THE SEARCH FOR BAKER.

RETURN OF THE POLICE FROM NEW-JERSEY

NO TIDINGS OF THE FUGITIVE.

HIS SUPPOSED ESCAPE IN THE JEWETT.

NOTHING POSITIVE.

Last evening Captains Walling and Speight, with some Policemen of their respective commands, who, for the last two days have been absent in the vicinity of Amboy, New-Jersey, searching for Lewis Baker, the alleged murderer of Poole, returned to the City without bringing the fugitive with them or bearing any tidings whatever of the object of their search.

They thoroughly scoured that portion of Jersey in which it was so firmly believed Baker was secreted, and only succeeded in ascertaining that the man so often seen in the vicinity of Amboy, for a day or two, and so well answering the description of Baker, was the schoolmaster referred to in *The Tribune* of yesterday, much resembling the fugitive. He had gone on a drunken frolic, and being ashamed to show his face where known, while under the influence of rum, wandered through the woods, across lots, and excited the suspicions of every stranger who saw him. In his movements through the forest, this teacher had become entangled in a brush-heap, and in extricating himself caused an unbecoming rent in his pants, to heal which he called upon Mrs. Applegate, living near by. This circumstance was referred to in a previous report, and the man considered, beyond a doubt, to be Baker, the fugitive. Captains Walling and Speight have made thorough search in Jersey, and from what they can learn they have reason to believe that Baker has not been in Amboy or that part of the State at all, since the murder of Poole. It, however, is possible that he may be secreted by some of his relations and friends living in that section of the State, but the opinion of the officers is that he has escaped the country on board the Isabella Jewett, or perhaps managed to thoroughly disguise himself, and flee by railroad to the South. It is also suspected that the numerous and exaggerated reports of Baker being so repeatedly seen in New-Jersey, have been manufactured by his friends for the sole purpose of drawing the attention of the Police authorities from his hiding place, or the conveyance used and route taken, in case he has left the country. No trick, device, or expense has been spared by Baker's friends to get him safely beyond the reach of justice. With one or two exceptions, the whole Police Department has seemed desirous of arresting Baker; but through the rascally and criminal interference of his bosom-friend, Policeman Linn, an ex-Policeman, and his associates in the gambling and fighting fraternity, they have been thwarted in their purposes, and a cowardly murderer thereby allowed to escape. The Chief of Police, however, has hopes that he will yet be able to accomplish Baker's arrest, provided he did not sail in the brig Jewett. He has been at work vigorously but silently in this matter since the death of Poole, and before; but Baker and his emissaries thus far have proved more than a match for all the combined forces operating against them. Rumors and opinions respecting the whereabouts of Baker were as current last night as at any previous time; but the prevailing belief is that he did not escape in the brig, but is secreted somewhere not far distant from New-York. But the matter is mixed up in uncertainty and mystery, which time alone can unravel.

FURTHER OF THE SEARCH FOR BAKER.

From our Special Reporter.

The excitement in New-Jersey relative to Baker is running high, it being generally believed, from the apparently truthful rumors afloat, that he is making his way stealthily through the State to the sea-board or to Philadelphia.

A man of truthful reputation, and a lad, residing near Freehold, saw a man answering very well Baker's description, on Wednesday, lurking in a piece of woods not more than a mile and a half from that village. He was seen at a considerable distance, and the description of him corresponds with that of the individual who it is believed is the fugitive Baker. He wore a cap and overcoat; the latter, the boy said, was of a light color. Search was made by a number of citizens, yesterday, in that neighborhood, but no traces of him discovered, except footprints which correspond with those previously described as made by the mysterious traveler supposed to be Baker.

On Thursday at 10½ o'clock A. M., several passengers on the Camden and Amboy train, when nine miles from Camden, saw a man issue from a cedar thicket and cross an opening of about 300 yards and enter another piece of cedar woods. His course was toward Philadelphia, and in size and form he answered well the description of Baker. He wore a cap and overcoat, and walked lame, with his hand apparently in his bosom. He was seen at the distance of at least 100 yards. Notice was given of this fact at Camden, and persons are on the look-out for the stranger.

The party that left Freehold on Wednesday at noon in search of Baker had not returned at 3 o'clock yesterday, and it is believed that they would not have remained on the search so long in the rain if they were not upon the track of the fugitive.

Owing to the discovery that the schoolmaster, who was abroad on a spree in the vicinity of Amboy, was the hero for certain circumstances which, it was believed, lead to the discovery of Baker; and to the fact that other statements concerning his whereabouts have, upon investigation, proved to be without foundation, the belief that Baker is in New-Jersey is much shaken. The rumors of his travels are so consistent as to time, place and appearance, as to lead to the opinion that he is in that State, while facts are developed which seem to destroy all such expectations.

