MAYOR HEWITT'S PROGRESS.

THE CONTINUED FIGHT FOR A COHERENT CITY GOVERNMENT.

Plenty to Do and the Capacity to Do It—A Lean Horse for a Long Race—A New Hook—An Ear for a Distressed Mother.

The Mayor's office is no lounging place for small politicians. The district leaders do not congregate there. They do not send delegations to Mayor Hewitt pressing the claim of this or that man merely because he has a pull with the party. It has come to be generally understood that Mayor Hewitt intends to consider first in his appointments fitness for the place to be filled. He has said it over and over again that his first object is to make the municipal Government as perfect a working machine as the limited power at his command will permit, and he has set about the work with an energy and vim that are a source of perpetual wonder to those who come in daily contact with him. The amount of public work that he performs is in striking contrast to his apparently feeble body and known ill health.

His long experience in dealing with large operations, the management of large business, together with his acquaintance with the details of public affairs, have proved great helps in the administration of his office. He has the knack of getting at once at the pith and point of a subject, and no amount of chicanery can drive him from it. He hangs on with a tenacity of purpose at once remarkable and effective.

The Mayor's attempt to enforce the laws so as to secure cleaner, if not absolutely clean streets, has brought to him many remonstrances from personal friends, whose employees have been arrested in the general sweep of the police, apparently designed to make the law odious. But he did not give up his work on that account. He followed up particular cases, and he gave the police to understand that the spirit of the law is not oppressive, and that they would gain nothing by going to extremes.

Mayor Hewitt talks to everybody. His art of getting at the kernel of things is a great time saver, and he really sees and talks with many persons every day. He has no patience with unnecessarily long stories. He practises, in fact, THE SUN'S method of boiling things down. He has a favorite way of saying, "Put it on paper." "Put it in writing." "Get it in shape, so that I can answer it." To the delegations who have pressed various candidates for the Commissionerships which he has to fill he says, "Get me the petitions of good citizens who know your man. Let's see who backs him. Show me that he is fit."

One trouble that Mayor Hewitt has met with is the difficulty of getting $10,000 men to take $5,000 places. He has in reality sacrificed a good deal of social pleasure and largely the interests of a very extensive private business in the earnest desire to advance the interest of the city of New York. It is well known that his office will prove a pecuniary loss to him, and he has not hesitated to call upon others to make like sacrifices. But he has been met with a good deal of reluctance on the part of capable men to accept the places in his gift. All sorts of excuses are made; that it does not pay; that public gratitude does not always accompany private sacrifice; that the criticism of the press is too terrible an ordeal.

Meanwhile Mayor Hewitt plods on with determination. He sees the disadvantage under which the city labors as a prey to the cupidity of country legislators. He realizes that the rights of this municipality are at the minimum, while its duties are at the maximum. He deplores the fact that the powers of the city authorities are circumscribed, and that the wishes of the people and the government of the city are little respected at Albany.

But Mayor Hewitt believes that the first way out of our civic difficulties is for the city Government to appear at its best; to administer the laws as they are while striving to make the laws better; to conduct the city's affairs with dignity and force that shall command respect. There seems to be a fair prospect that his terms will tend to secure for the people of the city some progress in the direction of municipal rights and local independence, toward which the efforts of thoughtful men have for some time tended.

Mayor Hewitt's office is democratic. It is easy to get at him. He gives his time to the people. The day that his son was married he attended at his public duties until near the time of the nuptial ceremony. He works himself, and he makes every one about him work. He has the faculty of making his work seem play. He laughs at the men who talk of eight hours' work, and says that most of his life he has worked from ten to seventeen hours. Talking one day of the way to competence he said, substantially: "The wealth of the world is really always ready to change hands. The men who have it are willing to give it out for service rendered. Those who want wealth must learn to do the world some service."

With all his ideas of reform Mayor Hewitt has very fixed ideas of the duties of a public officer once elected. He recognizes that at present the powers of government are wielded dangerously by the majorities in the legislatures and pays his assessments like a man of nerve. But he says boldly: "I think there is a better way; it would be better if good men could be chosen without paying assessments; there is a temptation to recoup such assessments from the emoluments of office, and it is dangerous temptation to a man without private means."

Members of the city Government have been surprised at the wide range of Mayor Hewitt's knowledge of civic affairs, and the rapidity with which he grasps the situation. He backed up the Board of Apportionment in its struggle with the Board of Education and legislation, and valiantly defended the principle that whatever powers have not been wrested from the city authorities to determine the amount of taxation shall be exercised in full.

When the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund meet to talk over and act on the management of the city estate they find they control, it is found that Mayor Hewitt knows the subject. So, too, when the Ring that has thus far controlled the electric lighting of the city undertook to work the Gas Commission, Mayor Hewitt was found ready to back up Comptroller Loew and Commissioner Newton in thwarting the deep-laid schemes and throwing open the work to wider competition.

