THE NEW YORK HERALD.

WHOLE NO. 7274. MORNING EDITION—WEDNESDAY JULY 30, 1856. PRICE TWO CENTS.

The Anniversary at Yale College.

OUR NEW HAVEN CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW HAVEN, July 29, 1856.

Interesting Statistics of Old Yale—Deaths of Graduates during the Past Year—The Survivors of the Last Century—College Mirth and College Songs—The Electioneering Fever—How the Linonians were "Sucked In"—The Brothers Victorious—Reunion of Classes—The Class of 1853—Whose Boy takes the Silver Cup—The Concio ad Clerum—A Correct Skeleton of the Sermon—A Boat Race.

Although this is a wet day here, I am obliged to send you a dry letter; but, I trust, not the less acceptable to your numerous Yalensian readers, who are accustomed to deal with statistics.

By the kindness of E. C. Herrick, Esq., the college librarian, I have been permitted this afternoon to look over the proof sheets of the triennial catalogue of Yale College, which will be published on Thursday. From this I learn that the whole number of academic graduates of Yale College, from its foundation, in 1700, up to the present date, is 6,497—which is about 200 less than the number of graduates of Harvard College, founded in 1630.

Of these Yale graduates, 3,311 have died, and 3,186 are now living—scattered into all parts of the world. 1,661 graduates of Yale College have become evangelical ministers. Of these 920 have died, and 741 are now living—reflecting honor upon their venerable Alma Mater.

The annual record of deaths of the alumni of Yale College is always scanned with interest. This record for the past year has been carefully prepared by the librarian, to be presented to the meeting of the alumni to-morrow. I am indebted to him for a copy, in advance of its publication here or elsewhere:—

GRADUATES OF YALE COLLEGE WHO HAVE DIED DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR 1855-6, INCLUDING A FEW WHO DIED THE YEAR PRECEDING, HITHERTO UNREPORTED.

Class 1783—Rev. Payson Williston, Easthampton, Mass., Jan. 30, 1856, aged 92.

Class 1787—Roger Sherman, New Haven, Conn., March 4, 1856, aged 88.

Class 1792—Rev. Amasa Porter, New Haven, Conn., April 19, 1856, aged 85.

Class 1793—David Putnam, Marietta, Ohio, March 31, 1855, aged 87.

Class 1796—Bancroft Fowler, Stockbridge, Mass., April 5, 1856, aged 80.

Class 1797—Theodore Strong, Lawrence county, Ohio, Feb. 1855, aged 76.

Class 1799—Rev. James Eells, Grafton, Lorain county, Ohio, May 3, 1856, aged 78.

Class 1800—Abiram Stoddard, Seymour, Conn., Nov. 13, 1855, aged 79.

Class 1801—James Stedman, Norwich, Conn., May 18, 1856, aged 76.

Class 1803—Zera Hawley, Avon, Conn., March 6, 1856, aged 75.

Class 1804—Mark Doolittle, Belchertown, Mass., Nov. 4, 1855, aged 74.

Class 1804—John Still Winthrop, Perry county, Ill.; Sept. 6, 1855, aged 70.

Class 1813—James B. Brinsmade, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 16, 1856, aged 70.

Class 1813—Milo L. North, New York city, Feb. 22, 1855, aged 66.

Class 1813—Reuben Sherwood, Hyde Park, N. Y., May 11, 1856, aged 66.

Class 1815—James G. Percival, Hazel Green, Wisconsin, aged 60.

Class 1818—Romeo Lowrey, Southington, Conn., Jan. 30, 1856, aged 61.

Class 1819—Samuel D. Hubbard, Middletown, Conn., Oct. 8, 1855, aged 55.

Class 1821—George F. Davenport, Bermuda, Feb. 3, 1856, aged 54.

Class 1821—Lucius C. Duncan, New Orleans, La., August 9, 1855, aged 54.

Class 1822—William Rockwell, Fort Hamilton, N. Y., July 26, 1856.

Class 1823—Rev. Judson A. Root, New Haven, Conn, August 31, 1855, aged 57.

Class 1826—William Parmelee, Albany, N. Y., March 15, 1856.

Class 1826—William Robinson, Marion, Ala., July 7, 1855, aged 50.

Class 1830—Henry A. Whitney, New Haven, Ct., March 20, 1856, aged 46.

Class 1832—Corydon S. Sperry, Waterbury, Conn., February 11, 1856, aged 46.

Class 1833—John C. Beach, New York city, July 28, 1856, aged 43.

Class 1836—William S. Rowland, New York, May 5, 1856, aged 37.

Class 1836—Nelson Wheeler, Royalton, Mass., August 25, 1855, aged 41.

Class 1839—Justus S. Masters, Hartford, Conn., September 11, 1855, aged 36.

Class 1840—Joseph M. Grout, Shelbyville, Ill., August 1, 1856, aged 42.