NOTE FROM JUDGE STUART.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Captains Walling and Speight have just returned from their pursuit of Baker in New-Jersey, and report that they found the person supposed to be the fugitive, but who, when overtaken, proved to be (although of general resemblance) an entirely different person. I am still as certain as at first that Baker sailed in the Isabella Jewett on Saturday morning last for the Spanish Main. The Grapeshot will, by by Mr. Law's noble generosity, without cost, be put to sea in chase with all possible dispatch.

March 16, 1855. Respectfully, S. H. STUART.

CARD FROM MR. HYER.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: By a paragraph in your paper, I perceive that it is stated that, at a consultation between Geo. Law and Justice Stuart, in regard to obtaining the clipper-bark Grape Shot to secure the arrest of Baker, I offered to contribute liberally toward repaying the expenses. This is a mistake. Mr. Law very nobly and generously offered the use of his clipper without any charge. Very respectfully,

THOMAS HYER.

THE POOLE TRAGEDY.

CORONER'S INQUEST—SIXTH DAY.

THURSDAY, 10½ O'CLOCK A. M.

The attendance is as numerous as on any previous day.

William Goodheart, sworn: I reside at No. 25 Jane-st.; I was in Stanwix Hall on the night in question, during the first difficulty between Morrissey and Poole; on that evening I met a man in Mercer-st. who told me there was likely to be a difficulty in Stanwix Hall; I went there, and saw Mr. Poole talking with some friends, and heard a voice in the back room that sounded like Morrissey's voice; soon after that Morrissey came out and addressed Poole several times, and called him a coward, and Poole told Morrissey he was a "lying Irish son of a b—;" Morrissey dared him to fight, and after several provocations Poole jumped from behind the bar to the middle of the room and told him he would fight him muzzle to muzzle; Poole then had a pistol in his hand; I did not see the pistol in Poole's hand until he was in the middle of the floor; Morrissey held his hands up, and James Irwin said Morrissey had no weapon; Morrissey said something that I did not understand; Irwin then got in between them, and told Poole that if he (Poole) would put his pistol up, he would do all he could to stop the muss; Poole then advanced toward the front door, and Morrissey followed him, when Poole got up on top of the counter to avoid him; Poole told something while on the counter that I did not understand, there was a great deal of talk and bustle among the crowd, but I don't know who it was; I saw a pistol in Poole's right hand while he was on the counter; the pistol was held out and pointed in the direction of Morrissey; I did not hear the pistol cocked; Poole walked to near the middle of the counter and jumped down in front of it; this was all done in a few seconds; after this, Poole went into the recess between the end of the eating-counter and bar; hard words then passed between Morrissey and Poole; Morrissey then said if he had a pistol he would show that Poole was a coward; Poole did not appear to have a pistol at this time; one of his hands was in his breast; there was talk between them, each calling the other "coward" and Poole said "No Irish son of a b— should kick him;" Morrissey was standing about 8 or 10 feet from Poole at this time; I heard Morrissey ask John Hyler for a pistol; Hyler replied that he had none; Morrissey then asked him to go and get him one; Morrissey asked him two or three times, and Hyler said, "I don't want to go John" and finally Hyler said, "I won't go;" I saw Morrissey speak to two or three different persons, and I should judge that he was asking for a pistol; it was some few minutes when Poole said he could whip any Irishman; Mark McGuire took it up. [Here witness corroborated Irwin.] Ten or 15 or 20 minutes after I saw Morrissey have a pistol; I should judge it snapped once or twice; he was then presenting it at Poole; I do not know if it was capped; I only heard the snap; Poole continued to stand in the position in which he had been, and I did not see him have any pistol; if he had had one in his hand I should have seen it; after this the Police rushed in; some got around Morrissey and some around Poole; when Morrissey had his pistol drawn on Poole, and before he had snapped it Mr. Hyler, who stood beside me, said, "*I gave that pistol to Morrissey, and it is a good one;*" I am half for Morrissey; Mr. Irwin was present, and did, I thought, all he could to stop the muss; I did not hear Mr. Poole say anything, while on the counter, to the crowd about getting away from in front of Morrissey; I am a butcher; am not aware of the raising of a fund for Baker's escape; do not know anything about Baker's escape, nor who assisted in it; Mr. Poole and myself were not on the best of terms; I went bail for Irwin, yesterday; I own a house and lot No. 25 Jane-st.; never went bail for Paugene.

