IRELAND.

The Fenian Trials—Difficulty of Access—The Court House—Judges and Counsel—Historic Associations—Feeling for the Prisoners—A Charge by Justice Fitzgerald—Fairness of the Trials.

From Our Special Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Dec. 13, 1865.

Of course the first object of interest at the present time to the stranger arriving in Dublin is the Court-house in Greene-st., where the trials of the Fenian prisoners are dragging their interminable length along before Her Majesty's Special Commissioners, but very seldom is he fortunate enough to gratify his curiosity by the sight of the actual majesty of law on the bench, or its prejudged victims in the dock. The only open sesame is a written card of admission from the High Sheriff, and that bustling little worthy, who has an exceedingly high sense of the dignity of his office, and of the necessity of guarding against the remotest possibility of assassination to Her Majesty's informers, Judges or Crown Counsel, is only to be moved by the intercession of some nobleman or dignitary. However, his rule is of late just the slightest degree relaxed, as the crowd of those desiring admittance begins to grow thin, and his dread of any Fenian emulator of Wilkes Booth less acute.

As one approaches the locality of Greene-st., which is in an ancient and, in consequence, narrow and dirty portion of the city, the outlying pickets of police soon take on into a very formidable skirmish line, scarce a yard apart, up and down every street and court that form the labyrinth of which the Court-House is the nucleus, and you may be sure of being long followed by doubting eyes if you have on square-toed boots, or a slouch hat, or any other symptom of Americanism. The police of Dublin, "without number, numberless," at the present condition of affairs, are fine, tall fellows, dressed in long brown overcoats, with a band of three narrow white stripes buckled around the bottom of one sleeve, and silken "stove pipe" hats. It would be quite within bounds to state that 500 of them are on duty within a circuit of a quarter of a mile of the Court-House. On reaching the street the walls of the old Dublin Newgate stretch for some distance gloomy and low-browed, midway, near its eves, a curious projection of iron work meets the eye, and instinct at once recognizes the fatal drop, whence, every week, almost every day, in the good old hanging times of '98, some poor mortal fell, as an old slang song of those days describes with horrible graphicness,

"Pad foreman he dived, and den round
He capered de kilmainham rounds."

The entertainment of the bold boys of the "Liberties" and Ormond Quay, and the rabble of women and children that crushed and crowded to the spot. It is singular that the Irish, singly so kindly impulsive and tender-hearted, collectively should make the most ferocious and cruel of mobs. The executions, however, do not at present take place here, but at the equally famous Kilmainham jail, in the north-western suburbs of Dublin, and the Newgate is being pulled down, and will soon be a thing of the past—let us hope, to take with it to oblivion the bitter traits of the horrors of which it has been the scene.

Passing around to the other side of Newgate the entrance to the Court-House appears. The doorway in front is patrolled by a squad of the mounted police, and the doorway and entrance locked by a perfect swarm of sentries. Having approached beneath a battery of suspicious eyes I presented my ticket of admission, and being requisitioned, by the way, to deliver up a bit of a Kilkenny blackthorn, which lent its martial adornment to my steps, was conducted up two flight of short stairs to the gallery. The gallery, which contained some dozen rows of elevated benches, appeared at first to contain more policemen in uniform than spectators, to say nothing of what detectives in plain clothes there might be among the latter. A couple of dandy officers, gorgeous in red coats and sashes and sitting beside their gilded helmets, attracted the first glance. The main body of spectators, of whom there were apparently less than 200, seemed mainly to be country squires, with a fair sprinkling of white-cravated clergymen, who had made this one of the lions of a Christmas visit to Dublin. A greater contrast to the magnificent halls of the Four-Courts could hardly be conceived than this little den in Greene-st. The body of the court is like a well below the galleries, which surround it in a half circle. Immediately in front is the bench, beneath a red canopy, and there sit in all the majesty of wig and gown, her Majesty's Special Commissioners—Judges Keogh and Fitzgerald. Judge Keogh, who occupies the center chair, has a full, florid countenance, and lolls back in his seat with his hands thrust in the plum-colored belt of his red gown, with an unbecoming sternness on a face that seems better adapted to express the kindlier emotions. Judge Fitzgerald who sits at his left, has a thin pale face and gray whiskers that correspond very exactly with his wig. He looks like an habitual invalid, almost a hypochondriac, and his expression is that of "respectable" intelligence. That both these gentlemen, selected by the Government from the list of Justices, are Catholics may be considered of importance or not. The body of the Court-room contains barely space for a large table, at which the Attorney and Solicitor-General and their assistants sit immediately below the clerks, who again are below the Bench, and faced on the opposite side within actual sparring distance if exigency should require it, by the prisoner's counsel. Immediately in the rear of these, and almost below the edge of the gallery, is the narrow box called the dock, in which, at my first visit to the Court, the prisoner was John Halligan, the printer of *The Irish People*, a medium-sized, red-bearded man, not un-American in appearance, who stood up with a policeman at his side and two at his back, while the Attorney-General was addressing with elevated eyes the jury, who sit in a box at the right of the bench, and almost on a level with the gallery.

