings along the streets, and almost no modern tenements. White frame houses and little else greet the eye, and in the midst of these this tiny Church of St. Michael the Archangel, approached by two narrow flights of steps, leading to an inclosed stoop, seems much in place.

The building is fifty years old, but it was built strongly and to last, by honest old Presbyterian hands, the burghers of Brooklyn town, and does not show its age. For many years one of the first Presbyterian congregations of Brooklyn worshipped within its walls, departing finally to erect a more pretentious structure. As St. Casimer's then, the church of Polish Catholics, the Poles having invaded this part of the city, it continued its existence, and three years ago, when the Poles moved uptown, it became an Italian sanctuary, wretchedly poor, but gradually getting a picturesqueness and a color that neither the Presbyterians nor the Poles ever gave it.

In its interior to-day can be seen many traces of its former occupants, blending strangely with the sensuous and many-toned decorations common to Italian Catholicism. The Presbyterianism of the old building shows out in the straight galleries and the stiff-backed, narrow pews, while, pushed to one side, in full view, though no longer in use, is the high, massive pulpit, suitable for a building of three times its size, that St. Casimir's priest once stood in.

The only signs that mark this building standing on the corner of Lawrence and Tillary sts. as a church are the placards of the sexton on its front and a tiny gold cross on the ridgepole. Otherwise the exterior is prosaic and the structure ordinary. Inside the curious features are at once apparent. It might be some wayside worshipping place on one of the roads just outside of Naples, or in Sicily, for altars, statues and drapery are alike primitive and simple and of the poorest sort. In the straight-backed pews that Presbyterians once sat in now crouch tattered, dirty old peasant women, as thoroughly Italian as if they had never left that country, counting their beads and gazing with rapt adoration at Santa Maria Assunta or St. Michael portrayed in plaster crudely and with a wealth of brilliant colors, in the act of slaying the dragon.

At 7 o'clock in the morning on week days, when the mass is said, or at 8:30 and 10:30 on Sundays, are the only times when this church is usually open, though vespers are held through certain months in the year. Sundays the pews are well filled with laborers and their wives, the poorest class of the Italians in this vicinity. Other Italian churches have their comparatively wealthy men; this parish, though it is wide in extent and boasts nearly five thousand souls, has none. A dime dropped in the box at a service is a munificent contribution, even five-cent pieces are rare. It is the tradition in many quarters that, outside of the maintenance of the priest, Father Garofalo, who is cared for at the Brothers' house, opposite the old Cathedral of Brooklyn, in Jay-st., this little church is run on $150 a year.

The story is told also that this priest is a scion of an Italian family of standing, who has sunk himself in this corner to help his countrymen in America. Whether this tale be true or not, it is certain that Father Garofalo is a man of fine personality and power, and that, a native of Palermo, he was, for several years, a professor in the University of Sicily. Alone he has the cares of this church on his shoulders, his sole assistants being two boys of ten or twelve, his acolytes.

He preaches his sermons from the altar steps, feeling more in touch with the poor who constitute his whole parish, as he stands there, than if he were high above their heads in a pulpit. Notwithstanding the poverty of the surroundings, the scene at early mass is an impressive one. Before the priest are rows of women in garb of many colors, Neapolitans in the majority, with their bright kerchiefs and bits of colored glass as ornaments. Behind him are an altar and figures of saints in pitiful simplicity.

The altar itself is painted wood, a glassy white to represent marble, and adorned with strips of gold. Back of it is a niche built out from the wall, tinted in pale blue and framed with two white pillars on either side, between each of which is a bar of brilliant red. Atop of the altar is a plaster figure of the Virgin and Child, done in blue and white, and still higher, hung on the wall of the niche, an effigy of Christ on the Cross.

But two or three lighted candles stand on this simple altar. Hardly more are to be found before the life-sized image of Maria SS. Assunta, likewise of plaster, and placed to the left inclosed in glass. Though of no value as a work of art, and resembling closely the roadside images in shrines along the paths of Southern Europe, this figure seems to breathe forth comfort upon the kneeling workers of the slums who gather before her. Blue and rose are the tints of this Maria Assunta, and vividly picturesque she is.

