HORACE GREELEY.

into this? It would be a great relief to us and a real improvement to the paper. Yours,
H. G.

P. S.—Contrary to what you would suppose, Clayton was perfectly sober and Bell atrociously drunk at the time of their row in the Senate last week. Bell was a little worse when he undertook to apologize, if possible, than when he gave the insult.

I made a mistake on Friday. Collamer sat down without concluding, while the Senate went to reading and referring bills. So I went into the House to hear Gen. Granger, after which Collamer resumed and concluded. Collamer's speech is better than Seward's in my humble judgment. Yours, H. G.

XXVIII.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 9, 1856.

C. A. D.: 1. I care nothing for Ewbank. If you have the right sort of man to scrutinize inventions, that is well. 2. I don't want more space devoted to this subject. I presume quite enough is now given.

But I do want inventions treated just like other occurrences—with more or less emphasis, according to their importance—not treated as if a new motive power and a new curry comb were of equal consequence. There your present system is deficient. If a man should invent a new locomotive that could be readily and profitably used in corn fields and on common roads, I should wish to see it announced in a leader on the very day after it was patented; whereas, by your present method, it would probably appear the next month in a supplement, buried up under new raspberries and improved beehives. Is that the thing?

I am totally disqualified to judge of the value of inventions in general; you take little interest in them. I believe the history of Human Progress is written in them; and I want to see that history early and faithfully reflected in our columns. I want to have less and less to do with politics and more and more with Productive Industry. I feel that the path of Empire—journalistic and all other—stretches in this direction. Let us be first to act on this knowledge. It will win few subscribers to-day, but it will win character which may ultimately be coined, if that is deemed essential. I do believe that our Daily, with five years' reputation as the first to recognize and honor Inventive Genius, would be a far better property than at present.

It does not follow that we should give long accounts of new inventions. Nine-tenths of those patented are worthless; three-fourths of the residue are of little general interest. One column per week devoted to inventions will satisfy me, provided the right man prepares it and has a clear idea of what he has to do—that he writes in the interest of the public and not of the patentees.

I telegraphed you yesterday about Fremont's letter, and hope you have it in this morning's Tribune. It is a good letter in itself and will do good to Kansas, if not to Fremont. I do hope you will have it out soon, and that F. will withdraw his objection, if he has any. I mean to print it in *next* weekly anyhow, if not in this.

I wish you could have printed Gen. Granger's speech. It will be greatly discussed hereafter, and has the im mense merit of being short. Yours, HORACE GREELEY.
C. A. D.

XXIX.

WASHINGTON, April 11th.

DANA: My heart does not break easily, but these M ail failures are hard to bear. On Tuesday, Henry Waldron of Michigan made a glorious speech. He is one of our best men, never spoke before, and probably will not again.

I sat down and wrote a telegraphic despatch about it, then a letter. Wednesday's paper came, and no despatch. I wrote one of inquiry to you and took it down to the office, when lo! they owned up that *they had mislaid and failed to send the despatch till next morning!* So the milk in that cocoanut was accounted for. "Well," says I, "the next paper will bring along *my letter*, anyhow;" but that paper came last night and *no letter*, but instead of that a despatch from you, sent after saying that the letter only reached you yesterday. Now, I have myself carried every letter to the Post Office this week—usually a little before midnight, and the letters are taken till 5 in the morning. So the fault can hardly be here. I am afraid you fail to make a row with the New York Post Office when this sort of thing occurs.

Last night it was 1 o'clock when I took my letter to the office, and your despatch gave me a dread that it might have been overlooked and delayed here. So I have been to the Postmaster this morning, and had the office overhauled, and the letter has certainly gone. The only chance of failure is, says the P. M., that these late letters are made up in a special or extra package, and this may be overlooked and left unopened at night in the New York office. Pray look to this.

Your despatch about the Fremont letter is *generally* admired. I have not yet taken *Banks's* opinion of it; but he has written me a *note* saying that he was mislaid by A. B. James, and will keep out of such ruts hereafter. Rather late, but very right.

You can't guess how old Butler gave it to me yesterday for that infernal article telling the British how to invade and conquer the South. No report can do justice to his venom. I will try to keep such articles out of The Tribune hereafter.

Old Badger was sitting in the Senate all day yesterday. He must be "tickled to death" at the prospect of Pike's return to this city. I trust you have a supplement to-day. Thank Carey in my name for that article on Bowen. Also whoever did the *Joe Bonaparte*, though it is used up so much room.

I mean to have a weekly or fortnightly letter from the Patent Office ere long. Yrs. H. G.

Can't you publish Gen. Granger's speech? It is unique and very short.

XXX.

