TREMBLINGS OF TAMMANY.

The Latest Developments of the Quarrel Over the Comptrollership.

Connolly and Green Still in Possession.

Mayor Hall Refuses to Recognize Either Connolly or Green—The Departments Notified.

CHARLES O'CONOR ON THE SITUATION.

"Boss" Tweed Interviewed—He Will Not Fight Windmills, but Will Specific Charges.

CONNOLLY'S LETTER TO MAYOR HALL.

"The Committee of Seventy"—A Chat "About Things in General" With the Members Thereof.

A Reward for the Vanished Vouchers.

The Feeling Throughout the City—What is Thought of the Great Muddle at the Public Offices, in Financial Circles and by the People.

ANDY GARVEY INDIGNANT.

Never was there such universal excitement unaccompanied by some monster demonstration as prevailed yesterday in this excitable city of New York. The quietude of the Sabbath served as the calm before the storm. All day on Sunday the people, struck with astonishment at the move made by Comptroller Connolly in the appointment of Andrew H. Green as deputy, with full power, were lost in wonderment as to what would be the next move on the part of the contestants. The anxiety was so great that people rose unusually early yesterday and rushed to the newspapers for information and relief. The move made by Comptroller Connolly was startling, indeed, but no less so was that contemplated by Mayor Hall, as announced in the letter to Mr. Connolly, accepting his resignation, and at the same time removing him, and the letter to General McClellan appointing him Comptroller.

What will Connolly do now? Will General McClellan accept? and so on were the questions generally asked, while opponents of the party in power would say, with a peculiar grin,

"IT'S A VERY PRETTY QUARREL

as it stands." As the crowds flocked down town the matter was discussed in cars and stages and by the groups of pedestrians wending their way to the business centres.

A conversation between a few gentlemen in a Broadway car may be taken as a sample of the general public sentiment:—

FIRST GENT—James, what do you think of the City Hall squabble now?

SECOND GENT—You mean the Connolly and McClellan business?

FIRST GENT—Yes. Do you think Little Mac will accept the post?

SECOND GENT—I hope not, unless he wants to cut his throat.

FIRST GENT—Why?

SECOND GENT—Why, the moment he would do such a thing he would be raked fore and aft. The papers would open on him, and everything he did and everything he didn't do would be commented on and turned and twisted so as to make him crazy.

FIRST GENT—Oh, pshaw! I think he would win. I take it as a most favorable omen the

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE

of his being notified of his appointment on the anniversary of the battle of Antietam. He raised thunder then, you know, and I guess he can do it again.

SECOND GENT—Yes, but do you suppose he is such a fool as to come in here from New Jersey, and throw himself before the people and the courts, and fight, not only Connolly, but the entire public sentiment? For, I tell you, no matter whether we think Connolly is a thief or not, he shows pluck, and makes a pretence at the least of being in earnest and courting an investigation.

FIRST GENT—Don't you suppose Hall and Tweed are as bad as Connolly?

SECOND GENT—I don't hear anything but good about Tweed. I don't know; he seems to be mighty popular everywhere.

People who had not in years or months, if ever, stopped at the new Court House and helped to swell the throng that choked the passage ways of the gorgeous tomb.

RUMORS

flew thick and fast, on all sides. One of the first started and sent around with marvellous rapidity and with addendas and alterations such as the old "three black crow" story never could touch was this:—That Mayor Hall came down to the office, was fearfully excited because he had not heard from McClellan; that he wrote a couple of letters and then commenced upsetting things; throwing his books and papers around in frightful confusion, and that the conviction forced itself upon the attachés that

THE MAYOR HAD GONE CRAZY.

Another was, that he was seen leaving the building where the offices of the Department of Docks are located with his coat and hat off; that he rushed to a coach and ordered the Jehu to drive him to hell, or any place he pleased. These stories, of course, ended in a laugh, and only tended to show that, no matter how serious may be the occasion of a gathering, there is always a tendency to joke or jibe in a New York crowd.

HAS M'CLELLAN ACCEPTED?

was the all-absorbing question, and, being all-absorbing, nobody could answer it satisfactorily. The rumor came about three o'clock that he had accepted and would appear in the court and immediately sue out a *quo warranto* or a mandamus. Then there were curses and comments from the gangs congregated in and around the Court House that would grate harshly on anybody's ear to hear. It was generally understood, however, that McClellan would not accept the position as long as Connolly showed an inclination to hold on to it. As Connolly has shown that disposition in a most unmistakable way it is safe to conclude that McClellan has not accepted and will not accept, more especially now as Connolly has obtained the endorsement of such advisers as Charles O'Conor, Samuel J. Tilden, Barrett, Sr., the uncle; Barrett, Jr., the nephew; Rufus Andrews, Sam Courtenay, Mr. Beach and others. There may be a little lull today, but nobody can tell in these troublous times what even an hour may bring forth.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN DECLINES THE COMPTROLLERSHIP.