The prisoner stood on historic dust. The last Special Commission held at Dublin was the one that murdered Robert Emmett, and in that dock he delivered his eloquent and touching appeal, and bore himself beneath the insults of the "hanging Judge" with manly fortitude. Thence the noble brothers Henry and John Sheares were hurried to execution, and other heroes of that not formidable, or indeed intelligible insurrection in Dublin in arms against English oppression. There he refused to the death sentence men who shared the friends of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone, men whose names have been forgotten by the world because of failure, but who will be long remembered by Irishmen as martyrs, and their fame cherished the more for that! success, which, in some of Ireland's heroes, forms their only title to esteem. Of course the poor fellows who are now receiving the rewards of their patriotism in the shape of from ten to twenty years' penal servitude in the Richmond Penitentiary—no Botany Bay or Van Dieman's Land, and broken parole, as in '48, '49 and '56—are the objects of universal popular regard and sympathy, and it may be that the Government shows a thorough knowledge of the Irish people, however, in the actual sworn confederates of the Fenian organization, when it takes such thorough precautions against any probability of rescue or revenge. James Stephens, the great "Head Center for all Ireland," whose recent bold escape from the heart of the Richmond prison in the country must have been astounding to the authorities, is, however, a hero, and his escape, which is actually believed by some of the poor people of Ireland to have been effected by the direct agency of St. Peter with the keys, will be told and sung by the turf fire for years to come, and rival song of the exploits of Freney or Clooty or Shawn Crossagh or any of the rapparees or highwaymen that are the subjects of Irish peasant's entertainments, until the time when the Fenian shall have buttoned his coat behind him and bid farewell, as he bids adieu to the bog in Connemara, whence he has been driven to cross the seas by the innovating drainage, that have made it fit for sheep to graze on, and in consequence too valuable to be occupied by men. As an instance of the admiration in which Stephens is held by the common people, even the car "boy"—about 40 years of age he was—who drove me home from the Court-House—a out "fresh" he was, to be sure, or he would not have been so free—managed to impart to my ear, as the car rumbled along at furious rate of the Dublin "jaunting," the whisky-scented statement that if Stephens would appear in the city, not a car boy but would leave his car and take his pike. The opinion is also very prevalent that Stephens has not left Ireland, and is only waiting for a proper opportunity to show himself, that is, when John O'Mahony shall appear at the head of his green-jacketed invincibles.

