only four or five times as he came into the bar room; this morning about 11 o'clock the prisoner came and asked for some thing to drink; I made no reply as I was lying down not being well, having been sick some three years; the deceased was not in the house at this time; the deceased had said to me that should the prisoner come in not to let him go into the back room, nor show him any favor, but get him out of the house the best I could, as he might know me down, he always being in some crime; the prisoner said nothing further but remained standing with his back to the bar until the deceased came in which was in a few minutes; I heard some one coming down the steps, and as the person came in through the door I heard a fall, and got up immediately on seeing the deceased lying on the floor and the prisoner having hold of the deceased's throat, and the other one hand over the deceased's mouth; I heard no words pass between the prisoner and the deceased; I told the prisoner to take his hands off from him, when the prisoner said, "he (the deceased) was in a fit, and that was the best way to bring him to;" I said "No, that I had been with him four years, and he never had had anything of the kind;" I took hold of his hands and pulled them off the deceased three times, and the prisoner put them back again, and was pushing me away; after some three minutes the prisoner took his hands off, and then caught hold of his ears; the deceased died, not struggling nor giving any signs of life while lying on the floor; just after I got to the deceased, while the prisoner had hold of his throat and mouth, I took hold of deceased, when he clasped my hand and rolled his eyes upward; this was all the sign of life I saw him give.

Ann McAvoy being duly sworn, deposes and says—I live at No. 46 New Bowery; I have lived there six weeks; have known the deceased two years, the prisoner since last Sunday night, when he and the other men came in with a trunk, and after stopping about half an hour went away; the prisoner has been in our place every day since; this morning about 10 o'clock the prisoner came in and asked the first witness for something to drink, but she made him no answer; I saw the deceased coming down the steps, when I turned and went into the sitting-room, closing the door after me; the deceased had got inside and was closing the door as I went out; just as I was passing in the front bedroom I heard a noise, when another girl asked me what it was; we then came back into the barroom; I saw the deceased lying on the floor and the prisoner having hold of his arm; I did not see anything further; the first witness sent me up stairs for a man to go for a doctor; when I came back with the man he said that the deceased was dead; I never knew the deceased to complain of being ill; I never knew any angry words to pass between the prisoner and the deceased.

Catharine Malone, residing at No. 46 New-Bowery, being duly sworn, deposes and says—I have only seen the prisoner three times; I have known the deceased since two weeks ago last Wednesday; I saw the prisoner standing by the bar this morning; I bid him good morning, and he me the same; I left and went into my room; the next thing that I heard was a noise in the barroom; I went in there and saw the deceased lying on the floor; I saw the prisoner standing by having hold of the deceased's right arm; the deceased only breathed once or twice afterward; the prisoner did not take hold of the deceased's throat or mouth as far as I saw.

Wooster Beach, M. D., being duly sworn, deposes and says—I have made a post-mortem examination on the body of the deceased; I found a large aneurism of the aorta, which had been ruptured; a person with such a disease is liable to die suddenly at any time; the rupture is sometimes caused by excitement, and frequently without any exciting cause.

Dr. Ferguson, who assisted in the post-mortem, fully concurred in the opinion expressed by Dr. Beach.

The matter was then given to the Jury, who immediately rendered a verdict of death by rupture of an aneurism of the aorta.

On the rendition of the verdict the prisoner was liberated from custody.

Foley was 38 years of age, but the place of his nativity is unknown.

Reed alias Jerry Brick confessed to Coroner Hills that he had been in the State Prison, and made the same accusation against the deceased.

AN AMATEUR CONCERT FOR A RUINED MECÆNAS.

Amateur concerts, when good, have a charm all their own. The fierce law of supply and demand—of so many musical notes for so many bank notes, or the bird won't sing—is arrested for the nonce. The lovely women with the lovely voices, who are only heard within the sacred precincts of the drawing-room on ordinary occasions, are graciously displayed to the admiring eyes and ears of *oi polloi* on these extraordinary occasions. Who, having money, so base (the man, not the coin) as not to pay it to see and hear a pretty woman in a new character—that of a public vocalist? The world is agog always for a] debutante well announced and certified to; this, then, may be considered as essential debutanteism, though no operatic or concert-room career flows therefrom, and in that light, too, has a particular interest.