Class 1841—Augustus C. Gillett, Washington City, Feb. 7, 1855, aged 33.

Class 1842—Chas. Long, Hartsville, Pa., July 15, 1856 aged 36.

Class 1843—Samuel W. Strong, Reading, Pa., ——— aged 34.

Class 1844—Augustus Sammis, Norwalk, August 29 1855, aged 34.

Class 1844—Charles R. Goodrich, Flushing, N. Y., August 23, 1855, aged 26.

Class 1849—Rev. Henry M. Haskell, St. Petersburg, Russia, October 31, 1855, aged 28.

Class 1850—Rev. Robert Smith, Cavalla, W. Africa, May 26, 1855, aged 30.

Class 1854—Joseph R. Howell, Franklinville, N. Y., September 10, 1855, aged 28.

Class 1854—Charles E. Trumbull, Florida, March 1856.

Class 1854—Jared C. Warner, East Saginaw, Mich., August 9, 1855, aged 24.

Every class preceding the class of 1785, is now dead. Of those who graduated here in the last century, there are but few living to-day.

Of the class of 1785—which graduated seventy men—two only survive to witness this anniversary—Henry Sherburne Langdon and John McClellan. The survivors of the class of 1786—which graduated fifty one men—are Jonathan Ellis, Gad Newell and John Saltmarsh.

Of the class of 1787—which graduated fifty-eight men—Silas Churchill, Joshua Bewey, William Hawley, Chauncey Langdon, Richard McCurdy, Liberagratia Reynolds and William Taylor.

Of the class of 1788—which graduated thirty-five men—Daniel Stebbins, Daniel Waldo and John Woodworth.

Of the class of 1789—which graduated thirty men—William Brown.

Of the class of 1790—which graduated twenty-four men—Silas Long Bingham, Samuel Jones, Asahel Strong Norton and Solomon Stoddard.

Of the class of 1791—which graduated twenty-seven men—Malthy Gelston, Roger Harrison, Benjamin Parsons and John Douglas Perkins.

Of the class of 1792—which graduated 34 men—William Bostford, Timothy Mather Cooley, Nathaniel King, William Marchant, Samuel Mather and Ephraim Strong.

Of the class of 1793—which graduated 37 men—Jeremiah Atwater, Asa Bacon, Samuel Curtis Blackman, David Sherman Boardman, Per-Lee Brush, Joseph Russell and George Washington Stanley.

Of the class of 1794—which graduated 22 men—Ezekiel Bacon, Josiah Dwight, Dan Huntington, Isaac Lewis, Samuel Andress Peters and Thomas Scott Williams.

Of the class of 1795—which graduated 33 men—John Adams, Jeremiah Day, Nathaniel Holly, David Smith and Stephen Thacher.

Of the class of 1796—which graduated 34 men—Archibald Bassett, Timothy Bishop, William Henry Jones, Levi Hobbins, Thomas Robbins, Benjamin Silliman, Gold Selleck Silliman, Fanning Tracy and John Harvey Tucker.

Of the class of 1797—which graduated 37 men—Josiah Bishop Andrews, Lyman Beecher, Ezra Bradley, Israel Brainard, Ashael Clarke, Thomas Day, Warren Dutton, Charles Goodrich, George Griffin, Homer Hine, Bethel Judd, Sylvester Maxwell, Jacob Murdock, Horatio Seymour, Richard Smith and Ephraim Treadwell Woodruff.

Of the class of 1798—which graduated 26 men—Pliny Arms, Ebenezer Learned and Joseph Williams.

These are all the last century graduates of Yale College that are now living.

The past is past. Now *quale majora canamus!* Yale College is justly celebrated for songs. There is more music and mirth, as there is more talent and learning here, than in any other collegiate institution in the country. I must give you a taste of these college songs, which constitute so many of the sons of Yale:—

SONG OF THE FRESHMAN.

Air—"Derry Ram."

I came an emerald freshman,
With just a dozen shirts,
A face unknown to whiskers,
A coat devoid of skirts.
O, a coat devoid of skirts,
O, a coat devoid of skirts.

On knowledge was I bent, sir,
For learning did I pant,
So to college I was sent, sir,
To see the elephant.
O, to see the elephant,
O, to see the elephant.

The animal is some, sir,
I've scrutinized him through,
From trunk to tip of tail, sir;
I rather think I'll do.
O, I rather think I'll do,
O, I rather think I'll do.

O, College is the place, sir,
For jollity and fun;
For four years take your ease, sir,
Repent when you have done.
O, repent when you have done,
O, repent when you have done.

But now old Yale, I leave her.
To breast the waves of life;
I'm going to serve my country,
And sport a pretty wife.
O, and sport a pretty wife,
O, and sport a pretty wife.

When I get into business,
And count my numerous boys,
I'll send them to old Yale, sir,
To taste its bunkum joys.
O, to taste its bunkum joys,
O, to taste its bunkum joys.