At the right hand of the altar in another case of glass is the figure of St. Michael killing the dragon. He is a knight in mail, with a robe of blue and a cloth of gold. He is again to be seen upon the ceiling, in a big oil painting. The rest of the ceiling or walls is absolutely without decoration of any sort. The one single bit of color of the latter is furnished by little curtains of pinkish calico that wave in the wind. Santa Maria's altar at its base is bound with the same pink, covered with some material of white that lets the color show through. St. Michael's image is set upon a painted block of wood that is meant to imitate green marble of many veins. Just before the altar hangs a lamp that gives a faint gleam of light only. It is a taper in a red bowl.

Opposite the altar, in the gallery, is an organ that could scarcely be smaller. It is barely four feet broad, its highest pipes can hardly overtop the head of a man of average size. Anything more odd and more distinctly quaint and primitive it would be hard to imagine. Four young girls and two boys sing to this organ's strains each Sunday. The priest joins in the music, taking one part of each chant and having his little choir sing back across the church their melodic responses. This strange and novel method he has adopted to arouse fresh interest, and in the better-known airs many of the congregation join. Some curious and new music is heard frequently on Sundays issuing from the windows of this curious sanctuary, and it is said that the priest has adapted some arias from very old Italian operas and has them sung by this choir and himself, charming the ears of the devout people of Southern Italy, for whom he is giving his life.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BRYAN.

From The Nebraska State Journal.

Many honest "Pops" in the wild and woolly West may be debarred by distance and railroad rates charged by the bloody corporations from listening to the boy wonder of the Platte, but there is no reason why they should be deprived of the ecstatic delight of his oratory on that account. Any empty barrel, a salt barrel for instance, will do. Just stand it on the floor with the headless end up, put your head half way down into its emptiness, and shout at the top of your voice: "You shall not press this crown of thorns upon my head, you shall not crucify me on this cross of gold," and the thrill that will run down your spine will compensate you for everything you miss in not getting out to hear Bryan.

BUILDING THE DOCK ROAD.

RIGHTS OF WAY THAT MAY HAVE TO BE SECURED.

HOW THE TRANSFER LINE WILL PROBABLY BE COMPLETED—ELECTRIC LIGHTS TO BE PUT AROUND THE PIERS IN THE ATLANTIC BASIN.

The building of the dock railroad is being rapidly rushed by the Brooklyn Wharf and Warehouse Company. In the Atlantic Basin the entire circuit has been spiled, from the end of the south pier, around Clinton wharf and the southern end of the Commercial Wharf. Rails are laid around the end of the south pier.

The work is progressing on the Hamilton-ave. end of Commercial Wharf, the rails being laid from the intersection of India Wharf to Elevator A. In fact, they encroach somewhat on the India Wharf, which does not belong exclusively to the warehouse company. The India Wharf Brewing Company fronts upon it, as does the old Atlantic Sugar Refinery and the building of the Sonoma Wine Company, famous as the scene of Dr. Friend's ingenious electric sugar swindle a few years ago, by which confiding capitalists were hoodwinked to the tune of a million dollars or so. It may be that the warehouse people will have to fight or buy their way across the India Wharf. Not being able to cross it would break the continuity of the line and cut off Pinto's elevator from the system. Furthermore, it would then be impossible to connect with the rest of the system north of Hamilton Ferry. The same applies to the north pier, which is also fronted by private property between India Wharf and Hamilton-ave.

There does not appear to be any intention just now to connect the Atlantic Basin railroad system with that north of Atlantic-ave. From Woodruff's Stores to Fulton Ferry is one system; there are two grain elevators upon it, Woodruff's and Robert's. A transfer bridge will be built on the site of the Red D Line pier, just north of and adjoining the Wall-st. ferry slip. This pier is being torn down now for that purpose. The transfer bridge will receive cars from the floats laden with merchandise for the stores along this system. Beyond Martin's Stores there does not seem to be much hope that the warehouse people will be allowed to build a single track across Fulton-st. and along Water-st., so as to connect the Empire Stores with this system. The same applies at the southern end of this section. The rails would have to cross the repair yard of the Union Ferry Company and Atlantic-ave. to reach Dow's elevators, Beard's, Robinson's and Union stores. To get a permit to do so would take time and no end of trouble. Once the India Wharf and north pier difficulty is surmounted, if any exists, a connection with the Atlantic Basin would be much more feasible. Ferry Place is owned by the ferry company, and no doubt the question of laying a single line across it would be one of financial value only. Then there would only be the property-owners in the short block between Sackett and Degraw sts. to be considered, after which the rails would enter the territory of the warehouse company and pass the United States Elevator, Union, Robinson's and Beard's stores and Dow's elevators, without raising the question of crossing Atlantic-ave. at all.