In his dealings with the Aldermen Mayor Hewitt has stubbornly resisted the Aldermanic proclivity for encumbering the streets with obstacles used for private purposes. His vetoes have already piled up to a good-sized volume, and he often catches the City Fathers in fatal informalities.

At the meetings of the Board of Street Openings Mayor Hewitt has shown an extended acquaintance with property owners, and a lively interest in the development of the city. He attends the meetings, hears the objects, and when the requisite information is accumulated, is ready with prompt decision.

Soon after the publicity of the reform movement became widespread the Mayor's daily mail grew to enormous proportions, and it became out of the question for him to investigate various alleged abuses brought to his notice. He accordingly classified the complaints and forwarded them to the appropriate departments for investigation and redress. Some evil disposed persons took advantage of the occasion to send to the Mayor false and fraudulent complaints, alleging violations of law against respectable businesses. In case a near neighbor and friend of the Mayor was thus libelled, but, happily, it was discovered before it was made public. The Mayor was indignant the other day to find that, by direction of the Police Commissioners, the long list of complaints referred to them for investigation was published in the *City Record*. The Mayor looked upon this as a deliberate attempt to bring the list into disrepute. Of course the innocent were published with the guilty, and many just complaints arose against the list. Then the Mayor gave the Police Commissioners to understand that they were doing a great wrong to make the list public without investigation; that it was their business to investigate first; that the work of investigation was directly in the line of police duty. The result was that the Police Commissioners acknowledged their error and stopped publishing the list, and when the Mayor sent them the next batch of complaints it was not published in the *City Record*.

The stirring up of the city authorities has been universal. Some of it has been made public, and some has not yet been made public. The Mayor recognizes the fact that one of the strongest elements of his power is the opportunity to bring public opinion to bear.

Instead of growing weaker under the pressure of work Mayor Hewitt seems to grow stronger. He thrives on business, feeds on documents, drinks letters, revels in investigations, luxuriates in meetings of official boards, and keeps it up from day to day, although it seemed as though he would hardly survive the weariness of the first day's hard work. He seems, in short, to realize the old saw of "a lean horse for a long race."

The Mayor's latest improvement is a well-arranged complaint book. In this are entered all complaints sent to the Mayor's office, numbered and indexed for ready reference, and a record is kept of the disposition made of each complaint. By this means a trace of all complaints will be kept, and if second complaints are made of the same place the Mayor will know the reason why. This looks as good to unhappy citizens who do not know where to go among the widely scattered city departments, and who have a lingering suspicion that the Mayor has still some power to enforce the laws. The fact is that Albany legislation has done so much to make the departments independent of control that it needed some such movement as this by the Mayor to show up all the power that is left. Although met with some opposition, Mayor's movement for a coherent city Government has considerable coöperation in the departments.

Mayor Hewitt has a very tender side to his nature, too. A day or two ago a poor woman with a squalling baby marched past the policeman at the door, and told the Mayor a pitiful tale of her sufferings because her husband got drunk and enlisted. At first the Mayor was apparently distracted and ordered the squalling baby to be removed. The feat was he was over head and ears in business. His desk was littered with bonds, letters, documents and books. He relented, however, called in his ever ready stenographer and rattled off a lively letter to the Adjutant General, asking the man's release. With little acts like this, the Mayor has shown that he is a democrat at heart.

At other times he talks philosophy in epigrams, social science in sentences, political economy in short chapters, and reform all the time. In short, our Democratic Mayor has for some time occupied a very prominent place in this great city.

"GREAT DAYS FOR POLITICS."

A Veteran's Reminiscences of Horace Greeley, Thaddeus Stevens, W. H. Seward, Simon Cameron at Chicago in 1860.

HARRISBURG, April 30.—"I'll never forget the first time I ever saw Horace Greeley," said a well-known citizen of this city, an ex-member of the Legislature, and a man who was in the thickest of the political fights in Pennsylvania when Simon Cameron, Thaddeus Stevens, Judge Reeder, A. K. McClure, A. G. Curtin, Judge Jessup, and others of that school of politicians were the active leaders in the battles the Republican party was then waging for supremacy. "I'll never forget the time," said that gentleman, "and it was on the occasion that he represented Oregon in the National Convention in Chicago, in 1860. I was a member of the Pennsylvania delegation in that Convention. In some parts of the State at that time the people thought that Simon Cameron had horns and hoofs and smelt of brimstone. That was the impression in the district I lived in then, but I was for Cameron, and by the use of a little strategy I was elected a delegate to the Convention. Thad Stevens, Judge Reeder, Judge Kelley, and Judge Jessup were members of the delegation. We wanted to give Cameron its solid vote, but there was a number of anti-Cameron delegates among us, and it took all of the diplomacy of Stevens and the rest of the big ones to convince the dissenters of the error of their ways and get them in line, but they did it, and we finally became a unit for the General. William H. Seward and Cameron took the big votes in the Convention, and one day after an adjournment the Pennsylvania delegation got together and a committee was appointed to visit the headquarters of the other States and talk with the delegates, to see if reason could not be brought to some of them that would make it clear to them that the interests of the party demanded the nomination of Gen. Cameron. I was made one of that committee. Judge Kelley was appointed as its spokesman. In the course of our rounds we came to Horace Greeley. We didn't know anything about the personal differences between Greeley and Seward, and took it for granted that Greeley would naturally welcome the success of Seward in the Convention. Judge Kelley, therefore, went at the subject in hand with a good deal of honey in his words. He addressed Mr. Greeley as the conspicuous figure in the Oregon delegation, and his whole speech was a sort of apology to Greeley for the necessity the Pennsylvania delegates were under in opposing Gov. Seward. 'We have nothing against Gov. Seward,' said Judge Kelley. 'In fact, we admire him and recognize his great ability. But it is plain to us that with his avowed free-soil convictions he cannot carry the State of Pennsylvania, which is a close State and one necessary for us to have. Gen. Cameron, on the contrary, can carry the State beyond all doubt and secure to us the next Presidency. Seward, with all his influence and noble qualities, will be fatal to us, and, regretting as we do our enforced opposition to him, we shall cling to Cameron, and hope you will see the force of our situation and help us, for the sake of the party, to bring it about.'