General Geo. B. McClellan has declined to accept the Comptrollership so long as the present order of things continues, because his acceptance now would place him in the position of a contestant for the office.

AT THE COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE.

Connolly and Green in Full Possession—No Evidence of Any Attempt to Oust Them—Letter of Connolly to Mayor Hall—He Will Not be Dismissed—Opinion of Charles O'Conor.

The Comptroller's office was, of course, the centre of attraction during yesterday. Early in the morning crowds of idlers assembled in and around the hallways and doors leading to the Comptroller's offices. Every person going in was commented on, and any person wearing anything like a military aspect or being short enough to be considered "little" was scanned and commented on. The clerks went in and took their posts as usual, but they generally looked very blue. [illegible] Storrs returned from "out of town" and took his former position. He looked rather blue. County Auditor Lynes looked blue. The veteran Kellogg looked somewhat blue. The blue curtains on the windows were down, and that, perhaps, accounted for a general blueness pervading the offices and giving rise to the idea that it was

A BLUE MONDAY INDEED

for the "boys" in the Department of Finance. Charley O'Connell was the brightest looking one in the whole place. He had a nice shiny hat on, and had his beard trimmed in most artistic style. At about eight o'clock the Comptroller made his appearance, smiling and bright looking as a pleasant summer morning. He bowed to the attachés as he went in, smiled at the crowds, squeezed the end of a short cigar between his teeth and passed along to his inner office. Presently there came the newly appointed Deputy

GREEN, APPEARING THROUGH THE BLUENESS.

As he was known to but few of those present he went in without being particularly noticed, and was soon closeted with the Comptroller. When it became known that the new Deputy was on hand there was a general stir, but no appearance of General McClellan. Some favored members of the St. Patrick's Alliance were on hand, and it was rumored that the necessary proceedings had been taken to issue and serve

A MANDAMUS

on Connolly and Green. The two gentlemen then went through the offices and departments, Green examining cursorily the books and documents, and occasionally sending one or other by a trusty messenger to the room in which is to be located. He commenced immediately to make extra precautions against any burglary or

TAMPERING WITH THE SAFES

by setting a new combination on each of the locks in the safes in the offices. This done, the work of studying up the details of the department was commenced. Presently callers commenced to arrive. The passage ways were crowded with newspaper men and others attracted by the chances of

A SCRIMMAGE.

"Silk Stocking Sammy" Tilden and Chairman Havemeyer called shortly before noon, and, it is said, assured the Comptroller that they were "with him right through." Havemeyer told him, it is said, that they could assure him that the bankers, brokers and leading business men down town would go with him and furnish him with

MONEY ENOUGH

to carry on the government for three years. They would recognize any warrant drawn by Connolly or Green and take the chances to have the action legalized. The Comptroller had prepared a letter in reply to the letter from Mayor Hall, and this he submitted to the gentlemen. They approved of it, and it was shortly afterwards sent across to the Mayor's office, but returned, as Chief Clerk Joline had refused to receive it. Shortly after a delegation, consisting of Mr. Barrett, Sr.,

THE UNCLE OF HIS NEPHEW;

Mr. Barrett, Jr. (the Judge), the nephew of his uncle, and another gentleman called on behalf of the Foley Committee, and desired to see the Comptroller and Mr. Green. Mr. Barrett, Sr., had no card, so he took a slip of foolscap paper and inscribed thereon his mighty name. Mr. Barrett, Jr., the Judge, was mistaken by two or three people present for one of the reporters, a very early riser and a sweet singer, or who should be such.

THE SLIP OF FOOLSCAP

was sent in by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the Barretts and their companion were soon asked to cross the sacred portals. They crossed, but did not look cross. They seemed quite happy. It was reported that they reassured Messrs. Connolly and Green that

PUBLIC SENTIMENT

was with them, at least so much of the public sentiment as they came in contact with. They did not say that they took care to come in contact with no opposing "public sentiment." Mr. Connolly had evidently heard of public sentiment before, as was evident from the letter which he had sent to the Mayor. He submitted to Mr. Barrett, Sr., and Mr. Barrett, Jr. (the Judge), a copy of the letter. They approved of it; thought it was just the thing; thought Mr. Connolly

HAD THE MAYOR ON THE HIP,

and all that sort of thing. During all this time Rufe Andrews was dancing in and out, big with the fate of Connolly and Green. The outside office was like a public thoroughfare. The "public" seemed to be streaming in and out, in and out, incessantly; all sorts of people, old and young; they slouched into the rooms, stared at the clerks behind the counters and desks, admired

YOUNG GARVIN'S MUTTON-CHOP WHISKERS

and Cleveland's scars; gazed in admiration on the portly form and pleasant face of the elder Storrs and the nicely brushed locks of younger Storrs, and in wonderment at the small army of reporters who lined the passage and propped themselves against the partitions, like so many variegated wall flowers. A HERALD reporter called and was ushered into the private office, while Mr. Barrett, Sr., and Mr. Barrett, Jr. (the Judge), and the other gent, were in consultation. In a few minutes the consultation came to a close, and the reporter

INTERVIEWED THE COMPTROLLER.