Nothing is fixed. By all the laws of fluency—by the inherent mutations of the soul—by the necessary contrasts and changes of co-tangent generations—what was tolerably right to-day becomes tolerably wrong to-morrow. Time was when churches were churches. Now they may be concert-rooms. Concert-rooms, yea verily, where the sweet-toothed and mouthed tones of the opera-music are heard, in place of the stern, plain, bold old psalmody—where, instead of the sledge-hammer notes of Luther's hymn, every one of which is as trenchant as the whirr and blow of the inkstand which he threw at the devil's head, we have the luscious trills and quaverings of youth and love, giving us the passion of passions with dramatic reality that would make Cupid draw his bowstring, or give his Psyche a kiss of fragrant ecstasy. For these dear young tones are not bought, are not sold; they are as roses given by the hand of affection, which have a perfume beyond price. Eager or sleepy reader asks—What are you talking about? Churches? Luther? inkstand? the devil? Cupid? Psyche? roses?—what does it all mean? It means, to come to particularities, that last night there was given at the church in Fifth avenue, corner of —— street (we forget the street—so many of them), an amateur Concert—where the loveliest faces and voices were engaging in doing terrible execution on their devoted listeners, the church being full to its periphery. The singing was gratuitous—the entrance fee one dollar. The fund, a considerable one, going to a sufferer by the Juggernaut-crisis car—one who had done much and nobly for piety and art; who, out of his own full heart and deep pocket, had built the very church wherein the concert was held; and now—O hideous lottery of Being—is poor, and sick, and helpless. The church belongs to the Baptist "persuasion." But such is the metropolitan, "of the earth, earthy," æsthetic influence of Manhattan on the quiet, unadorned architecture of that most numerous sect of Christians, that we really imagined ourselves in a Catholic church, judging by the first thing which meets the eye in the altar or pulpit precinct—namely, a colossal fresco of the angel Gabriel with his trumpet. But considering the musico-dramatic uses the edifice is put to, the dramatic breadth of the painting, the liberal lack of clothes to the angels' legs, and so forth, seem in concordance. For the rest, the church has no gallery. Congeries of arches create resonances of sounds, favorable to the tympani of the least appreciative ears. Then the places where the singers stand, and where the piano-forte stands, and the bearded extracts from the opera with profane instruments in their hands stand, are excellent for a *point d'appui*.

The programme of this amateur concert was as follows:

PART FIRST.

1. Instrumental Overture ..... ORCHESTRA
2. Duetto from "Trovatore" ..... Verdi
   Mrs. BEECHER, Sig. ALAIMO.
3. Cavatina from "Roberto" ..... Donizetti
   Miss ANDEM.
4. Cavatina from "Traviata" ..... Verdi
   Miss SECOR.
5. Duetto from "Belisario" ..... Donizetti
   Sig. ALAIMO, Mons. TROBRIAND.
6. Grand Aria from "Corsero" ..... Verdi
   Miss SECOR.

PART SECOND.

1. Secor Overture ..... Sig. MANZOCCHI
   Composed expressly for the occasion, and dedicated to Miss Secor.
2. Duetto from "Masnadieri" ..... Verdi
   Miss ANDEM, Sig. ALAIMO.
3. Romanza ..... Donizetti
   Mrs. BEECHER.
4. Duetto, Parigi, O cara, "Traviata" ..... Verdi
   Miss SECOR, Sig. ALAIMO.
5. Solo, Aria from "Lucia" ..... Donizetti
   Miss ANDEM.
6. Romanza from "Luisa Miller," ..... Verdi
   Sig. ALAIMO.
7. Grand Aria from "Sonnambula" ..... Bellini
   Miss SECOR.

Conductor and Accompanist ..... Sig. MANZOCCHI

The instrumental overture (!) was a gem of purest ray serene. It was composed of the gipsy and anvil odds and ends of the Trovatore. What was wanted in severe classicality was (we suppose) made up in the excellence of the playing. The duet from Trovatore was a nice thing—the lady with a sweet voice, but pale and frightened, however—the gentleman full of Italian sentimentalism and not scared. Fear detracts from Euterpe more than from any other of the muses—because it affects the larynx, pharynx, glottis, epiglottis, lungs, and the systole and diastole of the heart—all involved in vocal expression. The qualities of the best singer, therefore, cannot be adequately divined under the circumstances; and charming as was Mrs. Beecher, we felt that she did not do herself justice. Cavatina from Roberto—not Il Diavolo—but another gentleman—Devereux. Miss Andem? Oh, ignorance—and we did not know Miss Andem as a singer. But the editor of *The States* (Wasnington) has just asked, "Who *is* Carey?"—meaning H. C. Carey, the profoundest political economist the country can name—and so we may ask, "Who is Miss Andem?" Miss Andem is a musical flower. She sings in St. Thomas's Church—but the organ is not a good accompaniment for such a voice. She has a soprano, clear, pure, sympathetic, womanly. She is a rapid learner, and, we learn, under the quasi but safe hot-house system of Signor Manzocchi, has made wonderful progress. She bids fair to sing like a thorough artist. For the rest, she has a musical face and a fairy foot.

Miss Secor:—The muses smiled when she was born. What a lovely voice! Tender, moonlightish, brilliant, and all full of love, just fit for that perennial topic of life and the opera. For what is an opera without love? As soon have a party without a candidate, or a subterranean meeting without a fight. Miss Secor is some eighteen or nineteen, with a most enthusiastic countenance, and she is music's self in voice and expression. Not that she has not much to learn. But that will come with the development of the intellect, and an experience in the darker shadows of life. She has a soprano voice capable of reaching to E flat in alto; but what does not happen to such voices as a rule, this extent does not lend it any shriekiness or frigidity. It is all sweet, pure, equable. The force, too, will bear dramatic subjects. It rings through the building like a prima donna volume. In execution, we are reminded of touches worthy a great artist. The scales are neat and clean; the disjointed intervals all true.