George Ancrews, sworn—I reside at No. 89 Franklin-st; between 9 and 10 o'clock on the night of the affray, I went into John Lyng's house and saw Morrissey, McCabe, Lyng's brother-in-law, Hyler, and others; Hyler and they were talking about the difficulty which had occurred at Stanwix Hall, and Hyler was talking about a match which he had made for Morrissey in Philadelphia and also about the conduct of the proprietors of Stanwix Hall, in giving his wife notice to leave while he was in Philadelphia, and before the time for which he had taken it had expired; while we were talking about this, Morrissey left the house, to go and pay Allen, in Lispenard-st., a debt of $50; Hyler then said he would have satisfaction out of Allen; Dean and Paugene then said they had given Morrissey the pistol—that he did it openly and above board and didn't care who knew it; at this time Paugene and Turner came in; Morrissey was intoxicated when he went out; I think he went out in company with another person; I think it was with Cunningham; Hyler asked the last-comers to take a drink; Turner did, and Paugene took a cigar; Paugene tapped me on the shoulder, saying, you are big enough to go out and spar; I laughed; I think Turner introduced Paugene to Hyler; after a little while they all left the house together, saying they were going to Mr. Allen's to see Morrissey; I stopped there for some time, talking with Lyng, Harvey Young and McCabe, and then McCabe and I left at about 11 to 11; I was in Lyng's house for about three-quarters of an hour, altogether, but did not see Morrissey come back; I did hear Morrissey saying, in a drunken way, what had occurred in the first row; Mr. McCabe went home; I went up to Stanwix Hall; it was between 20 minutes past 11 and 12 o'clock when I got in there; I saw there Mr. Poole (who was talking to Mr. Reeves) play Campbell and others drinking wine; they asked me to drink with them, and I did; I stood there nearly two hours with them; it was nearly 1 o'clock, and I think the house was shut on the outside; Hyler, Paugene, Turner, Baker, Cornelius Linn and Van Pelt came in; Mr. Reeves had gone home; our party were at the bar, Mr. Poole paying for the wine; Baker came in as if in company; Hyler passed up to the counter and asked them to take a drink; Paugene followed, and, seeing Poole, said, "what are you looking at, you black muzzled s— of a b—? I there's the American fighting man that whipped all Carolina, that licked Morrissey—look at him, the American fighting boy; you're the only man on top of earth that I want to fight; why don't you fight me?" Poole made no reply, but simply stood with his hands partially in his pockets, and looking carelessly at him; at length Poole replied: "I don't think that you are worth it;" Turner stepped up to Poole, and took him by the hand, saying: "Mr. Poole, you mustn't pay any attention to him; he's been drinking." Poole replied: "That is enough" (meaning that he was satisfied); Paugene still went on using threatening language to Mr. Poole all the time; Paugene appeared to be perfectly sober; with that Mr. Poole let go Turner's hand and stepped out a little and said, "I'll bet $500 I can whip any man in the house—$100 forfeit;" he then put five $5 gold pieces into Mr. Dean's hands; Paugene said to Turner, and Turner to Baker, "Have you got $100?" but none of them appeared to have so much; I had been standing all this time with Poole, but apprehending a disturbance, I stepped back by the oyster-box, when Paugene said "You dare not fight for less;" with that, as I stepped away, Turner stepped back and threw off his cloak, and, taking his pistol from his belt and resting it upon his arm, said, "Let's sail in," and with that I suppose his pistol slipped and he shot himself through the arm and fell; I thought it was time to care for myself, and stepped back into a pantry, looking out now and then; I saw Poole standing with his back to the oyster counter, sparring, or keeping off Paugene; Mr. Shay and Mr. Campbell were near Poole; Poole held his hands up and said, "You don't going to murder me," or "You ain't going to kill me," while Turner lay on the floor, some one shouted "He's shot himself;" as he was struggling on the floor his pistol went off several times; one of the balls, I think, taking effect in Mr. Poole's leg; Mr. Hyler was standing in the pantry along side of me at the same time, appearing to be much alarmed; Mr Cy Harris was there too; the pistols went off, one loud like a cannon, and another not so loud; after Mr Poole got shot in the knee, I think he staggered and fell over, or near Turner; I did not see Baker; I could not see distinctly from the pantry, out of which I occasionally dodged my head—on account of the smoke; I did not notice anything else, for I was looking out for myself, as I did not know but I might have got a ball; they were flying about in every direction; I heard some eleven or twelve shots; when I looked out of the pantry again, these parties had left; Mr. Poole was standing, holding on to the door, with a knife in his hand; he knew that he had been shot in the leg, but did not appear to notice his other wound; it looked to me like a carving knife; I did not, at any time, see him have a pistol, although I heard, subsequently, that one had been found, and given to the police, with none of the barrels discharged. I saw Paugene spit into Poole's face two or three times very distinctly; he caught Poole by the collar, and spat into his face; I do not know whether Poole, when he offered to fight for $500, wanted to fight there then, or to get out of the difficulty for that night; Poole was quite collected; I heard Turner's big pistol go off three times; it was a general talk in the room that the party came in a carriage; Mr. Poole was taken out of Stanwix Hall, I think, at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning; while Poole was in bed that night, before he was taken home, he raised himself up and said, "who's been here to "murder a thousand dollars to a cent I won't die."

Here a recess of a few minutes was taken.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Jeremiah Haley, sworn, says—I reside at No. 5 Essex-st., Jersey City; I was present at the first affray, in Stanwix Hall; what I saw coincides with the testimony of previous witnesses.