But to return to the trial. The Attorney-General delivered his address to the jury without any evidence of bitterness or ill-feeling toward the prisoner, or what is worse, with any of those cat-like pats in the shape of compliments to his talents, or appearance, or cruel condolences with which too many men in his situation would have delighted their petty spite. Nor did he exhibit any of that vivacity which professional feeling alone would have excited in any doubtful case, reading the letters and documentary evidence from his brief in an almost inaudible tone, and delivering what telling points there were in the case without particular emphasis or show of enthusiasm, seeming in fact as though engaged in the performance of a useless formula made necessary by his position, but totally without bearing on the fate of the prisoner, as indeed it probably had not; the conviction and sentence of the chiefs of *The Irish People* newspaper settling the fate except in length of sentence of all their subordinates, who are convicted in the main points on a recapitulation of the same evidence. Opposite to Mr. Lawson, during his address, sat Mr. Isaac Ball, Q. C., chief counsel for the Fenian prisoners, and the ablest lawyer in Ireland, listlessly paring his nails with an utter absence of attentiveness on his fine florid countenance. As the Attorney-General sat down Mr. Justice Fitzgerald turned in his seat, and leaning on his elbow with notes in his hand proceeded to charge the jury in a very calm manner, and so low a tone, that one could not envy that row of reporters, whose pencils were hopping in nimble fingers, that to precious word of this illustrious trial should escape being transfixed, or fail to receive its due opportunity of being skipped at to-morrow's breakfast table by the thousand eyes, who have long ago become as weary of Fenian trials as, shall we say, Americans of that of Capt. Wirz. The Judge's charge, from what I could hear, was, though necessarily against the prisoner, able and dispassionate. Indeed, when one comes to compare the Fenian trials in 1865 with those of the insurrectionary leaders in '98 and 1803, when the vile Lord Norbury earned an everlasting infamy of Irish hatred, and juries were not only packed but made drunk, and informers were pensioned, while the poor wretch at the bar could seldom obtain either counsel or witness, and every feeble word uttered by himself howled down by the Judge, who passed the speedy sentence of short shrift and sure cord with diabolical glee, it affords evidence of a vast change for the better which has been going on in the policy of the English Government in Ireland, and of the improved condition of society as well. The juries have not been packed, but selected from the intelligent middle class of Dublin, and the prisoners allowed very liberal right of challenge. They have been defended by very able counsel, and granted the most liberal latitude of speech in their own defense, of which O'Donovan (Rossa) is at present availing himself in a manner to tire the endurance of the most potent judge in existence. The judges have presided on the whole ably and impartially, and ruled according to the law of the land, by which the evidence has been amply sufficient to convict the prisoners, and in fact was acknowledged to be so by John O'Leary, one of the chiefs of the conspirators, who showed his good sense by a plea of "Guilty according to British law." Luby has also by his manly and temperate address at his sentence gained the respect and esteem of many whose interests were diametrically opposed to his opinions, and it is hoped that when the excitement begins to die away, and Ireland ceases to be agitated by dread of the arrival of President O'Mahony's ironclads, that the prisoners may receive pardon or at least a mitigation of punishment at the hands of her gracious Majesty. In fact, whatever may be one's sympathies with honorable, if futile, patriotism and political misfortune, the whole trial, proceedings, and even punishment thus far have been much more creditable to the English Government than any student of Irish history would have been led to expect. PHNX.

VIRGINIA.

The Embers of Secession Still Smoldering.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

RICHMOND, Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1866.

The Times of this morning has an article inciting the mob spirit against the loyal correspondents of the Northern press in this city, and urging chastisement and maltreatment.

The Examiner argues against the further circulation of Yankee literature.

FORTRESS MONROE.

Raising a Gunboat—Observance of New-Year's—Government Sale—Storm—Movements of Steamers.

FORTRESS MONROE, Monday, Jan. 1, 1866.

Efforts are to be made by the Quartermaster's Department to raise the gunboat Smith Briggs, sunk by the Rebels nearly two years ago, during an attack on Smithville. The walking-beam and connections have been carried to Richmond, but her boiler, shaft and greater part of the machinery still remain. The Briggs belonged to Gen. Graham's Army Gunboat Flotilla, operating on the James River during the war.

The bark St. Lawrence from Baltimore with mules and flour for Pensacola has arrived.

New-Year's day passed off very quietly. The colored population in Hampton turned out en masse in a grand procession, headed by a band of music from the 5th New-York Artillery, garrisoning the fort, and were received by Major-Gen. Mills, commanding the post.

FORTRESS MONROE, Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1866.

The double-ender Agawam exploded her steam chest near Norfolk to-day, and was obliged to return here.

A large sale of Government property took place to-day, at good prices.

The north-east storm has obliged a large number of vessels to make a harbor here until more favorable weather.

FORTRESS MONROE, Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1866.

The steamer Mercedita sailed to-day for New-York.

The steamer Missouri arrived here to-day from New-Orleans, short of coal.

Destructive Fire at Yonkers.

YONKERS, Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1866.

A destructive fire, and the largest which ever occurred in this village, broke out in the four-story building on Getty-square, in the center of the business portion of the village, owned by the Hon. Wm. Radford, about 1 o'clock this morning, which, in a few hours, was entirely destroyed. The Post-Office, *The Statesman* newspaper and job printing-office, the grocery of Morris & Lloyd, the liquor-store of Wm. Cumming, the news-office of David Burns, a lager-beer saloon, and the National Guard Armory (which was the principal public hall here), all were located in the said building. The total loss by this fire is estimated at $50,000, upon which there is an insurance to the amount of $16,500.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Meeting of the Board of Commissioners—Numerical Condition of the Department—New Alarm Signals in Operation—Appointments.

The regular weekly meeting of the Board of Fire Commissioners was held yesterday at Fireman's Hall. In the absence of President Pinckney, at Albany, Commissioner Engs presided.