The duet from Belisario did not take place. Where was "Mons. Trobriand," editor of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis?* Was he translating against time one of James Buchanan's messages, or writing a Parisian-like sketch, working up all the beautics of his own beautiful tongue? As we cannot stop to hear the answer, we must proceed to Miss Secor again—and passing over the sprightly Secor overture of Signor Manzocchi, proceed to No. II. of Part II., from the "Masnadieri" of Verdi (written for Jenny Lind in London, in which she failed and dragged Verdi down with her), went off most mellifluously—the thirds slid in the intertwined colludations of coincident heart-beatings, and all that kind of thing. Then, in No. III., Mrs. Beecher, having recovered from her trepidation, redeemed herself, and received a tempestuous encore—though in a church—such is progress! The duet from "Traviata" is a new (and improved) style for Verdi. It is not exaggerated. But Miss Secor was deficient in intensity at the closing measures: the voice, too, needing more firmness of dramatic accent. The solo from "Lucia" was freshened by the fresh voice of Miss Andem; the romanza from "Luisa Miller" gained for Signor Alaimo an encore; and the air from "Sonnambula" secured for Miss Secor a volley of plaudits. The slow movement was exquisitely given, and the fast was brilliant.

We have not heard even in Paris an amateur concert, not even those well-digested and assimilated entertainments of the Prince Moskowa, where the best was displayed, such brilliant amateur singing, and such charming young voices. The performers were few but fit. The proceeds for the excellent object must have been considerable.

A BALL EXTRAORDINARY.

When "High-Life below Stairs" was produced, it made a sensation. It revealed certain laws—laws affecting humanity in the pantry and kitchen as well as in the boudoir and drawing-room—laws showing that like begets like, and that all the dramatics of the upstairs ceremonial can be conveyed down stairs. My Lord Duke, and my Lady Betty, your Grace, and your Excellency, as paraded in the mock affectations of the servitors, were palpable hits. Servants' balls in England, notwithstanding the wit of the dramatist, are pleasant things. They are the bright spots in the course of humble lives. They are respectfully treated by the masters and mistresses. We do remember one in which Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer led off the dance with a pretty lady's maid (that is the maid, not the lady). New-York is growing—it is imitative. Balls multiply. We shall have to calculate two existences for Young New-York—one up in the air or dancing, and the other on terra firma. There are many balls now every night, and nearly all night. Not simply private balls, but public or committee balls—firemen, military, political, charitable, professional, all kinds in fact. One has come off which marks the ascending status of servants and their special munificence. The waiters at the Brevoort House sent out about three hundred cards:

> GRAND INVITATION SOIREE
> GIVEN BY THE
> YOUNG MEN (EMPLOYEES)
> Of the Brevoort House, at the Pacific Rooms, 690 Broadway,
> ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 20, 1858.
> BER'D McLOUGHLIN, Sec. P. BARRY, Treas.
> WILLIAM GILES, Chairman.
> Gentlemen will please be accompanied by Ladies.

It is hardly necessary to say that with such arbiters of the elegancies, the whole fused in the most recherchy and voluptuous style. Beauty and grace are not the monopoly of any caste or party; and that being a splendid truth, we are happy to state that in all the multitudinous phenomena of neck, bust, shoulders and arms, there was the healthful charm of feminine presences. The crack hotels were represented in ultra style. The dressing was elaborate. The dancing included twenty-six sets. The supper was worthy of men whose business it is to artistify the kitchen. We regret that delicacy forbids to name the fairest of the fair—the queen of beauty—and the higher aristocracy of good looks. When the F. F.'s had exhausted themselves with terpsichorean twitterings, and the eye of day began to look as if it was about to open, the Three Hundred separated. We think that appeals, (magisterial), aiming to upset society, will be at a discount, while there is so much health and enjoyment yet reserved for those who are "employés" and "employées." Cassio should be thanked for that word. It is delicious. The breadth of signification—wide as the social horizon—covering all grades from the millionaire to the mutton-pieman—is such, that we are sorry we did not use it in the first paragraph instead of servants; but as the copy has gone up to the composing-room, we cannot stop to correct it. "Servants" then let it be, though "employés" is meant.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

In the competition for early copies of English plays, which is kept up with so much ardor by the various theatrical managers of our city, the Museum has, in a number of instances, borne away the prize from more pretentious establishments, and produced desirable dramas of British manufacture in advance of all its rivals. This has been accomplished, of course, by having an active and reliable agent in the English capital. The enterprise that secured this profitable result is manifested also in the other departments of the management, and not less so this Winter than in previous seasons. The addition of the Aquaria to the long list of curiosities was a long stride in the right direction, that has been attended with results profitable alike to the public and the management. The "Water Gardens" have afforded unmixed delight to hundreds of people, who have paid their money for their pleasure, thereby gratifying, also, in a substantial way, the proprietors of the house. Frequent additions are made to the Aquaria, and the beholders are constantly surprised by some crustaceous stranger, or some hitherto unknown "odd fish."