William E. Allen, sworn—I reside at No. 60 Lispenard-st; I left my home between 9 and 10 o'clock on the night in question; I met Baker between my house and Broadway, and he asked me if Turner was in my house; I said I believed he was; he then asked me to go and tell him that Poole and Morrissey had had a difficulty at Stanwix Hall, and to go up there right away; Baker said he would wait for me; I went back to my house, and did my errand; Turner asked me what Baker wanted to see him for; I told him, and he said, "You "tell Baker that I'm not here; I'm in one difficulty, now;" I went out and told Baker Turner was not there; I walked as far as the corner with Baker, when he stopped a stage and went up Broadway in it; I then went down town, and came back to my house in the vicinity of 12 o'clock; I was up-stairs, and was sent for to come down, as Morrissey wanted to see me; I went down; Morrissey was in the bar-room, and gave me $50 to give to a Mr Burtle; Baker, Turner and Paugene were in the bar room; when he gave me the money, he drank, together with Baker, Turner and Paugene; Morrissey called for a bottle of wine; he was very drunk at the time; while we were drinking, Hyler came in; after I drank, I went up-stairs; I knew Cunningham; I don't know whether he was there or not; there were others in the room; Morrissey said he was going away when I went up-stairs; that was 10 minutes to 12 o'clock; I am not certain that Turner was in the bar at the time.

Capt. Isaiah Rynders, sworn—Said that he knew nothing about this affair, nor who gave the pistol to Morrissey.

William Mitchell, sworn—Am barkeeper at Stanwix Hall. This witness corroborated the main part of Mr. Suydam's testimony, and having gone to a place of refuge at the time of the first firing, could not say much about the actual doings during the fight, in which Poole was shot.

Mark McGuire, sworn—I reside at No. 275 Elizabeth-st; I was in Stanwix Hall on the night of the affray, in the first muss; I was in at Florence's, when some one told me that Poole and Morrissey were in Stanwix Hall and I went up; I saw Poole sitting between the eating and drinking-counters; I talked with Poole about his visit to Charleston; I then went into the back room and sat down, and took a glass of wine, while Morrissey went into the bar-room; I then heard Morrissey and Poole exchanging words; Morrissey called him a coward, and rushed toward Poole, who drew his pistol partly out of his pantaloons pocket; Morrissey called him a coward, and said Poole dared not fight him muzzle to muzzle; Poole called him a liar, and said he dared, and called on Morrissey to draw, at the same time drawing his own pistol, and coming out into the floor; Irwin tried to keep Morrissey still, and Janeway tried to keep Poole still; Irwin told Poole Morrissey had no weapon, and I told Poole not to shoot him, or he would commit murder; Morrissey made a rush at Poole, and the latter got behind the counter, and stood on something, leveling his pistol at Morrissey; then some one came in and gave Morrissey a pistol, and Morrissey then said, "Now, draw, you d—d son of a b—;" Poole pulled his pistol from his pantaloons pocket and put into his breast—keeping his hand there; Morrissey leveled his pistol at Poole, who kept his pistol out of sight, but seemed to stand on the defensive; Mr. Irwin did what he could to make peace, and so did Mr. Janeway. [The witness did not state any new facts in reference to the conclusion of this affray.] To a Juror—Before Morrissey got his pistol, Mr. Poole and I had an altercation; Poole said we were a lot of d—d Irish sons of b—s; I replied, an Irishman was as good as any other man; he said it was a lie, and I returned the compliment, and said I was as good as he; he asked if I would fight him, and I said I would fight him upon an equality; Poole pointed to a big carving knife, and told me to pick it up, and he would get one; I did n't take it up, because I thought it was more than I could manage—[laughter]—I said I did n't want to quarrel with him, because he had been the friend of my brother's; I heard that a Philadelphian, named Charley, gave Morrissey the pistol; I saw Mr. Poole pretty high up but I can't say that he was standing erect on the counter; did n't see his boots, for I was looking at his pistol. [Laughter.]