Chief-Engineer Elisha Kingsley reported, by letter, the following statement of the number of men on duty in the Department, Jan. 3, as given in the daily reports of Engineers, viz: Eli Bates, 48 men; G. J. Orr, 56 men; Thomas Sullivan, 60 men; Michael Shannessy, 72 men; John Conley, 48 men; B. Sheridan, 60 men; W. W. Rhodes, 47 men; P. Y. Everett, 49 men; William Banham, jr., 32 men; R. V. Mackey, 60 men. Total, 572 men.

A communication was received from the following Fire Insurance Companies, respectively, People's, Grocers' and Tradesmen's, tendering their obligations to the officers and members of Hook and Ladder Company No. 8, for their efficient and admirable conduct during the late fire at No. 389 Canal-st. On motion of Commissioner Abbe, this complimentary testimonial was ordered to be suitably engrossed and presented to the Company mentioned.

The Chief Engineer communicated a desire to have copies of the Rules and Regulations of the Fire Department printed for the use of its members, and on his recommendation the Committee on Appointments was authorized to have a requisite number printed.

Charles L. Chapin, Superintendent of Fire Alarm Telegraph, submitted for approval a code of signals, &c., arranged for the Department, as follows:

Below Fourteenth-st., 41 numbered Stations, viz.: 29 engine houses and 8 police stations, 2 insurance stations, and also 49 numbered locality stations, making a total of 90 signals for the guidance of the Department below Fourteenth-st. In addition to these there are 8 unnumbered stations, 7 bell towers, and the central office, from which alarms can be given. Stationed between Fourteenth-st. and One-hundred-and-sixth-st. are 69 locality signals and 8 unnumbered stations for giving alarm, viz.: 5 engine houses and 3 bell towers. To protect the upper end of the city 8 signals and 2 unnumbered stations are provided for giving alarm. The total number of signals and stations, numbered and unnumbered created, as completed by this new code, is 167. Complaints were made by foremen of companies against members for drunkenness and disobedience of orders, and other communications of unimportance were received. Several firemen were discharged and new appointments made, and also a few promotions. Wm. H. Bingham was appointed Foreman of Hook and Ladder Company No. 14. Edward Timpson received the appointment of Clerk in the Department, at an annual salary of $1,000. Walter B. Fanlong and James Rooney were promoted to be Foreman and Assistant Foreman of Engine Company No. 1. The building of a new engine house in Burling-slip was authorized. The Commissioners then adjourned.

Naval Intelligence.

The trial of the 15-inch gun has concluded in the lower bay. Some very interesting experiments were made, and on the whole the result was satisfactory. These guns are to be placed on board the Puritan and other vessels of her class. It has been decided to mount the turret of the Puritan as one of the light draft monitors, and then subject it to the fire of all the forts at the narrows. This promises to be a most interesting and exciting trial, and will be a fine chance for the gunners of the forts to display their skill.

THE LATE MAJOR MORONY.—The remains of the late Major Richard S. Morony, 69th Regiment New-York V. V., will arrive in this city from Richmond, Va., this morning. His brother officers are requested to meet at the Whitney House, Broadway and Twelfth-st., on Friday, the 5th inst., at 7 p. m., to make arrangements for attending the funeral.

ROBBED OF A DIAMOND PIN.—Mr. Alexander N. Bertram, a boarder at the Lafarge House, while riding in a University-place car, at the corner of Twelfth-st., attempted to leave the car. While doing so he was crowded against by James Rogers and James McCarthy, who impeded his egress. On reaching the walk he found that his diamond pin, valued at $500, had been stolen. On ascertaining his loss, he ran after the car, caught it, and rode to Fourteenth-st., when the two men mentioned got off. Mr. Bertram followed them to Broadway, and there caused their arrest by Roundsman Porcher of the Twenty-sixth Precinct. Yesterday they were committed for trial by Justice Ledwith in default of $1,500 bail each. McCarthy is aged 21 years and resides at No. 118 Prince-st. Rogers is aged 22 years, a native of Ireland, and resides at No. 106 Greene-st.

Edwin Booth at the Winter Garden.