"Mr. Connolly, how do you feel—any way shaky?"

"Not at all; never felt better. I'm all right."

"Do you intend to leave the city? It is reported that you are about to go to Europe."

"No, sir. I am going to stay right here." (He brought down his closed fist on his desk, and showed that he meant to be in earnest.)

"What do you think about the appointment of General McClellan by the Mayor?"

"I don't know what's got into Hall. I have answered the letter published in the papers this morning, and I have the best legal advice in the country to back me in my position. Here is my answer (handing reporter a letter). I have submitted it to my counsel and to the committees of the citizens, and they approve of it." The letter is as follows:—

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, Sept. 18—11:30 o'Clock A. M.

Hon. A. OAKEY HALL, Mayor:—

MY DEAR SIR—I have read in the morning papers only your letter of this date, and beg leave thus promptly to inform you that, as advised, I have not either in fact or equivalent resigned the office of Comptroller of the City of New York. I deny authority of law in the Mayor to exercise the power attempted by your favor, and in partial support of the denial quote the words of your former communication:—"I (the Mayor) cannot suspend any head of department, not even pending an investigation. I can only prefer charges to the Common Pleas, who alone can remove, after a considerable time for trial."

My previously announced determination not at present to retire from official position is still unchanged. By the appointment of Andrew H. Green, Esq., as Deputy Comptroller I have endeavored to guard the public interest committed to my care. In such effort, while calling critical attention to the events of the past forty-eight hours, including your official acts and my own, I ask the support of that supreme power, the public sentiment of the citizens of New York and of the State.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

RICHARD B. CONNOLLY, Comptroller.

Mr. Connolly, continuing, said, "Charles O'Conor is writing out an opinion, and it will be ready in an hour or two. You will find that I am fully endorsed in the stand I have taken."

"Will Mr. Green have charge of the affairs of the office, as intimated in your correspondence with Mr. Havemeyer and Mr. Green?"

"He will have charge, certainly, when I am not here."

"What about the new combination that is said to be organizing?"

"I don't know. I will have enough to do here without bothering about outside combinations, for a while at any rate."

"Business will be at a standstill, won't it, if the Mayor won't sign any of your warrants?"

"Oh, we'll get going after a while.

THE PEOPLE ON THE PAY ROLLS

will have to wait. It will come around all right. The banks will sustain me, and I think there will be money enough."

This ended the interview, as Mr. Connolly was called away to attend to another interviewer. Mr. Green sat at the desk in a small room immediately adjoining the Comptroller's private room, and on being questioned stated briefly that he had not got fairly started, but that he was getting into harness as quickly as possible.

Early in the afternoon Judge Ledwith and a delegation from the Young Democracy called and asked to be admitted. There was a general rush and commotion on the stairs and among the crowd in the hallways when it was known that

LEDWITH WAS PRESENT,

and a general effort was made by those farthest away to get a glimpse at his face. He passed in and had a very friendly chat with the parties in possession. What the purport or result of this consultation was did not transpire, but the visitors left the mighty presence evidently well pleased with their visit.

Thus it continued throughout the day, without much change in the programme. The attachés occasionally broached the question, "Has McClellan accepted the Mayor's appointment?" The answers were, of course, conflicting. At one time he had and at another time he had not. In the course of the afternoon the

OPINION OF CHARLES O'CONOR,

was forwarded to the Comptroller, and is as follows:—

The twenty-ninth section of the act to reorganize the local government of the city of New York, passed April 5, 1870, commonly called the new charter, provides as follows:—

All the heads of departments * * except of the departments of finance and law, shall be appointed by the Mayor, as hereinafter provided. Any provision of the law giving to the Governor power to remove any officer of the city government referred to in this act is hereby repealed. The Common Council shall have the power of impeachment of the Mayor by resolution of two-thirds of all the members elected in each board. The Mayor shall have the power of impeaching all heads of departments.

The Comptroller of the city of New York is by the same act declared to be the head of the Finance Department.

The thirty-first section of an amendatory act, passed on the 26th of the same month, provided that "the Comptroller of the city of New York shall hereafter be appointed by the Mayor elected for said city, and not by an acting Mayor, as other heads of departments are appointed under the provisions of the act entitled 'An act to reorganize the local government of the city of New York,' passed April 5, 1870, and shall hold his office for the period of four years, as now provided, except that the [illegible] shall hold his office until the 1st day of January, 1875, subject to the provisions of the said act. The term of office of the present Comptroller of said city shall end at the expiration of five days from the passage of this act. The Mayor shall make the first appointment herein provided for within five days from the passage of this act. Any provision of law inconsistent with this section is hereby repealed.