Capt. Chas. S. Turnbull, sworn.—When the first affray took place I was on the west side of my ward, and one of my men told me that an affray had taken place between Morrissey and Poole; I went over to Stanwix Hall; it was then about 12 o'clock; the shutters were up, but the doors were not fastened; on learning where Morrissey had been taken I reprimanded my sergeant for allowing a detailed officer to take a prisoner from my ward; a little after 12 I heard from one of my men that a man had been shot up Broadway, and I immediately took a sergeant and two men with me to Stanwix Hall, where I found a large number of persons and officers; I placed two men at the door, and told them not to allow any person to come out or go in; I saw Poole lying on the counter, attended by Drs Cheeseman and Putnam; they told me that Poole could not live; I inquired of Mr. Dean who the guilty persons were, and then sent Sergeants Lent and Glenney and eight men to Lyng's, to arrest all of the persons who had been engaged in this affray, and said I would be with them soon; I then called Officers Stillwell and Johnston to go to Wildey's house, in Broome-st., to look for Baker; I then took the names of the persons present as witnesses; eight or ten stepped up, but I only stopped to take the names of four, and then leaving the house in charge of Sergeant Bogart, I went to Lyng's house; this was all done inside of ten minutes; when I got there, I found my men standing outside, on the sidewalk, with quite a number of the Sixth Ward Police. I inquired of Sergt. Leming, if he had been in; he said no; that Lyng had hoisted the window and told them if they came in it would be at their peril; I rang the bell, and Lyng hoisted the window; I said, "John, open this door;" he replied, "I won't" I said "I am an officer and must come in;" he said, "this is my castle and I'll protect it" or some such remark; I then jumped upon the stoop and told my men to kick down that door and they did; I met Mr. Lyng at the head of the stairs; I said to him, you are a pretty fellow to deny my men admittance, and was going into another room, when he said he should like to know my authority for entering his house in that way; I told him I would show him my authority, and was going to kick in the door when he unlocked it; I entered the bar-room, no one was there, and I went into the front room and arrested Paugene, who showed fight, and Van Pelt, who came willingly; I then left Turner, who was wounded, in charge of two officers, and then turned to Lyng and said, I want Baker; he said he was not there; I said I knew better, and if I did not get Baker I would take him; he said God d—n it, if you don't believe me search the house; he was here, but he gone; I sent four or five men up stairs to search for him and told them to ransack every nook; they returned without success; I then drew off some of my men, so as to disperse the crowd outside, and promptly I gave the signal for their return, and then went to Justice Brennan, and in company with him I searched the house the second time, without success; when I came out the second time a hackman told me that three men had left in a hurry and gone down Canal-st; I think that Lyng is right, Baker was on the table with the doctor, and when Lyng left to come to the window to parley with me, Baker said it was getting too d—d hot for him, and came down stairs and secreted himself in a coal hole under the stairs, and while we were rushing up he got out; a whole platoon of the Sixth Ward Police were on the sidewalk outside, while we went in. [Witness then went into a detail of the pursuit of Baker, and the arrest of the other parties.]

John Barry, alias "Fish," sworn—I reside at No. 234 Mott-st; I was arrested by Officer Sojer Jack and have been in prison since Monday night; don't live in a d—d hit; I am a coach driver in the employ of Mr. Slaven; I was standing with my carriage at the City Hotel on the night that the shooting took place; I knew Baker and Paugene by sight; about 11 or 11½ o'clock Baker got on the box of my coach; he told me to drive him to the corner of Broome and Broadway; I did so; he gave me three shillings, and asked if that was enough; I replied that it was; he went down to the "State "Saloon" under Peyser's store in Broome-st near Wallack's Theater; I stopped on the corner for about five minutes, and then saw a crowd come out—among them Baker; I did not see Paugene in that crowd; the only one I saw, to know, was Baker; of this I am sure; they made no noise; all seemed sober, and, as soon as they got on to the corner, I drove away; they were facing up Broadway as I drove off down Broadway; I stayed at the City Hotel some ten minutes, and then took a stranger over to the Bowery, and went home and put up my horses.

George McCready, alias "Lively" sworn—I live at No. 112 Orange-st; I am a coach driver for John Golding; I recollect the night I was caught by you in the manager; I was in Mr Barlow's bar-room, corner of Prince st. and Broadway, at the time of the occurrence that ended in the death of Mr. Poole; it was between 1 and 2 o'clock when Lewis Baker came running inside, and asked us for a cap; he was bareheaded; he seemed hurt on the right side of his head; it was bleeding; he did not walk lame; we told him we had none but those on our heads, and we didn't know where we should get any other, and could not do it; he then went outside and jumped into "Shanghai's" coach, (109,) and Murrill drove it away; that is all I know; Murrill told me he took Baker to the corner of Canal and Broadway.

Francis Murrill, sworn—I live at the foot of Duane-st; I drove coach No 109; I agree with the previous witness, except that I did not tell him the man who came in was Baker; six persons were on the carriage—four inside and one jumped on the box with me, and one got up behind; Baker got inside; they told me they wanted me to drive to a doctor in Leonard-st., as a man was shot; I drove them down to the corner of Broadway and Canal-st; when they got down there they jumped out, and did not pay me; it was a slim man who got upon the box; there was considerable blood upon the hind seat and upon the lining after they left; I was a little afraid of them; the man upon the box said nothing to me as I was coming down; I did not know any of the party; when they got out some went toward Lyng's and others went into Lispenard-st; one of them hallooed after me and said he would pay me at another time; I described him to others, and they told me it was Paugene.

Michael Campbell, alias "Buffer," sworn—I reside at No. 112 Orange-st; I am a driver of coach No. 74, and do not know anything about this matter.

Adjourned to 2 o'clock this afternoon.

JUSTICE CONNOLLY AND THE DANCE-HOUSES.