An immense audience, according to general anticipation, was assembled last night at the Winter Garden, to witness the reappearance of Edwin Booth. By opening the doors at a very early hour, the management enabled the spectators to reach their places with ease, and thus to avoid the expected inconvenience of a tumultuous throng. The theater rapidly filled up, and, when at last the curtain rose, presented that old, familiar spectacle, a sea of faces. Not only was every seat occupied, but every inch of standing-room was eagerly appropriated by the thronging multitude. Seldom, indeed, has any New-York theater been thus crowded, and never by an audience of a more intelligent class. Its welcome to Mr. Booth was significant, in no common sense of the word. Actuated by profound sympathy and admiration, it expressed itself in one long and almost deafening tumult of enthusiasm. Nine cheers, each round being followed by its particular and emphatic "tiger," hailed the melancholy Dane, and gave him, at the outset, due warrant to "cast his nightly color off." Frequent applause, too, followed his personation, from point to point, and he was called before the curtain at the end of each act. *The New-York Herald* was remembered, in the course of the evening, with three rounds of emphatic groans and a liberal allowance of hisses—an unmistakable indication of the spirit in which the public have condemned the atrocious attack on Mr. Booth, made in that paper not many days ago. In short, the reception accorded to Mr. Booth was such as his genius merits, and such as the people of New-York so well know how to render to an object of their esteem.

In reference to the performance we can say but a word of commendation, writing, as we do, at a very late hour. Mr. Booth has never played Hamlet more perfectly than he played it last night, and we doubt if the character has ever been represented more correctly and admirably. The general representation of the play was also satisfactory. We shall take an early opportunity to review this subject with that thoroughness which is its due.

One other fact, however, should be stated. Mr. Booth has preferred to appeal directly to the justice of the American public, rather than to avail himself of an address, inviting him to return to the stage, signed by many of the leading citizens of this and other cities. The welcome accorded to him last night shows that he made the wiser choice. At the same time, we have authority for stating that Mr. Booth is profoundly grateful for the friendship thus delicately expressed, and will always remember it with gratitude and pleasure.

CRIME AND CASUALTY.

Record of Guilt and Accidents in the Metropolis—Statistics of the Past Year.

The following statistics of crime and casualty in New-York, during the past twelve months, have been obtained from the police records of the city:

HOMICIDES.

Justifiable	6	By blows with an ax	2
By unknown persons	13	By stabs	17
By shooting	14	By stab with an umbrella, in the eye	1
By blows with a club	3	Total	62
By blows with the fist	2	Males	56
By blows with a bottle	1	Females	6
By blows with a tumbler	1		
By blows with a stone	1		

NATIVITIES.

United States	19	Scotland	1
Germany	19	Sweden	1
France	5	Holland	1
England	5	Canada	1
Ireland	17		

AGES.

Less than 20 years	2	Between 40 and 50 years	12
Between 20 and 30 years	18	Between 50 and 60 years	7
Between 30 and 40 years	18	Between 60 and 70 years	5

SUICIDES.

By shooting	14	By taking opium	2
By stabbing	2	By taking morphine	2
By hanging	2	By jumping from window	6
By cutting throat	11	By drowning	2
By taking laudanum	2	By opening veins in arm	2
By taking narcotic poison	1	Total	57
By taking creosote	1		
By taking arsenic	3		

INFANTICIDES AND ABORTIONS.

Infanticides	8	Abortions	2

CASUALTIES.

By shooting	21	By falling into a coal hole	1
By stabbing	1	By mistake in compounding prescription	2
By falls	26	By scalds	5
By falls down stairs	72	By sunstroke	2
By falls down hatchways	21	By being caught by a rope	2
By falls off scaffold	5	By log rolling on him	1
By falls off roof	12	By accidental poisoning	4
By falls out of window	22	By kick from a horse	5
By falls from most head	3	By falling walls	1
By injuries from steam cars	25	By falling into a brewer's vat	1
By injuries from city cars	36	By ball of fire falling on him	1
By injuries from trucks, wagons, &c	8	By bale of cotton falling on him	1
By injuries from carriages	2	By horse and crushing him	1
By drowning	120	By being caught by a wheel	1
By boiler explosions	20	By fall of a chimney	1
By scalds	24	By explosion of cannon	1
By burns from clothes taking fire	54	By iron bar through the thigh	1
By burns at conflagrations	6	By tree not falling on him	1
By ratsbane	2	By fall of rock on him	1
By stone falling on him	2	By bursting of a hydrant piece	1
By strangulation	3	By caving in of an embankment	2
By injuries from derrick	2	By an knocking the down	1
By injuries from blasting rocks	2	By fall from a horse	1
By machinery	10	By fall of an iron column	1
By explosion of cans and other vessels containing kerosene	5	By explosion of chemical on	1
By unknown causes	1	By cold and exposure	2
		Total	549

BROOKLYN NEWS.