DANA: Will you please have an earnest talk with Craig? I went to the Senate yesterday on purpose to hear the additional Crampton documents. On hearing them I saw that they needed to be sent over verbatim, and sent Harvey every way for Gobright to tell him to send them to the Associated Press. Harvey came to me and telegraphed to you on the subject. I found Gobright and urged him to do the right thing. He hesitated, but telegraphed to Craig. Craig answered that he need only send the substance. I saw Gobright again early in the evening and saw him again at 10 o'clock, and he assured me that he had sent all but a few unessential phrases, &c. I could do no more with him, as he was acting under orders from Craig. Now Harvey tells me that you telegraphed at 11 to have *the whole* sent over. Here is a heavy expense imposed on us by Craig's presuming in New York to know more about documents of which he was ignorant than I did after hearing them. I consulted Gen. Webb and obtained his concurrence before acting. I want you to ask Craig whether I may not expect to be listened to in another contingency like this. Here are at least $500 thrown away by three papers in telegraphing severally what should have gone to all. G.

XXXI.

LAWRENCE, Kas., May 20, 1859.

DANA: I have been travelling and speaking through eastern and central Kansas since last Sunday, when I wrote you from Atchison. I just write again to-night, if possible, though I am nearly worn out with riding a good part of every day, making a speech each day or evening and shaking hands with everybody.

Besides, I had to make a set speech at Osawatomie day before yesterday, aimed at all manner of political half breeds and twaddlers, by whom this Territory is cursed, and who are likely to ruin it yet. That speech I have been obliged to write out without a note of help. I finished it at 9 o'clock this morning at Prairie City, *and you will have to print it.* It is not so good in the report as I gave it, for I have been hurried and badgered on all sides till I hardly see how I have made time to write it at all; and so most of its best points are entirely omitted for want of notes and time. However, you will think it too long; but I shall probably hope you little more for two months, or till I reach California. Just put this through, for there is considerable malignity in it, some of which will seem funny to some folks and not so funny to others. In Kansas, where its every shot will hit somebody, I know it will do good, and I promise not to write out another this side of San Fran. at the worst.

Rain—mud most profound, flooded rivers and streams—glorious soil—worthless politicians—lazy people—such is Kansas in a nutshell. Good night. Yours, HORACE GREELEY.
CH. A. DANA, Esq., New York.

XXXII.

June 14th.

I am still lame and suffering, but hope to be able to push on next Monday. I shall try to send by this mail a new letter (the last) on the Rocky Mountain gold region.

I am still lame, having rather a bad gouge in my leg with the corner of a wagon seat when I was upset, but I mean to get away to-day if I can. Here I must stay to-morrow. I must pay $100 to be carried 180 miles—rather steep. It is terribly hot here, everything parched and drooping, and I am not satisfied with the treatment of my leg. I hope to find better at Laramie. There is no house between this and that, and I expect to be six or seven days reaching Laramie. We shall be bothered with snow of the larger creeks issuing from the mountains, which are swelled by the melting snows.

I have seen no later Tribune than May 23, nearly a month ago. I hope to find some at L.
H. G.

XXXIII.

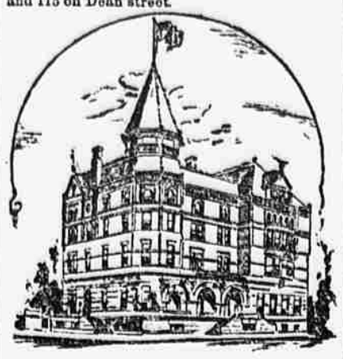
DANA: This letter is a sort of résumé of my last six. If you are crowded, and find it in it to Bonner or some one else; and, if they don't want it, keep it for me. I shall write another on the gold mines.

I am still intent on curing my lame leg. I fear I shall not be able to reach Laramie much sooner, the 1st of July, when I intended to be at Salt Lake on the 4th. But I can do nothing with my wound while travelling. It was made by the corner of a seat coming into the side of my left leg just below the knee. It is now improving.

FOR BROOKLYN REPUBLICANS.

The Plans for the New Union League Club House Across the River.

The Union League Club of Brooklyn, the e t Republican social organization of the City of Churches, is going to build a new club house. The new house in its general features will be not unlike the Union League Club of this city. The club has temporary quarters in Hancock Hall on Bedford avenue. The building committee, which consists of D. M. Munger, Andrew D. Baird, Joseph P. Pusis, and E. F. Weymuth, has been at work during the week making the final alterations on the accepted plans of Architect P. J. Lauritzen, and everything is ready now to push the enterprise. The original site of the club has been enlarged by the purchase of two adjacent vacant lots, giving a frontage of 122 feet on Bedford avenue and 115 on Dean street.



THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, BROOKLYN.

The new club house will be four stories in height, and will have a frontage of 96 feet on Bedford avenue. It will extend along Dean street for a distance of 50 feet, and from that end a four-story tower of 43 feet will run out parallel with Bedford avenue. The style of architecture will be Romanesque. The material used will be granite to the first-story window sills, and a light shade of chocolate brick above, with window trimmings of stone. The main front will be on Bedford avenue. The entrance will be in the middle of this side, and will be approached by a double flight of steps leading to a portico 30x7 feet, flanked on the right or south side by the café. The front of this portion of the building will be treated as a gable end, with an ornamental curved bay window extending to the hip roof which forms the ceiling of the gymnasium on the fourth floor. The corner at the left of the entrance will be treated as an octagon from the first story up, and carried beyond the main floor as a lantern or pavilion, surmounted with a pointed tower roof, which will form the base of the club's flag pole. The portico and the front windows in the parlor, which will be in this corner, will form three prominent arches, supported on short columns in the Romanesque order, the two spandrels between the arches being ornamented with carved work, within which will be set two medallions in heroic size of Lincoln and Grant. On the Dean street side the ladies' entrance has been placed, and the construction will be carried out with the same material and will be the same in general design as the main front.