SMOKING SONG.

Air—"Sparkling and Bright."

Floating away like the fountain's spray,
Or the snow white plume of a maiden;
The smoke wreaths rise to the star lit skies,
With blissful fragrance laden.
Then smoke away till a golden ray
Lights up the dawn of the morrow;
For a cheerful segar, like a shield, will bar
The blows of care and sorrow.

The leaf burns bright, like the gems of light,
That flash in the braids of beauty;
It nerves each heart for the hero's part,
On the battle plain of duty.

In the thoughtful gloom of his darkened room,
Sits the child of song and story;
But his heart is light, for his pipe beams bright,
And his dreams are all of glory.

By the blazing fire sits the gray haired sire,
And infant arms surround him;
And he smiles on all in that quaint old hall,
While the smoke curls float around him.

In the forests grand of our native land,
When the savage conflict's ended,
The "pipe of peace" brought a sweet release
From toil and terror blended.

The dark-eyed train of the maids of Spain,
'Neath their arbor shades trips lightly,
And a gleaming cigar, like a new-born star,
In the clasp of their lips burns brightly.

It warms the soul, like the blushing bowl,
With its rose red burden streaming,
And drowns it in bliss, like the first warm kiss
From the lips with love-buds teeming.

CHARGE OF THE SOPH. BIENNIAL BRIGADE.

With a crash, with a smash,
With a dash onward,
Into Biennial hail,
Rushed the bold hundred.

Into Biennial hall,
Rushed the bold hundred,
For up came an order, which
No one had blundered.
"Forward the Soph. Brigade!
Onward with ponies' aid!"
Into Biennial hall,
Rushed the bold hundred.

"Forward the Soph. Brigade,"
No man was there dismayed,
Not though the Juniors said
They flunked and blundered:
They did not make reply,
They did not reason why,
But bound to rush or die,
Into Biennial hall
Rushed the bold hundred.

Tutors to right of them,
Tutors to left of them,
Tutors in front of them,
Looked on and wondered.
For when the chapel bell
Toll'd out its mournful knell,
Boldly they rushed and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rushed the bold hundred.

Flashed all their weapons bare,
Flashed all their pens in air,
Wasting the paper there,
Skinning from ponies while,
All the Profs. wondered;
Plunged in the classic smoke,
With many an inky stroke,
The Latin lines they broke.
Onward, right on they pushed,
Rushed the bold hundred.

Tutors to the right of them,
Tutors to the left of them,
Tutors behind them,
Spouted and thundered;
Answering with a yell
Those that had fought so well,
Came from the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that had rushed of them,
Rushed of one hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the great rush they made!
All the Profs. wondered,
Honor the rush they made,
Honor the Soph. Brigade,
Noble one hundred.

THE SONG OF SIGHS.

One poor unfortunate
Sophomore wight,
Rash and importunate,
Gone to recite!

Fizzle him tenderly,
Bore him with care—
Fitted so slenderly—
Tutor beware!
See his lip quivering,
See his limbs shivering,
While the sweat constantly
Falls on his clothing;
Question him patiently,
Loving, not loathing.

Frown not so scornfully—
Speak to him mournfully,
Not so reprovingly.
Mark that surprise of his;
See those sad eyes of his
Glancing so lovingly.

Make no deep scrutiny,
Stir up no mutiny,
Wild and unfortunate.
Hear his excuses;
You cannot refuse his
Pleadings importunate.

Ha! that last slip of his
Makes him look tearfully—
See that poor lip of his
Bitten so fearfully!

Alas! for the rarity
Of tutoric charity
Under the sun.
O! it is pitiful—
Painfully pitiful—
Friend he has none.

Sisterly, motherly,
Fatherly, brotherly,
Ties are estranged;
Thou, in thine eminence,
Heedless of Providence,
Tutor deranged.

Not by lamps quivering,
In the night shivering,
Standeth the wight—
In garret or basement,
By window and casement,
With fear and amazement,
Mourning his plight.

Not the bleak winds of March
Set him trembling and shaking,
Neither tempest nor night
Could thus urge him to quaking.

Vacantly staring,
Gone to a surety—
Vanished his daring,
Naught left but despairing,
Awful futurity!

Blanking so gloomily,
Crushed by contumely
And inhumanity,
Burning insanity
Firing his look.
See his hands humbly,
Convulsively, numbly,
Clasping his book.

Maddened by history,
Glad from Greek mystery
Soon to be whirled,
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world.

ALMA MATER.

Air—"Old North Star."