THE RUSS-DAYTON AFFAIR—DEATH OF THE DISTRACTED LOVER.—On Wednesday morning at 4 o'clock, Mr. Wm. H. Russ, who, it will be recollected, shot Miss Fanny Dayton, in Clinton-st., on Saturday, the 23d of December last, died at the City Hospital from the effects of wounds inflicted by himself. He was determined to die. His wounds were of such a character that he might have recovered, but he expressed himself as determined to die, and die he did. The young lady is recovering. She is reported as being very comfortable, and it is probable that, eventually, she will be all right.

FIRE.—About 11 o'clock on Tuesday evening, a fire broke out in the liquor store corner of Jay and Prospect-sts., occupied by Harrison Bros., caused by a leak in the gas pipe. The rooms above the store were occupied by several families, and some of the members were nearly killed by the smoke which filled the rooms. Mrs. Mary Western, with a child born on the last of the old year, were nearly suffocated. They were rescued from their perilous position by the police of the Forty-second Precinct.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the New-York Historical Society was held at their rooms, corner of Eleventh-st. and Second-ave., on Tuesday evening. Mr. Frederic De Peyster presided and opened the meeting. After the reading of the minutes the choosing of officers took place, and the following were reflected:

For President—FREDERIC DE PEYSTER.
For First Vice-President—THOMAS DE WITT, D. D.
For Second Vice-President—BENJAMIN ROBERT WINTHROP.
For Foreign Corresponding Secretary—GEORGE BANCROFT, LL. D.
For Domestic Corresponding Secretary—JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD, LL. D.
For Recording Secretary—ANDREW WARNER.
For Treasurer—BENJAMIN H. FIELD.
For Librarian—GEORGE HENRY MOORE.

The Treasurer's report gave a balance of $81 88 in the treasury of the Society for last year. A short address of thanks was made by Mr. De Peyster on his reelection as President, after which Dr. Peter Wilson, Chief of Iroquois tribe of Indians, was introduced and entertained the audience with numerous incidents in the history of that nation, and referring particularly to their loyal action in the war, the warm support and the many sacrifices of life they gave to preserve the Union. Dr. Francis Vinton, on behalf of the sons of Rhode Island in this city, then presented to the Society, the banner used by that body during the late war on public occasions; and he also gave the Society $600 in United States bonds subscribed by the same body, to be used for collecting a history of Rhode Island for preservation in the Historical Library. Mr. George Bancroft acknowledged the present in suitable terms. The first flag raised over Charleston by Union troops was then given to the Society, to be put among the relics of the Rebellion, by Mr. Frederick Knapp, after which the meeting adjourned.

AMERICUS CLUB BALL.—The ball of the Americus Club, which comes off this evening, promises to be one of the most brilliant affairs of the season, introducing as it will some pleasant novelties, in addition to Signor Maximilian's admirable decorations. The Academy will be transformed into a temporary paradise, filled with singing birds and fountains stocked with sparkling fishes. Other fountains will load the air with the fragrance of their perfumed waters, and every lady will be presented with a fresh bouquet.

Terrible Catastrophe—Two Children Suffocated by Smoke—Coroner's Inquest.

Shortly before 9 o'clock yesterday morning a fire occurred in the upper part of the three-story brick tenement house, No. 102 Willow-st., Jersey City, which, together with the adjoining houses, Nos. 100 and 104, also tenement houses, was damaged by fire and water to the extent of about $600.

The upper floor of No. 102 was occupied by Henry H. Van Creef, painter, whose two little girls, aged 3 years and 6 months and 4 years and 9 months, were smothered to death while the mother was temporarily absent.

Coroner Avery held an inquest last evening, when the following facts were elicited: About 8½ o'clock Mrs. Van Creef went out to do some marketing near by, and left the children playing in the kitchen, in the rear part of the house; the door leading to the hall was left open, and the fire in the stove had gone out; she was absent not to exceed 10 minutes, and, when near home on her return, saw smoke issuing from the roof of the house, and supposed that the chimney of the adjoining house was on fire, but, upon reaching the upper part of the house in which she lived, she found the back room door locked and smoke entering the hall window which was raised. She then succeeded in forcing open the door, and finding the room densely filled with smoke, called her children, but, receiving no answer, ran into the street and gave the alarm. Shortly after, Mr. Hexamer and Timothy Foley arrived at the scene and hearing that there were children in one of the rooms made their way upstairs past a number of men who were passing up buckets of water, and throwing it upon the flames that had burst forth. Stooping close to the floor, Mr. Hexamer and Timothy Foley entered the room and finally found the children lying at the rear of the room insensible, and upon conveying them to the street life was found to be extinct. Mr. Foley stated that when he arrived there no person present would enter the room to attempt the rescue of the children; but at this time none of the firemen had arrived. Mrs. Van Creef, just previous to leaving the house, smelled smoke, but seeing two or three puffs of smoke issue from the chimney, she thought nothing of it. It also appears that the flames were principally in the bedroom between the front and rear room, and in this room there were some matches in the wash-stand drawer.