The general arrangement of the interior is interesting. The entrance on the first floor leads to a large hallway, with fireplace and office, hat and coat rooms. On the right of the main hall are two large rooms, which can be thrown into one large banquet hall or ballroom. The smaller room is the café, overlooking the avenue, while the dining hall extends the entire depth of the rear building with an abundance of light on the court and overlooking Dean street and the rear lot, which will be laid out in tennis courts. The cross partition separating these two rooms is made movable with bolts at top and bottom, and thus the parts can be thrown into one large dining room or ballroom. On the left of the main hall is the main stairway, well lighted from above, and easy to ascend. Opposite the stairs is the reception room, and to the right of that is the gentlemen's parlor overlooking Bedford avenue and Dean street, with large and extensive window bays. The basement is reached by a broad platform stairway, directly under the main stairs, while on the left are four bowling alleys. The space under the Bedford avenue front is utilized as a shooting gallery, with a men's lounging room under the Dean street sidewalk.

The second floor has a large lobby, from which one enters the large billiard room containing ten tables. Back of this is the Board of Managers' room, which can also be used as a card room or a general meeting room. There is another card room, and two committee rooms over the reception room and vestibule.

The library extends the entire front on Dean street, and overlooks Bedford avenue. It will be fitted up throughout on walls and ceiling in panelled antique oak, and with board cases on all sides. The third floor contains a number of card rooms and sleeping apartments, while the fourth story, which is an addition to the original plan, contains the gymnasium, directly over the billiard room, with servants' quarters in the rear, and several sleeping apartments on the Dean street side. The gymnasium has a high roof to receive the various apparatus, and locker rooms, toilet and bath rooms. A feature which has been suggested is a roof garden over the other portion of the Bedford avenue front to the height of the tie beams in the gymnasium, but the committee have about concluded that this space could be more advantageously used for sleeping rooms.

The new building will cost between $100,000 and $150,000. Francis H. Wilson is President of the club. Among the members who have subscribed for sums of $1,000 or more to aid in the erection of the club house are Senator Eugene F. O'Connor, Andrew D. Baird, J. O. Bedell, J. S. Nugent, H. M. Smith, A. G. Bailey, Nathan Barney, W. H. Lyon, Henry Corson, Nelson J. Gates, W. Creighton, Joseph P. Pulis, Charles Cooper, W. O. Wyckoff, C. W. Seaman, and John Gay.

It is understood that while the club will be a social organization, yet its principal aim will be to advance the party interests and see to it that Republicans turn out to register and vote, distribute campaign documents, and provide lectures and literature on political topics.

BROOKLYN'S ELEVATED MAZE.

A Confusion of Titles, Bewildering to Natives, and Maddening to Visitors.

There are more elevated railroad routes in Brooklyn than in New York, and on four of the five lines trains are now running. But the managers of the roads across the river have a good deal to learn yet from the administration of the New York system. Brooklyn chances to have length and breadth, instead of merely length, as in the case of New York, and, therefore, the lines cross one another and reach out to all the points of the compass.

But the difficulty that the visitor to Brooklyn encounters is to find the line that he wants to travel by. No amount of verbal direction will serve him. The titles of the two companies operating the various lines give no hint of the routes, and the stranger who, for instance, is directed to take the Myrtle avenue road, gets no sort of light on how to find his car from the signs on the bridge platform indicating the stations of the Kings County Elevated Railroad or the Brooklyn and Union Elevated Railroad.

Starting at the bridge the Kings County road runs up Fulton street to East New York, and by July its trains will be running probably to Van Siclen avenue and Eastern Parkway. It is a well-appointed and well-conducted road, running trains day and night, and apparently building for the public favor by serving the public convenience. But the title of the Kings County road is a trifle indefinite.

A little further along the platform of the Brooklyn end of the bridge is the passage way leading to the station of the Brooklyn and Union roads, but there is nothing in this title to inform the wayfarer that the road runs up Myrtle and Lexington avenues and Broadway to Van Siclen avenue, East New York.

From the opposite platform of the bridge, reached by waiting in the train from New York until it is switched over for its return to this city, is a long covered bridge or passage leading to another division of the Brooklyn and Union, running by way of York street and Park avenue to Grand and Myrtle avenues, and thence through Myrtle avenue and Broadway. A bridge at Myrtle and Grand connects it with the Myrtle and Lexington avenue route.

Incidentally a branch from the Park avenue line crosses and connects with the Myrtle avenue line, and will when finished run out Fifth avenue into the suburbs of South Brooklyn.