BRIDGE AT SOUTH PIER NEARLY READY.

In a few weeks the new transfer bridge at the south pier, adjoining the gap leading from Buttermilk Channel, will be ready for operation, and no doubt the entire railroad system, in the Atlantic Basin, at least, will be in operation in the fall. The difficulties in the way of executing the project were great. Four rows of large spiles had to be driven, twelve feet apart, to support the ties and rails, and the huge elevator towers have to be either raised or cut away beneath to make head room for the railway cars. The tower of the Excelsior had to be raised six feet, a heavy piece of work in itself. Huge steel beams will be put in to sustain these structures, as all except the outer supports must be removed to make room for the cars.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN THE BASIN.

Electric lights are to be put in all around the piers, and a huge dynamo has been erected in one of the warehouses near Pinto's elevator. This will be a marked improvement, as hitherto the basin at night was in utter darkness. It is understood that the cars will be operated by an electric motor, which will minimize the risk of fire and abolish the coal and water nuisances attendant on steam propulsion.

Meantime, it is rumored, there are good grounds for believing that the Lehigh Valley Railroad is largely interested in the dock road. This company has no terminal grain facilities in the port such as the other roads have. Consequently much of the grain coming over the road is stored in canal-boats in the Erie Basin and in the Morris Canal Basin all winter. Under the new system the cars can be transferred direct to the elevators and the grain placed in the warehouse instead of boats.

A Tribune reporter saw Mr. Busby, the Lehigh Valley representative, in the Produce Exchange a few days ago, and asked him if his company was interested in the Dock Railroad project. He would neither deny nor affirm the rumor and refused to discuss the question in any way.

A JOKE ON SENATOR MORTON.

From The Chicago Record.

It is customary for campaign orators to make the same speech everywhere, but the people will not permit Bryan to do it. If he does they will defeat him for obtaining the nomination under false pretences. I have followed Oliver P. Morton and John Sherman, General Logan and other famous campaigners week after week, and heard the same speeches over and over again until I could almost repeat them. Back in the campaign of 1876 I was making a tour of the West with Oliver P. Morton and George Sheridan, one of the brightest speakers the American platform has ever known, who accompanied him to do the "funny business." Senator Morton would usually talk for an hour—a dull, turgid, heavy discussion of the financial problem, followed by an attack upon the Democrats of the South for their inhuman treatment of the negro. By the time he had finished the audience would be soaked with wise advice and valuable information, but every spark of enthusiasm would be quenched. Then George Sheridan would take the platform and wake them up. For an hour they would roar with laughter or sit with their mouths open, fascinated by his flights of fancy. It was a rare combination.

One night, after we had been out for a couple of weeks, I think at Fort Wayne, Sheridan said: "Senator, I wish you would let me speak first to-night. I want to go out into the country with some friends."

"All right," replied Senator Morton, cheerfully, "you arrange it with the chairman of the meeting."

But when Sheridan took the platform and began to deliver Morton's speech, word for word, as the latter had delivered it every night for a fortnight, the Senator became very uneasy. He gave all Morton's arguments against the inflation of the currency and in favor of the resumption of specie payments; he recited all the statements concerning the outrages in the South; he repeated all the personal reminiscences of his experiences as Governor of Indiana during the war, which the Senator was accustomed to work in, until the latter was almost paralyzed with chagrin and amazement, and finally, when he reached a point in the discussion of the financial problem where Morton was accustomed to compare a Pompeiian gold coin with a United States greenback, he turned to the astonished victim of this practical joke and said in an undertone: "Let's have that coin." The Senator handed it over without a murmur, and when Sheridan had recited the eloquent peroration which he always used at the close of his speech and had taken his seat, Senator Morton hobbled over to the desk on his two canes and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am the victim of a practical joke. Realizing the gravity of the issues before the American people, I came into this campaign with a carefully prepared speech, which I have delivered in General Sheridan's hearing so often that he has committed it to memory, and he has delivered it here to-night much better than I could have delivered it. He also is in the habit of making the same speech, and I have heard it many times, but I lack his memory and could not repeat it to save my life. I will therefore appeal to him not to punish you as he has punished me, but to give us some of his stories."

Then the great statesman sat down, thoroughly knocked out. Sheridan responded and spoke half an hour longer, with his joke as his text, and after that if any one suggested the idea of his speaking first Senator Morton would tell this story.