The oldest girl was burned about the chest, legs and one hand, but her garments were not scorched, and the youngest one had a slight burn upon one cheek.

The jury rendered a verdict that Mary and Emma Van Creef came to their death by suffocation, but that the cause of the fire was unknown to the jury.

Another Cholera Nest—Who is Responsible?

During the past Summer and Autumn nearly every newspaper, which came to us from across the ocean, was filled with accounts of the terrible ravages of that terrible disease, the Cholera. Only a short time ago our own city was thrown into a panic by the announcement of the arrival of the dread visitant at our shores. Fortunately, perhaps, we should rather say in God's mercy—certainly not through any merit or desert of our own—we were at that time spared a visitation of the dread destroyer. The panic subsided, but the danger has not yet passed away. Its source still exists among us. The little spark which might have exploded the mine was extinguished, but the potent agent of death we have still among us in the filthy and disease-breeding condition of many of our streets and alleys, and too often even houses and yards. To be convinced of this, any person who doubts it has but to examine the state of any of the streets in the neighborhood of either river below Fourteenth-st., and judge for themselves whether in these neighborhoods the seeds of disease are not now being sown, which shall spring up and bear fruit a hundred fold when again the weather becomes warm, if, indeed, we are spared thus long. THE TRIBUNE has more than once adverted to this subject, and we do not intend to enlarge upon it at present, but we do desire to call attention to one special abomination, and to ask in reference to it the question at the head of this article. On the eastern side of the city, between Tenth-ave. and the North River, and extending from about Houston-st. to about Thirteenth-st., is an open plot of ground comprising some three or four acres. It belongs, we believe, to the Corporation, and is used as a place of deposit for all the filth and garbage collected by the scavenger carts in their rounds through the city. Such is the accumulation of rubbish of every kind deposited here, that the surface of the entire tract has been elevated from 12 to 10 feet above its original level. This vast mass of material is made up of every species of animal and vegetable matter, collected from shops, dwellings, hotels, manufacturing establishments of various kinds, streets, gutters, stables and sinks, all undergoing fermentation and putrefying in the sun and rain, and sending out its deadly miasma to poison the entire atmosphere of the neighborhood. Huge piles of stable manure are collected here to the amount of thousands of tuns, rotting and stinking. Dead rats, rats and dogs, add their mite to the miscellaneous stench. Putrefying vegetables from hotels and eating-houses, rotten hay and straw from wharves and stables, scraps of decaying meat, and fish, and oyster shells, go to make up the delightful entirety of the whole. Black pools of water of repulsive aspect and peculiar odor are scattered here and there over the surface. Scavenger carts are constantly passing back and forth across it, bringing fresh accessions of filth, and other carts are engaged in removing those portions of it most valuable as fertilizers, thus keeping the materials constantly stirred up and accelerating decay. The stench arising from the mass is perceptible at a distance of several blocks.

And this hot bed of corruption and generation of disease and death, is maintained by our city fathers on the very borders of the most densely populated portion of the city, just midway of its length, and where every breeze which sweeps from the west and south west will carry its pestilent effluvium through the heart of the town. If, during the coming Summer, some wasting pestilence should smite us, and mourning should be in every house, we ask the readers of THE TRIBUNE to consider the question, Who is responsible?

ROBBED ON THE STREET.—Early yesterday morning, Thomas Murray was set upon by three men, at the corner of Seventeenth-st. and Avenue A, dragged into a neighboring hallway, and robbed of his coat, containing a soldier's discharge and $85 in Treasury Notes. The thieves then left him and ran toward First-ave. Roundsman Leary of the Eighteenth Precinct subsequently arrested one of the number, named George Keppler, and in his possession was found the missing coat. He was committed for trial by Justice Ledwith. Murray was sent to the House of Detention as a witness.

Passengers Arrived.

In steamship Vera Cruz, from Vera Cruz—Miguel Rodea, Medina and Miss Ortega, Count de Montiland servant, M. Dabit, L. de la Grana, J. Hancke, R. Hedwin, W. Farrow, Louis Dawn, D. L. J. Kerner, W. C. Hennessy, Miss Joley.

Latest Ship News.