Out in Broadway, E. D., another line of the Brooklyn and Union system runs from the East River ferries to East New York, with connections with the Myrtle avenue and Myrtle and Lexington avenue lines.

The necessity of some method of designation self-explanatory of the several routes will be apparent, for now, via the various stations where passengers, without the payment of extra fares, may change for the City Hall and the bridge, for Fulton ferry, for Broadway, or for the Myrtle avenue or Lexington avenue route, even old dwellers in Brooklyn find themselves astray and out of their course. In fact, almost the only persons who really understand the intricacies of the system are the platform men at the several junctions, who chant ceaselessly all day long: "This way for the bridge." "Change here for City Hall," or "This train for the Broadway ferries."

A New Industry in Oregon.

From the Oregonian.

Pottery clay is to be found in many directions in Oregon. There are now factories for making drain tile in different localities, and farmers are beginning to improve and use them.

QUEER THINGS SEEN AFLOAT.

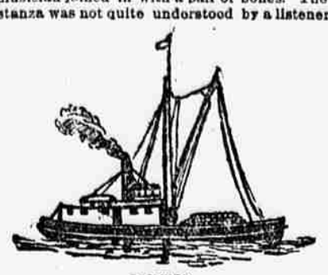
SOME ODD-SHAPED CRAFT ARE USED IN THIS HARBOR.

A Nautical Giraffe—Life in a Lighter Cabin—Arctic Temperature in Midsummer—A Barge that Is a Joy Forever—A Sleep that Skims the Waves—A Floating Ox.

It was what the sailors would have called a dirty night. A thick mist filled up the space over the waters of the harbor as high as the Brooklyn Bridge at least, and no one knows how much higher. It choked the streets of the town. It obliterated outlines so that to all appearances nothing more substantial than shadows rose above the pavement of the streets along shore. A drizzle of rain fell down through the mist without cessation. The air was raw, and a look at the cold glare of the electric lights gave one a chill. It was a cheerless night in South street.

A big iron steamer lay at the pier at Burling slip; her wet black sides glistened where the electric light shone on them, but were utterly invisible elsewhere, while the eye could no more penetrate the gloom of the shadow which she cast over the space between her and the pier than it could pierce the iron plates of which her hull was made.

Yet, curiously enough, the merriest sort of music was floating up out of that black shadow between the ship and the wharf. A not unmusical voice was singing a rollicking song, with a violin and banjo to add to the melody, and when the chorus was reached a third musician joined in with a pair of bones. The stanza was not quite understood by a listener



LIGHTER.

standing on the bulkhead, but the chorus was as follows:

Oh de white folks dey nebber has no fun,
Nebber went to a shuckin' w'en de day was done;
Nor dey nebber notched a 'possum in a holler tree,
A way yah down on de Kongaree.

It was a minstrel outfit down there in the heart of the black shadow between the ship and the pier, and the outfit was in no way disturbed by the mist and rain and raw wind that made life miserable elsewhere.

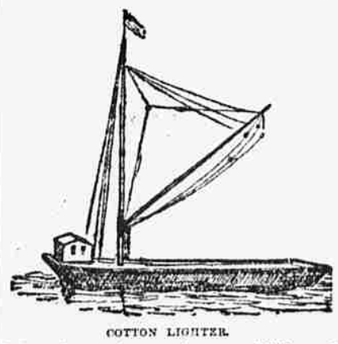
A night watchman on the pier led the listener through the pier shed to a side door opposite the waist of the ship. Looking through the door an ungainly float was seen lying there. It was square ended. A thick mast stood near one end, and a boom swung from it at an angle to serve as a derrick. At the other end a little cabin rose a couple of feet above the deck, while piled on the deck between the mast and cabin were a lot of bales of cotton partly covered with tarpaulins.

The minstrel song was floating up from the cabin. The watchman knocked on the door to the cabin, and, after a few words of explanation, the listener was invited down. Small as the house on deck appeared, a room 15 feet long, 10 wide, and 5 or 6 high was found below. A half a dozen men in the garb of longshoremen sat on benches and stools. There was a table in the centre, a stove in one corner, a cupboard handy by, two or three boxes and a barrel near that, and a stack of bunks across one end. The walls were covered with cigarette and other advertising lithographs and illustrations cut from weekly periodicals.

An elderly man who was called Capt. Mike was found to be the Captain, two others were members of the crew, and the rest were friends who had dropped in to spend the evening.

With a big oil lamp to light up the bright colors of the lithographs on the walls, a bit of fire in the stove to take the chill out of the air, and plenty of tobacco in a bag on the table, the scene in the cabin was in marked contrast with the aspect of the night without.