Alma Mater! Alma Mater! Heaven's blessing attend thee,
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend thee,
Thy sons, dear old Yale, sing in loud, thrilling chorus,
While we think of thy great men who've been here before us.
Hurrah! hurrah! Alma Mater, forever.
Hurrah! hurrah! Alma Mater, forever.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater! we ne'er shall forget thee,
Enshrined in the shrine of our hearts have we set thee;
From you haven of rest in life's tempest torn ocean,
Where calmly we rode in youth's wildest commotion.
Hurrah! &c.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater! watch o'er our last parting,
Wipe away those sad tears that too soon may be starting.
Whisper thou o'er our doubts, "Duty calls you, be brave,
Truth's soldiers are fainting, go, succor and save.
Be brave—be true—your country will love you;
Be right—your might in God above you."

Alma Mater! Alma Mater! we'll bring to thy shrine,
Our first fruits of fame, let the offering be thine;
You trained our young minds, and you taught us to think:
From thy classic fountains, rich draughts did we drink.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater! ere we visit thee more
These elms may be falling, all moss covered o'er;
Yet we'll tread thy old halls, though with age'd footfall creeping,
Their echoes shall wake joys that only were sleeping.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

GAUDEAMUS.

German Air.

Gaudeamus igitur,	Vivant omnes virgines,
Juvenes dum sumus;	Faciles, formosæ,
Post jucundam juventutem,	Vivant et mulieres,
Post molestam senectutem,	Teneræ amabiles,
Nos habebit humus.	Bonæ laboriosæ.
Ubi sunt, qui ante nos	Pereat tristitia,
In mundo fuere?	Perdant cæres,
Transeas ad superos,	Pereat diabolus,
Abeas ad inferos,	Quivis antiburschius,
Quos si vis videre.	Atque irrisores.
Vita nostra brevis est,	Quis confuxus hodie
Brevi finietur,	Academicorum?
Venit mors velociter,	E longinquo convenerunt
Rapit nos atrociter,	Protinusque successerunt
Nemini parcetur.	In commune forum.
Vivat academia,	Alma mater floreat,
Vivant professores,	Quæ nos educavit,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,	Caros et commilitones,
Vivant membra, quælibet,	Dissitas in regiones
Semper sint in flore.	Sparsos, congregavit.

PSALM OF THE STUDENT.

Air—"Cocachelunk."

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Of long nights of weary toil;
Broken and uneasy slumbers
And the wasting "midnight oil."
Chorus—Cocachelunk chelunk chelaly,
Cocachelunk chelunk chela,
Cocachelunk chelunk chelaly,
Hi! O, chickachelunk chela!

Tell me not of unshorn whiskers
Of each gloomy Sophomore,
Contemplating Sophroniscus,
Cramming Euclid o'er and o'er.
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

Tell me not of old Alcestis,
How she carried on of yore;
She forever now at rest is,
Though she was a precious bore.
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

Tell me not of fearful pleasures
In the new Alumni Hall,
How the tutors brought forth treasures,
Hidden till Biennial.
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

For Biennials are fleeting,
And our hearts are stout and brave,
And to-day together meeting
Sing we o'er our tyrant's grave,
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

But we did not wander blindly
Through our Latin and our Greek;
Let us think a moment kindly
Of our quadrupeds so sleek.
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

Through our labors swift they bore us,
("Bore us," not as tutors do,)
Singing here to day our chorus,
Think we of our ponies too.
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

But our cramming days are over.
Gone are Balbus, Euclid—all;
If we can, we will recover
From that dread Biennial.
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

Bright the sky is beaming o'er us,
Fresh and Soph'more years are o'er;
Juniors, join in singing chorus,
Sing, "Biennials are a bore!"
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

DOXOLOGY.

Tune—"Old Hundred."

Biennials are a bore—ore—ore—
Biennials are a bore—ore—ore—
BIENNIALS ARE A BORE—ORE—ORE—
BIENNIALS ARE A BORE—ORE—ORE!

The examinations for admission to college continue to-day in Graduates' Hall. Among the young gentlemen who passed this examination to-day and was entered as a member of college, is a son of Dr. Edward Delafield, the distinguished physician of New York city, who graduated here in the class of 1812.

The electioneering fever, about which I wrote you yesterday, runs high to day. The Brothers and the Lino's are up to all sorts of tricks to defeat each other in their pursuit of the freshmen. An Amherst student came into town yesterday to call upon a college friend, who is a member of the Brothers. At the suggestion of his friend, the Amherst man passed himself off as a freshman about to enter college. He put a book under his arm, took his carpet bag in hand, and assuming a very verdant appearance, sauntered up Chapel street inquiring the way to Yale college.

An unsuspecting Linonian falling in with him, politely offered to show him the way; and carrying his carpet bag for him, invited him to walk to his room and take rest and refreshment.

On the way he inquired of the freshman if he was about to enter college? Well, he was "goin'ter try ter." "Have you been well prepared?" "I'm afeered not on Greek." "I am very sorry for that," said Lino; "but I guess I can put you through." "Well, I hasn't read only a leetle on the 'Nabasis, and a mighty small piece on the New Testament."