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

From The Kansas City Star.

"The Centralia Guard" thinks there were extenuating circumstances in the case of the Ashland man who broke into a store and stole a shirt in order that he might present a respectable appearance at his baptism, which was to take place on the following Sunday.

WEARIED UP IN HIS WORK

LAWYERS AND THEIR FIRST CASES.

FOUR WHO ARE WELL KNOWN GIVE THEIR INITIATORY EXPERIENCES AND TELL HOW THEY FELT.

HUGO HIRSH.

Everybody in Brooklyn knows him. He is the senior member of the firm of Hirsh & Rasquin; was a Republican candidate for Supreme Judge; was formerly the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Republican General Committee; is now counsel to the Sheriff and other public officials, and counsel for the Assembly Cities Committee, which is investigating the Charities Department of Kings County; is the author of "Hirsh on Juries," and "Hirsh's Digest of the Divorce Laws," and is an occasional contributor to magazines and periodicals. In speaking of his early efforts with the law, Mr. Hirsh said:

"My first case was in a justice's court. When I arose and began to talk, my teeth chattered and my knees knocked together in a most painful and embarrassing manner. I suppose that no one in the court room except myself noticed it. But in my nervousness it seemed to me that everybody in the court room and elsewhere had nothing to do but notice it.

"It was a great many years before I completely overcame this nervousness. However, it gradually wore away. I lost my first case. It was what is commonly called a replevin action, or an action to recover certain specific personal property. I never yet determined in my own mind whether the defendant retained me because he had a bad case, and I

HUGO HIRSH.

was sure to lose it anyhow, or whether he thought a young lawyer would do as well as an older one, and be less expensive. At any rate, the plaintiff and his witnesses completely outshone our side and we were defeated.

"My advice to a young relative who was admitted to the practice of the law was attention, attention, attention, and then again attention. A young lawyer will not get important cases to try until he has proved himself capable of handling unimportant cases. And, furthermore, I said to this young man, 'When you receive money that belongs to your client send it to him at once.' After I had been admitted to the bar, a friend introduced me to one of the members of a big New-York firm, telling this gentleman that I had been admitted to the bar, and requesting him to do what he could for me. The gentleman to whom I had been presented said that he thought we could do some business, for, although the firm had an attorney in Brooklyn, it was as much trouble to get their money from their lawyer as it had been to get it from their debtors.

"A busy lawyer is forced to learn to think quickly. He is necessarily greatly dependent upon the work done in his office by his clerks. Sometimes his clerk will give him the papers for several cases called for the same day. While he is waiting for his case to be called, he talks with his client, finds out what witnesses are there, and what they will swear to, and glances through the papers. It may astonish you, but the times when the busy lawyer becomes cognizant of the merits of his case as the judge and the jury learn them are by no means isolated cases. By the time the lawyer has reached this phase of his practice, he is prepared for it by reasoning powers trained to quick action, by instant perception of an advantage that can be seized upon, and by a memory that holds facts, figures and names."

EDWARD M. GROUT.

He is another well-known Brooklyn lawyer, a member of the firm of Grout, De Fere & Mayer, and was the last Democratic candidate for Mayor. The following are some of his experiences, told by himself:

"I won my first case. I am not sure that is a good thing to do in a first case, however. The plaintiff got a little mixed in his veracity. I found it out and took advantage of the situation with a result that I got a verdict for my client. I do not remember that I felt any special nervousness. Young lawyers usually begin by assisting the firm they are with in the trial of cases. So they do not notice much difference

EDWARD M. GROUT.

when they have one to try by themselves. I think lawyers generally remember cases they lose better than those they win. At least, it is so with me. My second case I lost. The chagrin of losing it made me so ill that I went home and stayed there three days. When I finally got back to my office, a veteran lawyer who had been my opponent in the case, knowing the cause of my absence, told me that the first case he lost made him so sick in mind and body that he did not come back for ten days, and that he was so disgusted and discouraged with himself that he had a great notion never to try another case.