The lighter in one form and another is a very important craft in the harbor of New York. As a rule the lighters are as ungainly in appearance as they are useful for harbor transportation. The square-toed lighter with a derrick at one end and a little house at the other can be seen on almost any day by the wayfarer who stops on the Brooklyn Bridge to look down on the piers of the East River. Sometimes the little lighters are loaded with cotton, sometimes with pig iron, sometimes with sugar, sometimes with jute—in fact, all sorts of bulky and heavy goods are loaded on the decks of these vessels, an insurance policy is issued for the protection of the owner of the cargo during the voyage say from Brooklyn to Jersey City, a tug comes along and takes



COTTON LIGHTER.

hold of her, and away she goes. Millions of dollars' worth of goods are transported about the harbor on those unguided ships every year, at an expense of many thousands of dollars.

One variety of the lighter makes use of the mast to save the expense of a tug. There is a great sail rigged with a gaff, but without a boom. These lighters are round bowed instead of square. The sail is enormously lofty in proportion to its length on foot; it is generally patched and it is invariably dirty. To be seen at its worst the spectator must watch it when a stiff breeze is blowing, and the skipper has to drop and trail in the gaff. It will then look like an old cotton dress on a hemlock stub.

Still a third sort of lighter is used by the railroads. Sometimes they are round at the end and sometimes they are square. They never have a mast. Instead of depending on tarpaulins to protect the goods on the lighter a shed is built over the deck. In fact, when one of these vessels is seen in the harbor only a small stretch of imagination would be required to enable the spectator to think that a section of a pier, shed and all, had somehow got into the harbor. The lighters are used only between piers fitted for them, and the goods can therefore be loaded and discharged by hand trucks, and the swinging derrick is not needed.

Still another form of lighter has its own steam propelling power on board. Seen without a cargo these steam lighters are the giraffes of the harbor craft. The stacks stick up until the foredeck is awash, while the taffrail may not be two feet above the water. With her cargo on board the bow of the steam lighter is down where the bow of a well-proportioned tug would be, and she is then by no means a bad looking craft, although the tall thick mast stepped with the heavy swinging gaff, by which the cargo is handled, gives her from being handsome.

One bright summer day a year or two ago the people along shore saw an odd spectacle even for the harbor of the great metropolis. It was nothing more nor less than a freight train of six cars floating along with the tide in East River, their roofs being perhaps two feet out of water. Somewhere off Wall street a couple of tugs came along, and got tow lines fastened to break rods on the cars, and then away they went around the Battery and up North River to Thirty-seventh street, where a big derrick hoisted them out and put them in the New York Central's yards. And that was the first and only time so far as the tug men can remember, that freight cars were transported about New York in such fashion.

FREIGHT FLOAT.

It was all due to a collision between two specimens of a novel sort of a lighter called a car float. The car float is a great flat hulk built generally substantial enough to sustain hitherto told about are the novel features of the hulk being two railroad tracks that are laid on its deck, and a raised platform fore and aft amidships that is just as high as the floor of a freight car. The hulks are long enough to carry from ten to sixteen cars on the tracks, and deep and substantial enough to sustain the cars when loaded to their full capacity. The raised platform is to make the work of getting freight into and out of the cars easier when this work has to be done on the floats. All the railroads about the harbor use them. The float is secured end on to the sort of a bridge that ferryboats land against, and it is secured there so firmly that the shifting of heavy cars from the bridge to the float cannot alter the junction between the tracks on the float and the tracks on the bridge. The tracks on the bridge connect with the tracks of the railroad. Empty cars are run on the float, which is then towed by a powerful tug away to some pier in New York where freight is received. There the float with the cars remains till the cars are loaded, and then the float is towed back to the railroad yard, and the cars are hauled ashore by a switch engine. The spectacle of the cars floating down East River was due to an accident to one of the floats, by which the cars were run off into the water. The trucks, of course, dropped from the cars, leaving the light wooden boxes to drift away. The trucks still lie on the bottom of the river along with numberless propeller wheels, anchors, jackscrews, gold watches, jewels, and other things of more or less value which have from time to time since Hendrick Hudson's advent been dropped overboard there.

The most interesting to the young people of all the lighters is the hay lighter. The lighter used for transporting baled hay down the Hudson River is particularly interesting to young people, because when not in use as a hay lighter it is commonly used for transporting picnic parties to the picnic resorts about the metropolis. When so used it is called a picnic barge, though it is not a barge, as will be explained presently. Every one has seen the picnic lighter, with its upper deck raised on stilts above the main deck and a roof above the upper deck, and curtains to let down from the roof so as to house in the people on both decks. The picnic barge is not in itself beautiful, but it is a maelstrom of joy forever to the young. There is no experience in life quite like a waltz on a picnic barge to the music of a picturesque street band while the barge is floating with the tide in the shade of the Palisades on a moonlit night in June.

From a contemplation of the picnic barge on the Hudson the mind passes—not without regret—to the consideration of another sort of barge frequently seen on the Hudson. It looks very much like a big canal boat with a pier shed built on deck. There is commonly a sort of cupola at one end of the shed, and the stern end of the shed is invariably square built and furnished with windows, and has the appearance of being inhabited. There are curtains at the windows, and sometimes one may catch the glimpse of the face of a cheery young matron, or of a bright-eyed boy or girl there, too, for the Captains of these barges are married men, and with their families live on board their ships. But the queerest thing about these barges is the windmill. Every barge has a windmill that is generally flying around at a great rate.