Judge Kelley sat down and Horace Greeley got up. I had heard much of his eccentricities of dress and manner, but was not prepared for what I saw. I had always regarded Greeley as something of a superior being, to whom all the weaknesses of inferior human nature were unknown—a sort of moral as well as intellectual paragon, so to speak. Greeley got up. He began in his squeaky voice to reply to Judge Kelley. 'I have no objection in the world to Simeon Cameron,' he squeaked. There is no man in the Convention for whom I would sooner vote than for him, and I will do so the moment you can show me that he can be elected if nominated. I have travelled all the way from New York to Oregon, and back again to Chicago, feeling the people on the outcome of this convention. The people of Oregon have honored me by making me a representative in this Convention. I am for no particular candidate, but have been casting my vote as my judgment told me was best. I am now supporting Bates of Missouri—not because I care anything for Bates, but because—' and here," said the reminiscent veteran, "Greeley's sharp voice was raised to its highest pitch, his green eyes flashed, and he shook his fist savagely as he uttered each word. 'Not because I care anything for Bates,' he shrieked, 'but because it seems to me to be the best way, just now, to beat that —— ingrate from New York, Bill Seward!'

"I almost fainted. Here was the man I had supposed to be a cold, calculating, unemotional man of passions standing before me shrieking with rage and giving unrestricted vent to the cleanest cut expression of forcible private opinion I had ever heard. It was the apotheosis of invective. But the funny part of the whole scene was Judge Kelley's apologizing to Greeley for being compelled to oppose the gentleman, to whom the delegate from Oregon referred in such positive terms in his reply.

"Well, as you know, neither Cameron nor Seward was nominated, but if our delegates had held out for another ballot Seward would have been the man. We saw that, and Gov. Reeder, who was Chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation, was instructed to cast its vote for Lincoln, and the rest everybody knows.

"William M. Evarts was the leader of the New York delegation. The night after the nomination of Lincoln he was called upon for a speech in endorsement of the nomination. He made a speech, but it was the saddest, never was a funeral oration that was one. It endorsed Lincoln, but it was lugubrious from start to finish. Evarts's long sentences are now proverbial, but at that time I had never heard or seen that this peculiarity of his had ever been referred to; but that night I noticed and commented on the extraordinary length and intricacy of some of his sentences, and always think of it now when I see references to him in connection with his later day feats.

"Gen. Cameron had mortally offended Alexander K. McClure in 1859, and McClure and Gov. Curtin were in Chicago fighting against Cameron's nomination. It was McClure who had brought Curtin out, and who made him Governor in that memorable 1860. In 1859 McClure was a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, and had his heart set on being elected Speaker. W. C. A. Lawrence, a brilliant young lawyer to whom Gen. Cameron had always taken a strong interest, was also a member, and had likewise an ambition to become Speaker. Gen. Cameron espoused the cause of young Lawrence, and through his influence he was elected. Lawrence was five or six years the junior of McClure, and the latter was greatly chagrined at being defeated by 'the boy,' as Lawrence was called, and he never forgave Gen. Cameron for the part he took in the fight, that action of Cameron's being the cause of all of McClure's subsequent opposition to the Cameron faction in the State. Curtin followed McClure blindly in all that opposition.

"A Republican Convention was a novelty in 1860, and hundreds of Democrats flocked to Chicago to see the fun in that year. Gen. J. B. Jackman, the stiffest kind of a Democrat, but a great friend of Cameron, was there, and never missed a chance to give the General a lift. Jackman was built like the great part of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, and had made a fortune that was among the big ones in those days. He was a tip-top fellow, and, being a true gentleman, nobody enjoyed a quiet game of draw more than he did. The morning after the ratification meetings over the nomination of Lincoln I was at the Briggs House, where all the Pennsylvania delegation stopped, and who should come along but Gen. Jackman.