The Lino took the disguised fresh to his room, and sent for the President of the society and a squad of committee men. They kept their game confined all day, punching him with arguments and persuasions to induce him to join the Linonian Society. At last the poor persecuted Amherst man escaped from their hands, and the Brothers enjoyed a glorious roar as he retreated to their hall and narrated what had befallen him while in the land of the Philistines. The Linonians were quite chapfallen, they must now yield the palm to the Brothers.

One of the most interesting features of these anniversaries is the re-union of the old classes. It is customary for every class to meet on the third anniversary after its graduation. The next meeting is ten years from graduation, and the next twenty, or at whatever period may be agreed upon. These meetings are delightful episodes in life, where old men are rejuvenated and young men are re-invigorated. They can be appreciated only by those who have had the good fortune to participate in them.

At the first reunion, when the graduates are only three years out of college, the down has hardly been rubbed off from the ripening peach. Ten years after the down has gone, and in twenty years the skin is wrinkled, and you may think of the peach no longer.

The class of 1853 holds its first reunion to morrow night. This class graduated 102 men: about half of them are expected to be present at the festival. Since its graduation two members have died, and thirteen have been married. That member of a class who is first blest as the father of a boy is particularly honored. The infant lad is adopted, at this reunion, as the child of the class. He is placed standing upon the supper table, and presented with a silver goblet—the gift of his father's classmates—accompanied by an affecting address, to which, as his father responds, You'd scarce expect one of his age To speak in public on the stage.

The first boy born in the class of 1853 is master Frederick Sumner Stearns Smith, now nine months old, the son of Joel Sumner Smith, of New Haven.

The *Concio ad Clerum* was preached this evening in the North church, to a crowded assembly, by Rev. Elijah C. Jones, of Southington, Conn., a graduate of the class of 1831.

The subject of the discourse was the "Second advent of Christ;" the text was from 1 Thes. 4. 16. I have only time to give you a skeleton of the sermon, as it is time to despatch my letter.

The preacher considered the object, the time and the manner of his coming. Two opinions are entertained of the object of his advent. One, that he will come to reign personally and visibly on the earth; the other that he will come to close up his earthly dispensation, and to judge the world.

1. The question is to be determined not by the doubtful exegesis of particular passages, but by the general tenor of the Old and New Testament, properly taken as a whole. It is especially to be determined by the origin and use of the terms king and kingdom in the Scriptures, as applied to his reign; also by the history of God's Providence, both in reference to Christ's first and second coming.

2. Of the time of Christ's second coming nothing definite can be known, because nothing is revealed. In every generation some have supposed it to be very near. But a great work, and probably a long work, is to be accomplished in the earth before the immediate promises to Zion will be fulfilled, and the way prepared for his coming—especially, the conversion of all nations.

3. Of the manner of Christ's coming and judgment. It will be an external, a visible, and a formal transaction of grandeur and moment.

There was a college boat race to-day, but I have not space or time to report it.

IS IT FROM THE CITY OF GLASGOW?—We received the following letter yesterday, bearing the post mark of Babylon, L. I.:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

FIRE ISLAND, July 21, 1856.

There came ashore on Monday, the 14th inst., near the lighthouse, a bottle, with this card in it, corked and sealed up:—

THOS. A. THOMSON & CO.,
CLOTHIERS
TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
126 Ingram Street,
GLASGOW.

It is supposed to have been in the water some time, as the bottle was partly covered with barnacles.

L. B. SMITH.

Police Intelligence.

ALLEGED ASSAULT UPON A LATE MEMBER OF THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—Mr. Edward A. Jessell, a resident of Jersey City, who recently returned from San Francisco, and who, while there was a member of the Vigilance Committee, it is charged, was attacked on Monday evening by Andy Sheban, well known in sporting circles, who beat him (according to the affidavit) in a terrible manner. It appears that Sheban had known Mr. Jessell by sight, in California, and happening to meet him at the corner of East Broadway and Catherine street, on Monday night, he accosted him, and accused him of having aided in the capture of Yankee Sullivan and acting with the Vigilance Committee in their crusade against the gamblers and others who had been expelled from the State. He then fell upon Mr. Jessell, and beat him until he was hauled off by some bystanders. No policeman was about, and Sheban escaped arrest at the time, but yesterday he was captured by officer Masterson, of the Chief's bureau; but as Mr. Jessell had made no complaint against him, he was released from custody. Later in the day Mr. J. made a complaint against him before Justice Welsh, who issued a warrant for his re-arrest. At the time of the assault Mr. J. had in his shirt bosom a pin containing twenty-five diamonds, which he valued at $600, which was missing immediately afterwards and has not been seen by him since.