On Wednesday night, Justice Connolly, under escort of a strong Police force, paid a visit to the Fourth Patrol District, dropping into some of the most celebrated and disorderly dance-houses in Water, Cherry and other streets. It soon leaked out that the magistrate was abroad, and the news spread rapidly that he was about to make a descent upon some of the most notorious dens, as he had heretofore done in the Nineteenth, Twenty-second, and other Wards of the City. The result was, that this infamous and dangerous neighborhood, where men and women of all nations nightly congregate, making the dark hours hideous with their bacchanalian revelry, was soon nearly as quiet as any portion of New-York. Rum-drinking suddenly ceased to the public eye, and those haunts for degraded females and the resort of villains, from the murderer down to the petty thief, were closed, if not till morning, for the time being. The magistrate and his staff passed on from one scene of sin and misery (each one more revolting than the last) to another, till arriving at the dance-house and rum-shop of Andrew O'Brien, No. 97 Cherry-st. Here the excitement was at its highest pitch, and the magistrate, after a brief delay, resolved to "come "down" on the place. He accordingly led the officers, and in they went, and succeeded in arresting O'Brien, the proprietor, Daniel Rand, Mary McDonnell, Mary Willson, and Mary Keefe, all inmates of the premises. The others in the house at the time escaped through rear doors and windows, and scampered off for parts unknown. O'Brien and his hangers-on were detained for a hearing by the magistrate.

In connection with this matter we would state that the proper authorities have under investigation the case of one or more Policemen said to have been engaged in a regular system of levying contributions on the keepers of disorderly houses in the districts they represent, causing them to fork over largely, or in default thereof, compelled to submit to arrest, and perhaps indictment by the Grand-Jury. In some cases where indictments have been found, it is said large sums have been paid from a fund raised to tame the Police, to have the complaints withdrawn and further proceedings discontinued. The investigation has been slowly progressing for several days, and is not yet completed. The evidence taken, no doubt, would be very interesting to the public, and may be published when the matter is finished, particularly if a case of extortion is made out against the officers in question.

MARINE AFFAIRS.

SAILING OF THE CANADA.—This steamer will sail on Saturday, when the repairs to her side lever will have been completed.

SAILING OF A CALIFORNIA FREIGHT STEAMER.—The steamer Star of the South, Capt. Marks, sailed at 2 o'clock yesterday for Aspinwall, with freight for San Francisco, via the Panama Railroad. She was about two-thirds full. This is the first shipment of freight.

ORDER OF "SPOTTERS"—STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS.—The case of James Parmelee, Geo. Judson, and others, on trial or under sentence in the County Court, now in session, demands something more than a passing notice; that the youth of our city may, by a timely warning, be saved from so disastrous a fate as has come upon them. The two named, are respectively 19 and 20 years of age, and, with four others, had united in a secret society for the purpose of theft, burglary, highway robbery, &c. They had a constitution and by-laws for their guidance, which they had signed, together with a pledge to screen each other from detection, and help each other out of difficulties. They took the name of "Spotters," hired a room for their meetings, and provided themselves with a dark-lantern, slung-shot, two clubs about 18 inches long, painted black, the ends being loaded with lead, and also a pistol. They selected Parmelee as their leader—and, by their articles of association, could not admit a member, or enter upon any scheme, without his knowledge and concurrence; and whatever he directed they were bound to follow. Judson was the unscrupulous abettor of his leader. He is a native of a sister city, where he had been connected with a like gang, for similar purposes. His conduct has been such as to cause his expulsion from his father's house—in revenge for which, he broke into and robbed it of $300, was arrested, tried, and escaped by hiring witnesses to swear him clear. He then came and took up his residence in this city, and assisted in forming, if he did not originate, this plot for living by preying upon the community. The other four were induced to join them, from reading the glowing descriptions of such kind of life, as set forth in the trash called "Yellow-covered literature," so abundant in our midst, under the head of "Dick Turpin," "Claude Duval," "Jack Sheppard," and others, of whose authors the State's Attorney said, and doubtless he but expressed the feelings of the whole community: "Would to Heaven, I might have "them before your Honor, that they might suffer "double the penalty which their cursed works have "led to, in the cases here presented!" So far had the minds of Parmlee and Judson been perverted by this kind of reading, that on two different evenings they have been out into Hillhouse avenue, with intention of committing highway robbery, and did not do it, because they did not meet any one whom they supposed had money enough to pay for the risk. Yet they have done enough in the burnings, burglaries and thefts which they have accomplished, to show what they were capable of doing, had they not been providentially arrested. [New-Haven Reg., March 8.

FOUND DROWNED.—Coroner O'Donnell, yesterday, held an inquest upon the body of an unknown man about 40 years of age, found in the North River near the foot of Rector-st. The body had been in the water for a long time, and was much decomposed. No marks of violence were found upon it, and the jury rendered a verdict of death by drowning.

FIRES.

FIRE IN FIRST-AV.

About 5 o'clock yesterday morning a fire broke out in the building No. 147 First av., lower floor occupied by C. Scheeslin as a clothing store; upper part by several families. The premises were damaged to the amount of about $1,700.

FIRE IN HOUSTON-ST.