"'Hallo! Come in and have something.'

"'I went in, and after we had had something Jackman began to feel for his money. Every pocket was empty.

"'There he exclaimed. 'Some infernal black Republican has robbed me!'

"'How much have you lost, General?'

"'Fifteen hundred dollars!' he said. 'No,' he said, 'hold on. Let—me—see. There was $250 that Aleck McClure pulled out of me on that flush; when I thought sure he had only a bobtail flush there was $150 I had in the jack pot that Thad Stevens walked away with, and there's the $150 that Andy Curtin coaxed away from me by standing pat on an ace full, and I thought it was only a bluff. By Jove! I'm luckier than I thought I was. There's $550 I saved care of the $1,500, and I'm only $950 out after all!'

"Thad Stevens was a sick man when he went to Chicago, and on the night of the ratification meeting he was so ill that it would have been suicidal for him to have left his room to make a speech. Col. Dickey, from Lancaster, was taking care of him, but the Colonel had taken with him to Chicago an army chest that old Gen. Ross had carried all through the revolutionary war. This chest was constructed to hold nothing but glassware in the shape of bottles. Dickey was afraid some one might get at the chest and break some of the glass, so he left Stevens for a while to look after the chest while the boys went in coming in to examine it and its contents. While he was away some one got into Stevens's room and stole his watch and all his money.

"Those were great days for politics, my boy," concluded the veteran, "and we shall never see their like again."

Lawyer Kramer's Fun.

When Henry Areshensel was arraigned yesterday before Justice Kenna for intoxication, he said he was a driver for the Budweiser Brewing Company. Henry was known to the Justice, who imposed the usual fine. Henry was being escorted to the pen, Lawyer Kramer said:

"He goes away a sadder Budweiser man."

The court adjourned.

NOTES MADE IN THE TOMBS.

A HALF HOUR IN THE CITY'S EGYPTIAN PRISON.

Art with a Moral Purpose—Men who Know Faces—Women Smugglers—A Burglar's Sweetheart—Power of Money—Letters.

There is a little hallway in this city about thirty feet long by ten wide which will furnish more food for thought and the study of human nature every day in the week than almost any place of its size in America. It is situated on the ground floor of the Tombs prison, and runs from the big iron gateway on Franklin street past an iron railing which shuts off Warden Walsh's office, to the keeper's desk, upon which rests the visitors' register. The ceiling is low and arched, and the walls are whitewashed. On one side hangs an ancient print in an old black frame bearing this legend: "Young man, take warning!" The picture is that of a spruce-looking middle-aged man, dressed in the style of forty years ago, and labelled "Lemonade with stick in." Then come four likenesses of the same man in progressive stages of sottishness. Under them are the words: "Brandy smash and port wine;" "Bourbon whiskey, old ale, and gin;" "Bourbon, brandy, old ale, gin, rum, applejack, &c.;" "All kinds. Never say no."

It is the only work of art in the place, and there is one very curious thing connected with it. While the first figure is unmistakably old-fashioned in the cut of his clothes, the last one would do very well for a modern tramp. Tailors may alter the fashion year after year, but the rags of the mendicant remain the same. The costume of that old whiskey-soaked wretch in the old print might easily be duplicated today by hundreds of men on the Island.

At the entrance gate stands an old gray-haired keeper in a naval officer's cap and blue uniform. He carries a big brass key, with which he locks and unlocks the iron gate hundreds of times in a day. His duty is to admit prisoners and visitors, to size up impostors, take in letters and parcels, and let the convicts out on their way to Sing Sing or Blackwell's Island. There are few men or women in the criminal classes of New York whose faces are not well known to the old gatekeeper. And he is acquainted with all their friends, too.

The handsome young keeper who puts down the names and addresses of all visitors in his big book, and who examines their passes, is also well up in the physiognomy of city crooks. From 10 A. M. until 3 P. M. every day except Sundays, he stands at his little desk and scrutinizes the faces of those who bring little pasteboard open sesames from the Board of Charities and Correction at Third avenue and Eleventh street. Then he quizzes them in this fashion:

"Wotjodijerwanttersee? Whatsyername? Wheredyerlive?"

If these questions are answered to his satisfaction, he opens a little iron gate and says:

"Stepinside."

The men he searches for concealed weapons and liquor. Any one carrying intoxicating liquor into the Tombs is liable to a fine of $250 and imprisonment of one year, but the law is practically a dead letter, as it is never enforced. The keeper rarely takes more than two seconds to search a visitor. He passes his hands rapidly around the man's waist and over his pockets in the most offhand and careless way imaginable, but if there are any contraband goods on the searchee they don't get through. Sometimes the keeper makes a visitor remove his hat, and the visitor may be surprised to find a bottle of Santa Cruz rum from under the shining tile of a well-known gambler who wanted to see an incarcerated pal.