ICE BOAT.

The windmill barge is used for bringing ice down the river. It is a floating ice house. It is a true barge as well, for the cargo is stowed in the hold instead of on deck as is done on the floats called lighters. The ice barge may carry 1,500 tons of ice, but the most of them carry from 600 to 900. They are loaded at the big ice houses up the river, the ice being packed in the hold cake on cake till the hold is full, and more, too. Then it is towed to a landing in the city, where it awaits the ice wagons. Discharging the cargo of an ice barge is a terribly cold job in summer, for the workmen, accustomed to the heat of summer, find on entering the hold of the barge the temperature reduced to that of the ice, perhaps 20° below zero, and well-nigh unbearable. The little windmills keep the hold clear of water.

Another craft seen about New York that makes the spectator look a second time, is a canal boat that at first glance seems to be going along without motive power. Its location in the bay wholly precludes the idea of the use of a mule as a motor, and there is neither sail nor mast about it. A second look shows that what was at first thought to be simply a stove pipe, is, after all, a small funnel from a small boiler down in the hold. Then a glance at the wake shows that a propeller is whirling there. A curious propeller it is seen to be when the boat is not loaded, and when a view of it can be had. The boatmen say that its inventor put fins on a milk pan and set the combination a-whirling. No better description of the propeller of a canal boat can be written than this.

LIVE STOCK FLOAT.

The steam canal boat has been a financial success for some years, but not so much of a success as to deprive the mule of its old-time occupation on the tow path. The truth is that inventors must needs cheapen steam transportation not a little before they can build steamships that will carry the bulky goods that can wait for the wind.

There are the brick sloops of the Hudson, for instance. When will steam brick barges be built? These sloops are among the most interesting relics of old-time navigation, and intrinsically worth mention in an article on the queer things afloat in the harbor aside from their historic interest. The brick sloop has a bow as bluff as that of old "Ironsides," the war ship Constitution. When loaded down they are long and low, but there all resemblance to a piratical craft ends. The brick sloop is not rakish. Neither does it carry a press of canvas, but it does one thing that the novelists have wrongfully accused the pirate sloops of doing, it skims the waves. The pirate sloops, as a matter of fact, never skimmed the waves; they rode over them. The brick sloop goes through the waves like a saucer through a milk pan. It is a pretty low-down wave whose crest is not skimmed off by the brick sloop.

Little space need be devoted to the dredge, although it is one of the queer things that may be seen afloat about the harbor. The dredge is a hulk built on the model of a dry goods box with a housed-in picnic pavilion built on deck. A long, built-up beam projects crane-fashion from one end, and from the end of the beam a couple of clam-shell shaped scoops are suspended by means of two long, slender poles and a heavy chain. With the scoops wider open in degrees than clam shells are at high water, the chain is slacked away until the scoops sink into the mud of the channel to be dredged out. Thereupon the chain is wound in, the scoops cut through the mud till their edges meet, and up they come chock full and running over. The crane swings around until the scoops are above an open scow, when a touch on a lever opens the scoops and lets the

PILE DRIVER.

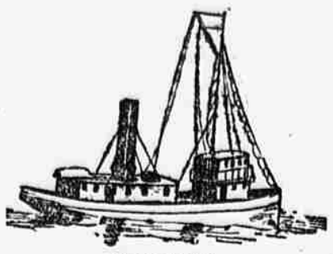
mud fall into the scow. The raising and lowering of the scoops is effected by a steam apparatus not easily described. Dredges operated on this principle are in use on the rocks in Hell Gate channel that will lift a rock weighing more than one ton.

Almost as strange in appearance as the dredge is the pile driver. The pile driver has a hull modelled like that of the dredge. In place of the crane a tall derrick rises at one end. Between two vertical timbers of this derrick is fitted a heavy piece of cast iron that very remotely resembles the head of a hammer. A steam winch is placed at the other end of the hulk. The winch lifts the hammer by winding up a rope that runs from the hammer over the bull wheel at the top of the derrick and down to the winch barrels. The workman in charge throws the barrel out of gear and down comes the hammer on the head of the pile previously placed on end where the hammer could hit it.

An inventor a number of years ago devised a piece of iron to put on the head of the pile, with a receptacle in the top of the iron for a cartridge of some sort of explosive. In beginning work he touched off the first cartridge with a fuse, and that fired the hammer up to the top of the derrick. Then he dropped in a fresh cartridge, which was exploded by the concussion when the hammer fell on it, and the hammer was sent heavenward again. A repetition of these explosions kept the hammer working and drove the pile into the mud. That is one of the curious things formerly, but not now, afloat in the harbor of New York.