On Wednesday night a fire occurred in the basement of No. 170 Houston-st., occupied by Mr. Goldstacker as a window-shade manufactory. Damage slight.

FIRE IN THIRTEENTH-ST.

Last night a fire broke out in a small shed in the rear of No. 73 Thirteenth-st., occupied by Dr. Hentis, Veterinary Surgeon. The firemen soon subdued the flames.

FIRE IN CHRISTOPHER ST.

The alarm for the IIId District last evening was occasioned by some hams taking fire in the smoke-house of Cragin & Co., No. 160 Christopher-st. No damage was done to the building.

FIRE IN GRAND-ST.

Some light goods in the show-window of a store in Grand-st., near Christie, took fire last evening from the gas burner, causing an alarm. But little damage was sustained.

FALSE ALARM.

The alarm in the VIIIth District last evening was caused by the light from a bonfire in one of the down-town streets.

CITY ITEMS.

THE CHIPPEWA CHIEFS.—The delegation of Chippewa Chiefs, who have recently been in Washington, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with the United States Government for the sale of a body of land near the head waters of the Mississippi, arrived in New-York a day or two since, and have been busily occupied in seeing the most prominent objects of curiosity in the City. They visited THE TRIBUNE Office yesterday, in company with Maj. Herriman, the Indian Agent, and two interpreters, T. A. Warren and Perez Roy. On witnessing the operations of the power-press, which they saw for the first time, they gave vent to their astonishment by sundry expressive Indian gesticulations, and a series of guttural sounds which are not to be found in any of our vocabularies. These sons of the forest, fifteen in number, exhibit a striking specimen of the remains of aboriginal life. Their dress is a compound of savage and civilized costume. Most of them wore large blue or white blankets, with no other covering on the head than their jet black hair, and, in one or two instances, a wreath of colored feathers. They speak no English, but express themselves with great emphasis through the medium of their interpreters. It is about six weeks since they left the Chippewa Agency, reaching Washington on the 10th of February. The treaty which they have completed with the Government cedes about 12,000,000 acres to the United States, for which they are to be paid $1,210,000, in thirty annual installments. The party leave New-York immediately, and return by the usual public conveyances to their home in the woods.

A MONSTROUS BOOK.—Messrs. Goupil & Co. have just received copies of "Watkins's Commercial and "General London Directory," for 1855. It may be well called a monstrous volume, since it contains nearly twenty-five hundred large octavo pages, printed in medium type. It gives the names and addresses of 142,000 business persons or firms, the same classified into trades, and a most comprehensive Street Directory, showing each street, number, and the names of the occupants. There are also lists of churches and clergy, of gentry, lawyers, Government employees, members of Parliament, bankers, a complete exhibit of the Post Office and mail-routes, all modes of conveyance, Insurance Companies, charitable and penal institutions, and added to all this, a comprehensive directory of the gentry and tradesmen residing in the environs, embracing twenty five places near the metropolis. A curious and valuable invention, called an "External Index," is applied to the front of the book, when closed, whereby one may open to any particular department of intelligence, without searching for folios in the table of contents. Messrs. Goupil sell this mammoth volume for $6, at which rate a New-York Directory ought to go for 50 cents.

The Board of Aldermen had the ordinance for the more effectual enforcement of the Excise Laws, passed the Board of Councilmen, before them last evening, and voted to postpone it indefinitely. The Chief of Police was again called upon to report as to the birth-place and other particulars of the members of the department. The Board concurred to reduce the size of Central Park, by substituting Seventy-second-st., on the lower part, for Fifty-ninth-st., and by taking off 400 feet on each side. The proposed reward of $5,000 for the arrest of Baker was talked about and lost, by a vote of 11 to 6.

A CENTENARIAN GONE.—Died on the 8th inst., in Poundridge, Westchester County, N. Y., Mr. Samuel Dan, at the great age of 101 years, 8 months, and 18 days. Mr. Dan was earnestly engaged in the War of the Revolution, and personally assisted in the building of Fort Washington on the Hudson; was 47 years cotemporary with Washington, and 65 years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born years before the old French War, and recently told his friends that he distinctly recollected the principal events of that contest, the crowning blow of which was Wolfe's victory over Montcalm.

FORGERY ON THE BROADWAY BANK.—John Bolton, Clerk of the Broadway Bank, appeared before Justice Osborne yesterday morning, and made affidavit that a check for $25, bearing the signature of Tracy, Irwin & Co., of No. 235 Broadway, was presented to him by a man calling himself James K. Johnson, after banking hours, on Wednesday, for payment. He (the deponent) told the bearer to call again on Thursday morning, which he did, and, immediately on presenting the check to the Cashier, it was pronounced a forgery. An officer was immediately called in, who arrested and brought Johnson before Justice Osborne, by whom he was committed for examination.