CHARGE OF BURGLARY.—A young man named John Coots was arrested yesterday, charged with having recently broken into the paint store of Reuben B. Hanford, No. 18 Vesey street, and stolen therefrom a book of gold leaf and a glazier's diamond. The accused confessed his guilt, and implicated an accomplice in the burglary, for whose arrest a warrant has been issued. He was committed by Justice Welsh for trial.

An Affair of Honor in New York.

HARVEY YOUNG CHALLENGES JOHN MORRISSEY TO FIGHT A DUEL—EXCITEMENT IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

For some time past there have been rumors of a duel about to take place between John Morrissey and Harvey Young, growing out of a fracas which occurred between the parties at a faro table in a house in Broadway, near Canal street, last Friday evening.

It is stated that on the occasion referred to a dispute arose between the parties, which finally led to blows, and Morrissey being much the larger man, severely beat his opponent.

Young, smarting under a sense of his injuries, has since been negotiating to have the affair settled by exchanging shots with Morrissey at Hoboken, and the difficulty soon became so public that the police got wind of it, and have kept a sharp look out to prevent a hostile meeting.

Yesterday morning the most exciting rumors were in circulation in the lower part of the city. It was stated that the parties had met at Hoboken, in the rear of the Elysian Fields, near Mitchell's, and that on the first fire Morrissey fell mortally wounded, by being shot through the head, and Young was wounded in the right arm. The news of course created great excitement among the fancy, but, unfortunately, was not true, as Mr. Morrissey made his appearance at the Mayor's office alive and well, during the day.

Captain Carpenter, of the Fifth ward police, was notified that a duel was about to take place on Sunday, and informed the Chief of Police of the fact on Monday morning. On the evening of Monday he overheard two men conversing, and from the purport of their conversation he was satisfied that if the police did not interfere a most bloody fight would ensue, as the parties exhibited the most vengeful feelings. Strict watch was kept on Monday night, and on Tuesday morning Captain Carpenter called on the Mayor and made an affidavit that to the best of his knowledge and belief John Morrissey and Harvey Young were about to fight a duel, and break the public peace. Warrants were issued for the arrest of the parties, and Captain Carpenter himself searched after Morrissey, and brought him before the Mayor. The news of the arrest brought a number of his friends to the office, among whom were John Austin, "Daddy" Cunningham, and others. At the Mayor's request, Morrissey pledged himself not to fight, and promised to deliver up any challenge he might receive. Subsequently he acknowledged having received the following, after which he was discharged on his own recognizance:—

NEW YORK, July 28, 1856.

MR. JOHN MORRISSEY—Deeming myself insulted and abused by you, my physical superior, and believing you to possess some gentlemanly traits, I hope you will accord to me that which is due to a gentleman. What I mean, sir, is satisfaction. The gentleman who will deliver this to you has been by me selected to receive any communication, either verbal or by note, you may be at pleasure to give.

H. YOUNG,
J. E. K.

As the initials J. E. K. were supposed to be those of Councilman James E. Kerrigan, the Mayor issued a warrant to arrest both him and Harvey Young, on a charge of attempting to provoke a duel and break the peace. It was placed in the hands of an officer, but up to late last night no arrest was announced as having been made. There is no probability of there being any fight, and the whole affair looks a little like a ridiculous imitation of what has recently transpired in Washington. Morrisey denies having any wish to break the laws.

RUMORED DUEL BETWEEN JOHN MORRISSEY AND HARVEY YOUNG—MORRISSEY SHOT IN THE HEAD, AND YOUNG IN THE ARM.

It was currently reported in Jersey City last evening that a hostile meeting took place yesterday afternoon at Glendale, about four miles from Jersey City, near the plank road to Newark, between John Morrissey and Harvey Young, two of the sporting fraternity of New York. It was further reported that Young was shot in the arm, and that Morrissey was shot in the forehead or eye, in a dangerous manner. It was said by some that he was killed. Johnny Lyng and other of their sporting friends were seen late in the afternoon coming from that direction. It will be recollected that at the time of the assault upon Hyer and Poole, at the time of Poole's death, Morrissey and Young were friends, and continued so until some difference occurred between them at a cock fight last winter. On Sunday night Morrissey was playing at faro against a friend of Young's and lost $600, when the winner concluded not to play any longer. This offended Morrissey, who beat him. Young commented upon this act as a "damned shame," whereupon he was beaten by Morrissey, which led to the challenge for a duel.

City Intelligence.