When the Central's big elevator burned down not long ago, President Depew informed the reporters that only one would be rebuilt, because the work of transferring grain from the cars to the steamships was not done directly by these big elevators, as was at first intended, but was sent from the elevators to the ships by means of floating elevators. The floating elevator is of all things nautical the most ungraceful. On the hull of a squatty steam lighter is built a cross between a wooden Tower of Babel and a wooden Egyptian pyramid. The breeds do not mix well. The grain is run from the big railroad elevator into the hull of the floating elevator. Then the floating elevator, regardless of appearances, but with a weather eye on the lookout for sudden squalls that might be dangerous to top-heavy vessels, steams away to the ocean steamship. Within the lofty wooden structure of the floating elevator is a belt with a series of cups on it. As this belt moves, the cups scoop up the grain, carry it to the top of the structure, and dump it into a hopper, whence it runs through a sheet iron spout into the hold of the steamship.

These floating elevators are not expensive to build or maintain. The price for elevating grain has always been so great that the profit arising from an elevator of the sort when in constant use was something pleasant to contemplate. In consequence, so many floating elevators were built that many of them had to be idle for want of a job, or do work at ruinous prices. Competition was just proving the death of the trade when the elevator owners got together and formed a trust. If the reader would like to know what a floating elevator looks like let him go to the Erie basin. He can find plenty of them there earning good wages for their owners by lying idle.



SEA-GOING TUG.

Next of kin to the steam lighter is the mossbunker. The mossbunker is a cross between a harbor tug and a fishing smack. It inherits the steam propeller and the house on deck from the tug, and a single mast, with a dirty sail, from the smack. It has certain peculiarities of its own, which have been developed by the exigencies of its existence. The mossbunker is a steam fishing boat. In proportion to the number of people on board there are more and better small boats on the mossbunker than on a Queenstown packet. These boats, as they hang at various angles from their davits, serve to make the mossbunker noticeable. Even a landsman could distinguish a mossbunker from all other craft, ancient and modern, as was demonstrated at the international yacht races of two years ago, when half a dozen of them followed the yachts with the fleet of spectators. There was no other craft there like the mossbunker.

When not engaged in following yacht races and joining in the processions in honor of centennial anniversaries, the mossbunker is engaged in cruising up and down the sea coast looking for fish. When a school of dish is discovered a net is taken in one of the smaller boats and drawn around the school. Then the bottom of the cylinder thus formed by the net in the water is puckered until the cylinder becomes a bowl. This sort of a net is called a purse net. The purse net takes in the entire school of fish. Sometimes schools of mossbunkers are enclosed, and these give their name to the steamer, their livers go to the fertilizer heap, and their oil to various useful purposes. Sometimes a school of mackerel or of bluefish is enclosed. These give business to the fish dealers, and the taking of them in this fashion gives cause for sadness to every lover of fair play for food fishes.

In carrying on the business of the port it not infrequently happens that a steamship shaft or a propeller wheel of enormous size, or some other thing of great weight must be transported from one pier to another. A single odd-looking craft has been in use for such purposes for years. Its name is as odd as its appearance is uncouth. It is called the Ox. The Ox is a combination of a floating derrick and a lighter. It demonstrated the efficiency of two propellers long before the big Inman two-wheeled liners were thought of. The Ox can whirl one wheel one way and the other the other way, and so turn around in her own length. When she has tried her utmost to lift something heavy she has taken a 25-ton shaft off the wharf and put it on her own deck.

People who frequent the piers about Brooklyn are familiar with the appearance of a little steam launch that goes worrying and puffing up and down the harbor. It is only a trifle larger than the little launches used to carry men to and from the war ships at anchor in the harbor. The launch is called the Moore. The Moore is Brooklyn's police boat. The queer thing about the vessel is that so great a city should have such a little mite of a police boat.

Among the queer things likely to attract the attention of people looking over the harbor are the coal barges. The coal barges vary much in size, and form, but they look so much like canal boats that ordinary people could not distinguish one sort from the other. Others are simply square boxes, and long rows of these in tow of an overworked tug may be seen with their decks awash going up toward the Sound, or with the decks high out of water and no loads on coming back again. Still another class when unloaded stand up out of water like the hulks of great merchant ships, and such, in fact, they are, but the masts and yards that made the merchant ship pleasing to the nautical eye have been removed, and only three or four short stumps as ungainly as naked telegraph poles remain.

PONTOON USED IN RAISING VESSELS.

The wrecking barges which may be seen off the foot of Barclay street are interesting to the spectator and especially to the pilots of the Hoboken ferry boats. There is a stern-wheel steamer built on the Mississippi plan that plies in summer between New York and the Shrewsbury River. There are little schooners that run regularly between New York and ports on Long Island, engaged exclusively in carrying stable sweepings to Long Island truck farmers. There are barges used for carrying street sweepings to sea that split open lengthwise, and allow their cargoes to drop down into the sea, after which the two halves close together and are ready for another load. There are dumpy little propellers that carry goods to Hudson River and Sound ports in direct competition with the railroads, and they pay annual dividends of from 25 to 100 per cent. on their cost, too. There are little pleasure boats whose motive power is naphtha gas instead of steam—boats that may be said to explode themselves through the water. Let any one with a taste for nautical matters and things afloat come to New York. Enough interesting things of the sort can be found here to keep such a one busy investigating for more than three vacations.