MADAME RESTELL REPUDIATED.—Last week, Madame Restell furnished the Shirt-Sewers' and Seamstresses' Union, in Astor-place, with a large order of linen to make up for her, giving an assumed name, directing the order to be sent to her mansion in Chambers-st. When the little girl took a part of the order home, she reported, on her return, that Madame Restell's name was on the door. The Board of Managers, after consultation, bundled up her linen, and promptly returned it to her, with a polite note from the Secretary to the effect that, although in need of work, they should never be poor enough to accept patronage from a woman of her character.

CHARGE OF KIDNAPPING A CHILD.—A man named Richard T. Richardson was, yesterday, arrested, having in his care a boy about 8 years of age, son of his sister-in-law, a Mrs. John T. Richardson, of Springfield, Mass., whom, it is alleged, he kidnapped from his mother and brought to this city. It appears that some months ago the father of the boy left his family and went to reside at Richmond, Va., and recently wrote to his wife to bring their child and come to that city. She refused to do so, and the father, a few days since, telegraphed to his brother, the accused, to seize the child and convey him to Richmond. The brother then watched an opportunity, when the mother was absent, stole the boy, and brought him to this City. The mother soon discovered her loss, and immediately telegraphed to Chief Matsell, and when the cars arrived Capt. Dowling, of the Sixth Ward Police, was at the dépôt and arrested him. The mother came on yesterday, and the father was sent a telegraphic dispatch, to which he answered that he would be in the City to-day. The affair will be examined into by one of the Police Magistrates.

SENATOR SEWARD.—By the following letter, sent to the Whig Committee, it will be seen that Gov. Seward declines any public reception on his return homeward:

WASHINGTON, Friday, March 9, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter in which, in the name of the Democratic Whig General Committee of the City of New-York, you request me to appoint a time when I will receive an address from them on my return to my residence at Auburn.

I am sure that the Committee will believe me sincere in saying that I am deeply affected by this expression of their confidence and regard.

It recalls to my recollection the time, twenty years ago when true men residing in the City united with others residing in the interior of the State of New-York, and adopting a standard of political faith which combined sound political economy with broad principles of Democratic Government, began, under the name of the Democratic Whig party, that career which has been marked by many triumphs in the State and in the nation—auspicious to the best interests of the country and to the cause of human nature. The kind greeting which the Committee have sent me, is moreover particularly gratifying to me because it comes at the close of one term of service in the Federal Legislature, which has been attended with some perplexities, and at the beginning of another, in which new, and, perhaps, greater responsibilities are to be encountered. Nevertheless, my dear Sir, I am obliged to deny myself the pleasure of the meeting which the Committee have proposed. It falls within that class of ceremonial demonstrations of public respect in which a public man cannot figure without seeming to be willing to engage the attention of his fellow-citizens beyond the line of official relations.

Many years ago I formed the resolution to decline any such public courtesies, if they should be offered to me, and I have never since departed from that course. Be pleased to assure the Committee that I shall be happy to meet its members as individual citizens and friends, and to exchange views on public affairs with them freely during the few days which I shall spend in New-York next week. At the same time, ask them to add to their many favors this further favor, namely, to waive the formal visit which they have proposed.

With expressions of the highest respect to the Committee, and of esteem for each of its members, I have the honor to be, dear Sir, very respectfully, your humble servant, WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

AID THE SHIRT-SEWERS.—The Board of Managers of the Shirt-Sewers and Seamstress's Union, No. 3 Astor-place, are using every exertion to give employment to needlewomen whom the revulsions of the past and memorable winter still finds unemployed, destitute and sorrow stricken. They are literally "starving amid plenty," and "homeless beside a thousand "homes," eking out an existence merely, hoping for prosperous times, to enable them to live again by their pittance-wages. The Union offers them better prices for their labor, kind treatment, care in sickness, all the profits of their earnings, with pleasant and well-ventilated work-rooms. What the Managers most desire now is, patronage from the public, to enable them to double and treble the number of employes. Such regulations are now adopted at the Union as will secure their patrons good work, and prompt execution of their orders. Who would not patronize the Union, in preference to such establishments as figured on the Mayor's Complaint Book some two weeks since?

MORE SHIRT IMPOSITIONS.—A young lady residing in Union court, Brooklyn, complains that she was induced by a shirt-manufacturer in William-st. to deposit $4 with him as security for four colored cotton shirts, which she took out to make; that, on taking them home on Wednesday, the shirt man told her that she must keep the shirts; that he had no money to pay her. She says she understands he intends moving, and, therefore, prays immediate relief.

PAID UP.—Solomon Heart, against whom complaint was made by a seamstress, on Wednesday, for not paying her her wages, sent the amount due her—$12 25—to the Mayor's Office, on Thursday morning, and this settled the affair.

A HALF-STARVED FAMILY.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: We beg leave to call the attention of your readers to a most wretched family in No. 559 West Twenty-sixth-st., third story, near Eleventh av. The father has been sick some time in the Hospital, the mother has five children, and can get no work. They have neither table, chair, bed, nor bedding; they sleep on the floor;