Richard B. Connolly was accordingly appointed by the Mayor in the year 1870; and thereafter by another amendatory act passed April 18, 1871, it was in section 3 provided as follows:—

The Comptroller of the city of New York shall appoint and at pleasure remove a Deputy Comptroller. The said Deputy Comptroller shall, in addition to his other powers, possess every power and perform all and every duty belonging to the office of Comptroller whenever the said Comptroller shall by due written authority, and during a period to be specified in such authority, designate and authorize the said Deputy Comptroller to possess the power and perform the duty aforesaid, and such designation and authority shall be duly filed in and remain of record in the Finance Department. The said Deputy Comptroller shall possess the like authority in case of the disability of the Comptroller, upon the like designation of the Mayor, which shall be filed and remain of record as aforesaid.

On the 16th inst. Mr. Connolly made a written appointment in the following words:—

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, CITY OF NEW YORK, Sept. 16, 1871.

Mr. ANDREW H. GREEN:—

MY DEAR SIR—The office of Deputy Comptroller of this city having become vacant by the removal of Richard A. Storrs, I hereby designate and appoint you, Andrew H. Green, Deputy Comptroller of the city of New York.

I earnestly press upon you the acceptance of this office. The critical juncture in the affairs of the city and the condition of public sentiment seem to demand that the important transactions of my department should be conducted by one possessing the unlimited confidence of the public. In determining upon the action required by the present exigency I have been guided by the advice of gentlemen whose respectability and prominence elevate them above all suspicion of unfair or interested motive. I am endeavoring to act with sincere regard to the public interest, and to insure it against possible sacrifices, and pursuing the authority and phraseology of the statute, I hereby designate and authorize you to possess the power and to perform all and every duty belonging to the office of Comptroller of the city of New York from the time of this appointment to the 1st day of February, 1872.

Very respectfully, RICHARD B. CONNOLLY, Comptroller of the city of New York.

Suggestions have been made that this appointment of a deputy was a renunciation or resignation of his office by the Comptroller, producing a vacancy; and, even if no such effect was produced, that the Mayor, as an incident of his appointing power, may remove the Comptroller, thus causing a vacancy which he might supply. My opinion on these two points has been requested by Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, chairman of the Democratic State Committee.

If a vacancy could be brought about in any way, the Mayor could undoubtedly make an appointment to supply it.

The appointment of a deputy in precise conformity with the letter of the statute and in execution of its obvious intent cannot be a renunciation or resignation of his office by the Comptroller. It is simply the performance of a duty enjoined by law whenever necessity or expediency may require it. The necessity or expediency of the step is submitted to the discretion of the Comptroller exclusively. I cannot suppose that any jurist can be found who will think otherwise.

The President of the United States is deemed to possess a general power of removing executive officers appointed by him; but I am very clear that under the statutes regulating the subject the Mayor has no power to remove the Comptroller. The constitution of the United States does not provide for the removal of officers except by impeachment. The power to accuse or impeach is given, not to the President, but to the House of Representatives only; the power to try the accusation or impeachment and remove the accused is given to the Senate.

Under the acts constituting the New York city charter the only mode expressly provided for the removal of the Comptroller is impeachment, and the power to accuse or impeach is given to the Mayor, and to no other body or functionary. It would be contrary to all just and reasonable rules of interpretation to hold that an absolute power of removal by his own mere *sic volo* was given by implication to an officer whose authority in the premises is expressly defined, and is by such definition limited to the presentation of an impeachment.

The difference in this general relation to officers of the government between the power of the President and that of the Mayor is so obvious that further observation does not seem necessary.

The closing sentence of the latest enactment having any connection with the subject is impressive evidence that the Mayor does not possess the suggested power of removal. When a Comptroller who has not authorized his deputy "to possess every power and perform all and every duty belonging to the office of Comptroller" happens to become actually disabled by any cause from performing such duties himself the Mayor is simply authorized to file of record a designation conferring those powers and imposing those duties on the deputy then already in office by the Comptroller's appointment. CH. O'CONOR.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18, 1871.

The crowds continued to swarm into the offices the entire day, and were reluctant to leave when the watchman announced his intention to close the office. There was no evidence of any attempt to get rid of Mr. Connolly or Mr. Green, and they were in close consultation together when the office was closed at five o'clock.

AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

Mr. Green's Oath of Office Not Accepted—The Mayor Will Not Recognize Connolly or Green—The Departments Notified—A Reward for the "Invaders" of the County Bureau.

Contrary to what might be expected there was no unusual excitement around the Mayor's office yesterday. Mayor Hall was early on hand, and having disposed of an amount of routine affairs long before the time at which the City Hall gangs most generally do congregate, Chief Clerk Joline was at his desk ready, as in the former times of war, to do any amount of damage to the enemy's minions. Before he arrived, however, a weighty delegation called at the office and waited to see the representative of the Mayor. This delegation comprised the Chesterfieldian Rufus F. Andrews, his brown eyes twinkling with a peculiar light, his brown whiskers combed out in most exquisite style, his brown coat brushed most fastidiously, and his *tout ensemble* showing him

"DONE UP BROWN"

from top to toe, and Mr. Lawrence, from the Comptroller's office, who is cultivating a Jacksonian toupee and a grizzly full beard. They waited not over patiently until Colonel Joline arrived, when they approached and tendered him a folded paper. He started from it as if it was a serpent—

"I don't want any of your documents; I won't have any."