The Cosmorama Room is another attractive feature among the curiosities that will be new to many who have not lately visited the Museum. But, while making these improvements and additions to the establishment, the dramatic department has not been neglected. A number of new pieces have been played, and now a capital drama has been written expressly for the house, entitled "The Pioneer Patriot, or The Maid of the War Path." This play, which makes no great pretensions to literary merit, aside from its admirable effectiveness as an acting play, is an adaptation by Mr. H. Watkins of a newspaper story, and is a superior thing in its way. It does not pretend to the legitimate "unities" of a tragedy, and therefore must not be judged from a tragedy point of view; it is essentially a melo-drama, and a melo-drama of the instructive kind, in which patriotism and love of right are the foundations upon which the whole structure is built. There is no glorification of highwaymen into heroes, as in the Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin plays, but the leading characters of this piece, with whom Virtue and Honor are, and for whom the sympathies of the auditors are constantly enlisted, are the early "rebels" of the American Revolution, the "Pioneer Patriots" of the war of 76. The author has endeavored to throw inro a dramatic form certain incidents of those stirring times that are matters of history, and so to present them to the public as to give an idea of the actors in those important incidents. Such lessons are always well.

There is an abundance of fun and quaint humor interspersed throughout the piece, and altogether it answers the intention of the author excellently. It is an exciting and interesting play. We will not undertake to give a sketch of the plot, more than to say that it turns upon the adventures of an active young patriot, one "Philip Lancey," among the Tories and Indians, and the various vicissitudes and tribulations endured by him and his companions at the hands of these enemies of his country. Next to "Philip," the most prominent character is "Jocko," a negro, the follower and assistant of "Philip;" which latter person has a most wonderful facility of getting into scrapes, from which he is extricated always by "Jocko," by means miraculous.

There is a love story, of course; "Isabel Carlton, "the Maid of the War Path," being beloved by "Philip," and betrothed by her parents to a Tory rival. This heroine is well acted by Mrs. Charles Howard.

Mr. Hardenburgh, as "Philip Lancey," plays in a manly and spirited manner.

Mr. Harry Watkins, the author of the play, plays "Jocko, the Ape Negro," and it is truly an admirable piece of acting. In make-up, in dialect, in pantomime and all, Mr. Watkins is most happy. It is by far the best thing that gentleman has done for many months.

The other characters are all acceptably acted, and all the scenes and appointments of the piece are good.

The performance is vehemently applauded, and has deservedly attracted crowded houses. It is one of the most taking and effective dramas that has been acted in the city this Winter.

FIRES.

FIRE IN THE BOWERY AND CHRISTIE STREET.—About one o'clock on Friday morning a fire broke out in the six-story building, 50 feet wide, by 43 feet deep, in the rear of Nos. 195 and 197 Christie street, owned by Mr. R. Mapelsden, and occupied by August Jansen as a cabinet manufactory, and thence extended to several buildings adjoining. The fire originated in the cellar of Jansen's premises, and thence spread with great rapidity to the upper stories. The cellar was occupied as a storage for lumber used for manufacturing purposes, and there is no doubt but that the fire was the work of design, as it is reported that threats had been made to burn the building. This building, with its contents, was entirely destroyed. It was owned by Mr. Mapelsden, whose loss is estimated at about $6,000. Insured for $5,000 in the Excelsior and St. Mark's Insurance Companies.

The Gotham Racket Court, 25 feet wide by 100 feet deep, in the rear of No. 233 Bowery, owned by H. C. Swift, was entirely destroyed. Loss about $1,500. Insured for $1,500 in the Astor Insurance Company. An old brick building, three stories high, in the rear of No. 235 Bowery, owned by L. B. Chase, and occupied by several cabinet-makers, was also destroyed.

The lower floor was occupied by Mr. Rooney as a blacksmith shop; first floor by Henry Fennel, cabinet-maker. Loss $200; insured for $150. Second floor, Law & Brant; loss $700; insured for $500. Third floor, by A. Hebler, cabinet-maker; loss $300; insured for $200 in the Beekman Insurance Co. F. Cook, chair-maker, occupied a portion of the same floor; loss $400; insured for $200. L. Durand, turner, and August Dorr, occupied the fourth floor; loss of Durand $150; no insurance; loss of Dorr $500; insured for $300 in the Beekman Insurance Co. The building was owned by L. B. Chase, whose loss is said to be $2,000; insured.