"But the greatest smugglers are the women," said the keeper. "They're all the time trying to get liquor into the prison. You see, it is easier for them to smuggle something of the kind, but the matron in that room to the right generally manages to collar the stuff before it gets through. The women visitors outnumber the men two to one. They tell me they want to see their brothers and cousins, but it's more often their lovers they want to call on.

An old woman came out from the prison as the keeper spoke. Her hair was white, and her face scarred with wrinkles. She held a handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed convulsively as she walked slowly by. She went over to the railing by the Warden's office and leaned on it, crying as if her heart was breaking. A keeper touched her on the shoulder as she passed, and a minute she dried her eyes and went out into the street. She had just bid good-by to her darling boy, who had been sentenced to Sing Sing for ten years for burglary. He was her only son, and, according to the keeper, a hard character, but it tore the mother's heartstrings to part with him.

A smooth-faced man with piercing black eyes and a brown whig that curled under at the back of his neck presented himself at the little desk and asked, in a mild tone, if he could see John M. Knowledge, who was in for swindling. Admission was refused.

"No, sir," cries the smooth-faced man. "I am his lawyer."

"You'll have to get a pass," said the keeper.

"But, my dear sir, is it not customary for a prisoner to be allowed to see his counsel?"

"Yes," answered the keeper, "but you'll have to get a pass just the same."

The mild-mannered man expressed astonishment and withdrew.

"He's no lawyer," remarked the keeper. "He's one of the same gang that Knowledge belongs to. I'll have him in here before long, I guess, and he'll come on a Judge's pass that hasn't any return coupon."

Not every one who is stylishly dressed young women, who, at the first glance, would easily have been taken for young ladies from the upper walks of life, but a closer view showed the marks of dissipation in their painted cheeks and abnormally bright eyes. They were laughing and chatting together in high spirits, which seemed to attract the attention of the keeper.

"Hello! old man, give us your flipper," was the greeting of one of the girls as she reached the desk. "Heavens, Billy, but your getting gray!" she continued. "You're working yourself to death. Come out and take a hummer with me and brace up."

"This girl was married only eighteen months ago," said 'Billy,' after she had passed, "but she was sent to the Island for shoplifting, and has turned out as bad as they make 'em since. She said she was innocent of the shoplifting, and I believe she was. Now she's dead stuck on a burglar inside, and comes here every day to see him. He's a fearful brute, too, and beats her half the time when he's out."

A middle-aged woman, in black, with a veil over her face, came down the passage hesitatingly, and presented a pass.

"Lift your veil, madam," said the keeper; "it's rare for a prisoner to be so veiled. You must keep it raised all the time you're here."

The woman slowly lifted her veil and showed a handsome but careworn face, which bore signs of recent tears. She took her ticket and passed in. The male visitors get green tickets when they enter and the women get red ones. The monthly average number of convicts not to lose their tickets, as they will need them to get out again. From 75 to 200 people are registered as visitors every day. Long before 10 o'clock they gather in the corridor waiting to get in. They are of every nation and condition, as is shown by their appearance. Many Italian women with babies, cheap dresses and peasant dresses and no covering, are always there. There are few Italians in the Tombs who do not receive from one to a half dozen visitors a day. Flashy looking men with big watch chains, timid, shrinking girls, who try to avoid contact with the crowd; brazen women who talk loudly and try to get into conversations with any man whose notice they attract; rough-looking, broad-shouldered men with bloated faces and the indescribable something which stamps them as Bowery toughs; gray-haired old men and women coming to see an erring son or daughter—all are there every day. In contrast with these types, but there are others who are not so often seen. Sometimes a grand old lady will drive up in her carriage, and, going hurriedly through the little entry, will pass in a dainty basketful of delicacies for some prisoner inside. Curiosity seekers come by the score. It is quite the thing to go to the Tombs. They go to "do" it on the same plan as the "slumming parties" which were so much in vogue a year or two ago. But Warden Walsh frowns on these attempts to make a dime museum of the old bastile, and discourages them all he can.

The prison inside is as neat as a pin, and is kept clean by about twenty-five "uncommitted" prisoners or vagrants, who do the work for their food and lodging. The cells in the main prison are arranged on each side of long hallways in four tiers. The lower tier is for the worst criminals, and it is here that "Murderers' Row" is situated. The convicted men are all on the first tier, as the cells get higher up the degrees of crime of the inmates become less and less. There are generally from 250 to 300 men and women in the main prison at a time. "The Ten Day House," which was erected in 1885, will accommodate about 200 more. On a slate hanging up in the first corridor is marked the number of prisoners remains the same for an hour at a time. The prisoners are fed on something better than the regular prison fare of the penitentiaries. They were eating a good dinner of vegetable soup, nice white bread, and coffee the other day when the keeper called, and they seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. The soup and the coffee were shoved about the corridors in huge iron buckets mounted on wheels. The feeding was done by the self-committed men, superintended by a keeper. Each prisoner got a big tin cup full of soup, another of muddy coffee, and a huge chunk of bread. They swore at the food, but devoured it eagerly just the same. There were three or four men in some of the cells, and they quarrelled a good deal when the keeper's back was turned.