"Why, Colonel, you don't know what it is. It's Andrew H. Green's oath."

"I don't want his oath. I can't take his oath. I won't take his oath."

"We must leave it here on file," said one of the committee.

"You may do as you please, gentlemen, but I won't take it."

The document was tossed on a table and fell on the floor, where it was allowed ingloriously to remain, and the committee left. What became of the document afterwards nobody seemed to know. The Colonel then prepared himself for his daily labors, and about the first thing he did was to send to the several departments the following communication:—

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, Sept. 18, 1871.

SIR—I am directed by the Mayor to inform you that he does not recognize either Richard B. Connolly as Comptroller or Andrew H. Green as Deputy or Acting Comptroller. Very respectfully, CHAS. O. JOLINE, Chief Clerk.

The Mayor left the office quite early, as reported, to hunt up General McClellan, but whether this were true or not the attachés of the office could not determine. He was expected to return at about two o'clock, but had not returned up to six o'clock, although the office was kept open and the attachés were all on hand awaiting his arrival. Very few visitors called, and the greatest sign of business about the office was the influx of reporters hunting for the latest information from the front. "Has any news come from or about McClellan?" was a stereotyped question, and "No" was the stereotyped reply.

That the Mayor is in earnest in his determination to find, if possible, the perpetrator or perpetrators of the burglary in the County Auditor's Bureau cannot be doubted. On arriving at the office yesterday morning he prepared the following message, which he transmitted to the Common Council, by whom a reward is to be offered for the capture of the

INVADERS OF THE COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE:—

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, Sept. 18, 1871.

TO THE COMMON COUNCIL:—On the night of September 10 the office of the Finance Department was invaded, and cancelled warrants were secretly removed from their proper places of custody. I recommend that you authorize me to offer a reward of $1,000 for information tending to the detection of the secret invaders, and $1,000 more for the return of the missing warrants. A. OAKEY HALL, Mayor.

A meeting of the Board of Aldermen was called shortly after the message was received, at which Alderman Woltman offered a resolution giving the Mayor the authority asked for.

IN THE CITY HALL PARK.

A Few Rough Interviews—Extraordinary Opinions of the Rank and File—Queer Speculations—What Connolly Will and Will Not Do—Solutions and Explanations.

The City Hall Park was filled with groups of men during the entire day. At an early hour in the forenoon there was a bustle around the City Hall, new Court House and other public buildings, and a lively interest was manifested by all the newcomers, who began to grow in numbers and who eagerly inquired the state of affairs. After the appeasing of their curiosity inside the buildings and the comparison of notes as to

THE PROGRAMMES OF THE CONTESTANTS,

the crowds generally loafed about the Park, discussing the grand topic of the hour and indulging in all sorts of speculations.

These loiterers, patient waiters and excited individuals represented the three great classes of the city—namely, [illegible] and bummers. The business men of course only paid

FLYING VISITS TO THE PARK

when it lay in their way, feeling, probably, that there was no use in "throwing good money after bad," and time of course is money. The politicians were the principal material of the crowds, though the bummers were well represented, and lazily held possession of all the seats in the Park during the day. The politicians were in various moods of mind, judging from their appearance. Some were ludicrously melancholy, stolidly silent and in a state of most classic pensiveness. Others were in a jabbering mood, uttering sententious opinions as to the course events were to take, and sticking by their men with characteristic tenacity. Others, again, had

FEAR IN THEIR FACES,

and evidently were in doubts as to the safety of the sinecure roll. But all were very serious and evidently felt that there was a great job to be fixed up, and that some one should get the worst of it. Though Comptroller Connolly is in a most unenviable position, and may be safely said to be in a tight place, yet it was evident he has many friends left to him still. His backers don't go quite so far as to make him out immaculate, but they don't want him to be a scapegoat, and in the Park yesterday he was defended by his friends warmly enough.

The political conversations were, of course, all centred on the one great point—whether or not Connolly would go. This was

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION

everywhere, and was put so often during the day that finally it seemed a joke to ask it. It was well known that Connolly would hold on, but then there were so many hypotheses consequent upon his staying that no social question was ever propounded upon which speculation had so much ample scope to revel in. The groups of people in the Park made the most of the problem and spread themselves into a state of conjecture over it that was perfectly amazing.