The three-story brick building No. 9 Stanton street, occupied by different parties, also took fire and was destroyed. The first floor was occupied by a veterinary surgeon, and seven sick horses were got out without injury. The horse doctor's loss is not very heavy. John Stetz, coffin maker, occupying second floor, lost $1,000; no insurance. Loss of J. Pfeiffer, cabinet maker, $500. John Hamburg, occupying the upper floor, is said to have sustained $2,000 loss; no insurance.

The cooperage of Jonas Stutts, rear of No. 13 Stanton street, sustained considerable damage.

In the establishment of Jansen about fifty men were employed, each of whom has sustained from $10 to $30 loss in the destruction of their tools.

Mr. Jansen was found at his residence yesterday afternoon. He estimates his loss at $10,000 or $12,000. Insured for $2,000 in the Ocean Insurance Company, $2,000 in the New-York and Erie Insurance Company, and $500 in the Tradesmen's Insurance Company of Jersey City.

CITY ITEMS.

PUTTING HER FOOT IN IT.—Once upon a time—that is the way our "child's story book" used to begin—there was a woman in this city who was not long from that lovely island noted for its greenness—some of the people are slightly of that same color—who, in the door-way of the cottage upon her native hill-side, had always kept a board across the bottom "to keep the childer in and the pig out"—the latter only in the daytime. Glass, being taxable, was a luxury not to be indulged in "by the likes of us poor folks," and therefore it was not her fault, though it was a misfortune—to others—that she was not acquainted with its nature and uses. And so it happened that, shortly after her advent in this land of glass and gas, she entered a dry goods store in Catherine street to inquire if she could be accommodated with a sixpence worth of potatoes; and, upon being assured that that kind of dry goods were not kept upon the premises, she turned to look for them in some other locality—probably the drug store at the corner. Now it so happened that when she entered the dazzlingly-lighted room the door was open, and she saw no obstruction to a free passage. Neither did she when about to make her exit. But it had happened that in this brief interval of time there had been interposed a door composed of one very large pane of glass, and a board across the bottom that looked to her eye exactly like the one that she had used to keep the children in and the pig out, but did not prevent those from passing who could stride over it. It was very light, both inside and out—light enough for a practiced eye to see glass, as well as to see through it; but the lady in question had not a practiced eye—she saw the board, but did not see the door, nor that it offered any obstruction to any one who could lift a foot above the ordinary level of a fashionable shuffle: so she put on a bold face, banished the fear of showing an over-sized ankle, and marched toward the street with the right foot forward and well elevated, and thus she made the stride to clear the board. At that instant the clerks in the store and the crowd outside were startled with a crash of broken glass and a cry of "Holy Mother! is it me life ye're after!"

"Now," said the proprietor, with a peculiar emphasis, that indicated a strong disposition to say a strong word, "Now you have done it. Did'nt you know that was glass!"

"Glas, is it? And how should I be knowing it was glass?"

"Know it—did'nt you see it? Where were your eyes when you put your foot in it?"

"Me fut in it! And was'nt me eyes in me head, to be sure, not in my fut? Oh, bloody murther, I shall be kilt entirely, and you, ye spalpeens, to be getting an honest woman in such a rat-trap as this, and never a one of ye lending a hand to get her out."

In fact, she was in a trap. She had put her foot and half her body about half way through, and there she stuck in a shower of glass, with the broken pieces fixed in the sash at their base, and in her body at the points, so that she could neither go forward nor backward without danger of a scratch at least, and she was only extricated by forcibly dragging her back into the store, where the scene began to be viewed in its ridiculous light, particularly as a practical illustration of an old saying, so that notwithstanding the cost of the pane, and worthlessness of broken glass, the company all joined in a shout of merriment at the fright and ludicrous appearance of the woman who "put her foot in it."

The next day there was a job for the glazier and a big bill to pay, and then they all laughed and grew fat for a week, when the laugh came in at the wrong spot, for there was another glazier's bill to pay. A man came in one evening to make some small purchase, accompanied by a large dog, which did not notice when his master went out, but soon after missed him, and, becoming alarmed, started under full headway for the street. The glass door intervened, but it was not as much in his way as it was of the woman who went half-way through, for he did not stop for fragments. It was one leap—a crash—an alarm—a smart run, and the dog was out of sight. Probably his owner never knew of the wreck he left behind.

It is gratifying to see the interest manifested by our citizens in the approaching Fire Department Ball, which takes place at the Academy of Music, on Monday evening next, the 25th inst. It will be a combination of pleasure seldom presented to the public. The receipts are appropriated to the widows and orphans of deceased firemen, and that in itself should be sufficient to warrant a handsome return.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.—We understand that the Young Democracy of this city are making unusually extensive arrangements for a Grand Ball and Festival in honor of Washington's birthday. The affair is in the hands of a Committee comprising nearly all of the most active Young Democrats, and promises to be a success.