"It isn't often that any serious fights occur," said an intelligent-looking convict from behind his barred door, "but sometimes a bully will get into a cell with some weaker men and make their lives miserable without really hurting them much. If he has money and tips the keeper to get him extras, no amount of complaining will ever cause him to be hauled up for it. A man with cash in this place has a big pull, and can live like a fighting cock until he is sentenced. Then the jig's up, and he must get along on prison grub until his time's served."

The Tombs has five "Black Marias" to take prisoners to the foot of East Fifty-second street, where they are transferred to the boat for Blackwell's Island. The Marias make two trips every day and are always well loaded. The Sheriff has another Maria running between the courts and the prison.

Inmates of the Tombs are allowed to receive their mail unopened, but the postman's bag is never much heavier before he reaches the prison than after he leaves it. The correspondence of Warden Walsh's boarders is never very voluminous. They get the daily newspapers when some friend is kind enough to send them in, and may have all kinds of reading matter. Taken altogether, the Tombs is not half so bad a place as its gloomy exterior would indicate. In the upper stories it is almost cheerful—to visitors. The prisoners would rather view the place from the outside, despite its forbidding appearance.

BURNING OF A GREAT HOTEL.

How the Pride of the Pacific Coast, the Carnavansary Approved by the Princess Louise, was Swept from the Face of the Earth.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

The Hotel Del Monte, the pride of the Pacific coast, is no more. Four chimneys out of fifteen are all that remain of one of the most perfect and unique houses for travellers that have been constructed. The writer saw it burning from Santa Cruz, over twenty miles distant. He had devoted the week to the two places, but, fortunately for him, had spent the first part of the week at Del Monte. A friend, less fortunate, went first to Santa Cruz and then to Del Monte, and barely escaped suffocation in the black smoke that appeared immediately to fill the burning building. So bright were the flames that the engines and hose companies of Santa Cruz turned out, supposing the fire was in their city. At 12 o'clock on Friday night, across the beautiful Bay of Monterey, the writer witnessed the grand but sad spectacle.

In the morning at Panjara, at the Junction, on his way to San Francisco, was encountered a portion of the 300 guests who were so suddenly and unceremoniously compelled to flee from their fives. No sights had our correspondent ever witnessed like this kind, save that of the beaten army of the Union, after the defeat at Bull Run, as he encountered them, when going to the front with his regiment, the morning after the battle.

Ladies without hats, hair loosely flowing, clad in bed blankets, bathing dresses, and whatever garments could be obtained, through the kindness of the people of the little town of Monteray; infants wrapped in sheets as they were let down from the windows and verandas; gentlemen with every variety of hats and with bandages around their heads and their bodies bound up in rags, occasioned by their brave efforts to save themselves and others—all presented a scene which could be witnessed, but not adequately described. After a night spent on the beautiful lawn of Del Monte, or in the cars which had been sent for their accommodation, they were as comfortable, fresh, and exhausted a group as could be imagined. The costume of one lady, somewhat remarkable, may be taken as an index of the whole. Her stockingless feet were encased in a pair of man's boots; over a night-dress she was well protected by a gentleman's ulster, and I was informed that a masculine pair of drawers completed the outfit. Another lady was protected from the weather by two blankets, one of which shielded the upper part of her form and the other the remainder. No hair was arranged, as combs, brushes, and hairpins had all disappeared. One may imagine the courage it required for these refined and delicately reared damsels and matrons to dart through the crowd of sympathizers at the depot to the carriages which were to bear them away, and then presenting a bottle of cologne to two of the unfortunates on the cars, it was suggested that they put some on their handkerchiefs. "We have none," was the reply. One old gentleman whose hands were torn by the rope by which he descended from his room expressed his sorrow for the loss of his tooth brush, first time without stockings. He was thankful, however, that he had been able to find his boots. So sudden was the approach of the flames, so universal and blinding the smoke, so utterly without system and direction the attempt to check the flames, that it is marvellous that of the 300 guests, mostly women and children, all escaped alive and without serious injury.

One incident will show how extremely dangerous was the situation. In adjoining rooms in the third story were an elderly gentleman, his wife, daughter, and child, and maid. At the first alarm the man rushed out into the hall, and found fire. He had but time to escape with his own life. He determined to try to save his family through the windows, but was lost in the darkness in seeking to return to his room. His daughter heard his shouts, and through her aid he found his family, and immediately commenced preparations to let all down to the roof of the verandas below. The rope of the maid's trunk was found, and by it the man descended. It was too short, however, and the gentleman's hands were so severely cut that he fell helpless. In the mean time the smoke in the room was stifling, the infant was suspended in a sheet from the window, and the inmates were all obliged to hold their heads out window to prevent suffocation. But a chambermaid was at hand. A noble young man of Baltimore, D. C. Amidon, occupied a room in the tower overhead. He groped his way down in the smoke, and hearing the shrieks of the mother, and unable to find the main staircase, descended by a back stairway, and, rushing out, found a ladder, ascended to the veranda, and, obtaining another ladder, succeeded in rescuing the child and the woman. The latter were obliged to drop into his arms, as the ladder was too short for the purpose. This mother, who had displayed wonderful coolness during the whole transaction, could not be induced to leave her husband, the self-sacrificing courage of the brave man who was nearly suffocated in his efforts for others, and who was greatly suffering from the effects of the smoke, while talking with me of the disaster. As the persons who have patronized this hotel have all been people of means, and few are known to the public, the loss in clothing, jewelry, and other articles of value, is supposed to be near $200,000. Individuals lost severally jewels to the amount of $8,000, $5,000, and $8,000. A large number only arrived on the night of the fire.