A HERALD reporter early in the afternoon approached a primary-runner, of serious countenance, and saluted him with the general interrogation. The answer was quick, sharp and decisive—"Yes, I guess he oughter go to Sing Sing." Still further interrogation, put, however, in the mildest form, as to the Boss,

WORKED UP THE "INTERVIEWER"

to a wrathful state, and the reporter was at once forewarned by being asked if he had "anything to say to Bill Tweed." This was quite enough, and having got out of the way quickly another "white hat" was encountered. The usual salutation being given, the reply came, "Hard to say;

SLIPPERY AS AN EEL,

you know. The only chance is Oakey is as smart as a steel trap. Oakey is too damned smart in my 'pinion."

"How about the Boss?"

"Oh, he's hunky. They better let the Boss be, that's all, or they'll get swelled heads, some of 'em."

"How do you think it will go?"

"What the end of it will be, is it?"

"Yes."

"Why, of course they'll fix it up, and then everything goes on straight as before. See here; these fellows have heads on 'em up to everything. Wait an' see if there's anybody goin' to be hurt. Connolly is too many for 'em, and they're too many for Connolly. That's how it is."

After this solution of the great problem the reporter thought it was time to move, and, looking out for a more solid-looking man, saluted a gentleman with

THE LARGEST SIZED HEAD

he could see. The reply was, "Connolly won't stir, it seems. Charles O'Conor says he needn't. I think he's right. They wanted to get him out because they were afraid themselves to let him stay in. It will be right to pinch the whole of them, for they're all in the one boat—Sweeny and all. If Connolly beats them on this point you will see some fun. I hope Connolly will hold on."

"Are you in politics, sir?"

"No, sir; but I'd like to know where the money went and how they divided it. I'm curious on that point."

The next individual selected by the reporter was a genuine Simon Pure Eighteenth warder, and as soon as this gentleman discovered that he was being interviewed he invited two friends of his to "come over the way."

The combined product of half a dozen other conversations revealed a few startling solutions of the great difficulty. For the most part, however, they partook of the tenor of those given above. One old gentleman stated that it did not make one whit of difference who was in power in this city. He could remember a great many years back, but he could not remember a time when the city treasury was honestly protected; there was

ALWAYS SOME HAND PLUNDERING IT,

and he did not expect to live to see the day it would be otherwise. Hence he was in favor of letting Connolly, Tweed, Hall and Sweeny pull along as best they might, or cut each other's throats if they liked, for that matter. Democrat or republican, the politicians in power would fill their pockets, and there was no use trying to stop them.

This last opinion was certainly a very comfortable one to hold, but it was not more so than that delivered by a hardy son of toil, who believed that we had come now to such a degraded state in city government that

AN EARTHQUAKE

or some other shocking thing was to swallow up the city, or, at least, all political traders. One of the "swells" of the crowd, after rehearsing his views as to the sort of men that ought to govern the city, said he felt assured that the result of this fuss would be a full exposure of all the frauds on the city treasury, and then the arraignment of the Mayor, Comptroller, Tweed, Sweeny and a few others.

The wisdom of all the above opinions and declarations is of course apparent, and the tone of the declarations very satisfactory.

The crowds continued around until late in the afternoon, coming and going with a lounging grit that exhibited

THE GRAVE CONCERN

that was felt in the day's doings. The flow of indignation that was so evident from Connolly's enemies in the early part of the day subsided to a great extent when it became known that after all it was harder to kick him out than was at first supposed. Speculation was rife as to what Mayor Hall would do next. Some thought that there was an end to the row now until after the Joint Committee reports; others, that the Mayor would "fix him yet;" others that Connolly is as good as gone, and only wants to let a little time pass by, when his health will require a trip to Europe; and so on, to any extent.

IN THE COURT HOUSE BASEMENT.

Under the Citadel—Scenes and Incidents.

Here from early morn gathered the heroes of the Mutual Alliance, which St. Patrick himself specially instituted. Like the sculptures on the columns of Karnak every pillar was supported by at least six figures. The centre of the hall was occupied by a large group. Sprightly Jem Trainor, President of the Mutes, was there, lively as a cricket. Full of smiles and good humor he was, as the news of a combination between Connolly and O'Brien,

"BLESS YOUR SOUL! SINCE SATURDAY,"

gushed from his rosy lips. The "Big" Judge was there, too, knowing everybody and shaking hands all round, with a deep-toned "How are you, my boy?" The subject of a McClellan invasion was discussed.

"What are all these fellows doing here?"

"They're all heeled."

"Heeled, what's that?"

"Every man you see has a 'barker' at his hips."

"What for?"

"They say McClellan's coming down with

SOME O' THEM QUAKER GUNS

to storm the Comptroller's office and turn out Dick."

"A number of disconsolate editors of weekly papers who are owed long bills for advertising by the city government are on hand," said one.

"They were not so quick in paying these as they were in paying things that will come against them."

"Suppose, now," said a stranger, "Dick won't go before that committee have got through?"

"Thin," said a Mutual Alliance, "Governor Hoffman 'll call out the militia."