THE WEATHER—RAIN AT LAST.—The spell is broken. Yesterday we were favored with a very pleasant shower, which lasted, with intervals, for several hours, commencing about eight o'clock in the morning. It was not much, but we are thankful for it. It greatly relieved the heat and oppression, which had become almost intolerable; and as it seems to have been the fag-end of a storm which has spread east and west over a large extent of country, we hope the farmers will be relieved and benefitted also. The night previous was one of intense suffering to many of the inhabitants of this large city. Not a breath of air disturbed the calm, deathlike atmosphere; but hot, sultry, stifling, it made the breath come short and thick, and wrought delicate nerves up to the last degree of endurance. It seemed as if a shadow of evil had fallen upon the devoted city. People slept across thresholds, on the stairs, out upon the roof, anywhere to breathe. It would have been a curious sight for an early riser to have taken a birdseye view of the flat roofs of the houses in the lower part of the town—every one covered with specimens of humanity of all sorts, sizes and conditions—*patres familias*, surrounded by their unconscious brood, stretched out in all the *abandon* of nature, and forming figures not found in geometry. But the morning broke, the sleepers awoke, and hailed the absence of the sun as the harbinger of a cooler day at least, if not a brighter one, than the preceding. And so it proved, for which, as we used to say at home, "Lord make us truly thankful." The sky was cloudy last evening, and as rain has commenced, let us hope we will have a good drenching shower before long. It would be worth a million of dollars to the Long Island and New Jersey farmers. The following were the deaths by heat:—

Inquests were held, yesterday, upon the bodies of Matthew Sweeny, a laborer; Mary Hurly, a native of Ireland, 30 years of age, who resided at 88 James street, and Wm. Brown, a native of Hamburg, 65 years of age, who lived at 57 Roosevelt street, all of whom died from the effects of the excessive heat of Monday.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.—The Committee on the Fire Department of the Board of Aldermen, Mr. Tucker, chairman, met yesterday afternoon. The foremen of Engine Company No. 27, Hose Company No. 29, and Hook and Ladder Company No. 14, were heard upon applications sent in by their respective companies for reimbursement of money expended by themselves in repairing their engine houses. The amount claimed to have been thus expended was—Engine Company No. 27, $150; Hose Company No. 29, $189 26, Hook and Ladder Company No. 14, $187. The Committee stated that they could take no cognizance of such applications, as it would be establishing a precedent that would be productive of enormous drafts upon the city treasury. It was contended by the Committee that the proper way in such cases was to petition the Common Council for an appropriation to cover repairs alleged to be necessary, and not to apply for a return of an amount expended at their own option and risk. In addition to the above, representatives of different fire companies were heard, urging applications for permission to increase the number of members of their companies. As the present ordinance regulating the Fire Department establishes the number of men allowed to different fire companies, the Committee decided that a change in the ordinance in this respect must first be obtained. The Committee, however, expressed their opposition to the proposition, as it would make fire companies too large, and create stronger feelings of jealousy between companies than existed at present. Some dozen were present, and desired to be heard against the application to grant the square on West Broadway, near Walker street, to Engine Company No. 16, for the erection thereon of an engine house. They urged that the city had few enough breathing places to warrant the appropriation in the manner asked of this square. The Committee stated that this matter was not yet before them, not having reached them from the other Board. When it came into their hands they promised a full and ample hearing.

DISCOVERY OF A MUTILATED BODY IN DUANE STREET—A MYSTERIOUS MATTER.—Late last night information came to the Fifth ward station house that a body had been discovered in an old ash barrel, on the roof of the house No. 93 Duane street, and that several suspicious circumstances were connected with it. Lieutenant Hutchings, being then on duty, proceeded to the place to investigate the matter. He found the skeleton (for it was little else) packed down in the barrel. One of the hands were cut off and the thigh bone seemed broken. Remains of clothing were still on the arms and legs, and every circumstance seems to throw the most fearful suspicion on the whole affair. A painter has recently removed into the building, and it was he who discovered these remains, and gave the alarm to the police. The barrel was a common one, and seemed not to have been disturbed for some time. The Lieutenant went to the City Hospital adjoining, but they knew nothing of the affair. The Coroner's office was closed, and so the investigation was necessarily adjourned over until to-day. Captain Carpenter will be on the ground early this morning, to render the Coroner all the assistance in his power.

THE BRICK BUSINESS.—A large meeting of North river brick makers was held at the Girard House, in the city of New York, on the 29th inst., pursuant to a call, to adopt some measures in reference to the present low price of brick. Daniel Tompkins was appointed Chairman, and Peter S. Overbagh and John G. Ratche, Secretaries. After a full discussion of the matter, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That we do hereby form ourselves into an association, to be known as the "Brick Makers' Association."

Resolved, That we earnestly invite the union and co-operation of all persons engaged in the brick making business, for the mutual benefit of all.

Resolved, That the officers of this association shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer.

Resolved, That the Chairman of this meeting appoint a committee of five to draft a report, constitution and by laws, for the government of this association.

The following committee were appointed under the last resolution:—Henry M. Peck, Haverstraw; John G. Ratche, Verplanck's Point; Theodore B. Gates, Kingston; Lee Ensign, Catskill; and M. Parker, Coxsackie.

The meeting then adjourned, to meet again at the same place, on the 5th day of August next, at 10 A. M.