Among the parties who were active in aiding in the saving of life was the Rev. Mr. Spear of Middlebury, Vt., who was on the ladder assisting Mr. Amidon, and who escaped from the room adjoining that where your correspondent had slept a few nights before. He felt his way out of the building with a towel over his mouth. A lady told me how much they were all cheered as this same good man repeated passages of Scripture and poetry as they stood, partly clothed, out on the lawn, watching the destruction of their effects.

There is so much satisfaction at the absence of loss of life that the destruction of the building does not seem so terrible to feel. It is a great pecuniary loss, and had broken up the plans of those who had hoped to spend many days at the delightful retreat, which the Princess Louise described as the neatest, most comfortable, and most attractive hotel she had met with in our country. The railroad will lose $75,000 monthly until the new house is built. Over 7,000 acres were in the area owned by the Pacific Improvement Company. Over 100 acres of lawns and gardens and beautiful groves were at the pleasure of the guests. The ceilings were lofty, the rooms spacious, and all the appointments indicated comfort for the inmates. The drives and the salt water swimming establishment were very attractive, the latter unsurpassed anywhere. Over 40,000 foreigners have been entertained, and 170,000 from the East since the time of its erection in 1880. The hotel will be at once rebuilt, and will be ready for occupation probably in six months. So large was the supply of water, so great the pressure, so numerous the appliances for protection from fire on every hand that it is difficult to believe that this conflagration was the work of an incendiary. When the hydrants came to be used the water could not be thrown higher than twenty feet. It had been let loose on the grounds. The hose was connected and all prepared for deluging the building. The apparatus failed in the supreme crisis. One New York gentleman said to me that there was evidently no head to direct, and that a few New York or Brooklyn firemen would have mastered the fire. He may have been mistaken. In three hours the building was wiped out. It is said a new story will be added to the building. It will be a blunder so to do. With such extensive grounds a lower building, with numerous cottages, would be more portable and a hundred times more safer. The writer felt that he was in danger when he saw how the room was situated which he occupied. In the second story of a popular hotel in Santa Cruz he felt vastly more at ease. He could recommend this latter place and Santa Barbara to any who may desire a delightful seaside resort with a balmy uniform climate, attractive drives, superb bathing, pleasant society, intelligent travellers, and everything to give rest to the weary and exhausted body and to restore a broken and shaky constitution. One who has not seen California is ignorant of a great portion of our vast, diversified country. While we heard of storms, and snow and sleet and tempest, and discomforting weather at the East since the 1st of February, there have been eight days of rain here; but little wind; but little occasion for an overcoat; almost perpetual sunshine; strawberries and fresh vegetables while at the same time blankets have been needed every night. Such is this marvellous country, and yet the writer is free to say that he is perfectly satisfied with Brooklyn as a permanent residence, while greatly favored and satisfied to have seen this magnificent and attractive section of our great country on the Pacific. Nowhere is there a finer population, a more generous and hospitable people. The latter quality was shown when the unfortunate guests of the Del Monte arrived in the city. Money and clothes and every needed convenience were offered in profusion. The sufferers cannot sufficiently express their sense of the sympathy and aid extended. The hotels were thrown open, the best rooms offered, and one of the proprietors desired the guests to draw on him to supply their immediate wants.

PUMPING A MAN OF MAGIC.

INFORMATION FOR THOSE WISHING TO LEARN SLEIGHT OF HAND.

Physical Needs—Cost of Apparatus—A Conjurer's Jewelry—The Demon Handshake—The Mesmerized Skull—A Mystery.

There is something so entertaining about the mysterious ease with which the magician bamboozles our best judgment by his tricks, and something so fascinating in finding out how he does it all that about everybody who reads THE SUN will be sure to be interested in the answers to these questions that a correspondent at Rye Beach, N. H., asks:

How can I learn to become a magician?

Where can I get books of instruction and apparatus? Would it be profitable to learn enough to perform in public? INQUIRER.

Militiaman John A. Schultz, the genial conjurer of the Eighth Regiment, had just produced the pleasing illusion that the reporter's hat was a savings bank by apparently abstracting from the lining several crisp bank notes, half a dozen five-dollar gold pieces, and a quantity of silver dimes and quarters, when the reporter seized the opportunity and fired "Inquirer's" questions straight at him without any delay whatever.