RECEIPTS OF TAXES.—The payments at the Receiver's Office have not fallen off as much as anticipated, since the 15th inst., when the personal taxes unpaid were placed in the hands of the Clerk of Arrears. The following is a summary of the receipts for the third week of January:

January 15	$12,723 32
January 16	13,216 63
January 18	8,812 95
January 19	5,185 49
January 20	3,468 74
January 21	3,552 20
Previous y received	6,455,929 84
Total	$6,502,889 17

The amount yet due from tax-payers for the year 1857, is $1,563,610 83. The payments for the last few days are larger than for the corresponding period of last year.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.—On Wednesday evening last the Grand Lodge of Perfection of the State of New-York celebrated their first jubilee and seventh anniversary at Odd Fellows' Hall, in the presence of a large audience of citizens and ladies. The members of the Lodge appeared in Oriental costume, and presented a highly picturesque appearance. J. P. Westcott, esq., the presiding officer of the Lodge, presided. Addresses were delivered by Robert Macoy, Deputy Grand Master of the State of New-York; Giles F. Yates, LL.D., of Schenectady, and John W. Simons, esq., of the Grand Encampment. A Quartette Club sang several appropriate songs.

Mr. Russell of Detroit, who suddenly disappeared from this city some weeks ago, went to Liverpool on the America.

Officer Sanger, who was so terribly beaten by ruffians in Bleecker street a few weeks ago, is so far recovered as to report for duty.

MORE SAUSAGE MEAT.—An eye-witness informs us that on Friday morning a large dog leaped or was thrown from a third-story window in Chatham street. He was killed by the fall, and his carcass was forthwith bagged by a rag-picker, and borne off in triumph, to be manufactured into "linked sweetness."

SUCH IS LIFE.—Mr. Hugh Smith, arrested on Thursday night, charged with feloniously assaulting Mr. Edwin S. Collins, by discharging a pistol at him loaded with powder and ball, was bailed yesterday afternoon, one Patrick Burke of No. 31 Willett street becoming surety for his appearance in the amount of $2,000. William Wallace of No. 3 Madison street made affidavit at the Court, before Justice Welsh, that he saw Edwin S. Collins assaulted and beaten by a man named Smith, who discharged at said Collins a pistol loaded with powder and ball, wounding him severely; that from the effects of said wound Collins is now confined to his house, and unable to appear and prefer his own complaint. The following certificate was presented at the Court:

"I was called on Wednesday evening to see Mr. Collins at No. 147 Cedar street. He had been shot as alleged by Hugh Smith. I dressed the wound, and have since been in attendance on him. Mr. Collins is doing well at present, but it would be prudent for him to avoid fatigue and excitement. I cannot consent for him to leave his room at present. He will probably be able to do so in a few days. His wounds now are not dangerous in their character.

"G. C. MANHOLF, M. D."

When the man recovers sufficiently to appear at Court there will probably be an examination in the case, and some rich developments may be expected. Collins, it appears, was and still is the foreman in the pickle establishment of Mr. A. Kemp, at Nos. 147 and 149 Cedar street, in which establishment over 100 young women are employed. Among the employees are three sisters named Smith, whose father, Hugh Smith, is a cartman, and has a stand at the corner of Cedar and West street. It appears that on account of one of the daughters visiting some of her former female acquaintances against her father's wishes, he forbade her the house. The young girl then hired a room in a private house, whither she was traced by her father. Upon inquiries made by him he suspected that she was leading an improper life. The woman in whose house the young girl had hired a room, gave the father a description of the man who had become security for the payment of the rent. The description answered that of Edwin S. Collins, and the father, arming himself with a pistol, set out for Kemps's place with a view of revenging himself—Collins was called for, and upon making his appearance Mr. Smith discharged his pistol. Collins dodged one side, but the ball from the pistol passed into his right ear, and into the scalp, and running around the base of the skull passed out on the opposite side of the neck. The case will come up for examination at an early day.

STEALING A MAN'S WIFE.—Yesterday afternoon a man named Julius Schilling was apprehended, charged with grand larceny. It seems that on the 18th of December Schilling, having become enamored with the wife of his friend Deiderick Zang, living at No. 58 Chrystie street, prevailed upon her to elope with him. It was concluded to take part of the furniture, in order that they might make themselves the more comfortable. Mr. Zang, upon coming home from his business in the evening, found his wife gone with a portion of the furniture. He set out to look after the runaway and to recover his property; but until yesterday no clue to the parties could be had, when they were discovered at No. 38 Elizabeth steeet. Schilling was forthwith apprehended on a charge of grand larceny in stealing Mr. Zang's property, and locked up by Justice Welsh. The property was recovered.