DARING BURGLARY AND ATTEMPT TO FORCE OPEN AN IRON SAFE.—A few nights since some burglars entered the exchange office of Dayton & Smith, 73 Bleecker street, by means of cutting away the panels of the door leading to it, and moved a large iron safe, which contained about $700 in specie, to the stairs. They then started the safe down the stairway, and its weight and velocity carried it through the floor below, and into the cellar. The rascals then lighted a fire of charcoal, and attempted, by heating the safe, to soften the iron sufficiently to enable them to bore a hole in it large enough to admit of their getting the treasure out of it, but, fortunately, before they had fully succeeded in their intentions they became alarmed and fled, leaving their tools behind them. On the night of the burglary there were two political meetings held in the neighborhood, and it is supposed that the burglars were aware of this, and took advantage of it to commit the depredation. From the appearance of the tools left by them, they are supposed to be Germans.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.—A man about thirty years of age, named Hugh Daren, was attacked in Tenth avenue, near Thirty-eighth street, between 9 and 10 o'clock, on Monday night, by some person to him unknown, who stabbed him in the side and then fled. Daren's cries of murder brought policeman Eldret, of the Twentieth ward, to the spot, who found him lying upon the sidewalk, bleeding profusely from the wound. The officer assisted the man to the station house, where the wound was dressed by a doctor, whose opinion was that it would prove fatal. Yesterday Mr. Daren was conveyed to the New York Hospital. John Graham, a weaver by trade, was arrested on suspicion of being the assassin, and was held to await an examination.

FERRY COLLISION.—Much excitement was created among the passengers on the Staten Island ferry boat Huguenot, yesterday morning, by that boat coming in violent collision with a towing steamer, when near the Battery. Fortunately no accident followed—a matter of some wonder, as these ferry boats are said to be in a fragile condition.

A COMET EXPECTED TO TURN UP.—Astronomers expect that some time during the present year the comet known as Charles V. will make its appearance. It was looked for in 1848, but failed to appear. This is supposed to be the same wandering star that appeared in 683, in 995, in 1264 and in 1556. In the last named year it so appalled Charles V. of Spain and the Netherlands, that he abdicated the throne and retired to the convent of St. Just, where he died in comparative obscurity. Perhaps this comet had something to do with the late drought. Who knows?

REPAVING THE STREETS.—The Councilmen Committee on Streets took a riding tour of inspection yesterday through Greenwich and Washington streets, preliminary to reporting as to the expediency of repaving those streets. Petitions are before the committee asking the repaving and repairing of nearly one hundred streets in the city. It is proposed by the committee to improve the hot afternoons in a ride through all the streets in which repaving is asked. It is stated that the streets of the city, as a general thing, in respect to their travelling condition, have not been in as bad condition as at present for years. Over $500,000 is stated as needed to put them in proper repair.

FIRE IN GANSEVOORT STREET.—About a quarter past 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning, a fire was discovered in the third story of rear building No. 8 Gansevoort street, occupied by Craig & Stevenson, manufacturers of clock cases and looking glass frames. By the prompt arrival of the firemen the fire was soon extinguished. Messrs. Craig & Stevenson have sustained a loss of about $150 by water; no insurance. The building is owned by Mr. Wm. Beck. It is damaged about $10, and insured for $1,600 in the Beekman Insurance Company. The fire started in a keg of varnish scrapings, it is supposed, from combustion.

FIRE IN CROSBY STREET.—The alarm of fire Tuesday morning for the Fourth district, between two and three o'clock, was caused by a fire breaking out in the third story of the dwelling house of No. 13 Crosby street, kept by Mrs. Harriet Macy, as a female boarding house. The fire was found burning in the attic. The quick action of the firemen confined the flames to the back portion of the roof and around the upper part of the attic bedrooms. The damage to the building might be estimated at about $200. The furniture is insured in the Hamilton Insurance Company for $1,500; damage by water probably about $50. The origin of the fire at present is somewhat mysterious. It is under investigation.

Meeting of the Colored Citizens of Brooklyn.

A meeting of the colored voters of the city of Brooklyn was held in Granada Hall, Myrtle avenue, last evening. The attendance was respectable, notwithstanding the rain. The object was for the purpose of organizing a club, and to adopt such measures as might be considered the most practicable in the present political campaign. E. C. Harrington was chosen President; F. Champion and H. Stoughtenberger, Vice Presidents; and W. J. F. Taylor, Secretary. After which the following resolutions, reported by J. M. Glouster, C. W. Levere and J. C. Morrell, committee, were read:—

Resolved, That as oppressed American citizens, we cannot but be aware of the great struggle going on in the country between liberty and despotism, and feel a deep and abiding interest in the issue; and being impressed and implicated as we are in this struggle, we feel called upon, by all that is due to ourselves and to the cause of liberty, to publish what we deem ought to be our position and sentiments to the world.

Resolved, That in the highly exci