A report was circulated to the effect that the Mayor had gone crazy and rushed out of his office without hat or coat, and had been forced into a carriage and driven up town. This was discredited, even by the most partisan. As each successive shot was interchanged between the belligerents in the form of a note from Oakey to Dick, or *vice versa*, a lively debate ensued. A sporting individual arrived during one of these wordy combats and asked, "What about the fight, boys? What round is this?"

"Knock-down for Dick," was the response.

The assembly was in session until the doors were closed.

ANDY GARVEY INDIGNANT.

He Explains His Work in the Court Rooms and Offices and Swears a Little.

During the heat of excitement in the new City Hall Andy Garvey, "the plasterer," made his appearance, and, of course, created a sensation. He was very excited, and when approached by some newspaper men who were anxious to discover the meaning of his sudden advent amongst the howling dervishes of the ring—assembled in the lobbies of the building, gesticulating, vociferating and cursing, as their political predilections or interests inclined them—he pointed tragically to the gorgeous ceilings, to the wainscotings, the frescoes and fixtures and registered

A TAMMANY OATH OR TWO

against those he thought his calumniators.

"Look at that wall, gentlemen," he cried, with bristling anger; "Garvey, the plasterer. My God! Do they call that plastering? See that inimitable wall, those *bas reliefs*, those figures, those frescoes, those gorgeous paintings—Justice with the sword and blind as a bat—and this fine imitation of bronze, showing the law books laid out. Then see the fine lines in the cornice, and mark that magnificent centrepiece overhead. I had sixty men for a hundred days on that. Not in the Vatican in Rome, the Tuileries in Paris, anywhere in Europe, can anything be found like it; I designed it all myself, and it was done under my direction. And [illegible]

THIS IS PLASTERING."

"You are more of an artist than a plasterer," somebody remarked.

"Plaster be damned!—excuse me, I'm excited. Plastering is but one branch of my business. I do fresco work, design ceilings, and such like. Plaster be damned! I earned my money for this work, and I'll keep it. It was done as cheaply as any work can ever be done for a government. Workingmen will always demand more pay when working for a government than they would if employed by a private individual. That's natural, isn't it?"

"And you charged, Mr. Garvey"——

"Enough to cover my expenses and leave me a good profit. My profit was good, I admit, but not more than I deserved. Look at that ceiling, gentlemen—(walking through the Common Pleas)—Isn't it magnificent? And see, every room is different in style and color. I was particular about that. Chief Justice (?) Barbour has quiet tastes, and I consulted him about this room. I took his hints. Mark the taste and style in which the work is done. Plastering! Damn 'em!"

A gentleman present remarked that the room was decorated magnificently and was the best in the building.

"These are splendidly finished and

THE WORK IS THOROUGHLY DONE.

It will stand for fifty years. Repairs! They speak of repairs in this building. I tell you no repairs will be required here while you and I live. The floors, the ceilings and everything here is of the finest and most durable material."

"And," continued Garvey, as soon as he recovered breath lost in mounting the stairs, "that is not all. There is the top of the building and the basement, all splendidly finished. The bills I presented and had paid were for work done in all the public offices of the city besides these, and covered a number of years. I tell you, gentlemen, if the bills had not been paid when they were I would have been

RUINED OUTRIGHT."

"Suppose you make out your bills *in extenso*, Mr. Garvey, and have them published?" was asked.

"I thought of that," he answered, excitedly; "but, on reflection, I'll wait. They cannot blackguard me any more than they have done, and I can wait. When the time comes I'll be fully vindicated."

By this time Mr. Garvey had completed the tour of the splendidly furnished rooms and courts, and his auditors descended with him to the ground floor and mixed in with the crowd of perplexed politicians there assembled.

AT THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.

Brilliant Interview With the Boss—He Won't Fight Windmills, but Will Specific Charges—Peter B. Sweeny a Wise Man.

"I don't know at all, at all," said Mike Madigan, of the Fifth ward, the champion of public and private virtue at Albany last spring, in answer to a HERALD reporter's inquiry upon the aspect of things in general. The scene was the Department of Public Works, at the corner of Park place and Broadway; the time, yesterday afternoon. Hall's *petitio principio* on the resignation question, and Connolly's slippery back stab, notched as it was with quotation marks from the Mayor's first letter, had thundered upon Mike's ears and knocked him into a quandary, of which the opening sentence is a faint echo. He didn't know; how could he?

WHAT DID ANYBODY KNOW?

Ask handsome Jimmy Oliver, whose smile is perennial as he leans against the mantelpiece, with that Oriental badge like a fiery star upon his waistcoat.

"Come and see me some other time," saith Jim, "and we shall talk the whole thing over."

Oh, communicative James! Ask Andrews, who is now upon the stage of public life, since he left the Winter Garden of his discontent. Mum, mum's the word all round. Ah! here is some one. Enter Harry Genet, with a Henry Clay between his senatorial lips; the nearest he has ever got to companionship with that great mind of other times.

REPORTER—How now, Senator, what of the new combination so muchly talked of?