ROBBING A MAN IN NASSAU STREET.—On Thursday afternoon, as Conrad Mantz, of No. 94 Avenue A, was walking through Nassau street, two young men came up behind him, one of whom jostled him rudely aside, and the other grabbed his watch-chain with such violence as to disconnect it from the ring. The thief made a second grab, and this time securing his desired booty, both ran off. During the evening, Mantz, in company with Officers Flynn and Wilson, of the Sixth Precinct, visited the Five Points and neighborhood, calling at the various bar-rooms and saloons, in the hopes of meeting the thieves. Upon entering a basement in Baxter street, a boy who was in the place was observed to take something from his pocket, when a watch caught in his coat-sleeve and dropped on the floor. The boy was forthwith taken into custody, the watch being identified by Mantz as the one stolen from him. The accused was taken before Justice Welsh, and committed to the Tombs to await a trial in default of $1,000 bail. He gave his name as Thomas Riley, and is 17 years of age.

Edward Vandusen, formerly a clerk in the employ of Charles Butts, dry goods dealer at No. 277 Greenwich street, was arrested yesterday afternoon, charged with having stolen at sundry times dress patterns and other goods to the value of $197 50 from the said store. Edward it seems was recently discharged by Mr. B. for misconduct, but has since been in the habit of coming to the store almost daily at an early hour in the morning. He would go behind the counter and converse with the clerks, and nothing was thought of it. A day or two since some goods were missed, and suspicion falling upon him his boarding-house, No. 186 Franklin street, was searched, and a portion of the stolen property recovered. Edward had made presents to the landlady and two of her servants, and was considered a "nice young man." Justice Welsh locked the fellow up.

DRUGGING A FEMALE.—Yesterday morning Hermann Wisler, keeper of an alleged disorderly house at the corner of Clinton and Division street, was apprehended by one of the Essex Market Police Court officers, charged with drugging a girl named Catharine Nagle, 14 years of age, and then allowing a brute of a fellow to violate her person. It is alleged that the girl was kept as a servant, and was not aware of the character of the house. Justice Steers committed Wisler for examination.

POCKET-BOOK STUFFER NABBED.—Yesterday morning, as Officer Stephenson was passing through Fulton street, his attention was attracted by the suspicious appearance and actions of a young fellow a short distance in advance of him. The officer watched the fellow closely, and soon saw that he was endeavoring to ensnare a stranger. He allowed him to maneuver for some time. Dropper at length came very close to the stranger and dropped a pocket-book, to all appearances well filled, at his feet, and almost at the same instant snatched it from the sidewalk, and addressing himself to the stranger, said: "I beg your pardon, Sir—but I believe you have lost your pocket-book." The stranger at once felt his pockets, and while doing so, Dropper opened the wallet, exposing to view three $20 gold pieces and a pile of bills. At this moment the officer rushed up and arrested Dropper, and took him to the Deputy's office, requesting the stranger, Mr. John Graham of Philadelphia, to accompany him. Upon examining Dropper, who gave his name as George Wilson, the officer found two pocket-books, one of which contained several gold pieces and bills, and the other a quantity of spurious money on the City Trust and Banking Company. It was the intention of Wilson to make a trade with Mr. Graham, and then to stuff the pocket-book filled with "the queer" upon him. The prisoner was detained for examination.

The dwelling-house No. 32 Market-st., was burglarious entered by means of false keys on Thursday night and robbed of property to the value of $104.

The same night the apartments of Alex. McElroy in Madison-st., were entered and robbed of clothing to the value of $30.

DEATH FROM INJURIES.—Coroner Perry held an inquest at No. 95 Columbia street, on the body of Thomas Ives, a young man 25 years of age, who died from the effects of injuries received nearly a year since in consequence of falling from a hay-loft to the ground. About two weeks ago the deceased was taken worse, and continued to fail till he died. The Jury rendered a verdict of "Death from an abscess of the brain, caused "by injuries received from an accidental fall." Mr. Ives was a native of New-York.

A BRACE OF ELOPEMENTS—THE HAPPY COUPLE IN THIS CITY.—*The St. Louis Republican*, of a recent date, published the following:

"A few days—or rather nights—since, an incident occurred in this city which, being slightly sprinkled with romance, is worthy of a record. Some time ago a young man, employed as bookkeeper in a foundry, whom we will give the fictitious appellative of Jones, became enamored of a sixteen-year-old damsel, the daughter of an affluent parent who objected to her receiving his visits, in the most approved style known to the novelists, on the ground of the lover's poverty. In the dilemma, Jones sought the counsel of a bachelor friend, who, for our purposes, may be christened Brown, to whom he related the melancholy story of the father's cruelty, and who in turn for the confidence exposed, volunteered to help him out of the scrape as best he could.