"A lawsuit is a good deal like a game of skill. You must think over everything, prepare for everything and be especially vigilant for the things that might be used against you. Think of your own game and think of the opponent's game. Calculate that he will do everything that your utmost shrewdness could suggest were you in his place, and still try to outgeneral him. I had a case once like this: A woman died who had made a will leaving everything to her husband upon the condition that he should care for her two adopted children, who were really her niece and nephew, until they should no longer need his care, and that he should do for them just as she had always done and should continue to do were she to live. The woman died in August, the will was probated and the husband appointed executor. The following November, the night before Thanksgiving, he drove the children out of the house. They came to me in their trouble, and I brought two actions against their stepfather—in the Supreme Court, a devisee action, and in the Surrogate's Court to have him removed as executor. The action in the Supreme Court could not come up for some time, but that before the Surrogate he was obliged to make answer to at once. This he did, and this was what I intended he should do. One of his relatives made affidavit that the children had insulted and abused him, and had left the house of their own accord. I sent for the children and told them what their stepfather claimed. 'Why,' said they, 'he drove us out of the house with a butcher knife. We were frightened nearly to death and ran out of the house without hats or coats.' I told them to bring the witnesses who saw them running out of the house without hats or coats. We proved this, and I had the man removed from his executorship. This I was enabled to do by knowing what my opponent intended to prove.

"To be a successful lawyer requires three things: Average ability, industry and character; not necessarily a religious man, but a man whose word can be relied upon."

SAMUEL G. WHITEHOUSE.

Here is still another lawyer who is prominent in his profession. He was formerly counsel for the Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company, the Atlantic Avenue Railroad Company and the Brooklyn City and Newtown Railroad Company. He also does a large general law practice.

"I do not remember what my first case was, nor yet whether I lost it or won it," said Mr. Whitehouse. "The chances are ten to one that I lost it, though. The young lawyer, about to plead his first case usually goes into court with a great deal of confidence, a few facts, and still less law. The consequence of this 'combine' is that he usually gets beautifully trounced. The worse a young lawyer gets whipped at the outset of his career the better it is for his future. A few good drubbings, getting completely left out of sight, rubs off his

S. S. WHITEHOUSE.

beautiful, gilt-edged confidence in his own infallibility, and forces him to go thoroughly into his case before he comes into court.

"I don't remember if I had a case of genuine stage fright, or if it was only a little nervous shivering. All my first cases were when I was with Morris & Pearsall. I read law with them, and afterward took a position as clerk with them. In this position I tried a number of small cases in the justices' courts; consequently I did not feel that I was quite standing alone.

"No, I don't have any stage fright in trying cases now, for I know what I am going to do before I begin. But I will tell you when the monster does catch me, and that is when I am unexpectedly called upon for a speech at a public meeting or a banquet. Then for a few seconds I feel queer. It wears off, however, as soon as I get the first two or three sentences off, and thus find out for certain that my tongue will move at my bidding."

ANTHONY BARRETT.

"My first case was for Ashby & Dunn, the firm I studied law with," said Anthony Barrett, the lawyer and politician, when asked about it. "I am of the impression that I won it, but I have no clear recollection about it. My second case is impressed on my memory, for I had old Rodney Church as an opponent. He was the father of Louis K. Church, once Chief Justice of Dakota and afterward Governor of Dakota. The old man, in summing up to the jury, paid me a compliment about the way I had handled my case. He pointed his finger at me and spoke of the ductile arguments of his young opponent. My goodness! I felt, as compared with him, that I was the biggest fool on earth.

"State the attributes and qualifications of the best lawyers? There are actually three kinds of good lawyers. One man is excellent at the part of the work that is done in the office. Another has a vast knowledge of law and is good counsel, and the third is a convincing, successful advocate. Your perfect lawyer is the man who combines these three. I can count on my fingers all there are of that kind.

"The best lawyer is the one who wins the most defendants' cases. Not one case in fifty that is brought to the lawyer is actually tried. They are compromised or settled in some way out of court. Of those that are tried, I shall venture to say that not 15 per cent of the defendants' cases are won. The reason of this is that the man who feels himself sufficiently wronged and aggrieved to bring his wrongs into court usually has the right of it."

"OFF-SHORE" WHALING.

"CAP'N JOSH'S" EXPLOITS AT AMAGANSETT AND ELSEWHERE.

SOME HARD TUSSLES WITH MARINE MONSTERS AND SOME HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES.

Amagansett, Long Island, July 25.—Captain Josh lives in a pretty two-story frame house in the midst of meadows and corn lands on the main street of Amagansett. He is a man of stalwart build, with white hair and whiskers framing a ruddy and benevolent face. As leader of the Amagansett off-shore whaling crews, Captain Josh is famed far and wide for his skill in giving the whale its death thrust.