ARRIVED.

Steamship Vera Cruz, Murray, Havana and Vera Cruz, mdse and pass. to C. A. Whitney.

Amusements this Evening.

WALLACK'S THEATER—THE FOUR GENTLEMAN.
OLYMPIC THEATER—MOVING CASTLE; OR, THE LOST PRISONER OF THE CHATEAU D'IF.
NIBLO'S GARDEN—ORPHEUS BURIED OR A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
WINTER GARDEN—EDWIN BOOTH IN HAMLET.
LUCY RUSHTON'S NEW-YORK THEATER—THE HUNCHBACK—A MAN WITHOUT A HEAD.
BROADWAY THEATER—"SAM" and "MOSE."
BARNUM'S MUSEUM—THE ORPHAN BOYS OF HUNGARY; OR, THE CHARTER OF GUYANNE—CIRCUS—CURIOSITIES, &c.—Afternoon and Evening—FYTHA PERFORMANCE at 11 a. m.
FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATER—CONNOR THE RASH—THE GOLDEN AX—THE FOREST OF ROSNY—THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS—LAFAYETTE AND HUNTER.
NEW-YORK CIRCUS—14TH-ST.—EQUESTRIAN AND GYMNASTIC PERFORMANCES—JAMES ROBINSON, THE HARE-BACK RIDER—JOE FENTLAND—Matinee at 2½ o'clock.
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS—ICI OU PARLE FRANCAIS—DAN BRYANT'S STUMP SPEECH—BLACK EYED WILLIAM—LITTLE MAC AS JACKO THE MONKEY.
BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC—JOHN BROUGHAM—"PLIES IN THE WEB"—"HIS LAST LEGS."

[Advertisements.]

HOLIDAY PRESENTS OF AFFECTION AND CHARITY.—WHEELER & WILSON'S LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES, No. 625 Broadway, New-York, are adapted to all kinds of family sewing, army clothing, and to the use of seamstresses, dress-makers, tailors, manufacturers of shirts, collars, skirts, cloaks, mantillas, clothing, hats, caps, corsets, ladies' boots and shoes, linen goods, umbrellas, parasols, &c. They work equally well upon silk, linen, woolen, and cotton goods, with silk, cotton, or linen thread. They will seam, quilt, gather, hem, fell, cord, braid, bind, and perform every species of sewing, making a beautiful and perfect stitch, alike on both sides of the article sewed.

THE QUALITIES WHICH RECOMMEND THEM ARE:

1. Beauty and excellence of stitch alike on both sides of the fabric sewed.
2. Strength, firmness, and durability of seam, that will not rip nor ravel.
3. Economy of thread.
4. Attachments and wide range of application to purposes and materials.
5. Compactness and elegance of model and finish.
6. Simplicity and thoroughness of construction.
7. Speed, ease of operation and management, and quietness of movement.

PYLE'S O. K. SOAP—THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.
For Laundry, Bathing and Toilet use, becomes extremely hard and not liable to unnecessary waste. Sold by grocers every where. Depot, No. 300 Washington-st.

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For the purpose of more fully supplying the wants of the public, and in order to prevent unscrupulous dealers from palming off inferior and worthless goods as the MORTON GOLD PENS, I shall hereafter SELL NO GOODS AT WHOLESALE *excepting only* to duly Appointed and Authorized Agents, to whom a Certificate of such Agency will be given, and who alone shall be able to sell the MORTON PENS in that city or village.

To my Agents I shall give a liberal discount upon their agreeing to supply the public at my published and well-known prices.

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Conditions and Terms for Agency will be stated upon application, by letter or otherwise.

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Dated New-York, Nov. 1, 1865.

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ERICSSON'S CALORIC ENGINES, for pumping and all light work, unequaled. No. 161 Duane-st., N. Y.

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Without Spectacles, Doctor or Medicines. Pamphlet mailed free on receipt of Ten cents. Address, E. B. FOOTE, M. D., No. 1,130 Broadway, New-York.

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Business Notices.

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BURNETT'S COLOGNE is equal to the best imported. It is put up in a neat and elegant style, and wins for itself a favorite place on the dressing table. Its intrinsic merits really justify the high reputation in which it is held.—[*Providence Journal.*

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A PARTNER WANTED in a most lucrative and well established EDUCATIONAL BUSINESS, which can be immensely increased by the aid of more capital. Call at No. 37 Park-row, Room No. 19.

NOTICE.—Parties having lost letters containing money or other valuables, within the past three months, addressed to them at the New-York City,