Brown was upward of 40, and though as yet untouched by the shafts of Cupid, his bosom still had a spark of sympathy for the tender passion which "burns the more, the more it is dammed up." The fact is, Brown possessed a susceptible heart himself, but he had been so engaged in money-making, by which he had accumulated a pretty comfortable fortune, that he had not had time to spend the necessary hours in looking for a wife. Brown had always been a steadfast friend of Jones's, and he entered with avidity into the latter's plans. Jones's sweetheart lived on Market street, and her name was Julia. It was arranged by Brown that the two lovers should meet occasionally at the residence of Julia's pretty cousin, who lived on Broadway, not far from Madison street, where Brown would accompany her. And the courtship went bravely on. The fascinations of Martha (Julia's cousin) won the bachelor's heart, and he was so pleased with her that he continued his visits on his own account. Martha was poor, but Brown had plenty, and he resolved to ask her to marry him. She consented, and thus two love affairs went on in the same house at the same time. Both couples were betrothed, and the parents of both tender feminines kicked up the mischief of a row about it.

Jones and Brown determined on a run-away scrape; with which idea the romantic cousins were hugely pleased. The time was appointed. The time came. Jones and Brown borrowed a ladder from the Lafayette Hook and Ladder Company, went first to the house of Jones' dulcinea, planted the ladder, took the throbbing girl out of a second-story window, brought her safely to the ground, and were making giant strides, when the 'indignant parient," who had caught a smell of the tail of an extensive rat, made his appearance, and fired three balls at the retreating trio, one of the balls taking tragic effect in Julia's voluminous skirts. The party moved on, notwithstanding, and after a pleasant walk, the fair one was deposited in the parlor of one of our hotels.

Jones and Brown then went up to Broadway to the domicil of Martha, Brown's inamorata, where a previously arranged signal was given and the girl made her appearance. This not proving as romantic an affair as the other one, on return of Jones, Brown seized a brickbat and blazed away at the windows. The old man—the daddy—was aroused, and, trembling all over with fright, screamed fire! murder! watch! At this time a party of debauchees was just emerging from a beer house in the vicinity, and hearing the cries and seeing the fleeing trio, one of them hauled back with his fist and knocked Brown down, a procedure which, beside being romantic enough for the occasion in all conscience, resulted in Brown's limping off with a variegated visual. Nevertheless, meeting no further hostilities, they arrived in comparative safety at the hotel, where the impatient Julia was waiting, and all had a good laugh over the transactions of the evening. At an early hour next day, the quartette left for Alton, where both parties were united in the silken cords, &c., and where they took the train for Chicago. They are in Chicago now, and do not design returning to this city until their transgressions are pardoned—a consummation which is altogether likely to transpire shortly, if it has not already come to pass.

The above story may seem to be imaginative, but in every essential particular, it is as it was told to us by a respectable gentleman, who declares that all the circumstances can be substantiated by indubitable proof.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE—LETTER FROM THE CLERGYMAN.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Will you oblige me and many of your readers by inserting this communication?

After having satisfied myself as to the legality and propriety of of such a step, and in consequence of representations made to me by respectable and credible persons, I lawfully united in marriage George Tracy Taylor and Emma Hawley.

I also state that no improper influence, persuasion or force was exercised by me, or by any other person in my presence, to induce Miss Hawley to marry Mr. Taylor; that she did so with the utmost willingness; and that those statements made in the return to the writ of habeas corpus or elsewhere, which reflect on me and my conduct on the matter, are each and all untrue, and can be proved untrue if necessary.

Yours, most respectfully, F. HEMMING.

Palisade avenue, Bergen, Jan. 22, 1858.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO A CHILD.—James Gilmore, an infant child three months old, whose parents live at No. 124 Washington street, has been sick for the last three weeks. On Thursday night he was placed in bed, soon after which he was found dead on the floor by an older child. The body was taken up by the mother, who was of the opinion that he had fallen out of bed and struck upon his head. Coroner Perry held an inquest on the body of the child yesterday, and rendered a verdict of death by concussion of the brain caused by falling out of bed. Some hours after the inquisition had been held, Gilmore, the father of the deceased, appeared at the Coroner's office much inebriated and accused his wife of killing the child by beating him, but his story was not believed.

[Advertisement.]

P. S. CHANFRAU, THE COMEDIAN.—This popular comedian is creating quite a furore at PURDY'S NATIONAL THEATER night after night. The house is filled at an early hour, and many are disappointed in not gaining admittance. To-night he is to appear in his new drama of LINDA, THE CIGAR GIRL, and the lamented Power's piece of O'FLANAGAN AND THE FAIRIES. Mr. J. H. Allen, Mr. G. L. Fox, and the full strength of the company appearing in the new drama of THE PIONEER PATRIOT.

[Advertisement.]

AN IMPERIAL PHOTOGRAPH of the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT has just been added to the collection at BRADY'S GALLERY, No. 359 Broadway.

[Advertisement.]

CEMENT ROOFING.

The subscribers are owners for this city and vicinity for W. E. CHILDS & Co.'s PATENT CEMENT, with which they will cover new or old roofs in the most workmanlike manner, and warrant them FIRE-PROOF and WATER-TIGHT. This is the best article in use for repairing old leaky tin or shingle roofs. The best of references can be seen at our office.

J. DITTO & Co., No. 1,138 Broadway.

[Advertisement.]

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send free the prescription used