Five boats' crews of six men each make up the present whaling squadron of Amagansett. Formerly the crews were rivals; but the era of consolidation came, and now they pull together. In a low, snug boathouse on the beach they have three whaleboats, with two hand lances, a bomb lance, two or three "gigs" (harpoons), a tub line of fifty fathoms in a tub, sails and set of oars for each boat. Everybody in Amagansett keeps a sharp lookout for whales off-shore, for there is a reward of one-half of a share in a capture to the first discoverer, and as a whale often nets $3,000, it is worth the casting of an eye to seaward occasionally.

When one is sighted the "weft," a small white flag, is displayed from Captain Gabe's garret window, and the crews start in a mad rush for the boathouse, with the whole adult population streaming behind, eager to witness the chase. The boats are quickly launched through the surf, and each man leaps to his appointed place. First in the bow is the harpoon oar, next to him the bow oar, then the 'midship oar, then follow the quarter oar and the leading oar, the latter giving the stroke to the crew. In the stern sits the captain with the long steering oar, and puts the boat upon the whale.

The harpoon oarsman then rises and hurls his harpoon with the tub line attached into the black mass before him. The whale darts away like the wind, towing the boat behind, the captain changes place with the harpoon oar, lance in hand, and grimly waits until the whale stops, and the boat can be pulled up on him. This done, he thrusts his lance down behind the shoulder into the heart, often killing the huge beast without a struggle.

HIS NARROWEST ESCAPE.

"What was your narrowest escape from a whale, Captain Josh?" the rugged mariner was asked.

"It was a loose whale off Easthampton. We had made fast to his mate, and I had the bow, ready to lance, when suddenly the free one whisked his flukes up from beneath and shaved off the bow of our boat between me and the bowman as clean as you'd cut a slice from a loaf with a breadknife. Nobody saw anything or felt anything except a slight jar, but there was the boat cut in two. I leaped back, every one crowded into the stern, which kept the bow up till the second boat could come alongside and take us off. Then we killed both whales, the one we was fast to and the loose one; but that one sunk and we didn't get him till next day.

"I had another close shave the day we took the big whale that was on exhibition in Fulton Market. I killed him with one throw of the lance, but in his dying flurry he breached, and one of his flukes struck the lance head, that projected about four inches over the bow, and doubled it up as though it had been sheet metal. Two foot more astern and he'd 'a' sunk us all to the bottom. We sold the carcass to Gilbert H. Payne, of Sag Harbor, and he had it towed to New-York and exhibited. He paid us $1,500 for it.

"My brother Gabe had the narrowest chance of all. We struck a whale one afternoon just off the bar. Gabe must have been leaning over, for the beast's flukes came up and struck him without hitting the boat, and sent him flying through the air at least ten feet above the surface. He struck the water thirty feet away, like a log, and lay there without a sign of life until we rowed up and hauled him in. I never expected to see Gabe around again, and he ain't fairly over it yet, though it happened two years ago."

Captain Josh sailed several voyages in the Arctic and North Pacific, and considers the off-shore whaling scarcely worthy of the attention of a man of mettle. In his reminiscences he is disposed to wander off to the Arctic.

"I was out all night once," he said, "in a fog among ice floes, towing a whale. The fog settled down after we struck him, and no one knew where the ship lay. That was a bad night. You've got no idea of the unearthly chill of the big masses of ice towering above, and the weird effect of the unnatural midnight sun. Toward morning we got thirsty, and on a great ice pack one of the men said he thought there was water. We clambered upon it, and, sure enough, there was a little lake of clear water. We not only quenched our thirst, but filled the ship's casks next day."

THE TUSSLE WITH THE MONTAUK WHALE.

"Cap'n Josh ain't done justice to the subject," said one of the whaleboat's crew to whom the captain's statement was repeated.

"He didn't tell you about our tussle with the Montauk whale. Why, there's men would have given $500 to have seen it from the cliffs. Cap'n Josh was boat header, Cap'n Gabe had the iron; whale blowed not 200 yards ahead of us.

"'Spring, boys, spring!' yelled Cap'n Josh. Cap'n Gabe got the iron in; then, fust we knowed, the boat slid right up on the brute. You see, Cap'n Josh expected he'd bow down his back when the iron struck him, but 'stead o' that he arched it. Well, we balanced there a minute and then slid off, shipping about two barrels of water. Gad! that whale was a fighter from 'way back. He ran out a mile, then turned and headed inshore.