"Well," said Militiaman Schultz with a smile, "as magicians are good people to have around, and as the more good people there are around in the world the better it will become, I don't mind giving you the secret that will increase our number. The first tip is to go straight to some good magician and take lessons in the art direct from him. Books of instruction are useful only after the first principles of the art are mastered. They are like books of instruction in billiards in that respect. They tell you, for example, that you can make a coin disappear by 'palming' it, but they don't tell you how to palm it, because they can't. It requires occular demonstration to do that. Words of explanation are no good at all. A magician can show you in the twinkling of an eye just what palming means. It is the first thing you have to learn. It looks difficult, but it is easy enough after you practise it. A coin or any other object is palmed by passing it swiftly from the fingers to the lower part of the palm of the hand, and holding it between the two prominent muscles there. A good many people couldn't do this if they tried a lifetime, but lots of others could if they only tried. It does not require a particularly large or broad hand to accomplish it, but it is essential that the fingers should be flexible and free of action, and not of the kind that I have heard significantly described by small boys as butter-fingers. To be a good conjurer one must be able to palm with equal facility with either hand. This can be acquired by careful practice. Some will master it in a few days, others will require a couple of weeks or more.

"After the palming is mastered, then the student must practise the several 'passes' of the art. 'Passing' is a combination of 'palms.' It is well illustrated on the stage by Herrmann in the egg-producing trick. He taps himself on the top of his head, and lo! an egg protrudes from his lips instantly. He lifts his hand to his mouth, and, as far as you can see, he takes the egg from his mouth. He then he taps his head again, and another egg appears in his mouth. He keeps the thing up until the hat is packed full of eggs, all of which he seems to have taken from his mouth. The truth is that he had the self-same egg in his mouth all the time, and he doesn't take it out until the very last thing. He then he pears to find the first egg from his mouth he really presses it in again with his left hand, and passing another egg from the palm of that hand where he has held it concealed to his fingers, excellently produces the illusion of removing it from his mouth. The same trick with the egg in the hat 20 times is another nice little illusion. Instead of doing that he simply goes through the motion, and palms the egg. All he has got to do is to keep on in that way, pressing the egg in his mouth partially out with his tongue, pressing it back again with his hand, and then producing the second egg from the place of concealment in the palm of his hand into its place. The 20 eggs in the hat are produced there by mechanical apparatus placed in the hat itself. Coins can be indefinitely multiplied in this way, and can be apparently picked out of the thin air as Robert Heller used so cleverly to do; or money can be produced in any such quantity as the conjurer happens to have about his clothes, from a man's hat or coat pocket, just as I gathered that lot from your hat a moment ago.

"When you can palm and pass things so that you can fool all the smart small boy and all the smarter grown-up folks in your house and in the large boy next door, you're ready to go ahead in your career as a professional deceiver of your fellow man. The next step in that career is to get magical apparatus. That's the way globes of gold fishes and dishes of blazing oil and other startling things are produced from empty pocket handkerchiefs. It was by mechanical devices that Robert Heller was able to take out of a man's hat a cart load of turnips, piles of tea caddies, innumerable lighted Chinese lanterns, about a ton of rubber balls and wooden blocks, a wardrobe of clothes, a pyramid of dishes, and finally the bright little girl who used to run down laughing to a seat among the spectators. When it comes to the apparatus you can get it economically, or you can revel in the luxuriant expenditure of a prolific income. Magical outfits range in cost all the way from $100 up into the thousands. A good amateur, unless he wants to confine himself exclusively to card tricks, can't possibly get along in a parlor entertainment without some tricks. The cost of these ranges from about $25 to $300, according to finish and the number of traps and things intended to produce the startling effects that demonstrate to your smart spectator that he isn't as smart as he thinks he is. For $300 you can get the regular professional magician's table, trap, and all. There is a chest, and put together again inside of five minutes, has double changing traps, electrical bells, clocks, and all sorts of electrical machinery and traps for rubbing two rabbits into one, and one rabbit into nothing at all, and accomplishing other pleasing eccentricities of prestidigitation. A good centre table, not so elaborate in mechanism, but just the thing for amateurs, is sold in New York for $15. After you get your table, the rest of your outlay is for mechanical tricks, the first thing, of course, to procure being your conjurer's wand and a trick tube placed in it to be so cleverly felt by you that you have smashed to flinders and want to reproduce whole. There are several kinds of wands. One sort will float in the air, another you can make disappear down your throat, and another will fish silver half dollars from the empty air for you. Then you will want a glass tube that does empty until you want them to be full of curious things; card cases for making cards disappear, and to cut up other queer antics with; the inexhaustible bottle, a time-honored chestnut of a trick, but perennially interesting to the children—magic bird cages, money chests, and lots of other paraphernalia. For a complete outfit of 200 pieces of apparatus for standard tricks, from the simple tiny rubber bottle that bobs up persistently until the conjurer tells it to lie down, to the apparatus that will enable you to saf