LOOSE STAR ROUTE METHODS.

The New Assistant Postmaster-General Makes Some Interesting Discoveries.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—Col. S. A. Whitfield had scarcely got thoroughly installed into his new position as Second Assistant Postmaster-General until he made what he thinks is his first big strike. While performing the routine duties of his office in signing his name mechanically to a lot of new contracts for Star Route service he ran across quite a number of Missouri routes. He noticed, after signing ten or a dozen contracts which had been sent to him through his chief clerk's office from the Contract Division, that the signatures of the contractors, the bondsmen, the witnesses, and the notary, &c., were all signed in the same handwriting. Ten of these contracts had received his signature and passed from his hands, but luckily, however, not from his office. He stopped and examined the handwriting more critically, and became the more convinced that the signatures had all been written by one person. Those that had passed from his hands were recalled and an investigation was put on foot.

It was at once ascertained that he had $147,000 worth of these contracts on his desk awaiting his official signature. The contractors are W. H. Smith, C. W. Underwood, and J. R. Pigg of Windsor, Mo., and S. S. Chappel of Auburn, N. Y. They were bidders on a number of small routes in the different States throughout the Union. Each contract is signed by Ida E. Pickerell and J. N. Pickerell as witnesses.

A Postal Inspector was sent to Windsor, Mo., to investigate. Before long he obtained a complete confession from Ida Pickerell, one of the witnesses. She acknowledged that she had signed some of the names of the contractors. Both as principals and as sureties, and that she had been paid to do so. The law requires the names of the contractors and the sureties to be signed in the presence of witnesses. The contractors were informed that their contracts had been held up, and came on to this city and had interviews with Col. Whitfield and Assistant Attorney-General Tyner of the Post Office Department. They acknowledge that the signatures were not autographs, but that powers of attorney had been issued authorizing others to sign the names.

Col. Whitfield, in talking about the matter to-day, said that the case illustrated the looseness that had become prevalent in executing contracts. These men had signed one for the other, and if they had legal authority to do so the evidence of such authority ought to have been filed with the contracts. The matter is now in the hands of Judge Tyner, whose report will be laid before the Postmaster-General. It is thought that such disregard of the law in making out contracts will be punished by declaring the contract void, and probably making new contracts with the next lowest bidders.

HOW TO BECOME GREAT.

SOME VARIED OPINIONS UPON A SUBJECT OF REAL INTEREST.

Why Social, Political, Literary, and Business Ambitions Enchain Men's Attention—Diligence, Perseverance, and Genius May Be of Some Help, but it is Ingenious Advertising that Tells in the Long Run—Many Instances that Prove this True.

Every man, who is worthy of that title, desires public recognition. Socially he would be better known and respected. If he assumes to ignore what is generally known as "Society," he surely turns to some other kindred ambition. Politics may engross his attention, and, if he would rise in that line, he must, by personal address, by party services, or by public speaking, win the confidence and good will not only of his own party, but of the wider public. If as a student he buries himself in a library, and works through lonely days and nights, still, it is only in the hope of leaving some work "so writ, as future ages shall not willingly let die." Socially, politically, in art or literature, yes, even in commerce, the desire for a wider publicity is inspiring and ennobling.

Ambition is a strong virtue until it steps beyond prudence or proper modesty. "By that sin fell the angels," and thousands of thoughtless mortals who try to rush in where the better angels fear to tread, destroy all hopes of public approval. Their rudeness ruins them socially. Their eagerness for office defeats their political aspirations. Their ambition for rapid recognition clouds their literary efforts. Their "penny dips" are blown out before they have set the river afire. In business little fools ape the actions of successful men until whole hordes are following Wanamaker's advertising or imitating the Rising Sun stove polish, or copying the plans of really successful houses. The public measures them quickly—they are asses clothed in lions' skins.

The first rule of real success is to be original. Not strangely, queerly original—but that every act and utterance shall spring from an honest interior. It is not possible to achieve greatness by imitation. Real greatness often comes to men of humble birth and surroundings, whose hearts are true and firm, while in times which try the souls of men the feeble and vacilating ones are swept aside as by a plague. Arnold of Winkelried was a private soldier, but his brave act in burying a dozen spears in his own breast to make way for his fellow soldiers won him a deserved immortality. Bunyan's simple but heart-told story surpasses in wide publicity any literary effort of the greatest of scholars. The simplest articles have built up the greatest trade successes. It was a farmer who was kindly trying to amuse his little children who invented the now famous "Pigs in Clover," and it paid him better than a gold mine. But as an instance of solid success, built up by honest means, used to popularize a simple but original article, Sapollo gives us a capital illustration. It is a solid cake of scouring soap, but it is the best of its kind—its manufacturers have never altered or neglected its quality. It is an article naturally of moderate consumption, but it is used everywhere. Not in the United States only, where, from California to Maine, it is a household word, but in India, China, and Japan, in Australia and all the countries of South America, it marks the progress of civilization by its mere presence