"'Pull me up, boys; pull me up!' shouts Cap'n Josh, standing in the bow, his lance poised, his white hair floatin' out behind.

"'There's somethin' about Cap'n Josh after a whale that acts like an electric battery on you. His voice sounds out like a bugle, and thrills you down to your boots. We put the boat up to the whale, and the same time, their cap'ns thrusting every chance they got. On shore you could 'a' seen nothin' but suds and blood.

"The brute breached and stood up on his head thirty feet out of water, thrashing his great flukes about, trying to reach his tormentors. If he had brought them a foot lower than he did one time, he'd 'a' wiped out our whole boat's crew. We saw him coming, and every man threw himself flat in the boat. Cap'n Josh, just touched by it, was knocked overboard.

"'Where's my cap?' he cried, the moment he broke surface. He had a sealskin cap with the fur all worn off so it looked like leather, that he prized above everything. He said he knew 'twas sealskin, because he killed the seal, cured the hide and made the cap. 'Where's my cap?' roared Cap'n Josh.

"Luckily, 'twas floatin' bottom side up, and we hauled it and Cap'n Josh in together. Gad! when that whale came down he made a hole in the water. But he was soon lying quiet enough, and we was a-towin' him to the try works. That whale brought in $2,500, as I remember. Yes, it's fairly profitable, but they are getting scarce now—none was sighted last winter. Some make a pretty thing out of it without any risk. I was glad when the widow Mathilde sighted two whales and rallied the crews. We took both, and her half share kept her comfortably a year. Shedd Halsey was a lucky fellow. He was a day laborer working for old Squire Hedges, in Easthampton. One morning the menhaden crews saw two whales, but, being busy with the nets, they didn't rally. Halsey heard 'em talking when they came ashore, and hustled over to 'Gansett and told Cap'n Josh. We rallied and took both whales. Shedd got $50 for his run of three miles."

AN OSSINING HOMESTEAD.

IT OVERLOOKS THE COUNTRY WHERE THE ARNOLD-ANDRE COMPACT WAS MADE.

A FINE OLD TYPE OF COUNTRY MANSION CLOSELY CONNECTED WITH A CENTURY OF HISTORY AND CONTAINING MANY RARE RELICS.

The home of John Hoag, the County Treasurer, on the old Albany Post Road, in the town of Ossining, a mile or so north of the village of Sing Sing, is a fine example of the substantial and commodious style of house building of the early years of the present century that succeeded the low-ceilinged, rambling edifices of the colonial period. It was built in 1812 by an Englishman, Joshua Brooks, who purchased the land upon which it stands from Joshua Lawrence and Susannah, his wife, on April 23, 1811, and the property went into the hands of the Hoags, an old Westchester family, in 1835.

It is a frame building, with shingled sides, and filled in with brick, including the partition walls of the interior. It faces to the north, with one large hall, as long and as wide as a modern flat, running directly through the centre, and upon each side of which are three rooms, the first and second floors being alike in this particular. Each room has its ample fireplace and decorative mantelpiece, the dwelling consequently being supplied with no less than four chimneys, which are more ornamental than useful now that the house is heated with steam in winter.

The house is in one of the prettiest portions of a town which boasts of the grandest river views along the Hudson. Overlooking, as it does, Croton Point and beyond, far up the Haverstraw Bay, the

AN OSSINING HOMESTEAD.

whole theatre of the Arnold-Andre conspiracy is at the feet of the beholder. Up among the dim blue mountains to the north lies West Point, the stake for which Andre played and lost his life. Over to the west rises the monarch of the surrounding hills, old High Torn, at whose base is the Joshua Smith house, in which the spy and the traitor formed their plans. Right here is the broad Hudson, where once floated the Vulture, the English man-of-war, awaiting the return of Andre, and still nearer stretches out picturesque Croton or Teller's Point, from one of whose headlands the American militia men handled a cannon so effectively from behind earthen breastworks that the Vulture was obliged to drop down the stream and Andre compelled to undertake his fateful return to the English lines by land. Were intervening trees to the southwest removed, the break in the low-lying Rockland hills could be seen, where nestles the ancient village of Tappan, at which place the closing events in the Andre tragedy took place.

A RARE COLLECTION OF VIOLINS.

Upon entering the house, aside from a most hospitable welcome, the visitor will find many interesting and valuable relics and reminders of old times. The hostess is commendably proud of her store of old china and homespun linen, her ancient spinning wheels and beadwork embroidery, and she