GENET (with impressive earnestness of gesture, pointing to the room in front, in which there was nobody, but in which the "Boss," Hon. William M. Tweed, sojourneth from time to time)—

THERE IS MY COMBINATION,

the only one I seek.

The effect of this upon the auditory may be imagined. It found a response, unuttered it is true, but looked and felt, which, upon the Bowery stage, would be interpreted by everybody striking an attitude and crying, "We swear." The Senator passed on, and silence dwelt around the little throng. The reporter shook the uncongenial element of saying nothing from about him and passed out into the corridor leading to the offices at the back. Frank Duffy was there looking as if he had swallowed a gallon of his own root beer, so sick and dispirited did he appear. His *outre* get up seemed as though he was getting ready for the grave; by no means could it be said he was dressed to kill. Down the steps of the building a number of office-holders were gathered, whose glib tongues rattled in sympathy to the latest items of news. A beggerman at the corner, who had nothing to lose, seemed

THE ONLY UNINTERESTED BEING

within twenty yards. These men of place when approached upon the topic of topics became ominously silent, as if anything they could say would be of the slightest moment; but they one and all winked, as much as to say, "Oh, we know; we could an' if we would," and so forth. Up the steps again to where Tommy Gillespie answers all polite inquiries for the "Boss" the reporter mounted. The boy of the light yet dark mustache shook his head, bothered by much similar inquiry as the one he now heard. The "Boss" was out. A vague walk followed in and out through men of the horny hand, laborers and others of

MUSCLE AND VOTES,

who hung, like Tennyson upon the bridge at Coventry, "with grooms and porters" around the dark corridor. Good Gillespie! thou hast brought me news, indeed. The "Boss" is in now, and will see the HERALD reporter. Ushered into an office from the corridor (the same whither Harry Genet had pointed some twenty minutes gone), the reporter found himself in front of a desk at which nobody was sitting. Entered then William E. King from an office further back, and, as he sought an exit on the corridor, said "That way." That way the reporter went and found himself in a spacious office, nicely carpeted, solidly furnished and having upon its walls the counterfeit presentments of A. O. Hall and R. B. Connolly,

LOVINGLY SIDE BY SIDE

with P. B. Sweeny and others, not forgetting a large sepia study of the Boss himself. A large desk in polished walnut was in the centre, but no mortal entity was seated thereat. But there was a presence there which outweighed and transcended these articles of furniture. It was the soul and

BODY OF WILLIAM M. TWEED.

A joyous smile lit up the blandness of his face as he shook hands with the reporter. A soft, plump hand it was that encircled the reporter's long digits, worn down to a fine point in writing "the brief and abstract chronicles of his time."

"Sit down, sir," said the "Boss," and as with his own hands that great man removed a newspaper file from a leather covered arm chair, the reporter took a seat where the Boss had indicated.

REPORTER—I have come, Mr. Tweed, to ask you if you have anything to say on the present state of city affairs.

TWEED—Ah! indeed.

REPORTER (after a pause)—Have you anything to say, sir?

TWEED (laughing)—No: nothing at all.

The reporter surveyed that venerable beard for an instant, and gathering encouragement from its silvery softness, thought that perchance there was

A SOFT SPOT SOMEWHERE

under his glittering breastpin; so he said:—

"Can you give me any opinion how this trouble is going to end?"

TWEED—The simplest answer I can make is that I cannot give you what I have not got. You may form an opinion, and all are welcome to their opinions.

REPORTER—I am without affiliation, and can afford to be impartial.

TWEED—That's the trouble. Those who like me do not think

I WOULD DO ANYTHING WRONG,

and those who oppose me do not think I can do anything right.

REPORTER—The decision of Judge Barnard surprised a great many.

TWEED (with a smile)—Yes, it did. Surprising things happen every day; but then, you know, public opinion is a great lever.

REPORTER—Your answer in that case was a simple denial?

TWEED—A general denial. The charges were vague and general. Let them bring specific charges and I shall meet them. I don't intend at my time of life to

GO FIGHTING WINDMILLS,

and this is all windmill.

REPORTER—Sweeny has kept himself in the background all through.

TWEED—Wise man! wise man!

REPORTER—They didn't include him in that suit.

TWEED—Wise man!

REPORTER—You have heard of the reported new combinations?

TWEED—What are they?

REPORTER—Oh, all sorts. Tilden, Havemeyer, O'Brien and Connolly for instance.

TWEED—That would be a queer team.

And the Boss laughed pleasantly, and put his legs up on the arm of a chair and laughed again.

REPORTER—There is said to be a great deal more of mere personality in this attack from the commencement than appears on the surface.

TWEED—Motives are hard to judge in a fight like this; but time will tell where they come from.

REPORTER—It is pretty certain the attacks have been reserved for the period before election, although I have heard verdant democrats deplore their appearance at this time.

TWEED (laughing)—Certainly; that is

WHY THEY WERE SO LONG HATCHING.

REPORTER—You seem, Mr. Tweed, to keep very cool through it all